

FADE IN:

INT. CHESTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The metal door of a fake book safe opens revealing a wad of cash. CHESTER ARTHUR (white man in his early sixties) takes out two twenty-dollar bills. He stuffs the bills into his pocket and locks the small metal door.

Chester puts the fake book back on the shelf and leaves the room.

EXT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chester's house is deep in the Adirondack Woods, on top of a large hill overlooking Lake Champlain. The white siding has a green tint from mold and the screened-in porch is sagging.

From the road, you can't see his house, but there is a long straight dirt driveway connecting the house to a county road.

A late 70's Chevy Impala is parked by the house. The silver exterior paint is faded, and numerous small dents are scattered across the car's body. '**I Support the Local Police**' sticker is on the back bumper.

CHESTER, wearing a camouflage coat and matching baseball cap, walks out of the house and towards the car. He stops at the car, looks around the wooded lot, then he unlocks the door with a car key and gets in.

INT./EXT. CHESTER'S CAR/DIRT DRIVEWAY - MORNING

CHESTER pushes a DAN FOGELBERG cassette into the car's tape player. The song BLASTS. He turns down the volume.

He looks into the rearview mirror and puts the car into reverse, the car jerks in place, then it slowly moves down the dirt driveway backward.

The car bounces on the exposed tree roots and rocks as Chester navigates the narrow trail.

Chester looks into the side-view mirror, the dirty window makes it hard for him to see. He reaches the main road and slams on the brakes. A car flies by.

CHESTER

Fuck....

Chester turns his body as he puts his right arm over the

seat. He looks down the county road in the direction of the speeding car.

Chester takes his foot off the brake, and the car slowly moves backward.

A New York State Trooper's car flies by with SIRENS shrieking.

CHESTER
Jesus Christ...

The New York State Trooper police cruiser is in hot pursuit of the first car. Chester strains his neck to watch the high-speed chase.

INT./EXT. TROOPER CAR/COUNTY ROAD 22 - MORNING

Trooper KESIA DESMOND (black female in her mid-forties) drives as if she were in a boat during a hurricane. She has one hand on the wheel, and the other clutches the radio transmitter.

KESIA
(speaking into handset)
Troop George Washington, this is
trooper five-five. In pursuit.

Kesia grabs the wheel with both hands, holding onto the transmitter by the cord, just for a moment. Then she snaps the handset into her fist.

KESIA (CONT'D)
(speaking into handset)
The suspect car, a white Chevy Camaro,
license plate four-eight-four-mike-
tango-kilo. Over.

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
(radio transmission)
Roger. Are you requesting a ten-
fourteen? Over.

KESIA
(speaking into handset)
Ten-four. Headed northbound on twenty-
two. Empire State Trail...just crossed
county route one.

Kesia holds the handset by the cord as she attempts to keep both hands on the wheel.

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
 (radio transmission)
 Any Ticonderoga unit please respond.
 Officer in pursuit headed in your
 direction.

Kesia tosses the radio handset and grabs the wheel with both hands.

INTERCUT:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 22 & COUNTY ROAD 3 - MORNING

The white Camaro kicks dirt as it takes a hard right down County Road 3. The Trooper car scoots as it fishtails making the turn.

KESIA spins the wheel trying to keep it on the road.

KESIA
 Jesus...

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
 (radio transmission)
 Trooper five-five...

KESIA
 Shit.

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
 (radio transmission)
 Trooper five-five...

KESIA
 God dammit.

Kesia doesn't take her hands off the wheel.

She pulls up next to the Camaro, both cars accelerating as they make a windy turn and face a steep hill.

The two cars are neck and neck. KESIA pushes back on her seat, turning her head, straining to see the driver.

KESIA
 C'mon, c'mon....c'mon...

The Camaro doesn't slow down.

KESIA
 I got you...pull over asshole.

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
(radio transmission)
Trooper five-five...

Kesia bears down on the steering wheel as if she is about to do something reckless and punch the Camaro off the road.

The Camaro jolts forward in a burst of acceleration.

As the two cars reach the peak of the hill, a red Ford pickup truck appears at the crest, coming right at her.

She sees the truck and her body jerks backward in her seat.

KESIA
Holy shit...

She decelerates and turns the wheel to the right. The Camaro takes off and sprints into the distance. Kesia frantically tries to keep the car on the road while trying to avoid the oncoming truck.

She squints her eyes preparing for a collision.

The truck barely misses the Trooper's car. Kesia slams on the brakes and scoots onto the shoulder of the road. The car hops to a brief stop and then Kesia accelerates. Dirt flies.

As the Trooper's car crosses the top of the hill, KESIA sees the Camaro take a right turn down a farm road.

KESIA
Where are you going, you son-of-a-bitch?

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
(radio transmission)
All units, Trooper five-five, needs assistance. Last contact was on route twenty-two, mile marker thirty-three.

The radio handset is laying on the floor of the car, the spiral cord stretches out across the seat.

She takes a right turn to follow the Camaro.

The tree line makes it hard to see where the Camaro went. She flies by the entrance of a dirt road leading to a farmhouse. and catches a glimpse of the white car through the trees. She hits the brakes.

KESIA

Gotcha!

She spins the steering wheel, pushes the accelerator and the car jolts back down the road. SIRENS still blaring.

As the Trooper's car screeches toward the entrance, the white Camaro slowly moves backward, attempting to get back onto the road. With a burst of acceleration, Kesia blocks the white car.

She opens the door and leaps from the car. Immediately, she pulls out her Glock 21 pistol and points it at the driver's window.

KESIA

Take your hands off the wheel! Get your hands up!

There is no sign of life from the Camaro as it sits with the engine running. The door of the Camaro doesn't open, and the tinted windows make it impossible to see inside.

KESIA (CONT'D)

I'm going to open this door!

There is no response.

KESIA (CONT'D)

I'm going to open this door!

Slowly, Kesia takes her left hand off the pistol and reaches for the car door handle.

KESIA (CONT'D)

I'm opening the door!

As Kesia reaches for the door, the window rolls down. Kesia jumps back, stumbling as she takes a few steps, pointing her pistol in the air. BANG! The gun fires.

KESIA (CONT'D)

Fuck!!! Fuck! What the fuck were you thinking?!

Inside the car, the driver is a sixteen-year-old white kid. GREGORY MCDUFFIE (a 16-year-old white male) looks confused, not scared.

GREGORY

I'm sorry.

KESIA
 Sorry?! Why were you runnin'?!

GREGORY
 I don't know.

KESIA
 I could have killed you!

GREGORY
 You wouldn't kill a white boy. It
 don't work that way 'round here.

The kid smirks at Kesia. She curls her lip, and her hands shake as she holds onto the pistol. She takes a long deep breath and releases it like she's blowing out a candle.

The kid sits there in his whiteness.

Kesia holsters her pistol.

KESIA
 (to herself)
 If you were a black kid and I was
 white, you would never see your Mommy
 again.

GREGORY
 Excuse me, I didn't hear you.

Kesia takes a deep breath. Her hands are shaking.

KESIA (CONT'D)
 Give me your license and registration.

The boy looks confused.

KESIA (CONT'D)
 Is this your car?

GREGORY
 My dad's.

KESIA
 Did you steal it?

Gregory shakes his head.

GREGORY
 I ain't no bitch nigga.

KESIA
Get your hands up!

GREGORY
My license is in my wallet. How am I
supposed to get it?

KESIA
Slowly, put your hands down and get
your wallet.

Gregory trepidatiously reaches into his back pocket, scooting up to the steering wheel, and pulls out his wallet. He opens the wallet and takes out his license.

Another Trooper's car arrives and parks alongside the Camaro.

GREGORY
I'm sorry.

Gregory hands over his license. Kesia stares at the kid. Her eyes fixated on the boy's blue eyes. She bites her lip.

KESIA
Stay right here.

Kesia starts to walk over to the other Trooper's car. SGT. BILL ANDERSON (a muscular, white male in his late forties) steps out of his car and meets Kesia with one hand on the butt of his pistol.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
I know this kid.

Sgt. Anderson points as if trying to tell Kesia something is behind her.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
He lives at Glen Burnie, down the
road. Rich kid.

Kesia doesn't respond. She keeps looking at the license in her hand.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Are you okay?

KESIA
Fucking want to kill him.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Is your body cam on?

KESIA
I have no idea.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
What was he doing?

Kesia puts her hands on her hips, still holding the license in her fingers.

KESIA
Joy ride. Fuck if I know. I almost shot him.

Sgt. Anderson tries to make eye contact with Kesia but she's gone blank. The silence between them wakes her from her thoughts. Their eyes meet. He smiles.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Welcome to the Adirondacks.

Kesia doesn't smile back.

KESIA
Fucking racist little shit. Talk about white privilege. Thinks he's above the law.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Or it's just a kid being a kid.

KESIA
Maybe a white kid being a white kid.

Kesia shakes her head.

KESIA (CONT'D)
If this happened in Hunt's Point.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
You thought you left this shit in the Bronx, didn't you?

KESIA
I thought I'd never have to draw my gun again.

Sgt. Anderson LAUGHS.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
 Whatcha think you were going to do up
 here? Jesus, you're a cop. You'll be
 drawing that gun until you retire.

KESIA
 Fuck.

Kesia LAUGHS.

KESIA (CONT'D)
 I guess I thought the only things I'd
 shoot were bears.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
 I haven't seen a bear in twenty years.

Kesia looks at the kid's driver's license and hands it to the
 sergeant.

KESIA
 I didn't expect this either.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
 I'm glad you didn't shoot him.

KESIA
 Me too.

EXT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

The red Ford pickup truck that almost crashed into Kesia
 pulls into the Lake View Inn parking lot. The Inn is an old
 Victorian home with a large front porch. The porch is closed
 in with glass windows with ripped screens.

The Inn sits on the west side of the railroad tracks next to
 a road that run along Lake Champlain. In the distance is Fort
 Ticonderoga, a Revolutionary War fort that still stands.

There are only a few cars in the parking lot. GEORGE
 LONERGAN, a skinny white man in his early seventies, steps
 out of the red pickup. His red plaid jacket is torn and aged.
 On his head, he wears a black cap with earmuffs.

He shuts the door and then pads his pants looking for his
 wallet. He looks inside the truck and takes a deep breath.

GEORGE
 Godammit.

He opens the car door and reaches in, retrieving his wallet from the console. He puts the wallet into his pocket, shuts the door, and walks up to the Inn.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

The Lake View Inn is a disheveled diner full of memorabilia from the 1960s. A stuffed bear is crammed near the checkout counter, among old calendars, and postcards. A sign on the counter says, '**NO CREDIT CARDS, CASH ONLY.**'

The inside of the diner is lit by the diffused blue overcast sun that seems to hover outside the windows. The dim light makes the inside feel ghostly yet cozy.

The kitchen area is hidden from the customers by a temporary wall. MARTHA ARTHUR (a mid-forties white woman, Chester's wife) puts a coffee cup on the counter and fills it. She places the cup and two creamers onto a saucer.

The front door opens with a DING and GEORGE walks in. He looks distraught and confused. The door SLAMS shut behind him. Martha looks up.

MARTHA
George. You alright?

George sits down at the counter where his coffee sits.

GEORGE
I almost died.

MARTHA
What happened?

George doesn't look at Martha, instead, he concentrates on opening up the creamer. His hands are shaking like he has Parkinson's.

GEORGE
I came over the hill. Down near
Sutton's farm. Trooper flying right at
me. Right at me.

MARTHA
Are you okay?

GEORGE
My life flashed before my eyes.

CHESTER, sitting by himself in a corner booth, overhears the

conversation.

CHESTER

Did you see the time you got caught
walking naked on the railroad tracks?

George and Martha look over at Chester.

GEORGE

Shut up.
(to Martha)
Your husband is an asshole.

MARTHA

(to George)
I know. Just sit there and drink your
coffee. I'll cook you up a breakfast.

CHESTER

How's my coffee coming?

Martha looks at Chester and scowls. She turns to the rear counter, grabs a cup and saucer, and pours a cup of coffee.

She snatches two creamers and puts them on the saucer. She takes a last look at George and heads toward Chester. He is sitting in the booth as if he is hiding from the world.

MARTHA

You want something to eat?

Chester shakes his head.

George finally removes the plastic lid from the top of the creamer and pours it into his coffee. The old man's hands shake as he lifts the cup to his mouth.

EXT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

KESIA pulls into the parking lot, gets out of her patrol car and walks to the Inn.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

MARTHA, behind the counter, hears the DING and turns to see KESIA. Chester looks up.

MARTHA

Hey Kesia...Kesia right?

KESIA
Yes, m'am.

GEORGE turns toward the door.

GEORGE
Oh my God.

KESIA
Coffee?

MARTHA
To go?

KESIA
Yes, ma'am. Thank you.

Martha pours coffee into the large Styrofoam cup.

MARTHA
Cream...sugar?

KESIA
Sugar...thanks.

George hasn't stopped staring at Kesia.

GEORGE
You almost killed me.

The old man waits for a response. At first, Kesia doesn't pay attention.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You almost killed me.

Kesia looks at George.

KESIA
Excuse me?

GEORGE
You almost killed me.

KESIA
You drive a red pickup?

GEORGE
Yes.

KESIA

Yup. Almost killed both of us. Sorry about that.

GEORGE

If I have a heart attack today, I'll sue the state.

KESIA

Get as much money as you can.

Kesia stands at the checkout counter watching Martha stir her coffee and then turns toward Chester's direction.

Chester is not there.

Kesia smiles at George. The old man shakes his head and goes back to his coffee. Martha puts a lid on the Styrofoam cup and hands it to Kesia.

KESIA

Thank you.

Kesia takes a step toward the old man, leans in, and taps him on the shoulder.

KESIA (CONT'D)

I'm glad I didn't kill you.

The old man's shoulders raise, and he shrugs them defiantly. Kesia leaves.

GEORGE

(under his breath)

Fucking nigger cop.

Martha overhears him and smiles. She turns to see Chester slithering back into the booth. She walks back to talk to him.

MARTHA

Hiding from the cops? I thought you like hiding in plain sight.

Chester drinks his coffee and motions to her to sit down. Martha walks over and sits across from him.

CHESTER

I worry about this one. She's new. The less she sees of me the better.

MARTHA

She'll see you. Eventually. It's just a matter of time.

CHESTER

She doesn't know what she signed up for.

MARTHA

I didn't know what I signed up.

Martha stands up and walks toward the kitchen, stopping on the way to wipe down a booth and pick up a used coffee cup.

George gets off his stool and walks back to sit in Chester's booth.

GEORGE

What the fuck Robin Hood. Are we running low on cash? Where's my cut?

Chester drinks his coffee.

CHESTER

You're such a pain in the ass.

GEORGE

I need to buy my prescriptions.

CHESTER

What you do? Spend all that money?

GEORGE

I had to fix my truck.

CHESTER

Do I look like the bank?

GEORGE

Fuck yeah. You are the bank. And if I don't get money soon, I'm whistle blowing.

Chester puts down his coffee cup. He looks George in the eye.

CHESTER

You can fuckin' blow me, old man.

GEORGE

I mean it. Everybody treats you like God. Ya play favorites.

CHESTER

Is that so?

GEORGE

I made a deal with you. I'll squeal,
swear to God, I'll squeal.

CHESTER

I'll fuckin' drop you in Lake
Champlain, tied to an old washing
machine, if you fuckin' make a peep.
And no one in this valley will give a
fuck.

