

BANSHEE

"Pilot"

by

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EXT. ATTICA PRISON - MORNING

An outer gate slowly opens to reveal...

LUCAS HOOD (40) -- lean, rugged, dangerous-looking -- standing in a holding area, just being released. He wears a denim shirt and jeans. He steps past the gate, watches it close behind him, and only then turns to face the world.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF LUCAS:

Walking along the highway/ On a city bus, looking out the window/ In a mostly empty bar, drinking a beer. He makes eye contact with the SEXY BARTENDER. She flashes a flirty look.

INT. THE BAR'S STOCKROOM

Lucas roughly pulls the bartender's tank top over her head. She's wearing nothing beneath it. She kisses him as he moves her back against a stand of beer kegs.

He pulls off her skirt and panties and then he's fucking her up against the kegs.

CLOSE ON Lucas's hungry expression: he hasn't touched a woman in years.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

Lucas expertly hot-wires an S.U.V. and then we cut to...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lucas drives the S.U.V. - PULL BACK to see he's driving ON THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE toward the Manhattan Skyline.

EXT. HISHI SALON - DAY

A large, trendy, Greenwich Village hair salon. Lucas crosses the street and steps inside.

INT. HISHI SALON - CONTINUOUS

Techno MUSIC. Flamboyant haircutters work and gossip. Lucas takes in the scene, then moves with purpose toward the back.

An ATTRACTIVE ASIAN STYLIST (35) in a tight leather miniskirt sees Lucas through the mirror as she cuts a woman's hair. Only when she speaks do we realize she - JOB - is a "he."

JOB
Fuck me...

INT. JOB'S BASEMENT LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Job comes downstairs to find Lucas standing at a workstation full of state-of-the-art computer monitors and equipment.

LUCAS
(not turning around)
Hi, Job.

He runs his finger across a monitor and the screen comes alive with files.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Cool.

JOB
(nervous)
You're out.

LUCAS
I'm out.

Lucas turns to face Job, his expression gravely expectant.

JOB
(pleading)
Listen, I know why you're here, but
I can't help you.

Lucas shakes his head: wrong answer. He reaches back, knocks a monitor off the desk. It hits the floor with a CRASH.

JOB (CONT'D) Hey!
LUCAS Just give me the address.

JOB (CONT'D)
Why are you assuming that I even
know-

Lucas picks up another monitor, a light and sleek one. He tosses it like a frisbee across the room. Smash.

JOB (CONT'D)
Jesus! Quit breaking my shit!

LUCAS

Worry about what I'll start
breaking when I run out of shit.

JOB

Come on, man. You know how it
works. The trail is cold.

Lucas rips an LCD screen off the wall and tosses it at Job's high-heeled feet, where it bursts into pieces.

JOB (CONT'D)

Fuck! Okay, okay! Just stop the
carnage...

Lucas looks up at Job and smiles congenially.

EXT. HISHI SALON - A BIT LATER

Lucas pulls out of his parking spot. A few car lengths behind him, a DARK LEXUS SEDAN pulls out to follow. There are three bad-ass looking MEN in dark suits in the car. The driver has a chiseled face and a sharp widow's peak.

EXT. BROADWAY - MINUTES LATER

Lucas, driving down BROADWAY, checks his mirror. CLOSE ON the mirror, which shows the Lexus a few cars back. Lucas floors it, weaving through rush hour traffic. The Lexus follows and pulls right behind Lucas.

Suddenly, Lucas yanks the wheel, braking the SUV sideways.

MEN IN THE LEXUS

WATCH OUT!/ FUCK!

The SUV slams to a stop perpendicular to traffic. THE LEXUS CRASHES INTO the SUV's front passenger door. Other cars swerve and crash into both vehicles.

Lucas tries to get out, but his door is pinned by another car. He climbs out the shattered passenger window, runs up and over the Lexus, and takes off running up the middle of Broadway as speeding cars honk and swerve around him.

GUNSHOTS ring out and bullets shatter the windshields of approaching cars. Lucas looks back to see WIDOW'S PEAK and the other two GOONS chasing him and shooting at him.

When Lucas looks forward, he sees a DOUBLE-DECKER TOUR BUS hurtling toward him. The bus driver swerves desperately, jackknifing the bus.

At the last second, Lucas jumps clear of the swinging edge of the bus, which then hits one of the pursuing goons, who grabs hold of a rail and rides it for a moment. THE BUS JUMPS THE CURB AND SLAMS INTO A BUILDING, CRUSHING THE GOON TO DEATH.

Lucas looks back to see Widow's Peak charging relentlessly through the melee, shooting. Looking ahead, Lucas sees a MAN ON A MOTORCYCLE idling at a cross street. The guy wears a slick suit and looks very Wall Street.

Lucas takes a running jump and lands on the bike, straddling the seat, basically in the guy's lap.

LUCAS

Get off.

GUY ON MOTORCYCLE

Fuck you!

Lucas shrugs, grabs the handles and accelerates the bike across Broadway through the oncoming traffic. The Wall Street guy holds on to Lucas and yells indignantly.

As they tear away down the cross street, Widow's Peak stops and takes aim.

ON LUCAS, as the guy holding him keeps yelling. We hear a shot, and A BULLET BURSTS THROUGH WALL STREET GUY'S HEAD, TAKING HALF HIS FACE WITH IT.

Lucas looks back as the dead man falls off the bike. Another shot rings out. Lucas guns the engine and gets the fuck out of Dodge.

ON WIDOW'S PEAK and his remaining partner as they watch Lucas speed away. As approaching SIRENS wail, PULL UP AND HIGH to see the carnage strewn up and down Broadway.

EXT. BANSHEE P.A. - DAY

Idyllic Pennsylvania countryside, large stretches of farmland. Cows in pastures. Amish farmers work the land.

Lucas, in a stolen BLACK CAMARO, drives on a two-lane road, passing this farmland. He passes a sign: **WELCOME TO BANSHEE, POP. 11,400.** He drives into town, cruises down Main Street.

Lucas's POV: young mothers push strollers, skateboard punks jump sidewalk benches. Three fresh-faced young Special Forces soldiers in tan camo uniforms walk down the street, eating ice cream cones.

Two teenage Amish girls in traditional garb walk by a lingerie shop called *Bedroom Eyes*: one lingers to look at a window display of a topless female mannequin in a black leather thong. The other girl pulls her friend along.

On Lucas stopping and idling at the red light in the center of town. To his right is the TOWN HALL. As he drives out of the frame, we STAY ON Town Hall.

CUT TO:

INT. A TOWN HALL COURTROOM - DAY

The gallery is empty save for one man sitting in the back: DAN KENDALL (late 20s), the town's ridiculously young mayor.

D.A. GORDON HOPEWELL (40s) stands at the prosecution table, next to an assistant D.A. Over at the defense table sits...

KAI PROCTOR (45), tall, powerfully built, with an aura of confident power. He has long, almost boyishly blond hair. His defense lawyer stands beside him.

An aging Judge enters, pulling his robe on over a track suit.

JUDGE

Good morning, everyone. I've reviewed the defense's motion to dismiss, and, based on the evidence, or lack thereof, it is my opinion that the Prosecution cannot sustain the burden for a trial -

GORDON

-Are you kidding me?!

JUDGE

-so I'm finding for the defense. Case dismissed.

GORDON

Your Honor!

JUDGE

You can't take this to trial, Gordon. You should be thanking me for saving you the embarrassment.

The Judge leaves. Gordon collapses into his seat. Proctor and his lawyer start out of the room, pausing by Gordon.

LAWYER

Gordon.

GORDON

Andy. Is that a judge in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?

Proctor smiles. He is a silent, menacing presence. Heading out of the room, Proctor and his lawyer pass the Mayor simmering by the door.

LAWYER

Mr. Mayor.

Proctor and his lawyer exit. Gordon, still seated, spins in his chair to face the Mayor, who is absolutely stewing.

KENDALL

Jesus Christ, Gordon.

GORDON

Pace yourself, Dan. Our day will come.

Dan nods curtly, then exits, leaving Gordon alone in the courtroom. Gordon wearily turns to gather his papers into his briefcase. Suddenly, in a fit of anger, he violently shoves the whole mess off the table.

EXT. THE STEPS OUTSIDE TOWN HALL - MINUTES LATER

Gordon walks down the steps where he sees:

CARRIE HOPEWELL (38), striking and sexier than a small town wife has any right to be. She gives him a kiss.

CARRIE

You'll get him next time, counselor.

They head down the steps together.

GORDON

I'm ready for this day to be over.
(off her loaded look)
What? No. Again?

CUT TO:

INT. A BLUE MINIVAN - AFTERNOON

Carrie drives, Gordon rides shotgun.

DEVA HOPEWELL, 15, rebelliously sexy and precocious, in skimpy black clothes with a Goth edge, sulks in the back seat. Her younger brother, MAX, 8, thin and frail, small for his age, sits next to her playing a video game on his PSP.

GORDON
(at Deva, pissed)
You kicked your teacher?!

DEVA
(bored)
Substitute teacher.

CARRIE
Oh, well that's okay then.

DEVA
He's a perv, Mom! He tried to see down my shirt.

GORDON
Well, with a shirt like that, it doesn't take much trying.

CARRIE
(quietly)
Gordon.

DEVA
So it's my fault?! So if I get molested by a teacher, you'll just blame my shirt?

Gordon sighs. Deva's attire is clearly an ongoing issue between Carrie and Gordon.

EXT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The minivan pulls past a mailbox that says HOPEWELL, and into the driveway of a mid-sized white colonial. Max and Deva run into the house ahead of their parents.

CARRIE
Dr. Welling referred Max to a new pulmonologist. We have an appointment next week.

GORDON
Great.

Carrie looks at Gordon, who seems tense and distracted.

CARRIE
You want me to cancel on the Frears?

GORDON
Crap, that's tonight?

CARRIE
I'll tell Joss we can't make it.

GORDON
No, I'll just take a shower, chew
some aspirin. I'll be fine.

INT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They step inside. Carrie moves down the hall to the kitchen,
while Gordon heads upstairs.

INT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Carrie, sipping at a coffee mug, flips through the mail on
her kitchen counter. She sets down the last envelope and
looks up through the picture window facing her backyard.

CARRIE'S POV OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW OF HER BACKYARD

LUCAS HOOD IS STANDING IN THE YARD, staring right back at
her. She gasps and drops her coffee mug, which shatters on
the floor. Hot coffee splatters by her feet.

CARRIE
Ow!

She jumps back, stung by the hot coffee. When she looks up
again, Lucas is gone.

Deva walks in and indifferently takes in the mess as Carrie,
still stunned, looks up at her daughter. The doorbell rings.

DEVA
That's Beaty. Later.

She leaves.

EXT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Carrie steps out the back door and looks around the empty
yard, shaken.

EXT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Deva comes out the front door. Her friend BEATY (15), also in dark clothes, is waiting for her on the porch.

DEVA
You're late, bitch.

BEATY
Whatever, skank.

The two girls come down the porch steps.

ON LUCAS IN HIS CAMARO

He drives slowly past the house, staring with fascination at Deva, turning in his seat to watch her as he passes.

Deva looks up, sensing his eyes on her, but by the time she registers the Camaro, Lucas has sped up and is out of view.

INT. LUCAS'S CAMARO - A BIT LATER

Lucas drives toward the outskirts of town, deep in thought. He sees a dilapidated brick building with neon beer signs in a window. A sign over the door says:

THE FORGE

Drink-Eat-Both

Lucas pulls into the lot and parks near two other vehicles. Out back behind the Forge is a small house and a separate garage, and beyond them a LAKE is visible through some trees.

INT. THE FORGE - MOMENTS LATER

It's a former Amish blacksmith shop turned into a pub. In one corner are an old forge oven and anvil. Tables and chairs, a pool table, a long wooden bar counter.

Lucas enters. The place is empty, but at the bar's far end is a beer pint beside a table setting. A TV above the bar plays a ball game. There's no one behind the bar until...

SUGAR BATES (58), African-American, grizzled, comes through a swinging door from a kitchen. He sets a plate of steak and fries down near the beer pint, then sees Lucas by the door.

SUGAR

Sorry to keep you waiting. I'm between cooks, so it's kind of a one man show for now. You're not a cook, are you?

LUCAS

(moving to the bar)
Sorry.

Sugar sizes him up.

SUGAR

I'm gonna go with shitty day, and whiskey neat.

LUCAS

Shitty fifteen years. Whiskey's fine.

Sugar sets down a glass, pours Lucas a whiskey.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

One for you too.

Sugar nods thanks, pours a shot. They drink, Sugar refills.

SUGAR

You coming or going?

LUCAS

I'm still working that out.

Lucas spies a framed photo hanging above a row of bottles; a young black boxer uppercuts a white boxer.

SUGAR

That's me... Sugar Bates in the cruiserweight years.

LUCAS

The other guy looks outclassed. What'd you drop him, in the fifth?

SUGAR

The eighth. He was a southpaw—they take longer.

Lucas drains his glass. Sugar refills it and studies Lucas.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

So, where'd you sit?

Lucas meets Sugar's gaze, impressed by the man's intuition.

LUCAS

Attica.

SUGAR

I did eight years in Allenwood.

You look fresh.

(holds up his glass)

Freedom.

They clink glasses, drink. Lucas looks to the pub's back as a men's room door opens. Out steps:

A TALL MAN (45) with a no-nonsense bearing, in boots, jeans and a rumpled leather jacket. He sits to his steak and beer, looks at Lucas and Sugar. The two ex-cons have gone silent.

TALL MAN

(at Sugar)

Always this quiet around here?

(off Sugar's shrug)

Well, let's stimulate the local economy. A round on me.

Lucas and Sugar nod thanks. Sugar fills his and Lucas's glasses, pours the tall man a beer.

SUGAR

All you tourists buying me drinks today.

He raises his glass, toasting them, and downs the shot.

TALL MAN

Actually, I'm not a tourist.

Bringing his plate, he moves to get the beer and join them.

TALL MAN/SHERIFF

Come Monday, I'm being sworn in as sheriff.

Lucas gives the tall man an appropriating, semi-wary glance.

LUCAS

Congratulations. Do you say congratulations, or good luck?

SHERIFF

I'll take both, thanks. I spent nine years as sheriff in Bend, Oregon. Ever hear of it?

They haven't.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I'm not surprised. Anyway, this is my first day east. I drove clean across the country. Less to see than you'd think.

SUGAR

I thought a sheriff had to be elected.

The tall man nods as he cuts meat and eats.

SHERIFF

Me too. Turns out, under certain circumstances, the mayor can authorize a ringer. Sheriff Hale's the one who hired me. I was looking forward to meeting him.

SUGAR

That'd be a hell of a trick, since he died last Tuesday.

SHERIFF

(nods knowingly)

Liver cancer. I think he thought he had more time.

(shrugs)

I hope he got my paperwork in.

SOUND of the front door opening. Lucas turns to see TWO SILHOUETTED MEN striding inside out of the daylight. One has a scar on his jaw, the other's bald.

They glance at Lucas and the sheriff, then stare at Sugar, who sets two glasses on the bar, pours shots of Johnnie Walker. The sheriff has a bite of steak, watches the thugs.

SUGAR

(as he pours)

On the house, boys.

The thugs leave the whiskey untouched.

BALD THUG

Glad you're feeling so generous.

He casually draws a GUN.

SCARRED THUG

(to Sheriff and Lucas)

You two sit tight.

Sugar sighs and goes to the till. The sheriff unbuttons his coat. Lucas sees a GLOCK in the sheriff's shoulder holster. Lucas catches the sheriff's eye and shakes his head. But the sheriff DRAWS HIS GLOCK, jumps up.

SHERIFF

Sheriff's department! I'll take that gun now.

Both thugs step back surprised. Bald Thug whips an automatic handgun from behind his back, and both point their guns at the sheriff. Lucas takes it all in, measuring, calculating.

SCARRED THUG

(at the sheriff)

No, you drop your fucking gun!

SHERIFF

The only thing I'll drop is you, son, if you don't put that weapon down right now.

Suddenly, Lucas steps into the center of the stand-off, hands raised. He speaks in a congenial, easygoing manner:

LUCAS

Okay, what we have here is your classic Mexican standoff. I'm actually feeling kind of left out without a gun, you know?

BALD THUG

Who the fuck's this guy now?

LUCAS

(to Scarred Thug)

Hey, that's the new PZ-600, isn't it? That's a hard gun to get. How's the recoil?

SCARRED THUG

Like shaking hands with a baby.

LUCAS

Sweet.

SHERIFF

(to Lucas)

Sit your ass down.

LUCAS

Just hear me out, Sheriff. They've got you outgunned.

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You shoot either one, the other's got you at close range.

SCARRED THUG

Damn straight we do.

LUCAS

(to the thugs)

On the other hand, one of you boys is dead, or else shitting into a bag for the rest of your life. And for what? The two hundred or so bucks Sugar's got in the register at four PM on a Tuesday? So, Sheriff, how about you just let them take the cash. Then I'll put down a card and buy us enough drinks to make Sugar whole. What do you say, fellas?

The sheriff seems about to nod, when HE SHOVES LUCAS ASIDE AND FIRES AT SCARRED THUG. The bullet grazes Scarred Thug's shoulder and his gun falls. In the same instant:

BALD THUG SHOOTS THE SHERIFF TWICE IN THE CHEST. The sheriff is blown off his feet, landing across the room. As Bald Thug turns to shoot Lucas...

LUCAS EXPLODES INTO ACTION. He grabs Bald Thug's wrist as the gun fires. The shot goes past Sugar's ear and hits the BOXING PHOTO behind him. Lucas spins and twists Bald Thug's arm into an Aikido lock that breaks it at the elbow savagely enough that BONE BURSTS THROUGH SKIN.

Still holding the guy, Lucas grabs the Sheriff's STEAK KNIFE from his plate and HE SHIVS THE BALD THUG once each in the guts, heart, and throat, dropping him as BLOOD SPURTS.

SCARRED THUG TACKLES LUCAS, pinning him onto a dinner table. He gets his hands around Lucas's throat, strangling him. Wheezing, Lucas grabs a ketchup bottle and bangs it against Scarred Thug's temple. The thug falls toward him.

LUCAS JAMS THE KETCHUP BOTTLE skinny-end first into Scarred Thug's mouth and down his throat. The thug stands, choking, eyes bulging.

Lucas hits him in the chest with a flying side kick. The thug flies back and down. THE BACK OF HIS HEAD GETS IMPALED ON THE TIP OF THE ANVIL, HARD ENOUGH TO PIERCE HIS SKULL AND SHATTER THE KETCHUP BOTTLE FROM BEHIND.

SCARRED THUG twitches once and dies, with pieces of bottle glass and ketchup dripping from his mouth.

Lucas moves to the side of the fallen sheriff, who's still alive, barely.

SHERIFF
Am I dead?

LUCAS
Yeah.

SHERIFF
My first day in town. Shit.

LUCAS
I'm sorry.

SHERIFF
Christ, that stings.
(shudders, fading)
I hope my mother was right about
God.

HE DIES. Lucas sits on his ass, rubs his throat where the thug was choking him. Sugar walks out from behind the bar.

SUGAR
Jesus Ripshit Christ. Is he dead?

LUCAS
Yeah.

Sugar walks to where the dead thug is stuck to the anvil. Using his foot, Sugar nudges the corpse till its head unsticks from the anvil. The corpse drops away. Sugar comes to Lucas, crouches beside him. They look at the dead thugs.

SUGAR
This is what the Bible calls a
clusterfuck of epic proportions.

LUCAS
Two cons and three corpses, one of
them a cop. I don't like that math.

The two men look at each other as they stand.

SUGAR
You get going.
(off Lucas's look)
They would have killed me, same as
him. Least I can do is give you a
head start.

LUCAS
What about you?

SUGAR

I got a few tricks. Now get out of here.

Lucas studies Sugar's eyes, then backs out the front door.

INT. THE FREARS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In a nice suburban home, three well-dressed couples -- including Carrie and Gordon Hopewell -- are having dinner. All are drinking wine, finishing salads.

JOCELYN FREARS (40) walks around with a tray, serving what look like small gourmet hamburgers to each guest. Carrie is picking at her salad with a distracted look.

JOCELYN FREARS

These are beef brisket sliders with Cabot cheddar and white pepper cole slaw. They're fun, right?

LARRY FREARS

They're *small*.

JOCELYN

(at Larry)

And if I couldn't have fun with small things, where would you and I be, huh?

Everyone except Carrie laughs. LARRY FREARS (45) rolls his eyes at his wife, then lifts a wine bottle, pours more into Gordon's glass. He moves on to Carrie's glass.

LARRY FREARS

Refill, gorgeous?

Carrie shakes her head no, absently. He pours her more wine anyway, then moves on to another guest's glass. Gordon notices that his wife is tuned out: he squeezes her hand.

GORDON

Carrie? You okay?

CARRIE

Yeah. I'm fine.

Trying to brighten, she smiles at him, has a bite of food. We see a tightening shot of Carrie as she struggles to pay attention to the group. She's a million miles away.

INT. THE FREARS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Carrie puts dirty plates in the sink. She grabs a plastic bag of empty wine bottles, walks down a hall toward a door.

EXT. THE FREARS' BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

The deck is on stilts ten feet above the back lawn, with a steep side staircase down to the yard. Carrie comes out onto the deck, puts her bottles in a recycling bin. She steps to the railing, looks out into the yard, perturbed.

LARRY (O.C.)

What are you doing out here alone?

Carrie turns: Larry Frears has stepped out onto the deck.

CARRIE

I just needed some fresh air.

He closes the door behind him, joins Carrie. He drinks from a whiskey flask, offers her a sip. She demurs. He looks her up and down: she's wearing a tight, low cut dress. Larry drunkenly ogles her breasts.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

I'm up here, Larry.

LARRY

I know.

He leans forward and tries to plant a kiss on her mouth. Carrie makes a surprised sound as she steps away from him.

CARRIE

What the fuck?

Larry holds his hands up.

LARRY

I'm sorry. I'm a little smashed.

CARRIE

Don't worry about it.

He looks out drunkenly at his lawn, points to one part of it.

LARRY

I need to treat for grubs over there.

He suddenly turns on Carrie again, this time grabbing her breast as he kisses her. In one fluid, explosive motion...

CARRIE BRINGS HER ELBOW DOWN onto his arm, straight-punches his throat, SPINS AND KICKS HIM THROUGH THE RAIL OF THE DECK.

Larry falls out of view. We hear a thud and a scream.

Carrie gasps, shocked at her overreaction. She looks over the edge of the deck. Larry is on his back on the lawn. Twisted under him, his arm is horribly broken.

CARRIE

Shit!

She runs down the stairs to him, and kneels over him.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Larry, I'm so sorry!

LARRY

You bitch! Stay away from me!

Jocelyn, Gordon, and the other guests run out onto the deck, and then down the stairs to Larry's side.

JOCELYN

Oh my God, what happened?!

CARRIE

I don't know. The railing just gave way.

LARRY

MOTHER OF SHIT, THIS HURTS!! Call an ambulance, Joss!

Jocelyn whips out a cell and starts dialing. Gordon fixes Carrie with an inquisitive look. She can't meet his gaze.

INT. THE HOPEWELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barefoot, wearing shorts and a tank top, Carrie sits alone in the kitchen, drinking a glass of wine. The house is dark and silent. She looks out the window, sees something.

EXT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Moonlight, a breeze, some leaves blowing over the lawn. Now wearing a sweatshirt, Carrie walks across the grass to the woodshed and steps behind it...

...to find Lucas sitting pensively on a low tree stump. He is holding a framed picture in his hands, studying it.

LUCAS

Hi, Sam.

Carrie stares, at a loss. Every tension in the universe is sparking between them.

CARRIE

How did you find me?
 (off Lucas's look)
 Spineless tranny.

LUCAS

(nods toward her home)
 It's a nice house. It seems...I
 don't know, solid. So what do you
 have, two kids?
 (off her nod)
 How old?

We now see he's studying a framed photo of Carrie, Gordon, Deva, and Max.

CARRIE

My son's eight. My daughter's
 thirteen.

LUCAS

Huh. She looks older.
 (beat)
 I can smell your perfume from here.

Carrie pulls a gun out from behind her back and points it.

CARRIE

(the hint of tears)
 You need to leave. Please.

Lucas watches her, his expression now dead serious.

LUCAS

Sam.

CARRIE

I'm not her anymore. I'm Carrie.

LUCAS

Okay.

CARRIE

(angry)
 You could have led Rabbit straight
 to me!

LUCAS

You know me better than that.

CARRIE

I don't know you at all anymore.

Lucas seems pained by that. He gets up, walks over to her, and presses the barrel to his chin.

LUCAS

(sincere)

Then just shoot me. I'm a convicted felon on your property. You're golden.

Carrie appears to seriously consider it. He stares into her eyes, accepting, as she pulls fractionally on the trigger. Then she lowers the gun, stifles a sob. Lucas considers her gravely, then nods.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You moved on. I get it. Just give me what I came for and you won't see me again.

CARRIE

(dismayed)

I don't have the diamonds.

LUCAS

What do you mean you-

CARRIE

-I don't have them!
(off his incredulous stare)

After we screwed Rabbit like that, I couldn't clear them with anyone local, and you'd gotten caught-

LUCAS

I did not get caught!

CARRIE

Shit! I know. Listen-

LUCAS

There were two of us in that building. I led them away from you!

Beat.

CARRIE

The fence I found, these real bottom-feeders - Serbians - they saw me coming.

LUCAS
 You're telling me that YOU got
 rolled?

CARRIE
 Rolled hard.
 (gestures around her)
 Does it look like I'm sitting on
 ten million dollars?!

Lucas sits back down on the tree stump, defeated.

LUCAS
 I don't get the girl. I don't get
 the money. I spent fifteen years
 picturing this day, and this isn't
 how I saw it playing out.

Carrie watches him, devastated.

CARRIE
 I'm so sorry.

SOUND from off camera.

GORDON (O.C.)
 Babe? You out here?

CARRIE
 (alarmed)
 Shit! That's Gordon!

She peeks around the building, sees Gordon standing at the
 back door. She spins back around.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
 Please! You have to go -

But Lucas is already gone. Resting on the tree stump is the
 picture frame he was holding. But the photo itself is gone.

EXT. THE FORGE - NIGHT

We see shuttered windows and on the door a handwritten sign
 that reads "CLOSED - GAS LEAK." We track around the building
 to see Sugar loading a corpse, wrapped in a checkered table
 cloth, into the back of an old pick-up. The corpse falls
 into the truck bed, on top of two other wrapped corpses.

Sugar climbs into the driver's seat and only then notices
 Lucas sitting in the passenger seat.

SUGAR
 (startled)
 Christ! You trying to kill me?

LUCAS
 Sorry. You got a place picked out?

Sugar gives him a hard gaze. Lucas meets it. Sugar shakes his head and starts the truck. They drive into the night.

SUGAR
 You're one of those complicated types, is that it?

LUCAS
 Nah. People just don't always know simple when they see it.

EXT. BANSHEE WOODS - NIGHT

In a dark ravine, Lucas, shirtless, stands waist-deep in a hole, digging. Two bodies wrapped in tablecloths lie nearby. Sugar emerges through the trees, carrying the third wrapped body. He lays it down gently.

SUGAR
 It doesn't seem right burying the sheriff here with that pond scum.

LUCAS
 We'll dig him his own hole.

SUGAR
 Yeah... that'd be the Christian thing to do.

Sugar grabs a second shovel and jumps down into the hole. A cell phone RINGS. Both men look around.

SUGAR (CONT'D)
 That you?

Lucas shakes his head no. He climbs out of the grave, goes through the dead sheriff's pockets, pulls out his ringing cell phone. On the screen it says "MAYOR KENDALL." Sugar shakes his head at Lucas, *don't do it.*

Lucas pushes *TALK*, answers the phone.

LUCAS
 Hello.

MAYOR KENDALL (V.O.)
Sheriff Hood? Mayor Dan Kendall.
Am I catching you at a bad time?

Phone to his ear, Lucas crouches, rifles the dead sheriff's pockets, finds a bloody badge that says LUCAS HOOD, SHERIFF, BANSHEE, PA.

MAYOR KENDALL (CONT'D)
Sheriff? Are you there?

Lucas studies the badge, a wild idea firming up in his mind.

LUCAS
Yes, this is Hood.

Sugar shakes his head at Lucas, incredulous.

MAYOR KENDALL (V.O.)
How's the drive going?

LUCAS
Less to see than you'd think.

MAYOR KENDALL (V.O.)
I just wanted to confirm our
breakfast Friday. You'll be here
by then?

LUCAS
I should be.

MAYOR KENDALL (V.O.)
Great. So that's nine am at the
Gravy Train. I'm looking forward
to meeting you in person.

LUCAS
I'll see you there.

Lucas hangs up, pockets the phone. He looks up to see Sugar gazing at him with bemused curiosity.

SUGAR
Tell me you have some kind of
master plan here?

LUCAS
I usually just get by on my charm.

He kicks one thug's protruding leg down into the grave.

INT. HISHI SALON - NIGHT

Job sits in his computer lair, his wig off. The phone rings and Job picks up.

JOB
Hishi Salon.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORGE - NIGHT

Lucas sits at the bar on Sugar's phone, washing blood off the badge as he talks. His clothes are muddy. Sugar is behind the bar, pretending to be busy, but listening to Lucas talk.

INTERCUT: LUCAS AND JOB

LUCAS
I need a favor.

JOB
And I need five grand for all the
shit you broke!

LUCAS
I'll make it ten.

JOB
Fuck you!
(sighs)
Speak.

LUCAS
I need to become someone else.

JOB
Honey child, don't we all.

LUCAS
Someone specific.

JOB
Name?

LUCAS
Lucas Hood, of Bend, Oregon.

Job expertly types and touches his screen as data streams.

JOB
Shouldn't be a problem...

A photo of the sheriff in uniform appears on the screen.

JOB (CONT'D)

...unless he's a motherfucking cop!
Are you kidding me?!

LUCAS

I need it quick.

JOB

You just sat for a dime and a half
because you were the most wanted
thief in history. Now you want to
play cop?

LUCAS

Can you do it?

JOB

I'll have to hack law enforcement
databases, swap fingerprints and ID
photos, find any news articles that
might have run a picture...

LUCAS

So you can't do it.

JOB

Suck my tit- of course I can do it.
It'll just take a few days. As for
the credentials, I can get you the
papers, but the badge itself-

LUCAS

-I've got the badge.

JOB

I don't even want to know.

Lucas hangs up and hands Sugar the phone. Sugar considers him for a long moment.

SUGAR

Some cons, the minute they get out,
they're just trying like hell to
get back in.

LUCAS

I'm not going back.

SUGAR

Well, you've got a revolutionary
method of staying out of trouble.

Lucas gets up and offers Sugar his hand.

LUCAS

Thanks for everything you've done.

Sugar shakes hands and watches thoughtfully as Lucas leaves.

INT. LUCAS'S CAMARO - LATER

Lucas is behind the wheel, conked out. A KNOCK on the window rouses him. He looks out at Sugar, who is gazing in at him.

EXT. SUGAR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Sugar, carrying linens and a pillow, walks Lucas up an external staircase. Lucas stops, transfixed by THE MOON hanging low over the woods. Sugar looks on, understanding.

SUGAR

There's a lot of things that are hard about getting out. But seeing the moon again ain't one of them.

INT. SUGAR'S GARAGE APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lucas climbs into an old queen-sized bed. He moves around, unaccustomed to such space. Eventually he moves the bed two feet from the wall, brings his blanket and pillow and lies on the floor between the bed and wall, staring upward.

INT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gordon sleeps in bed. Carrie's side is empty. A shower can be heard running.

INT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with shower steam. Carrie sits on the floor, arms around her knees, weeping, stricken.

INT. SUGAR'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAWN

LUCAS LURCHES UP FROM SLEEP IN HIS PLACE ON SUGAR'S FLOOR

In a sweaty panic, he gasps for air, his eyes wild. He is shirtless, wearing only jeans. He staggers to the door...

EXT. SUGAR'S GARAGE APARTMENT - MORNING

...and bursts out onto the upper landing of the stairs. He grasps the railing, haunted and trembling in the cold gray dawn. Behind him, through trees, the lake glistens.

EXT. THE LAKESIDE NEAR THE GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

On the shore, Lucas does push-ups furiously. Still only in jeans, he has vicious knife scars across his back. He finishes his push-ups, then kneels, panting, staring at the water, his face looking haunted.

INT. THE FORGE - LATER

Lucas kneels, scrubbing the anvil with a soapy rag. Sugar finishes hanging a FRAMED PICTURE of Muhammad Ali where the boxing picture used to be. SOUND of car wheels on gravel. Sugar looks out the window...

SUGAR'S POV OUT THE FORGE'S WINDOW

A silver Bentley Continental Coupe pulls in the parking lot.

BACK ON SUGAR AND LUCAS INSIDE

SUGAR
Go back and stay out of sight.

LUCAS
What is it?

SUGAR
Just go.

Lucas heads into the kitchen.

EXT. THE FORGE - CONTINUOUS

Kai Proctor steps out of the Bentley and surveys his surroundings like he owns them.

A VERY LARGE ROTTWEILER also hops out of the Bentley and follows Proctor toward The Forge. At Proctor's command, the dog sits, stationing itself in front of the restaurant while its master steps inside.

INT. THE FORGE - CONTINUOUS

Sugar pulls out his BEST SCOTCH, pours a generous glass. The door opens and Proctor walks in.

PROCTOR
Morning, Sugar.

SUGAR
Kai.

Sugar slides the Scotch across the bar. Proctor sits down and takes a sip. These men know each other.

PROCTOR
I haven't seen you for a while.
How are the headaches? Did those
Mexican painkillers I got you help?

SUGAR
They did, thanks. So, what brings
you around?

PROCTOR
I seem to have misplaced two of my
men. Randall and Munson.

REACTION SHOT OF LUCAS: he's in the kitchen, standing near the door, eavesdropping attentively.

SUGAR (O.C.)
Munson the bald one?

PROCTOR (O.C.)
That's right. One of the boys
thought they might have been headed
out this way yesterday afternoon.

BACK ON SUGAR AND PROCTOR

SUGAR
They didn't come here. I'd have
taken note if they did.

Proctor looks at him, hard.

PROCTOR
If any of my employees ever stepped
out of line, hassled you in any
way, I'd expect you to call me.

SUGAR
I would.

PROCTOR

What I mean is, I wouldn't want you taking matters into your own hands.

SUGAR

Look at me. Hell, even my pubes are gray. No one runs from a fight faster than an old fighter.

Kai looks at him for a long, uncomfortable beat, and then over his shoulder at the picture of Ali.

PROCTOR

(pointing to the picture)
What happened to your title fight?

SUGAR

Oh... I knocked it off the hook the other night, busted the frame. I'm having it redone.

Proctor stands, finishes his Scotch, still watching Sugar.

PROCTOR

You'll let me know if you need any more of those painkillers.

Sugar nods. Walking out, Proctor passes the anvil. He pauses to run his finger along the anvil's wet edge. He studies his finger for another agonizing beat.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

Thanks for the drink.

He leaves. Lucas steps back in.

LUCAS

That's some car.

SUGAR

You're thinking of stealing from Kai Proctor, you might as well just put a bullet in your own head now.

LUCAS

Kai Proctor. There's a name.

SUGAR

What the man doesn't own, he runs. What he doesn't run, he burns to the ground.

LUCAS

He seemed to like you well enough.

SUGAR

We go back a ways. But I'm not kidding. You want to maintain a quality of life, you steer clear of him.

Lucas gazes out the window, watching the Bentley drive off.

EXT. HISHI SALON - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The sidewalk outside the salon bustles with pedestrians.

INT. JOB'S BASEMENT LAIR - SIMULTANEOUS

Job, in full drag, works at his computers.

CLOSE ON: The monitor. We see Sheriff Lucas Hood's driver's license. Job drags a photo of OUR Lucas over the photo of the dead Sheriff.

AN EFFEMINATE YOUNG MAN (20s) with an Elvis pompadour enters.

ELVIS

Job. Two suits, badly tailored.
They're looking for you.

Job hits a button and his monitor shows the salon upstairs. TWO MEN in dark suits stand at the reception desk. They are the men who chased Lucas a few days ago.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Cops?

JOB

(troubled)
Let's hope so.

He stands and starts unplugging a row of back-up hard drives.

JOB (CONT'D)

I want all the back-up drives in the car, now.

Elvis collects them. Job runs to a safe, hits buttons. He pulls out stacks of cash, which he throws in a duffel. He hands the bag to Elvis, who is holding the hard drives.

JOB (CONT'D)

Keep the engine running.

Elvis goes into a closet, through a hidden back door and up a staircase. Job gets onto his computer and types in a code.

CLOSE ON: The computer screen, which reads: **Wipe Drives?**

Job clicks: the screen fills with naked women swimming underwater.

Job turns to go upstairs, when the door opens and the men in suits step into the basement. They are Widow's Peak and his partner, who has a buzz cut.

JOB (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, we don't open until ten,
but if you'll come back upstairs,
I'll see when we can fit you in.

WIDOW'S PEAK

Down here might be better for the
private nature of our inquiry.

JOB

Inquiry? Can I see some ID?

Widow's Peak pulls out a wallet and hands Job a business card.

JOB (CONT'D)

This isn't a badge.

WIDOW'S PEAK

No, it's not.

BUZZ CUT PUNCHES JOB IN FACE. Instead of going down, Job punches the guy right back, a wicked left cross.

JOB WHIPS A BUTTERFLY KNIFE OUT OF HIS BRA, flips it open in a blur, and slices a gash down Buzz Cut's jaw. But before he can strike again, Widow's Peak grabs Job's knife arm and punches him repeatedly in the face until the knife falls.

Widow's Peak drops Job into a chair. Job bleeds from nose and mouth.

BUZZ CUT

(draws his gun)

You fucking slope cunt!

He shoves his gun under Job's chin, but Widow's Peak grabs his arm and pushes his partner away, flashing him a stern look.

Widow's Peak pulls up a second chair, sits on it backwards, gets in Job's face.

WIDOW'S PEAK

We work for Mr. Rabbit.

JOB
 (scared by the name)
 Oh, sweet fuck.
 (off Widow Peak's stare)
 The guy you're after... he came in
 a few days ago.

WIDOW'S PEAK
 And what did he want?

JOB
 The usual. ID. Credit cards.

WIDOW'S PEAK
 Where is he now?

JOB
 I have no idea.

Buzz Cut pistol-whips Job across the face.

JOB (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay! I'll get you the file.

WIDOW'S PEAK
 That would be helpful.

Job gets up shakily and goes into the closet.

INT. HISHI SALON - BASEMENT CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

As a bloody Job moves to the back of the deep storage closet,
 he slips through the hidden doorway and heads up the stairs.

EXT. HISHI SALON - BACK ALLEY

Elvis sits in the Range Rover, singing along to Justin
 Bieber.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE BACK ALLEY AND THE HISHI BASEMENT LAIR:

IN THE LAIR

The two men look around at all the equipment. As Buzz Cut
 presses a rag to his jaw, Widow's Peak looks at the naked-
 women screen-saver. He touches the screen, the screen-saver
 disappears, replaced by the image of the deleting program.

WIDOW'S PEAK
 Shit!

They draw their guns and rush over to the closet.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

Elvis, still singing to himself, sees the bloodied Job emerge from the building.

ELVIS
(immediately hysterical)
Oh my God! Oh my God!

IN THE LAIR

Both men stand in the closet.

BUZZ CUT
The fuck did he go?

Widow's Peak spots the stairs in the back.

WIDOW'S PEAK
There!

They run for the stairs.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

Job pulls out a small disc that he is wearing on a chain around his neck. The disc has a red button in the center.

As Job struts away from the building, he pushes the button. Behind him...

THE SALON EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL. As flames and bricks fly behind him in slow motion, Job keeps walking, unfazed.

INT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carrie, naked, lies in her bed as Gordon vigorously goes down on her. But even as she moves with him, she stares off to the side as she remembers...

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lucas and Carrie, naked, have intense, sweaty sex.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: The hard, craggy face of a powerful-looking, seventy-year-old man with dark, malevolent green eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SUGAR'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAWN

Lucas, sleeping on the floor, lurches awake in a panic once again: whoever the green-eyed man he saw in his dream is, Lucas is clearly terrified of him.

A PROGRESSION OF SHOTS reminiscent of earlier: Lucas bursts out of the garage, grips the railing, gasping for air. He does push-ups on the shore, then stops and sits, panting.

He pulls from his pocket the picture of Carrie, Gordon, Deva and Max and stares down at it as he catches his breath.

Sugar appears and crouches beside him. As Lucas puts the photo away, Sugar puts \$200 on the ground between them.

SUGAR

You don't strike me as the kind of guy who takes much advice. But I'm going to try. That's two hundred dollars. Take it and go.

LUCAS

I can't.

SUGAR

(insistent)
Look around you. You're free, man!

LUCAS

No. I'm not.

He takes the money, grabs half of the twenties, and hands the rest back to Sugar as he walks back to the garage.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I'll pay you back in a day or so.

Sugar shakes his head as he watches Lucas walk away.

EXT. THE GRAVY TRAIN DINER IN DOWNTOWN BANSHEE - DAY

Lucas steps out of the diner: beside him is MAYOR KENDALL.

LUCAS

Thank you for breakfast.

DAN

My pleasure.

As they walk, Lucas checks out the town, assessing everything, including the mayor at his side.

DAN (CONT'D)

I pissed off half the City Council when I authorized Sheriff Hale to bring in a ringer. But someone's got to break Proctor's choke hold on this town. Every sheriff we've had, including your predecessor, has ended up on Proctor's payroll.

LUCAS

Hale was crooked?

DAN

Till he got sick. Then he got religion.

LUCAS

You brought me in to take down one guy?

DAN

He's not just one guy. There's no criminal enterprise around here that doesn't start and end in his pockets.

LUCAS

Aren't you a bit young for a mayor?

DAN

I had my reasons.

(changes the subject)

I know you don't start till Monday, but I figured I'd take you by the Cadi.

LUCAS

The Cadi?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CADI - MORNING

The Banshee Sheriff's Department is in an old car dealership. Floor to ceiling windows, and a large front lot. Up on the wall, the letters "CADI" are all that remain of the fallen Cadillac logo. Dan and Lucas stand in the lot, taking it in.

DAN

The old Sheriff's Department burned down three years ago. Electrical fire. Someone in City Hall had let the insurance policy lapse and they didn't have money to rebuild. Froemer's Cadillac had just gone under, so...

He gestures at the building, looking a bit chagrined.

INT. THE CADI - MORNING

Dan leads Lucas inside. It's a strange, shiny amalgam of Sheriff's department and former luxury car dealership. In back, there are three free-standing holding cells. There is still one gleaming Cadillac parked in the b.g. against a wall. Two DEPUTIES sit at their desks. They are:

EMMETT YAWNERS (40), African-American, tall, clean-cut, built like a tank. He's doing paperwork. The other deputy is...

BROCK LOTUS (48), a dour, middle-aged troll of a man. He sits at his computer, clacking keys, staring at the screen.

Emmett stands and comes over. Brock stays put.

LUCAS

What's up, fellas?

DAN

Emmett Yawners here holds the all-time rushing record at Penn State.

Lucas and Emmett shake hands.

EMMETT

Welcome to the BSD.

DAN

And this is Brock Lotus.

Brock grudgingly stands and walks over.

BROCK
 (mutters)
 Nice to meet you, *sheriff*.

He puts extra emphasis on that last word, and flashes Dan a dirty look. The look is not lost on Lucas.

DAN
 (covering)
 Deputy Lotus is the longest-serving member of the department.

LUCAS
 Is that right?

The door flies open. In comes DEPUTY SIOBAHN KELLY, 30, a sexy redhead, dragging along a surly tweaker in handcuffs.

TWEAKER
 (at Siobahn)
 You fucking fascist! I didn't do anything!

SIOBAHN
 Yeah, you're a model citizen.

Siobahn wrestles the guy across the room back toward the holding cells. She spins him around against the bars.

SIOBAHN (CONT'D)
 I'm going to remove your cuffs now. If you try to fight me again, I'll remove your testicles.

She uncuffs him, pushes him into the cell, locks him in. As she joins her colleagues, she notices Lucas.

SIOBAHN (CONT'D)
 (inquisitive, flirty)
 Hey- hi.

DAN
 This is Lucas Hood. Your new boss.

