

SEEPAGE

By Michael Cornetto

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A white picket fence surrounds a small white steepled church. A concrete walk leads to the front entrance slicing the green front lawn neatly in two. Behind the church silhouettes of mountains stand vigil against the starry sky.

A rumble. Dogs bark. The church bell lightly rings as the church shakes.

Then the rumbling stops and the bell quiets but the dogs continue to bark.

A man, wearing a bulky jacket over his pajamas and holding a flashlight, walks to the entrance of the church and enters. A light is turned on inside. A warm glow emanates from the church windows.

A moment of silence.

A whistling sound that becomes a roar.

The church roof brightens. A swiftly-moving bright light rushes toward it from above. It breaks the roof's surface making as little splash as possible, a perfect dive.

The church windows glow like oblong suns. The bell tolls loudly. Then, the church explodes.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

The once picturesque church is now a charred shell harshly illuminated by two large bright spotlights. All of its windows are shattered. The steeple leans far to the right, impossibly standing.

Yellow-jacketed members of the fire department are positioned about the area doing their respective duties. The fire is nearly out and the spray of their hoses concentrates on hot-spots.

A crowd gathers in the street, watching the scene with a mixture of sadness, curiosity, shock and concern. Some try to push closer to the fire in an attempt to garner more information.

PETER TIMOR(25, male, deputy) is attractive and athletic. He fields questions from the crowd while simultaneously trying to keep everyone a safe distance from the fire. He shoots a disgusted look at

RODGER SMALL(41, male, newspaper reporter), tall and lanky with glasses, has a note pad in his hand. He stands next to JIMMY JEFFERSON(30, male, farmer). Jimmy is short, dressed in tattered clothes. He seems frightened and awe struck.

RODGER SMALL
What did you see Jimmy?

JIMMY JEFFERSON
Like I said, not much. I'm awake, see, 'cause of the quake. And I think. I think I should check up on the animals, you know? Make sure they ain't scared or nothin'.

He looks to Rodger for confirmation. Rodger looks up from his note taking and nods.

JIMMY JEFFERSON
Anyways, they was ok. So I head back inside and it's then I seen it. I seen this greenish glow comin' over from the hills.

Jimmy pauses.

RODGER SMALL
Go on.

Jimmy gulps nervously.

JIMMY JEFFERSON
Well then there's this light and it was flyin'. Flyin' right 'cross the valley. And I think, well, it might be one a those unidentified UFO thingys.

Disappointed, Rodger lowers his note pad.

RODGER SMALL
A UFO?!

JIMMY JEFFERSON
Dunno, 'fore I could tell fer sure it hit the ground. KA-BANG!

A commotion from the crowd catches their attention.

FRONT DOOR

JOHN MULGROVE(48, male, sheriff), tall and fit but just a bit out of shape for his profession, exits the church looking pale in contrast to its charred remains.

CHURCH STREET

The crowd surges. Peter frantically tries to contain them, but is unable. The crowd pushes toward John wanting information, demanding answers.

John silences the crowd.

JOHN MULGROVE

The investigation is not yet complete, but it appears that the cause of this tragedy was a motor vehicle.

The crowd gasps.

JOHN MULGROVE

There were two victims.

Another gasp.

JOHN MULGROVE

The first victim, the driver of the car, will remain unidentified until his family can be notified.

Murmurs from the crowd.

JOHN MULGROVE

The other victim is, was, a pillar of our community -- Pastor Smith.

The crowd erupts with emotion, panic, anger, tears, talk of the devil. Then calls for prayer as members of the crowd fall to their knees.

John watches, sombre.

Rodger weaves his way through the praying crowd.

RODGER SMALL

Sheriff! Sheriff! I have some questions.

JOHN MULGROVE

(sigh)
Yes, Rodger.

RODGER SMALL

Is it true that the vehicle fell from the sky?

The prayers pause to gape at Rodger, then return to their task with increased devotion. John's temper rises.

JOHN MULGROVE
Where the hell did you hear that?

RODGER SMALL
I never reveal my sources.

PETER TIMOR
From Jimmy. He heard it from
Jimmy. Jimmy saw the whole thing.
Didn't you?

Jimmy shyly, guiltily nods.

JOHN MULGROVE
(to Rodger)
You been talking to my witnesses?

PETER TIMOR
I tried to stop him but...

RODGER SMALL
It isn't illegal.

JOHN MULGROVE
No, it isn't, but it sure as hell
ought to be.

John puts his hand on Rodger's shoulder. Rodger flinches.

JOHN MULGROVE
Excuse me Rodger, while I have a
little chat with Jimmy.

Jimmy cringes. John moves close to Rodger, whispering in
his ear.

JOHN MULGROVE
And if you ever interfere with
another of my investigations,
I'll personally give you an
interview you'll never forget.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Main Street, Sheerwood, is a small one block commercial and
municipal area.

JENNY MULGROVE(25, female, waitress), petite but strong,
exits Sally's Snacks. She wears a pink waitress costume
with a white apron. She carries a small cardboard tray
containing three large covered corrugated cardboard cups.

Jenny crosses the street, past a parked sheriff's sedan.

DR SAM DUNN(45, male, doctor), dressed in street clothes,
walks down the sidewalk. He hails her.

DR SAM DUNN
Morning, Jenny.

JENNY MULGROVE
Morning, Doc. Early today? I'd offer you a coffee but...

DR SAM DUNN
Thanks but I have to get to the clinic, uh, there's been an accident. Fatalities.

JENNY MULGROVE
That's terrible! Where? Who?

DR SAM DUNN
Don't know.
(indicating the
sheriff's sedan)
You'll have to ask your dad.

JENNY MULGROVE
I will.

Uncomfortable silence as they watch an ambulance pass by.

DR SAM DUNN
I should be going.

Jenny nods, worried.

DR SAM DUNN
Take care of yourself now.

JENNY MULGROVE
You too, doc.

Distracted, Jenny watches the doctor walk toward the clinic. Then she continues her journey toward the building with a large sheriff's logo on the front window. She enters.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

The small sheriff station is a single room with some doors leading out of it. The furnishings are old fashioned, mostly wood.

A dispatcher's desk sits in the middle of the room. Some empty chairs, a waiting area, line the walls.

BILL SIMMONS(28, male, deputy), runty and mustached, sits at a desk a phone to his ear. He wears a uniform.

Jenny enters holding a tray full of coffee cups, worry on her face.

JENNY MULGROVE
Morning, Bill. I...

Bill holds up his forefinger indicating Jenny should wait. Jenny nods. She places the tray full of coffee on the desk and eavesdrops.

BILL SIMMONS
Soon as we can, Annabelle --
(hand talking gesture)
Have to go, Annabelle -- Goodbye
Annabelle --- Yeah, bye.

Bill hangs up the phone, then sighs.

BILL SIMMONS
Is everyone's cat missing?!

JENNY MULGROVE
Must have been the quake. Scares
them you know.

Bill nods. He grabs a coffee from the tray.

BILL SIMMONS
(a toast)
Thanks.
(takes a sip)
Ah. Really needed it this
morning. Been crazy?

JENNY MULGROVE
Saw Doc. He said there was an,
uh, accident.

BILL SIMMONS
Uh, yeah. At the church. A car
drove into it. You believe that?

JENNY MULGROVE
(gasps)
That where everyone is?

BILL SIMMONS
Naw, they stepped out so we could
be alone.

JENNY MULGROVE
Bill!

BILL SIMMONS
Yeah, they're all there.

JENNY MULGROVE
Someone -- someone died?

Bill is silent.

JENNY MULGROVE
You better tell me Bill Simmons.

BILL SIMMONS
(stands)
OK, I'll tell you, but on one
condition.

JENNY MULGROVE
What?

BILL SIMMONS
You have dinner with me tonight.

JENNY MULGROVE
Not interested.

BILL SIMMONS
(crosses to Jenny)
You'd be if you knew who the
victims were...

JENNY MULGROVE
Victims?!

BILL SIMMONS
Come on Jenny, you went out with
Peter. Give me a chance.

Bill grabs her shoulders. Jenny doesn't flinch.

JENNY MULGROVE
There's a big difference between
you and Peter.

BILL SIMMONS
Yeah, what? I'm a lowly
dispatcher and he's a patrolman?

Bill moves in close. Jenny grabs one of Bill's arms. She spins him around so that his arm is twisted behind his back. She yanks his forearm up toward his neck. Bill yelps in pain.

JENNY MULGROVE
Nope. He's much harder to beat in
a fight.

BILL SIMMONS
Stop! You're hurting me! Ouch!

JENNY MULGROVE
New terms. Tell me who died and I
let you go.

BILL SIMMONS
Pastor Smith...

Jenny frowns. She eases up on Bill's forearm. He tries to squirm away. She yanks his forearm up again. Yelp.

JENNY MULGROVE

And...

BILL SIMMONS

And, uh, your Uncle Tony.

Jenny is expressionless.

JENNY MULGROVE

Aunt Trish?

BILL SIMMONS

Your father's on his way to see her right now.

Jenny releases Bill's arm, pushing him away with disgust.

Bill looks incredulously at Jenny. He rubs his shoulder.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Ridge Road is a treacherous curvy road that climbs the steep mountainsides from Sheerwood proper to Upper Sheerwood. John, inside his SUV, drives along this road. He mutters.

JOHN MULGROVE

I got some bad news for you
Ellen, Tony he, uh, no.

(shakes his head)

Ellen, Tony is dead. Nope. Way
too harsh.

(shakes his head)

Ellen, I, uh

Bump. The sheriff's head hits the roof of the SUV.

JOHN MULGROVE

She-it!

He hits the brake and skids to a stop. In the reflection of the side mirror he sees a large pothole in the road. He picks up the radio handset.

INTERCUT WITH INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

JOHN MULGROVE

Bill. Come in.

BILL SIMMONS

Here.

JOHN MULGROVE

I'm out on Ridge Road. Ran over the biggest pothole I've ever seen. Must've been the quake. Call state. Have 'em send someone to fix it.

BILL SIMMONS

Yeah.

JOHN MULGROVE

Yeah?

BILL SIMMONS

Sorry, sir. Yes sir!

JOHN MULGROVE

And have 'em send an engineer to inspect the dam, check it for damage.

BILL SIMMONS

Mayor's supposed to do that.

JOHN MULGROVE

Did he call in his report?

BILL SIMMONS

No.

JOHN MULGROVE

Well Allen's supposed to do a lot of things he never does.

BILL SIMMONS

Sir?

JOHN MULGROVE

Call the engineer. That's it. Over.

BILL SIMMONS

Uh. Sir?

JOHN MULGROVE

Yeah.

BILL SIMMONS

Jenny was here this morning and I, uh, I sort of told her about Tony.

JOHN MULGROVE

You what?

BILL SIMMONS

Sorry. But she pretty much insisted I tell her and you know how...

JOHN MULGROVE

Shee-it. she ok?

BILL SIMMONS

I'm not sure. I tried to give her a reassuring hug afterwards but she went all crazy. I think she thought I was hitting on her. You believe that? Girls. Crazy, hunh?

John is silent, thoughtful.

BILL SIMMONS

Sir?

JOHN MULGROVE

We'll talk about it later.

BILL SIMMONS

Uh. Yes sir. I guess sir. Uh. And if you see any cats, send them home.

JOHN MULGROVE

What?

BILL SIMMONS

Everyone's cat's missing today. Been getting calls about them all morning.

JOHN MULGROVE

Must be the quake. Scares them, you know.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally's Snacks is a small diner type restaurant. A large counter predominates, fronted by small round swivel stools. A number of booths fill the remaining space.

SALLY GLEASON(45, woman, proprietor), new agey-chick, is behind the counter. She is dressed in a pink waitress costume with a white apron.

SGT MIKE WATSON(21, male, sergeant), dressed in an army uniform, is sitting across from her on a swivel stool.

SALLY GLEASON

What can I get you today, Sarge?

Mike shakes the stool.

SGT MIKE WATSON
How about a shake?

SALLY GLEASON
(laughs)
You already had one today.

SGT MIKE WATSON
Yep. But it was so much fun, I
thought I'd have another.

SALLY GLEASON
Sorry, sweetie, but only one per
customer. That's all I can
handle.

A high pitched bell rings catching Sally's attention.
Jenny enters with a glum look on her face.

SALLY GLEASON
One sec.

Concerned, Sally crosses to Jenny. She brushes her fingers
through Jenny's hair. Jenny starts to speak.

SALLY GLEASON
I heard. You ok?

Jenny nods, half-heartedly.

EXT. CHURCH

The thinning crowd seems to have lost interest. Peter talks
to a tow truck driver. The emergency personnel pack up.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally stands at the door with Jenny.

SALLY GLEASON
Want to take the day off? Go
home?

JENNY MULGROVE
No. I'm ok. Working will keep my
mind off it.

SALLY GLEASON
Ok. But let me know if you need
anything. Anything at all. Ok
sweetie?

JENNY MULGROVE

Ok.

Sally gives Jenny a noisy hug.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

John drives slowly along an inside curve of the road. Through his open window he examines a large concrete dam that is set a small distance back from the road.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Jenny crosses to the counter and grabs a pitcher full of ice water. She tries to smile as she refills the water glasses of two army men who are sitting at the counter.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

At the beginning of an outer curve the SUV slows. The church sits in the valley below sending up pale wisps of smoke.

The SUV stops. John exits. He walks toward the cliff at the edge of the road. Tire tracks are visible on the small dirt shoulder, they lead off of the cliff through the broken and bent guardrail.

John scans the scene. Then he peers over the edge of the cliff, the hole in the roof of the church is directly in front of and below him.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Jenny crosses toward a booth, a pitcher of water in her hand. MILLIE ANDERSON(58, woman, resident) and SANDY HOFFMAN(55, woman, resident), are seated in the booth.

MILLIE ANDERSON

And I hear it wasn't an accident.

Jenny stops a short distance away and eavesdrops on the unaware women.

SANDY HOFFMAN

No. Do tell.

MILLIE ANDERSON

Molly told me that Ellen Mc
Grueder was havin' an affair with
Pastor Smith.

SANDY HOFFMAN

Oh, my.

MILLIE ANDERSON

Tony must've found out about it.
'Cause he headed directly to the
church to confront the reverend.

SANDY HOFFMAN

Really?

MILLIE ANDERSON

Yep. But somethin' must of
snapped. He went berserk. Drove
straight into the church. It...

Millie becomes aware of Jenny and she stops talking.

SANDY HOFFMAN

It. It what?

Sandy follows Millie's stare and starts as she spots Jenny.
Sandy slumps in her seat, embarrassed. Millie smiles.

MILLIE ANDERSON

Oh, yes, I'll have some dear.

Uncomfortably, Jenny pours them some water.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

The sheriff's SUV enters a small wooded unmarked road, the
Mc Grueder's driveway.

EXT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

John parks the SUV in front of the garage. He exits the SUV
and crosses to the front door of an expensive faux-rustic
house, muttering.

JOHN MULGROVE

Ellen. I'm sorry but I have some
terrible news for you...

He rings the doorbell then closes his eyes.

TRISH MULGROVE(46, woman, artist), salt of the earth,
stands in the doorway. She is dressed in a paint stained
smock. Her smile becomes a frown.

JOHN MULGROVE

Ellen, I'm...

John opens his eyes. Surprise. He smiles.

JOHN MULGROVE

Trish!?

TRISH MULGROVE

John. What are you doing here?

JOHN MULGROVE

I...uh...Come home, Trish.
Please.

TRISH MULGROVE

No.

She slams the door. John stops it with his foot.

JOHN MULGROVE

Don't you shut me out!

TRISH MULGROVE

I've got nothing else to say to
say to you.

JOHN MULGROVE

Well I got plenty more to say!

TRISH MULGROVE

What? It won't happen again? You
were weak? I should forgive you?

JOHN MULGROVE

Damn right!

TRISH MULGROVE

Well you've already told me that.
So get the hell out of here or...

JOHN MULGROVE

Or what?

TRISH MULGROVE

Or I'll tell Jenny why I really
left.