George looks beaten. He gets up and leaves the restaurant.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Old fuck.

EXT. CHESTER'S DOCK - NIGHT

A campfire lights up the shoreline in a remote portion of
Lake Champlain. A large 1984 Hatteras yacht, CHAMP, is moored
at the dock that stretches out into the water.

CHESTER walks out of the darkness, wearing a small backpack,
as he steps onto the dock.

MARTHA appears in the dim light of the campfire. She walks up
behind Chester.

MARTHA

Chester?

CHESTER

Qu'est-ce que tu fous, connard
américain.

Chester turns around and faces Martha. She looks agitated.

MARTHA

All's good. Everything is ready. Mark
says the cargo is safe and secure.
Have a safe trip.

Chester takes off the backpack and holds it by the strap.

DR. MARK DWYER (a chubby white male general practitioner in
his early forties) and FRANK PECORE (a white male in his
early forties, muscular but overweight, looking like a

volunteer fireman) emerge from the dark.

Both men are carrying a backpack and are dressed in casual fisherman gear.

CHESTER

We'll cross over tomorrow.

Chester flops the backpack over his shoulder, putting his arms through both straps.

MARK

Are we going to dock at Burlington tonight?

CHESTER

That was the plan.

Chester starts walking toward the dock, but he stops. He checks his pockets. He looks up at Mark.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Put the fire out.

MARK

(to Frank)

Hey Frank! Put the fire out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURLINGTON DOCK - NIGHT

The public docks are illuminated by lights hanging from light poles built into the pier.

CHAMP appears from the darkness and drifts up to the dockside. FRANK straddles the railing and steps off the boat, hoisting a line to MARK who ties the line to the bow.

CHESTER turns off the motor. Mark walks to the stern, picking up a line and waits for Frank, as he ties the fore line to the dock.

Mark stays on the boat. Standing at the stern, he takes out his cell phone and texts, '**Here. Departing at six a.m.**'

Frank gets back on the boat. Mark gets a response from his text, '**Will be there.**'

Mark walks over to Chester.

MARK

All good. I just let them know when we'd pick them up.

CHESTER

Check our cargo. Frank has the first watch.

Mark goes below deck. Chester walks toward the bow and Frank meets him near the stairwell to the bridge.

CHESTER

I'm going to get some shut eye. See you in a few hours.

FRANK

Sleep well.

Chester goes below and Frank grabs a worn Expos jacket from a hook. He puts on the coat and takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights one up.

Champ sits quietly at the pier.

EXT. KESIA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

KESIA is sitting at the kitchen table sifting through her cell phone looking for a distraction. She's wearing a long red robe and her head is covered with a stretch turban head wrap.

The backdoor opens.

KESIA

Charlene?

CHARLENE DESMOND, Kesia's daughter, (early twenties, very Gen-Z) is already counting days until her retirement, walks into the kitchen. Kesia puts down her phone.

KESIA (CONT'D)

Well, how was it?

Charlene takes off her jacket.

CHARLENE

It's a long drive. I want to live on campus.

KESIA

Next semester.

Charlene hangs up her coat.

CHARLENE

It's a forty-five minute drive one way. Dark narrow roads. All creepy and shit.

KESIA

It takes forty-five minutes to get anywhere in the Bronx.

Charlene opens the fridge and pulls out a bottle of water.

CHARLENE

But it ain't all boondocks creepy shit, I'm waiting for a deer to pop out. Smash my car and kill me.

Kesia gestures to Charlene to sit down at the table. Charlene sits.

KESIA

But, how was it? Your first day at Champlain Valley College. I'm so excited.

CHARLENE

I'm glad you're excited. I don't know anyone.

Kesia looks at her daughter and smiles.

KESIA

I'm so proud of you.

CHARLENE

Stop. I haven't done anything yet.

KESIA

You will be solving global warming before you know it.

Charlne shakes her head.

CHARLENE

Mom.

KESIA

What't the campus like?

CHARLENE

It's a pretty beaugy campus for being out in the middle of nowhere. I love the mascot, it's a black panther. Do you believe that? I'm a Black Panther.

Charlene laughs and Kesia smiles with pride.

KESIA

I knew you'd like it.

They sit in silence for a moment as they both return to their phones.

CHARLENE

My daughter is a Black Panther.

The two GIGGLE.

INT./EXT. CHAMP/BURLINGTON DOCK - DAWN

The morning light climbs the mountain range to the east.

CHESTER appears from below deck with a travel mug of coffee. FRANK is awake, sitting in the captain's chair.

FRANK

Morning...

CHESTER

Morning...

Chester goes to the railing and looks toward the city.

FRANK

All secure?

CHESTER

Aye, aye.

Chester drinks his coffee and scans the streets approaching the pier. A dark sedan in the distance stops at the street corner. A woman and a man exit the car. They shut the door behind them, and then walk toward the dock.

CHESTER

I think that's them.

FRANK

Why did they park so far away?

CHESTER

Cameras. They don't want the car to appear on camera.

Chester and Mark watch the two guests come toward them.

HAO FU (a 30-ish, short Chinese woman) walks confidently toward Champ. She is wearing a casual outfit that seems more touristy than fisher.

Next to her, SHI ZHONG HAN (a late 20-ish, muscular, Chinese man) is wearing a fishing vest and carries two fishing poles.

Chester watches the two intently as they approach the boat. MARK steps onto the bridge.

MARK

(quietly to Chester)

This is something out of a Bond film.

Chester fights back a laugh.

Hao and Shi approach the bow of the boat. Hao stops and Shi keeps walking to the stern.

HAO

Hello gentlemen. It looks like it will be a beautiful day for a boat ride.

CHESTER

Yes, ma'am.

SHI

Do you have breakfast?

CHESTER

We got coffee and granola bars.

SHI

Very good.

Shi reaches over the side of the boat and drops his fishing poles onto the deck floor. Frank quickly climbs down the ladder from the bridge.

FRANK

I got that...

Frank scurries and picks up the rods. He secures them in the rod holders. Chester climbs down to the deck.

CHESTER
(to Hao)
Let me give you a hand.

Chester helps Hao get onto the boat.

CHESTER
Welcome aboard. Good to see you again.

HAO
Where's the doctor?

CHESTER
Up there.

MARK is leaning over the edge of the bridge.

MARK
Hello.

HAO
(to Mark)
I got your text.

Hao takes off her backpack.

HAO (CONT'D)
I want to see the cargo.

Hao hands the backpack to Mark.

CHESTER
Okay.

HAO
(to Mark)
You help me, we check their vitals.

MARK
Yes, ma'am.

Chester goes below deck. Hao follows behind. Mark scrambles down from the bridge, scurrying down the ladder to the galley. Then, he takes the short staircase to go below deck.

INT. CHAMP - BELOW DECK - DAWN

MARK carries the backpack and places it on a small table. He takes out a stethoscope, temperature gun, and blood pressure gauge. HAO stands next to Mark.

HAO
How long have you had the girls?

MARK
We've had one for two months. The latest catch was a week ago.

HAO
What do you have them on?

MARK
Propofol, pentobarbital and thiopental.

The bedroom area has a raised floor with a storage base. CHESTER reaches down and grabs a hidden latch. He turns it and the base opens.

In the base, seven young women are strapped on stretchers. Their faces are covered with oxygen masks. Their bodies are covered with blankets.

HAO
Seven? I didn't authorize seven.

Mark and Chester look at each other. Hao crosses her arms and turns toward the men.

HAO (CONT'D)
I don't have the documentation for seven. We said six!

MARK
(to Chester)
I warned you.

CHESTER
(to Hao)
I didn't think it would be a problem, better for you.

Hao takes a step toward Chester.

HAO
Overdose one of them and throw her overboard.

The men are speechless.

Hao points at the men.

HAO (CONT'D)
 Did you hear me? You'll screw this
 whole operation up if we show up with
 seven girls.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
 I can't kill one of the girls.

HAO
 But you can kidnap them?

Chester picks up a syringe.

CHESTER
 (to Hao)
 Which one do you suggest?

Hao points to the nearest girl.

HAO
 This one will do.

CHESTER
 Maria Suarez. She's pretty.

HAO
 Pick the ugliest then...

EXT. LAKE VIEW INN - MORNING

The body of a fully dressed young girl drops into Lake Champlain.

INT. KESIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is cluttered with dishes and the sink is full. KESIA walks into the kitchen, dressing as she walks. She buttons up her uniform while standing in the middle of the room.

KESIA
 Charlene! Charlene!

CHARLENE lumbers into the kitchen.

CHARLENE
 What?!

Kesia finishes with her buttons.

KESIA

Could you clean up this kitchen today?!

The sound of Charlene's slippers scooting on the tile floor makes Kesia stop and watch her daughter.

CHARLENE

I don't know. Maybe.

The uniformed trooper scowls at her daughter.

Charlene walks directly to the Keurig coffee maker and puts in a plastic K-cup.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

If I get home early, maybe.

KESIA

It won't take you that long. I would appreciate it.

Kesia picks up her holster, wraps it around her waist, and secures the buckle.

KESIA (CONT'D)

And I think it would show me that you have matured. At least a little bit.

The coffee maker hisses and starts spewing coffee.

KESIA (CONT'D)

Hey! Put a mug under that...

Charlene grabs a mug and puts it on top of the spilled coffee underneath the spout.

KESIA (CONT'D)

You are always making a mess.

CHARLENE

C'mon Mom, I'm tired.

KESIA

Just deal with it.

CHARLENE

I'll deal with it.

KESIA

What are you doing today?

CHARLENE

Class at noon. Work at five.

KESIA

You shouldn't be working during the week. You have too much school work. Stay in the library, be a geek.

There is no response.

KESIA (CONT'D)

Remember, school is more important than your job at Mickie D's.

CHARLENE

Blah, blah...

Kesia reaches up to the top of the refrigerator and grabs her Trooper hat. She puts it on and turns to daughter.

KESIA

Take a walk with me.

CHARLENE

In my PJs?

KESIA

C'mon.

Charlene lifts her coffee mug and shuffles behind her mother.

EXT. KESIA'S HOUSE - MORNING

KESIA and CHARLENE walk around the front of the house to the backyard.

CHARLENE

Where are we going?

EXT. KESIA'S BACKYARD - MORNING

The morning light reflects off the waters of the Upper End of Lake George. The picturesque view of the mountains and the lake look like a tourist postcard.

KESIA walks to a dock that stretches out into the lake. CHARLENE stops halfway to drink her coffee.

Keisa spreads her arms like a preacher.

KESIA

When I was little, your grandmother signed me up for the "Fresh Air Kid" program. They sent me here.

CHARLENE

Right here? This exact spot?

Kesia turns her head sideways and rolls her eyes.

KESIA

I stayed with a nice family. Had a great time.

CHARLENE

Good for you.

KESIA

They sent city kids, like me, here. Probably just white guilt. They felt they were doing right. Get the black kids out of the shitty city.

Kesia puts her hands on her hips and looks out over the water. She takes a deep breath.

KESIA (CONT'D)

And it was shitty back then. Coming up here changed my life. Listen.

The mother and daughter listen to the distant sound of a train and birds in the trees.

KESIA (CONT'D)

What do you hear?

CHARLENE

A crazy woman, going on about white guilt.

KESIA

This is heaven to me. Heaven. I didn't know a place like this existed. When I left, I swore I'd be back.

CHARLENE

You be back in the woods.

KESIA

I am.

Kesia closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

CHARLENE

Now, go arrest some bubbas. (beat) And watch out for coyotes and snakes. Ticks. Bears. Serial killers.

Kesia walks over to her daughter and kisses her on the forehead.

KESIA

I love you.

CHARLENE

I love you too.

EXT. NEAR US & CANADIAN BORDER - CHAMP - DAY

CHAMP slowly chugs underneath the Route 2 bridge that crosses from New York to Vermont.

CHESTER, FRANK, and SHI nervously look for official boats.

CHESTER

We better get Hao ready.

Chester points at Shi then points downward. Shi heads down the ladder to get Hao.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Mounties will be coming soon. Border patrol boats.

FRANK

This is when I get nervous.

CHESTER

Nothing to be nervous about. We all have Canadian passports.

FRANK

What if they go below?

CHESTER

Listen, we are old white men, charting a boat for a rich Chinese national, who also has a Canadian passport. She's rich as fuck. Connected.

FRANK

I'd stop us.

CHESTER

We wear white man camouflage. Unless you take it off, we are good and safe. Just act like a guy who works a charter boat, eh?

Two Mountie patrol boats appear on the horizon and rush toward the boat. On each boat are four Mounties. One at the helm, two with rifles, and a MOUNTIE OFFICER (mid-thirties, white male).

MOUNTIE OFFICER

(using bullhorn)

Attention, Champ! Attention! This is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police! Please have your appropriate paperwork ready.

Frank cuts the engines. Chester goes down the ladder and meets Hao at the stern. Mark stays near the galley door standing next to Shi.

MOUNTIE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(to Chester)

Grab this line!

One of the Mounties throws a line to Chester. Chester catches it and pulls the Mountie Patrol boat to the side of the Champ. Mark, Shi, and Chester secure the patrol boat.

CHESTER

Good morning, sir!

No one comes aboard the boat. The officer walks to the side of the bow of his boat.

MOUNTIE OFFICER

What are your intentions?

CHESTER

We are taking Miss Hao to Quebec City.

Chester points to Hao.

MOUNTIE OFFICER

Are you Canadian, Ms. Hao?

HAO

Yes, officer.

MOUNTIE OFFICER
Passport, please.

Hao reaches into her pocket and takes out a Canadian passport. She hands it to the officer. He looks at it and looks at her face.

MOUNTIE OFFICER
Are the rest of you Canadian?

Chester, Frank, and Mark nod.

MOUNTIE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Passports, please.

Chester, Frank, and Mark reach into their pockets. They hand over Canadian passports to the officer. The officer opens them up and looks at the men.

MOUNTIE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Anyone else on board?

The officer points toward the galley.

HAO
My brother.

Hao turns and waves to Shi to come to the bow. The men shuffle around to let Shi approach the officer. Shi takes out a passport and hands it to the officer.

MOUNTIE OFFICER
Any of you speak French?

Shi and Chester raise their hand.

CHESTER
Oui.

MOUNTIE OFFICER
(in French)
Are you the captain of this boat?

CHESTER
Oui.

MOUNTIE CAPTAIN
(in French)
Boat registration please.

Chester takes out a plastic bag with the boat registration.

The Mountie opens the bag and looks at the form.

MOUNTIE CAPTAIN

Do you swear, that what you have said
and presented to me is authentic?

CHESTER

(in French)

I swear on the lives of my crew and on
the honor of this vessel.

The Mountie Captain nods his head slowly. He looks at Hao.

MOUNTIE CAPTAIN

Are you being held without consent by
these men?

Hao shakes her head.

HAO

No sir! We have friends at the south
end of the lake. We sail down there
occasionally.

The Mountie hands back the paperwork.

HAO (CONT'D)

(in French)

I speak French as well. I have lived
in Q.C. most of my life. I own Lao
Sze, have you ever eaten there?

The captain shakes his head.

HAO (CONT'D)

(in French)

When you stop again, make sure to ask
for me.

The captain nods.

MOUNTIE CAPTAIN

Be safe, there is a lot of debris from
the fires on the Richelieu.

CHESTER

Thanks for the heads up.

The officer waves his finger at the Champ crew, signaling
them to take off the lines. The three men scramble and untie
the Mountie boat.

The Mountie boats return to Fort Montgomery.