SIOBAHN
 (at the mayor)
 Shit, Danny, you could've said so sooner.
 (to Lucas)
 Siobahn Kelly.

She wipes her hands on her jacket, shakes hands with Lucas.

SIOBAHN (CONT'D)
You're younger than I pictured.

LUCAS
(eyeing the mayor)
There's a bit of that going around.

DAN
Siobahn, I thought you might give
the sheriff a tour of Banshee.

SIOBAHN
(nods toward the cell)
I'd love to, but I have to write up
Charlie Sheen over there.

TWEAKER (O.S.)
(at Siobahn)
Nazi twat!

LUCAS
That's okay. I think I'd like a
tour from the longest-serving
member of the department anyway.

Lucas and Brock stare at each other. Brock grumbles, grabs his radio off his desk and heads out, with Lucas behind him.

INT. BROCK LOTUS'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Brock drives Lucas around the outskirts of Banshee. They pass the guarded checkpoint of a fenced in MILITARY BASE.

BROCK
(deadpan, still pissed)
Camp Genoa. Marine Base.

They pass a stand of woods and then a metallic warehouse with livestock trailers in its large parking lot/loading area.

BROCK (CONT'D)
That's the slaughterhouse...

They come to a giant modern complex that is the SENECA STAR CASINO. Brock nods at the casino.

BROCK (CONT'D)
There's's the casino...there's the
pawn shop.

LUCAS'S POV: A seedy pawn shop in the shadow of the casino.

They drive into town, pull onto BROAD STREET and see a commotion in the lot of PAT'S LUMBER. Four burly blue collar workers have surrounded three Amish men and are preventing them from loading their wagons with sheets of wood.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Oh shit. Not again.

LUCAS
What's going on?

BROCK
The Moody boys build furniture. The Amish mills have been driving down their prices. We've had incidents.

In the lumber lot, COLE MOODY (40), shoves a younger Amish guy away from the lumber. His brothers, TOM, DEX, and MARCUS close ranks, as the two older Amish men attempt to reason with them.

LUCAS
They won't hit back.

BROCK
(with contempt)
Terrific. You've seen *Witness*.

Brock parks at the curb.

BROCK (CONT'D)
You'd better let me handle this.

LUCAS
(agreeable)
Yeah, sure, I'll just wait here.

But then, before Brock can move, Lucas jumps out of the car, strides toward the commotion. Brock hurries after him.

EXT. PAT'S LUMBER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lucas approaches the Moody brothers:

LUCAS
Why don't we all take a moment and talk this out?

COLE MOODY
Who the fuck are you?

LUCAS
Lucas Hood. I'm the new sheriff.

Cole looks over to Brock.

MARCUS MOODY

Lotus, I thought you were supposed to take over when Hale kicked.

BROCK

Yeah, you and me both.

Reaction shot of Lucas looking at Brock: now he gets it.

The Amish man tries to stand up: Cole kicks him back down.

BROCK (CONT'D)

That's enough, Cole. I'm sure your wife's got better things to do than bail your ass out of jail again.

Lucas steps between the Moodys and the fallen Amish man.

COLE MOODY

Hey, I'm not through with him.

LUCAS

Yeah, you are.

DEX MOODY

If you're the sheriff, why aren't you in uniform?

LUCAS

I don't get sworn in until Monday.

COLE MOODY

So there's nothing stopping us from fucking your shit up today.

LUCAS

(grins)

I hoped you'd make that connection. Come on, Cole. Fuck my shit up.

The Moody brothers leave the Amish man and surround Lucas. Brock draws his gun.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Relax, Brock. I got this.

BROCK

You sure?

When Lucas nods, Brock snorts (like 'your funeral') and holsters his weapon.

COLE MOODY

(at Lucas)

Just to be clear, I'm about to
pound a civilian, not a-

Before Cole can finish his sentence, LUCAS DRIVES A HEEL KICK INTO THE GUY'S CHEST THAT SENDS HIM FLYING BACKWARDS.

Dex punches Lucas in the face. Lucas blocks the follow-up and hits him with four speed punches to the solar plexus, finishing him off with A MUAY THAI STYLE KNEE TO THE FACE.

REACTION SHOT OF BROCK: he's stunned at Lucas's skills.

TOM PULLS A HAMMER from his tool belt and charges Lucas, swinging. Lucas ducks the swing only to be kicked in the head by Marcus. Tom comes back at him with the hammer. Lucas grabs Tom's wrist, and flips him into a pallet of cinder blocks.

Cole, back on his feet, comes up behind Lucas wielding a long pipe. He pulls back to swing at Lucas's head, when a hand appears from off camera and grabs the pipe, stopping its motion.

WIDER: Lucas and Cole both turn at the same time to see Kai Proctor standing behind Cole, holding the pipe.

PROCTOR

That's enough, Moody.

Proctor's presence takes the fight out of the Moodys. The fallen brothers slowly get to their feet, groaning.

COLE MOODY

(instantly docile)

Mr. Proctor.

PROCTOR

Four on one should be enough of an
advantage, without adding plumbing
implements into the mix.

Lucas helps the fallen Amish man to his feet. Cole Moody and his brothers start to leave.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

Hold on.

The Moodys pause and look at Proctor.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

(indicates the Amish men)

These men have a schedule to keep.

(MORE)

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 Why don't you boys help them load
 their wagons.

The Moody brothers start dejectedly loading lumber onto the wagons. The Amish men do so too. Proctor looks to Lucas.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 And you are...?

LUCAS
 Lucas Hood.

PROCTOR
 The new sheriff.

Proctor shakes Lucas's hand. Meanwhile Cole Moody glares furtively at an older Amish man loading lumber beside him.

COLE MOODY
 (under his breath at the
 old Amish man)
 Fuckin' Dutchie. This isn't over.

PROCTOR
 (to Lucas)
 Kai Proctor. I'm sorry if I
 stepped on your toes here.

LUCAS
 (looks at the Moodys
 obeying Proctor)
 Mr. Proctor, what exactly do you-

PROCTOR
 I'm in meats.

He hands Lucas a card.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 Come by the slaughterhouse. I'll
 set you up with some steaks.

Lucas considers the card.

CLOSE ON: Proctor's card. It says "PROCTOR MEATS." The logo is a flank of red raw beef.

Lucas takes one last appraising look at Proctor, then he heads over to Brock.

BROCK
 (still incredulous at
 Lucas's handiwork)
 (MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)
 You know, some people call us *peace*
 officers...

Lucas pats Brock's shoulder and walks off toward the car.
 Brock shakes his head and follows.

Lucas sees a BMW coupe passing by on the street. Deva
 Hopewell is riding shotgun, beside an older BOY, 18. Lucas
 watches as the BMW turns into a supermarket parking lot far
 down the street.

LUCAS
 Thanks for the tour, Brock. I'm
 going to take a walk.

Lucas walks off, as a perplexed Brock watches him go.

BACK ON PROCTOR who is watching the Amish men secure their
 load. Moody and his men have finished helping: they leave.

Proctor approaches the oldest Amish man tying down lumber.

PROCTOR
 It's good to see you, father.

The man stops what he's doing, his face suddenly strained.
 Kai stands there, but the man won't meet his gaze. Kai holds
 his ground, his face a mixture of pain and contempt.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
 (bitterly)
 You're welcome, by the way.

Only once Kai has walked away toward his Bentley does his
 father, ISRAEL PROCTOR (65), look up to watch him go.

EXT. A CORNER OF THE SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The BMW is parked near a Dumpster, away from other cars.

INT. THE BMW - CONTINUOUS

Deva, in only a bra and skirt, is making out with the
 shirtless guy. They're groping and going at it. As his hand
 starts moving under her skirt, she playfully catches it and
 pushes him away.

DEVA
 I have to go.

She sits up and pulls on her shirt.

DEVA
Right. Well, thanks.

She starts walking off again.

LUCAS
Your boyfriend can't give you a
lift back to school?

Deva turns, backing away as she responds.

DEVA
Who says he's my boyfriend?

LUCAS
Well, I hope he's not your brother.

She laughs.

DEVA
Who says I'm going back to school?

She turns and leaves. Quietly stricken, Lucas watches her go.

EXT. PROCTOR MEATS SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The metallic warehouse on the edge of town.

INT. PROCTOR MEATS SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Proctor steps out of a den, pulling on his jacket. Before the den door closes, we see A NAKED HOOKER sprawled across a bed. TOM BURTON, 35, Proctor's right hand man, impeccably dressed in a suit and bow-tie, stands waiting for Proctor.

BURTON
He's here.

Proctor walks down a hallway. Keeping pace, Burton hands him a file.

BURTON (CONT'D)
The P & Ls...

Proctor reads as he walks, moving toward the increasingly loud DIN OF WHINING SAW BLADES.

PROCTOR
Our numbers are down at both strip
clubs?

BURTON

Well, with the economy where it is -

PROCTOR

Men will pay for tits until they're
broke or dead. Fix it.

Proctor shoves the file back at Burton as they walk through a double set of safety doors into...

INT. THE KILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A vast area where slaughtered cows are hanging from steel hooks to bleed out. WORKERS in white Hazmat-looking suits and headgear are skinning the carcasses.

Proctor and Burton enter the room to find Cole Moody standing there looking nervous. Proctor waves at the WORKERS, who turn off their saws and switch to clean-up work.

Burton hangs back as Proctor walks over to Moody.

COLE MOODY

They said you wanted to see me.

PROCTOR

First time you've seen a
slaughterhouse?

COLE MOODY

Yeah.

PROCTOR

It's a relatively humane procedure.
We stun the beasts with a pneumatic
captive bolt gun - one of these.

He takes one of the cylindrical bolt guns off a table and shows it to Moody.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

One bolt to the brain does the
trick. Then we cut them and hang
them up to bleed out.

Moody stares at the bolt gun, wondering what the hell is up.

COLE MOODY

Listen-

PROCTOR

-The Old Order Pennsylvania Dutch don't like being called "Dutchies." It's derisive. Like if I called you a Mick or a Kraut- which are you by the way?

COLE MOODY

Both, actually.

PROCTOR

Okay, a mongrel then. My point is, you called my father a fucking Dutchie.

Moody backs away in fear, staring at the gun.

COLE MOODY

I was just running my mouth! I had no idea he was your father.

Proctor waits a beat, then puts the gun down and shakes his head at Moody, amused.

PROCTOR

Relax, Moody. It's not loaded.

Proctor smiles. Moody dares to appear hopeful. Then in a flash, PROCTOR GRABS MOODY BY THE NECK AND BASHES HIS FACE IN WITH THE BOLT GUN.

As Moody goes down, Proctor plants his knee on Moody's chest, and continues to violently pound his face in. Moody screams and flails as BLOOD AND TEETH FLY from his mouth.

Proctor stands, his own face spattered with Moody's blood.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

(enraged)

Now put your fucking teeth back in your fat, bigoted mouth, and get the fuck out of here!

On hands and knees, Moody looks around, dizzy. He feebly grabs as many teeth as he can off the bloody floor.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

Back in your mouth, I said.

Moody pops the dozen shards of teeth from his palm back into his mouth, which is still gushing blood. He gets up, mouth shut tight, and stumbles toward the door.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Burton)
If he spits any of them out before
he leaves the building, shoot him.

Burton nods and escorts out the reeling Moody.

INT. PROCTOR MEATS SLAUGHTERHOUSE - PROCTOR'S PRIVATE DEN

Proctor steps back into a den that is part bedroom, part study. He hangs up his jacket, his face still speckled with blood. The naked HOOKER lies on the bed reading a magazine.

PROCTOR
I'm sorry for the interruption.

She sits up, crawls to him, reaches for his fly. Proctor stops her, opens a roll-top desk near him and takes out a white Amish bonnet. He tosses it to the hooker.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
Put that on.

She smiles gamely, puts it on, and moves to him. She kisses his blood-speckled face, then unzips and drops his pants. She licks her lips and goes down on him.

Seeing the blood on his shirt, he unbuttons it and shrugs it off. His back is covered with a huge TATTOO OF A BLOODY CHRIST NAILED TO THE CROSS.

As the hooker's head bobs, Proctor studies his knuckles and casually pulls out a shard of tooth.

EXT. THE PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

In the back alley, Lucas, dressed in black, wearing a small black knapsack, climbs some external pipes up to the roof. He kneels by a large AIR HANDLER, and pulls a power drill and bits out of his knapsack. He whistles quietly to himself as he matches a bit to the bolts on the air handler.

Lucas unscrews the bolts with the drill and turns the handler on its side. He unscrews the exposed duct beneath it and pushes it aside, then lowers himself into the pawn shop.

Using a penlight, Lucas casually browses the showcases. On the wall behind one of the counters, his light falls upon a large CRUISERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BELT.

Penlight in his mouth, he picks the lock on a steel door to a back office and steps in. He looks around, then walks to a painting and pulls it off to reveal a wall safe. He smiles.

INT. THE CADI - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Lucas stands before a mirror, staring at himself in his new Sheriff's uniform. He pulls at the pants, which are loose.

SIOBAHN (O.C.)
They get your size wrong?

He turns to see her pulling on her own shirt and sees the briefest flash of skin as she does, and a nasty burn scar across her scapula.

LUCAS
(bunching up the pants)
Nah, it's good.

She grabs a safety pin and comes up behind him.

SIOBAHN
Here, let me...

He watches in the mirror as she kneels to pin him from behind. Her shirt is open on top, and he enjoys the view. Catching him looking, she merely goes on pinning the pants.

SIOBAHN (CONT'D)
Bring the pants to the Martinizing,
across from the Gravy Train.
They'll take them in for you.

LUCAS
I will, thanks.

SIOBAHN
You got any family coming to the
swearing-in?

LUCAS
I don't have any family, coming or
not.

SIOBAHN
Well, we'll all be there, and at
Proctor's reception for you
tonight.

LUCAS
Reception?

SIOBAHN

Say what you will about Proctor,
but the man knows how to throw a
party.

She stands, smiles at Lucas in the mirror, smooths his shirt.

SIOBAHN (CONT'D)

Now *that's* what a sheriff looks
like.

In the instant that she playfully smacks his ass, rousing
ROCK MUSIC begins. She walks away and we CUT TO:

INT. BANSHEE TOWN HALL - COURT ROOM - DAY

THE ROCK MUSIC CONTINUES: Lucas, in full uniform with his
right hand raised, stands facing the robed judge, getting
sworn in. Watching are his deputies, Mayor Kendall, Gordon
Hopewell, and three Amish elders, including Israel Proctor.

EXT. BANSHEE TOWN HALL STEPS - A SHORT WHILE LATER

THE MUSIC CONTINUES: Lucas, flanked by his deputies, exits
the town hall and surveys Banshee's Main Street.

INT. THE PAWN SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

THE MUSIC CONTINUES: Lucas, Emmett, and the PAWN SHOP OWNER -
50s, decrepit - standing side by side, can be seen through a
large, blown-out hole in the wall, staring at where the safe
used to be.

EXT. PAWN SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY

Lucas gets into his official Sheriff's car and, with Emmett
riding shotgun, Sheriff Lucas Hood drives back into town.

THE MUSIC ENDS.

INT. HOPEWELL HOUSE - MAX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Deva sits on Max's bed with him, playing **God of War** with him
on PlayStation. On the bedside table are an array of pill
containers, and on the floor is a standing oxygen tank.

Carrie, dressed up in a black cocktail dress, comes in.

CARRIE

Max, did you take your meds?

MAX

Yes. Where are you and Dad going?

CARRIE

Your dad just has to show his face at a party for the new Sheriff.

She lifts a clear oxygen mask off the night table, holds it toward her son. Max wilts at the sight of it.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Just for an hour. Deva will take it off at nine.

Max takes the mask, puts it on. Deva helps him adjust it. Carrie kisses them both.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Call my cell if you need us.

Deva nods and Carrie leaves. After a beat, Deva turns to Max, who's already pulling off his mask. She waits until it's off.

DEVA

You ready?

MAX

Bring it!

They continue playing.

EXT. KAI PROCTOR'S MANSION - THE BACK LAWN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: AN ICE SCULPTURE OF THE MUSCULAR, MYTHOLOGICAL ATLAS CARRYING THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS

Champagne spills down over the sculpture into a basin of ice. A server ladles it into flutes. SOUND of LIVE ROCKABILLY.

WIDER TO REVEAL:

On a grand patio overlooking a sweeping green lawn, well-dressed MEN AND WOMEN mingle. SERVERS in white coats circulate with trays, offering champagne and rare beef on skewer points. A four-piece BAND plays near a dance floor.

An in-ground swimming pool is near the patio and floating atop the water are two dozen Japanese paper LANTERNS.

Lucas stands talking with Emmett and his wife, MEG (35), a blond knockout.

MEG
Where will you be living, Sheriff?

LUCAS
I'm still working that out.

Dan Kendall joins them in a blazer and tie.

DAN
Sheriff, if you'll come with me,
it's meet-and-greet time...

He pulls Lucas away from them, just as Brock arrives.

BROCK
Emmett. Meg.

MEG
Hey, Brock.

BROCK
(eyeing Lucas)
I'm telling you, there's something
wrong with that guy.

EMMETT
He seems up for the job.

BROCK
You didn't see him take down the
Moody boys. He went through them
like they were cardboard.

EMMETT
So, you're upset that our sheriff
knows how to fight.

BROCK
It wasn't fighting. It was fucking
combat.

MEG
Emmett, if you insist on talking
shop, I'll find someone else to
dance with.

EMMETT
But baby, would he have my moves?

Emmett follows her to the dance floor and we CUT TO...

Carrie and Gordon arriving through an archway leading from the house down a grand staircase onto the patio and back lawn.

GORDON
(sardonic)
Understated, as usual.

CARRIE
Only in Banshee would a DA attend a party at the home of the guy he just brought up on racketeering charges.

GORDON
Well, you know what they say...if you can't beat 'em, drink their booze. I'll find the bar.

He wanders off. Carrie moves around the perimeter of the party, occasionally smiling or returning a greeting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KAI PROCTOR'S MANSION - BACK LAWN - A BIT LATER

The party's in full swing. Proctor arrives at the archway, looking sharp in a dark Armani suit, and surveys the crowd below like a sovereign ruler, before heading down the stairs, greeting numerous luminaries along the way.

Lucas stands by a wet bar not far from the pool, talking to Dan and some other men. Proctor approaches Lucas.

PROCTOR
Sheriff Hood.

LUCAS
Mr. Proctor. This is some shindig.

They shake hands.

PROCTOR
You'll find out that Banshee is not at all the backwater town it sometimes pretends to be.
(to Dan)
Good evening, Mayor.

He extends his hand. The Mayor doesn't shake it. A beat of tension as Proctor withdraws his hand.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll chalk up your bad manners to your age, and choose not to take offense.

DAN

No, please. Take offense.

Proctor smiles dangerously, like Dan is a mosquito he could crush at will. There's clearly some bad blood here. Then Proctor turns to Lucas.

PROCTOR

Enjoy the party, Sheriff. And welcome to Banshee.

Proctor moves off into the crowd. Looking over Lucas's shoulder, Dan sees Carrie moving through the party.

DAN

Carrie! Come meet the sheriff.

Carrie steps over just as Lucas turns around to face her. She is stunned.

LUCAS

Lucas Hood. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Carrie's jaw has dropped.

DAN

Um, Carrie?

She snaps out of it, shakes Lucas's hand and offers a smile.

CARRIE

I'm sorry- I'm not myself tonight.

Gordon wanders over with two drinks, hands one to Carrie.

GORDON

Good, so you two have met?

LUCAS

Ages ago.
(ignores her dirty look)
Mrs. Hopewell, you don't sound like you're from around here.

GORDON

You've got a good ear, Sheriff.
She's from New England, originally.

CARRIE

Vermont. The Northeast Kingdom, up
by the Canadian border.

LUCAS

"The Northeast Kingdom." That
sounds like something out of a
fairytale, you know? Like
something made up.

Carrie, simmering, registers the jab. Siobahn appears at
Lucas's side in a strapless red dress.

SIOBAHN

Hey boss! Congratulations.

LUCAS

Deputy Kelly, you are wearing the
hell out of that dress.

SIOBAHN

You're only saying that because
it's true.

LUCAS

Well, Mrs. Hopewell. Very nice to
meet you.

He walks off with Siobahn on his arm, leaving a stunned
Carrie in the b.g.

EXT. THE FORGE - NIGHT

Sugar finishes locking up and walks around back to his small
house. He discovers his front door slightly open.

INT. SUGAR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sugar picks up the baseball bat in his front hall and moves
into the house, scowling.

SUGAR

Who's in here?!

He turns into his kitchen, and stops. On his kitchen table
are five twenty dollar bills held down by the CRUISERWEIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP BELT last seen hanging in the pawn shop. Sugar
lifts the belt, running his fingers over it emotionally. He
looks toward the front door and smiles.

EXT. KAI PROCTOR'S MANSION - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Carrie stands in the dark, leaning against a car, having a quick smoke. Lucas emerges beside her.

LUCAS
Still sneaking cigarettes, huh?

Carrie is momentarily startled, then shakes her head and puts out the cigarette. She looks at him.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
So...

CARRIE
(irate)
A sheriff? What the *hell* are you doing?

LUCAS
They've got a great health plan.

CARRIE
You won't need it in prison.

LUCAS
You used to have more faith in me.

He starts to move toward his Sheriff's car, parked a few cars down. Carrie grabs his arm: her touch jolts him.

CARRIE
Why are you doing this?

LUCAS
You know why.

They share a look weighted with pain and history. Finally, Lucas walks to the back of his car and pops the trunk.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Come here a second.

She joins him. In the trunk is the wall safe from the pawn shop, with bits of drywall still stuck to it.

A SHOT FROM OUT OF THE TRUNK UP AT THE TWO OF THEM

LUCAS (CONT'D)
It's an Empire, Mercury series.
I've got no tools, but you could do this in your sleep.

CARRIE
 (incredulous)
 I can't fucking believe this.

LUCAS
 Come on, it's the least you can do.

CARRIE
 No! This - what you're doing - is
 crazy. If you don't end it, I will.

LUCAS
 You're not in the position to blow
 any whistles, Carrie from Vermont.
 I've already gone down alone once.
 I won't do it again.

CARRIE
 You're insane.

She storms away. Lucas shrugs and closes the trunk.

As Lucas ambles back toward the mansion, he hears movement
 behind him. He half turns to see who's there, and we see...

COLE MOODY'S GROTESQUELY BLOATED AND BATTERED FACE. Moody
 swings something at Lucas's head, too fast for Lucas to
 react, and we SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. KAI PROCTOR'S MANSION - THE BACK LAWN - A BIT LATER

Carrie, standing beside Gordon, checks her iPhone.

GORDON
 The kids?

CARRIE
 No, but can we pretend?

GORDON
 (smiles)
 I think we've stayed long enough.

They put down their glasses and, holding hands, move toward
 Proctor to make their good-byes. Proctor is standing near
 the bar, entertaining a small circle of guests.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Kai. Thanks for having us.

PROCTOR
 Gordon. Glad you stopped by.

They shake hands.

GORDON

This isn't awkward at all.

Proctor smiles. But before he can respond...

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT, and a bullet hits the bottles on the wet bar between him and the Hopewells. They jump back in shock.

ON MOODY, his face bruised and swollen, moving wildly through the crowd pointing a .357 Magnum. Moody's mouth, almost devoid of teeth, is a bloody mess.

MOODY

(screaming, drunk)

PROCTOR!!!!

Guests scream and run for cover. Gordon turns, frozen in place, but CARRIE TAKES HIM DOWN HARD just as Moody shoots again. The shot hits the bar, just above Proctor's head as he hits the deck.

Proctor backs up against the bottom of the wet bar. He has nowhere left to go. Carrie and Gordon lie on the ground with a few others in the area between Moody and Proctor.

SLOW-MO: Moody levels his gun at Proctor. Proctor looks up at him with fearless contempt.

MOODY (CONT'D)

(garbled)

Dutchie Motherfucker.

Moody starts to squeeze the trigger, when TWO GUNSHOTS go off and TWO ROUNDS RIP INTO MOODY'S CHEST. MOODY FLIES OFF HIS FEET AND INTO THE POOL.

HARD PAN across to see LUCAS, STANDING SHAKILY UNDER THE ARCHWAY, GUN EXTENDED, blood pouring down his face from a gash on his forehead.

Carrie, Proctor, and everyone else stares at him as he holds onto the archway with one arm for support, straining to stay upright and conscious.

PULL BACK ON THE GRISLY TABLEAU: Moody floats dead in the pool, blood billowing out from him, as the floating paper lanterns swirl and eddy around Moody's corpse.

EXT. AVENUE A IN MANHATTAN'S EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Widow's Peak walks down the sidewalk, limping slightly. We only see the right side of his face. He comes to an unmarked old door between two shops. He looks above the door at an unseen camera. The door CLICKS open.

INT. MR. RABBIT'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous old tavern. In the room's middle is a bar and all around the bar are small tables, some of which hold chess boards. A bartender polishes glasses.

There are four older men, each alone at his own table in front of a chess board. Each smokes and drinks whiskey. Each also wears a black suit and a white shirt.

Pacing between the men, glancing at the chess boards, is the malevolent man we saw for a second in Lucas's dream. He is...

MR. RABBIT, 70, a gangster with a full head of white hair and a large, powerful frame. His face is craggy, creased, with piercing green eyes. He is the same man that Lucas saw in his dream earlier.

Widow's Peak stands waiting. The bartender looks up at him, takes an extra moment to register something about his face. Mr. Rabbit slowly makes his way around the bar. One of the chess players moves a piece, then speaks quietly:

FIRST CHESS-PLAYING MAN
(Ukrainian accent)
Yours-

Rabbit never even looks at the board.

MR. RABBIT
(Ukrainian accent)
Knight to Rook Four.

He reaches Widow's Peak, studies his face for a moment.

SECOND CHESS-PLAYING MAN
Yours-

MR. RABBIT
Pishak to Queen Three.

We slowly pull around to see the left side of Widow's Peak's face, which has been badly burned. Gleaming in his wrecked eye socket is a completely black, brushed metallic orb.

MR. RABBIT (CONT'D)
So, no documents. No software, no
hardware, nothing. Everything at
this hairdresser's - burned.

WIDOW'S PEAK
Yes.

THIRD CHESS-PLAYING MAN
Yours-

MR. RABBIT
(eyes on Widow's Peak)
Queen to Knight Two. Check mate.

Third Chess-Playing Man swears under his breath in the b.g.

A beat passes. Rabbit fixes Widow's Peak with a gaze that
could bore through the core of the Earth.

MR. RABBIT (CONT'D)
You will find them both. Quickly.

CLOSE ON: Rabbit's craggy face, simmering with rage.

SLAM TO BLACK.