JOHN MULGROVE

You wouldn't...

TRISH MULGROVE

I would. She still working for
that woman?

JOHN MULGROVE

Look. Trish. I didn't come here
to argue...

TRISH MULGROVE

Then why did you come here, John?
To beg my forgiveness? To..

JOHN MULGROVE
 No. I'm here to speak with Ellen.
 Tony's dead.

Shocked, Trish steps back from the door.

A scream. The door slowly swings opens to reveal ELLEN MC Grueder(45, woman, resident), dressed tastefully, pants with a blouse, standing behind Trish.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 TONY! NOOOOOOOO!

Ellen falls to the floor, in tears, moaning.

JOHN MULGROVE
 She-it.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally is reading the MIDNIGHT INQUIRER, the front page claiming UFOS ABDUCTED MY BABY.

Mike stands in front of the register. He clears his throat. Sally looks up and smiles.

SGT MIKE WATSON
 You believe that garbage.

SALLY GLEASON
 Every word.

She laughs then folds the newspaper and places it on the counter, headline out.

SALLY GLEASON
 Need something more, sweetie?

MIKE WATSON
 Wanna settle up.

He hands her money.

SALLY GLEASON
 That was quick. You probably hardly tasted it.

MIKE WATSON
 Not true. It tasted real good, filled me up nice. But I gotta get over to the base.

SALLY GLEASON
 Problems?

She glances down at the MIDNIGHT INQUIRER then whispers jokingly.

SALLY GLEASON
One of those secret project gone
terribly wrong?

MIKE WATSON
(cover-up)
No, uh, inspections, uh, 'cause
of the quake.

Sally, glances at him oddly, then with a smile she hands him his change.

SALLY GLEASON
I won't keep you then.

The bell on the door rings as the lovely MARYBETH MIDDLETON(25, woman, resident) enters the establishment. She dresses smartly casual.

Jenny turns from the table she bussess and notices Marybeth.

JENNY MULGROVE
MB!

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Jen!

Jenny drops what she is doing and crosses to meet Marybeth. When they meet they air kiss.

JENNY MULGROVE
Glad you see you made it through
the quake ok.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
(distracted)
Yeah. Happy to see you're ok too.

JENNY MULGROVE
You don't sound it. What's up?

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Um, Nothing.

JENNY MULGROVE
(skeptical)
MB.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Ok. I'm worried about Peter. I
tried calling him but... Your Dad
didn't happen to mention anything
-- like where Peter might be?

JENNY MULGROVE
He's probably over at the church.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
The church? On a Thursday? He
isn't that religious.

JENNY MULGROVE
You didn't hear?

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Hear what?

JENNY MULGROVE
(whisper)
There was a big accident over at
the church.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Oh No. Anyone hurt?

JENNY MULGROVE
(nods)
Dead.
(Marybeth gasps)
Pastor Smith.
(Marybeth gasps again)
And my Uncle Tony.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Oh no, I'm so sorry.

JENNY MULGROVE
'snot your fault. I'll miss the
Pastor. But I wasn't too fond of
Uncle Tony.

Jenny wrinkles her nose. Marybeth gives an understanding
nod. Jenny sighs.

JENNY MULGROVE
Anyways, I betcha anything that's
where Pete is.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Maybe I should head over there,
see if he's ok.

JENNY MULGROVE
Go for it. He's probably as
worried about you as you are
about him.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
(perking up)
You think?

JENNY MULGROVE
I do. And I know Pete.

Jenny is embarrassed. Marybeth's eyes narrow. An uncomfortable silence.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Well then, maybe I should have
some breakfast first. Let him
stew a bit before I see him.

They laugh, breaking the tension. Then they cross toward the booth Jenny was bussing.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

John helps the grieving Ellen into the lounge room. Trish nervously follows.

JOHN MULGROVE
(to Trish)
Go make some tea!

Trish rushes off toward the kitchen. Water runs.

John helps Ellen to the sofa. He sits silently in a nearby chair watching her.

Ellen wipes her eyes on the sleeve of her blouse.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I could use some...

Trish enters holding a box of tissues.

TRISH MULGROVE
Tissues?

Ellen nods. Trish hands the box to Ellen then sits next to her. Ellen pulls out a tissue and dabs her eyes.

JOHN MULGROVE
I'm sorry you had to hear the way
you did. I'm thinking maybe I
should come back a bit later...

John stands.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I want to know what happened.

Horrified, Trish looks at John.

JOHN MULGROVE
I don't think...

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 Now, John. My husband is dead and
 I would like to -- I deserve to
 know how it happened.

Silence. Then a tea kettle whistles.

John sits, nervous.

JOHN MULGROVE
 You're sure?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 Yes. I'm sure.

Trish stands, uncomfortable, wringing her hands.

TRISH MULGROVE
 I'll get the tea.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Marybeth is seated in a booth. Jenny stands nearby.

JENNY MULGROVE
 ...then he hit on me.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
 He didn't!

JENNY MULGROVE
 He did. I couldn't believe it.
 But I got him good.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
 What'd you do?

JENNY MULGROVE
 I used...

JEFF THICKET(50, male, farm supplies), brawny, dressed in
 blue collar work attire is seated in a nearby booth. He
 frantically waves his arm. CINDY THICKET(50, woman,
 resident), looking unhappy, is seated with him.

JEFF THICKET
 Excuse me. Excuse me. Jenny.
 Jenny?

JENNY MULGROVE
 (quickly, to Marybeth)
 I'll finish the story later.
 Bring you the usual?

Marybeth nods.

Irritated, Jenny lifts the gray plastic box filled with dishes before she crosses toward Jeff and Cindy.

JENNY MULGROVE
 What can I get you, Jeff?
 (she nods to Cindy)
 Cindy.

Cindy nods back. Jeff holds up an empty water jug.

JEFF THICKET
 More water.

Jenny frowns then whisks the jug from the table, rolling her eyes as she turns and hurries toward the counter.

CINDY THICKET
 You could have been a bit nicer
 to her, Jeff.

JEFF THICKET
 She's a sinner dear, like so many
 others in this town.

CINDY THICKET
 She's the sheriff's daughter. I
 doubt John would let her sin too
 awfully much.

JEFF THICKET
 Don't forget. It was her uncle
 that was responsible for the
 Pastor's death. It runs in her
 family.

CINDY THICKET
 You don't know that. It's just
 gossip.

JEFF THICKET
 I know -- I know -- Like Red
 knows. Red knows what's happening
 in this town that's why he's
 gone. He doesn't want to be here
 when the devil...

Cindy grimaces.

CINDY THICKET
 (louder than expected)
 Oh snap the hell out of it.

Jeff sneers at Cindy. Cindy scans to room to see if anyone is watching. Then continues softly.

CINDY THICKET
 Red was frightened by the quake.

JEFF THICKET

You weren't at the church. You didn't see it. That's why you don't believe.

Cindy hrumpfs in disbelief and anger.

JEFF THICKET

Mark my words. It's only a matter of time before the final battle begins. And there's only one way for us to win. We have to be pure. As pure as ...

CINDY THICKET

(understanding)
The water we drink.

Jeff nods.

CINDY THICKET

Is that why you're drinking so much water? I thought you'd gone diabetic.

EXT. JACKSON STREET

The house lined street is empty of traffic. One wire-fence enclosed yard sports a mailbox with the name TIMOR in large letters. An open gate welcomes visitors.

RED an Irish Setter enters near the open gate. He barks.

He takes a few steps further up the street and then barks again.

Quiet meows. Red whimpers. Then another bark.

With curiosity Red watches as three cats saunter in and sit in a roughly triangular formation directly in front of him. At the apex, closest to him, is BLACKIE a coal black cat. Flanking Blackie are MAXI, a tabby cat, and BOOTS, white with black feet.

The low rumbling of their purrs causes Red to cock his head.

Cautiously Red moves closer to Blackie. He sniffs the air. Coldly, in unison the three cats watch him move.

With his nose against Blackie's fur, Red takes a big loud sniff.

Blackie doesn't flinch, he stares directly into the eyes of the large coppery creature that invades his space.

Another bark. This time so close to Blackie that his fur ripples from the forced air. Blackie narrows his eyes.

He gracefully lifting his paw, claws out, and makes a sound like a strangled baby. Then he swipes Red's nose. Blood spurts from the four parallel scratches.

Red yelps, he steps back in surprise, and then barks.

Maxi screeches, a kamikaze tabby leaping at the dog, his claws extended forward. He hits Red on his side, tearing at Red's skin as he slips to the ground. Red yowls.

Blackie bites Red's leg. Red growls angrily, opens his jaws, moves his head so that his sharp teeth surround Blackie's body. He's ready to snap down when his face is pushed away by Boots as Boots slams into the side of his head.

Red cries as he spins around toward the open gate. He tries to escape his attackers. But more cats block his way as they rush hungrily through the open gate toward him. Red whimpers.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Ellen and Trish sit on the sofa, John on a chair, their teas in front of them on a coffee table.

Ellen dabs her eyes but tears still flow, Trish watches her with concern.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

I told him time and again -- be careful driving on Ridge Road, especially late at night, especially when he...

Ellen sobs, Trish pats Ellen's knee.

JOHN MULGROVE

(suspicious)

When he what Ellen? Where was Tony tonight?

Ellen looks guarded, less teary.

JOHN MULGROVE

Was he drinking?

TRISH MULGROVE

(sharply)

John!

(to Ellen)

You don't have to answer his questions...

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 (faking a swoon)
 I think I need to lie down.

Ellen lies back. Trish stands. She helps Ellen get comfortable on the couch. Awkwardly, John stands nearby.

TRISH MULGROVE
 Need a pillow?

Ellen nods. Trish places a pillow under Ellen's head.

JOHN MULGROVE
 I should go.

TRISH MULGROVE
 Good idea.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 I'm sorry I...

JOHN MULGROVE
 No need. I'll come by and check on you later.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 Thank you, John.

John nods sadly.

TRISH MULGROVE
 I'll walk you to the door.
 (to Ellen)
 You'll be ok?

Ellen nods. Trish grabs John's elbow and leads him toward the

FRONT DOOR

Trish and John whisper near the open door.

TRISH MULGROVE
 Tony doesn't drink. You know that.

JOHN MULGROVE
 I suppose I do. But where was he last night? Do you know?

TRISH MULGROVE
 No. Not really. But thinking about it, Ellen was a bit angry with him. She said something about a business trip. One he did every month.

JOHN MULGROVE
 You thinking he maybe had another
 woman on the side?

TRISH MULGROVE
 He wouldn't be the first man to
 try that, now would he?

John lowers his head in shame.

JOHN MULGROVE
 Trish I...

He looks at Trish. She stares back, angrily. John turns
 and without a word he exits. Trish closes the front door.

EXT. CHURCH

Peter takes one last look at the scene of the accident then
 enters his sheriff's sedan.

EXT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

John Mulgrove sits inside the SUV. He turns it around then
 drives out the driveway onto Ridge Road, toward town.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

In the direction opposite the one taken by John, Ridge Road
 continues along the mountains. Parked near the Mc Greuder
 driveway on this section of road, hidden from sight by the
 thick foliage, sits a silver Lincoln Town Car. In the
 shadowed interior of this car is the silhouette of a man.
 The door of the car opens.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Jeff and Cindy stand near the register. Sally smiles as
 she hands Jeff his change.

SALLY GLEASON
 Thanks, Jeff. See you on
 Saturday?

JEFF THICKET
 Saturday?

He looks to Cindy, confused.

CINDY THICKET
 The church social.
 (to Sally)
 (MORE)

CINDY THICKET (cont'd)
Yes. And looking forward to it
too. You catering again?

SALLY GLEASON
Yep. Going to try out some new
dishes on the captives.

CINDY THICKET
How exciting! What new dishes?.

SALLY GLEASON
A surprise. My lips are
sealed...

JEFF THICKET
Good let's go then.

CINDY THICKET
Jeff!
(to Sally)
Don't mind him. Red ran away this
morning and he wants to drive
around town looking for him.

SALLY GLEASON
Awww! Sorry to hear that Jeff. He
was probably scared by the quake.

CINDY THICKET
See! I told you. Sally thinks so
too.

SALLY GLEASON
Yeah. He's probably back home
waiting to be fed.

CINDY THICKET
Just like a man.

The girls giggle. Jeff frowns. He turns toward the door.

JEFF THICKET
I'll be waiting in the car.

The bell rings as Jeff exits. Concerned, Cindy watches him
leave. She grimaces.

CINDY THICKET
I better go too. See you
Saturday.

Sally nods.

SALLY GLEASON
Ok. See you sweetie.

Cindy heads toward the door.

SALLY GLEASON
Good luck finding Red.

Cindy nods. The bell rings as she exits.

EXT. PARK STREET

Peter Timor drives down the street in the sheriff's sedan.

ROBERT JENNINGS (60, male, retired) is in front of his house boarding up a shattered window.

Peter pulls over, stops the car, and leans out the window.

PETER TIMOR
Hey Bob! What happened?

Robert turns around.

ROBERT JENNINGS
Damn kid broke my window.

PETER TIMOR
Know who did it?

ROBERT JENNINGS
My grandson!

PETER TIMOR
Andy's boy? Charlie?

ROBERT JENNINGS
Yeah. Must of been drinkin'
'cause he was actin' strange.

PETER TIMOR
This time of the morning?

ROBERT JENNINGS
Well he ain't been quite right
since his mother died.

PETER TIMOR
Want me to bring him in. Give him
a bit of a scare.

ROBERT JENNINGS
Naw. Family matter. I'll handle
it.

Robert lifts another piece of wood up to the window.

PETER TIMOR
Ok. Call me if you change your
mind.

ROBERT JENNINGS

Ok.

PETER TIMOR

You want some help with that window.

ROBERT JENNINGS

No. I'll be fine. Thanks.

PETER TIMOR

No problem. Say hello to Marge for me.

Robert nods. Peter drives off.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

John drives past the dam.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally is at the cash register with Marybeth. Jenny scrubs the counter a fair distance away, she eavesdrops.

SALLY GLEASON

\$7.95. You Going to the social this weekend?

Marybeth opens her purse, fishes around for the money.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

No.

SALLY GLEASON

No?

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

I think Peter is planning to take me to San Francisco.

Jenny's is surprised and a bit angry. Marybeth hands Sally some cash. Sally accepts it.

SALLY GLEASON

SF? Great! Can I go too?

They both laugh.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

I'd say yes, but I think he wants it to be a romantic weekend.

SALLY GLEASON

Oh, one of those.

Sally winks and smiles as she hands Marybeth her change.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Thanks. See you Sally.

SALLY GLEASON
Have fun, dear.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Will do.
(louder)
See you Jen!

Jenny looks up from her scrubbing.

JENNY MULGROVE
Oh. Hey. Wait up.
(to Sally)
Can I take a quick break?

SALLY GLEASON
Of course sweetie, make it quick
though, ok?

JENNY MULGROVE
I promise.

Sally chuckles. Jenny hurries over to Marybeth. The bell on the door rings as they walk out of the restaurant.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

HOWARD SIMMS(30, male) stands near a large dark pothole in the road, a shovel in his hand. He wears bluish gray work clothes that are covered by an orange vest.

An orange truck is parked on the shoulder. Numerous orange traffic cones are set up around the pothole to protect him.

He grabs the tip of the handle of the shovel and lowers the shovel into the hole, he kneels as the shovel continues unimpeded down the hole. Curious.

The sheriff's SUV barrels around the corner. Brakes screech.

Howard looks up, surprise, panic on his face as he sees the oncoming vehicle.

The SUV swerves heading toward the shoulder, toward the orange truck, toward the steep mountainside. Traffic cones gather beneath its chassis.

Howard tumbles away but knocks into the shovel. The shovel raises a bit, sticking in the hole at an angle, thwarting his tumble attempt.

The SUV stops, one wheel on the edge of the cliff.

Howard lies on the road.

John hops out of the SUV. He hurries over to Howard and helps him up.

JOHN MULGROVE

You ok?

HOWARD SIMMS

Yeah.

JOHN MULGROVE

Didn't expect you'd be here so soon.

Howard dusts himself off.

HOWARD SIMMS

I was bored, in the neighborhood, thought I'd drop by for some excitement.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish stands in front of her easel near a window in an attic room. She applies copious amounts of green paint to a cloud like area of a large abstract painting.

From downstairs, the sound of clanging metal.

TRISH MULGROVE

(shouts)

Ellen?!

Clanging.

TRISH MULGROVE

Ellen!?

Irritated, Trish plops the brush into a coffee tin full of dirty liquid and brushes that sits on her materials table. Some of the liquid splashes onto her fingers.

Clanging.

TRISH MULGROVE

ELLEN!?

She rubs her eye with her contaminated fingers. She winces.

TRISH MULGROVE

Dammit.

She runs toward the

SMALL BATHROOM

She turns on the sink and rinses her eye.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Jenny and Marybeth stand outside of Sally's Snacks. Jenny is a bit angry.

JENNY MULGROVE

Why didn't you tell me Pete was taking you to SF this weekend?

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

I forgot.

JENNY MULGROVE

MB.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

Ok. I was uncomfortable. I know how you feel about him. And I know how he feels about you too.

JENNY MULGROVE

I -- feel -- Pete and I grew up together. We're close friends, that's all.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

Unh-hunh.

JENNY MULGROVE

Really. Nothing romantic. We tried that. Didn't work. You know that!

TOMMY MIDDLETON (O.S.)

Marybeth!

The both look up the street to the

SEWER GRATE

TOMMY MIDDLETON(15, male) waves.

SALLY'S SNACKS

Marybeth waves back.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

Tommy!

JENNY MULGROVE

Oh, he's getting so big. He looks just like your father.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

Yep. Listen. I gotta go.

JENNY MULGROVE

MB!

MARYBETH MIDDLETON

Jenny, oh, I gotta go. We'll talk later, ok?

JENNY MULGROVE

Ok.

They air kiss. Jenny watches sadly as Marybeth walks up the street.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish steps into the lounge room, her tainted eye bright red. Ellen is asleep on the sofa. Trish stares at her curiously.

A cabinet slamming. Trish's head turns toward its origin, the kitchen.

She hurries to the sofa and shakes Ellen.

TRISH MULGROVE

(whispered)

Ellen. Ellen.

Ellen wakes up, groggy.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Trish.

TRISH MULGROVE

Shhh!

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

You been crying?

TRISH MULGROVE

Shhh! No, got turps in my eye.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Oh. You poor...

TRISH MULGROVE

Shhh!

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Stop shushing me!

A cabinet slamming. Both look toward the sound.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

What was that?

TRISH MULGROVE

Someone's in the house.

Ellen's eyes go wide.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

John and Howard stand in the road near the pothole. With a sharp tug, Howard pulls the shovel out of the hole.

HOWARD SIMMS

Don't look like any pothole I've ever seen. And it's deep too.

JOHN MULGROVE

How deep?

HOWARD SIMMS

Dunno. Further than my shovel'll reach.

Howard leans over the hole and peers inside.

HOWARD SIMMS

Don't see no bottom.

Howard kneels near the hole.

HOWARD SIMMS

Do me a favor. Grab the flashlight off the seat of my truck, will ya?

JOHN MULGROVE

Ok.

John hurries over to the orange truck, opens the door and retrieves a large flashlight.

Howard lays on the road on his stomach with his face directly over the hole.

A rumble. The earth shakes. John leans against the truck.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

The lounge room shakes. Trish sits down. Ellen sits up. They hold each other, frightened.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The ground shakes. Jenny wobbles. She tries to steady herself by holding onto the storefront of Sally's Snacks.

SEWER GRATE

Marybeth grabs hold of Tommy. Then the shaking stops.

A whistling sound. A plume thick green steam issues from the sewer grate. It wafts in the breeze.

Marybeth and Tommy stare at the plume.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish and Ellen untangle. Breaking glass.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
The quake?

Trish shrugs.

Then the anguished cry of an unidentified man.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
Where the fuck are they?

Fists pound a wall. A door slams open. Footsteps come closer. Ellen and Trish whisper.

TRISH MULGROVE
C'mon.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Where?

TRISH MULGROVE
Out of here.

Trish grabs Ellen by the hand and pulls her off the sofa.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

The pothole begins to whistle. Howard, his head directly over the hole, winces. He covers his ears.

John hurries toward Howard.

JOHN MULGROVE
Get away from there!

A thick plume of green steam issues from the hole, enveloping Howard's head. Horrified, John stops in his tracks.

The plume wafts toward John. He jumps away from it.

Howard stands. His head leaves the plume, a smirk on his reddened face.

JOHN MULGROVE
You alright? What the hell is that?

Howard bends down to pick up his shovel. He crosses toward John. John takes a step forward.

JOHN MULGROVE
Hey! I asked if you were ok.

The plume wafts toward John. He jumps away from it.

HOWARD SIMMS
And I heard you.

He bangs the shaft of the shovel against his open hand.

HOWARD SIMMS
I was preparing an answer.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Concerned, Jenny watches Marybeth and Tommy at the

SEWER GRATE

Tommy is fascinated by the plume. He reaches out to touch it but Marybeth holds him back. He jerks away from Marybeth's grasp.

CORNER MAIN STREET AND PARK STREET

Peter, driving a sheriff's sedan, turns the corner onto Main street.

SALLY'S SNACKS

Jenny walks up the street to the

SEWER GRATE

Tommy nears the plume.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Get away from there.

In defiance, Tommy sniffs the plume. He wrinkles his nose.

TOMMY MIDDLETON
Yeech!

Marybeth grabs his arm and pulls him away from the plume. Tommy smirks.

UP THE STREET

As he drives, Peter watches Marybeth and Tommy wrestling. Strange. Then he spies Jenny walking toward them. A smile.

SEWER GRATE

Tommy tries to squirm away from Marybeth but she holds him tightly.

TOMMY MIDDLETON
I'm not a kid anymore. You can't
tell me what to do. I hate
adults. I hate you.

He kicks Marybeth.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Ouch. Dammit.

She shakes him.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
What's got into you Tommy, stop
it!

TOMMY MIDDLETON
No. I'll never stop. Not until
you're all dead.

Marybeth is aghast. She stops struggling.

MARYBETH MIDDLETON
Tommy!

Tommy pushes her away, off toward the street, directly into the plume. Then he runs off.

Jenny arrives. She watches Tommy's escape, watches Marybeth careen through the plume and into the street, watches as a smirk appears on Marybeth's face.

Peter watches Jenny's expression turn from concern to worry, watches as Jenny's gaze shifts toward the road. He follows her gaze.

Marybeth stands in the middle of the road, staring Peter down, hatred in her eyes, a smirk on her face.

Peter hits the brakes, they screech.

Jenny watches in horror as the sheriff's sedan knocks Marybeth through the air and into a parked car on the side of the street.

Peter hops from the car.

PETER TIMOR

Marybeth!

He runs to Marybeth, holds her inert body. Jenny joins him, tears stream down her cheeks.

A crowd gathers.

JENNY MULGROVE

Somebody get to the clinic. Tell them we need help.

A man runs from the crowd.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Howard, a smirk on his face and a shovel in his hand, steps forward. The sheriff holds a flashlight, he steps back.

HOWARD SIMMS

You know, you could of killed me.
You should really pay more
attention to the road.

Howard smacks the shaft of the shovel against his open palm, then takes another step forward. John takes another step back, his back presses against the orange truck.

JOHN MULGROVE

Yeah, uh, sorry about that...

John puts his hand on his holstered revolver.

HOWARD SIMMS

Sorry! Sorry doesn't cut it man.
People like you kill us.

(MORE)

HOWARD SIMMS (cont'd)
I'm just gonna have give you a
driving lesson.

Howard smacks the shaft of the shovel against his open palm.

HOWARD SIMMS
I'm gonna drive this shovel right
through your head. And I can
tell you right now, it's really
gonna hurt.

The sheriff pulls his revolver from its holster, he points it at Howard.

Howard laughs as he raises the shovel above his head. He takes a step forward.

John shoots hitting Howard in the shoulder. A pained pause.

Then, as Howard falls forward, the shovel blade races toward John's head.

John shifts to his left. The shovel narrowly misses him. It makes a dull clang against the orange truck. Then, limply, Howard falls to the ground.

Still pointing his gun at Howard, John kicks the shovel toward the plume.

The plume wafts in the breeze. It wafts toward John.

John jumps over Howard's body to escape the path of the plume. He lands on Howard's arm, loses his balance and falls. As he hits the ground, his gun flies away.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Fabric ripping below. Trish and Ellen quietly climb the stairs. They whisper.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Where are we going?

TRISH MULGROVE
To my room.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Your room. Why?

TRISH MULGROVE
It's got a lock.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
So does the bathroom.

TRISH MULGROVE
Mine's better.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Footsteps below. Ellen stops.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Why don't we just go outside?

TRISH MULGROVE
It's a bit late for that now.

Ellen stops.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I think we can make it.

Ellen moves toward the stairs. Trish grabs her arm and stops her.

TRISH MULGROVE
Well I don't. He'll see us for sure.

Drawers bang below.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
You should call John.

TRISH MULGROVE
I'm not going to call John.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
This is not the time to be stubborn.

TRISH MULGROVE
I'm not being stubborn. We don't need his help.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
You're going to forgive him eventually, you know.

TRISH MULGROVE
(loudly, angry)
Well, nobody goddamn asked you!

UNIDENTIFIED MAN
I hear you, Ellen.

Footsteps on the stairs.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

He knows me?

(shouts)

Who the hell are you? Is that
you Arthur?

Trish pulls Ellen toward the attic door. Ellen resists.

TRISH MULGROVE

Let's go.

Ellen gives in. They enter the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The paramedics arrive. They try to lift Marybeth onto a
stretcher but, distraught, Peter holds her tightly.

PETER TIMOR

Don't touch her.

Jenny watches with teary eyes. Rodger is in the crowd. He
is smiling, taking notes. Peter cries.

PETER TIMOR

Maaarybeeeth! Maaarybeeeth!

PAUL REDDING(24, male, paramedic) stands near Peter.

PAUL REDDING

Come on, Pete. Let her go. She
needs to get to the clinic.

PETER TIMOR

You caaaan't move her. You'll
huuurt her.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish and Ellen race up the attic stairs. They enter a door
at the top.

ATTIC STUDIO

There are several locks on the doors, the standard one on
the knob, a chain and a deadlock. Trish locks them all.
Ellen is amazed.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

When you put these in?

Trish looks at her with a guilty expression.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
You put these in because of Tony,
didn't you? Didn't you?!

Trish nods shyly.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
That son of a bitch!

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

As he stands John hears a scraping sound behind him. Over his shoulder he sees Howard retrieving his shovel.

John feels his holster. No gun. He scans the area searching for his weapon.

Howard approaches, shovel raised, smirk on his face, fire in his eyes. The green steam wafts across Howard's path but Howard plows right through it.

John spots his revolver in the dirt on the shoulder of the road.

Howard swings the shovel in a downward motion, toward John.

John dashes for his gun but the shovel hits him on the leg, he staggers as he continues on toward his gun.

Shovel raised again, Howard chases after John.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The paramedics try to pull Peter away but he grasps Marybeth tighter. Marybeth's body shakes as they pull at Peter's arms, blood squirts from her mouth. Frustrated, the paramedics stop.

Jenny steps forward, she puts her hand on Peter's shoulder, she gently shakes him.

JENNY MULGROVE
Pete? Pete?

Peter turns his head toward her, eyes unfocused and red, a pained expression on his face.

JENNY MULGROVE
Let her go, Pete. You're hurting
her.

Peter looks at Marybeth, he sees the blood seeping from her mouth. He releases her suddenly, stepping back, horrified.

The paramedics move in quickly, transferring Marybeth to the stretcher.

PETER TIMOR

An accident -- it was -- I...

Jenny hugs him, comforts him, pats his back gently. Peter puts his arms around her, his cheek on the top of her head, he weeps.

A horn beeps.

Peter looks up the street toward the

SEWER GRATE

There is traffic behind the sheriff's sedan that Pete left in the street. One of the cars beeps it's horn.

ACCIDENT SCENE

Peter glances over his shoulder at the paramedics as they carry Marybeth away.

A horn beeps. He wipes his eyes.

PETER TIMOR

I -- I should move the car. It's blocking traffic.

JENNY MULGROVE

I'll come with you.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish leans back against the door of the attic studio. Ellen stands in front of her.

TRISH MULGROVE

Who's Arthur?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Arthur?

TRISH MULGROVE

You said he was Arthur.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

A business associate of -- Tony's -- I've only met him a couple of times but he gave me the...

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)

Ellen? Ellen?

TRISH MULGROVE
You think it's him?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I don't know?

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
Where are they Ellen?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
His voice it sounds so
familiar...

TRISH MULGROVE
To me too, and I don't know
Aurthur. What does he want?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
How the hell would I know?

A door slams open below.

TRISH MULGROVE
If we can figure out what he
wants, then maybe...

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I'm not negotiating with a, uh, a
terrorist, not today anyway. I've
had just about enough...

Stairs creak.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
Ellen? Come out. Come out.
Wherever you are.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
(losing it)
What the fuck do you want?!

Ellen pushes Trish away from the door.

TRISH MULGROVE
Ellen, what...

Ellen unlocks the standard lock. Trish watches in horror.

TRISH MULGROVE
No.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
You know what I want?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I don't. Even if I did I wouldn't
give it to you.

Ellen unlocks the dead bolt.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
So just get the hell out of my
house.

More stairs creak. The doorknob turns. Ellen has her hand on the chain lock, she is sliding it back when Trish pushes Ellen away from the door.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Let me go. I'm not afraid of
that...

TRISH MULGROVE
I'm going to call John.

The door opens a crack but is stopped by the chain.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
Ellen. Let me in, Ellen.

TRISH MULGROVE
Get in the bathroom.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
You've got them, haven't you.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
But...

TRISH MULGROVE
No buts.

Ellen nods. She runs into to the small bathroom. Trish follows grabbing her mobile off the bed stand on the way.

Trish shuts the bathroom door.

The unidentified man slams himself against the attic door. The door flies open.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

With sparks and a metallic clang, the shovel hits the macadam. The sheriff grabs his gun. Poised on the edge of the cliff, he stands, turns, and aims.

Another swing of the shovel knocks the gun away before he can shoot and disturbs his precarious balance. He grabs at air, his hands searching for perches, trying to steady himself.

As Howard raises the shovel it comes within reach of the John's hand and he grabs it, steadying himself.

Howard jerks the shovel, trying to free it from John's grasp, but only succeeds in pulling John to an upright position.

They struggle for control of the shovel at the edge of the cliff, John winning when

A mobile ring tone plays, the C.O.P.S. theme.

John reflexively feels his pockets looking for his mobile, momentarily letting go of the shovel. Howard pushes John back.

John frantically waves his arms trying to maintain his balance. He glances down the scrubby steep mountainside. Then up at the smirking Howard who puts his lips together and blows.

Shocked, John falls over the edge and into the scrub below. He screams as he falls.

Howard roars in victory. Behind him the green plume wafts in the wind.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish and Ellen are crowded into the small bathroom, Ellen sits on the toilet, Trish leans against the door. Trish has her mobile phone to her ear, she looks disappointed.

TRISH MULGROVE

No answer! Damn.

Trish is bumped away from the door as the unidentified man slams his body against the other side.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Try the station.

Trish dials again.

Bump. The door bulges inward.

INT. SHERIFF STATION

The phone on the dispatcher's desk rings. No one answers. No one is inside the station. The front door is wide open.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Bill stands in front of the police station. He watches the paramedics carry Marybeth away.

Rodger Small follows Jenny and Peter as they head up the street toward the sedan.

SEWER GRATE

Jenny and Peter head toward the sheriff's sedan. The green plume catches Jenny's attention.

JENNY MULGROVE

Pete.

PETER TIMOR

Yeah.

JENNY MULGROVE

See that?