FRANK

Another close call averted. I don't know if I can keep doing this.

CHESTER

You'll think differently when we get the barrels of green cash.

FRANK

I don't know, man.

EXT. LAKE VIEW INN - MORNING

KESIA pulls into the Inn parking lot. Behind her is SGT. BILL ANDERSON in his trooper car. They park, get out of their cars and walk to the Inn.

Sgt. Anderson leads the way to the door.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - MORNING

There are a few customers in the Inn. JOE STEAGLE (a middle-aged farmer) and CRAIG PRATT (a twenty-something carpenter) are sitting together on the opposite side of the Inn.

The door DINGS and MARTHA looks up.

MARTHA

Sergeant Bill! It is good to see you.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Martha.

KESIA walks behind Sgt. Bill Anderson as he leads the way to a booth.

MARTHA

Hi, Kesia.

KESIA

Good morning.

Kesia sits close to the window and looks out. Sgt. Anderson sits across from Kesia.

KESIA (CONT'D)

It's so pretty up here.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Yeah it is.

There is an awkward moment of silence.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I want to make sure you're doing okay.

KESIA
I'm doing fine.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Good.

KESIA
I love my new house. My daughter is
doing great.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Your daughter?

KESIA
She's got a scholarship at Champlain
Valley, studying environmental
science. It's a great place for her.
She's going to solve global warming.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Global warming. That's a scam.

Martha walks up to the table with a pot of coffee. She turns
over the mugs on the table and fills them.

MARTHA
Would you like something to eat?

KESIA
I'll take a muffin.

MARTHA
Bran, blueberry or banana nut?

KESIA
I'll take the bran.

MARTHA
(to SGT. BILL ANDERSON)
How about you?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
I'd like your big breakfast.

MARTHA

You got it.

Martha heads back to the kitchen. Kesia turns in her seat, picks up her coffee mug and takes a sip, resting her elbows on the table.

VOICES in the back of the Inn travel and reach Kesia's ear.

JOE STEAGLE

This spic came up to me the other day and wanted to know if I could sign his asylum papers or whatever he was saying.

CRAIG PRATT

Shit, I don't know what those illegals say half the time.

Kesia looks at Bill.

KESIA

You know, Upstate New York lives up to its reputation.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

We aren't all racists.

The men in the back erupt in laughter.

JOE STEAGLE

Fucking wetback...

Sgt. Anderson takes a deep breath.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

They don't know any better.

KESIA

They don't know any different.

Kesia looks out the window. Martha arrives with a bran muffin.

MARTHA

Here ya go.

Martha sets the muffin down in front of Kesia.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(to Kesia)

Nice and warm.

(to Sgt. Anderson)

Bill, I'll have your breakfast in a minute.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Thank you.

Martha heads back to the kitchen. Kesia takes a knife and fork and cuts up the muffin.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

The captain has made a lot of changes, but he's about to retire. Listen, I'm glad you are here. We need someone like you in our troop.

KESIA

What ya mean, someone like me?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Well, we needed to diversify our troop and the captain likes your qualifications.

KESIA

So, he needed a black trooper.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

He needed a good cop.

KESIA

Who happens to be black? And the superintendent demanded your unit have some minority representation.

Sgt. Anderson shakes his head.

SGT. ANDERSON

Don't go there.

Kesia picks up her coffee cup and holds it with two hands. She takes a slow sip.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I read what you did in the Bronx, finding lost girls. Busting up a trafficking ring all by yourself.

KESIA

Thanks...

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Good job, you know. But our problem isn't really that big.

KESIA

Captain told me the opposite.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

You talked to the McIntosh?

Kesia nods. She puts down her coffee cup, picks up the muffin and takes a bite out of it.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

What he say?

KESIA

(with a mouthful)

Migrants. Migrant girls.

Kesia swallows and then wipes her mouth with a napkin.

KESIA (CONT'D)

Sorry. The captain said that the numbers of missing migrant girls has risen in the last ten years. Crazy high in the last two years. He wants to know why. Plus, the super is on his ass.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Gravestone? The Super Super? On his ass?

KESIA

The Super Super. And he really didn't say HE was on his ass. The governor is pumping up diversity, and targeting human trafficking. Bingo. I get the job.

Sgt. Anderson eyes wander as he takes in the information. He grows quiet. Kesia takes another bite out of the muffin, picks up a napkin and cleans her face.

EXT. PORT OF QUEBEC CITY - DAY

LIEN (a middle-aged, stocky, Asian woman) is dressed as

Canadian Border Patrol agent. She stands at the dock to greet CHAMP as she pulls up to the dock. CHESTER is at the bow.

LIEN
Hello Champ.

CHESTER
Hi, honey, I'm home!

LIEN
(in French)
I turned off the cameras. Let's make
this exchange as fast as possible.

FRANK and SHI tie up the boat. Chester and MARK secure a ramp to the dock. HAO stands at the railing.

HAO
Are we set? All good?

Lien nods.

HAO (CONT'D)
Let's go boys, fast as you can.

Hao walks down the ramp toward Lien.

A cargo truck is parked on the dock, the back doors are open.

HAO (CONT'D)
(to Lien)
We have six girls.

LIEN
Paperwork?

HAO
Yes.

Hao hands the paperwork to Lien and she looks at them.

LIEN
Good.

HAO
Barrels ready?

LIEN
Drop off the girls and pick up your
barrels. Be quick about it.

CHESTER

Pleasure doing business with you.

Frank appears from below deck holding the front end of a stretcher. Mark holds the other end. They cross the ramp.

The stretcher is gently placed in the cargo truck, and the group of men head back to get another stretcher.

Lien signs the cargo sheet and hands it to Hao.

LIEN

Take this. You've been checked through by the Border Patrol. Don't let anyone else open the truck. I'll be right behind you.

The crew of men stand in the back of the cargo truck as Shi closes the cargo door.

Shi secures the latch and gets in the front seat. Hao gets in the passenger side. The truck starts and rolls down the pier.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

The big breakfast is sitting in front of SGT. BILL ANDERSON and he's picking at it. KESIA has finished her muffin and is enjoying another cup of coffee.

KESIA

You got kids?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Four boys.

KESIA

Four boys?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Costs me a fortune for private school.

KESIA

They got private schools up here?

Sgt. Anderson shoulders drop and looks away.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

My wife...ex-wife...moved to Long Island. Took all my money. My boys. Shit, most of my paycheck goes to her. The boys are worth it. Good school.

KESIA

How do you afford it?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

I take loans, have a few side-jobs.

KESIA

The days of me working side-jobs is over.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Lucky you.

Kesia picks up her mug of coffee with two hands.

KESIA

Sergeant. They bumped up my salary, and I have a view of the lake. I'm a happy camper.

Kesia takes a hard sip of her coffee. Sgt. Anderson chews on his lip.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

How'd you get a place on the lake? It's damn expensive.

KESIA

Realtor. Got a good deal. It was a foreclosure.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

It was a Sheriff's sale wasn't it? Did you ask about the previous owner?

KESIA

They told me the owner went bankrupt.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Yeah, you could say that.

Kesia sits back.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

The gal didn't fit in. Came up here to get away from it all. She tried to start a small business, a wedding thing.

KESIA

Wedding thing?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Wedding planning or whatever you call
it. All rainbow flags, if you know
what I mean. She didn't fit here.

KESIA
'Cause she was gay?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
I don't know if she was gay, she just
promoted it...you know.

KESIA
Promoted it?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
You know.

KESIA
No, I don't know what you mean.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
You do. Anyway, once she filed for
bankruptcy, we had a Sheriff's sale
and the Captain bought the house. He
didn't put it on the market until we
knew we had new trooper, you. You got
it at cost. He didn't make a dime.

KESIA
Why'd he do that?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
He does that kind of thing. Wants to
put his troopers in nice homes, make
them comfortable.

KESIA
That works for me.

INT./EXT. CHINESE FREIGHTER/PORT OF QUEBEC CITY - DAY

Six CHINESE SAILORS await the cargo van. One sailor waves to
the van to pull alongside a cargo container. SHI parks the
van.

The back of the cargo van opens, and the six men remove the
incapacitated women, two men carrying one stretcher at a
time.

HAO gets out of the truck. She watches the transfer of women

into the storage container. The crew from the Champ follow the men. CHESTER breaks off and walks quickly to Hao.

CHESTER

The barrels are on your ship? All of them?

HAO

Of course. You give us the girls; we give you cash. No trace, no trail, old school.

FRANK starts up a forklift. Six pallets of blue barrels are sitting next to the Chinese Freighter. Frank picks up a pallet and drives it to the empty cargo truck.

The Chinese Sailors, SHI, and MARK help put the pallets into the truck. Chester walks over and watches them. The truck fills with barrels.

They close the door and latch it.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

KESIA and SGT. ANDERSON are ready to leave, they are done eating. Sgt. Anderson stands up from the table. KESIA gives him a judgmental look.

KESIA

You living a tip or should I?

Sgt. Anderson reaches into his pocket and pulls out two one-dollar bills.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Go halves.

He puts the money on the table. Kesia shrugs her shoulders and gives him the side eye.

KESIA

You thinkin' I'm all money bags and all. Damn. I thought this was a date.

Sgt. Anderson LAUGHS.

KESIA (CONT'D)

What? Don't you date black chicks?

Kesia stands up and reaches into her pocket for her wallet. MARTHA approaches.

MARTHA

Honey, you don't owe us anything. We give troopers free meals.

KESIA

Thank you, but...let me pay for my coffee, give you a tip.

MARTHA

That's not necessary, but thank you.

Kesia takes out a ten dollar bill and hands it to Martha. Sgt. Anderson watches the exchange.

KESIA

Thank you.

INT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The captain's office is crammed with stacks of boxes that surround the desk.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH, a late-sixties, overweight, white man wearing black rim eyeglasses, is putting files into boxes.

KESIA KNOCKS on the opened door.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH

Desmond. Come in.

KESIA

Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH

Thank me, for what?

KESIA

Helping me get settled in. I love my house.

The captain stops what he's doing.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH

Hey...

He points at all the boxes.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH (CONT'D)

You can see this unit is a bit of a mess. I have my hands full.

He points at Kesia.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH (CONT'D)
I need to make sure I bring in good
people. My legacy depends on it.

KESIA
Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
You're going to fit in, right?

KESIA
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
Enjoy the house, settle in, because I
expect you to be here for awhile.

KESIA
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
Anything else I can do for you?

KESIA
No, sir...I just wanted to thank you.

The captain looks down at what he previously pulled out of a
box. He picks up a file. Kesia starts to walk out of the
room.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
How's the Suarez case going?

Kesia stops and turns around.

KESIA
Good...sir, fine.

The captain doesn't look up but keeps fingering the files.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
You're going to find a jackpot, if you
keep looking.

Kesia pauses, looking confused about what he just said.

KESIA
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Kesia walks out of the room.

INT. CHESTER'S BUNKER - NIGHT

CHESTER reaches the bottom of a staircase. A small string hangs over his head. He pulls it and the overhead lights come on.

The light reveals a large room with a cement floor. A dozen oil tanks are lined up against the back wall. The tanks are painted blue with a black stripe in the middle. Some don't have lids.

Next to the oil tanks are dozens of two-foot-tall recycling bins. Each labeled PUTNAM RECYCLING. Chester grabs a stack of the little plastic bins.

Chester carries the plastic bins over to a sealed tank, and sets them down on the floor. He pulls out his multi-tool from his waist belt holster and pries open a lid. He leans the lid next to the tank.

Inside the tank are thousands of twenty-dollar bills, rolled neatly into wads.

He separates the plastic bins and holds one as he takes the rolled-up money and puts it into the bin. He places a half-dozen rolled bill wads into the bins.

EXT. CHESTER'S BACKLOT - NIGHT

CHESTER appears out of the woods carrying a bin in each hand. He walks up to a trailer, attached to his car, parked on a dirt path that leads out of the field.

He loads the last of twenty plastic bins onto a trailer. Each bin has a lid and are secured via bungee cords.

Chester inspects the bungee cords; he gets into his car and drives down the dirt path toward the county road.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAWN - MONTAGE

1. The old car and trailer appear out of the woods. He slowly turns onto the county road.

2. CHESTER stops the car in front of an old farmhouse. He gets out of the car, takes out a recycling bin and sets it next to the mailbox at the end of the driveway.

3. Chester BEEPS the horn twice.
4. A FARMER looks up and waves.
5. The car and trailer drive away.
6. Chester stops the car and trailer in front of an old home. The exterior is dirty and ramshackle. A worn American flag hangs from the porch post and a **TRUMP FOR PRESIDENT** sign is propped in the window.
7. Chester BEEPS the horn twice.
8. An OLD WOMAN opens the door and takes the recycling bin.
9. Chester gets out of the car, picks up a recycling bin, and walks it to the front door of a modest house.
10. Chester BEEPS the horn twice.
11. The door opens and a HOUSEWIFE takes the bin.
12. Chester turns the ignition, and drives away.

MONTAGE ENDS:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

Chester's trailer has a few empty "recycling" buckets strapped on, banging against the side.

CHESTER is heading back to his house when KESIA'S car flies by in the opposite lane.

INT./EXT. CHESTER'S CAR/COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

CHESTER watches KESIA'S car in the rearview mirror.

CHESTER

Fuck...

Kesia is right behind him. Her police SIREN shocks him. He pulls over.

She turns on her police lights and gets out of her car. She shuts the car door and walks to Chester's car. She stops at the trailer and looks at the recycling bins.

Kesia walks up to the driver's door and rolls her finger to tell Chester to lower the window. Chester lowers the window.

CHESTER
Officer.

KESIA looks inside Chester's car. There is a shotgun in the backseat on top of old newspapers and posters for a missing teenager. The posters are hand drawn but includes a picture of the girl.

CHESTER looks uncomfortable.

CHESTER
Can I help you?

KESIA
Yes you can.

CHESTER
What?

KESIA
You the recycling man?

CHESTER
Yes, m'am. Putnam Recycling.

Kesia looks down the road at her vehicle and then back at Chester.

KESIA
My daughter and I just moved here and we'd like to start recycling. I saw your trailer and thought I'd stop ya. I hope I didn't scare ya.

CHESTER
Well, um...

KESIA
You got a form or something I can fill out?

CHESTER
Sure...

Chester reaches into the backseat. Kesia watches him closely and puts her hand on the butt of her pistol. Chester grabs a piece of paper, and sits back up in the driver seat.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
It's thirty dollars a month for pickup. I stop by every two weeks.

KESIA

Okay.

Chester hands the paper to Kesia. The paper is a poorly xeroxed pamphlet that says PUTNAM RECYCLING.

KESIA (CONT'D)

What do I do with this?

CHESTER

Write your address and phone number on it. I'll be by your house next week.

Kesia takes out her pen and writes her address and phone number. She hands it back to Chester.

KESIA

You want me to take one of those empty bins?

CHESTER

Yeah, sure. Go ahead.

Kesia takes one more look into the backseat. She focuses on the posters of the missing girl.

KESIA

What are you doing with those posters?

CHESTER

Posters?

KESIA

Yeah, the one right there. Maria Suarez, seventeen. You looking for her?

CHESTER

No...I just put those posters up in my bait shop. Trying to help.

KESIA

Bait shop?

CHESTER

Yeah, I own Chester's Bait Shop down by the old train stop. There's a dock down there and a boat launch. Come down and you can take my boat out.

KESIA

A boat.

CHESTER

Yeah, a fishing boat.

