

THE VULTURES

by

Eric Dickson

EDixsn1@gmail.com

OVER BLACK

A METAL DOOR CRASHES SHUT and echoes off the interiors of a building with high ceilings.

The single BOUNCE of a basketball on an indoor court followed by a tired SIGH.

A SECOND DRIBBLE caught on the way up. Our player sucks in a long breath of air and slowly exhales.

A THIRD DRIBBLE...FOURTH...FIFTH...picking up momentum now as the DRIBBLING grows FASTER and LOUDER.

Some SQUEAKY SNEAKERS run across the freshly waxed court on their way to a basket.

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

The basketball hits the side of the rim and FIRES BACK at the unsuspecting face of -

BILLY PROCTOR, sixteen, shaggy, lean. Billy's eyes are sad, tired, lifeless. He rests his hands on his hips and takes a breather as the ball rolls off.

In no real hurry, Billy follows the loose ball toward some retractable bleachers. With his back turned to the double doors, a man enters the gym. This is -

MR. PRESTON, fifties, school administrator, pencil neck, starched white shirt and bad tie. The epitome of an authority complex.

Mr. Preston catches eyes with Billy as he turns back with the ball in hand.

MR. PRESTON

What do you think you're doing?

Billy, not phased in the least, pays him little mind and dribbles his way toward the basket.

This only fuels Mr. Preston's anger. His eyes wide, tense and he's fresh out of patience.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

Maybe you didn't hear me.

From the three point line, Billy shoots and drains it.

SWISH!

He hurries under the basket just as Mr. Preston catches up with him.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
Hey! Don't walk away from me! I'm
talking to you!

Billy moves for the outside line on the side of the court. Mr. Preston struts after him.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
You shoot that ball it's a three
day suspension!

Billy locks eyes with him as he tauntingly dribbles the ball from hand to hand. He gets set up for the shot, bends his knees, playfully flips the ball.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
I said drop the ball, Proctor! I'm
not kidding!

Mr. Preston jumps and blocks Billy's shot just as he's about to release the ball. Billy so red hot with rage he pushes Mr. Preston back.

BILLY
Get away from me, man!

MR. PRESTON
You just got yourself a five day
suspension! You wanna make it
ten?! Lay your hands on me again!

Billy shoots him a shit eating grin.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
Wipe that smirk off your face!

Mr. Preston points to the door.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
Let's go!

BILLY
Fuck you. I'm not going anywhere.

Mr. Preston gets in Billy's face.

MR. PRESTON
That right? We'll see about that.

BILLY

Don't touch me, man. I'm warning
you.

Mr. Preston grabs Billy's arm, attempts to drag him from the court. Billy resists. Mr. Preston goes for his other arm and -

WHAP!

Socketed right in the nose. With two hands, Mr. Preston holds in the BLOOD SPEWING from his face.

MR. PRESTON

Sonofa -- !

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy sits in one of a few chairs by the door reserved for bad kids waiting to take their medicine. His arms folded, defiant, angry as hell.

AT A DESK

An old secretary named VERNA, sixties, glasses, a real sour mug, prepares Billy's suspension papers while making zero attempt at disguising her disgust for him.

Billy stares through a window at Mr. Preston wiping blood from his nose with a tissue.

Billy grins. Proud.

The main door swings open. In walks -

ANGIE PROCTOR, nineteen, blonde, model looks but tired before her time. She sports a sexy bar maid's uniform and name tag. Her eyes are dark, exhausted, and her hair an unkempt mess.

ANGIE

What am I doing here, Billy? Is it
me? Is this about me?

Billy defiantly stares straight ahead.

VERNA

Your sister just asked you a
question.

Angie, super annoyed, shoots Verna a back off look.

ANGIE

You know what? We're good here. I got this.

Verna smirks and goes about her business.

BILLY

Just go, Angie. Just...go. Go back to work.

ANGIE

First you're cutting class and now you're punching out The Principal? The fuck is a matter with you?

A pen drops from Verna's fingers. She looks up in shock.

VERNA

Young lady, watch your language in this building?

ANGIE

I'm talking to my brother! And this is none of your business!

Verna lowers her bifocals and throws Angie a real nasty look.

VERNA

Beg your pardon.

Mr. Preston swings open his office door.

MR. PRESTON

Miss Proctor. Long time. What's it been? A week?

ANGIE

Something like that. Now would somebody please tell me what I'm doing here?

Through the front door walks OFFICER CADE WILBEY, early thirties, dress blues, country boy looks. He and Angie catch eyes.

Cade is surprised to see her. Almost shocked. The two share an unspoken attraction and it's palpable.

Billy stares back and forth between them.

CADE

Angie. What're you doing here?

Angie turns to Mr. Preston.

ANGIE

That's what I'd like to know.

MR. PRESTON

Officer Wilbey, can I speak with you alone please?

Cade nods and follows Mr. Preston in his office and shuts the door behind them.

Angie throws up her hands in defeat.

ANGIE

Okay, great. Thanks for that.

Cade gawks back at her briefly through the office window.

Angie shakes her head and once again locks eyes with -

VERNA

who is unimpressed with Angie's outbursts.

Angie engages her in a staring contest with neither party backing off.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What??

Angie gives in, turns to Billy and kicks his shoes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Sit up straight.

INT. MR. PRESTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cade hovers over Mr. Preston's desk. He almost doesn't notice that seated in a corner chair is school guidance counselor KATIE SULLIVAN, thirties, ponytail, bookish with long skirt, collared shirt and sweater. She has a file open on her lap.

MR. PRESTON

This kid's trouble. Just like his old man was. I knew it the first time I looked into his eyes.

CADE

Yeah, well. The whole dead parents thing may have something to do with his change in attitude.

Katie is clearly not happy with Mr. Preston as she chews her pen and rolls her eyes.

MR. PRESTON

Yeah, well, I'm not giving this kid any more passes. Far as I'm concerned, today's his last get out of jail free card.

KATIE

So what are we doing with him?

MR. PRESTON

I'm sending him home for ten days. When Walsh gets back from vacation, I'm recommending alternative placement. We'll let him decide what to do with him.

Cade can hardly believe it. Katie too. The two of them show an unspoken disapproval.

Mr. Preston pops a couple antacids and notices his co workers dissatisfaction.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you two?

CADE

Don't you think that's a bit harsh considering the circumstances.

MR. PRESTON

We have a no tolerance policy for a reason, Wilbey. I know you have a protective interest in this kid because of how close your father and his old man were...

Cade looks down. A sensitive subject for him.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

...but we have to treat him like every other kid.

CADE

Come on, Doug. Just between us, those kids are rotten to the core. This isn't a bad kid. Just mixed up with a lot of misplaced anger.

KATIE

I agree.

CADE

Don't you think Angie Proctor has enough on her plate as it is?

MR. PRESTON

He took a swing at me. If it were any other kid, and under any other circumstances, he'd already be expelled.

Cade turns around, stares back at Billy as he inspects his red and scratched up right arm.

CADE

Couldn't help but notice Billy's arms were pretty scruffed up. Nice fat bruise on his bicep. Almost like somebody dug their fingers into his arm.

Mr. Preston checks with Katie who is unflinching as she stares him down.

MR. PRESTON

What is this? Who's side are you two on here anyways?

KATIE

Doug, their parents have been in the ground less than three months. Between Billy and his sister, those two need all the support we can give them.

Mr. Preston huffs out loud and slumps down in his chair. He pours himself a full handful of Tums.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Any fool can see this stunt he pulled today was a cry for help. For God's sake, let's help him. Let's help both of them. God knows they need all the life lines we can throw them right now.

Mr. Preston rolls his chair to the left and stares back at Billy still in chairs.

Cade and Katie await his final answer.

Billy looks up. Stares at Mr. Preston with apologetic eyes. So embarrassed he looks away.

MR. PRESTON
Alright. Proctor stays. But I'm
upholding the suspension.

Billy now hangs his head in total embarrassment.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
What the hell. I suppose this kid
could use a few days off.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Cade exits the main office. He's halfway down the halls when
the office door opens and Angie storms out.

ANGIE
Cade!

Cade stops, a worried look as he slowly faces Angie.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
So, you're not gonna tell me what's
happening?

CADE
Sullivan talked him into a ten day
suspension.

Angie squints - totally surprised.

ANGIE
So he's not pressing charges?

CADE
No. And don't worry about him
missing class. He'll be able to
make up all his assignments from
home.

ANGIE
Wait. So, they're not gonna do
anything to him?

CADE
We all figured he could use the
time off. Get his head together.
Considering the special
circumstances and all.

Cade smiles - walks off. But Angie isn't done with him.

ANGIE
Wait. Hold on a sec.

Cade stops, turns back. Angie folds her arms, stares at him very matter-of-factly.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Missed you at the funeral.

Cade looks away in shame.

CADE
Yeah. About that.

ANGIE
I mean...everybody was there.
Practically the whole department.
Half the city. Everyone but you.

CADE
I sort of don't do very well at
funerals. Especially this one. I
guess I just couldn't bring myself
to go.
(beat)
No excuse, but I am sorry.

ANGIE
That's all you have to say? My Dad
loved you like a son. I know our
Dads had their differences but that
never changed. You should know
that.

CADE
I wish I had better reasons for
missing. I don't know what to tell
you. Really.

Angie tries hard to read him but lets it go.

ANGIE
Yeah. I'm sorry too.

Cade nods and slowly steps away from Angie. He's clearly uncomfortable with the situation. He points back toward the main office.

CADE
Keep an eye on him this week.

ANGIE
Yeah, I will.

Cade turns and quickly walks off. Angie watches him all the way down the hall and out the main doors.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Good to see you too.

Angie heads back to the main office.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A shirtless Cade stares at himself in a mirror and rests his hands on an old wooden chest.

Katie lay in bed, nude but wrapped in a sheet. She has her arms folded and looks distraught.

KATIE

That's three nights in a row, Cade.
You wanna talk about it?

CADE

Not particularly.

KATIE

You want me to go.

CADE

No. Yes. I don't know.

KATIE

Something's getting to you. Some
secret you don't wanna tell me
about. You're afraid I might walk
if you tell me.

CADE

Yeah. Pretty sure you would.

KATIE

Try me.

Cade turns to her, unconvinced.

CADE

Maybe. Sometime soon when I'm not
feeling the weight of the world on
my shoulders.

KATIE

Ouch. Sounds pretty serious if you
ask me.

Cade stares back at her like she's just hit the nail right on the head. Through a crack in some venetian blinds, a pair of eyes stares into the bedroom.

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The eyes belong to MELANIE SALVA, thirties, hot red hair, nice clothes and flash jewelry. Melanie quietly ducks away from Cade's window. A truly betrayed look on her face as she storms back to her car.

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Melanie unlocks her car with the BEEP of her keys and stops at a pricey SUV. She gets in.

INT. MELANIE'S SUV - NIGHT

Melanie breaks down in tears as she puts on her belt and adjusts her rearview mirror.

IN THE MIRROR

A BALD teen in all black clothes and leather coat sits on the curb behind her and smokes a cigarette. He stares back at Melanie with cold menace.

Melanie quickly turns, stares through the -

REAR WINDOW

and notices that the curb behind her is unoccupied. No one anywhere near her car.

As she faces front, she spots a DARK FIGURE with an ORANGE MOHAWK walking around the driver's side of the car, headed straight for her.

In a panic, she quickly LOCKS her doors. She looks up -

No one there. All alone.

Melanie is completely confused but breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. DUNWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

A police cruiser pulls against a curb just outside a wrought iron gate marked DUNWOOD CEMETERY.

Out steps Cade still in uniform and holding a bouquet of flowers. He walks to the iron fencing that encloses the grave yard and opens.

He looks to -

THE SKY

and notices a flock of VULTURES circling two headstones near the center of the graveyard.

Cade stops at a double plot with fresh flowers and smooth new headstones not yet worn down.

The first marked "CAPTAIN BILL" WILLIAM R. PROCTOR, SR. and a Sheriff's Department STAR engraved in both lower ends of the stone. The second marked JESSICA W. PROCTOR.

Cade looks up. The VULTURES still circling overhead but no fresh kills on the grass or anywhere near the scene.

Cade rests the flowers at the foot of Jessica's grave. He is uneasy. Guilt ridden. He stares all around him as if he's being watched.

And he is.

Behind a far off fence stands a YOUNG MAN in punk rock garb and an orange-red MOHAWK. Almost a product of the early to mid eighties.

Cade and him lock eyes. He turns back to the graves.

Standing behind the headstones are TWO PUNK ROCKER TYPES. One tall with purple spiked hair named SPIKE and one short and BALD with face tats named CUE BALL.

Cade unlocks his holster but before he can draw his gun

A DECAYED HAND reaches out of Jessica's grave and grabs a hold of his ankle.

Cade trips and face plants.

JESSICA, fifties, in a beautiful burial gown, crawls out of the ground and on top of him. Cade tries to fend her off but she's able to pin his arms to the grass.

Somewhere in the scuffle, Jessica has morphed into Angie.

ANGIE

I know what you did!

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade jumps up in bed, drenched in sweat from the all too surreal nightmare.

He lowers his feet to the floor, wipes his wet brow with the back of his hand.

His CELL RINGS and almost causes his heart to jump out of his chest. He snags it from a nightstand.

Answers.

CADE
It's two o'clock in the morning
whoever this is.

MOHAWK (O.S.)
(muffled)
Having trouble sleeping, cop?

Cade spins around, stares out his bedroom window. No one there. Just the chirp of crickets and a few squirrels playing in the trees.

CADE
Who wants to know?

Mohawk chuckles.

MOHAWK (O.S.)
You know who this is. Don't you,
Officer?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE NIGHT

Mohawk stands in a confined phone booth with dirt and grime smeared over the busted out glass. He smiles and hangs up the receiver.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade listens to a DIAL TONE on the other end. He tosses his phone on the bed and stares behind him as if he's being watched through the window.

INT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - DAY

Angie loads up a tray with empty shot glasses and beer mugs from a corner high top. In addition to her bar maid uniform she sports a yellow poker visor.

She looks to the bar and catches eyes with the night manager TREY, twenties, black jack dealer vest and bow tie. Pen and notepad, he takes inventory but is really spying on Angie.

Angie plays it off like she isn't looking and rushes her tray of empty glasses toward the kitchen.

Before she can make it, Trey meets her at the end of the bar.

TREY

Where are you going? The bar's over here.

ANGIE

Yeah. Right.

Angie cracks a fake smile and rests her tray on the bar.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I guess I've just got a lot on my mind. With this Billy thing and school and...whether or not he's even graduating. Whether I'm still going back.

Angie slumps her elbows down on the bar and rubs her temples.

TREY

I know. It's a lot to take on right now. But like I said, you don't need to be doing this all by yourself. You got nothing to prove. It's okay to ask for help if you need it.

Trey grabs her hand in a not so subtle gesture. A couple of the other waitresses notice and shrug with disgust and jealousy.

ANGIE

I've been working doubles almost every other day. Unless you can get me caught up on sleep, I don't know what else you could possibly do for me.

TREY

I know. You've been working your ass off. Dealing with your parents lawyers. Bank accounts and so forth. It's a lot of stress. I get it.

Trey just stares back at her. Angie grows uncomfortable and finally breaks the silence.

ANGIE

What?

TREY

Tell you what. Why don't I come over tonight. We can sit down, take a look at those bills and see what we can do to get you caught up. Nobody has to know but us.

Angie smiles politely but still a bit creeped out.

ANGIE

I couldn't. Really.

TREY

Just think of it as an advance on your check. No strings attached.

Angie slowly comes around.

ANGIE

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

Another waitress watches the exchange and angrily slams down a silverware and napkin set on a table.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

Angie's car pulls up a homemade dirt path with a long grass median leading to a secluded farm home in the woods.

Next to the two story house is a two-tiered barn and two car garage. The sliding door wide open with a large variety of collected junk and farm equipment inside.

The car stops near the front door. Out steps Angie and Trey who looks as if he's never been before.

TREY

Nice place. Quiet. Gotta be nice, huh?

Angie clearly isn't as pleased.

ANGIE

Yeah. Quiet. That it is.

Trey looks as if he's put his foot in his mouth and follows Angie up the front steps and to the door.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - NIGHT

As soon as Angie and Trey step inside they hear the deafening ROAR of DEATH METAL blasting away upstairs.

TREY
A little loud.

Angie angrily tosses her book bag to the living room floor and rushes up the stairs.

TREY (CONT'D)
So, I'll just wait here then.

Trey nervously stuffs his hands in his pockets.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy sits on his bed with his laptop open and headset on playing a live internet game.

The DEATH METAL is cranked so loud pictures rattle on the wall from the heavy bass.

In runs Angie who immediately covers her ears and quickly shuts off the stereo.

Billy removes his headset.

BILLY
It finally comes home. It's like after eleven.

ANGIE
Exactly. I'm surprised the neighbors haven't called the cops.

Angie stares at and around his bed. Video game boxes opened and empty snack cracker wrappers. She waves her hand through the weed infested air.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
God. No wonder you ate all the crackers. And where are your school books?

BILLY
Why? It's not like I got anything due tomorrow.

ANGIE

Because! You're not just gonna sit here for a week, smoke all my grass and play video games!

BILLY

What am supposed to do? Study for like twelve hours a day?

ANGIE

Yes! Study! Get caught up! Think about how you almost got expelled less than twenty four hours ago! About how that would've broke Mom's heart if she were here!

BILLY

She's not here, Ange! She's gone! So what the hell difference does it make?

ANGIE

Turn the music off and go to bed.

Angie heads out the door.

BILLY

It's off. You turned it off.

Angie turns back, hopping mad.

ANGIE

That's right! And you're not turning it back on either!

BILLY

Who's the guy?

ANGIE

What guy?

Billy hops up. Points out the window at Angie's car by the front door.

BILLY

The guy in the car. What guy do you think?

ANGIE

Don't worry about it.

BILLY

Don't worry about what I'm doing either. How about that?

Angie gets in his face.

ANGIE
I have to worry. I have to because
no one else will. I'm all you've
got.

Angie rushes out and SLAMS the door shut. Billy plops back down on his mattress. Immediately puts his headset back on and snags his laptop.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angie walks in just as Trey pours them both a double shot of tequila. A cabinet door still open with various bottles of liquor inside.

Angie is almost shocked to see it opened.

ANGIE
What're you doing?

TREY
Pouring us a drink. Sounds like
you could use one.

Trey takes a gulp of his drink.

ANGIE
I don't drink.

Trey laughs.

TREY
Yeah, since when? Is this the same
girl that used to go shot for shot
with me after closing and danced on
every table in the bar?

ANGIE
Yeah, well, I changed my tune about
four months ago when my father
wrapped him and my mother around a
tree.

Trey sets his glass down.

TREY
You're right. I'm sorry. Guess I
should've been more sensitive.

ANGIE
Yeah, I guess so.

Angie folds her arms and rests her back against the wall. Trey walks to her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

TREY

I wasn't thinking. I'm sorry.

ANGIE

I haven't opened that cabinet in four months. I guess I just... keep it there as a reminder. Waiting for Billy to touch one of those bottles so I can slap the shit out of him.

Trey rubs down her arms and Angie isn't having it.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

TREY

Apologizing. Making you feel better.

ANGIE

You got a strange way of apologizing.

Angie rubs her weary head and tired face.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I think maybe this was a bad idea.

Angie gently pushes away Trey's arms and walks to the fridge to grab a soda.

TREY

What did you think, Angie? I was just gonna cut you a check just like that and go on my merry way? No questions asked.

Angie cracks her soda, confused.

ANGIE

What?

TREY

You've been eye fuckin me for weeks. Flirting. Working me for extra hours, well you got them. And then some. So, like I said, what do you think you're doing bringing me out here like this then switching channels?

Angie is so put off she takes a few steps back.

ANGIE
Get the fuck outta here.

TREY
You sure you wanna go there?

Trey walks to her. Slightly menacing.

TREY (CONT'D)
All I gotta do is snap my fingers
and you're gone.

ANGIE
You better call Uber. That's a
long walk back to work.

Trey looks immediately regretful. His demeanor softens.

TREY
Look. I didn't mean all that.

ANGIE
Yeah, I think you did.

Trey gives up and heads to the door.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
You're not gonna get a signal. You
can use the house line but you have
to wait outside.

Angie rushes out and heads for the stairs. Trey left with
his tail between his legs.

A door SLAMS SHUT upstairs.

TREY
Hey, I'll see you at work, okay?!

No answer. Trey slaps himself in the forehead.

INT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - DAY

Cade and some of his fellow officer friends OX, JT and HARRIS
gather at a booth and a high top near the bar.

One of them, JOE "OX" OXLEY, thirties, ex marine, takes two
empty pitchers and rests them on the bar.

Cade and the others laughing their asses off.

OX

So Wilbey's got this three hundred pound gorilla facing the hood. He looks down for like two seconds to grab his cuffs and this big old ape head butts him.

Ox swings his head backward.

OX (CONT'D)

Pow!

Ox stumbles back as if he's been clubbed with a baseball bat.

OX (CONT'D)

Down he goes. I don't see any of this because I'm still on the radio. I'm oblivious...

The cops all laugh until they choke. Cade hides his face with shame.

OX (CONT'D)

I look up and Wilbey's gone. He's nowhere. I'm like...where's my partner? Meanwhile, he's on the ground with a taser in this guy's nut sack.

The two tables erupt with laughter.

OX (CONT'D)

Right in the dick. No joke.

Ox grabs his crotch with both hands.

OX (CONT'D)

This guy's grabbing his own balls like this like it's barely phasing him, right.

Cade's face turns three shades of red as he barely contains his laughter.

OX (CONT'D)

I come running out, worried Wilbey's gonna have to shoot this poor prick...

Cade looks up and catches eyes with Angie as she stuffs a fat tip in her skimpy skirt.

He loses his smile and turns serious.

OX (CONT'D)
 And this dude's still standing
 there like...

Ox grabs his junk, rolls his eyes.

OX (CONT'D)
 Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...

Ox loses it. Laughs at his own story. He notices Cade's sudden change in mood and gets curious.

OX (CONT'D)
 Hey. Wake up over there. What's
 with you?

Ox looks over his shoulder. Angie stares back at them as she buses a high top.

OX (CONT'D)
 (to Cade)
 What're you doing, pal? That's
 Cappy's little girl.

Next to Cade is rookie cop HARRIS, early twenties, smart ass of the bunch.

HARRIS
 (to Cade)
 I think she's carrying, pal. You
 better do a pat down.

Harris laughs it up but he's the only one who thinks it's funny. They all shoot him a nasty look. Angie rolls her eyes and heads to the kitchen.

OX
 What's the matter with you? Show
 some respect. Her old man was
 Wilbey's Godfather for God's sake.
 They're practically related.

HARRIS
 You're right. Sorry.

Harris stares back at Cade.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 (to Cade)
 So what the hell's the matter with
 you staring at Cappy's daughter?

CADE

I wasn't. I'm not. Just worried about her, that's all.

JT, thirties, gruff and tough, Ox's partner, grabs a new pitcher from the bar and fills Ox's mug.

JT

Yeah, I heard they almost eighty sixed her little brother for fighting the other day.

(to Cade)

If it wasn't for you, they would have.

CADE

Can we not talk about it at her work, please?

OX

(to JT)

Yeah. Shut up, would ya?

JT

Hey. You got it. Sorry I brought it up.

Harris looks to the door and spots Melanie, all dressed up and out on the town. She waits with the hostess.

HARRIS

Speaking of changing the subject. Look what the cat just drug in.

Through the door walks Melanie's husband TONY SALVA, forties, sport coat, slacks, defense lawyer.

Cade and Melanie share a nice long stare. As if they've not seen each other in forever.

Ox and JT turn to the door and spot the happy couple as the hostess escorts them to a nearby table.

JT

This lousy bitch. Kills a cop four months ago, leaves the scene and still walking around free as a bird. I'm telling you...her and that jive ass lawyer of hers are rubbing it in our faces.

Melanie steals another glance at Cade over a glass wall. Just quick enough so her husband doesn't notice.

CADE

Let it go, man. It was an accident. Could've happened to any one of us.

JT

Yeah, tell that to Angie Proctor. She's gonna freak when she finds out.

JT looks around for Angie. Nowhere to be found.

JT (CONT'D)

They got a lot of nerve showing their faces in here?

CADE

It's a small town. You're bound to run into her sooner or later. Let it go.

OX

When did Salva and her old man get back together? I thought they were kaput.

HARRIS

Yeah, well, they say nothing saves a marriage like getting charged with vehicular manslaughter. Especially when your old man is the hottest lawyer in town.

Cade chugs his beer and taps Harris on the shoulder.

CADE

Hey, I'm gonna head out.

They all boo and hiss.

HARRIS

What're you talking about? You just got here.

CADE

What can I say? I'm tired. I'm beat up. These kids are killing me.

HARRIS

Yeah, I hear you. I'll take crackheads and felons over tenth graders any day of the week.

Harris chugs his beer and slides out of the booth for Cade.

OX

Don't be a stranger. And keep
those little bastards in check.

Cade throws Ox a hug on his way to the door.

CADE

Yeah, you got it.

OX

After all. They're our country's
future.

Cade smiles as he heads for the door.

Melanie and her husband sit at a table in the far corner.
Melanie faces the door and spots Cade leaving.

Cade smiles and nods politely as he throws on his coat.

Tony looks over his shoulder, shoots Cade a very long and
cold stare. An unspoken warning.

Cade ignores him and heads out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Cade cruises this lone two way blacktop in his own car. He
plays with the radio in search of some decent music.

Suddenly, every channel plays the same mid-eighties head
banger noise.

Cade is confused as he manually searches the channels. Every
channel now playing the same exact heavy metal song. A dark
underground original "The Dead Don't Lie".

CADE

The hell is this?

Cade hears an engine REVVING behind him and looks to his rear
view mirror.

A car on his tail FLASHES ITS BRIGHTS. It has somehow gone
from day to night without warning.

CADE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Cade faces the road. His HEADLIGHTS have somehow come on and
it's almost pitch black. In the middle of the night.

Cade is completely out of sorts and scared to death.

The car behind him loses patience and passes him on the double line -

Not noticing ANOTHER CAR about thirty yards away coming around a sharp bend.

The oncoming car swerves to miss both of the vehicles and ends up crashing several hundred feet into the trees.

Cade SLAMS on his brakes as -

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (PRESENT)

The car does a full three sixty and comes to a halt in the middle of the road.

Cade opens his eyes and notices it is once again daylight. No cars on the road or in the trees. All alone as he catches his breath.

A CAR HONKS. Cade looks to his right just as an ONCOMING CAR CRASHES INTO HIM.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Cade awakens in an adjustable bed with a curtain halfway drawn around him. A very worried Melanie stands over his bed.

CADE

Where am I?

MELANIE

You were in an accident. Out on nineteen. Coming around the bend.

CADE

The bend.

Cade sits up. Grabs his aching head.

CADE (CONT'D)

I remember.

Cade stares up at her.

CADE (CONT'D)

You were behind me. Honking the horn.

Melanie doesn't follow.

MELANIE

What're you talking about?

CADE

It's like I was...dreaming or something.

MELANIE

Yeah, well, you had a lot to drink. Couldn't help but notice you stumbling out of Double Down earlier.

Cade doesn't like her tone.

CADE

I had a few beers. No more than usual. What're you getting at?

MELANIE

They ran a tox screen. You were well over the limit to drive.

CADE

Bullshit.

MELANIE

Your car was parked in the middle of the street. Almost like you put it there or something.

Melanie shuts the rest of the round curtain. A little more privacy as she moves closer to Cade.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(quieter)

What were you doing? Do you wanna die, is that it?

CADE

Why are you talking to me like this?

MELANIE

What do you expect? I haven't heard from you in months. Every time I see you you're drinking like a fish. Next thing I hear, they pull you off of active duty and put you on stress leave.

CADE

I took a couple weeks off over two months ago and took a job with the school. By my own choice. So what?

MELANIE

You're telling me you had no idea how your car ended up dead center of the road?

CADE

That's what I'm telling you. So settle down and relax.

Melanie wipes her tears as she paces frantically on the cold tile floor.

MELANIE

You're acting like you've been going through this alone. Don't know if you remember, but I was there too, Cade.

Cade checks the curtains and spots a nurse through the cracks holding a clipboard.

CADE

(quieter)

Be quiet about that. We don't talk about it again. That was the deal. The other part of the deal was to not speak and lay low for awhile. I guess you forgot.

The curtain JERKS OPEN and startles Melanie. The nurse steps in with Cade's chart.

NURSE

Mister Wilbey. Excuse me. Deputy Wilbey. You were awful lucky back there. How's the head?

CADE

Yeah. The head's fine. I'm good. Just slid on the road coming around the bend too hot.

NURSE

I guess that's why there are speed laws.

CADE

Yeah. I'll try to remember that.

The Nurse shoots him a knowing stare. As if she has the goods on him.

NURSE

The other driver wasn't quite as lucky. Got a pretty nasty gash on his forehead and a broken collar bone.

CADE

Shit. I'm sorry to hear that.

NURSE

The paramedic who pulled you out said your car smelled like a brewery.

Cade checks with Melanie who looks sick.

NURSE (CONT'D)

After what happened back in July, the last thing I'd expected to see in my ER was a drunk cop.

Cade looks down in shame. Melanie so embarrassed she turns away and faces the curtain.

NURSE (CONT'D)

On a more personal note, my daughter takes that road home every night, Deputy Wilbey. That could've been here out there.

MELANIE

(to Nurse)

Excuse me.

(to Cade)

I'll be outside if you need me.

Melanie cuts out and shuts the curtain behind her.

CADE

Like I said. I slid on the road. It was an accident. I'm not sure what else you want me to say. But that's the truth.

The Nurse isn't buying it. She just stares at him. Emotionless.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Cade gets an iron cell gate shut in his face. Harris on the other side, snapping a piece of gum.

HARRIS

Sorry, bud. This one's just for show. You know that, right? After what happened with Cappy, the city don't play around with drunk drivers. Especially ones that wear badges.

Cade nods as he leans against the bars.

CADE

Yeah. I know. I know all too well.

Harris and him shake hands through the gate.

HARRIS

You got someone coming?

CADE

Yeah. Help is on the way.

Harris turns to leave, but stops. Turns back to Cade.

HARRIS

Just out of curiosity. What the hell would possess you to hit that corner doing seventy five?

Cade thinks of an answer. Stumped.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I mean...after what happened there and all. I mean, you used to light people up all day doing sixty through there. I guess I don't get it.

Cade can't answer as he backs away from the cell and takes a seat on a cold metal bench.

Harris stares down at him. Still waiting for an answer.

Cade shuts his eyes.

CADE

Let me know when she gets here. Okay, Harris?

Harris gives up and heads for the main door. He gives a quick knock as the door is buzzed open.

Cade keeps his eyes shut and enjoys the first moment of silence he's had all day.

MOHAWK (O.S.)

You should be more careful, cop.

Cade opens his eyes.

Sitting on another bench is Mohawk. The same orange-red spike and head banger clothes. The entire cell has gone darker to some extent. An off kilter look about it.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

I hear that curve in the road can really sneak up on you if you're not paying attention.

Cade checks the cell door. Harris long gone. No other officers around.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

Awfully quiet, cop. Still trying to figure out if this is all just a dream?

CADE

Who the hell are you?

Mohawk stands, moves closer to Cade but keeps a safe enough distance as to not scare him off.

MOHAWK

They say when the dead are buried...their secrets get buried along with them.

Mohawk shakes his head. Disagrees.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

But you and I know that's not always the case. Now is it?

Mohawk moves out of the way, gives Cade an unobstructed view of none other than -

SPIKE

with his legs kicked up on a bench across the way. Appearing seemingly out of thin air.

CADE

You're not real. None of this.

MOHAWK

Guess that's up for debate. I could be real. I could just be a figment of your imagination. A bad rash that just won't go away. No matter how hard you want it to.

Spike throws on a pair of old school Ray-Ban shades and smiles back at Cade.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

But if there's one thing I've learned about dying. You can't bury the truth. There ain't no hole you can dig deep enough. The dead don't lie. Ain't go no reason no more, bro. Nothing left to prove. Nothing left to hide.

CADE

What is this? What do you want from me?

Mohawk laughs an otherworldly cackle that echoes the long and empty halls of the jail.

MOHAWK

You got this all wrong. It's not what we want. It's what you want. Old man Proctor's got your brain working overtime. The only thing standing between him and you...is us.

CADE

I don't understand.

Spike laughs with disgust, slumps forward on the bench with his hands on his knees.

Mohawk turns to him. They smile at one another. An inside joke of some sort.

CADE (CONT'D)

What the hell's so funny?

MOHAWK

Come on, cop. You really gonna play that game? Make us do all the work?

(to Spike)

(MORE)

MOHAWK (CONT'D)
The man says he still don't
understand.

SPIKE
I heard.

MOHAWK
So. Make him understand.

Spike stands, methodically walks toward Cade in a slow and
steadied movement.

In a defensive manner, Cade slides across the bench and into
the corner closest to the cell doors.

CADE
Somebody get in here!

Spike flips open a hunting knife and smiles. He tosses his
black shades to the floor.

Cade watches as -

Spike SLICES OPEN HIS OWN NECK and an ARTERIAL SPRAY paints
the wall behind him.

Spike and Mohawk have a good laugh as

Cade is sprayed with STREAMS OF BLOOD and drops to the floor
with his hands on his head.

CADE (CONT'D)
Get away from me!

The laughs grow LOUDER and LOUDER. Suddenly, it all stops.

After a few moments, Cade looks up. They are long gone and
he's as clean as the day he was born. No blood on him or
the floor before him.

He stands, moves to the center of the cell and turns to the
wall behind him.

In bright RED BLOOD the numbers 10-5-85 are painted in giant
detail on the brick.

He hears the cell door slide open. Harris enters.

HARRIS
Okay, bud. Your girlfriend's here.
Party's over.

Cade stares at Harris then back to the wall. Nothing but
some random graffiti on the brick.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Come on, bud. You gonna spend the night here or at home? Let's go.

Cade is confused, stunned as he follows Harris out.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - LATE NIGHT

A hopping mad Katie throws open the door as a tired Cade follows shortly behind. They cross the street toward a small lot for visitors.

KATIE

My boyfriend the drunk. Wait until this one hits the six o'clock news. Dunwood Sheriff's Office busted on yet another DUI charge.

Cade holds his arm out to an oncoming car HONKING THE HORN.

KATIE (CONT'D)

That's just great, Cade.

The angry driver curses at Cade as he speeds off.

CADE

I wasn't drunk, Katie.

Cade joins her as they step into

THE PARKING LOT

and toward her Lexus. She digs in her purse and pulls out a set of keys.

KATIE

Yeah, that's not what I heard. You were bellied up with Ox and those other assholes for over three hours tonight.

Cade rubs his tired face. Katie doesn't let up and stays in his face.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What? Just because you're off the streets now you think you can get blasted whenever you want?

CADE

Of course not.

KATIE

You know, I heard rumors from the students at school about liquor on your breath. I guess I should've listened. I stuck my neck out for you to get you that job.

Cade points to her Lexus.

CADE

Can we just get in the car and get the hell out of here?

KATIE

Why? Am I embarrassing you, Cade?

Cade spots a POLICE CRUISER pass on the main drag. The driver HONKS his horn.

KATIE (CONT'D)

On top of you looking at an immediate dismissal and me eating serious crow, I hear Melanie Salva brought you to the ER of all people.

CADE

She didn't bring me to the ER. She just showed up. I can't help who visits me, Katie.

KATIE

Yeah, well your little secret is out. Everyone's gonna know not only were you fucking her when she ran Captain Proctor off the road, you're still fucking her.

CADE

I'm not. Not for a long time. And don't believe everything you hear.

KATIE

Okay, fine. Then what was she doing there?

CADE

I haven't seen her since the accident. We haven't spoken since she was first booked and since her acquittal. Not once.

KATIE

Really?

CADE

Look. She heard I was in a bad one tonight and stopped by. That's all.

Katie so mad she turns in a full circle and scoffs out loud with disdain.

KATIE

You're so full of shit. And you know what the sad part is? Those buddies of yours that you were pounding beers all night with are gonna be gunning for you as soon as they find out about Melanie.

Cade hears another HONK of a police car on the street and waves hello this time.

KATIE (CONT'D)

If I were you, I'd start packing my bags and looking for a place to start over.

Katie hits the unlock on her key ring, walks to the driver's side. Cade doesn't follow.

CADE

Why'd you bail me out? You can't stand me. You don't trust me. So why?

KATIE

Because you almost died out there. Because I care about you and I don't understand what you're doing to yourself.

(huffs)

Look, I know what happened to your father.

Cade walks in circles, fights a burning anger from spilling out all over Katie.

KATIE (CONT'D)

He had the bug. And so do you. I know it's not entirely your fault but I guess I'm worried you're gonna end up like...

Katie censors herself and bites her lip. Cade stares right at her, almost daring her to say the words.

CADE

What? Like my father? That what you wanna say?

KATIE

Yeah, okay. Fine. Like your father. If I remember you correctly, I believe you said he drank himself to death.

CADE

Has it ever occurred to you that it was just an accident? That I simply slid on the road and that's it?

KATIE

Whatever, Cade. I've just done my last favor for you. Whatever it is that's eating away at you, I pray you get the help you need. But I can't do this anymore. I won't.

Katie crawls in the Lexus. Cade left stranded.

Katie pops her head out.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Well. You gonna get in or are you gonna stand around here all night?

Cade sighs in relief and crawls in the other side.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - ANGIE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The television and lights still on. Angie's uniform thrown to the floor and in disarray.

Angie, in t-shirt and sweats, dead asleep above the covers.

Her lamp FLICKERS and CRACKLES with the buzz of electric current. And then POP! The light bulb EXPLODES as the home loses all power at once.

Angie jumps up. Complete DARKNESS.

A bright BLUE LIGHT from outside her window GLOWS and PULSATES from deep within the woods.

Angie crawls out of bed, heads to her window and peeks through the opened blinds.

ANGIE

Billy!

BILLY'S ROOM

Billy sound asleep on his bean bag chair with a video game controller still in hand.

Angie ducks her head in.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy? Did you see that?

Billy doesn't respond. He just shifts a bit and SNORES. Angie quietly dips out.

KITCHEN

Angie can barely see if not for the RAYS OF BLUE LIGHT shooting through the living room windows.

She opens a top drawer and grabs a flashlight. She flicks it ON and OFF, checking for battery.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

Angie quietly shuts the screen door behind her as she walks down the front door steps. She turns on the FLASHLIGHT as she ventures into the woods.

From deep in the trees, the BLUE LIGHT starts to lose its power and FLICKERS like a candle losing its flame.

Angie runs into the woods after the source of the light before it completely disappears.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT

Angie runs out of the woods and into a clearing of some sort. A small homemade lake in the middle of nowhere.

The BLUE LIGHT seems to be emanating from a grassy hill on the other side of the water.

Angie's flashlight loses all power. She smacks it over and over and nothing. Dead.

ANGIE

Come on. Don't do this. Not now.

She looks up just as the BLUE LIGHT loses its power and evaporates before her eyes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hello???

Angie turns back and bumps straight into -

BILLY

who looks just as frightened by it all.

BILLY

What is it?

ANGIE

Shit, Billy! Are you trying to scare me to death?!

Billy points across the lake.

BILLY

If that doesn't scare you, I don't know what does!

Billy grabs the flashlight out of Angie's hands.

ANGIE

Forget it. It's dead.

Billy turns it right back on, aims it across the lake.

BILLY

Where did it go?

ANGIE

That was dead two seconds ago.

Angie steps closer to the water. It's eerily quiet. Almost too quiet for a secluded pond.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You hear that?

BILLY

Hear what?

Angie nods.

ANGIE

Exactly. It's quiet. No frogs. Crickets. Nothing. Since when?

Billy points the flashlight at the water. Literally hundreds of dead fish floating on the oily skim.

BILLY
What the fuck?

Angie grabs his arm.

ANGIE
Let's go.

BILLY
Yeah. I think that's a good idea.

They don't waste any time heading back through the trees and away from the scene.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

Angie and Billy step out of the woods and back onto their property. The front porch light and the upstairs lights are back on.

Angie stares back and forth between the home and the woods behind them.

ANGIE
Billy, when you left, was the power still out?

BILLY
Yeah. Why?

Angie turns, faces the woods.

Billy joins her. Both of them staring into the trees in silence.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade tosses and turns under the covers. A dream or nightmare perhaps. His eyes and face twitch and contort with that of a very restless and tortured spirit.

EXT. WOODS - HIGHWAY NINETEEN - NIGHT (CADE'S DREAM)

Cade steps through the dense forestry in the same t shirt and sweats he was just sleeping in.

Between some branches he spots SMOKE RISE UP from what appears to be a crashed car.

Cade comes upon a devastated SUV crushed in between two trees and carrying TWO PASSENGERS. A MAN behind the wheel and a WOMAN riding shotgun.

Cade recognizes the vehicle and is instantly sad.

CADE

Bill?

The driver, CAPTAIN BILL PROCTOR, SENIOR, fifties, turns and faces Cade. His face a bloody mess from the all but shattered windshield.

Cade steps closer. Bill attempts to hold his hand out to him and mouths the word "help".

BILL

Help me, Cade. Help me.

Cade shuts his eyes. Tears run down his face.

MOHAWK (O.S.)

You can't shut your eyes forever,
cop.

Cade opens his eyes and turns.

Mohawk before him. Spike perched on a tree branch and Cue Ball circling Cade like a vulture.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

Even in sleep the eyes still see.

Cade keeps his eyes on Cue Ball as he walks around him in some sort of stand off.

CADE

Is this what you want me to see?
That what this is all about?

Mohawk laughs. Spike joins in.

Cade enraged by their flippant attitude.

CADE (CONT'D)

Just stop fuckin around and tell me
who you are!

MOHAWK

We're the eyes and ears, man.

CADE

For who?

MOHAWK

All of them. The one's who won't leave. The one's with unfinished business like us.

Cue Ball leans in nice and close to Cade. In his ear.

CUE BALL

(whispers)

We hear shit you wouldn't believe, bro.

MOHAWK

The dead, hundreds of them, praying as if God can still hear them. You see, they had their chance and they skipped out.

CUE BALL

They walked into the light and ran their ass back out. Now they pray all day and all night and ain't nobody listening to their dumb ass no more.

MOHAWK

So that just leaves us. We hear those prayers because we got no choice. We're stuck...just like them. We're their priest, their mommy and daddy. The only ones who'll listen.

Spike jumps down from the tree. A real slick stride as he walks to Cade.

SPIKE

You starting to get the picture, cop?

Cade thinks it all over.

CADE

Proctor. He hasn't moved on. Has he?

MOHAWK

He's got a score to settle. With you, cop.

Cue Ball whispers in Cade's other ear.

CUE BALL

Unfinished business.

All of the sudden, Melanie and another Cade step out of the woods and approach the wrecked vehicle.

Cade watches himself as a painful memory plays out in front of him.

CADE

Don't put me through this.

SPIKE

It's not us, cop. It's him.

Cade stares back at Bill behind the wheel. His face full of hate as he snarls back at Cade. A single tear of betrayal falls down his bloody face.

Dream Cade stares into the window at Bill and wife Jessica in the other seat.

MELANIE

Please tell me they're alive.

A very distraught Dream Cade dips out of the window and shoots Melanie an ugly look.

DREAM CADE

What the hell did you do?

MELANIE

I...I...I didn't see them.

DREAM CADE

How the hell could you, coming around the bend like that?!

MELANIE

I didn't see them. It's like his headlight was out or something.

Dream Cade stares back at Bill and Jessica. She's long dead and he's barely hanging on.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Say something! Are they dead?

Dream Cade ducks away from the window, in shock, his lips quiver and hands shake from the adrenaline.

DREAM CADE

Yes. She's gone. He will be. It won't be long.

Melanie turns around, vomits some into the trees. She recovers, faces the wreckage in horror and with a hand over her mouth.

MELANIE

Do we...do we call an ambulance?

DREAM CADE

They're dead. Nothing's gonna stop that now.

A true sadness comes over him.

DREAM CADE (CONT'D)

I can't be the reason for this. Do you understand?

Melanie put off by his selfishness.

MELANIE

It wasn't you! It's me they'll be coming for!

DREAM CADE

And what will you tell them when they ask why you passed me on the bend? I'm just as much at fault, Mel. Think about it.

Cade wells up with tears and turns to Mohawk.

CADE

Make it stop. How do I make it stop?

Mohawk nods to Cue Ball who grabs Cade and forces him into a chokehold.

CUE BALL

Look at him, man! They're fuckin dead! Both of them!

Cue Ball walks Cade closer to the wreckage.

CUE BALL (CONT'D)

Ain't nothin gonna stop that! And you couldn't let it go! You should of let the bitch burn! You had to go and be stupid!

CADE

Get off of me.

SPIKE

Look at yourself! Look what you
did to your best friend! Your old
man's partner!

Cade watches as Dream Cade reaches in the backseat and pulls
out a paper bag full of liquor. He yanks out a bottle of
VODKA, force feeds it to Bill who is minutes from bleeding
out and totally defenseless.

CADE

Don't do this to me.

MOHAWK

No. You need to see it. One last
time.

Cade watches on as Dream Cade dumps the rest of the vodka in
the trees.

A guilt ridden Melanie watches on as Dream Cade rests on a
tree stump also guilt ridden and sick.

Cade sits down, eyes welled with tears as he watches himself
mourn the death of Captain Proctor.

DREAM CADE

Nothing could've stopped it.
Nothing we could've done. That's
the most important thing you need
to remember right now.

The whole scene goes dark like a stage play changing sets.
Mohawk blocks Cade's view of the car.

MOHAWK

You saved your girlfriend's life.
She would've gone to prison for
sure if it weren't for you.

Cade stares over at Melanie as she slowly vanishes.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

You didn't ask for this. Like you
said. It just happened.

Mohawk kneels before Cade.

CADE

Just tell me what you want.

MOHAWK

Like I told you before. It's not
what we want. This isn't about us.
(MORE)

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

It's about you. About getting your life back. Before it was taken away from you.

CADE

What're you talking about?

MOHAWK

I'm talking about making the pain go away for good. We can help you do that. But you've gotta be willing to listen. What we have to tell you is gonna be difficult. But it's the only way. We're the only way.

Cade nods with understanding. He thinks over the proposal a moment as Spike and Cue Ball share a glance.

CADE

Show me.

Mohawk nods to Spike who jerks Cade to his feet and shoves him backward over a log.

Cade trips and face plants.

INT. OLD SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Cade awakens behind the wheel in an older style, mid eighties Deputy uniform and spots a police radio and twelve gauge pump on the dash.

Some loud and rambunctious HEAVY METAL plays outside and just over a grassy hill.

Cade steps out.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT

Cade steps down a grassy slope and toward the out of the way lake in the woods.

A crew of PUNK ROCKER TYPES in black leather and slashed up t shirts blast some cheap garage band noise from shore while a couple GIRLS skinny dip.

Another UNIFORM COP stands on the beach about fifteen yards in front of Cade.

Cade quietly moves closer to get a better look at him but the Cop walks down the hill toward the rowdy partiers.

CADE

Hello???

The Cop steps to Mohawk just as -

Spike, Cue Ball and some other nameless faces smoke grass and witness the confrontation.

Cade attempts to listen but is too far away to make out the conversation.

Without warning, The Cop pulls his gun and SHOOTS a BOOM BOX perched on the beach. A couple of punks go running while the girls in the water SCREAM.

The Cop spots Spike in his crosshairs and fires a single shot into his back. POW! He trips, rolls down the hill and into the water.

The Cop spots Cue Ball walk up behind him and turns.

POW-POW! Two in his gut as Cue Ball stumbles his way into the shallow end of the water.

MOHAWK

pulls a switchblade and charges The Cop but is too little too late.

POW-POW! Two more shots hit Mohawk center mass as he's thrown to the grassy beach.

THE COP

empties his spent casings and throws in a speed loader as TWO NUDE GIRLS swim for the other side.

POW! The first shot strikes a girl in the back as she floats belly up on the water.

The second girl charges up the other side of the beach and attempts to run away. The Cop charges around the lake in hot pursuit.

Cade tries hard to make out the face of the shooter but has no such luck. He disappears into the woods after the girl.

Mohawk, Cue Ball and Spike walk up the beach toward Cade.

CADE (CONT'D)

Why are you showing me this?

A FINAL SHOT rings out and echoes in the night air. Cade hears the faint sound of a WOMAN CRYING up the hill near the parked police car.

MOHAWK

Better hurry. She needs you, cop.

Cade stares back at them, confused. He slowly begins up the hill and back toward the car.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Cade spots a WOMAN in the front passenger seat. Her face hidden by long and knotted hair. The whimpering now more clear as he draws closer.

Before he can open the door -

The Cop (Young Bill Proctor, early twenties) steps up the hill with service revolver in hand.

CADE

Bill?

Cade can hardly believe it. Bill opens the passenger door as a much younger Jessica Proctor steps out, clings onto him as she cries out.

Bill holds onto Jessica tight.

BILL

It's all over. You got nothing to worry about now. I got them. All of them.

Mohawk and the others join Cade near the squad car.

CADE

What happened?

MOHAWK

He happened. A few too many drinks. One too many arguments about loud music. And what can I say? The shit finally hit the fan.

CADE

That's bullshit. What did you do to his wife?

SPIKE
(to Mohawk)
Ain't that some shit. Doesn't even
wanna hear our side.

MOHAWK
Somebody had a real good time with
her. Only they never locked down
who that someone was. Guess he
figured he'd just take out the
usual suspects and call it a day.

Cade watches all three of them closely. Not believing a
single word of it.

CADE
And that's your story?

He shakes his head.

CADE (CONT'D)
I don't believe you.

SPIKE
Guess you forgot. The dead don't
lie. Remember?

MOHAWK
They spent all of six months
looking for us before they pulled
the plug. That's how much the
Dunwood PD cared. They had to put
on a good show for the papers.
Make it look like they were
actually doing something. But they
all knew. All your old man's boys
in the PD knew what went down that
night. Old man Proctor had been
talking about doing the lot of us
for weeks.

SPIKE
And they fuckin buried the story
right along with us.

CUE BALL
Shit's fucked up, man.

MOHAWK
Proctor had a thing for us for a
long time. Making all that racket
half a mile from his place.
Keeping him and his girl up at all
hours of the night.

(MORE)

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

When his old lady got hurt, he found the excuse to do what he always wanted.

CADE

You still haven't answered my question. What's this have to do with me?

MOHAWK

Let me ask you something, friend of the PD. You think he was out here all night burying these bodies himself? Who do you think was the first person he called for help?

CADE

What're you talking about?

MOHAWK

I'm talking about your old man. That night was the start of his inevitable destruction. I guess you could say he died along with us.

CADE

Don't you talk about my father. Things you don't know about.

SPIKE

We know more than you think, junior.

MOHAWK

You see, your Dad never believed we had anything to do with Proctor's wife. He ended up going out on his own and tracking down the guy who did it. He buried it. All of it. Kept it from his partner and from Jessica. Knowing it would destroy them and ruin their marriage. Not ever realizing he would destroy himself in the process.

SPIKE

Explains a lot, doesn't it?

Spike plays like he's bending an invisible bottle into his open mouth.

CUE BALL

All those late nights slapping your
momma around. Emptying the liquor
cabinet. Drinking away all that
guilt.

SPIKE

Sound familiar, copper?

MOHAWK

Proctor was as much at fault for
your father's demise as your
father was.

CADE

How do you know all this?

CUE BALL

The dead don't lie.

Mohawk shoves Cue Ball out of the way as if this was their
regular routine in life. He stands over Cade.

MOHAWK

I know this is all a lot to take
in. You got a lot to think about.
Am I gonna spend the rest of my
life feeling guilty over a
murderer? Or am I gonna save
myself? And what's left of my own
life?

Mohawk once again kneels before Cade.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

You wanna make all that pain go
away for good? If I were you, I'd
be thinking of how I'm gonna even
the score for what he did to my
father and to my family for all
those years.

Cade's eyes well up with tears of rage as Mohawk eggs him on
about his dead father.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

I'd be thinking about how his
murdering five people and covering
it up got him that big promotion
down at the department while your
father was slowly poisoning himself
to death.

Cade stares down at the water. He replays those GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS in his mind as his anger is now palpable.

CADE

What do you mean by even the score?

Mohawk grins.

MOHAWK

Use your imagination.

Cade thinks back.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Angie and Billy by the main office door as Cade steps in. He stares back and forth between the two.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (CADE'S DREAM)

Cade shakes his head at the mere thought and wipes some tears away while Spike and Cue Ball move in on him.

MOHAWK

I know. It's hard for you. It's gonna be hard. But it's gotta be done. It's gotta be done for us. For what happened here. And for what it did to you for all those years. He ruined your father's life and now he's ruining yours. He's still doing it even from beyond the grave. And now you hold the power. You. Not him.

Cade can hardly believe what they're asking from him and stares them down with utter disgust.

CADE

I won't do it.

Mohawk slowly nods.

MOHAWK

We'll see about that.

He SNAPS his fingers and --

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cade awakens from the nightmare and is frightened by his own reflection in a mirror before the bed. His face and chest drenched in sweat.

INT. CADE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bottles of liquor on a counter top. Cade, now with a three day old stubble and beady eyes, twists the cap off a vodka and pours himself a triple shot.

Cade's hand shakes as he gulps down a full glass.

He paces like a train wreck on the living room floor and runs hands through his hair.

Crying like a baby, Cade drinks straight from the bottle now as tears run down his face.

INT. CADE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

And he ends the night squatted next to the toilet, bottle still in hand. His eyes bloodshot with black bags underneath.

INT. CADE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

One bottle at a time, Cade pours his liquor down the sink.

He loads the empties in a giant trash bag and ties it up.

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cade walks two giant trash bags toward a dumpster on the other end of the complex.

He opens the heavy lid and chucks them inside.

Cade takes a moment. The tears still heavy in his eyes as he struggles to compose himself.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Billy sits in a half stupor before a half eaten sandwich as Angie reheats some leftovers on the stove.

Neither saying a word. Angie finally stares back at him.

ANGIE

Are you gonna tell me what you're thinking or what?

BILLY

We have to talk to somebody about this, ya know.

ANGIE

To who?

BILLY

I don't know. Somebody who studies this kind of stuff. Like a paranormal researcher or something.

ANGIE

Yeah, let me just open up the phone book.

(scoffs)

What're you talking about?

BILLY

You know if we tell anybody, nobody's gonna believe us.

ANGIE

You're right. That's why we're not gonna talk about it again.

BILLY

We can't just ignore it. We both saw it. It's not like it was just one of us.

ANGIE

You know, everywhere I go, people give me this look. Like there she goes. The one with the dead parents. Everyone asking me what they can do for me. Just so they can sound concerned. We come out with some story about strange blue lights, everyone's gonna think we're cracking up. Well, I don't need it. I just wanna be left alone.

BILLY

I think you're just saying that because you don't wanna believe what you're actually thinking.

ANGIE
What am I thinking?

BILLY
The same thing I'm thinking.

Angie rolls her eyes and faces the stove. Finishes stirring her leftovers.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Come on, Angie. You know what's behind that lake. What else could it be?

ANGIE
And you think Mom and Dad are reaching out to us from beyond or something?

BILLY
I don't know. Maybe. I'm just saying it won't hurt to go and talk to somebody about it. Somebody that studies this stuff. Who won't think we're totally nuts.

Angie leans against the counter. Thinks it over.

ANGIE
I think you wanna believe that. Because it's your way of dealing with Mom and Dad. But we have to push on. We can't just...

BILLY
We can't just what?! Be sad that are parents are dead?! Actually be sad that they're gone and not be able to get out of bed because I can't take two steps out the door without crying! I'm sorry! Sorry if I'm not ready to move on yet!

Billy storms out. Up the stairs he goes.

Angie dishes out her dinner on a plate but no longer hungry as she pushes it aside and slumps in defeat.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - DAY

Billy runs in, SLAMS the door shut and CRANKS his stereo loud as he grabs a trash can under his computer desk and angrily chucks it against the wall.

He drops to his bed and curls up in a fetal position.

A framed photo of Bill, Jessica and both kids lay on the sheets next to him.

EXT. DUNWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

Cade parks in his usual spot at the curb and steps out. He immediately stares up at -

THE SKY

and spots those same VULTURES circling The Proctor's graves. Two of them squat on both Bill and Jessica's graves and stare back at -

CADE

at the front gates. He steps back, a bit frightened and heads back to his car.

INT. PSYCHIC AND PALM READER SHOP - DAY

Cade swings open the front door as a BELL CHIMES overhead and the shop's owner DORA, fifties, hippy, tie die shirt, glances up at him from behind the register. In the middle of doing her long and wild nails.

DORA

Well, good morning young man.

Dora lowers her glasses, stares straight into Cade's soul with a dead serious look about her.

DORA (CONT'D)

We've been expecting you.

Cade seems put off by this. Dora has a good laugh at his expense.

DORA (CONT'D)

Sorry. A little industry joke to break the ice.

Cade smiles and nods. Not in the mood for jokes. Dora catches on and clears her throat.

DORA (CONT'D)

Yeah, well. So much for breaking the ice. What can I do for you? Wait, let me guess. You're in love.

Cade smiles but lets her have her fun.

DORA (CONT'D)

I can tell. You got that glow about you. You're in love and you're thinking of popping the question. But you're thinking, is this too soon? Am I ready?

Cade folds his arms, watches her with great amusement.

DORA (CONT'D)

No. No, that's not it. I knew it. This is job related. You're thinking of making a career change and not sure what path to take. No, no. It's not that either.

Dora snaps her fingers, smiles and points at him.

DORA (CONT'D)

But you are definitely at a crossroads. That much is certain. And you're not sure which road to take. That's it, isn't it? At least give me that.

CADE

Actually I'm looking for a history lesson and I hear you wrote the book.

DORA

Oh, yeah? Who told you that?

CADE

I got this friend. This very secret friend on the force. Kind of like an informant of some sorts. Helps me from time to time. Goes by the name Google.

Dora smiles.

DORA

I see. Well your friend talks too much.

CADE

My friend tells me when it comes to Dunwood, you're an authority.

DORA

Yeah, well, in my line of work, where you set up shop is very important. Let's just say I didn't just pick this town out of a hat. It's got a rich history of some very strange goings on, that I can tell you.

CADE

Good to know. Well, good news and bad news. Bad news is...I might actually be losing my mind. Good news is...I might have some new material for your book. Not quite sure what side of the fence I'm leaning toward yet.

DORA

You don't look crazy. But for you, I guess that's faint praise coming from the likes of me.

CADE

You got anything stronger to drink than coffee?

DORA

It's nine in the morning.

Cade shrugs "so what". Dora holds up a glass from behind the register filled with liquor.

DORA (CONT'D)

Of course I do. Come on and sit down.

IN THE BASEMENT

Dora and Cade sit in a room full of BURNING CANDLES with the lights out. Dora pulls up some disturbing photos on her desktop while Cade sucks on a scotch.

The entire wall decorated with newspaper clippings and front page stories covering UFO sightings, the paranormal and the unexplained. Some of the cover images and the actual text are circled with RED MARKER.

Cade takes it all in as Dora tugs on his shirt and points to the computer screen.

ON THE SCREEN

is a photo taken at Dunwood Cemetery featuring a full bodied apparition of none other than MOHAWK. The ghostly figure stares back at the photographer.

DORA

This one was taken all the way back in November of Eighty-Five. Almost a month after a crew of local delinquents up and disappeared.

Cade stares at a news article titled LOCAL GANG VANISH AMID RAPE ALLEGATIONS. Dora points to Mohawk's image.

DORA (CONT'D)

This one here is Albert Lee Roth. Aka Alby.

Cade stares at Mohawk's image but stays strangely quiet.

DORA (CONT'D)

A real bad kid so they say. Attributed all kinds of crimes to him and his crew. From drugs to armed robbery all the way to rape. But never convicted.

Dora right clicks and another image appears. This time it's at Bill and Jessica's funeral. A large gathering around the headstones as MOHAWK, SPIKE and CUE BALL are all seen mixed in with the crowd. Ghostly versions of themselves.

DORA (CONT'D)

This was taken exactly three and a half months ago at Captain Proctor and his wife's funeral.

CADE

Thirty three years difference. And these are the only two images you have of Albert Roth?

Dora looks at him like he's crazy.

DORA

What? You need more proof?

CADE

So I'm not crazy after all.

DORA

So tell me what's wrong with this picture, Deputy.

CADE

You mean other than the three
ghosts hovering over Proctor's
grave?

DORA

Precisely. It's not their grave.
It's your Captain's. Alby Roth
and his crew were never found let
alone buried.

Cade thinks it over.

DORA (CONT'D)

So what are they doing popping up
in a cemetery they were never
buried in?

CADE

I give up.

DORA

I'll tell you how. About a quarter
mile behind Dunwood Cemetery you
got Trench Lake. Supposedly where
this kid Roth and his pals hung
out. Partied. Smoked dope. All
of that.

CADE

They're connected.

DORA

Exactly.

Dora rolls her chair across the floor and opens an older than
hell file cabinet.

DORA (CONT'D)

I wanna show you something.
Something you might find very
interesting.

CADE

Believe me. This is all
interesting.

Dora rolls back and hands him a thick pile of printed out
internet articles.

DORA

Tell me something, Deputy. You
ever heard of a phenomena known as
ley lines?

CADE

Yeah. Well, sort of. I heard about it once on a ghost tour. Guess I didn't fully understand the concept.

DORA

Well, to break it down for you, there are those that believe the world is connected and held together by invisible fields of energy. And when these fields cross paths is when they're at their strongest. The first settlers used to bury their dead at the exact point at which these lines cross.

Cade stops on an article about the illuminati and their connection to Washington, DC named 13 SYMBOLS HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT.

At the top of the page is THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. At the bottom is a map of the region connected by historical landmarks and forming a large RED PENTAGRAM.

DORA (CONT'D)

You've heard stories about the illuminati and their connection to the freemasons? Their obsession with phallic symbols?

CADE

I vaguely remember hearing something about it once.

DORA

Well these stories date all the way back to the ancient settlers. And their construction of symbolic temples at these burial sites. Well, these temples were considered sacred. And because of these crossing of ley lines, this energy was said to have caused hallucinations. Ghost sightings if you will. The dead rising from their graves.

Cade listens and reads at the same time. He flips over a page and spots an article titled CORPSE ROADS.

DORA (CONT'D)

These burial sites were purposely constructed at the ends of these long roads or trails used in funeral processions. A straight, unobstructed trail in which the dead are free to roam.

CADE

Corpse roads. So what's the connection?

DORA

I always felt I was drawn to this town for a reason. Well, Dunwood Cemetery was that reason. I've never felt an energy as overwhelming as I feel in that place. And I'm not the only one who knows about its secrets.

CADE

Really?

DORA

Can't tell you how many people sat in that same chair you're sitting in and claimed to have seen the same strange blue light drifting through the cemetery and into the woods behind the church.

CADE

Blue lights?

DORA

Proctor's daughter came to see me yesterday. Said her and her brother saw this same blue light hovering over the lake behind their house. Any guess on which one?

CADE

Trench Lake.

DORA

Bingo.

Cade pieces it all together. A light goes off for him as he nods with appreciation.

DORA (CONT'D)

They said the light followed through the woods, drawing nearer and nearer to their home. Like it was seeking them out. Then...all of a sudden...the light disappears before their eyes. And it happens right before the light reaches the lake.

CADE

And why is that?

DORA

The lake marks the end of the road for them. The point in which the dead are no longer allowed to roam free.

Cade leans back in his chair. He thinks it all over and finally comes around.

CADE

The water is an obstruction. A force field the energy can't pass through.

DORA

Now you're catching on.

CADE

Still doesn't explain why I'm seeing these people in my sleep.

DORA

No. Not at first sight. But look closer and you'll see how.

Dora unfolds a detailed map of Dunwood and points at the DUNWOOD CEMETERY.

DORA (CONT'D)

Here's the cemetery.

She uses a red marker to draw a diagonal line that extends straight across town and over an apartment complex.

DORA (CONT'D)

That building look familiar to you?

CADE

The two lines are crossing paths.

DORA

That's right. There's a second, completely unobstructed path that starts at the cemetery and stops at your building. A straight line from point A to point B.

CADE

They're choosing me for a reason.

DORA

I don't know. Could be. I guess it would help me if I knew what this dead police Captain has to do with you.

Her question gives Cade pause.

CADE

I'm not ready to go there yet.

DORA

I don't suppose when you are ready you'll tell me?

CADE

To be continued.

Cade stands to leave, sucks down the rest of his scotch.

DORA

Tell Angie and Billy I said hello, would you?

Cade shoots her a surprised stare. He stays strangely quiet as Dora smiles back at him.

DORA (CONT'D)

I'm psychic. Remember?

Cade smiles and heads out.

DORA (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger, Deputy Wilbey.

Dora smiles and shuts down her computer.

INT. DUNWOOD DINER - DAY

Billy sits in a corner booth, sips on a soda and ignores a plate of fries in front of him. He looks up and spots

CADE

walking through the front door. They catch eyes as Billy gives him the nod to come over.

CADE (V.O.)
This is Cade. Leave a message
after the beep.

BEEP.

DORA (V.O.)
Wilbey, this is Dora. Listen.
Just in case you meet with the
Proctors. Don't let on I told you
about Roth, okay? I wasn't
supposed to tell you about that.
Thanks. Hope you get some more
answers and hear back from you
soon, Wilbey.

Another BEEP.

Cade is reluctant as he walks to the booth and takes a seat across from Billy.

CADE
Hey, kid. How you holding up?

BILLY
Okay, I guess. Back to school in a
few days. Guess I have you to
thank for that.

CADE
Yeah. No problem. So what did you
wanna talk about?

Billy toys with his fries, unable to say the words.

BILLY
I can't tell you. Truth is...
(laughs)
You'll probably think I'm crazy.

CADE
I doubt that.

BILLY
Yeah, don't be so sure.

Billy hangs his head in shame. Cade leans in closer.

CADE
I'm here to help. Whatever it is.

BILLY
I was hoping you could do some
digging around. About some people.

CADE
People?

BILLY
Yeah. Some people who disappeared
awhile back.

Cade nods and plays along like he doesn't know who Billy is referring to.

CADE
Okay. Tell me about them.

BILLY
Well. I don't know much about
them. All I can tell you is that
they disappeared a long time ago.
And I think, in a strange way,
they may have come back.

Cade keeps nodding.

CADE
How do you mean in a strange way?

BILLY
I told you. I can't really tell
you that yet. It's too far out.
You wouldn't understand.

CADE
I'm not sure I'm following you,
Billy. So what do you say you quit
giving me the run around and just
tell me what's going on.

Billy grows frustrated.

BILLY
Look, are you gonna do this for me
or not? If not, I'll go to Oxley
or Harris.

CADE
I told you I'd help. But I can't
help if you're not totally honest
with me. Tell me about these
people. Who are they?

Billy considers answering but loses patience. He jumps up, digs in his jeans and pulls out a ten spot which he drops near his plate of fries.

BILLY

This was a mistake. Forget it.
I'll do it myself.

Billy hurries for the door. Cade makes no attempt at stopping him.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - DUSK

Billy has a tripod and video camera set up on the beach and facing the still water. He stares up at -

THE SKY

and notices day giving way to night. The sun almost down.

Billy pulls a portable still camera from his pocket and steps down a short hill toward the water. He takes a couple SNAPS and walks around the edge of the grass.

He stops and aims the camera toward the source of the blue light from the previous evenings.

A couple more SNAPS as Billy stares back at -

THE SKY

as the sun goes down for good.

Billy races up the grassy hill and back to the video camera. He specifically aims it toward the other side of the lake and hits record.

Billy reaches into a book bag on the grass and pulls out a large beach towel. He unfolds it, lays it on the grass and takes a seat.

It slowly turns to night as Billy wraps his arms around his knees and keeps his eyes on the grassy hill.

LATER

Billy can barely keep his eyes open and drifts in and out. With his eyes closed --

THE BLUE LIGHT

appears out of the woods and once again stops before it reaches the water.

With Billy's eyes still shut, the BLUE LIGHT DIMS DOWN and disappears altogether.

Some SPLASHING and playful GIGGLING is heard from the water causing Billy to open his eyes.

His eyes almost bulge from his head when he spots -

A NAKED GIRL

skinny dipping near the center of the lake.

GIRL
Come on, Billy. There's no one
around. What're you afraid of? I
promise I won't bite.

Billy can barely contain his smile. He stands and looks into the woods near the house.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You worried about Angie finding
out? She's at work. Even you said
so yourself. Come on.

Billy removes his shoes and shirt. And then the shorts come off as he steps into the water.

The girl smiles back at him and whistles as she checks out the goods.

As Billy swims toward her, she laughs and quickly heads for the beach. She steps out and wraps herself in a towel already laid out on the grass.

Her friends step out of the woods laughing and pointing at Billy now naked in the lake.

GUY FRIEND #1
Hey, Billy. Where are your clothes
going?

Billy turns back, spots another teen grab his clothes from the beach and take off running.

GUY FRIEND #2
Guess I know where to go if I ever
go fishing for small mouth.

Another girl holds up a thumb and index finger about two inches apart.

GIRL FRIEND #1
Hey, Billy. You cold?

The friends erupt with laughter as they applaud Billy left naked and crying near the center of the lake.

Billy's had enough and swims for the other side where it's safe. He looks up and spots Mohawk, Spike and Cue Ball waiting for him on shore.

BILLY

Shit!

Billy notices the teens are gone and he's all alone with the punks on the beach.

He then faces toward the house.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Angie! Help!

ON THE BEACH

Billy jumps up out of the nightmare and spots Mohawk, Spike and Cue Ball hovered over him.

MOHAWK

It took a lot of guts for you to come back here, kid. I'm impressed.

BILLY

How did you know about that?

Mohawk motions to the lake and woods around them.

MOHAWK

All of this...

Billy follows his look.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

This used to be our spot. We lived here. Even died here. Long before you were around.

Billy is uneasy as he slowly backs his way up the hill.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

No need to be afraid, Billy. We've been watching you since you were a kid. Not just that night but all the time. This was your place before those assholes ruined it for you. The place you came to let everything go and feel at peace.

(MORE)

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

You see, we too knew what it was like to feel alone. Misunderstood. All by ourselves in this world. But then we found each other and became our own family. Watched each others backs and made sure nothing in this world could touch us again.

BILLY

What do you want from us?

MOHAWK

It's not what we want, Billy. It's what you want. What you came out here looking for.

Billy contemplates all of this. Lost in thought.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

The reason behind it all. The mysteries of life and death. What purpose you serve here in this world.

BILLY

Where are my parents? Please. I have to know.

MOHAWK

You wanna know if they're still staring down at you from heaven. Watching over you and your sister. It would be nice to believe that were true but it's not.

Billy tears up. Completely lost inside.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

The only person watching out for you is you, Billy. You control your own fate now. Not your parents. Or your sister. You want something in this world, you take it.

Billy hears something coming out of the lake.

Mohawk steps aside as the TWO NUDE GIRLS walk up the beach. Their more private areas curtailed by long, wet hair and sludge from the water.

Billy watches them with mouth agape. Turned on but embarrassed just the same.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)
 Don't let them intimidate you,
 Billy. They're just girls. If you
 want them...

Mohawk stares at them, admires their beauty.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)
 Take them. Take control.
 Remember. We've got your back.
 You're one of us now.

Billy stands up, stares back and forth between the girls as if he's not sure who he wants first.

Spike and Cue Ball move for the woods as if to give Billy and the girls some privacy. Mohawk smiles.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)
 It's time to get your life back,
 Billy. To make things right.
 Those bastards took everything from
 you.

Mohawk stares back at the lake as Billy follows his look.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Billy naked in the water and crying as the teens all laugh and point down at him.

MOHAWK (V.O.)
 Your dignity. Your confidence.
 Time to take it back.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Mohawk steps back in the woods with Spike and Cue Ball leaving Billy with the girls.

GIRL #1
 Take me, Billy.

GIRL #2
 Take me.

The two girls move in on him.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angie shuffles into the kitchen tired as hell and her eyes barely opened. She turns on a Keurig and pops the almost empty pitcher out, walks it to the sink.

Before she can fill it with water, some more DEATH METAL BLASTS from Billy's room.

Angie stares at the ceiling.

ANGIE

BILLY!!!

Angie drops the pitcher in the sink, races out of the kitchen and to -

THE STAIRS

but before she can take the first step, THE DEATH METAL STOPS. Angie stares up the steps.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy, get down here!

Billy appears at the top of the steps in a sleeveless IRON MAIDEN t shirt from a foregone era. His hair now totally shaved off with a slight stubble. He stares down at Angie with an almost menacing grin.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this? Head banger's Ball? What did you do to Dad's old shirt?

Billy charges down the steps and past Angie who watches him with real concern.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hey. I wanna talk to you.

Angie follows Billy into -

THE KITCHEN

where he digs around in the back of the fridge for a can of beer. He stares dead at Angie as he cracks it and takes a huge chug.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy, what the fuck?

Billy chugs the whole thing and crushes the empty can with his hand. He tosses it in the trash on his way out the back door.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Gee. That was really cool, Billy.
Where were you last night?

Billy ignores her and SLAMS the back door shut.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Angie charges after him.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - BACK PORCH - MORNING

Angie steps onto a deck patio and stares off into the surrounding woods. Billy nowhere to be found.

ANGIE

Billy! Come on! I just wanna
talk, that's all! Give me a break,
okay?!

INT. BARN - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Billy walks up some rickety steps into the second floor of Proctor's barn. A sort of converted game room with an air hockey table and dart board on the wall.

A dusty old couch faces an ancient television hooked up to n even more ancient video game console.

In a far corner, Billy spots a GUN RACK full of shotguns and hunting rifles. He attempts to open the glass encasing but is still locked.

With frightening intensity, he SMASHES HIS FIST through the glass and unlocks from the inside. His knuckles now BLOODY as he opens a drawer and pulls out a black box.

Billy rests the black box on the hockey table and opens. A silver THREE FIFTY SEVEN MAGNUM AUTOMATIC so shiny and pretty it almost glistens.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - WOODS - DAY

A few empty beer bottles and gallon jugs full of water rest atop a wire fence with a wood railing.

Billy stands some twenty feet back and awkwardly holds the magnum in both hands. From the looks of things, for the first time ever.

POW!

The first shot misses anything and everything. The bottles barely rattle as the bullets don't even touch the fence below them.

This only fuels Billy's rage as he bends his knees and focuses even harder on his targets.

POW-POW-POW!

Three more shots as the third EXPLODES ONE OF THE BOTTLES.

A sick and twisted grin on Billy's mug. A lucky shot.

He fires ROUND after ROUND as the JUGS EXPLODE and BOTTLES SHATTER.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Angie's car pulls up to the door. She steps out and before she can hit the front steps -

POW-POW-POW!

as she almost jumps out of her skin. Angie turns and faces the woods, tries to place the source of the gunfire.

ANGIE

Billy! Where are you?!

Angie waits for another barrage of gunfire but it doesn't happen. She hurries up the front steps.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - BILLY'S ROOM - DAY

Angie ducks her head in. Billy's bed unmade and a bag of chips spilled everywhere. All over the dirty sheets.

Angie almost misses the five or so empty bottles of beer on his nightstand.

ANGIE

Little sonofa -

Angie quickly ducks out, races for the stairs.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - BARN - DAY

Angie walks toward the barn and stares up at the second floor window which is filthy and caked with dirt.

ANGIE

Billy, are you up there again?!

Angie walks inside. Disappears into the darkness as -

BILLY

watches quietly from the driveway. The magnum still in hand and his eyes emotionless and unfeeling.

INT. BARN - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Angie walks up the wooden steps and into the makeshift game room. First, she looks to the couch and no Billy.

She then stares up at the wall and just over a bumper pool table are HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK PHOTOS of several different students taped to the wall.

ANGIE

What in the --

Angie steps closer and gets a better look.

It's the same five students over and over again in various clubs and striking different poses. All of their faces circled with RED MARKER.

Angie looks to their actual yearbook photos, all taped together on the wall, and notices their names are HIGHLIGHTED IN YELLOW.

She turns to the GUN RACK with the broken glass door. And then to the dirty window overlooking the property.

Angie slowly walks to the window and stares down.

BILLY

watches her from the lawn. The magnum still in his hand.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Oh-my-God.

EXT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - NIGHT

Cade waits in his car and watches the front door of Double Down winding down for the night. An almost empty lot.

Angie rushes out still in her skimpy skirt and top. She wastes no time in getting in Cade's car.

CADE

Where to?

ANGIE

Anywhere but here. Let's go.

Cade buckles his seat belt and pulls away.

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Angie sits on a deck chair as Cade steps through a small gate with a couple beers in hand. He hands one to Angie who just stares at it, reluctant.

ANGIE

Thanks.

CADE

It's all I had to drink. Guess I need to go shopping.

Cade sits across from her on another deck chair. He stares down at the lit up pool as if he's never been.

CADE (CONT'D)

You know, I think this is the first time I've ever actually stepped foot out here.

ANGIE

It's relaxing here at night with the lights on.

Angie smiles for Cade.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for meeting me.

CADE

So what's going on? I guess Billy told you he came to see me.

ANGIE

No, actually. He didn't. I guess I should've seen that coming.

CADE

He was being sort of strange.
Really vague. Telling me about
these people who came to see him.
When I asked who they were I guess
Billy changed his mind. He got up
and left. Who is he talking about?

ANGIE

Nothing. Nobody. I can't talk
about it.

Angie sets down her beer and walks to the shallow end. Still
afraid and embarrassed by it all.

CADE

Yeah, that's what he said. It's
funny. For two people who wanna
talk, neither one of you are
telling me much.

Angie stares back at Cade, unsure of herself.

ANGIE

Billy and I saw something. In the
woods by the house. Something
strange. Really, really strange.

CADE

Go on.

ANGIE

So we went to this woman. This
psychic whatever the hell she is.
I knew it was a mistake going
there. She showed us all these
fake pictures, trying to scare us.
Now Billy's convinced these people
or ghosts or whatever are trying to
contact us.

CADE

And you don't believe her?

ANGIE

Are you kidding? You sound as
crazy as Billy.

CADE

Maybe he's not crazy. And just
scared and wanting answers for
something he doesn't understand.

ANGIE

Tell you what I understand. When Dad crashed his car, they said he was four times over the legal limit. And not only that, his left headlight was out. On top of that, Dad's bank is making us jump through all these legal loopholes before they can release the money to me and Billy.

CADE

How about life insurance?

ANGIE

Forfeited since Dad was driving drunk and caused the accident. Great, huh? I know Billy's getting a real kick out of all of this ghosts and goblins horse shit but I'm the one stuck dealing with reality. Believe me, there's nothing scarier than real life.

Cade scoffs.

CADE

Tell me about it.

ANGIE

How about that? Think about this a second. They find tracks from this bitch's car on the wrong side of the road and they say Dad caused the accident. Make sense of that.

Cade looks away in a trance as that fateful night comes back to haunt him.

INT. CADE'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Melanie playfully rides Cade's bumper and FLASHES HER BRIGHTS as Cade grins back at her in his rear view mirror.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Melanie tries to pass but Cade's squad car drifts to the left and cuts her off. The two cars play a cute game of back and forth until Melanie finally guns it and passes him on the double line.

Bill Proctor's car appears from around the bend as Cade watches the near collision in horror.

CADE

NOOO!!!!

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - POOL AREA - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Cade snaps out of it and refocuses on Angie.

ANGIE

Earth to Cade. Hello?

Cade offers an apologetic smile.

CADE

Sorry.

(beat)

You sounded panicked on the phone.
What else is going on with Billy?

ANGIE

He had these pictures. Hanging all over the wall. Of these kids at school. These kids who played a real nasty prank on him a few months back before Mom and Dad died.

CADE

Pictures?

ANGIE

Yeah. Kind of like a shrine. Only not the good kind. Sort of like he was thinking of doing something.

CADE

Did you ask him about it?

ANGIE

Oh, yeah, right. How're you, Billy? Good I hope. By the way, are you planning a mass shooting at the school.

CADE

And you know what happens if you don't ask. Even if he doesn't follow through. Both of you get locked up for a very long time. You know the drill.

ANGIE

So what do I do? Turn him in? My own brother?

CADE

Yes. To me. To your family in the department. We'll see to it he gets help. Anything he needs.

ANGIE

I've never seen him like this before. Something is seriously wrong. I can't just turn him in, Cade. Not after Mom and Dad. I can't lose him too.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

The blinding rays of the pulsating BLUE LIGHT beam through the woods as -

BILLY

stands in his lawn and smiles. He's wearing yet another torn heavy metal t shirt and leather pants.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT

The two nude girls wait on the grassy beach as Billy appears out of the woods.

GIRL #1

Welcome back, Billy.

GIRL #2

We missed you.

Billy grins, moves for them.

INT. CADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cade enters, locks the door behind him. Before he can take two steps forward, a female voice stops him.

MELANIE

You decide to go to her place, Cade?

Cade flicks on a light switch. Melanie sits at a bar stool having a nightcap.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Did you fuck her on Daddy's bed too? Or did you at least have the decency to do it in your car?

CADE

Watch your mouth.

MELANIE

What's wrong? Afraid the neighbors might hear us? And our secret will finally be out?

CADE

Somebody's drunk.

Melanie slides off the stool and stumbles toward Cade. She's had way too many.

MELANIE

You'd know about that, wouldn't you?

CADE

What do you want?

MELANIE

I don't know. Would be nice to have my life back. Before you came into it. But I guess that's out of the question.

CADE

You came here to blame me. To finally put this whole thing on me, is that it?

MELANIE

I can't sleep, Cade. Every night I lay down next to him I think about you. And I think about that night. And all I wanna do is roll over and not wake up. Because being dead is better than living a lie. That's what you've done.

Points a finger in his face as she falls apart.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You've turned me into a liar and a killer!

CADE

I'm not gonna tell you again. Shut your mouth.

Cade tosses his keys on the countertop and heads for the fridge to grab a beer.

Melanie watches him with disgust.

MELANIE

What're you gonna do, Cade? You gonna shove a needle in my arm and leave me in the woods too?

Cade pops the top off his beer and takes a generous swig. He leans against the counter.

CADE

You gonna turn yourself in. Turn us both in. Well do it already. I won't stop you.

Cade rushes back to the front door, opens and waits. Melanie breaks down for real. The tears streaming down her face and over her blouse.

MELANIE

Don't make me leave. I can't go back there. To him. Please. I just want one night. One uninterrupted night of peace. Somewhere I don't have to think about that night. For at least a few hours.

Cade also tears up as regret hits him like a brick.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It's killing me, Cade. Can't you see that? I feel like I'm...losing all control. Please.

He nods in agreement and shuts the door.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cade sound asleep above the covers. Under the covers lay Melanie who also appears knocked out.

Suddenly, she sits straight up in bed. Her eyes wide open as she stares at her own reflection in Cade's mirror.

Only her eyes don't blink. They don't move at all. She appears to be lost in some sort of trance.

She stares straight ahead, into the mirror, ignoring MOHAWK, SPIKE and CUE BALL standing on both sides of the bed and staring back at her reflection.

THE NEXT MORNING

Cade finally awakens and rolls over to see that Melanie is now gone. He sits up, spots himself in the mirror before the bed and scratches his five day old beard.

KITCHEN

Cade shuffles in and walks to his Keurig, powers it on. As he waits for the water to heat, he walks back to the -

BATHROOM

and knocks on the door.

CADE
Are you still here?

He waits. No answer. He tries to open but is locked.

CADE (CONT'D)
I know you're here because the door
is locked. Come on.

Cade knocks again. And again no answer. He bangs on the door, over and over.

CADE (CONT'D)
Mel, open the door! Let's go!

He loses his patience and KICKS IT IN.

Laying next to the toilet with her wrists SLICED OPEN is Melanie. Cade watches in horror as his attention is immediately drawn to the mirror.

10-5-85 is painted on the glass with Melanie's own BLOOD.

CADE (CONT'D)
Sons of bitches.

He boils over with rage as he attempts to help Melanie up but she's long gone. And Cade now covered in blood.

CADE (CONT'D)
Sons of bitches!

Cade lets Melanie go and races out of the bathroom and back into the -

LIVING ROOM

where Katie stands waiting. Cade's jaw drops to the floor.

KATIE

Oh my God. Cade? What happened?

Cade stares back at the bathroom door as Katie follows his look.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What's in there, Cade?

Katie moves for the bathroom but Cade pulls his gun from a holster hanging on a coat rack.

Katie stops in her tracks.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind?

CADE

I don't know. Just stay back.

KATIE

Who's in the bathroom?

Cade pulls back the hammer on his revolver.

CADE

Get away from the door.

Katie puts her hands in the air, steps out of Cade's way as he snags his keys from the counter top and shoes from the carpet and heads for the door.

KATIE

Please. Whatever it is, let me help you.

CADE

Don't mind fuck me like your students! Just stay away!

Cade moves closer to the door as Katie stands before a large mirror on the wall. Without warning, SPIKE pops up behind her with a sinister grin.

SPIKE

BOO!

Cade SHOOTS.

One to Katie's chest drops her to the carpet as she dies instantly.

Cade drops the gun in utter horror at what he's done. He collapses to the carpet like a scared child.

From a broken shard of glass on the carpet, Spike's reflection smiles back at Cade.

CADE
I'll kill you.

SPIKE
You're too late, man.

Spike laughs and walks out of view. Cade picks up the broken shard and desperately searches for him. Nothing but his own reflection staring back at him.

Cade's home phone RINGS on the coffee table. He stares at it like he knows who's on the other line. It RINGS over and over and he finally answers.

CADE
Wilbey.

MOHAWK (O.S.)
Isn't that just like a woman? Push your buttons when your blood's up?

CADE
You bastard.

MOHAWK (O.S.)
You just killed both your girlfriends. It's okay. I'm sure your brothers in the department will help you clean this one up. I hear they're good at it.

CADE
Why?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Mohawk once again stands in the dirty thirty year old phone booth from the past. In his world, it's still night out. It's always night.

MOHAWK

If I were you, I'd get going, cop.
And from what I hear, Billy Boy's
found his calling. Better hurry
before it's too late.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CADE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cade still on the line with Mohawk.

CADE

What did you do to that kid?

MOHAWK (O.S.)

The way I see it, you're already
dead in the water, Wilbey.
Nothing's gonna change that now.
You've sealed your fate. But it's
not too late to do something right.
Better hurry. School's almost out,
cop.

Mohawk hangs up. Cade simply lets the phone slip out of his hands and hit the carpet. He turns to Katie, dead on the floor and her lifeless eyes gazing up at him.

All of a sudden, a sinister grin forms on her face. Something evil has taken her over.

KATIE

Better get going, shooter.

Her laugh is otherworldly and pure evil. Cade rushes out the door with his gun still in hand.

Meanwhile, Katie returns to her regular form. Her dead eyes staring back at nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - ANGIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Angie sound asleep above her covers. Billy steps in, a bulky army bag of some sort thrown over his shoulder. He spots a set of keys on the nightstand.

He quietly walks over, snags them up and heads out. Angie opens her eyes and watches as Billy hurries down the steps.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Billy and his bag of guns head to Angie's car and opens the driver's side. He throws the bag in the passenger seat as

ANGIE

rushes down the front steps. Billy spots her and jumps behind the wheel.

INT. ANGIE'S CAR - DAY

Billy fights to find Angie's ignition key. It's nowhere to be found.

BILLY

Shit!

Billy hops out, stares back at Angie.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Give me the key, Angie!

Angie carefully walks closer. Her hands out as if to make a peace offering.

ANGIE

Come on, Billy. Let's go back inside. We can talk this out.

Billy pulls the magnum from the back of his trousers and surprises the hell out of Angie.

BILLY

Give them up. I won't ask again.

ANGIE

You won't do it.

BILLY

Why not?

ANGIE

Because you're not fucking insane, Billy! Look at yourself!

Billy's hands shake, unable to pull the trigger.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

So stop the bullshit and get in the house!

Billy gives up, presses the gun to his own temple.

BILLY

You're right. I won't do it. But
I will do this and you know it.

Angie cries. She hurries toward him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Stop! Right there!

Angie stops in her tracks.

BILLY (CONT'D)

One more time. The keys.

Angie walks to her car, sets the single key down on the hood
as Billy snags it up and jumps in.

He CRANKS THE ENGINE and KICKS UP DIRT as the car pulls away
in reverse and then jets down the dirt road.

Angie chases after him.

ANGIE

Billy, don't do it!

But she's too late. The car is long gone, leaving a trail of
dust behind it.

EXT. DUNWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Billy sits behind the wheel as he stares back at the large
and impressive structure. The school comprises of several
mini buildings connected by exterior hallways.

Billy grabs his bag, hops out. He runs across a small street
and begins up a chain-link fence.

He drops to the ground on the other side, hurries across the
lawn toward the south wing.

EXT. DUNWOOD HIGH - SOUTH WING HALLS - DAY

Billy checks his watch, then leans against a brick wall. His
breathing fast and sporadic. After a moment, he unzips the
large bag and is about to pull out a SHOTGUN until he looks
up and spots -

MR. PRESTON

in a far away hall coming out of a classroom. The two catch
eyes as -

Billy ducks behind a wall and out of view.

MR. PRESTON

Hey!

Mr. Preston hurries after him.

Billy makes a run toward the gymnasium and heads up a short set of steps and into the building.

Mr. Preston rushes up a sidewalk toward the gym. He bumps into a STUDENT coming out of class.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

Where did he go? Which direction?

STUDENT

Who?

Mr. Preston nudges him out of the way and hurries up the steps and into the gymnasium.

INT. GYM BOYS ROOM - DAY

Billy hurries into a bathroom stall and shuts and locks behind him. His breathing now out of control.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mr. Preston enters the locker room in search of Billy. A few boys step out with their book bags on their arms as the BELL RINGS for next period.

MR. PRESTON

Proctor. Billy Proctor. Where is he?

The students all ignore him and head out as the BELL continues to buzz on the intercom.

INT. GYM BOYS ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

IN THE STALL

Billy quietly pulls out a twelve gauge from the army bag and pumps one in the chamber.

EXT. DUNWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Cade's car comes careening around a corner and rushes to the front of the school's main building. He jumps out, shotgun in hand and pistol in his belt.

The students go running for cover and SCREAMING as Cade rushes into the halls after Billy.

CADE
Where is he?! Billy Proctor!
Where is he?!

The kids want nothing to do with the unshaven, strung out ex resource officer now branding a shotgun.

Cade ignores the scared kids and runs further into the halls of the south wing.

INT. GYM BOYS ROOM - DAY

Mr. Preston quietly opens the door and stares underneath the stall doors for Billy.

He spots a pair of feet.

IN THE STALL

Billy sits with his shotgun ready.

MR. PRESTON
Mister Proctor! Open this door
right now! The game is up!

No answer from Billy.

IN THE STALL

Billy cries his eyes out, rests his head on the barrel of the shotgun.

BILLY
You'd better leave.

MR. PRESTON
I hear you, Proctor. Whatever it is you're planning on doing, do it to me. Leave the others alone. This is between us. Tell you the truth, I'd rather you come out peacefully so we can go talk.

Mr. Preston stares behind him at the mirror. Not impressed with what's staring back at him. A look of real shame.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
That's something we should've done
a long time ago. And that's my
fault.

IN THE STALL

Billy lowers the shotgun to the floor and slides it under the stall for Mr. Preston.

Mr. Preston snags it from the floor as the stall door slowly and carefully opens.

Billy steps out. Completely broken and full of remorse.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay, son. I promise
you.

EXT. DUNWOOD HIGH - SOUTH WING HALLS - DAY

Cade aims his shotgun in every direction as he swiftly moves up and down the connecting sidewalks.

Some students late for class spot him coming and duck behind a wall at the end of the building.

Faint SCREAMS heard in the near distance.

CADE
Billy!

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Cade SWINGS OPEN the door, shotgun in tow just as -

Billy and a shotgun toting Mr. Preston exit the boy's room.

POW!

Mr. Preston BLASTED IN THE CHEST and flung across the freshly waxed floor as Billy is SPRAYED WITH BLOOD.

Billy stares down at his soaked clothes in horror. He stares back up at Cade in disbelief.

Completely unhinged, Cade empties the spent shell and loads another. As he swings the gun on Billy, intent on putting the unarmed teen down for good -

Billy shuts his eyes.

Some double doors on the other side of the gym SWING OPEN and in runs OX and HARRIS who hold Cade in their sights.

OX

Wilbey!

Cade swings the shotgun in their direction.

Ox and Harris unload.

Cade RIDDLED WITH BULLETS and flung against a brick wall.

Billy ducks down, cowers on the floor, hands on his head.

Ox and Harris are already in tears as they watch Cade's bloody body slide to the floor and give out.

Billy holds his hands in the air and stares down at the army bag of guns next to Mr. Preston's corpse.

INT. DUNWOOD SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An exhausted Angie waits in some chairs and hears a door swing open. She looks up just as -

Billy steps out with Ox. Angie leaps from her chair and throws her arms around Billy.

OX

Look. Angie. I know it's been a day but you think I could have a word. You should probably hear this too.

BREAK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Angie sips a coffee at a cheap folding table as Billy sits passively with his arms folded and still in shock.

Ox steps in with a thick police rap sheet. He hands it to Angie who opens it up.

ANGIE

What is this you're showing me?

OX

I don't know. An explanation maybe.

ANGIE

I don't understand.

OX

Wilbey's old man. It turns out he had a real violent streak too. Beat Wilbey's mother on an almost constant basis. Disappearing at all hours of the night then coming home, tying one on and taking it out on his old lady. Cade's mother.

ANGIE

Oh my God.

OX

He watched this for years. Basically his whole childhood. Violence was all he ever knew. The harder he tried to not be his father, the worst things seemed to get for him.

ANGIE

You knew about this?

OX

Just rumors really. I also heard of another story. About a series of rapes here in Dunwood that went unsolved for years. As it turns out, Wilbey was the department's biggest suspect.

ANGIE

You're kidding. What happened to him?

OX

Nothing. Rumor has it the department buried it. Got a hold of Wilbey's old man and told him to quit or they'd put him down themselves.

ANGIE

They let him go?

OX

They figured the department couldn't handle the bad press so they handled it internally. But what his partner, your old man, didn't know is that Wilbey had a real eye for his wife. An obsession really.

ANGIE

My mother?

OX

They say old man Wilbey was so guilt ridden by what he'd done to your mother he set up some local punks to take the fall. Framed them all for the rapes that had been going on for weeks.

Angie pieces it all together.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A young cop who looks somewhat similar to Cade at the same age and with the nametag WILBEY shoots Spike in the back as the punk tumbles into the shallow end.

The two girls in the water swim for shore. Mohawk opens a knife and sneaks up behind Wilbey who turns and shoots him in the chest.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Angie snaps out of it.

OX

Out of desperation, Wilbey even stoops so low as to call your father to help bury the bodies.

Angie buries her face in her hands. Billy also sick by this new revelation.

OX (CONT'D)

Supposedly it happened down by the lake by your house. Or so the story goes. These local punks, led by this bad kid Alby Roth were reported missing in October of Eighty-Five. Might explain the markings on Cabe's bathroom mirror.

ANGIE

Why didn't you tell us all this before?

BILLY

Yeah. Why?

OX

It wasn't my story to tell. And I couldn't prove any of it. Whatever files they had on Wilbey, they buried them. Lost forever. I only know as much as I know from rumors really. Stories handed down over the years between cops.

Angie shakes her head with disgust.

OX (CONT'D)

We tried like hell to keep it from Cade. Not coming up with that stigma hanging around his neck. But I guess we should've seen the warning signs.

ANGIE

After all, you were just keeping it in the family, right?

Ox looks down in shame. Billy also ready to knock his block off but composes himself.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Angie and Billy shuffle into the kitchen and flip on the lights. Both of them quiet. Exhausted.

Angie tosses her keys down on the counter and turns to Billy who stares back at her with apologetic eyes.

After a brief moment of silence, they embrace. Holding each other tight in a long overdue hug.

EXT. DUNWOOD CEMETERY - LATE NIGHT

It's all peaceful in the graveyard tonight so it seems.

Some VULTURES fly over the fresh headstone of one DEPUTY CADE WILBEY. The tall light posts from the street begin to TURN OFF, one at a time, drained of their energy until the entire road goes pitch black.

From Cade's headstone, A BLUE LIGHT pulsates and begins to travel a straight path between the graves and into the woods behind the cemetery.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - LATE NIGHT

The BLUE LIGHT stops before it reaches the water. Out of nowhere -

Cade stares into the lake. Now dead inside with an emotionless look about him.

Standing on both sides of the water are MOHAWK, SPIKE, CUE BALL and the TWO GIRLS.

Mohawk walks with a cocky swagger towards Cade, now caught in their world.

MOHAWK

Welcome home, Cade. We've been waiting for you.

Cade's face quivers with a rage he's unable to exact now that he's passed on.

Mohawk smiles back at him as Spike and Cue Ball burst into a maniacal hysterics.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END