Jenny points to the plume. Peter follows her finger.

PETER TIMOR

Yeah.

JENNY MULGROVE

What is it?

PETER TIMOR

I don't know. Some kind of smoke? Maybe a fire in the sewer.

Curious, Peter crossed toward the plume. Jenny follows. The breeze points the plume away from them, they get very close. Pete protectively holds out an arm preventing Jenny from getting any closer.

JENNY MULGROVE

It looks toxic.

PETER TIMOR

Yeah, it does. Let's tell Sam.

They turn to leave but the breeze changes direction and the plume whips toward them. They are enveloped in the green steam.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

The bathroom door bursts open knocking Trish against Ellen, knocking the mobile from Trish's hand.

Both women scream.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Rodger watches as the plume surrounding Jenny and Peter dissipates. They stand, motionless for a moment, smirks on their faces.

Then they argue, Rodger strains to hear what they are saying. He steps forward.

Jenny slaps Peter. Peter pushes her away then he runs toward the sedan.

Rodger hails them.

RODGER SMALL
Jenny. Peter. I have some questions.

Jenny rushes past, bumping into him as she passes. She mutters.

RODGER SMALL
Jenny?

She ignores him. More muttering. He watches her as she hurries down the street.

The sheriff's sedan comes up quickly behind her, Peter at the wheel.

RODGER SMALL
Look out...

Jenny scoots between two parked cars. The sedan scrapes against the cars but misses Jenny.

As Peter drives off, Jenny raises her fist.

JENNY MULGROVE
You asshole! You'll pay for that!

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

ALLEN ROUND (55, male, mayor), a large man, stands outside of the bathroom door, a smirk on his face. He points a small automatic at Trish and Ellen.

ALLEN ROUND
Ah, two for the price of one.

TRISH MULGROVE
Allen?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
So, this is what you do when you aren't managing City Hall?

ALLEN ROUND
Shut up. Where are they?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Where are what?

ALLEN ROUND

The pictures.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

What pictures?

ALLEN ROUND

As if you didn't know.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

I don't.

ALLEN ROUND

The pictures your husband was keeping safe for me. I paid him plenty for the privilege.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

He what?! I know nothing about them.

ALLEN ROUND

Then we're just going to have to jog your memory, aren't we? Get out. Both of you. Now.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Sally stands in front of Sally's Snacks. She watches Peter drive away, watches Jenny run toward Bill. She crosses the street toward the

SHERIFF'S STATION

Confused, Bill watches as Jenny runs toward him, her arms outstretched. He flinches as she throws her arms around him.

JENNY MULGROVE

Oh, Bill!

BILL SIMMONS

Jenny?

He moves his arms around her. He hugs her close. He smiles. She pushes away from him, a smirk on her face.

JENNY MULGROVE

It wasn't an accident. I saw the whole thing. He did it on purpose.

Bill grabs her hand.

BILL SIMMONS
Who did Jenny?

JENNY MULGROVE
Peter.

BILL SIMMONS
Peter?

Bill smiles. Sally enters.

JENNY MULGROVE
He murdered Marybeth. He tried to
kill me too, but I'm better than
him. We gotta stop him, he's
getting away.

SALLY GLEASON
Everything ok here?

They both look at Sally. Jenny smirks. Bill seem guilty. He releases of Jenny's hand.

JENNY MULGROVE
Peter has to pay for what he's
done.

Sally, worried, puts an arm around Jenny.

SALLY GLEASON
There. There. It's been a long
morning, sweetie. I think it's
best if you come back to...

Jenny pulls away.

JENNY MULGROVE
We gotta go tell my father!

BILL SIMMONS
I'll tell your father. Go with
Sally. Before you know it we'll
be bringing Pete in.

SEWER GRATE

Rodger examines the sewer grate. The green plume has gone. He scratches his head.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Ellen and Trish stand together in the attic studio. Allen points his gun at them.

ALLEN ROUND

(to Ellen)

A little reenactment might be
just the thing jog your memory.
Might even be fun too. Get on the
bed!

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

I'll do no such thing.

She slaps him.

ALLEN ROUND

Bitch!

Allen pistol whips her. Angry and sullen, she falls
backwards toward the bed. Trish lunges at Allen.

TRISH MULGROVE

Leave her alone!

Allen elbows Trish, knocking her against the wall, against
her materials tray. Some turps splashes out of the coffee
tin and onto her palette knives.

Allen points his gun at Ellen but looks at Trish.

ALLEN ROUND

Try that again and she's dead.

He jumps on the bed in a kneeling position over Ellen. He
tears at her clothes with his unarmed hand. He appraises
his handiwork and grins.

Trish grabs a pointy palette knife from her materials
table. She hides it behind her back.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Stop it! Stop it!

Ellen resists, fighting against Allen's tearing hand.

Allen stops. He points the gun at Ellen's head. Ellen
quiets. He moves the gun a few inches to the right and
pulls the trigger. Boom!

Ellen screams. Trish closes her eyes, holds her breath.

Feathers fly up from the injured pillow. Ellen sobs, Trish
exhales.

Allen bounces on the bed and laughs excitedly.

EXT. JACKSON STREET

Jeff drives his beat up pick-up truck down the street. Written on the side of the truck are the words thicket FARMING SUPPLIES.

Cindy sits next to him in the cab, looking disturbed. Jeff's window is rolled down.

The truck slows. Jeff leans out of the window.

JEFF THICKET
Red! Red! Come here boy!

CINDY THICKET
Let's go home, Jeff.

Jeff looks at her, a gloomy expression on his face.

CINDY THICKET
He's probably at home, like
Sally...

Cindy glances at the road.

CINDY THICKET
LOOK OUT!

Jeff turns and sees a moving furry mass in the road. He hits the brakes, they screech.

The cats scatter, running in every direction. Leaving a lump of bloodied offal highlighted by bits of coppery fur and exposed bone in the middle of the road.

Jeff and Cindy stare at the mess, dumbfounded.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

The orange truck drives past the pothole and up Ridge Road.

Silence.

A hand comes over the edge of the cliff. Another hand joins it. Then a face appears, John's face, scratched and bloodied.

John grunts and groans as he pulls his upper body onto the road's shoulder. He stops for a moment then he swings his legs up. He lies flat against the dirt, breathing quickly.

A voice murmurs in the distance. John nervously looks for the source.

It comes from the SUV.

EXT. JACKSON STREET

Jeff and Cindy sit in the front seat of the car staring out at the grotesque lump in the road.

CINDY THICKET
What is it?

JEFF THICKET
I don't know. A dead animal.
Maybe?

Jeff opens the door of the car. Cindy grabs his arm.

CINDY THICKET
Jeff don't. The way those cats --
let's just go home. Please.

Jeff yanks his arm from Cindy's grasp and exits the car.

He walks closer to the bloodied mess. He sees a flash of silver, a dog tag. A red leather collar.

He turns away, tears in his eye.

JEFF THICKET
Oh my dear god -- it's -- Red.

Cindy grimaces.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Allen kneels above Ellen on the bed. Her shirt torn open, he roughly handles her breast through her bra. He points his gun at her with his other hand.

Ellen's turns her head away, she sobs.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Stop. Please.

ALLEN ROUND
Remember them yet?

More sobs. He pushes the barrel of the gun against Ellen's head.

ALLEN ROUND
How about now?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
No.

ALLEN ROUND
Oh good!

He laughs. Then with his free hand he pulls at the buckle of Ellen's belt. More sobs.

Trish closes her eyes. Then with resolve she steps forward, her hands behind her back. Alan turns, swings his gun around, and points it directly at her. Trish forces a smile.

ALLEN ROUND
Where do you think you're going?

TRISH MULGROVE
(seductive)
Don't I get to have some fun too?

Incredulous, Ellen stares at Trish.

ALLEN ROUND
What the hell. The more the
merrier I always say.

He lowers his gun. Trish takes another step forward.

ALLEN ROUND
Another first for me.

Allen pulls the Ellen's loosened belt through the loops on her pants and tosses it to the side.

ALLEN ROUND
Sisters!

Ellen is horrified. Trish takes another step forward.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

John hobbles to his SUV. Bill's voice comes from the radio.

BILL SIMMONS (O.S.)
...Come in. Sir, Come in.

The sheriff sits on the seat and picks up the handset.

INTERCUT WITH INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

JOHN MULGROVE
Here.

BILL SIMMONS
Where've you been? You need to
get here right away.

JOHN MULGROVE
What's happened?

BILL SIMMONS

Pete hit Marybeth. She's in critical condition at the clinic.

JOHN MULGROVE

Pete hit her?!

BILL SIMMONS

Yeah, with his car. Then he ran off.

JOHN MULGROVE

Hit and run?

BILL SIMMONS

Well, not exactly. Close though. Jenny saw the whole thing. She says it wasn't an accident.

JOHN MULGROVE

She-it. She ok?

BILL SIMMONS

She's over at Sally's. Thought it best because Pete tried to run her over too.

JOHN MULGROVE

We're talking 'bout Peter Timor?! My deputy?!

BILL SIMMONS

Yes sir, he's gone crazy. The whole town's gone crazy. I've been getting calls, sir, lots of them. Prowler, vandals, attacks, someone's got to investigate.

JOHN MULGROVE

With Pete gone guess I'm gonna have to...

BILL SIMMONS

I can go.

JOHN MULGROVE

I don't know. I can handle...

BILL SIMMONS

It's gonna take more than one person, sir. Give me a chance to patrol. I can do it.

JOHN MULGROVE

Um, uh, ok. Wait till Betty Ann...

BILL SIMMONS

Wait! She isn't on duty for hours.

JOHN MULGROVE

Well, you can't just leave the dispatcher's desk unattended.

BILL SIMMONS

Bob, can do it, sir. He's been here while I was working. He knows what to do.

JOHN MULGROVE

Your brother? The fuck-up?

BILL SIMMONS

Sir?

JOHN MULGROVE

Sorry. Ok. Try Betty Ann first, see if she can get in early. If not, then call your brother.

BILL SIMMONS

Yes, sir!

JOHN MULGROVE

Follow-up the calls. But make it your priority to find Peter.

BILL SIMMONS

My pleasure. You coming in now?

JOHN MULGROVE

Nope. I'm on my way to the hospital.

BILL SIMMONS

To see about Marybeth?

He glances at the bleeding abrasions on his arms.

JOHN MULGROVE

Among other things.

EXT. JACKSON STREET

Jeff lifts Red's remains off of the street. He holds them tenderly to his chest. Bloody goo drips down his shirt.

Meow. Blackie sits on the side of the street, watching.

JEFF THICKET

(shouting)

God damn, cats!

He crosses toward the back of the pick up truck.

Worried, Cindy watches from the passenger seat of the cab.

Boots and Maxi join Blackie on the side of the road. They watch in unison.

Jeff places Red's remains lovingly in the back of the pickup.

Blackie stalks a bit closer. Cindy, distressed, beeps the horn. The cats scurry away.

CINDY THICKET
Hurry up Jeff!

Jeff crosses to the driver's side of the cab. Blackie jumps on the roof and screeches at him. Jeff bats the cat away.

Jeff hops into the truck.

CINDY THICKET
What are they acting like that?

JEFF THICKET
I already told you. He's here.
The devil's arrived in Sheerwood.

Cindy has a shiver. Jeff hits the gas and they speed off.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Ellen's pants pulled down slightly, Allen moans as he rubs his hand against her crotch. Ellen sobs.

Trish is next to the bed, her hands behind her back. Allen glances at her. He rubs the barrel of his gun against her crotch. She grimaces as she fakes a moan.

Allen shoves the gun barrel forcefully between her legs, closing his eyes with pleasure. Trish squeaks with surprise.

ALLEN ROUND
You like that, don't you.

TRISH MULGROVE
Oh yeah, baby. You're the man.

Ellen watches reluctantly, disgusted, sad.

Allen pulls the gun barrel out, then he shoves it between Trish's legs again. Further this time, the gun and his hand are now between Trish's legs.

He moans and moves his unarmed hand from Ellen's crotch to his own. He unzips his pants then sticks his hand inside through the open zipper. He closes his eyes.

ALLEN ROUND

Oh. Yeah.

Trish raises the palette knife, it shakes in her hand. She clamps her legs tightly. Allen looks up at her with burning anger, then surprise as he sees the palette knife plunging directly at his eye.

He twists his head away, blood spurts as sharp tip of the palette knife sinks into the side of his neck.

ALLEN ROUND

Fuck!

Ellen wakes from her funk. There is hope.

Trish pushes the palette knife deeper, rich red blood flows from the wound. Allen tries pull his hand and gun from between Trish's legs, but he can't.

The gun drops from between Trish's thighs and skitters across the floor. Trish scrambles for the gun, but Allen has hold of her smock. She falls to the ground, gun out of reach.

Ellen kicks his side, then she kicks the knife in Allen's neck, knocking the knife from the wound.

ALLEN ROUND

Fucking bitch!

He slaps at Ellen with his free hand. Ellen fights back pounding him with her fists.

Trish's pulls herself across the hardwood floor, her hands squeak against the polished surface. Her smock tears as she moves closer to the gun, she can almost touch it.

Allen holds one of Ellen's arms, she scratches at him with the other.

Another tear, Trish reaches the gun with one finger. She pulls it closer then grabs it firmly. She rolls over and sits up pointing the gun at a surprised Allen.

TRISH MULGROVE

You're a terrible mayor, Allen.
Not bad enough that I want shoot
you, but I will.

Allen holds Ellen's neck in his large hand. Ellen pulls at his wrist as she gasps for air.

TRISH MULGROVE

Let her go!

ALLEN ROUND

No.

Trish pulls the trigger. Click.

Allen smiles. He pushes Ellen away. She lays on the bed catching her breath.

Allen stands and takes a step toward Trish. Trish throws the empty gun at him.

He leans to the side avoiding the airborne gun.

Trish pushes herself back and bumps against the wall.

ALLEN ROUND

You women you think you're so
fucking smart, but you ain't got
no brains, just tits...

Allen steps closer.

Trish pushes herself up the wall she bumps against her materials table.

She blindly feels around the table top, not daring to take her eyes off of Allen. Her hand searching for a weapon, something, anything. A coffee tin?

Allen is close now. They are face to face.

ALLEN ROUND

...and you use them, you use them
to trap men. Then you take
pictures and...

Trish grabs the coffee tin and throws the contents at Allen. His face awash in turps, he holds his eyes with his hands and he drops to the floor squirming with pain.

ALLEN ROUND

It burns! Ah! My eyes!

Ellen watches him squirm. A smile forms on her face.

TRISH MULGROVE

Let's go.

Ellen nods. She kicks Allen in the side as they exit the room.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION INTERCUT WITH INT. WORTH HOUSE

Bill has the phone to his ear, waiting for someone to answer, anxious.

BETTY ANN WORTH(22, woman), a beautiful blonde, is wrapped in towel. As she walks to the phone she dries her hair with another towel then wraps it around her head.

She picks up the phone.

BETTY ANN WORTH

Hello.

BILL SIMMONS

Hey Betty, it's Bill.

BETTY ANN WORTH

What do you want?

BILL SIMMONS

Sheriff wants you to come in early. It's an emergency.

BETTY ANN WORTH

Well, I can't make. Arnold coming over for lunch. It's or anniv...

BILL SIMMONS

Betty come on. Arnold can wait. The towns gone crazy. Pete's on the run and I need to go out on patrol to find him.

Betty laughs. Her doorbell rings.

BETTY ANN WORTH

Thanks for the laugh Bill. That was a good one. Pete's on the run. Ha. I gotta go. See ya at two.

She hangs up.

BILL SIMMONS

Betty! Betty!

He looks at the receiver then slams it down.

INT. WORTH HOUSE

Betty, dressed in her towel stands at the door.

BETTY ANN WORTH

Who is it?

ARNOLD MORLEY(28, male) stands outside the door, a smirk on his face. He is dressed in a butcher's apron.

ARNOLD MORLEY

Arnold.

BETTY ANN WORTH

You're early!

She smiles.

BETTY ANN WORTH

I not dressed yet.

She opens the door a crack, and peeks out. Disappointed.

BETTY ANN WORTH

Didn't you even change!

Arnold lifts a butcher's knife. He kicks the door in knocking Betty back. Her towel flies off.

ARNOLD MORLEY

And get my clothes all dirty?
Never!

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

With a determined look Bill grabs the receiver and dials a number. He listens.

BILL SIMMONS

Come on. Answer.

The front door of the station opens.

BEA MURRAY(70, woman, resident), frail, dressed in a flower frock and broad-brimmed straw hat with a paper flower on top, enters the station. She seems sick with worry.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

In front of the large store window, Jenny paces. A smirk on her face, she wrings her hands. She mutters.

JENNY MULGROVE

He's not going to do it.

More pacing.

JENNY MULGROVE

He's gotta pay for what he's done.

She bangs her fist against the window causing it to shake. Everyone in the cafe stares at her.

JENNY MULGROVE
Someone needs to punish him.

Customers whisper to one another. Concerned, Sally crosses to Jenny.

SALLY GLEASON
You ok, sweetie?

JENNY MULGROVE
HE HAS TO BE PUNISHED!

Worried, Sally glances at the customers. They seem nervous, irritated, uncomfortable.

SALLY GLEASON
Why don't lie down in the
backroom dear?

Sally leads Jenny toward a door in the back of the cafe. Jenny resists but follows.

JENNY MULGROVE
I don't want to lie down.

SALLY GLEASON
You had a trying morning, I think
it's best if you take a rest.
You can rest sitting up if you
want.

JENNY MULGROVE
I won't rest until that fiend has
been brought to justice. I
should go home.

SALLY GLEASON
Now that's just what you don't
want to do. I would be so worried
about you. Stay here, where I can
look after you and make sure
you're ok.

JENNY MULGROVE
But...

They stop in front of the backroom door. Sally pushes a stray strand of hair out of Jenny's face.

SALLY GLEASON
Please. Stay for me.

JENNY MULGROVE

Ok. But I need to be there when they find him.

SALLY GLEASON

You will dear. I'll let you know the minute I hear anything.

Sally opens the backroom door.

JENNY MULGROVE

Promise.

SALLY GLEASON

I promise. Cross my heart.

BACKROOM

The small room contains a cot, a desk, a chair, a bookshelf and a window.

Jenny enters, Sally follows.

JENNY MULGROVE

You think they'll hang him?

SALLY GLEASON

Who?!

JENNY MULGROVE

Peter. I'd like to see the expression on his face when they hang him.

Sally is chilled, then worried.

SALLY GLEASON

Get some rest, sweetie. Call me if you need anything. Ok.

JENNY MULGROVE

Ok.

Sally quickly exits the backroom.

SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally leans against the closed backroom door and sighs.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION INTERCUT WITH INT. SIMMONS HOUSE

Bill has the phone to his ear.

Bea crosses toward the dispatcher's desk, but Bill holds up his forefinger indicating she should wait.

Bea nods politely, then she crosses to the waiting area and sits in a chair.

BILL SIMMONS

'Bout time you answered. Get your ass down to the sheriff station right now.

BOB SIMMONS (28, male), sits on a sofa in his living room. He smokes a joint. He is dressed in tattered jeans and a tee shirt with a golden marijuana leaf on it - it says 'Over 1 billion stoned'.

BOB SIMMONS

Why do I gotta come down there I didn't do nothin'.

BILL SIMMONS

You never do "nothin". That's why you're coming down to the station to work as the dispatcher.

BOB SIMMONS

What! No fucking way.

ED ALBERT(35, man, geologist), prim, dressed formally, holding a briefcase, walks into the station. He seems impatient.

BILL SIMMONS

Yes fucking way. I need you to do this. So think of it as a favour to me.

BOB SIMMONS

A favour? I better get paid.

BILL SIMMONS

Of course you'll get paid!

BOB SIMMONS

Up front.

BILL SIMMONS

Up front? No fucking way. You'll take the money and split.

Ed hurries toward dispatcher's desk. Bill holds up his forefinger indicating Ed should wait. Ed mimes 'Oh', then he crosses and sits next to Bea in a waiting area chair. Bea smiles at him.

BOB SIMMONS

Yes fucking way or I don't show.

BILL SIMMONS

Ok. Ok! I'll do it.

(to himself)

I'll probably regret it but I'll do it.

(to Bob)

Just get down here asap or I might change my mind.

Bill hangs up the phone.

Bea and Ed stand at the same time. Ed sacrificially gestures that Bea should go first. She nods and flutters her eyes. Ed forces a smile and sits.

The phone rings. Bill sighs.

BILL SIMMONS

It's been this way all morning, be with you in a minute.

Bill picks up the receiver and puts it to his ear.

BILL SIMMONS

Sheriff's office. How can I help you?

Bea sits, disappointed.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

Jeff and Cindy pull into their driveway. Jeff turns off the truck.

JEFF THICKET

Grab me the bible out of the glove box.

CINDY THICKET

Now? Why?

JEFF THICKET

Just do it.

CINDY THICKET

Ok. Ok.

Cindy opens the glove box grabs the bible. She hands it to Jeff. They exit the cab.

Cindy crosses toward the house. Jeff sticks the bible in his back pocket and crosses toward the garage.

CINDY THICKET

Where are you going?

JEFF THICKET
To bury Red.

CINDY THICKET
Can't that wait?

JEFF THICKET
No.

CINDY THICKET
Maybe we should take him to the
vet. Doesn't he need to be
pronounced dead or something.

JEFF THICKET
He's dead Cind.

CINDY THICKET
But you're filthy. You got dog
goo all over your shirt. I think
you should wash off first?

JEFF THICKET
I'm going to get dirtier digging
the grave. Don't you think?

CINDY THICKET
Well I'm taking a bath. Just
sitting next to you in the truck
made me feel unclean.

Cindy continues toward the house. Jeff sighs as he opens
the garage door.

GARAGE

Jeff enters the garage. The walls are stacked with farm
supplies; Seeds, fertilizer, explosives, etc. Other tools
are neatly hung up against one wall. Jeff grabs a spade
off of the wall.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Bill sits at the dispatchers desk, phone to his ear, frown
on his face.

BILL SIMMONS
I can't send anyone over right
now. -- Any idea who did it?

WAITING AREA

Bea and Ed sit next to each other. Bea turns to Ed. Ed is
preoccupied.

BEA MURRAY
My babies. They're missing.

ED ALBERT
Your. Your. Babies?

BEA MURRAY
(chuckling then serious)
My cats. Blackie, Boots and Maxi.

ED ALBERT
Oh.

BEA MURRAY
Such a pretty accent you have.

ED ALBERT
(blushing)
Thank you.

BEA MURRAY
You're from England, aren't you?

ED ALBERT
Yes.

BEA MURRAY
I went to England once with Herb.
We went to London. We had a grand
olde time.

ED ALBERT
I'm so happy you enjoyed it.

BEA MURRAY
Herb is gone, dead. All I have is
my cats. Now they're gone too.

ED ALBERT
I'm sorry to hear that.

BEA MURRAY
Worst of all Maxi bit me.

Bea indicates the bandage on her hand.

BEA MURRAY
They were playing in the
backyard, in that green smoke.

ED ALBERT
Green smoke?

BEA MURRAY
Yeah. Started coming up from a
big hole in the ground, after the
quake.

Ed twists his face in puzzled expression, then he smiles. He's hooked.

ED ALBERT
Fascinating. Please allow me to introduce myself.

Bea looks at him queerly.

BEA MURRAY
Ok.

ED ALBERT
My name is Dr. Edward Albert. I'm a geologist with the USGS. That's the United States Geological Survey. I'm here about this morning's quake, but I would like to say that I am quite interested in this hole of yours.

Bea smiles then squirms.

BEA MURRAY
I'll be glad to show it to you, Doc. Anytime you like.

INT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

Trish and Ellen stand at the front door.

TRISH MULGROVE
The keys? Where are the keys?

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I'll get them.

Trish waits impatiently while Ellen runs into the living room.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER (O.S.)
OH MY GOD!

Trish runs into the

LIVING ROOM

The room is trashed, the sofa's been ripped, tables are toppled. Ellen is livid. Trish is astounded.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I'll kill him!

Ellen runs toward the exit. Trish grabs her. Ellen struggles to escape.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 Let me go! Let me at him! You
 know how much that sofa cost!

Water runs upstairs. Ellen quiets. The both look toward
 the sound.

TRISH MULGROVE
 Where are the keys?

Ellen indicates a toppled table.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
 They were on that table.

Trish and Ellen get on their hands and knees and search the
 debris.

INT. BACK ROOM

Jenny lies on a cot in the back room, smirking, muttering.

JENNY MULGROVE
 Dad's not going to do it.
 (she tosses)
 Men stick together.
 (she turns)
 He doesn't know where Peter is?
 (she sits up)
 But I do. I know where he is.
 (she stands)
 Peter must pay for his crime.
 (she paces)
 Dad will mess things up.
 (she paces)
 Like he did with Mom.
 (she paces)
 I can make Peter pay.
 (she paces)
 I have to make Peter pay.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

John Mulgrove sits on an examining table. Dr Sam Dunn
 patches his injuries.

DR SAM DUNN
 She's critical.

John winces as Sam cleans one of his wounds.

JOHN MULGROVE
 She gonna pull through?

DR SAM DUNN
We don't know yet.

JOHN MULGROVE
She-it.

Sam nods.

JOHN MULGROVE
She come to at all?

DR SAM DUNN
Briefly.

JOHN MULGROVE
She say anything?

DR SAM DUNN
Nothing coherent. Just...

JOHN MULGROVE
What'd she say?

DR SAM DUNN
It was the shock talking, I
wouldn't take much heed in...

JOHN MULGROVE
I'll decide that.

DR SAM DUNN
She said Peter raped her.

JOHN MULGROVE
She-it.

Sam nods.

INT. BACK ROOM

Jenny opens the only window in the back room then, after glancing at the door, climbs out.

EXT. THICKET BACKYARD

The spade breaks the earth next to the mangled corpse of Red. Jeff lifts the dirt from the hole and places it nearby.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Cindy tests the water, just right. Dropping her robe she steps into the bath. As she sits in the water she sighs with relief.

EXT. MC GRUEDER'S HOUSE

The garage door opens. Trish drives a Volkswagen Thing out of the garage with Ellen as a passenger.

EXT. JACKSON STREET

Jenny walks along the street muttering to herself.

A siren. She looks alarmed, she scans the area and finds a place to hide behind some garbage cans. She watches from her hiding place as the ambulance passes. After it passes she stands and continues on her way.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Sam slaps the newly bandaged John on the shoulder. John winces.

DR SAM DUNN
There you are. Good as new.

JOHN MULGROVE
Wish that were true.

John stands cautiously.

JOHN MULGROVE
Thanks Doc.

Sam nods. Sam turns to leave.

JOHN MULGROVE
Uh, Doc.

DR SAM DUNN
Yeah.
(turns back)
Something else on your mind?

JOHN MULGROVE
This is gonna sound strange but --
you know anything about
chemicals?

DR SAM DUNN
Some.

JOHN MULGROVE
You know any chemical that'll
produce a green smoke?

DR SAM DUNN
Chlorine? Maybe.

JOHN MULGROVE

What kind of effect might that
have on a person?

DR SAM DUNN

Well, uh, light exposure would
cause burning eyes and throat.
It's toxic though. Too much would
kill you. Why?

JOHN MULGROVE

When, uh, I was out on Ridge
Road...

EXT. JACKSON STREET

A car filled with young male passenger and playing hip-hop speeds down the road. It stops with a squeal. One of its passengers hops out, a smirk on his face. He runs over to the side of the road. He throws a beer bottle at a house window.

There is a smash, then the young man whoops with glee as he hurries back to the car.

EXT. THICKET BACKYARD

Jeff removes another spadeful of dirt from a bigger hole. Then, once again, the spade breaks the earth. This time a thin wisp of green steam issues from the earth. Jeff leans in closer. He removes the shovel from the hole.

The volume of the smoke increases, enveloping Jeff.

INT. RODGER SMALL'S OFFICE

Rodger Small sits behind a desk in a small office with one window. A computer on his desk, he types into the keyboard. On the screen he has just typed the words 'Green Gas'.

A siren.

Rodger hurries to the window, an ambulance passes by below. He scratches his head.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The sheriff hurries across the road, allowing the ambulance to pass. He watches, concerned, as it pulls up to the clinic.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

Jeff is singing WE SHALL OVERCOME as he exits the garage carrying a crate labeled DANGER: EXPLOSIVES. He places it in the flat bed of the truck and returns to the garage.

Jenny passes, muttering.

A female screams in the distance.

EXT. PARK STREET

Bob Simmons is walking down the road when he hears a woman scream. He turns to see Betty Ann running toward him. She is completely undressed. He raises an eyebrow.

Betty is being followed by Arnold who is wearing a butcher's apron and wielding a butcher's knife.

Betty jogs in place for a moment, near Bob. Bob giggles as he watches her breasts bounce.

BETTY ANN WORTH

Help me, help me please.
Arnold's gone crazy.

BOB SIMMONS

Hi Betty.

She pushes away from Bob and continues running. Bob smiles as he watches her from behind for a moment. Arnold is almost upon him when Bob sticks his foot out tripping him.

ARNOLD MORLEY

Son of a bitch. I'll get you for that.

Bob sprints off toward Betty as Arnold slashes toward him with the butcher's knife, but misses.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Cindy relaxes in the bathtub, a wash cloth over her eyes.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Bill is seated at the dispatchers desk. Bea and Ed stand before him. They are in discussion. Bandaged, John Mulgrove enters the station and crosses toward them.

JOHN MULGROVE

Bill. Bea.

He eyes Ed.

BEA MURRAY
John. My. What happened to you?

JOHN MULGROVE
Been a helluva morning.

ED ALBERT
Sheriff Mulgrove?

JOHN MULGROVE
Yes.

ED ALBERT
My name is Dr. Edward Albert...

BILL SIMMONS
He's a gynecologist.

BEA MURRAY
He says there's a funeral in my
backyard.

John looks at them quizzically.

ED ALBERT
I'm a geologist. And it's a
fumerole, at least I think it is.

Blanks stares.

ED ALBERT
Fumeroles are usually associated
with magmatic activity.

Blank stares.

ED ALBERT
Volcanoes.

JOHN MULGROVE
You saying there's a volcano
erupting? In my town?

ED ALBERT
No. No. Hot magma is close below
the crust. Underneath your town.
It's forcing gases up through
vents.

JOHN MULGROVE
Gas? Green gas?

ED ALBERT
(surprised)
Why yes. Green gas.

JOHN MULGROVE
A green smoke?

ED ALBERT
More precisely steam. A green
steam.

JOHN MULGROVE
(to himself)
She-it.
(to Ed)
There's one over on Ridge Road.

ED ALBERT
There's more than one?
Fascinating. I'd like to...

The phone rings.

BILL SIMMONS
Damn!
(he picks up the phone)
Sheriff's office, How can I help
you?

JOHN MULGROVE
You think, this steam, it's
chlorine?

BILL SIMMONS
(to phone)
What was that?

ED ALBERT
Hardly. Chlorine is toxic. Bea's
cats were playing in it.

BEA MURRAY
Before Maxi scratched me.

BILL SIMMONS
Hang on.
(hand over receiver)
I can't hear.

John, Bea and Ed cross the room.

EXT. JOHN MULGROVE'S HOUSE

Jenny walks up to the door of the house. Fishing out the
keys from the pocket of her waitress uniform, she opens the
door and steps inside.

EXT. JEFF THICKETTS HOUSE

Jeff loads the last crate onto the truck. He wipes his hands off on his dirty shirt. He walks toward the house and opens the front door, a smirk on his face.

JEFF THICKET
Cindy! It's time.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Bill is on the phone. John, Bea, and Ed stand some distance away from him.

ED ALBERT
It isn't that surprising really?
The subduction zone off the coast
makes this area perfect for this
type of event.

Blank stares.

ED ALBERT
As the ocean plate is dragged
under the continental plate,
ocean water gets dragged under
with it. The trapped water gets
super-heated by magma. It's under
enormous pressure and it finds
any cracks or fissures it can to
escape through, leaching minerals
and other substances from the
rocks until it finds its way out
through the crust. It is
probably responsible for the
quake this morning, or vice
versa.

JOHN MULGROVE
But steam's hot, isn't it?

ED ALBERT
Why yes. Yes it is.

JOHN MULGROVE
Then how's it the road guy and
Bea's cats weren't burned?

ED ALBERT
Yes. That is strange. A cool
fumerole? What an incredible
discovery.

Ed is lost in his future moment of acclaim.

JOHN MULGROVE
And it's not chlorine?

ED ALBERT
No. Most likely its some other
pigmentation, copper maybe. I'll
have to get a sample, it's
impossible to tell otherwise. How
far is Ridge Road?

BEA MURRAY
My place is much closer.

ED ALBERT
Bea's it is then. Shall we?

Bea smiles.

BEA MURRAY
Let's.

John's seriousness changes Bea's mood.

JOHN MULGROVE
I wouldn't be too eager to get
near one of these fumeroles.
They're dangerous. This smoke. It
changes people.

BEA MURRAY
Cats too.

JOHN MULGROVE
And cats too.

ED ALBERT
Pure speculation.

JOHN MULGROVE
Speculation or not. Be careful.

ED ALBERT
Of course, I'll be careful. After
all, I am a scientist!

Ed turns away in a huff. Bea shrugs her shoulders then
follows.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE

Jenny is in the sheriff's bedroom. She opens the closet
door and pulls out a khaki uniform on a hanger. She smirks.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Cindy lies in the tub, a damp wash cloth over her eyes. The sound of the toilet seat falling down startles her and she sits up. The wash cloth falls away.

Jeff sits on the toilet, next to the tub.

CINDY THICKET
Jeff, you scared me.

JEFF THICKET
It's time Cindy.

CINDY THICKET
You're a mess. Here...

Cindy attempts to stand.

CINDY THICKET
...I'm done. Why don't you
take...

Jeff puts his arm on her shoulder.

JEFF THICKET
Stay.

CINDY THICKET
Jeff? You ok? What's wrong?

JEFF THICKET
It's time, my love. It's time.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE

Jenny watches herself in the mirror as she buttons the last button of the baggy sheriffs uniform. She admires herself for a moment then reaches for the matching hat. She places the hat firmly on her head, it covers her eyes.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Trish's Thing drives around a curve. A large orange truck is parked across the road, blocking their way. A detour sign in front of it pointing off the cliff. The Thing screeches to a stop. Trish honks the horn.

INT. SHERIFFS HOUSE

The glass-front of the gun cabinet shatters. Jenny clears away any dangerous dangling glass. Then she grabs a large revolver from the cabinet.

She examines the revolver, weighing it in her hands, aiming at thin air, pretending to pull the trigger. She smiles. Then she place the revolver in her belt holster.

A gleam catches her eye, a large polished hunting knife hangs in the cabinet. She lifts the knife from the cabinet and touches the edge with her index finger. She quickly pulls away her finger away, sucks on it then nods.

INT. SALLY SNACKS

The bell on the door rings as John enters. There are no customers inside. Sally is behind the counter reading the MIDNIGHT INQUIRER. She looks up and gives John a big smile.

SALLY GLEASON
Heya Lover Boy!

John looks around nervously. He walks up to the counter, then quietly.

JOHN MULGROVE
Knock it off.

SALLY GLEASON
What happened to you?!

JOHN MULGROVE
Ran into a road crew. Looks worse than it feels. Where's Jenny?

SALLY GLEASON
In back. Resting. She needs it. Poor girl.

JOHN MULGROVE
Wish I could rest. This has to be the worst...

Sally covers his hand with hers. She moves her face close to his.

SALLY GLEASON
Tell you what, sweetie. I'll close up early, you could come over to my place and...

John pulls his hands away.

JOHN MULGROVE
Don't think so. I'd like to but...

SALLY GLEASON
Think she's coming back to you?

JOHN MULGROVE
Have to hope. You understand.

SALLY GLEASON
(glum)
Yeah. Old understanding Sally,
that's what they call me.

JOHN MULGROVE
And I always thought they called
you sexy Sally.

SALLY GLEASON
John!

EXT. BEA'S HOUSE

Bea and Ed exit Ed's car. Ed poses in the road as he examines the area, his door open.

Loud hip-hop music.

Ed turns toward the source of the noise. A car filled with young male passengers speeds quickly toward him.

Alarm. Ed waves his arms at the car.

Panic. The car doesn't slow, doesn't swerve.

Ed jumps on the hood of his car. The hip-hop car zooms closely by, tearing the driver's door.

Bea looks up at Ed with distaste.

BEA MURRAY
They aren't usually this bad.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Trish exits the car, leaving it running. She peers toward the orange truck.

TRISH MULGROVE
(to Ellen)
Doesn't look like anyone's
inside.

She walks toward the truck, a bemused glance at the detour sign on her way.

TRISH MULGROVE
Hello! Anybody there?

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Bea enters and holds open the front door of the house.

BEA MURRAY
Come in. Come in.

Ed staggers in.

BEA MURRAY
You sure you're ok? I could make
you some tea?

ED ALBERT
I'm alright. Perhaps we can have
some tea later. I'm eager to have
a look at that fumerole.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Jeff tightens his grip on Cindy's shoulder. She winces.

CINDY THICKET
Jeff! That hurts! I'm sorry about
Red, but...

JEFF THICKET
It's time.

CINDY THICKET
Ow! Chrissake! Time for what?

JEFF THICKET
Time for your trial.

CINDY THICKET
My trail. Jeff, stop this your
scaring...

He pushes Cindy's head under the water. Cindy struggles,
her writhing legs cause splashes.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Trish walks around the front of the truck.

TRISH MULGROVE
Anybody here?

Swoosh.

Trish sees the shovel as it heads toward her. She jumps out
of its way.

Clang.

It hits the side of the truck.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Jeff holds Cindy by the hair. He lifts her head above water. She stares at him, terror in her eyes, as she tries to catch her breath.

JEFF THICKET

God spoke to me, Cind. He knew what to do, told me how to save this town. He showed me how to get enough water. The answer was here all the time. Only the pure will survive the flood.

CINDY THICKET

Jeff. No...

JEFF THICKET

There's still sin in you.

He pushes her head below the water. She grabs at his arm and kicks her legs.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Trish run toward her Thing. Howard Sims follows closely on her heels, filled with rage, sporting a smirk.

HOWARD SIMMS

Road construction ahead!

He hits her back with the broadside of the shovel. Trish falls to the ground.

HOWARD SIMMS

Be a good driver. Follow all detour signs!

He points to the detour sign leaning up against the truck. It points over the cliff.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Jeff holds Cindy under the water. Her struggling ceases.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Ellen watches from the car as Howard lifts the shovel. She watches as Trish turns on her back, Trish's hand raised to ward the blow.

Ellen shifts to the drivers seat. She revs the car, catching the attention of Howard and Trish.

Trish uses the opportunity to roll away toward the cliff. Howard turns toward the car, he takes the stance of a guard holding the shovel, his weapon, at a diagonal in front of him.

HOWARD SIMMS

This road is closed to all
vehicular traffic!

Ellen puts the car in gear, tires burnout as the car speeds forward.

The car hits Howard head on, lifting him, pushing him backward toward the orange truck. As the car hits the orange truck Howard is smashed against it. Howard's head thuds against the hood. Ellen's head hits the steering wheel.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Jeff pulls Cindy partly from the tub. She is still, quiet. He leans her body over the edge. Water drips from her head to the floor.

JEFF THICKET

If only you were pure enough. If
only you had survived.

He kneels down with compassion and a smirk. He kisses Cindy gently on the cheek.

JEFF THICKET

Now, I must pray.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Ellen lifts her head and looks around. Shocked by the body folded over the hood of the car, she fumbles open the door and exits the car. Her legs shake and she falls to the ground.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Trish! Trish! Where are you?

Trish helps her up.

TRISH MULGROVE

I'm here.

They hold each other.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Oh, Trish. What's happening? Why is everyone attacking us?

TRISH MULGROVE

I don't know. But I'm going to find out.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

How? How are you going to find out?

TRISH MULGROVE

We'll ask John.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally is behind the counter. John sits on a stool in front.

SALLY GLEASON

A fumerole?

JOHN MULGROVE

That's what this geologist guy says.

SALLY GLEASON

And what's coming out of it?

JOHN MULGROVE

Green steam.

Sally gives him a confused look.

JOHN MULGROVE

We don't know what makes it green, but it seems changes them. Least I think so. He's over at Bea's taking a sample, he'll analyze it. Then we'll know for sure.

EXT. BEA'S BACKYARD

Ed kneels by a large hole that is beveled and surrounded by green-tinted dirt. He stares directly into the hole.

Bea stands behind him, she has four spoons of various sizes in her hand.

BEA MURRAY

A dessert spoon, a teaspoon, a
tablespoon, or a serving spoon?

ED ALBERT

The tablespoon is splendid.

Ed takes the tablespoon. Bea looks at the serving spoon
and chuckles.

BEA MURRAY

I don't know why I thought you
might need the serving spoon.

She puts the unused spoons in her dress pocket. Ed
carefully scoops up some of the green tinted dirt.

ED ALBERT

Now something to put the sample
in.

Bea searches the pockets of her frock. She pulls several
plastic bags of various sizes out of one of the pockets.

BEA MURRAY

Sandwich, quart, or gallon?

ED ALBERT

Pardon?

BEA MURRAY

Which size?

ED ALBERT

The smallest please.

Bea hands him the smallest bag.

ED ALBERT

Yes. That will do nicely.

He places the sample inside the bag then zips it shut. He
holds up the bag to the light and smiles as he examines his
prize.

ED ALBERT

I'd give anything for a sample of
the actual steam -- oh, well.

Ed stand. He sticks the bag in his pocket then he takes out
a handkerchief. He wipes his hands.

ED ALBERT

I'll have that cup of tea now.

EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE

Betty runs naked down the street, screaming. Bob Simmons run closely behind her. Arnold, brandishing a meat cleaver, chases them.

After they exit, Jenny leaves the house dressed in the baggy sheriff's uniform.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

With the flicker of flames lighting the house behind him, Jeff exits.

INT. BEA'S KITCHEN

Bea grabs the cast iron tea kettle from the stove top, grunting as she lifts it. She pours the tea.

BEA MURRAY

How do you have your tea?

ED ALBERT (O.S.)

Light with one, please.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally stands behind the counter and John sit in front.

SALLY GLEASON

Maybe the army can help.

JOHN MULGROVE

Hunh? You can't fight geology.

SALLY GLEASON

No, I mean, the base. It isn't far away. A bunch of soldiers come by every morning for breakfast.

JOHN MULGROVE

So.

SALLY GLEASON

They might know something. This morning I was joking with Mike. He's a sergeant. I call him Sarge...

JOHN MULGROVE

And?

SALLY GLEASON
Secret projects, John. Secret
Projects.

INT. BEA'S LIVING ROOM

Bea is seated on a comfy chair opposite Ed who is also seated on a comfy chair. They each drink a cup of tea. Ed yawns. He is having trouble keeping his eyes open.

BEA MURRAY

After Herb was gone my daughter married and she moved out, then that wreck of a husband left her after a couple of years but did she come home? No. I hardly see her anymore, she lives in LA, hardly even calls, has her own lifestyle now she calls it. She's a pretty girl though, a handsome man like you could do worse. I should give you her number, you probably go to LA often, lots of earthquakes there.

ED ALBERT

I am rarely in LA. There's a...

BEA MURRAY

Shame. Well then Sis, that's my sister Jane, she moved in with me but she got sick straight away. Leukemia. It was sad watching her waste away the way she did and then she just up and died. I was really lonely after that. Didn't even have my school kids to keep me company cause I had already retired. Did I tell you teaching? No I didn't, did I? I've taught most everyone in this town, even the sheriff. I remember one time...

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Sally stands behind the counter and John sit in front.

JOHN MULGROVE

The army is performing a secret experiment on the town? That what you're saying?

SALLY GLEASON
 No, silly. But I read this
 article a couple of weeks ago and
 it said that the army buries
 their failed experiments.

John looks confused. Sally points down.

SALLY GLEASON
 Underground.

JOHN MULGROVE
 You read it? Where?

Sally indicates the MIDNIGHT INQUIRER.

JOHN MULGROVE
 That's trash.

SALLY GLEASON
 It isn't! Well, sometimes they go
 over the top but it's all based
 on the truth.

John thinks about it.

JOHN MULGROVE
 Ok. It's as good an explanation
 as any other I've heard today.

Sally picks up the phone receiver.

SALLY GLEASON
 If you want I could call Sarge,
 nose around a bit.

JOHN MULGROVE
 Couldn't hurt I guess. And while
 you do that I'll check on Jenny.

Sally dials. John heads toward the backroom.

EXT. WOODS ROAD

Jenny walks down the road, muttering, a shot rings out in
 the distance. Jenny ignores it.

EXT. VALLEY ROAD

Jeff drives down the road, his truck laden with crates. A
 shot rings out nearby. Jeff shakes his head.

JEFF THICKET
 Sinners.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Trish and Ellen walk along the road. Trish is limping but, tired, Ellen leans on her.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
When you said we'd ask John. I didn't think we'd be walking all the way to town, I thought you meant we'd call him.

TRISH MULGROVE
I forgot my cell phone.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
You forgot!

TRISH MULGROVE
You didn't bring yours either.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I hate being rushed out. Goddamn maniac mayor. He's not getting my vote this year!

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Ed is asleep in his comfy chair. Bea watches him adoringly.

INT. SALLY SNACKS

The sheriff heads toward the backroom door. His hand rests on the door knob. He turns the knob.

A siren.

John turns and releases the knob. He hurries toward the front of the store. Through the big store front window he watches the fire engines pass by.

JOHN MULGROVE
She-it. Gotta go.

Sally, on the phone, nods.

A bell rings as he rushes out of the front door.

INT. GAZETTE BUILDING

Rodger types on his keyboard. He hears the siren. Then he stands and walks to the window.

Below, in the street, two fire engines race by. The sheriff runs to his SUV, hops in and pulls off after the fire engines.

Rodger turns from the window and with a smile on his face exits his office.

EXT. WOODS ROAD

Jenny, muttering, enters a path into the woods.

INT CAVE

The cave is dimly lit by a small hurricane lantern. Peter sits on an old and worn futon. His eyes tear as he stares at a photo of himself and Marybeth.

He crumples the photo and throws it away, across the cave. Then realizing his mistake he hurries to find the discarded photo.

EXT. WOODS

Jenny, muttering, walks through the woods.

INT. CAVE

During his search he discovers another photo, one of a younger him next to a younger Jenny Mulgrove. They stand in front of the cave, smiling.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Rodger leaves the gazette building. The street is empty.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

The fire engine arrives at the house. The fire fighters in their yellow coats jump off the truck and immediately start fighting the flames which threaten to engulf the house.

John arrives a moment later in the SUV. He hops out of his vehicle and hurries over to SAM JEFFERIES(45, male, fire chief), a ruggedly handsome man.

SAM JEFFERIES
(shouting)
Get the front door.

JOHN MULGROVE
Sam.

SAM JEFFERIES

Cindy's trapped inside, she
called this in. I'm going in, see
if I can find her. Fire's hot but
I gotta chance it.

John places his hand on Sam's shoulder and nods grimly.

INT. CAVE

With anger, Peter rips Jenny from the picture, then he tears the removed image of Jenny to tiny pieces. He throws the small pieces up into the air and he smiles as they fall around him like snowflakes.

EXT. CAVE

Jenny in her baggy sheriff's uniform, stands at the cave entrance. She can see a dim glow coming from inside.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

Sam dressed in protective gear stands at the entrance to the burning house. One fire fighter sprays him with water while another sprays the entrance.

Using an axe Sam smashes the front door open. The fire fighters spray inside. Sam motions for them to stop, then he enters.

John watches nervously.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The street is quiet. Quiet, except for the sound of two men shouting at one another. Then they crash through the plate glass of a store front window. They writhe on the ground and broken glass as they pummel each other with their bare fists.

Roger watches with amazement. He pulls out his note pad and takes notes.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Fire blazes around Sam as he approaches the stairs. He grabs the banister and part of it cracks off. It falls to the side, into the inferno, sending up a jet of flame. He raises his arms protectively.

He takes a deep breath, puts one foot on the first stair, then more weight, then he cautiously, but quickly, climbs the stairs.

EXT. WOODS

Jenny takes a step closer to the entrance, her hand on her holstered revolver. The glow coming from inside darkens and Peter appears, blocking the entrance. He smiles.

PETER TIMOR
Looking for me?

Jenny pulls her revolver from her holster. She points it at Peter, her hand trembles slightly.

JENNY MULGROVE
Time to pay the piper, Peter.

PETER TIMOR
But are you man enough to pull
the trigger?

Jenny steadies the gun, tightens her finger on the trigger.

Peter takes one large step and is directly before her. He knocks the gun from her hand. His other hand follows, slapping her hard across the face, knocking her down.

She attempts to rise but he is upon her, straddling her, his hands around her throat.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

The bedroom is ablaze. Sam enters. He scans the room but finds no one. He turns to leave and notices another door. He crosses to it.

EXT. WOODS

Jenny lies on the ground, Peter straddles her, his hands around her neck. She kicks and squirms trying to escape his grip but she isn't able to shake Peter away.

She wriggles her hand underneath her and pulls out a hunting knife. And in a graceful swoop she runs the blade across Peter's arm. It leaves a line of blood in it's wake.

Peter grabs his bleeding arm and glares at her with absolute hatred. She scuttles backwards away from him, gasping for much needed breath.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

Sam enters the bathroom which, besides the smoke, is mostly unaffected by the fire.

Shower running.

Huddled in the tub, water drenching her, a towel covering her head, is Cindy.

EXT. WOODS

Jenny lunges at Peter like a primitive, knife in her hand, blood-lust lining her face. Peter grabs her knife hand then twists until the knife falls to the ground. He kicks the knife away.

He twists until Jenny's arm is behind her back. She is no longer facing him, her back now against his chest. His other arm curls tightly around her neck.

She struggles to free herself from his grip, more urgent and breathless as his forearm tightens around her neck. His lips move against her ear.

PETER TIMOR

Remind you of old times?

Peter smiles then he kisses her ear loudly. Jenny flinches.

PETER TIMOR

One last kiss.

His arm tightens around her neck. Jenny, desperate, maneuvers her chin into the crook of his elbow, she bites down - hard.

PETER TIMOR

You bitch!

Peter involuntarily releases her. Jenny dives for the knife. But Peter lunges as well, he grabs her ankles. She can nearly touch the knife. She tries to inch herself forward but Peter pulls her back, hand over hand up her legs.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

The fire rages below and around him as Sam carries Cindy to the top of the stairs. He takes a first step, then more weight. The stairs creak but hold.

A piece of ceiling falls nearby. With urgency, he steps onto the stairs. Then another step.

A rumble. The stairs begin to shake.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Bea is at the kitchen sink washing cups as the house begins to shake, startling her. A teacup drops from her hand and crashes to the floor.

She braces herself at the sink.

LOUNGE

Ed sleeps soundly in the comfy chair as the room shakes around him.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Rodger takes notes as he watches as Tommy spray paints the word DIE on a store front.

The ground shakes, Tommy runs.

Rodger takes cover in the recessed entry way of the Gazette building.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Small rocks tumble down the hillside and roll into the road. Trish and Ellen hold each other for balance.

EXT. WOODS

Jenny is being dragged along the ground and away from the knife by Peter. Her reaching fingers leave trails in the exposed soil. The ground shakes.

Peter tries to steady himself. Jenny pushes herself to her knees and, with all the might she can muster, kicks one leg backwards into Peter's chest knocking him backwards and away. He trips over a stump and falls.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

The sheriff and the paramedics try to maintain balance as the ground shakes. Worried, watching as burning timbers fall from the sides of the swaying house.

INT. THICKET HOUSE

The shaking continues. Sam nearly falls off the stairs as they creak and groan around him. He takes the stairs two at a time, burning debris falls around him. As he reaches the bottom, the stairs collapse. Then the shaking stops.

EXT. WOODS

Peter sits up and blinks his eyes. Surprise. Jenny is rushing at him. He opens his mouth, but she is upon him, like a wild beast, scratching, biting, and smacking him. He raises his hands to protect himself.

PETER TIMOR

Jenny.
 (louder)
 Jenny!

She slows for a moment, thoughtful. Peter grabs her in his arms, hindering her movement. She struggles.

EXT. THICKET HOUSE

Sam bounds through the front door carrying Cindy in his arms. Everyone cheers.

John releases a breath he didn't realize he was holding.

John and the paramedics rush over to Sam as he lays Cindy down on a safe area of lawn. John pats Sam on the back.

JOHN MULGROVE

You had us worried there for a
 minute.

Sam smiles.

The paramedics spring into action, putting Cindy on a stretcher. Cindy coughs and moans. John stands by her, holding her hand.

JOHN MULGROVE

Hang in there, Cindy.

Cindy mumbles. John leans closer, his ear near her mouth.

JOHN MULGROVE

What's that?

She mumbles again but this time John's eyes widen in alarm.

EXT. MAIN STREET

A hissing sound. Rodger scans the area. A green plume of smoke issues from the sewer grate, it wafts in the wind. Rodger smiles. He walks toward the plume taking notes as he goes.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Bea stares out the window at the green plume of smoke in her back yard. She nervously looks toward the lounge. Then she crosses to the

LOUNGE

Ed is asleep in the comfy chair as Bea enters. She stares at him adoringly for a moment, then with concern. She looks back toward the kitchen, then again at Ed. She wrings her hands with worry.

EXT. DAM

Jeff's truck pulls into the parking area near the dam and stops.

EXT. WOODS

Peter hold Jenny tightly.

PETER TIMOR
Jenny! What's wrong?

Jenny struggles, confused, unsure.

PETER TIMOR
Jenny!

And then she's aware. Blinking. Disoriented.

JENNY MULGROVE
Peter? What? Uh.
(looking around)
Why are we here?

PETER TIMOR
I don't know. You were. Uh. I
think. Uh. I don't know.

She looks down at Peter's injuries.

JENNY MULGROVE
Oh. You're hurt. What happened?

He shakes his head.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Roger stand very near the plume, furiously writing. Then he stops.

He stares at the plume, glances both ways, then with the expression of a guilty child he steps forward and takes a whiff. His nose crinkles at the smell.

He looks toward the sheriff's station, a smirk on his face.

EXT. BEA'S BACKYARD

Bea has a tea towel wrapped around her face, like a veil. She leans forward, masonry jar open, upside down, reaching out into the plume for a sample. The breeze sways the plume back and forth, her head catches some of the smoke.

EXT. WOODS

Peter sits on a rock in front of the cave. Jenny works at tidying his arm wound.

JENNY MULGROVE
You remember anything?

PETER TIMOR
Nope. Last thing I remember is green smoke.

JENNY MULGROVE
Me too. You suppose that's what caused it.

PETER TIMOR
Would seem so.

JENNY MULGROVE
So now what do we do.

PETER TIMOR
Get back to town. Warn people.

EXT. PARK STREET INTERCUT WITH SHERIFF'S STATION

John drives quickly down the road.

JOHN MULGROVE
Bill! Bill! Come in!

BILL SIMMONS
I'm here. Still!

JOHN MULGROVE
This is an emergency. Start the
evacuation signal then get to
high ground.

BILL SIMMONS
What?!

JOHN MULGROVE
Jeff Thicket's gonna try to blow
the dam.

BILL SIMMONS
What?!

JOHN MULGROVE
You read me?

BILL SIMMONS
I read you. I just don't believe
you -- sir.

JOHN MULGROVE
Just do it. I'm on my way to the
dam.

John returns the radio handset. His eyes return to the road. A large army truck, canvas backed, a troop carrier, heads directly at him. He swerves around, missing it by inches. The driver is wearing white protective clothing.

JOHN MULGROVE
She-it.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Ed opens his eyes. Bea stands before him, a smirk on her face. She wears a see-through nightie, her arms behind her back.

A see-through nightie?! Ed starts.

BEA MURRAY
Morning, sleepyhead.

Ed glances at his watch.

ED ALBERT
Oh my. It is late. Perhaps I
should be going.

BEA MURRAY

Going! Going? I wouldn't hear of another person leaving. I'll make you another cup of tea.

ED ALBERT

I couldn't. Really. I've had far too much tea today already.

BEA MURRAY

I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist.

She swings the heavy cast iron tea kettle from behind her back. It makes a hollow bell like tone as it hits Ed's head.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

John drives over the pothole causing his head to bump against the ceiling.

JOHN MULGROVE

She-it!

John rubs his head.

JOHN MULGROVE

Damn.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Bill opens a tiny glass plated door that is located on the wall behind the dispatcher's desk. Inside there is red circle with a key hole inside it.

BILL SIMMONS

Key! Right. Where's the key?

Bill hurries over to the desk, he searches through the drawers.

Rodger enters the station unnoticed, he quietly creeps toward Bill, a smirk on his face.

Bill pulls a small brass key out of the drawer. He holds it up, examines it and smiles.

RODGER SMALL

I'll have that key.

BILL SIMMONS

Rodger?!

RODGER SMALL

That key will lead me to the secret files.

BILL SIMMONS

What secret files?

RODGER SMALL

The ones you've been hiding from me. From everyone who deserves to know.

BILL SIMMONS

You want to know what this key is for? The dam's about to burst and flood the town. This key starts the evacuation signal. That's what this key is for!

RODGER SMALL

A likely story. Another lie in the web. More spin. More cover-up.

BILL SIMMONS

I not in the mood for this shit. I have had the worst fucking day! I finally get the chance to go on patrol and not only did my own fucking brother let me down but the fucking town is gonna be evacuated. So who the fuck is gonna see me driving around if everyone's evacuated? Now. If you don't mind. Get the fuck out of here and let me do my job!

RODGER SMALL

Give me the key.

BILL SIMMONS

I'm gonna take this key and fucking stick it...

Bill controls his anger. He turns away, dismissive.

BILL SIMMONS

Just go away Rodger, let me do...

Rodger jumps him, tackling him. The key flies from Bill's hand, it skitters along the ground.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

Trish and Ellen, both tired and dragging, come around the curve. In the valley below sit the ruins of a church.

Down the road they can see the dam in the distance. John's SUV turns into the parking area. Trish waves her arms.

TRISH MULGROVE
JOHN! JOHN!

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
Where?

TRISH MULGROVE
(she points)
At the dam.
(she waves)
JOHN! JOHN!

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
He isn't going to hear you.

TRISH MULGROVE
Come on.

Trish takes off in a run. Ellen stops then shouts after her.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I'm not running!

Trish is further away.

ELLEN MC GRUEDER
I'M NOT RUNNING!
(Ellen waits)
Shit!

Ellen runs after Trish.

EXT. DAM

John pulls the SUV into the dam parking area. He parks next to Jeff's empty truck.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Ed's eyes snap open. It's dim. The blinds are drawn. Small lines of sunlight find their way in at their edges.

A shadowy shape hovers near him. He tries to sit up but something restricts his movement. He gazes up at his arms, they are tied to the furniture. He panics, squirming, trying to escape.

ED ALBERT
Help! Please! Is anyone there?
Help me! Please!

He lifts his head but he can only see his chest, it is uncovered, rising and falling quickly. Over his chest the shadowy figure, Bea.

ED ALBERT

Bea? Bea is that you? Untie me.
Untie me right now and we can
forget all about this.

BEA MURRAY

Forget. What kind of teacher
would I be if I let you forget.
No. There will be no forgetting
today.

Bea kneels between his legs. A look of shock appears on Ed's face. He squirms.

ED ALBERT

What do you think you're doing?
Stop that! Stop that this minute.
Bea, you are under the influence
of an unknown chemical agent. I'm
sure we ...

Bea lowers her head between his legs. Ed head falls back and his eyes close in a moment of pleasure.

ED ALBERT

(smile)
Oh.
(realization)
Oh, Shite.
(disgust)
Stop!

EXT. WOODS ROAD

Jenny and Peter are in a sheriff's sedan. Peter is speaking into the radio handset.

PETER TIMOR

Bill. John. Come in!

No response.

PETER TIMOR

No answer.

JENNY MULGROVE

You don't suppose that we are the
last two people in the world. Do
you?

PETER TIMOR

Don't even joke about it.

JENNY MULGROVE

Sorry. Where to then? The station?

PETER TIMOR

Yeah. But we'll stop at my place first. I'd like to clean up a bit.

JENNY MULGROVE

You wouldn't happen to have a change of clothes for me?

PETER TIMOR

Why? You look great just the way you are.

JENNY MULGROVE

Don't even joke about it.

She smacks him on the shoulder.

PETER TIMOR

Ok. Ok. Already, tough guy. I might have something...

The side window shatters.

JENNY MULGROVE

What was that?!

Jenny looks around.

PETER TIMOR

I think it was -- a gunshot. Get down!

Peter pushes Jenny into a bent position as he floors the gas. Jenny tries to push herself upright.

The back window shatters.

Jenny stops struggling.

JENNY MULGROVE

Holy shit! Who's shooting at us?

PETER TIMOR

Dunno. But I don't think we're the last two people in the world.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Ed's head is lifted, over his chest he can see the dark shadow of Bea's head bob between his legs. He tries to remain calm.

ED ALBERT

Bea. Bea! Listen to me. You aren't yourself. You...

BEA MURRAY

Now you've done it! Now you've really done it.

Bea raises herself to a kneeling position between his legs. Ed panics, he squirms.

ED ALBERT

What? What have I've done?

BEA MURRAY

You've killed the proud soldier and now I can't give it a proper burial.

ED ALBERT

(disgusted)
Oh. Bea.

BEA MURRAY

Maybe it doesn't need a burial.

ED ALBERT

That's right Bea, it doesn't need a burial.

She lights a lighter and he can see her toothless smirking face in the glow.

BEA MURRAY

Maybe I should cremate it?

ED ALBERT

Bea. No! Listen. You don't need to do this. We can do whatever you want, just untie me and...

The flame lowers toward the ground. Ed catches a glimpse of Bea's nude body as it descends.

ED ALBERT

(pleading)
Bea. Please.
(in pain)
Oh God! No! Stop! Oh god!

She stops and the orange light dims. Ed relaxes. Then he become angry, he pulls and twists and squirms trying to loosen the ropes that bind him, then he stops.

ED ALBERT

Damn it.

BEA MURRAY
(chuckling)
Haven't we learned our lesson
yet?

Ed hears the lighter click and the orange light brightens the room. He squirms as he panics.

ED ALBERT
Please. Not again. Please. I'll
do anything you want. Please.

BEA MURRAY
That's more like it. You'll be
an honors student yet -- let's
see, what do I want? Hmm.

Ed scrunches his face to keep from crying.

BEA MURRAY
The soldier is out of commission.

A slap. Ed gasps in pain.

BEA MURRAY
So we can't play war.

Bea crawls along his body, toward his face.

BEA MURRAY
What can we do then?

Her face next to his, he turns his head away.

BEA MURRAY
LOOK AT ME!

Ed turns his face back, fear apparent.

BEA MURRAY
I want you to talk to my friend.

ED ALBERT
(scared but hopeful)
Your friend. Someone else is
here?

She chuckles and stands, pushing against his chest to raise herself up.

BEA MURRAY
Yes. Yes her name is Gina.

Bea takes a step forward. Her legs straddle his head.

BEA MURRAY
Doctor meet Gina!

She sits.

BEA MURRAY
Gina meet the doctor.

The doctor gasps, moans, then screams but his protests are muffled by Bea's body. Bea moves her body forward and back, jumping for a moment with ticklish delight. Then she smiles with pleasure.

BEA MURRAY
Oh, yes! You two get on very well. Oh My. Oh.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE

Jenny, dressed in her bra and panties, washes off in the bathroom sink.

PETER TIMOR (O.S.)
Jenny?

JENNY MULGROVE
I'm in here!

PETER TIMOR
Where's here?

Jenny puts down the wash cloth and exits the bathroom.

JENNY MULGROVE
In the...

She bangs into the shirtless Peter, sending him sprawling backwards. He lands spread-eagled on the floor. The clothing he carries for Jenny lands in a pile nearby.

Jenny runs over to him.

JENNY MULGROVE
You ok?

PETER TIMOR
Think so.

Peter eyes Jenny. She extends a hand.

JENNY MULGROVE
Here.

Peter grabs her hand. She tries to pull him up but she gets pulled down instead. They laugh. Peter holds her gently in his arms.

PETER TIMOR
Like old times.

JENNY MULGROVE

Yeah, it is.

They stare at each other for a moment then they kiss.

INT. SHERIFF STATION

Rodger and Bill roll on the station floor, entangled. Bill on his side, Rodger on top, Bill strains to reach for the key.

Rodger stands and Bill crawls closer to the key but Rodger stamps on Bill's hand.

BILL SIMMONS

Goddamit!

Rodger makes a grab for the key but Bill pulls Rodger's leg out from under him and Rodger falls to the ground.

Bill scrabbles on top of him and elbows him between the shoulder blades. Rodger lets out a rush of air. He lays silent.

Bill pulls his cuffs off his belt.

BILL SIMMONS

Fucking reporters!

INT. PETER'S HOUSE

Jenny and Peter kiss, entwined in each other's arms. Then alarm. Jenny pushes away. Both are embarrassed now.

PETER TIMOR

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that.

JENNY MULGROVE

Me either.

Jenny stands. Spying the pile of clothes on the ground, she grabs them, quickly wrapping the cloth around herself, hiding her state of undress.

JENNY MULGROVE

I'm surprised you kept this stuff.

Peter nods sadly.

EXT. DAM

John walks along the base of the concrete dam.

JOHN MULGROVE
JEFF! JEFF?

He stops and listens. Nothing.

JOHN MULGROVE
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE JEFF. COME
OUT. LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS.

He listens. Nothing. He walks along.

JOHN MULGROVE
JEFF! JEFF?

EXT. MAIN STREET

A caravan of cars and ambulances drive away from the clinic.

UP THE STREET

The two fighting men, bloodied now, are still at it. They have attracted a crowd.

CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND PARK STREET

A car full of young men pulls over to the curb. The young men exit the car. They wreck havoc, turning over garbage cans, breaking a store front window.

The owners runs out but he is quickly overwhelmed by the boys as they pummel him with their fists.

CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND CROSS STREET

Two large, passenger-carrying, army trucks turn onto the road. One stops in the middle of the road. The other continues up the street.

A troop of men hop out of the stationary truck. They are dressed in white protective gear with a plastic fronted hood and a webbed belt holding items around their waist. They are armed with rifles.

They have caught the attention of the crowd that was watching the fight.

The armed men stand, alert, in a line. Their leader, Sergeant Mike Watson stands before them.

SGT MIKE WATSON
MOVE OUT!

The men scatter in different directions.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE

Jenny and Peter exit the house. They walk out the gate, onto the sidewalk.

JACKSON STREET

Peter hops in the patrol sedan. Jenny steps off the curb when

Meow.

She turns. Blackie is on the sidewalk near the gate. She crosses toward the cat.

JENNY MULGROVE

Blackie, what are you doing here?
Bea must be so worried...

She reaches toward the cat.

PETER TIMOR

Jenny! Let's go.

Jenny stands. Blackie watches her as her hands move away, as she turns toward Peter.

JENNY MULGROVE

Bea's cat is here.

PETER TIMOR

Leave it. It'll find it's way home.

JENNY MULGROVE

Pete! That's so heartless. We'll take it home. Bea must be worried sick. It's on the way.

Jenny turns toward the cat, startled to see two other's have joined it, Maxi and Boots.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Bea is in the throes of passion. The muffled protests of Ed continue beneath her. Her forward and backward swaying speeds up. Her breath quickens, her moans grow louder and more primitive.

EXT. JACKSON STREET

The cats meow loudly, silencing suddenly as Jenny reaches toward them. In unison they watch her hands approach. Boots raises a paw.

PETER TIMOR

Come on!

Jenny's places her hands around Blackie. Blackie purrs.

JENNY MULGROVE

On my way.

Boots' paw touches Jenny's hand gently, playfully.

JENNY MULGROVE

Alright. All three of you then.

Jenny opens her arms to encompass the three cats. She lifts them and holds them awkwardly to her chest.

INT. SALLY'S SNACKS

Tense, Sally watches the commotion outside. Was that a gun shot? A white garbed man with a rifle enters the shop. The bell on the door rings. Sally backs away in fear

SALLY GLEASON

What do you want?

SGT MIKE WATSON

You should know. You called me.

SALLY GLEASON

Sarge?

MIKE WATSON

Yeah.

The white garbed man comes closer. Sally relaxes as she catches sight of his oddly smirking face through the plastic face plate.

SALLY GLEASON

You gave me quite a scare there, sweetie. I didn't think you were going to show up. When I called you didn't seem very interested.

He steps closer.

SGT MIKE WATSON

Standard protocol. You know how it is.

SALLY GLEASON

Uh, what's going on outside
Sarge? Did I hear a gun shot?

SGT MIKE WATSON

Just a bit of clean up.

SALLY GLEASON

I knew it! The green smoke. It's
one of your secret projects isn't
it?

SGT MIKE WATSON

You caught me.

SALLY GLEASON

Aha!

SGT MIKE WATSON

But now that you know, I'm going
to have to kill you.

Sally laughs. Mike points his gun at her. Sally stops
laughing, perplexed. Mike shoots her in the head.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Bea's passion rises to it's apex. She moans so loudly that
she sounds almost in pain. Her movements are jerky, her
face a mask of intense seriousness. She lets out a large
scream and then falls forward.

INT. SHERIFF STATION

Rodger lies on the floor on his stomach. His hands are
cuffed behind his back.

RODGER SMALL

It's a conspiracy! You're hiding
valuable information...

Bill, frustrated, tries to turn the key, but it won't
budge.

BILL SIMMONS

Shut up, goddammit.

A white garbed man with a rifle enters, briefly letting in
the sound of gunfire from the street until he closes the
door. Bill turns at the sound.

BILL SIMMONS

Who the fuck are you?

WHITE GARBED MAN

Army.

BILL SIMMONS

Army, why...

RODGER SMALL

Don't listen to him. He's part of it. He knows the secret. He knows about...

The man raises his rifle and shoots Rodger.

BILL SIMMONS

What the hell?

The man points his rifle at Bill. Bill rolls to the left. The man shoots and misses. The man aims again but Bill charges him, zig-zaging his way forward.

The man waves his gun around trying to aim, then shoots anyway. Bill takes a shot in the arm, he staggers for a moment due to the pain, but continues forward. He slams into the army man, knocking him backward.

Bill runs out of the station.

EXT. DAM

John stand by his car.

JOHN MULGROVE

JEFF?

He listens. Nothing. Then curious, he listens again. Nothing!

JOHN MULGROVE

No signal! She-it!

He opens the car door and grabs the radio handset.

JOHN MULGROVE

Bill! Bill! Come in.

No response.

JOHN MULGROVE

Bill! You idiot! Turn on the evacuation signal.

EXT. MAIN STREET

A large army truck blocks the road near Cross Street.

Bill looks around with horror. Corpses line the street. The fighters, the crowd that watched them, the boy in the car.

Everybody's dead except the men in white protective suits. They wander. One spots Bill. He raises his gun. He points it at Bill.

Bill sprints away toward Park Street, dodging the corpses in his way.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

The light streams in around the frame of the door, then it dims. The doorbell rings. Muffled calls for help from Ed, then a knock at the door.

PETER TIMOR (O.S.)
Bea! Bea? You there.

JENNY MULGROVE (O.S.)
You think she's ok?

PETER TIMOR (O.S.)
Dunno.

Knocks again. More muffled cries for help.

PETER TIMOR (O.S.)
I hear something inside. Shit!
It's unlocked.

The door opens. Peter and Jenny enter cautiously. Jenny holds three cats awkwardly in her arms. Peter hears muffled cries for help.

PETER TIMOR
Bea! That you?
(to himself)
Why's it so dark in here?

Peter grabs a flashlight from his belt. He shines it in the direction of the muffled cries and sees a naked man squirming on the floor, Bea's naked body is slumped over his. Peter moves the light away.

PETER TIMOR
Sorry.

He turns, embarrassed, and slams into Jenny. Jenny drops the cats in surprise. The cats scatter.

JENNY MULGROVE
Hey!

PETER TIMOR
 (whispered)
 We should go.

JENNY MULGROVE
 Why? Bea? You ok?

She heads toward the muffled screams. Peter grabs her arm.

PETER TIMOR
 Don't interrupt them.

JENNY MULGROVE
 Something's wrong!

Jenny jerks away from Peter's grasp. She walks over to Bea, touches her, shakes her.

JENNY MULGROVE
 (to Peter)
 She's so cold -- she's dead.

Ed's muffled cries for help fill the shocked silence.

EXT. DAM

John holds the radio handset. He's frantic.

JOHN MULGROVE
 Bill! Come in.

JEFF THICKET
 John.

The sheriff jumps at Jeff's voice. Jeff stands at the back of the SUV, his hand clutching a remote detonator.

JOHN MULGROVE
 Jeff! You startled me.

JEFF THICKET
 You shouldn't be here John. God doesn't want you here.

JOHN MULGROVE
 I'm here to help. You don't need to do this Jeff. Put down the detonator come with me.

JEFF THICKET
 That won't happen John. God chose me for this task, I intend carry it out for him.

JOHN MULGROVE
 I didn't want to have to do this.

John pulls his gun and points it at Jeff.

JEFF THICKET

Killing me won't stop it John. It won't stop the dam from exploding. God instructed me to build a detonator with a dead man's switch. All I have to do is let go and trust in the Lord.

EXT. CORNER MAIN STREET AND PARK STREET

Bill turns the corner. More shots ring out.

And he slams into Bob. The force knocks both of them backwards, they sit on the sidewalk spread-eagled facing one another.

BILL SIMMONS

Bob! Where the fuck have you been?

BOB SIMMONS

I was...

Naked Betty runs up beside them. Bob mouth drops open.

BETTY ANN WORTH

He's coming! Let's go!

She sprints off. Bill stands.

BOB SIMMONS

What the...?

BILL SIMMONS

You heard her. Let's go!

Bob sprints off.

Bill stands watching them head off down the street. Bob catches up with Betty. She takes his hand and they run hand and hand. Bill shakes his head and smiles.

And Arnold slams into the back of him, knocking him forward to the ground. Arnold falls on top of him.

BOB SIMMONS

Watch it!

Bob turns over, pushing Arnold off the top of him.

BOB SIMMONS

Arnold?

Arnold pushes himself up to his knees. He holds the butcher knife high. It gleams in the sunlight.

ARNOLD MORLEY

Son of a bitch. I'll get you for that.

Arnold brings the knife down into the soft fleshy part of Bob's neck. Bob's scream turns to a bloody gurgle.

EXT. DAM

John and Jeff stand near the sheriff's SUV. John has his gun trained on Jeff.

JOHN MULGROVE

Jeff, think about it, why would God want you to destroy an entire town?

JEFF THICKET

God doesn't want to destroy the town John, God wants to save it. The water from this dam will purify...

JOHN MULGROVE

It'll drown everyone Jeff.

JEFF THICKET

Only if they've turned to evil. Only if they are in league with our enemy.

JOHN MULGROVE

Our enemy?

JEFF THICKET

Satan, John. God's enemy. He destroyed the church, killed Pastor Smith. He killed Red!

JOHN MULGROVE

The only enemy we have, Jeff -- is ourselves.

TRISH MULGROVE

(breathless)

John? Jeff? What's going on?

John sees Trish and Ellen stagger toward him.

John glances back at Jeff. The smirk on Jeff's face broadens to rapture as he relaxes his hand, ready to release the switch.

JOHN MULGROVE

Run!

ELLEN MC GRUEDER

Not again!

John sprints toward Trish, grabbing her in a fireman's hold. He grabs Ellen's hand and pulls both women with him.

INT. BEA'S HOUSE

Peter covers Bea's body with a sheet. The cats sniff around her. Horrified, Jenny collects them. Relieved, Ed gets dressed. He winces as he zips his pants.

ED ALBERT

I am unable to express enough gratitude for your assistance in extricating me from that horrid situation. I can't imagine what would have happened if you hadn't arrived...

Peter looks at Ed strangely.

PETER TIMOR

You aren't from around here, are you?

JENNY MULGROVE

I think he's English.

A loud explosion rocks the house.

JENNY MULGROVE

Another quake?!

ED ALBERT

Definitely not.

Peter runs to the door. He looks outside.

PETER TIMOR

Shit.

ED ALBERT

More like an explosion actually.

PETER TIMOR

Get to the car!

JENNY MULGROVE

What about Bea? We can't leave her here.

PETER TIMOR

Now.

Jenny stands firm.

PETER TIMOR

It looks like the fucking dam's exploded.

ED ALBERT

Oh dear.

PETER TIMOR

Come on! Move it!

Ed hobbles toward the door. Jenny gathers the cats and beats him to it.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The army men run toward their truck.

SGT MIKE WATSON

LET'S GO! MOVE IT! LET'S GO!

EXT. SHEERWOOD FALLS

Water rushes over the cliff, flowing into the valley below. The resulting wall of water demolishes house as it crests over them. The ruins of the church are swept away. House are demolished as it

EXT. WOODS ROAD

The tires screech as the car speeds along a small curvy wooded road. Peter drives. Jenny is in the front passenger seat, and Ed sits with the cats in the back.

The road rises and Jenny can see the valley. She spies the waterfall, spies the wall of water that heads toward them.

JENNY MULGROVE

Hurry! It's getting closer.

Peter has the accelerator pedal floored.

PETER TIMOR

I can't go any faster.

Ed winces with each bump. The cats cling to him.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The truck rolls away, troops in the back. A wall of water rushes toward them from the corner of Park Street. It lifts the corpses in its path, pushing them toward the panicking troops in the back of the truck. They lift their arms in gesture of futile protection as the water washes them away.

EXT. WOODS ROAD

Peter drives as Jenny's watches the destructive wall obliterate Main Street. She is shocked.

JENNY MULGROVE

It's got Main Street. I hope
Sally...

The wall of water is much closer now. Knocking over trees as it rushes to meet them. The road becomes a steep track and the car struggles up it.

The water wall nearly touches the car bumper. It rises, cresting into a large wave that slaps the back of the car in it's wake.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

Ed holds the cat's awkwardly in his arms. Peter stands with his arm around Jenny. They huddle near the car and look out over the valley that was once their home.

At other times it would be a beautiful sight - a turbulent lake, reflecting the sunset colors, fed by a newly reborn waterfall, Sheerwood Falls.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD

John lies directly on top of Trish. They are on a black sand beach, the romantic sound of rushing water nearby. They stare in each other's eyes and then they kiss.

The rushing water becomes louder, sounding more like the torrent. The black sand becomes the macadam of Ridge Road. Trish panics, she pushes John away ending the kiss.

TRISH MULGROVE

Ellen, where's Ellen?

ELLEN MCGRUDER (O.S.)

I'm over here.

John and Trish look toward Ellen. She stands within a metre of the top of the waterfall, tears in her eyes.

John and Trish stand and walk over to comfort her. Trish gives Ellen a big hug, holding her tight.

John surveys the damage to the valley.

At other time it would be quite beautiful - a turbulent lake, reflecting the sunset colors, a thick plume of green smoke rising from it's center.

FADE OUT.