KESIA

I was hoping to rent a boat this weekend.

CHESTER

C'mon down to my bait shop. I'll set you up.

She takes one last look at the backseat and then walks to the trailer.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

KESIA leans over the side of the metal trailer, unstraps a bucket and takes it. The lid falls off. Kesia grabs the lid and as she puts it back on she sees a twenty dollar bin stuck to the bottom of the bin.

KESIA

(to Chester)

Hey!

INT./EXT. CHESTER'S CAR/COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

CHESTER looks at the sideview mirror and watches KESIA taking out the twenty dollar bill. He freezes as Kesia walks back to the driver's side of the car.

KESIA

It's my lucky day. I found a twenty in this bin. Is it yours?

CHESTER

No. It is your lucky day. Enjoy it.

KESIA

Nah, I can't take it, it's yours.

CHESTER

It's not mine. Give it away.

KESIA

I can't take it.

Kesia hands the bill to Chester. Chester looks up at the

officer and smiles.

KESIA (CONT'D)

Thank you...Chester. The recycling man.

Chester starts his car and drives away.

EXT. BOB'S BAIT SHOP - DAY

BOB'S BAIT SHOP sits on the shores of Lake Champlain. The store looks like a renovated mobile home that is rented by a NASCAR fan. Every inch of the building is covered with a logo.

A sign that says, BOB'S BAIT, is propped against a mailbox at the side of the road.

INT. CHESTER'S BAIT SHOP - DAY

CHESTER sits at the counter of the bait shop. An elaborate cuckoo clock is behind him, ticking away. He is alone in the trailer, browsing on his smudgy computer.

The door opens and TROOPER MCNNANY (an early-thirties, white male) comes in and walks up to the counter.

CHESTER

I met your new recruit.

Chester looks at Trooper McNanny and then back to his computer.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Wasn't too impressed.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Don't underestimate her.

Chester's eyes narrow and he scrunches his face.

CHESTER

You know Freedom Marsh, near the orchards?

TROOPER MCNANNY

Yeah.

CHESTER

It was called Nigger Marsh until about thirty years ago.

McNanny rolls his eyes.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Goddamn Governor Cuomo ordered the marsh be renamed.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Really?

Chester nods.

CHESTER

Nigger Marsh. True story. Google it. A runaway slave ended up there, died of smallpox, and they buried him next to the marsh. They named the marsh, Nigger Marsh.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Not the best name, be honest.

CHESTER

Woke shit. They had to be PC and change the name. We were honoring the dead man, for Christ sake.

The trooper gives Chester a look.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Well, you better be careful, or Desmond will bury you next to the marsh.

INT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The headquarters is relatively quiet. KESIA is at her desk. She's on the **MISSING PERSONS** (NamUs MPUP) data base.

She types in '**Maria Suarez**' in the search bar. A dozen responses appear. Kesia retypes, '**Maria Suarez Washington County**' response, '**ONE MATCH CAN BE FOUND**'.

She opens up the file.

A picture of Maria Suarez is attached to the file. Kesia clicks on the picture. MARIA is a dark haired hispanic woman. The picture is a selfie. Maria is posing for the camera.

Kesia looks for the name of the officer who filled out the reporter. The report says, '**Trooper Michael McNanny**' and his signature is on the bottom of the form.

Kesia looks up from her desk and sees SGT. ANDERSON talking to TROOPER MCNANNY.

She looks back down at her computer.

She reads the report. The words, '**Runaway**', '**Addict**', and '**Illegal Alien**' are repeated in the report.

Kesia looks up from her desk and McNanny has disappeared.

INT. CHESTER'S BAIT SHOP - DAY

CHESTER sits at the counter of the bait shop. He's reading a magazine.

The door opens and FRANK enters wearing jeans and a bright red jacket.

He heads straight for the minnow tank.

FRANK

Are we filling the boat?

CHESTER

Maybe.

Frank nods and walks closer to Chester.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

What did my son say to you after our last pick up?

FRANK

Nothing. Nothing odd.

CHESTER

He's giving me the silent treatment. Something's up.

FRANK

You want me to talk to him?

CHESTER

The last girl. He knew her. I think it messed him up. I'm worried he's going to slip up, say the wrong thing to somebody.

FRANK

His mom could straighten him out.

CHESTER

He's mad at both of us. Even after, she told him how much money we are socking away, plus giving him his own apartment.

FRANK

At his age, it isn't about the money.

CHESTER

Then, what is it?

FRANK

Pussy.

CHESTER

I'll have to keep the girls away from him. He'll fuck it up.

FRANK

Cock block 'em Dad.

The door of the bait shop opens with a THUD. KESIA walks in awkwardly.

CHESTER

Fuck.

Frank turns away to look at some fishing gear. Kesia strolls to the counter, mesmerized by what's behind Chester.

KESIA

Nice clock.

CHESTER

Excuse me?

Kesia points to the clock behind Chester.

KESIA

The cuckoo clock. My nana had a clock just like it.

CHESTER

I like it. Keeps time.

Chester puts away his magazine and folds his arms.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

You want to fish?

KESIA
Nah, just checking this place out.

Kesia looks around the small shop.

KESIA (CONT'D)
Where's the missing girl's poster?

CHESTER
Still in my car.

KESIA
What do you know about Maria Suarez?

Chester gives a puzzled look.

KESIA (CONT'D)
The girl on your poster. Did you know her?

CHESTER
No.

KESIA
Where did you get the posters? Who made them?

CHESTER
I assume the family.

KESIA
How'd you get them?

CHESTER
State Trooper. He came into the store and asked if I could put some up on my recycling route.

Kesia nods.

KESIA
Who gave you the posters?

CHESTER
McNanny. He comes in here a lot.

KESIA
Did he tell you anything about the girl?

CHESTER
No, not really.

KESIA
Okay.

Kesia heads for the door. She stops and turns around.

KESIA (CONT'D)
Hey Chester, the Recycling, Bait &
Boat Man.

CHESTER
Yeah.

KESIA
I might want to go fishing.

CHESTER
Okay, just let me know.

KESIA
You bet.

She leaves and the door SLAMS shut.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

There are few customers at the Inn. GEORGE LONERGAN is sitting at the counter. JOE STEAGLE and CRAIG PRATT are sitting in a booth.

MARTHA hears the door DING and looks up to see CHESTER walking in.

MARTHA
Hi ya...

CHESTER
Hi.

Chester heads toward a booth in the back of the diner.

MARTHA
Hey!

Chester stops and turns around. Martha is holding up a Putnam Recycling container.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
It's time to fill the boat.

GEORGE
It's time to fill the boat.

JOE STEAGLE
Fill it!

CRAIG PRATT
Let's go.

Chester hesitates and turns around. He puts his hands in his pockets and continues to walk to the back of the diner.

CHESTER
This may be our last ride.

MARTHA
What?

CHESTER
Yup.

GEORGE
Why?

The room quiets.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
We are on hiatus.

JOE STEAGLE
What's that mean?

CHESTER
This next trip may be our last.

GEORGE
Shit.

CHESTER
Let's fill the order, deliver and wait
and see what happens.

Martha puts down the recycling bucket. The others go back to their breakfasts.

MARTHA
Can I get you something to eat?

CHESTER
I'm good.

Martha walks toward the kitchen, stopping on the way to wipe down a booth, then she goes into the kitchen.

The door DINGS. All eyes turn toward the door.

JUANITA RODRIGUEZ, a malnourished Hispanic woman in her twenties, walks into the diner. She looks disheveled and tired. Stringy, greasy hair is covered by an old wool green toque. She takes a seat at the counter.

Martha walks out of the kitchen and greets the young girl.

JUANITA

I'd like a coffee, breakfast...to go.

MARTHA

What kind of breakfast would you like?

JUANITA

Eggs and toast.

MARTHA

I can do that.

Juanita puts her backpack on the floor and pulls out a leather pouch. She opens it and takes out a credit card. MARTHA smiles.

MARTHA

We only take cash...sorry.

JUANITA

I don't carry cash.

Juanita is flustered as she looks into her empty pouch and puts her credit card back. She looks disappointed.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You know what honey...sit down. This breakfast is on me.

Juanita squints her eyes, looks down, then back up at Martha. She purses her lips, embarrassed.

JUANITA

Thank you.

MARTHA

No problem, sweetie. Sit down. I'll be right with you.

Martha runs to the back of the diner and strategically places a mop bucket in the aisle way, then runs to the front of the diner.

As she passes Chester, she taps him on the shoulder. Chester looks up, then looks behind him and sees the mop.

Juanita is sitting quietly, staring straight ahead. Martha returns.

MARTHA

Hi...

JUANITA

Hi...

MARTHA

Do you want a menu, we have more than eggs and toast?

JUANITA

Just a cup of coffee, eggs, and toast. Thank you.

MARTHA

Bacon? I've got some ready right now.

JUANITA

Sure.

Martha is about to turn and head to the kitchen, but she hesitates. She looks back at Chester. They make eye contact. Martha turns back to Juanita. Chester starts texting on his phone.

MARTHA

Are you okay?

JUANITA

I'm good. Thanks for asking.

MARTHA

Do you need to call anyone? I don't see you with a cell phone.

JUANITA

I don't have a phone.

Martha nods her head. Chester puts away his phone, gets up and takes the mop. He starts mopping the floor.

The door opens and DR. MARK DWYER saunters in.

MARK

Martha!

Chester continues mopping, watching the doctor pull out his wallet.

Mark makes a show of it, smiling like he's won the lottery.

MARK (CONT'D)

Lots of appointments today, lots of sick folks, and my nurses need to be rewarded. Donuts...lots of donuts. Coffee!

Mark LAUGHS obnoxiously.

MARTHA

I can give you two dozen.

MARK

I'll take what you give me.

MARTHA

Yeah...Hey, Chester!

Chester puts the mop in the bucket and walks to the counter.

CHESTER

What do you need Martha?

Martha turns quickly to Chester.

MARTHA

Can you help me with this order?

Chester walks behind the counter. Mark and Chester make eye contact. Chester looks at Juanita and then back to Mark.

CHESTER

What do you need me to do?

MARTHA

Pour coffee, I'll make another pot.

Chester grabs a sleeve of Styrofoam cups, takes out the cups, and puts them on the counter. He grabs the coffee pot and starts pouring.

Martha puts coffee grinds into the filter of the second

coffee maker. She flips a switch, and the coffee starts brewing. Chester scrounges for lids.

MARTHA

(to Mark)

I think its time for a boat ride.

MARK

Boat ride?

Martha looks at Juanita and then turns back to Mark. Mark turns his attention to the young girl. Martha and Mark's eyes meet

Chester finds a cardboard tray and starts putting the coffee cups into the tray. He pours coffee into the cups.

Mark hands Martha a fifty-dollar bill.

MARTHA

I don't have enough change.

MARK

Keep it.

Chester looks at the money and then up at Mark.

CHESTER

I'll take some of that.

Martha scowls at Chester.

MARK

Why don't you give the change to that nice young girl right there.

Juanita looks up and smiles at Mark.

Chester puts lids on the cups and holds out the cardboard coffee tray to Mark. Mark grabs the tray with both hands.

MARK

Donuts?!

Martha reaches down under the counter and pulls out a waxed bag. She turns to the donut counter and shoves the donuts into the bag.

MARTHA

Okay, I count a baker's donuts.

MARK
Great...thank you.

Martha holds the bag of donuts toward Mark. He shifts his hands to free a few fingers, Martha pushes the bag into his empty digits. He clamps down on the top of the bag.

MARK (CONT'D)
Got it, thanks.

Chester opens the door and Mark scurries out. The door shuts.

MARTHA
(to Chester)
Cook me up some eggs and a few slices
of toast.

CHESTER
Comin' right up.

Chester goes into the kitchen.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is cluttered with egg cartons, bowls, and a prep table is covered in uncooked bacon strips.

CHESTER grabs a bowl and opens a carton of eggs. He picks up an egg and cracks it, dumping the contents into the bowl. He takes a second egg and does the same.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a plastic bag. Inside the plastic bag are pills. He takes three pills out of the bag and turns to the prep table. He uses the spoon to crush the pills into a powder.

He picks up the cutting board and slides the powder into the the bowl of eggs. He whips the eggs with the spoon.

He puts the eggs in one frying pan and the bacon in other pan. He puts toast in the toaster.

He turns back to the eggs, stirring them so they don't burn. He grabs a plate. The toaster POPS the bread up. The bacon is ready.

He puts everything on a plate and puts it in the serving window.

CHESTER
Special order is up!

MARTHA reaches through the window and takes the plate.

MARTHA (O.C.)

Thank you.

Chester takes out his cell phone. He goes into his contacts and finds '**FRANK**'.

INT. PUTNAM STATION VOLUNTEER FIRE STATION - DAY

FRANK PECORE is sitting in a beach chair next to an ambulance. His phone is ringing. He answers it.

FRANK

Hey. I got your texts.

CHESTER (O.C.)

We need you in about ten minutes.

FRANK

Gotcha.

CHESTER (O.C.)

I'll call into nine-one-one, same drill, different day.

FRANK

Gotcha.

Frank ends the call and puts his phone in his back pocket. He curls up the power cord into a neat circle and places the coiled cord onto a hook attached to the wall.

Frank takes a deep breath. He can hear the CLOCK TICKING above his head.

The quiet of the firehouse is interrupted.

DISPATCH (O.C.)

(on radio)

Putnam Station. An unresponsive person at the Lake View Inn.

EXT. PUTNAM STATION VOLUNTEER FIRE STATION - DAY

The garage doors open, and an ambulance rolls out, lights flashing. FRANK turns on the SIREN and the ambulance speeds off.

INT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Trooper Headquarters is relatively quiet. KESIA is sitting at her desk, scrolling through missing persons files. TROOPER MCNANNY, walks by Kesia's desk.

KESIA

Hey.

McNanny stops.

KESIA (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you about Maria Suarez.

MCNANNY

Okay. What about?

KESIA

The file said you met with her uncle, right?

MCNANNY

Her uncle. Yeah.

KESIA

He said that Maria disappeared after work. Where did she work? It's not in the report.

MCNANNY

The McDonald's in Ti.

KESIA

And there is no contact information on the uncle. How can you do a follow-up on the case?

Trooper McNanny looks at Kesia like he is offended.

MCNANNY

He's an illegal. He's long gone by now. He worked at Seagle's Apple Orchard, lived in a tent. They both lived in a tent. Christ, the whole family of five lived in the same tent.

KESIA

You also labeled her as an addict, illegal alien, and...

MCNANNY

A runaway. She was upset with her uncle. Probably wanted out of the fucking tent. She went to work and never came home. I doubt there's any more than that. She'll show up, sooner or later. Or never.

KESIA

What makes you think that, did the uncle say anything?

MCNANNY

I know these people, the migrants, they are like gypsies. Just wait. Let it go.

McNanny walks away.

KESIA

(to herself)
Gypsies. Oh my God.

EXT. MCDONALD'S DRIVE-THRU - NIGHT

CHESTER pulls into the Ticonderoga McDonald's drive-thru.

FREDDIE (O.C.)

(drive-thru speaker)
Welcome to McDonald's, may I take your order, please?

CHESTER

It's your dad...I want a quarter-pounder.

FREDDIE (O.C.)

(drive-thru speaker)
That'll be three dollars and twelve cents.

INT./EXT. MCDONALD'S DRIVE-THRU - NIGHT

CHESTER pulls up to the window and CHARLENE greets him.

CHARLENE

Three dollars and twelve cents.

Chester tries to look past her.

CHESTER
Where's Freddie?

CHARLENE
At the counter.

Charlene holds out the McDonald's bag to give it to Chester.

CHESTER
Tell Freddie I want to see him.

CHARLENE
Here's your Quarter Pounder.

Chester leans out of the car window.

CHESTER
I want to see my son. I'm Chester
Arthur.

Charlene places the bag inside the window of the drive-thru
and leans through the drive-thru window.

CHARLENE
Mister Chester...I don't think your
son wants to see you.

CHESTER
Can I ax you a question?

Charlene recoils from the way Chester said, "ax".

CHESTER
Are you from the South?

CHARLENE
What do you mean?

CHESTER
We say, Mister Arthur up here. My last
name is Arthur. Chester is my first
name. Only Southerners say, Mister
Chester.

CHARLENE
Is that so?

CHESTER
Yes, I have no idea who Mister Chester
is.

Charlene picks up the McDonald's bag and holds it out to Chester.

CHARLENE
Here's your Quarter Pounder, Mister
Arthur. Three dollars and twelve
cents.

Chester takes the bag. He hands Charlene a five-dollar bill.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Chester puts the bag on the passenger seat while she makes change. Charlene reaches out the window to meet Chester's outstretched hand.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Here's your change...MISTER ARTHUR. By
the way, I'm from the Bronx.

Chester retracts his hand.

CHESTER
Is your mother the new negra trooper?

CHARLENE
What?

CHESTER
Is your mother a State Trooper?

Charlene takes back her hand and clutches the change.

CHARLENE
Umm...I...do you want your change?

Slowly, Chester reaches out to take the money.

CHESTER
You from the Bronx?

CHARLENE
Yes, sir.

CHESTER
Do you like my son?

Charlene doesn't respond.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
Is he hitting on you?

Charlene withdraws her hand with the change.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
Keep the change.
(beat)
You tell my son I need him to call me
as soon as possible.

Chester puts the car into drive, and leaves. Charlene watches Chester drive away. FREDDIE comes around the corner.

CHARLENE
What's the deal with your father?

Freddie looks at Charlene.

FREDDIE
Don't talk to him. Don't look at him.

Charlene turns around and looks at Freddie.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
Be afraid of him. Avoid him.

CHARLENE
Freddie?

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
I'm serious. He's evil.

INT. FREDDIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddie's apartment is dark. There is the JINGLE of keys, the sound of the DEADBOLT and the door opens up. FREDDIE flicks on a light. CHESTER is sitting at the kitchen table. Freddie jumps back, drops his keys.

FREDDIE
Holy shit! What the fuck are you doing here?

CHESTER
I'm here to pay you a visit.

FREDDIE
Jesus. Why the fuck were you sitting in the dark?! Why are you spying on me?

Freddie reaches down and picks up his keys. He shuts the door behind him. He turns around and faces his dad.

CHESTER

Your mother and I have worked very hard to give you a good life. Do you love your mother?

FREDDIE

Yes.

CHESTER

Do you want her to go to jail?

FREDDIE

No.

CHESTER

Do you want to go to jail?

FREDDIE

No.

CHESTER

You need to make a decision, like a man. Do you want to be rich or do you want to sell bait in a trailer?

FREDDIE

What? What do you want from me?

CHESTER

Keep your mouth shut. And when I ask you to do something, just do it.

FREDDIE

Or what?

Chester sneers.

CHESTER

How much does this nigger girlfriend of yours know about our business?

FREDDIE

She's not my girlfriend.

CHESTER

Her mother is a cop.

FREDDIE
I haven't told her anything.

CHESTER
You will.

FREDDIE
I won't.

CHESTER
Her mother will find out what we do.

FREDDIE
She won't.

CHESTER
I can't take that chance.

FREDDIE
Maria didn't have a chance.

CHESTER
Maria?

FREDDIE
Yeah, Maria. You kidnapped her.

CHESTER
What the fuck son. Why did you pick an
immigrant slut for a girlfriend?

FREDDIE
Shut up. She was a good girl that just
needed a chance at a better life.

CHESTER
Let me tell you Freddie. Those girls
we take, never had a chance. Their
lives were shit. Now they are sitting
on a yacht somewhere.

FREDDIE
Chained to a wall. Sucking some guy's
dick.

Chester LAUGHS.

CHESTER
You wish it was your dick.

Chester takes out his phone, he finds a contact, 'DOC', and

hits the green button.

INTERCUT:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

MARK is sitting in bed watching TV. He sees '**Chester**' on his phone and answers the phone

MARK
What's up?

CHESTER
I have an idea.

Mark turns off the TV.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
We need to take care of the nigger trooper.

MARK
Jesus. What?

CHESTER
Let's take her daughter.

MARK
Are you crazy.

CHESTER
Hear me out. We take the daughter as bait. She comes to get her daughter, and we take her. Ship them both out. They both disappear, case closed.

MARK
You're fucking insane.

CHESTER
I'm going to pass this up the chain. Are you up for this?

There is a long pause.

MARK
No.

CHESTER
We can't do it without you.

MARK

You might have to.

CHESTER

If those two stick around, they are going to get us. It's either us or them.

Chester ends the call. Mark sits quietly.

EXT. SEAGLE'S ORCHARD - DAY

KESIA drives into the entrance of Seagle's Orchard. Apple trees line the dirt road that leads to a main building.

Migrant workers are climbing ladders and filling buckets with apples.

JOE SEAGLE is sitting on a tractor in one of the rows of trees, he sees Kesia. He turns his tractor and heads toward the main building.

Kesia reaches the end of the road. Behind the building are rows of tents that create a campground.

She parks the car.

JOE SEAGLE's tractor appears out of the trees. Kesia gets out of her car and approaches Joe. Joe stops the tractor.

KESIA

You the owner here?

JOE STEAGLE

Yes ma'am. Is there something wrong?

KESIA

I'm here to follow up on Maria Suarez. Is her uncle still here?

Joe gets off the tractor.

JOE STEAGLE

What is this about?

KESIA

Maria Suarez. She's missing. Her uncle reported her missing. They both work here.

JOE STEAGLE

I don't know who you are talking about. We haven't had anyone go missing.

KESIA

Her uncle filed a report with us. Trooper Michael McNanny filed the paper work.

JOE STEAGLE

Mike? Yeah, he's a good guy, but this is the first time I've heard about this. He didn't talk to me. Is my name on that report?

KESIA

Well, your orchard is.

JOE STEAGLE

Come with me.

Joe walks toward the tent compound and Kesia follows. As they approach, a few children run past them, each carrying an apple crate.

JOE STEAGLE (CONT'D)

See this?

The rows of tents are empty of people, but there is garbage, clothes lines, folding chairs, and fire pits still smoking. It's a mess.

JOE STEAGLE (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to know who's missing? Listen, this is a farm, with migrants coming and going. I don't know who ups and leaves. Most of these folks don't tell me much. I try real hard to find out if they are illegal or not. Trust me, I know all the illegals and I don't let them stay.

KESIA

Do you have them deported?

JOE STEAGLE

I haven't had no problems here. If they are illegal, I deal with them. I don't want any trouble with the law.

KESIA

Okay. When you find an illegal what do you do?

JOE STEAGLE

I contact McNanny, he does the rest. Your guys do the rest.

KESIA

So, Suarez...

JOE STEAGLE

Is long gone, as far as I'm concerned. You'd be better off tracking a deer through the woods.

KESIA

Her uncle?

JOE STEAGLE

Just another wetback, scared you'd deport him. You won't find him. He's hiding. Ask around if you want. Good luck.

Kesia doesn't respond. She looks at the tents, then at Joe, and walks back to her car.

Steagle takes out his phone and texts, '**She came to the orchard. We got to take her out. I like Chester's plan.**'

INT. MCDONALD'S LOBBY - DAY

The dining area has a few customers but there are none at the counter. KESIA walks into the lobby. She stops for a second and looks at the workers. FREDDIE is next to the fryer, filling french fry containers with hot fries.

Freddie sees Kesia in his peripheral. He freezes. Then walks back to the preparation area, out of view.

Kesia walks to the counter. A late-twenties white woman, JANE WOODS, greets her.

JANE

Welcome to McDonald's. Can I help you?

KESIA

Yeah...is your manager here?

JANE

I'm the manager right now. What can I help you with? Is everything okay?

KESIA

It's about Maria Suarez. She worked here right?

JANE

Maria? I think she worked nights. My shift is almost over, but Freddie would know. He's working now.

Jane raises her hand to her headset. She pushes a button and talks into the microphone.

JANE (CONT'D)

Freddie? Can you come to the counter?

There is silence.

JANE (CONT'D)

Freddie. Are you on headset?

Jane turns around and looks behind the wall of food.

JANE (CONT'D)

Freddie. I see you. Come to the counter.

Freddie appears from around the corner. He is wiping his hands on his pants.

FREDDIE

(to Jane)

What do you want?

KESIA

Freddie?

Freddie turns toward Kesia. He stops wiping his hands and awkwardly folds his arms.

FREDDIE

Yeah.

KESIA

Do you know Maria Suarez?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

KESIA

Do you know if she was upset, or if someone was harming her?

FREDDIE

No. No. She never said much. Not to me. Really.

KESIA

When was the last time you saw her?

FREDDIE

I'm not sure.

KESIA

Did she ever act strange around you?

FREDDIE

No. She's cool, you know.

KESIA

Do you know where she might be?

Freddie unfolds his arms and shakes his head.

FREDDIE

I have no idea. Sorry.

A customer comes to the counter, Jane greets him.

JANE

May I help you sir?

KESIA

Thank you Freddie. I might come back with more questions.

CUSTOMER

Yeah, I'd like a Quarter Pounder with cheese, fries and a Coke. Small fries.

FREDDIE

Okay.

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - DAY

KESIA leaves the McDonald's and walks to her car. Her phone PINGS. She takes out his phone and texts a message, '**We need you back here. Where are U? Maria Suarez found**'.
'

KESIA

Shit.

INT. PUTNAM STATION VOLUNTEER FIRE STATION - DAY

CHESTER, FRANK and MARK are standing in the firehouse kitchen. GEORGE walks in.

CHESTER

Take your sweet ass time, you old fart.

GEORGE

Screw you, Chester.

The four men circle around the table.

CHESTER

Okay, we have our target. Same game plan.

MARK

I hope you're right about this.

FRANK

Yea, what's the rush?

CHESTER

Desmond.

GEORGE

Who's Desmond.

CHESTER

The nigger cop.

GEORGE

She almost killed me.

CHESTER

She's going to get us all arrested.

GEORGE

I thought we were on hiatus?

CHESTER

Hiatus is over.

MARK

Did you talk to Hao?

FRANK

What about your son?

CHESTER

Hey!

The room grows quiet.

CHESTER

We are going to use the cop's daughter
to bait her and catch her.

MARK

It's damn risky.

GEORGE

Kill her.

FRANK

Killing a cop? I'm out.

MARK

I'm out.

CHESTER

Hey!

The room grows quiet again.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Trust me, Goddammit.

The men stare at Chester with anxious looks.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I'm in this thing, just like you. This
will work. No one is going to miss two
negroes, even if one is a cop. The
media won't even touch it. No one
cares.

MARK

I hope you know what you're doing.

GEORGE

Kill 'em both.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

The autopsy room is rather small, with only two tables. The
body of MARIA SUAREZ is covered with a white sheet. KESIA
walks in and is greeted by DR. ERNIE BROADFORD, M.E.

DR. BROADFORD
Hello, Trooper Desmond. I appreciate
you coming. I believe this is the
woman you are looking for.

KESIA
Maria Suarez.

The doctor takes a corner of the sheet and reveals Maria's
face.

DR. BROADFORD
I don't have any DNA to compare, so
I've been using fingerprints and
dental records. But, she's a migrant.
There isn't anything in the system for
her. Can you confirm it's Maria?

KESIA
I only have a picture from the poster.

Kesia opens up her phone and shows the doctor the picture.

DR. BROADFORD
I have that picture.

The medical examiner takes a few more looks between the
picture and the victim's face.

DR. BROADFORD (CONT'D)
It's most likely her, I need you to
make a confirmation, can you get a
family member?

KESIA
No. I've been searching. No luck.

DR. BROADFORD
She had a large amount of heroin in
her system.

KESIA
She drowned, right?

DR. BROADFORD
Looks like she took the drugs and must
have fallen in the lake.

KESIA
Foul play?

DR. BROADFORD
I can't be certain that there is foul
play.

KESIA
Okay. I'll keep the case open until
you tell me one way or the other.

DR. BROADFORD
Sounds good.

The doctor puts the sheet back over Maria's face.

INT. MCDONALD'S LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is half full of customers. Three young girls are
standing at the counter being served by CHARLENE. CHESTER
barges up to the front of the line.

CHARLENE
Mister Chester, can I help you?

CHESTER
I want to talk to my son.

CHARLENE
We have a lobby full of people, Mister
Chester...can this wait?

CHESTER
Mister Arthur...

CHARLENE
Mister Arthur, can this wait?

CHESTER
How old are you?

Charlene hesitates.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
You are a beautiful girl. My son
should ask you out on a date.

Charlene is speechless.

INT. MCDONALD'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

FREDDIE is too busy prepping burgers to see his father. He
takes the ketchup gun and squirts portions of ketchup on the
overturned buns.

INT. MCDONALD'S LOBBY - NIGHT

CHESTER looks at the crowd in the lobby and then turns to CHARLENE.

CHESTER

He wants to ask you out on a date.

He hands her a twenty-dollar bill.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I'm here to make sure he has money enough if you said yes.

The crowd goes silent. Charlene looks embarrassed.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Give this to Freddie, thanks.

Charlene takes the bill.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Tell him, this came from his mother. She would want him to have it. She would want you to have a good time.

Chester walks out of the store. Charlene watches Chester leave. She looks at the bill as if it were contaminated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT - LATER

It's almost closing time. FREDDIE is cleaning the grill. CHARLENE walks into the kitchen area.

CHARLENE

Hey, your dad was in earlier.

Freddie stops cleaning the grill and puts the scrapper down. Charlene takes the twenty-dollar bill out of her pocket.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

He gave me this to give to you. Said your mother would want you to have it.

Freddie turns back to the grill and picks up the scrapper.

FREDDIE

Keep it. I don't want it.

CHARLENE

I don't know what you two have going on, but I don't want to be in the middle. Take the money.

FREDDIE

You are not in the middle of anything. I just don't...I don't need his money.

CHARLENE

I got that. Take the money.

She jingles the money in front of his face.

FREDDIE

C'mon.

CHARLENE

Take it.

FREDDIE

No.

CHARLENE

Take it.

FREDDIE

Stop.

Charlene puts the bill into her pocket.

CHARLENE

Ok. When you want it let me know.

They awkwardly look at each other.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

It's eleven. I'm closing the registers.

FREDDIE

Cool. Rough night. I'm fried.

Charlene leaves the kitchen area. Freddie goes back to cleaning the grill.

Freddie's cell phone DINGS. He stops working and reaches in his back pocket for his phone. He swipes the phone open and reads a text from his father, '**turn off the cams.**'

Freddie texts back, '**What are u doing?**'

The phone DINGS. The text says, '**just do it.**'

FREDDIE

Shit.

He puts the phone back in his pocket and walks to the back of the store.

INT. MCDONALD'S MANAGER'S AREA - NIGHT

The small room is cluttered with used burger wrappers, that almost cover the computer at the manager's desk. Above the desk are four monitors that show the surveillance cameras in and out of the store.

FREDDIE looks at the monitors. There are a few cars left in the parking lot, and there is a truck next to the garbage bin.

FREDDIE

Fuck.

Next to the monitors is a control panel for the cameras. Freddie hesitates, takes a deep breath, and stops the recording.

Freddie takes out his phone and texts to his father, '**leave charlene alone.**' He turns on his phone's video camera, and records the monitors.

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot lights are still on, but the store is dark. CHARLENE comes out of the back door with a bag of garbage and walks to the dumpster. She has her purse as if she's going to go home.

Next to the dumpster, is a red Ford truck. GEORGE LONERGAN is laying on the ground next to the driver side door. Charlene sees him and runs to the truck. She drops the bag of trash.

CHARLENE

Oh my God. Sir, sir...are you alright?

Charlene kneels to look at George. He's face down with his arms stretched out. He looks unconscious.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

As Charlene tries to get a reaction from George, a van pulls

up in front of the truck. CHESTER, wearing all black and a mask, appears from behind the dumpster. He steps up to Charlene and puts a hood over Charlene's head.

Out of the van, FRANK appears, all dressed in black. He holds a syringe.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Help! Help! Help!

Chester grabs Charlene by her underarms and pushes her toward Frank. Frank stabs her with the syringe and injects her. He drops the empty syringe.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Freddie! Help me, Freddie!

Frank and Chester pick Charlene up and toss her into the van. Frank jumps in and holds Charlene down, Chester follows. George shuts the doors and runs to the driver's side. He gets in and the van takes off out of the parking lot.

INT. MCDONALD'S MANAGER'S AREA - NIGHT

FREDDIE stops the recording on his phone. He plays back the portion of the video where Charlene is attacked.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KESIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

KESIA walks into the kitchen. She stops. She looks around, her eyes dart back and forth as she thinks. She looks out the window.

INT. CHARLENE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedroom door opens. KESIA looks in and sees the bed is made.

INT. KESIA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

KESIA walks into the kitchen, she grabs her cell phone off the counter, unplugs it from the charging cord, and taps Charlene's number.

The phone rings and goes to voicemail.

Kesia texts Charlene, '**where R U**'.

Suddenly, the caller ID says '**Sgt. Anderson**'. She hits the accept button.

INTERCUT:

INT. SGT. BILL ANDERSON'S CAR - MORNING

SGT. BILL ANDERSON is driving on the county road headed to the Trooper Headquarters.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Desmond?

KESIA
Yes, Sergeant?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
I wanted to let you know there will be an emergency squad meeting in Ticonderoga at zero eight hundred. Don't be late.

KESIA doesn't respond.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Is everything okay?

KESIA
My daughter didn't come home last night.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Maybe she's with a friend.

KESIA
I don't think so. She doesn't do that. She doesn't have many friends right now...

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Get in here as fast as possible.

KESIA
Okay...

INT./EXT. TROOPER CAR/COUNTY ROAD 22 - MORNING

KESIA drives down the county road toward the Lake View Inn. As the dawn light pops out over the mountain, she looks at the stunning view across the lake.

She turns back to look at the Inn. The parking lot is empty.

KESIA
What the fuck?

She hits the brakes. She pulls into a driveway and heads back to the Lake View Inn.

EXT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

KESIA pulls into the parking lot of the Inn. She gets out of the car and walks to the door. She tries to open the door, but it is locked.

She looks in.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

The diner is clean and ready for business, but no one is inside.

KESIA looks around the side of the building. She continues to inspect the property. There are no cars parked along the back side. She walks back to her car, gets in, and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The front of the Trooper headquarters is crowded with patrol cars. KESIA pulls into the lot but there are no parking places. She backs up and parks on the lawn.

Kesia gets out of the car, grabs her cap, and rushes into the building.

INT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS MEETING ROOM - DAY

The classroom-sized meeting room is packed with troopers. SGT. BILL ANDERSON is at the podium. He catches KESIA sneaking into the room via the far door. Sgt. Anderson sees her and shakes his head.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Okay, everyone.

The troopers seem bored, and some are not paying attention. Kesia stands behind one of the taller men in the back of the room.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
 Attention! Now...that everyone is
 here... Captain McIntosh has a few
 words for you all.

Sgt. Anderson nods to a trooper standing by the nearest door.
 The trooper opens the door and holds it open.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
 Ten hut!

The troopers stand at attention. Captain McIntosh walks up to
 the podium. He takes a long look at the troopers.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
 Have a seat.

The troopers sit. Kesia continues to stand with the others in
 the back of the room.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
 Gentlemen...the time has come. Next
 week will be my last week.

TROOPER #1
 We'll miss you, sir.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
 I'll miss you too. But don't be sad.
 You will be in good hands. My
 replacement, Captain Traudt is eager
 to lead you. For some reason, he
 thinks all we do is fish up here.

A few troopers LAUGH. Kesia shows no emotion.

KESIA
 (to herself)
 Where the fuck is she?

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
 I'll be at home for a little
 bit, and then I'm taking a
 long vacation. Stop by the
 house this weekend and I'll
 share a beer with you. You
 are always family to me.

The captain leaves the podium. Sgt. Bill Anderson steps up.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
 Okay, everyone, it's a brave new
 world. We need to get our ducks in a
 row. You will all need to fill out
 your performance appraisal forms.

The group MOANS.

KESIA
(to herself)
Jesus, who gives a shit.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
I know it sucks. But we need
to have them completed so
Captain Traudt knows who he
has on his team. Got it?

KESIA
Yes, sergeant.

TROOPERS
(in unison)
Yes, sergeant.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
You know the drill. Be safe out there.
Dismissed.

The troopers disperse. Kesia stays back and then slowly walks
up to Trooper McNanny.

KESIA
I need your help.

MCNANNY
What's up.

KESIA
My daughter didn't come home last
night.

MCNANNY
Okay.

Sgt. Bill Anderson interrupts the conversation.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
(to Kesia)
This isn't the Bronx. There isn't a
rush hour. I know it takes a while but
get used to this way of life. When I
call, come running.

KESIA
Yes, sergeant.

McNanny takes a step away.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Unless you want to clock out, you have
a job to do today. Your daughter will
be fine. She's probably with a
boyfriend. Get on patrol.

Kesia stands there for a second. An awkward pause turns into a moment of weirdness as Sgt. Anderson stares at her.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Don't let my whiteness scare you.

Sgt. Anderson walks away. Kesia doesn't move.

EXT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - TICONDEROGA - DAY

The flock of troopers has dispersed into the parking lot. KESIA walks out of the headquarters and toward her patrol car.

She stands next to her car and watches the other troopers leave the building. All the troopers are white. All are male.

INT./EXT. TROOPER CAR/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Before she can open the door, the radio BLASTS a message.

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
(on radio)
Troopers one-nine, five-five,
suspected robbery at six-two-one,
route nine. See the owner. Over.

Kesia quickly unlocks the car and opens the door, catching the end of the transmission. She gets in the car and picks up the handset transmitter.

KESIA
Roger. Six-two-one, route nine.
Trooper five-five on the way, over and
out.

TROOPER MCNANNY (O.C.)
(on radio)
Cruiser five-five, cruiser two-one, on
the way to six-two-one, over.

Kesia puts the transmitter back on its hook.

KESIA
Whiteness?

The car roars to life as Kesia turns the key.

KESIA (CONT'D)
Don't let the whiteness get to me?
Motherfucker.

Kesia flips on the lights and sirens.

KESIA (CONT'D)

How about my blackness?! Don't let the blackness get to you! Fuck you!

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

The Trooper's car accelerates down the long county road, with lights flashing and SIRENS blaring. A FARMER, at a mailbox, stumbles as he turns to watch the speeding car roar by.

INT./EXT. TROOPER CAR/COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

KESIA laughs at the scared farmer.

KESIA

Don't let my blackness get to you!

EXT. GLEN BURNIE RESORT - DAY

Kesia's Trooper's car arrives at the upscale resort. Another officer has already arrived, and his car is parked in the driveway of a home.

TROOPER MCNANNY is standing next to LYDIA GRIFFIN, a white woman in her early fifties. She's wearing an upscale casual outfit, businesswoman attire.

KESIA parks her car on the road and slowly walks up to the other trooper and the woman.

LYDIA

(in the distance)

This has happened before, and I won't stand for it.

Kesia walks up to the scene quickly.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

My recycle bin is missing!

TROOPER MCNANNY

Okay, okay...I hear you. How do you know it was stolen?

LYDIA

Because it isn't fucking here...do you know who I am? I'm the Chairwoman of the County Executive Board. I work with your chief. The bin is stolen!

Lydia has spittle on the mouth. It is an awkward moment. Kesia stands back.

TROOPER MCNANNY
 Okay, it was stolen. I'll
 contact Putnam Recycling and
 get you another.

KESIA
 (to herself)
 Where the hell is she?

LYDIA
 You fix this. You get me
 another bin.

KESIA
 (to herself)
 Oh my God, I want to punch
 this bitch.

Trooper McNanny hears Kesia muttering, turns and looks at her. He turns back to Lydia.

TROOPER MCNANNY
 Listen, I'll get to the bottom of
 this. But right now, there is nothing
 I can do. Okay. I'll follow back with
 you tomorrow.

LYDIA
 You better, but I'll be talking to the
 Chief tonight. He lives two houses
 away...right there. Fix this.

TROOPER MCNANNY
 We will. I've got the report. I'll get
 back to you.

LYDIA
 You better!

TROOPER MCNANNY
 Have a good day.

Trooper McNanny walks back to his car. Kesia doesn't move. Lydia looks at Kesia and shakes her head. Kesia shrugs her shoulders in response. The two women stare at each other for a moment and then Lydia stomps away.

Kesia strolls over to Trooper McNanny, who is filling out his report using the trunk of his car as a desk.

KESIA
 What was that about? Why is she so
 pissed about a stolen recycle bin?

Trooper McNanny stops writing. He looks up to see if Lydia is within earshot, then turns to Kesia.

TROOPER MCNANNY

She's nuts. But she's the Captain's neighbor. You heard her. We have to follow up. We get called out here once in a while, for stupid shit like this.

KESIA

Too much money, too much time on her hands.

TROOPER MCNANNY

I'd love to have that problem.

He returns to writing the report.

KESIA

Okay, so...what about my daughter?

McNanny stops writing again. He looks at the rows of houses, almost like he's checking to see if the coast is clear.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Let's get through this and when we get back, I'll help you, but right now Anderson is being a dick. I think he's freaking out about the captain.

KESIA

Well, I'm freaking out about my daughter.

TROOPER MCNANNY

The first forty-eight, I get it. Where does she work?

KESIA

McDonald's in Ti.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Go to McDonald's. Get witness statements, if she was there last night, and then go to the local boys, Ti police. Get them in the loop.

KESIA

Anyone in particular?

TROOPER MCNANNY

Bill Forgette. He's been helping out with some of the missing persons cases.

KESIA
Thanks...I'll see you back at the
shop.

Kesia goes back to her car and gets in.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

The trooper's car flies into the parking lot, scaring an old man who has just exited his car. KESIA turns off the siren and lights. She gets out of the car and rushes into the McDonald's restaurant.

INT. MCDONALD'S LOBBY - DAY

The employees gather at the counter. They look scared and confused as KESIA storms into the restaurant. The MANAGER, a white male in his early twenties, stands in front of the counter with a customer.

MANAGER
(to Kesia)
What's wrong?

KESIA
Was my daughter here last night? Did
she work last night?

MANAGER
I'm sorry, ma'am, but I don't know who
worked the night side. I can check the
log for you.

KESIA
(to the Manager)
Can you call the night manager?

MANAGER
Yes, ma'am.

The manager takes out his cell phone and calls. Kesia turns and looks at the customer she interrupted.

KESIA
(to the customer)
Sorry about all this.

CUSTOMER
I'm sorry. No worries.

The manager holds up his cell phone.

MANAGER

I've got Theresa on the phone. She was the manager last night. Here.

Kesia takes the phone, looks at the number, then puts the phone to her ear.

KESIA

Hi, was my daughter here at any time last night?

THERESA (O.C.)

Yes ma'am. She closed the store.

KESIA

Her car is still here. Does anyone know where she might be?

THERESA (O.C.)

I'll ask around.

KESIA

Was she seeing anyone? A co-worker?

THERESA (O.C.)

No. I don't think so, but she was good friends with the other closer, Freddie.

KESIA

I met him. Is he working tonight?

THERESA (O.C.)

I have him on my roll.

KESIA

Thank you. And you are?

THERESA (O.C.)

Theresa Banks.

KESIA

Thank you, Theresa.

INT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office is crowded with troopers. Most of the officers are at their desks typing reports. Some are talking by the coffee pot. KESIA marches through the office toward Sgt. Anderson'S desk. His desk sits on a riser at the end of the room.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON doesn't see her coming. He's looking down at a form he's filling out.

KESIA

Sarge!

The sound of Kesia's voice causes Sgt. Anderson to freeze. He looks up to see Kesia, her face contorted from anxiety.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Desmond.

KESIA

My daughter IS missing.

Kesia puts a hand on the desk and clutches the edge of the dark wood. The riser allows them to look eye to eye.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

When was the last time you saw her?

KESIA

Yesterday morning. I thought she was in her room, but I think she wasn't there. Goddammit, I dropped my guard. I'm just...I've...fucked up.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

File a missing person report. But she's probably with her friends.

The sergeant looks away from Kesia and opens up a drawer. He pulls out a form.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You want me to fill it out, or do you?

Kesia snags the form and takes a deep breath.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Hey.

Kesia looks away.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

She's okay. It will be okay.

KESIA

It's not like her. Something is wrong. I've got a bad feeling.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
It will be okay.

KESIA
I'll kill the bastard who took her.

EXT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From the dirt road, the exterior of Chester's house blends into the woods. There are no lights inside or out.

Coyotes can be heard in the distance.

INT. CHESTER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The sound of a metal chain, SCRAPPING on the cement floor, is interrupted by a COUGH. CHARLENE is chained to a metal post. She is curled up in a fetal position, semi-conscious.

INT. KESIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KESIA is sitting in bed with her lap top. Her cell phone RINGS, and the ID is JAYLEN. Jaylen (late-fifties, black male) is Charlene's father.

Kesia takes the phone call.

JAYLEN (O.C.)
Hey.

KESIA
Hey.

INTERCUT:

INT. JAYLEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JAYLEN is standing by the window of his apartment. It is a bachelor pad, dirty, and unkept.

JAYLEN
Any update on my daughter?

Kesia winces.

KESIA
No. I filed a missing person's report. I went to her place of work, got statements. I don't have a clue where she is.

JAYLEN
Shit. What can I do?

KESIA
Nothing.

JAYLEN
I can't just sit here, I'm coming up.

Kesia closes her laptop.

KESIA
No. I got this. I'll find her.

JAYLEN
She's my daughter, too and I want to be there for her.

KESIA
I appreciate it, but what can you do?

JAYLEN
Be there.

KESIA
And that's about it. Stay put.

JAYLEN
Hey.

KESIA
What.

JAYLEN
Don't take this on yourself.

Kesia takes a long breath and doesn't respond.

JAYLEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

KESIA
I've been taking it all on, by myself, for a long time. I got this. I will update you when there is something to tell you. Goodnight Jaylen.

JAYLEN
Kesh...

Kesia hangs up the call.

INT./EXT. TROOPER CAR/LAKE VIEW INN - MORNING

KESIA DESMOND sits in the empty parking lot. She spots a recycling bin nestled near the back of the Inn. It's lid is off and lying on the ground.

She rolls down the window and picks up the radar gun. She points the radar gun out the window with her left hand and leans back in the seat.

MARTHA pulls into the parking lot and drives up next to Kesia. Martha rolls down the window.

MARTHA

Hey Kesia.

Kesia puts down the radar gun.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Everything alright?

KESIA

Your place has been closed for two days. I was getting worried.

MARTHA

I'm self-employed. I make my own hours.

Martha waves and drives closer to the Inn's entrance. She parks the car and gets out. Kesia watches Martha unlock the front door.

KESIA

That's some strange shit.

The OPEN light turns on.

INT. CHESTER'S BASEMENT - DAY

A dim light bulb illuminates a corner of the basement of Chester's house. The gray concrete slab is bare except for a rug spread out on the other side of the basement away from the light.

CHARLENE is laying on the rug, covered in a blanket. Her legs are shackled to a chain that is attached to a pole in the middle of the room. Her hands are handcuffed.

Slowly, Charlene awakes.

She scratches her nose and realizes her hands are manacled. Her awakening accelerates. She tries to move her feet. The SOUND OF THE CHAIN on the basement floor scares her.

She pushes herself up and pulls off the blanket to see her legs.

CHARLENE

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. This can't be real.

The room is silent, except for the SOUND OF THE SUMP PUMP as it pushes the water out of its system.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Mom.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

The screen door DINGS. KESIA walks into the Inn. MARTHA, carrying a tray, turns a corner and sees Kesia standing by the cash register. She pauses, then walks toward her.

MARTHA

Hi.

KESIA

Hi.

MARTHA

Have a seat, I'll be right with you. I just started the coffee.

INT./EXT. LAKE VIEW INN/DRIVEWAY - DAY

KESIA sits down at a table by the back window. She waits for Martha.

She looks out the window. A small barn sits in the backyard of the Inn. A circular stone driveway leads up to the barn's entrance.

The SOUND OF CRUNCHING STONES announces the arrival of Chester's car as it pulls up to the barn. Kesia takes out her notepad and writes down the license plate number.

She looks up and sees MARTHA walking up to the car.

From Kesia's point of view, it looks like the two are talking about something serious. Martha keeps shaking her head and Chester continuously keeps pointing his finger.

The conversation ends and Chester closes the window.

He drives off.

Martha watches him go and stands in the driveway. She puts her hands on her hips. Then raises a hand to her brow, not moving.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

The door DINGS. KESIA watches JOE STEAGLE and CHRIS PRATT walk into the Inn. Steagle looks at Kesia, disappointed. He takes the first booth by the door. Chris Pratt sits down across from him.

JOE STEAGLE
(to Chris Pratt)
Christ. Nigger cop.

CHRIS PRATT
Ignore her.

INT./EXT. LAKE VIEW INN/DRIVEWAY - DAY

KESIA looks away from JOE STEAGLE and looks out the window. MARTHA is gone.

Kesia turns her attention back toward the kitchen area waiting for Martha to walk out.

INT./EXT. MARTHA'S CAR/LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

MARTHA, driving a small Honda Fit, pulls out of the parking lot and turns onto the county road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

The sky has turned overcast as Martha's car bounces down the long driveway that reaches Chester's house. The car pulls around to the back of the house.

MARTHA parks the car and opens the trunk. She takes out a cooler and a small suitcase.

EXT. BACKDOOR - CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTHA sets the cooler and small suitcase next to the door. She takes a few steps and removes a wooden shingle. Under the shingle is a computer screen.

She types in a code to unlock the door.

The door lock CLICKS.

Martha opens the door, grabs the cooler and suitcase. She walks in and shuts the door.

INT. MUDROOM - CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTHA locks the door behind her. She puts the suitcase on top of a washer machine and unzips it. Inside the suitcase is a black track suit. She strips out of her clothes and puts on the track suit.

In the suitcase is a pair of black sneakers. She puts the sneakers on.

She reaches into a pocket of the suitcase and takes out a ski mask. She pulls the mask over her head.

In the other pocket of the suitcase is a pair of blue rubber gloves. She puts them on.

She picks up the cooler and walks into the kitchen.

INT. CHESTER'S BASEMENT - DAY

CHARLENE hears MARTHA'S FOOTSTEPS. she sits up and braces herself against the pole she's attached to.

The DOOR OPENS and MARTHA walks down the stairs to the basement.

CHARLENE

Hello?

Martha doesn't speak but walks over to Charlene and puts the cooler in front of her.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Let me go.

Martha looks around the basement. She goes back up the stairs.

INT. FREDDIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The room is what you'd expect a young man's bedroom to look like, full of dirty clothes, posters of half-naked women and heavy metal bands. FREDDIE is on the bed, playing a video game on his phone. The game is interrupted by a phone call.

Freddie hesitates. He lets it ring until it goes to voicemail.

The video game is interrupted again. Freddie hesitates. Then hits the answer button.

FREDDIE

Hello.

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. CHAMP/LAKE CHAMPLAIN - DAY

MARK answers his phone. He's standing on Champ's deck. CHESTER is with him.

MARK

Hello, Freddie. This is Doc Dwyer.
Hey, I need to talk to you.

FREDDIE lays back in the bed and looks up at the ceiling.

FREDDIE

Okay.

MARK

Hey, we have a problem, and we need your help.

The ceiling fan is on and Freddie studies the blades as it turns.

FREDDIE

Okay. By we...you mean my dad.

MARK

Yeah, but me too...and you, as well.

FREDDIE

What?

Mark smiles at CHESTER. Chester nods.

MARK

Remember what you did for us last June? I'm sure you remember.

Silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

Freddie. You still there?

Freddie tucks his head down, putting his hand on the back of his head, while listening.

MARK (CONT'D)

You there? Remember last June? Your father's basement?

FREDDIE

(quietly)

Yeah.

MARK

What's that?

FREDDIE

Yeah. I remember.

MARK

We need you to go to your father's basement and help move our catch to the boat. Can you do that?

Freddie doesn't move. His chin tucked into his chest.

FREDDIE

Yeah.

Mark gives a thumbs up to Chester.

MARK

Good. Frank will meet you there.

Freddie stares at his shoes.

MARK

Freddie? You good?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MARK

Good luck.

Freddie throws the phone across the room.

EXT. BACKDOOR - CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTHA comes out the backdoor with her suitcase. She has changed back into her clothes. She shuts the door and takes off the shingle. She presses the security code and the door CLICKS. She puts the shingle back.

INT./EXT. MARTHA'S CAR/CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTHA backs her car down the long driveway. The little Honda Fit jostles up and down as it navigates the narrow dirt path.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

As MARTHA pulls out onto the county road, GREG MCDUFFIE'S CAMARO slams into her car killing her instantly. Martha's car rolls over into the ditch. The Camaro careens off the road and slams into a tree.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY

KESIA walks down the aisle of tables, past JOE STEAGLE and CRAIG PRATT. She walks behind the counter.

RADIO RESPONSE (O.C.)
Attention units. We have an A-A-F at
County Rd 22, mile marker 45. Fire and
EMS on the way.

INT./EXT LAKE VIEW INN/COUNTY RD 22 - DAY

Kesia stops. She looks out the window. FRANK's Ambulance rushes by the Inn with lights and SIRENS on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. END OF CHESTER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The accident scene is active with firetrucks and trooper cars blocking the road. A blockade is setup, and no cars can pass through. Chester's driveway is a focus of the troopers' investigation.

KESIA's car pulls up the edge of the accident scene. She gets out of her car and walks toward the yellow tape. She ducks and enters the scene.

She sees MARTHA's car and walks up to it.

TROOPER MCNANNY approaches her. McNanny looks agitated.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Desmond!

Kesia, surprised, looks confused.

KESIA
Yeah?

TROOPER MCNANNY
We have enough people here.

KESIA
I just left Martha.

Keisa points at the destroyed car.

KESIA (CONT'D)
She was having a conversation with
Chester Arthur just before she left
the restaurant.

Trooper McNanny doesn't move.

TROOPER MCNANNY
You are not investigating this
accident. Get back on patrol.

A few troopers look over at the McNanny and Kesia.

TROOPER MCNANNY (CONT'D)
Are we clear? I'll contact Anderson.
This is my scene.

KESIA
Why are you so jacked up?

TROOPER MCNANNY
These are friends of mine.

KESIA
Sorry.

Kesia turns and starts walking to her car.

The end of the blockade is manned by TROOPER REID (a white male in his late twenties). Kesia hurries toward him. When she reaches him she points down the driveway.

KESIA
What's down that driveway? Is that
Martha's house?

TROOPER REID
Chester Arthur's house. Martha's
husband.

KESIA
Chester Arthur is married to Martha?

TROOPER REID

Yeah.

FREDDIE pulls up to the blockade. He parks on the other side of the road from Kesia. Kesia, still standing next to Trooper Reid, watches Freddie closely.

Freddie puts the car in park and gets out of the car.

Trooper Reid walks up to Freddie's car.

TROOPER REID

You will have to turn around.

Freddie keeps walking toward Martha's car.

TROOPER REID (CONT'D)

Hey, you can't park here!

FREDDIE

That's my Mom's car!

TROOPER REID

Hold up!

Trooper Reid takes the radio transmitter from off his shoulder.

TROOPER REID (CONT'D)

(Using the radio transmitter)

We've got a civilian who says he's Martha Arthur's son.

Trooper McNanny, texting, immediately puts his phone away and walks briskly toward Freddie. Kesia watches. McNanny grabs his radio transmitter from his shoulder.

TROOPER MCNANNY

(on the radio)

Desmond! I told you to leave!

Kesia looks at McNanny and then at Freddie. She makes eye contact with Freddie. He looks confused and frightened. Trooper Reid meets McNanny at the yellow tape line.

McNanny points his finger angrily at Kesia, signaling her to leave.

Kesia walks to her car.

TROOPER REID
 He's pretty shook up. What do we do
 with him?

TROOPER MCNANNY
 I'll take care of it.

Kesia gets in her car and slowly backs up and makes a three-point turn

Trooper McNanny waves his hand at Freddie to tell him to come up to the yellow tape. Freddie walks sheepishly toward McNanny.

FREDDIE
 My mom. Is she...

TROOPER MCNANNY
 I'm sorry.

FREDDIE
 Oh my God.

Freddie sobs.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE/END OF CHESTER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

FRANK is sitting in the ambulance at the scene. He watches FREDDIE and SGT. ANDERSON

EXT. DIRT DRIVEWAY - DAY

FREDDIE heads down the driveway to Chester's house, his head down, wiping tears away.

McNanny follows Freddie. The two are halfway down the driveway when the trooper stops and looks behind. He then looks back at Freddie, he picks up the pace and catches up to the sobbing young man.

TROOPER MCNANNY
 We have a young woman chained to a
 pole in the basement.

FREDDIE
 It's Charlene.

TROOPER MCNANNY
 You know her?

FREDDIE
Yeah, she works at McDonald's.

TROOPER MCNANNY
What's her last name?

FREDDIE
Desmond.

Trooper McNanny stiffens. He takes off his trooper's cap and tosses it. Freddie keeps walking.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Fuck! I'm going to kill your father.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHESTER'S BASEMENT - DAY

The SOUND of the basement door OPENING frightens CHARLENE. She pushes herself up against the pole, grabbing the cooler as a weapon.

FREDDIE walks down the staircase. His feet reach the bottom and he turns to look at Charlene.

He sees Charlene and freezes.

CHARLENE
Freddie? What are you going to do to me?

Freddie doesn't move.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Let me go.

Freddie doesn't respond. He just stands there.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Just let me go and I won't say anything.

FREDDIE
I'm here to rescue you. I told you to avoid my dad.

Charlene walks backward toward the wall, stretching the chain out.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
I have the key. Hold on.

Freddie walks to the pole where the chain is wrapped and locked. He takes out the key.

The door to the basement opens. Freddie and Charlene hear FOOTSTEPS. They both look up.

TROOPER MCNANNY is walking down the steps.

FREDDIE
(to McNanny)
I can't do this.

McNanny holds his hand out, like he's stopping traffic.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Hold on Freddie. You can do this.

FREDDIE
Fuck my dad! YOU kidnap girls and you
both make money doing it! Fuck you!

Trooper McNanny reaches the bottom of the stairs.

EXT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

FRANK, driving the ambulance, arrives at the house. He parks, gets out of the ambulance and walks to the door.

INT. CHESTER'S BASEMENT - DAY

Just as FREDDIE sticks the key into the lock and turns it, TROOPER MCNANNY reaches out and grabs Freddie. CHARLENE SCREAMS.

FRANK runs down the staircase and helps McNanny grab Freddie. Charlene continues to SCREAM.

Frank takes out a syringe from his vest and stabs Freddie.

FREDDIE
What the fuck?! Get off me. Get off
me. Dad! Dad! Dad!

Quickly, Freddie calms down and slumps to the floor.

Trooper McNanny grabs Charlene, Frank pulls out another syringe and stabs Charlene.

CHARLENE

Mom! Mom!!! Oh, my God! Mom!

She's fights off the two men, still cuffed to the chain, and slowly slumps to the floor.

EXT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - DAY

FRANK and TROOPER MCNANNY carry CHARLENE, tied to a transport board, into the ambulance. They shut the doors.

Frank gets in the driver's seat and Trooper McNanny goes to his car.

INT. CHESTER'S BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is clean, no cooler, no chain or blankets.

A metal chair is tipped over, underneath FREDDIE's body, hanging by the neck from the beam overhead.

EXT. CHESTER'S DOCK - DAY

CHAMP is moored at the dock. MARK and CHESTER greet the ambulance. The ambulance parks. FRANK gets out of the vehicle, and rushes to open the back door.

The three men quickly remove the gurney. CHARLENE is unconscious and covered with white blankets. Under her, a transfer board. The group wheels the gurney down the dock and alongside the boat.

The three men move Charlene to the boat.

Chester takes out his phone and texts, '**She's onboard. Ready for you.**'

INT./EXT. TROOPER CAR/COUNTY ROAD 22 - DAY

KESIA is driving back to headquarters when her phone RINGS the ID is MCNANNY. She answers.

KESIA

McNanny?

TROOPER MCNANNY (O.C.)

We got a tip on your daughter.

Kesia hits the brakes and drives onto the shoulder of the road.

KESIA
Where is she?

TROOPER MCNANNY (O.C.)
I'll meet you at the boat launch next
to the bait shop.

KESIA
Chester's Bait Shop?

TROOPER MCNANNY (O.C.)
Yes. I am on my way. Don't do anything
until I get there.

KESIA
Okay.

Kesia puts the pedal to the floor and turns the car around.

EXT. CHESTER'S DOCK - DAY

The ambulance is gone and nothing looks suspicious. TROOPER MCNANNY passes KESIA at the entrance to Chester's Bait shop, and he takes the lead as they drive up to the dock.

Kesia gets out of her car and pulls her pistol. She looks over at Trooper McNanny, as he appears from behind his car.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Let's get him. Stick with me.

The two cautiously walk toward the boat, and onto the gangplank. They step into the galley. There doesn't seem to be anyone on board. The cabin door is closed. McNanny bangs on the cabin door. It's locked.

The door opens. Chester stands there with his hands up.

INT. CHAMP - BELOW DECK - DAY

TROOPER MCNANNY busts through the door and grabs CHESTER. FRANK and MARK are standing next to the far wall.

CHARLENE, unconscious, is laying on a bunk, with an IV drip attached to her arm.

Above Charlene lies JUANITA RODRIGUEZ in the same state.

KESIA charges into the cabin.

KESIA
Charlene!!!

Kesia runs to the side of her daughter. She holsters her gun and kneels next to her.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Chester Arthur! This truly is a bad day for you. Your wife and son are dead.

CHESTER
Freddie?

TROOPER MCNANNY
Yup.

Chester looks at Frank. He nods. Chester's shoulders drop and he starts to cry. McNanny looks at Kesia.

TROOPER MCNANNY (CONT'D)
Kesia. This man here kidnapped your daughter. What would you like me to do with him?

Kesia rises to her feet, her face wet with tears, and vengeance in her grimace.

KESIA
I'm going to kill him.

She pulls out her pistol and points it at Chester.

CHESTER
What the fuck?!

Kesia shoots Chester in the head. He drops to the ground.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Well, that was easy.

Kesia stands, hyperventilating, as she stares at Chester's corpse.

KESIA
I told you I'd kill him.

TROOPER MCNANNY
I know you did. Maybe you ought to give me that gun, before anyone else gets hurt.

Kesia is still hyped up. She puts the gun in her holster. She turns to look at her daughter again, she kneels.

KESIA

Charlene.

Frank and Mark jump her. McNanny reaches into her holster and takes the gun. She fights but the two men grab her tightly.

KESIA

Fuck you! Let go of me!

Trooper McNanny cuffs Kesia.

KESIA (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

Kesia looks confused. McNanny picks up a syringe off a table in the room. He takes a step toward and stabs her in the neck.

KESIA (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

She continues to struggle.

KESIA

What the fuck?!

TROOPER MCNANNY

You just ended up in the wrong place
at the wrong time.

KESIA

You asshole!

TROOPER MCNANNY

You are a spider in the sink.

KESIA

What? What are you going to do to me?

Trooper McNanny takes a deep breath and looks Kesia in the eye.

TROOPER MCNANNY

Have you ever gone to the bathroom in
the middle of the night, flipped on
the light, find a spider sitting in
the sink?

McNanny doesn't smile. He looks at the other men for approval. Kesia's rage has not been doused.

KESIA

You son-of-a-bitch!

TROOPER MCNANNY

I don't know about you but I always wonder what that spider is thinking. Why the sink?

The room becomes quiet except for the sound of Kesia's heavy breathing.

TROOPER MCNANNY (CONT'D)

The spider doesn't belong there. There are no flies in the sink. What's she going to do, make a web and stop flies coming out of the faucet? Stupid move, she should have stayed where she was safe, eating bugs. Safe.

KESIA

You're insane.

TROOPER MCNANNY

But what's our instinct? We see that spider and we flush the fucker. We turn on the faucet and before the spider knows it...whoosh.

Kesia slumps and the two men hold her up.

TROOPER MCNANNY (CONT'D)

You are a spider in our sink.

KESIA

Fuck you.

TROOPER MCNANNY

The good news. I'm not going to kill you or your daughter. You're Shang-hied. Really. You're going to Shanghai. Enjoy. And we make money. It's a win-win.

Kesia goes unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TROOPER HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

SGT. BILL ANDERSON is sitting at his desk about ready to leave for the day. He stands up. The phone RINGS.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Hello?

911 OPERATOR (O.C.)

Sergeant. This is 911 dispatch. I have a person on the line I think you need to speak with.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Okay, put them on.

The sergeant sits back down at his desk. THERESA BANKS, the McDonald's manager is on the line.

THERESA (O.C.)

Hello. Sergeant Anderson?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Yes.

THERESA (O.C.)

I am Theresa Banks. I am the night manager at McDonald's. I have video you need to see. Freddie Arthur emailed it to me a few hours ago.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON

Can you message me the video? My cell is five-one-eight-six-five-five-nine-one-two-one.

THERESA (O.C.)

I'll do that right now.

The line goes silent. The sergeant's phone DINGS. He takes his cell off the desk and looks at the message. He clicks the video attachment and it plays. It is the cell phone footage Freddie recorded during the kidnapping.

INT./EXT. CHAMP/LAKE CHAMPLAIN - NIGHT

CHAMP is cruising on Lake Champlain headed toward Canada. FRANK is at the helm, MARK and SHI are sitting behind him, drinking beer.

HAO is sitting at the bow, looking out across the lake.

TROOPER MCNANNY walks over to her and sits down. He takes a deep breath.

TROOPER MCNANNY
I'm sorry for all of this.

Hao doesn't respond, but she looks out over the water. The shoreline is dark, except for a few lights in houses they pass.

HAO
Ever notice that in the United States, if a blonde, white girl disappears, everyone freaks out. Her face is on the news for days. Months. Even years later they talk about the case. No one ever notices when black girls or Hispanic girls disappear. Just wait. It will be one day of blah blah, then nothing.

Trooper McNanny looks at Hao. He smiles.

TROOPER MCNANNY
I'm counting on it. Especially because it is Upstate New York. Who gives a shit if a cop and daughter disappear up here.

HAO
Now, if the cop and daughter were from Manhattan, all blonde hair and blue eyes. We'd be fucked.

TROOPER MCNANNY
For certain.

HAO
Or Asian women. You never see a story about Asian women disappearing.

TROOPER MCNANNY
Nope. Probably never will.

HAO
Sad isn't it. You could have a rocket scientist, or Chinese billionaire's wife kidnapped. No story. Miss China goes missing, and there wouldn't be a story in the US.

TROOPER MCNANNY

I don't know. Miss China? She might get a mention.

HAO

A ten-second story. Maybe more if they have nice sexy pictures of her. But how many people would have to die in China before anyone in the US cares?

TROOPER MCNANNY

I don't know. A lot.

HAO

More than we ever kidnapped. That's for sure.

The two sit in silence for a moment.

HAO (CONT'D)

These girls are worthless trees in this garden, they bear no fruit. They will not harvest in this land. But, we will replant them, and they will have great value.

TROOPER MCNANNY

I hope.

HAO

Leibniz believed that the evils and suffering of the world ultimately contributes to the greater good and is necessary for harmony and perfection of the universe.

TROOPER MCNANNY

I guess we did our part to make this a perfect world.

Champ quietly heads north to Canada.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEAR US & CANADIAN BORDER - NIGHT

Out of the darkness of the shore, two Trooper Boston Whalers slowly approach CHAMP. On board each boat are three members of the New York State Police Special Operations Response Team (SORT) plus, CAPTAIN MCINTOSH and SGT. BILL ANDERSON.

McIntosh and Anderson are in separate boats.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
 (on headset)
 I'm calling in air support, ready?

SGT. DWAYNE DUNSMORE (a forties, white male) is driving McIntosh's boat.

SGT. DWAYNE DUNSMORE
 Yes sir, call 'em in. As soon as they appear, we will approach the stern and bow.

(to the other boat)
 Anderson...you take the stern. Get on board...we'll distract them. Got that Smitty?

TROOPER JACK SMITH (a late-twenties, white male) is driving Anderson's boat.

TROOPER SMITH
 Ten-four.

The two boats separate, Sgt. Dunsmore's boat accelerates and gets goes ahead of Champ.

INT./EXT. CHAMP/LAKE CHAMPLAIN - NIGHT

FRANK is piloting CHAMP and no one else is topside. He sees McIntosh's boat as it churns a white frothy wake in the moonlight.

FRANK
 Mark! McNanny! Get up here!

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. ANDERSON'S BOAT - NIGHT

The Boston Whaler slides behind CHAMP. SGT. ANDERSON and two of the SORT Troopers are holding shotguns. All the troopers are wearing bullet proof vests and combat helmets.

A SORT Trooper is at the bow of the boat, ready to jump off and secure the Whaler to Champ.

SGT. ANDERSON
 Smitty...floor it!

The boat jolts forward, and nearly bangs into the stern. The

SORT Trooper jumps and lands on the deck. Quickly, he ties off the line.

MARK stumbles out of the galley and onto the deck. He looks up at FRANK.

MARK

Frank!

FRANK

Troopers fore and aft!

Suddenly, a helicopter appears in the distance, right in front of Champ.

MCNANNY rushes out of the galley onto the deck. He's holding HAO by the neck, brandishing his gun, and using her for protection.

MCINTOSH'S BOAT crosses in front of Champ to try to slow her down. The Troopers in the boat are aiming their pistols at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh Lord Jesus!

Mark jumps off the boat and feverishly tries to swim to shore.

SGT. DWAYNE DUNSMORE

We got one in the water.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH

We got time, focus on Champ.

SGT. DWAYNE DUNSMORE

Ten-four.

(on headset)

We have one suspect overboard...over,
one suspect overboard.

HELICOPTER

(radio)

Ten-four. We have visual.

The chopper accelerates and hovers over Champ, shining a light on Mark as he tries to swim away.

Sgt. Anderson jumps on board with the 2nd SORT Trooper. Anderson puts up three fingers.

TROOPER SMITH

(on radio)

Aft Troopers on board. Repeat Troopers
on board.

Anderson uses one finger, and points to the first SORT Trooper. He motions for the trooper to take the port side to get to the foredeck.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH

We have eyes on one. In the cockpit.

HELICOPTER

(on radio)

Suspect holding hostage starboard
side.

Hao is not fighting McNanny as he holds her tight and threatens her with the gun

MCNANNY

(to Hao)

I got to put on a show. Make you look
innocent.

HAO

Just don't blow my head off.

MCNANNY

Shit. Shit. Shit!

Sgt. Anderson flashes two fingers and motions for the 2nd SORT Trooper to go straight through the back to the galley.

FRANK

Goddammit.

The 2nd SORT Trooper braces himself at the bottom of the cockpit ladder, waiting for the other SORT Trooper.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH

Aft Troopers, suspect on starboard
side. Armed.

Sgt. Anderson goes to the starboard side and he shimmies his way to the foredeck.

McNanny sees Anderson and points his gun at him.

MCNANNY

Sergeant! Don't come any closer!

Sgt. Anderson raises his shotgun.

SGT. ANDERSON
Where is Desmond?!

MCNANNY
Put down the gun!

SGT. ANDERSON
Where is Desmond?!

MCNANNY
Put down the gun!

Suddenly, Sgt. Anderson is tackled from behind by SHI. The shotgun falls to the deck and Shi lies on top of him, grabbing Anderson by the throat.

HELICOPTER
(on radio)
Office down! Officer down! Starboard side.

Frank picks up his pistol from the cockpit console. He turns to look down the stairwell. Both SORT Troopers fire at Frank from below. The shotgun BLAST hits Frank in the top of the head, knocking him backward.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
(on radio)
We have shots fired in the cockpit.
Suspect down.

1ST SORT TROOPER
Suspect down.

Shi is on top of Sgt. Anderson. Anderson can't move in the narrow space between the cabin and the railing.

The two SORT Troopers are in the cockpit, leaning over the side, both have a bead on McNanny.

1ST SORT TROOPER (CONT'D)
We have a visual on starboard suspect.
He still has hostage.

MCNANNY
Goddammit!

McNanny looks up at the troopers in the cockpit.

MCNANNY (CONT'D)
I'll shoot her!

Shi is strangling Sgt. Anderson.

HAO
(to McNanny)
Let me go!

Hao punches McNanny in the face. He staggers, and she pushes him off. She jumps into the lake. The SORT Troopers shoot McNanny.

HELICOPTER
(radio)
Hostage overboard!

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
Roger that, we got her!

McIntosh's boat breaks off to get Hao.

The two SORT Troopers scramble down the ladder and rush to Sgt. Anderson. They grab Shi and pull him off. Shi swings his arms, hitting the 2nd SORT Trooper in the face, he collapses on the deck.

Sgt. Anderson stands, COUGHING, trying to come to his senses.

Shi and the 1st SORT Trooper are clenched together, each trying to throw the other off the boat.

Sgt. Anderson reaches down and picks up his shotgun. He sticks it in between the two and fires. Shi falls backward and collapses on the deck. The 1st SORT Trooper pushes away, and checks for wounds.

1ST SORT TROOPER
Jesus Christ, Anderson. You could have killed me.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
You are wearing Kevlar. Man up.

1ST SORT TROOPER
What the fuck?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
That fucker nearly choked me to death. Chill out! Let's find Desmond.

The troopers and Sgt. Anderson walk into the galley and then down the stairwell to the cabin.

INT. CHAMP - BELOW DECK - NIGHT

SGT. BILL ANDERSON slowly opens the door. The bed is made, nothing looks out of place.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Guys, look for a lever, or a button.
They have to be in here.

The troopers get on their hands and knees, looking under the bed.

1ST SORT TROOPER
Got it.

The trooper flips the lever and the bed comes loose. They move the bed, and underneath are the three women. Each woman has an oxygen mask, and an IV coming from a electronic pump.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Take that shit off them, and wake 'em
up.

The two troopers carefully remove the IVs from the women and then lift the women out of the floor. Sgt. Anderson, holds Kesia.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
C'mon Desmond. C'mon. Wake up. Wake
up. The sun is about to rise, you
can't miss it. Wake up.

Sgt. Anderson starts rubbing her shoulders and lightly shaking her.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
C'mon fresh air kid! You got to wake
up! You need to do all sorts of stupid
white people stuff, like hiking.
C'mon.

Captain McIntosh appears at the doorway and sees the three troopers, each with one of the hostages.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
(to Anderson)
She okay?

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Not sure. We need to fly her to
Albany, asap.

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
We're close to Burlington, let's go
there. This boat is on the way.
Ambulances will be waiting.

Kesia's hand moves. Her eyes twitch. She tries to speak.

KESIA
Charlene.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Desmond. Are you there? Wake up.

Kesia's eyes open.

KESIA
Charlene?

Sgt. Anderson smiles.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
She's right next to you. You are okay.
Both of you are okay.

KESIA
Thank you.

EXT. BURLINGTON DOCK - NIGHT

The lights from three ambulances light up the dock. CHAMP is moored and EMTs are quickly moving the three hostages into the ambulances.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON and CAPTAIN MCINTOSH watch the transportation of the gurneys from the far end of the dock.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
You sure you want to retire?

CAPTAIN MCINTOSH
Going out on a high note. That's how
you do it.

SGT. BILL ANDERSON
Mic drop and walk away.

The captain raises his fist and then opens it.

INT. LAKE VIEW INN - DAY - FOUR YEARS LATER

The door BANGS after KESIA walks into the Inn. She stops for a moment and scans the room. The sign that said '**CASH ONLY**' has been changed to '**CREDIT/DEBIT CARDS ONLY**'. Besides the sign, not much has changed.

At the counter is CAPTAIN BILL ANDERSON. He is wearing his captain's uniform, and his hat is on the counter next to him. He's scarfing down a big breakfast platter.

Kesia walks to the counter and sits next to the captain.

KESIA

Morning Cap.

Captain Anderson turns his head, still holding on to his fork.

CAPTAIN BILL ANDERSON

Morning Desmond.

KESIA

Thanks for coming to Charlene's graduation.

CAPTAIN BILL ANDERSON

My pleasure.

Anderson goes back to his breakfast.

JUANITA RODRIGUEZ walks out of the kitchen and sees Kesia.

JUANITA

Buenos dias, Kesia.

KESIA

Juanita. How are you today?

JUANITY

It's a beautiful day. I'm very happy.

KESIA

Me too.

THE END: