

IN THE PINES

"PILOT"

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TEASER

INT. FRAT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1993

COLLEGE KIDS dance to blaring music as alcohol flows freely and drugs are passed around like candy.

SKYLER GREYSON (20) totters through the crowd of people towards the door.

JENNA waves good-bye.

JENNA

See you, Sky. Library tomorrow?

SKYLER

Yeah. I'll see you then.

Skyler continues her exit. She gives a few more good-byes to the FRAT BROS hosting the party and a couple more CLASSMATES.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Skyler stumbles a bit down the short flight of concrete steps. She catches herself as she hits level ground. She reaches into a small purse and takes out a pack of cigarettes. She lights one and walks towards campus.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Two HEADLIGHTS flash on and cut through the dark night. Glowing eyes of a beast out for the hunt.

Skyler turns, cigarette limp in her mouth.

She turns away and starts to walk a bit faster.

The CAR glides down the street and pulls up next to her. It's all black. Through tinted windows, a SHADOWY FIGURE sits behind the wheel.

She looks over.

SKYLER

Can I help you?

Nothing.

She attempts to put some distance between her and the car.

The car's brake lights blare red in the night -- the eyes of some demonic creature.

The TRUNK CLICKS open.

The driver's side door opens and the Figure steps out.

Skyler breaks into a run.

"IN THE PINES" PERFORMED BY JANEL DREWIS begins.

The Figure chases Skyler down.

CRACK!

She crumples as the Figure slams a lead pipe into the back of her head.

They walk to the trunk and toss the pipe in before returning for Skyler.

They drag her to the car and toss her in the trunk.

The brake lights go off and the car pulls away into the night.

ROLL OPENING SEQUENCE & TITLE CARD: "IN THE PINES"

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. TEXAS STATE CAPITAL - DAY

REBECA "BECA" ROLLINS (32), fresh new Texas Ranger uniform -- beige police uniform with a white cowboy hat -- stands on the steps to the State Capital.

REPORTERS gather before her and the woman next to her, IRENE BLACKWELL (24), also in a fresh Texas Ranger uniform.

Irene leans to Beca.

IRENE

(whispers)

Did she really have to do a whole press conference for this?

She nods to GOVERNOR ANN RICHARDS (60). A smart pantsuit with a Democratic Donkey pin on her lapel. She beams.

ANN RICHARDS

Today we celebrate a milestone achievement for the great state of Texas...

Camera's SNAP and FLASH.

ANN RICHARDS

I'm beyond proud to introduce, for the first time in Texas Ranger's history, the first two female Rangers...

All the cameras turn to Beca and Irene.

IRENE

(through a painted smile)

Looks like we're making the front page.

She gives a small wave. Beca keeps her hands clasped at her waist.

ANN RICHARDS

...Without further ado, may I introduce to you Texas Rangers Rebeca Rollins and Irene Blackwell.

APPLAUSE from some of the Reporters.

Ann turns and beams a politician's grin at them.

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)
Governor Richards?

Ann turns to the MALE REPORTER.

MALE REPORTER
You're not concerned about how some
high ranking police officers are
responding negatively to women
joining the Texas Rangers?

Beca and Irene glance at each other.

ANN RICHARDS
These women have proven they are
completely qualified to perform in
this role...

INT. HEAD RANGER'S OFFICE - RANGER HEADQUARTERS

THE AUSTIN-AMERICAN STATESMAN

The cover image is Beca and Irene glancing at one another
after the Male Reporter's question.

The headline reads: FIRST FEMALE RANGERS: A NATURAL
PROGRESSION OR A POLITICAL STUNT.

KEVIN (O.S.)
This is exactly what I was worried
about.

KEVIN WALKER (50s). Young for his age. Knows his power and
owns it.

Irene and Beca sit on the other side of his desk.

BECA
We didn't have a say in the
ceremony--

IRENE
And what we're we supposed to do?
Not show up?

He falls into his chair and pinches the bridge of his nose.

KEVIN
No. No... I know.
(then)
I wanted you guys put into action
with no fanfare.
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Now it just looks like a political stunt for Richards.

IRENE

We're here to do a job. The same one they're doing. They'll understand that.

BECA

While that's a good sentiment, it's not reality.

He sighs and pulls two files from his desk. One goes to Irene.

KEVIN

Austin. You're staying home. Girl was found in a drainage ditch in nothing but orange socks.

She flips through the file.

IRENE

Halloween party gone wrong?

KEVIN

Local law doesn't think so. They'd like you--

Irene's out the door.

He turns to Beca, the last case on his desk between them. His fingers touch it.

KEVIN

Girl went missing near the local university in Pines, Texas.

He slides the folder to her.

She opens to Skyler's school ID photo.

KEVIN

They need you out there ASAP.

She turns steely eyes on him.

BECA

Already gone.

EXT. HIGHWAY 7 - LATER

Beca's truck cruises through open farm country until it approaches a wall of pine trees. The Pine Curtain.

The truck pulls off into a run-down gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION

Tires CRUNCH against loose gravel.

Beca hops out to pay. A taped sign reads: CASH ONLY.

BECA

Great...

INT. GAS STATION

A bell CHIMES as she enters.

The tiny convenience store is mostly tobacco products, beer, and snack foods. Her attention turns to the counter.

WILLIAM BUDGE (late 60s). Salt of the Earth. Maybe older; examines her from behind the counter.

BUDGE

Hats off indoors.

She takes off her cowboy hat.

BECA

You got an ATM?

He looks her up and down.

BUDGE

You're uh pretty big deal right now.

He lifts a styrofoam cup and spits a gob of dip into it.

BUDGE

Back there.

A janky ATM sits tucked against the back wall.

BECA

Thanks.

She heads over.

Budge stares after her.

ATM - MOMENTS LATER

\$200 in twenties slides out of the machine. Beca turns back to the front--

Budge is gone.

Her eyes scan the store. Nothing. Her hand glides to rest on her pistol.

BECA

Sir?

Her shoes against cheep linoleum; the only sound as she makes her way back to--

THE COUNTER

BECA

Sir?

She places her other hand on top of it and starts to lean over--

BUDGE (O.S.)

What are you doin'?

She jumps. Whips around to find Budge behind her, styrofoam cup in hand.

He looks her over.

BUDGE

Bit jumpy.

BECA

Are you seriously sneaking up on an armed cop?

He shrugs and spits into his cup.

Beca CLICKS the clasp on her gun holster and peels a twenty from the stack.

BECA

I need a fill-up.

BUDGE

Already taken care of.

BECA

What?

He keys in the "sale" on the cash register. The drawer opens. He promptly shuts it.

BUDGE

Law enforcement don't pay here.

He tilts his head back to something behind him.

A MEMORIAL PLAQUE

A PHOTO of a YOUNG POLICE OFFICER with a wide grin. Above the photo reads: IN LOVING MEMORY OF WILLIAM BUDGE JR.

BECA

I'm sorry.

BUDGE

S'okay.

(then, re: badge)

You wear that well.

BECA

Thank you.

EXT. GAS STATION

Beca gives one last look towards the gas station.

Budge watches her through the window. She tips her cap to him. He nods back.

EXT. HIGHWAY 7 - MOMENTS LATER

Beca's truck pulls out of the gas station on to the road. It coasts down and breaks into the Pine Curtain. A white dot in an ocean of green.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - PINES, TEXAS - LATER

A small stage has been erected before a squat building in the middle of the square (The Community Center). A CROWD -- of what looks to be the whole town -- gathers before the stage.

MAYOR WILLIAM COLLINS, a white man with a dazzling smile and crisp suit, stands before a podium on stage. Behind sits SHERIFF BENJAMIN "BENNY" DICKENS (Late 40s) and DEPUTY RYAN GATEWOOD (30s).

MAYOR COLLINS

How y'all doin' this mornin'?

The Crowd ROARS as Mayor Collins grins wider.

MAYOR COLLINS
I love to hear it!

He launches into his rousing speech as

Beca walks up and stands at the back of the crowd. Her crisp-white cowboy hat makes her stick out from everyone else.

STAGE--

Sheriff Dickens lifts a finger.

SHERIFF DICKENS
What the *fuck* is a Texas Ranger
doing here?

RYAN
No idea.

Sheriff Dickens adjusts himself in his seat, perturbed by her presence.

CROWD--

Beca listens to the end of the Mayors's speech.

STAGE--

MAYOR COLLINS
...and I can assure you, Pines has
never been safer than under the
impeccable eye of our Sheriff,
Benny Dickens!
(to Sheriff)
Get up here, Benny!

Sheriff Dickens rises to a roar of applause. He waves as he walks to the podium and shakes Mayor Collins's hand.

MAYOR COLLINS
(through his grin, sotto)
Why the *fuck* is a Ranger here?

SHERIFF DICKENS
(sotto)
No idea, but--

MAYOR COLLINS

(sotto)

Take care if it.

Sheriff nods and steps up to the podium and clears his throat into the mic.

EAR SPLITTING FEEDBACK.

Sheriff Dickens jerks back a bit and chuckles nervously.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Everyone havin' a good Festival?

CROWD

YEESSS!!

SHERIFF DICKENS

Good. Good. As Mayor Collins stated, due to our increased efforts to maintain a hard-nose on crime here in our little hamlet...

People in the crowd begin to notice Beca as she stands at the back, watching Sheriff Dickens.

SHERIFF DICKENS

...this town and the college have never been safer.

APPLAUSE.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Thank you. Thank you.

(clears throat)

Now! Go enjoy your Festival with the sense of safety provided by the Mayor, myself, and Deputy Gatewood.

WHOOPS and HOLLERS from the Crowd as it begins to disperse.

Sheriff Dickens storms off the stage and over to Beca. Ryan catches up, but he's too late to stop the outburst.

SHERIFF DICKENS

What are you doin' here?

Beca smiles.

BECA

Working my assigned case.

SHERIFF DICKENS

No one called--

RYAN
I called her.

Sheriff Dickens whips around to glare at Ryan.

SHERIFF DICKENS
You what?

RYAN
We need help with the girl--

Sheriff Dickens jabs a finger into Ryan's chest.

His radio SQUAKS.

He glares at Ryan for a moment longer.

SHERIFF DICKENS
(into radio)
What!?

CAROL SAUNDERS -- the DISPATCHER -- comes through the radio.

CAROL (V.O.)
Sheriff, you're wanted out at Davy
Crockett National Forrest.

SHERIFF DICKENS
(into radio)
Why?

CAROL (V.O.)
A hiker found a body. A young
woman.

Sheriff Dickens bristles as he turns to see if Beca has overheard. She has.

BECA
Are you driving, or should I?

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Sheriff Dickens's kitted out state issued, SUV pulls off the highway and parks on the edge of the woods. A CSI Tech vehicle is already there.

Sheriff Dickens gets out of the car, followed by Ryan, then Beca.

SHERIFF DICKENS

(to Beca)

Ah-ah. You're here for a missing persons, not a body.

BECA

You don't think the appearance of a young woman's body has anything to do with the missing girl I'm here for?

Beat.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Fine. But you take a back seat.

Beca puts her hands in the air as she acquiesces to the Sheriff's demands.

The three head into the woods.

CLEARING--

A body kneels in the grass. Over it squats RILEY STALTON (20s) CSI tech and town coroner. He looks too young, too charming, to be doing such a gruesome job.

Sheriff Dickens struts over to stand over Riley. He looks over the BODY.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Fuck.

Ryan stays at a distance with Beca.

RYAN

I'm sorry.

BECA

Don't be. I've dealt with men like him before.

RYAN

He just--

BECA

Loves power. Wants to maintain the "status quo". I was a cop for ten years before I became a Ranger. I've met plenty of men like your Sheriff.

RYAN
Just don't take it personally.

She throws him a look: *Really?*

RYAN
Right...

She walks away to get a better look at the body.

Her stomach twists.

"ONE" is carved into the woman's back. Bellow it, a NOTE is tacked there with a RED TAC.

RILEY
...from what I can tell she's been
dead less than forty-eight hours.
Signs of ligature marks on the
wrists and ankles--

BECA
What does the note say?

Riley reaches out and gently removes the note. He hands it to Beca.

She glances over it. Her eyes grow hard.

BECA
"...the Darkness can no longer hide
from the Revealing Light."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND BUNKER

It's dark. Dingy. Water TRICKLES down a wall somewhere and PLOPS into a puddle on the floor.

SOMETHING moves in the darkness.

CLOTHES RUSTLE.

SHICK-SHICK.

A tiny flame explodes into existence and forms a minuscule pool of light. It's just enough to illuminate...

Skyler.

She lays on her back, the small flame held above her. Her eyes dart left and right as she tries to get her bearings. Slowly she rises. Her fingers probe the back of her head.

Her eyes widen, her mouth hangs open, tears spring forth as she feels the large gash and dried blood.

She lifts the lighter. Higher. Higher. Her knuckles graze a rough ceiling only a couple feet above her.

Forced to crouch, she swings the tiny flame down and around the room in a three-sixty. She can only see a few inches in front, but the space feels claustrophobic.

SYKLER

Hello?

Her VOICE ECHOS softly; the only response and only form of companionship she has at the moment.

She crawls on hand and knee, lighter aloft, and discovers she only has a few feet in any direction to move. She finds the rough wood of a thick door.

She BANGS on it.

SKYLER

Hello??

Her own voice ECHOS back.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DAY - MEANWHILE

Beca looks from the NOTE to each of the men with her.

BECA

That mean anything to any of you?

None of them say anything.

She looks back at the Body.

BECA

We got an I.D. yet?

SHERIFF DICKENS

Trista Lockhart.

All three turn to him.

BECA

Who?

Ryan steps over.

RYAN

She went missing about three weeks ago--

BECA

Wait a minute. There were *two* missing girls?

She looks to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF DICKENS

We didn't have anything connecting the cases.

BECA

So you just, what? Thought the fact two women of similar age go missing and that's not enough?

Sheriff Dickens glares at her.

She stands her ground, hands the note over.

BECA

I think these two girls are more connected than you think.

She turns back to the body. She kneels down near it and takes a notepad and pen from the inside pocket of her coat.

BECA
How'd you know it's Trista?

Sheriff Dickens glances over the note, then:

SHERIFF DICKENS
I'm friends with her father. Known
her since she was little.

Beca spares a heartfelt glance to the Sheriff.

BECA
I'm sorry.
(then)
Do you need to...

SHERIFF DICKENS
No. I need to be here.
(motions to Trista)
For her.

She resumes her examination.

BECA
She hasn't been here long.

RILEY
Yeah.

BECA
Mhm. No signs of bugs, or exposure
to the elements...

She shuffles around to look into Trista's face.

BECA
...looks to be some abrasions on
her neck.

She motions to Riley to come over.

SHERIFF DICKENS
She was strangled?

Riley leans in and looks, he brushes some loose strands of
hair out of the way with a gloved hand.

RILEY
Possibly. No way of telling for
sure till I can get a better look
in the autopsy.

Beca straightens.

BECA
(to Riley)
I'll need the report as soon as
your done.

RILEY
Yes, ma'am.

SHERIFF DICKENS
I'll need a look at it first.

She looks to the Sheriff: *A pissing contest?*

BECA
Sure.

SHERIFF DICKENS
I wasn't asking.

Beca can only smile and shake her head. She turns to Ryan.

BECA
I'll also need some files on Skyler
and Trista. Class schedules, work
schedules, anything that can help
us see if these two girls had
anything in common.

RYAN
I'll bring you back to the station
and get those for ya.

BECA
Thank you.

Beca begins to walk back towards the SUV.

Riley takes out a body bag and begins to get Trista prepped
for transport.

Ryan starts to leave--

Sheriff Dickens grips his elbow with white knuckles.

They stare at one another.

Ryan rips his elbow away and walks off.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ryan pushes the door open and holds it to admit Beca into the
closet that is the conference room. No more than six feet by
six feet, a small desk and a couple chairs cram their way in.

RYAN
Sorry. It's not much, but--

BECA
It'll do.

Beca sets her duffel on the table along with her work backpack.

RYAN
(re: duffel)
There's a hotel just down the street. The Tulip. It's nice, clean, attached bar--

She cuts him off with a smile.

BECA
Thanks.
(then)
You mind if I get those files?

RYAN
Sure thing.

He leaves.

Beca sets her notebook and pen down, tucks her duffel and backpack into a corner, and takes a seat in the cramped space.

She flips through her notes:

- ABRASIONS ON NECK, STRANGLED?
- FRESHLY PLACED

She looks up in thought. Her pen taps against where she wrote abrasions. She circles it, and writes something next to it.

The DOOR OPENS.

Ryan tosses a stack of thin files onto the table. He takes a seat across from her.

Beca picks up the files.

There's THREE.

Her brow knits and she looks to Ryan.

Ryan just stares at her.

She opens the first file: Trista.

She flips open the second one: a new face smiles out at her: LYNNE JOHNSON (21); a girl with frizzy hair and deep dimples bookending a bright smile.

Realization washes over Beca.

Ryan gives a subtle nod and leans in towards her. He folds his hands together on the table.

RYAN

They all went missing within the last three weeks.

BECA

Why wasn't I called sooner?

RYAN

The Sheriff wanted things kept quiet, thought he could do it himself. I called this morning after we heard about Skyler.

BECA

You think they're connected.

RYAN

I do.

The last file: Skyler.

She places all the files open on the table, the pages flipped to each of their class schedules. She stands up from her chair and looks over the schedules.

BECA

You see any common classes with any of them?

Ryan walks around and stands over Beca's shoulder. He scans the class schedules.

RYAN

Nothing really that I can--

His eyes catch a single similarity. He places a finger on the class on one of the schedules.

RYAN

They all took the same theology class.

Beca looks at each schedule. Sure enough, it's on each of theirs.

BECA

Introduction to Theology. Is that a required course?

RYAN

It's a private university, all undergrads are required to take a theology course their first year.

Beca grabs her notebook and pen.

RYAN

Where're you going?

BECA

We're going to class. It starts in twenty minutes.

Beca straightens her hat and leaves. Ryan follows her out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The CSI van pulls into the parking lot. Sheriff Dickens steps out. The window rolls down to show Riley in the driver's seat.

RILEY

No 'thank you'?

Sheriff looks at him.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Fuck off, Riley.

He turns and walks to other side of the parking lot where his personal truck, a brand new FORD F150, is parked.

Riley shakes his head and drives off.

Sheriff Dickens gets in his truck...

INT. SHERIFF'S TRUCK

...and slides in to the driver's seat.

He lets out a heavy sigh. The rearview mirror cast his reflection; mentally beaten down, frustrated, and stressed.

He opens the glove box and takes out a FLASK, unscrews it and takes a swig. He grimaces as the hard whiskey burns down his throat.

He stares at the flask in his hand.

SHERIFF DICKENS
I'm sorry Trista.

He looks out his windshield and gazes into nothingness as he contemplates what he has to do next.

INT. COLLEGE OF THE PINES - CLASSROOM - LATER

PROFESSOR RICHARD GREY (36) stands at the front of the classroom before a small lecture hall of STUDENTS. He's put together. Dark complexion, smooth and flawless. Hair cropped close to the scalp.

Beca and Ryan enter. They take seats at the back of the room as they try and go unnoticed.

GREY
The Ten Commandments. Why are they so important?

A YOUNG WOMAN raises her hand.

GREY
(re: Young Woman)
Yes?

YOUNG WOMAN
Because they tell us what we need to do to get to Heaven?

Grey gives her a warm smile.

GREY
Not quite.

A YOUNG MAN (29) in the front row raises his hand. His dark hair is longer, but well kept. He has a light beard of dark stubble. His eyes hold an immense depth and cunning in them.

Grey looks to him and his face falls.

GREY
Yes. Mr. Fry.

DAVID FRY (Young Man) gives a sickly-sweet smile.

DAVID
Because they're what helped build the laws of our society.

GREY

Correct.

Beca leans to get a better look at David. Ryan catches her.

RYAN

(whispers)

David Fry. He heads up a *group* on the outskirts of town.

BECA

Group?

RYAN

People in town would call it a cult.

BECA

But he's also a student?

RYAN

What better way to meet and sway women over to your cause.

Beca looks to David with a newfound intrigue. She looks around at the women in the class and catches a few of them staring dreamily at him.

She turns her attention back to the lecture.

GREY

...so, let's start with the first commandment...

Grey writes 'ONE' on the board.

GREY

What is it?

Beca stares at the 'ONE' on the board.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING

MONTAGE:

1. 'ONE' carved into Trista's back.
2. Trista knelt over as if in prayer, or, repentance.
3. The note:

BECA (V.O.)
"...the Darkness can no longer hide
from the Revealing Light."

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CLASSROOM

Beca stares at the board, lost in her memory.

Ryan nudges her out of it.

RYAN
You okay?

BECA
We need to get back to the station.

RYAN
Why?

BECA
I have a theory.

Beca rises and hurries out the door.

From the front row David turns at the sound of the door and catches Ryan sitting in the back.

He smiles.

Ryan glares at him, then hurries out after Beca.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beca bursts into the room. She pours over each of the files to double check her theory.

Ryan comes in after her.

BECA
The Commandments.

RYAN
What?

BECA
The Commandments. 'ONE'.

Ryan looks to her.

BECA

"The Darkness cannot hide from the Revealing Light." I think the killer is killing them in order of The Commandments.

She takes Trista's file.

BECA

The First Commandment: "Thou shall have no other Gods before me." We need to figure out if Trista was religious or not. If I'm right, I don't think she will be.

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

But even if that is the case, that would mean...

BECA

There might be nine more victims.

Beca and Ryan look at one another as the weight of her statement slams down on them.

EXT. LOCKHART HOME - DAY

The Sheriff's F150 pulls up a dirt road and parks in front of a small ranch home on the outskirts of town.

WILLIS LOCKHART (48) a man of the Earth in overalls and a flannel, walks out onto the wrap around porch.

Sheriff Dickens steps out and walks to the porch. His eyes are down cast, steps heavy. He stops just before the steps and finally looks up at Willis.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Willie... we need to talk.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LOCKHART HOME - DAY

Willis holds the door open as Sheriff Dickens steps through.

On the stairs stands TABBY LOCKHART (49). Her hair is unkempt and deep bags hang under her dull eyes.

Sheriff Dickens nods to her.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Tabby.

She doesn't even register him. Willis gently goes to her and places soft hands on her shoulders and turns her back up the stairs.

WILLIS

Why don't you get some more rest.

Tabby MUMBLES something and step by slow step, heads back up the stairs.

Sheriff Dickens watches the whole exchange with sorrowful eyes and a developing internal hatred. He pushes it down and motions to the living room with his hat.

SHERIFF DICKENS

You mind?

WILLIS

Not at all.

The two men step into the...

LIVING ROOM--

...where Sheriff Dickens takes a seat on the edge of a well worn armchair.

Willis lowers himself onto the couch across the coffee table.

Sheriff Dickens rings the brim of his hat in his hands.

WILLIS

It's about Trista.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Yeah.

He can't look at his friend.

WILLIS

And?

Beat.

SHERIFF DICKENS

She's gone, Willie.

Willis chokes out a SOB. His lower lip trembles as tears fall.

WILLIS

How?

SHERIFF DICKENS

A hiker found her this mornin' out
in Davy Crocket.

WILLIS

Why would she be all the way out
there?

He grapples with what to tell Willis.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Because someone put her there. You
understand what I'm saying?

His eyes widen, his mouth gapes and a soul wrenching MOAN escapes him. He shoots off the couch and begins to pace around the room.

WILLIS

NO! God, why? WHY? Whywhywhywhywhy?

Sheriff Dickens comes over and grips him in a tight embrace.

SHERIFF DICKENS

(soothing)

It's okay. It's okay.

The two stand in their embrace as Willis weeps into the Sheriff's shoulder.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - MEANWHILE

A LOCK TURNS.

Ryan opens the door and flicks on the lights.

A BUZZZZZ emanates as the greenish fluorescents come on.

Ryan steps into the basement where rows and rows of shelves are set, most of them empty.

Beca follows him in.

BECA
(re: shelves)
Wow. Pretty, huh... *sparse*.

RYAN
Small town. Not a lot happens here
that doesn't get figured out.

Ryan walks down an aisle. He comes to a lone box with 'LOCKHART, TRISTA' in bold sharpie.

RYAN
Here we go.

He takes it off the shelf and walks to a table set in the middle of the room.

RYAN
Sheriff wanted to give this back to
her parents. But, I guess he never
got around to it.

Beca steps over.

BECA
Well, his laziness might have just
saved this case.

RYAN
He's not lazy. You'd be hesitant
too if you were in his shoes.

BECA
I guess. Yeah.

She opens the box and begins to pick through everything that was catalogued from Trista's dorm.

BECA
Not a lot here.

Keys, wallet, books, notebooks, a journal (which she sets away from everything else), and is already to the last item: Trista's BACKPACK.

BECA
Where did you guys find this?

RYAN

Kid found it walking to class. It was only a few feet from the library.

Beca takes out the evidence bag and opens it.

She slides the BACKPACK out. There's weight to it.

BECA

You didn't take anything out of it?

RYAN

Sheriff figured the whole thing was just as good.

BECA

Grab me some evidence bags?

RYAN

Sure thing.

Ryan leaves as Beca goes through the BACKPACK.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN ROOM

Ryan walks over to his desk. He opens a drawer and takes out a few evidence bags stashed there. He starts to walk back to the stairs when something out the window catches his eye. He goes to look down into the alley--

A BLACK TOWN CAR idles there.

RYAN

Shit.

He quickly makes his way to the back door and out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ALLEY

Ryan strides over and lays an arm on the roof.

The window glide down--

Mayor Collins stares out at him.

MAYOR COLLINS

Deputy Gatewood.

RYAN

Mayor. What are you doing here?

MAYOR COLLINS
Checking in.

RYAN
I told you I'd call with an update.

MAYOR COLLINS
I got tired of waiting.

Ryan clenches his jaw as he tries to hold back the barrage of curse words on the tip of his tongue.

RYAN
Sheriff went to inform the
Lockhart's.

MAYOR COLLINS
And?

RYAN
He's not back yet.

MAYOR COLLINS
Mm.

CLICK. The trunk pops up.

Ryan steps around to the trunk--

A DUFFEL BAG sits there.

Beat.

He snatches it and slings it over a shoulder before coming back around to the window.

RYAN
Are you kidding me? There's a
fucking Ranger right downstairs.

Mayor Collins shrugs.

MAYOR COLLINS
You know where it needs to go.

RYAN
Fuck you.

Mayor Collins smiles. It falls just as quickly as it came. He turns intense eyes on Ryan.

MAYOR COLLINS
Don't forget your place, *Deputy*
Gatewood.

Collins turns back to the front and nods to his DRIVER.

Ryan steps back.

He watches as the CAR pulls away.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT

Ryan walks to a '90 PONTIAC FIREBIRD, BLACK. He opens the trunk and tosses the DUFFEL inside. It resembles the car from the TEASER, but it's not quite the same.

The TRUNK SLAMS closed.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The BACKPACK's contents are laid out across the table: tampons, a coin purse, a notebook, an unreturned textbook, and a copy of SIDDARTHA BY HERMAN HESSE checked out from the library.

The DOOR OPENS.

Beca turns to find Ryan, brow lowered, eyes dark.

BECA

You alright? What took so long?

Ryan ponders a lie.

RYAN

The Mayor came by asking about the case.

BECA

You didn't tell him anything did you?

RYAN

'course not.

He holds out the evidence bags to her. She takes them and begins to bag the contents of the BACKPACK.

Ryan walks around the table and picks up the copy of SIDDARTHA.

RYAN

Buddhism.

BECA

How'd you know?

He shrugs.

RYAN
I like to read.

Beca smirks.

RYAN
What?

BECA
Nothing. Just... a little
surprised.

RYAN
Cops read too.

BECA
Spiritual books about Buddhism?

Ryan puts down the book.

RYAN
You think that's why she was
killed? That book?

BECA
It's a good assumption.

RYAN
Seems like a bit of a stretch.

BECA
It's all we've got.

Beca takes the book and bags it. She begins to put everything
back into the evidence box.

RYAN
You want me to check on the
autopsy?

BECA
I'll tag along if you don't mind.

RYAN
It's no problem. Besides, you
should probably get checked in
somewhere. I don't think the
conference room is gunna make for a
great hotel room.

Beca chuckles.

BECA

Alright. You head to the morgue,
I'll get checked in and then meet
you there.

RYAN

Sounds good.

Beca takes the box and begins to walk upstairs.

Ryan stops her.

RYAN

Uh, shouldn't that go back?

BECA

I'd like to look everything back
over, make sure I didn't miss
anything.

Ryan shrugs.

They both leave.

EXT. LOCKHART HOME - DUSK

A somber Sheriff and puffy-eyed Willis walk out onto the
porch.

SHERIFF DICKENS

I'm sorry. I really am.

WILLIS

Just get the bastard that did this.

SHERIFF DICKENS

I will. You have my word.

Sheriff Dickens walks down a couple steps. He turns back to
Willie.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Look, we might need you to come
down to the station and answer some
more questions later. When you're
up to it...

Willis nods.

SHERIFF DICKENS

...If you can remember anything
else before then--

WILLIS

I got your personal number. I'll
let you know.

Sheriff Dickens gives him a nod and heads to his truck. He gets in and pulls back onto the dirt road.

Willy watches from the porch...

In a second story window Tabby has pulled aside a curtain and watches Sheriff Dickens's taillights as they drift away.

INT. THE TULIP - MAIN LOBBY

Beca comes out of the elevator and into a lobby that is too opulent for a town as small as this. The hotel is older, but it's beauty has been well maintained, and even updated with modern decor and amenities.

She walks to the front doors and catches a glimpse of the attached bar.

INT. THE ROSE PUB

Beca walks in to the dimly lit pub. It's decor is industrial meets steam-punk. Lots of hanging bare bulbs and furniture with natural wood and metal. She walks past a group of COLLEGE GIRLS that crowd a small table near the two.

She takes a seat at the bar, next to...

David Fry.

David turns and smiles at her.

DAVID

Mrs. Officer.

Beca turns and recognizes him.

BECA

David Fry.

DAVID

You know my name.

(then)

An eye for an eye.

Beca examines him. His hand clutches a straight whiskey.

BECA

Beca. Beca Rollins.

David smiles. His eyes are a bit glassy.

DAVID
Nice to meet you.

MITZI (22) comes over from behind the bar.

MITZI
What can I get for ya?

BECA
(to Mitzi)
Coffee. Black, please.

MITZI
Anything else?

BECA
That's it.

Mitzi leaves to grab the coffee.

DAVID
I guess you're here about the
missing girls.

BECA
I really can't talk about an on-
going investigation.

DAVID
Don't wanna talk about the details.
Just think it's sad. You know?

BECA
It is.

She eyes him. Something is strange about his demeanor. He stares into his whiskey, refusing to look at her. He takes a sip.

Mitzi places down Beca's coffee.

MITZI
On the house.

BECA
Oh. Uh, I really can't--

MITZI
It's no problem.

Mitzi heads to the table of College Girls.

DAVID

All four of them were so young.

Beca slowly turns to look back to David who is yet again sipping his whiskey.

BECA

Excuse me?

He turns.

DAVID

What?

BECA

You said *four*?

DAVID

Mhm. Four. Four of them went missing, all within three weeks.

Beca's world sways.

David throws on mock surprise and genuine amusement.

DAVID

The Sheriff didn't tell you, did he? Figures. Always has to be one step ahead--

Beca moves quickly. She takes one of David's arms and folds it painfully behind him--

DAVID

Hey! OW!

She pushes him forward and leans into his ear.

BECA

How do you know?

DAVID

Know what?

BECA

That there were four missing girls.

DAVID

What do you mean how do I know. The whole town knows!

Silence has fallen across the bar as all eyes of patrons are on Beca and David.

Beca looks over the crowd. Her eyes light on Mitzi.

MITZI

It's true. Trista, Lynne, Abigail,
and Skyler. It's all the towns been
able to talk about.

Mitzi point to another set of doors that lead out to the street. The light illuminates FOUR POSTERS -- MISSING PERSONS FLYERS -- and she can see through the back of them. She can make out each girls' name in BOLD RED LETTERS.

DAVID

See! Now, can you let me go?

Beca releases him.

David rubs his shoulder and scowls at her.

DAVID

It's not my fault the Sheriff's
givin' you a partial deck.
(then re: coffee)
You might want something a bit
stronger.

Beca storms out of the bar.

INT. MORGUE - MEANWHILE

Riley scrutinizes a clipboard as he stands over a metal slab where Trista's body is covered with a white sheet.

The DOUBLE DOORS SWING open as Ryan enters.

Riley looks up.

RILEY

Hey.

Ryan stands on the opposite side of the slab.

RYAN

You got anything yet?

RILEY

I'm still waiting on toxicology,
had to send that off to Houston,
but...

RYAN

But what?

RILEY

She was strangled, and judging by the marks it was most likely some type of thick rope.

RYAN

Okay...

RILEY

The thing is, the marks aren't as deep as you would expect.

RYAN

What does that mean?

RILEY

It means I think she was killed by a woman.

BANG!

The DOUBLE DOORS fly OPEN and Beca storms into the Morgue.

BECA

What the *fuck* is going on?!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Riley look to Beca.

RYAN
What do you mean?

BECA
Four? There's four missing girls?!

Ryan's eyes widen and he looks caught.

RYAN
Beca, I can explain--

BECA
Oh you better...

She moves to stand in front of him. Although shorter, her fury gives her an overpowering presence.

BECA
...because if you don't, I will
turn over every rock in this town
to figure out what's really going
on.

Ryan looks down.

RYAN
Abigail Rice.

BECA
That's the fourth missing girl?

Ryan nods.

BECA
Why wasn't her file with the
others?

RYAN
Her-- She wasn't like the others.
She just up an vanished. With the
others there was some trace, some
evidence.
(then, softly)
The cases didn't seem connected.

Beca runs a hand through her hair and blows out a long breath. She paces back away from Ryan.

BECA

Okay... I need everything, and I mean *everything*, that you have on Abigail Rice.

Ryan nods.

Beat.

BECA

Now!

Ryan gets the message and hurries out.

Beca turns burning eyes on Riley. He holds up both his hands.

RILEY

I'm just the body guy.

She steps to the slab.

BECA

What do you got?

RILEY

Like I was telling Ryan; she was strangled with, what my guess was, a thick rope. The bruising is light, which leads me to believe--

BECA

Could have been a weaker attacker. A woman.

RILEY

Exactly. Also, her wrists and ankles were bound individually, for a long time.

BECA

They kept her somewhere.

RILEY

Yeah.

BECA

Anything else?

RILEY

Yeah.

Beca looks at him.

RILEY

I found a print on the body. I'll look through all the cards we have on file, but... it's a long shot.

BECA

It's something. Good work, Riley.

Beca turns to leave.

RILEY

Don't be too hard on Ryan. The Sheriff... Ryan does his best, but that's still his boss.

BECA

That doesn't mean he can be a poor cop.

Beca pushes open the DOUBLE DOORS and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - RYAN'S DESK

Ryan puts together a file for ABIGAIL RICE (21). He staples a photo of a smiling girl with mousy brown hair and deep down eyes to match.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS and BANGS closed.

Sheriff Dickens huffs past and straight into his office. He doesn't notice Ryan.

Ryan rises and follows him, FILE in hand.

SHEERIFF'S OFFICE--

Sheriff Dickens falls into a leather chair. He leans over and opens the bottom drawer of the desk. An expensive bottle of bourbon and a glass are the only contents in there. He takes them out and places them on the desk--

He notices Ryan standing in the door way. He glances at him, then continues to pour himself a drink.

SHERIF DICKENS

What?

Ryan walks over and drops the file in front of him.

The Sheriff eyes it and stops his pour.

Silence.

He opens the file to Abigail's smiling photo.

He stares down at it, face devoid of emotion.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Fuck.

INT. LOCKHART HOME - TRISTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The DOOR CREAKS open.

Willis stands in the open doorway and looks into the room.

He takes a hesitant step inside.

He looks through the now permanent memorial to his daughter's memory.

A desk sits in front of the window, posters of '80s hair bands plaster the walls. The bed is made with purple sheets and blanket.

He walks to the desk, pushes around some loose papers. He reaches for a stack of books on the corner, and one by one, takes them and looks them over. The THIRD BOOK, a PHILOSOPHY TEXTBOOK that never got returned--

Moonlight coming in through the window catches SOMETHING glossy sticking out of the book--

Willis pulls it free--

He holds a BROCHURE for 'CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT RANCH'.

His face hardens and his eyes burn as he glares at the BROCHURE.

INT. BECA'S HOTEL ROOM - MEANWHILE

Beca sits at the small table in her room in a baggy t-shirt and her underwear. Her hair is wet from a recent shower. The EVIDENCE BOX sits open on the table and Beca looks over some of the items laid out on the table.

She picks up SIDDARTHA and turns it over in her hands.

She goes to her BACKPACK. She takes out the THREE FILES and flips them all open and places them all out on the bed.

BECA
Something's missing...

She organizes them in order of their date of disappearance: Trista, Lynne, then Skyler. She looks at the dates: TRISTA - 10/10/93, LYNNE 10/17/93, SYKLER 10/24/93.

BECA
Where would a fourth one fit...

She moves Lynne and Skyler over, leaving a gap between Trista and Lynne. Then she moves Lynne back, leaving a gap between Lynne and Skyler.

Beat.

She moves Lynne back to the MIDDLE, then pulls her down a bit to leave space for another file above hers. The pattern would be 1-2-1.

She pauses and stares.

A KNOCK.

She turns.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

She walks over and looks through the PEEPHOLE--

Ryan stands on the other-side holding a FILE folder.

Beca rushes to grab her tan slacks from the floor and slides into them--

She tucks in her white t-shirt as best she can, then opens the door.

Ryan stands there. He peaks past her and sees all the evidence on the table and files on the bed.

RYAN
You look like you could use a
drink.

Beca looks behind her, takes it all in, then looks to Ryan.

BECA
Sure. One sec.

She leaves the door open and walks over to put on her boots.

She slides them on, no socks, and walks back to the door.

BECA
Downstairs?

RYAN
There's another bar down the
street, less college kids, more
quiet.
(re: file)
Good place to discuss this.

BECA
Lead the way.

INT. THE MIDNIGHT GOAT

Beca and Ryan walk into a smoky bar that is the definition of "dive". A few OLD TOWNIES drink and smoke at the bar, a couple FRAT BOYS try to play cool in a booth in the back corner.

Beca looks it all over. Her gaze freezes on a booth off to the left--

Sheriff Dickens sits there, his hands clasped around a whiskey-coke.

RYAN
I thought it was time we all got on
the same page.

Ryan leads her over to the booth where they both slide in. Beca sits down across from Ryan and the Sheriff.

SHERIFF DICKENS
Ms. Rollins...

BECA
Sheriff.

SHERIFF DICKENS
I think... I think we got off on
the wrong foot.

His gaze never meets hers, but he seems sincere.

BECA
We did.

SHERIFF DICKENS
Look. I just, I want to make sure
we get this fucker before another
girl turns up dead. That's all I
want, but--

BECA

You wanna look like you're the one leading things. Maintain your "guardian" status of the town.

He looks into his drink.

BECA

Look. I get you have an image you want to keep. So, behind the scenes, you follow my lead, we work *together*, and when we solve this thing, you can have all the glory.

He shrinks. When put into words it sounds ridiculous.

RYAN

Deal.

Ryan gives a stern look to Sheriff Dickens.

BECA

Tell me about Abigail Rice.

Sheriff Dickens takes a sip of his drink. When he starts to speak his voice is distant.

SHERIFF DICKENS

She went missing a couple weeks ago, around the same time as Lynne Johnson.

BECA

Why didn't you think the two disappearances were linked?

SHERIFF DICKENS

We found Lynne's wallet on the side of Main Street. It had fallen into a gutter when she was abducted. With Abigail, there was nothing. She lived at her parents house while she went to the university. She left one morning and never came back.

BECA

Where was she going?

Sheriff Dickens hesitates--

RYAN

No one knows for sure. But... we found a brochure for "The Children of the Light Ranch" in her bedroom.

SHERIFF DICKENS

A fucking cult is what it is.

BECA

Did you talk with David Fry?

Ryan nods. Sheriff Dickens drinks more.

RYAN

Yeah. He told us she wasn't there.

BECA

And you took his word for it?

SHERIFF DICKENS

What were we supposed to do? Go in guns blazing. We'd have another Waco on our hands!

RYAN

We figured she was probably there. We've had women "vanish" under similar circumstances, they've always popped back up at David's.
(then)
We just assumed...

Beca holds her hand out for the FILE. Ryan hands it over.

She opens it to Abigail's photo and class schedule.

BECA

She wasn't in the philosophy class.

SHERIFF DICKENS

What?

Beca closes the FILE.

BECA

(to Sheriff Dickens)
I have a theory this killer is targeting women based on their breaking of the Tene Commandments. Thus, the 'ONE' carved into Trista's back. The first Commandment--

SHERIFF DICKENS

"Thou shall have no other God but me."

RYAN

We found a book on Buddhism in her backpack in the evidence room.

SHERIFF DICKENS

So how does Abigail fit into all this?

BECA

That's what we need to figure out. Together.

Sheriff Dickens nods.

RYAN

There's one more thing. He also found a fingerprint on the body and he's cross referencing with the prints we have on file. It's a long-shot, though.

Beat.

SHERIFF DICKENS

So where do we go from here?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

RUSTY HINGES SCREECH.

The THICK DOOR OPENS.

Skyler squints as light floods in from the door. A FIGURE stands silhouetted in the doorway.

SKYLER

Wha-- Who are you?

(then)

Please. Let me go.

Nothing.

SOMETHING THUNKS down in front of her.

She lowers her eyes to find a ROUGH SACK. Her hands tremor as she reaches out for it. She dumps the contents onto the floor-

-

A LOAF OF BREAD and an APPLE fall out.

The FIGURE retreats.

The DOOR SCREECHES CLOSED.

Skyler rises to a crouch and races to the door.

SKYLER

Hey! HEY! Let me out! PLEASE! LET
ME OUT!

She BANGS her fist against the DOOR.

Finally she turns, leans her back against the door and breaks down into SOBS.

INT. POLICE STATION - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits with a small stack of PRINT CARDS to his right. On his left is a LARGEER STACK. He takes one from the LARGE STACK and compares to the PRINT he found on Trista's body.

He places the card in the stack on his RIGHT. It's not a match.

He goes to the next one--

Not a match.

Another--

Not a match.

He rubs his eyes with an index finger and thumb.

He picks up the next card and he starts to look it over with the expectation of another failure--

His eyes widen.

He looks from the PRINT to the CARD. It's a match. He checks the name on the card.

RILEY

You have to be fucking kidding me.

He shoots out of the chair and races out of the room.

EXT. ROSE PUB - MEANWHILE

David stands outside the bar. He fishes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and pops one into his mouth. While he searches for a lighter, a GROUP OF COEDS GIGGLE their way out of the bar.

DAVID

Have a good night, ladies.

The Coeds look to him and LAUGH before they turn back and go about their business of finding their next bar.

David shakes his head and continues his search for his lighter.

VOICE (O.C.)

Need a light?

David turns to the parking lot where--

Willis (VOICE) stands in the middle.

David stares.

DAVID

Uh... sure.

Willis strides over. He takes a lighter from his pocket and lights David's cigarette for him.

DAVID
Thanks, friend.

WILLIS
I didn't think you'd be the smoking
type?

DAVID
Meaning?

WILLIS
I mean all the preaching you do
about "living in the Light". Yet
here you are. Smoking.

DAVID
We all have our vices...

David takes a drag and eyes Willis.

DAVID
Do I know you?

WILLIS
No.

He smiles and holds his hand out.

WILLIS
Willis. Willis Lockhart.

David catches the surname.

DAVID
Trista's father.

The shake hands.

DAVID
I can't imagine what you're going
through right now. I hope they find
your daughter.

Willis holds back.

WILLIS
Me too...

David takes another drag.

DAVID
Anytime you wanna talk, feel free
to reach out. The Children and I
would like to help anyway we can.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

No parent should have to go through
what you're going through.

Willis's TEETH CRACK as he clenches his jaw.

WILLIS

Actually, I was hoping you could
answer some questions for me?

INT. MIDNIGHT GOAT - MEANWHILE

Sheriff Dickens is on his second whiskey-coke. Ryan cradles a
beer, and Beca sips a cup of coffee.

BECA

I think we should bring in David
for questioning. He's the common
denominator in all this.

Sheriff's RADIO SQUAWKS.

CAROL (V.O.)

Sheriff?

SHERIFF DICKENS

(into radio)

Yeah, what's up, Carol?

CAROL (V.O.)

Riley's been trying to get ahold of
you, says it's about the
fingerprint he found.

All three look at each other.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Tell him I'll be right there.

BECA

We do this together. Remember?

Sheriff Dickens eyes her.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Tell him Ranger Rollins and I will
meet him at the station.

Sheriff Dickens pushes Ryan out of the booth and slides out.
He takes out his keys.

Beca gets out as well and holds out her hand.

BECA

I think it's best if I drive.

Sheriff Dickens begrudgingly hands over his keys.

His RADIO SQUAWKS.

CAROL (V.O.)

Uh, Sheriff, a 9-1-1 call just came
in from the Rose Pub. Reports of
gunshots in the parking lot.

Sheriff Dickens looks between Beca and Ryan.

SHERIFF DICKENS

Gatewood, you go meet with Riley.
Rollins you and I will head to Rose
Pub.

Beca nods.

Sheriff Dickens and Beca hurry out. Ryan holds back for a
moment and watches them leave.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN ROOM

Ryan enters through the back door.

RYAN

Riley?

A RUSTLING comes from the Sheriff's office.

Ryan walks over...

SHERIFF'S OFFICE--

Riley sits behind the Sheriff's desk with the bottle of
bourbon.

RYAN

What are you doing?

RILEY

Take a seat.

Ryan does.

He holds the bottle out to Ryan.

RILEY

You'll need this.

Ryan takes it.

Riley takes a deep breath...

RILEY
I matched the finger print.

Ryan nearly drops the bottle.

RYAN
What?

RILEY
I matched it.

RYAN
That's huge. To who?

RILEY
That's the difficult part...
(then)
I matched it to Lynne Johnson.

Ryan stares at him. Slowly he brings the bottle to his lips and takes a long swig.

EXT. ROSE PUB - PARKING LOT

The Sheriff's truck whips into the lot and SCREECHES to a halt behind an AMBULANCE. TWO PARAMEDICS are hurriedly loading in SOMEONE on a gurney.

Beca and Sheriff Dickens hop out.

SHERIFF DICKENS
(to Paramedics)
What happened?

PARAMEDIC ONE looks up from the gurney.

PARAMEDIC ONE
White-male, two gun-shot wounds to
the chest.

Sheriff Dickens walks over and catches a glimpse of the Someone in the gurney.

SHERIFF DICKENS
Fuck. Fuck!

He steps away and wipes his hand down his face.

Beca walks over to take a look--

David (SOMEONE) lays in the gurney as he clings to life.

Beca turns to Sheriff Dickens.

BECA

You stay here and figure out what happened.

(to Paramedic One)

Can I ride with you guys?

He nods.

She goes over to Sheriff Dickens and places a hand on his shoulder.

BECA

Look. Divide and concur. You need to canvas the witnesses here. I'll ride to the hospital.

Sheriff Dickens nods.

Beca takes another moment to look him over before she turns back and hops into the AMBULANCE.

The SIREN BLAIRS and the AMBULANCE PEELS out.

INT. AMBULANCE

Beca sits and watches as the Paramedics frantically work on David. We move closer and closer towards her as sound begins to fade out, the BEEPING of the heart monitor growing LOUDER. And LOUDER. Until...

FLATLINE.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

EXT. HOUSE - DEAD OF NIGHT

Ryan's FIREBIRD pulls up to the curb in a quiet neighborhood near the Town Square.

Ryan gets out and goes around to the trunk. He opens it--

The DUFFEL from earlier sits there.

He takes it. The TRUNK SLAMS closed.

The DUFFEL swings gently as Ryan walks it to the front door of the house. He places it down on the porch and leaves.

As he walks back he passes a MAILBOX outside.

The MAILBOX reads 'RICE'.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT