

# V E N G E A N C E

by

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V E N G E A N C E

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF REDDING, CA - NIGHT

Thick clouds obscure the stars and tiniest sliver of a crescent moon, creating a near pitch black environment along a lonely county road punctuated with sharp curves.

The darkness is interrupted by the glare of a pair of approaching headlights, illuminating a family of deer near the side of the road, as the vehicle zooms by.

INT./EXT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

DRIVER'S POV: the narrow, winding, dimly-lit road is now seen through the windshield. The vehicle strays toward the center line one minute, and the shoulder the next.

The driver reaches for an open can of beer, nestled snugly in the cup holder to his right. As he lifts it up, it SLIPS from his hand...

...GLANCING off the cup holder on its descent sideways toward the floorboard, SPLASHING its contents on the driver.

DRIVER

Son-of-a...

The driver takes his eyes off the road at a most inopportune time, as a SHARP TURN SIGN can be seen up ahead.

He looks down at his lap and brushes the spilt brew off his leg with one hand, then returns his gaze to the road...

...just as - THUD! - the car COLLIDES with something unseen. The driver SLAMS on the brakes, SCREECHING to a halt.

He hastily exits the vehicle, and comes around to the front, but finds no body.

He then hears rustling in the bushes nearby, as if someone or something is fleeing, but sees only darkness.

After examining his grill and bumper damage, he hears a FAINT VOICE as he is returning to the driver's side door.

VOICE (O.C.)

Help me...please...

The driver stops, turns around, and walks with trepidation in the direction the voice seems to be coming from.

At the end of his headlamp beam, he spots a body. The driver inches closer to inspect it. His eyes bulge and his jaw drops when he gets a closer look.

The still unseen victim recognizes the driver and calls him by name, speaking with difficulty.

VOICE (O.C.)

Luther...

The victim's voice morphs into one familiar to the driver...

DAVILA (O.C.)

Luther....Luther!!

...JOLTING him back to his present location...

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - DAY

...a courtroom in the Shasta County courthouse.

He sits at a table with his defense attorney - ROLANDO DAVILA, Hispanic, late 20s - who nudges him warily.

DAVILA

Luther...you ok?

LUTHER GRIMES, Caucasian, 29, loses the "deer in the headlights" gaze, turns to Davila, sighs, and nods rather unconvincingly.

DAVILA

Jury's back.

The jurors come into view, one by one, as they take their seats. Their expressions vary: some seem relieved; some grieved; one hangs her head in shame.

The bailiff rises and gets everyone's attention.

BAILIFF

All rise. Court is now in session.  
The honorable Judge Ebenezzer Sewell  
presiding.

As everyone stands, JUDGE EBONEZER SEWELL, a distinguished-looking African-American man, 50ish, walks into the courtroom and takes his position, sitting at the bench.

BAILIFF

The defendant shall remain  
standing; all others, please be  
seated and come to order.

DEAD SILENCE as everyone sits but Grimes. Judge Sewell surveys the courtroom, then turns to the jury.

JUDGE SEWELL

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,  
have you reached a verdict?

The foreman of the jury rises.

FOREMAN

We have, your honor.

The foreman hands a folded piece of paper to the bailiff. He brings it to the judge, who unfolds the paper and reads it.

JUDGE SEWELL

In the case of the People vs.  
Luther Grimes, what say you?

FOREMAN

We find the defendant, Luther  
Grimes...guilty of voluntary  
manslaughter.

A murmur develops in the courtroom. An unidentified woman, barely but noticeably PREGNANT, breaks down in tears.

A wide-eyed Grimes shakes his head, mouth agape, as Davila consoles him.

JUDGE SEWELL

(banging his gavel)

Order in the court! Mr. Grimes, the  
state of California requires a  
prison sentence for the conviction  
of this crime to be either three,  
six, or eleven years. Given your  
previous record and the crime's  
circumstances, I have no choice but  
to sentence you to the maximum term  
- eleven years - to be served in  
the state penitentiary, beginning  
immediately. Bailiff, remove the  
defendant. Court is dismissed.

As Judge Sewell bangs his gavel once more, the bailiff strides over to Grimes, grabbing him by the arm.

Grimes YANKS it away and CHARGES the bench.

LUTHER

Judge - I'm innocent! You can't do  
this to me! I'm going to be a  
father soon! I beg of you...

Two court officers INTERCEPT Grimes just before he reaches the judge.

JUDGE SEWELL

Officers, take this man into  
custody and remove him from my  
courtroom immediately!

As Grimes continues to proclaim his innocence, the bailiff joins the two officers in FORCIBLY REMOVING him from the courtroom.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The prosecuting attorney - SIMON BECK, Caucasian, slender, handsome, 32 - is holding a conference as reporters gather 'round. The state attorney general - DOMINGO SANTOS, Hispanic, mid-40s, well-built - is by his side.

SIMON

Today, ladies and gentlemen, the court system of this great state worked to perfection and justice has been served. A dangerous man is headed to prison and we in this community can all sleep a little easier tonight - and for the next eleven years - knowing that this deviant is no longer prowling our streets. Sorry, I will not be taking questions. Thank-you.

Mr. Beck leaves the podium, accompanied by Santos and two police officers as the crowd of reporters CLAMMER to have their questions answered.

INT./EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY [MONTAGE]

- Luther Grimes, in shackles, is led from a van into the prison, along with other prisoners.

- Grimes surrenders his personal items and is given his orange jumpsuit.

- Grimes is led down a hallway with prison cells on both sides. Prisoners who can see Grimes chide and mock him as he passes by them.

- Grimes is led to his cell. He enters it and the barred iron door closes behind him. He turns around and grasps the bars in desperation. The angst on his face is slowly replaced by a kind of malevolent resoluteness.

END MONTAGE.

FADE TO BLACK.

After three seconds, a school bell can be heard ringing.

EXT. CHAVEZ MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

The front of Chavez Middle School, viewed from a distance.

SUPERIMPOSE: 11 years later

The doors suddenly burst open and students exit the building in mass for the last time. Summer vacation has begun.

CLOSE-UP on one particular girl as she exits - RACHEL BECK - Simon's daughter, pretty, slender, blonde, 11. Rachel hugs and says good-bye to one fellow student, and then another.

INT./EXT. GREY SUV

Watching all this from an older model grey SUV parked along the street in front of the school are two Caucasian adults:

...the male, 40, in the driver's seat, a woman, 39, in the passenger seat (both viewed from behind)...

...and a girl - MOLLY, 11 - with features very similar to Rachel, in the back seat.

The woman spots Rachel and points to her.

WOMAN

There she is.

The man get the attention of the other two.

MAN

We've been planning this for a very long time...you know what to do.

The woman and Molly both nod. The man can be seen emptying a powder from a vile into a slushee.

Rachel has finished her farewells and now strolls down the cement walkway toward the curb, looking for her ride.

The woman rolls down her window and waves at Rachel.

WOMAN

Rachel! Rachel Beck!

Rachel stops and stares, trying to recognize the woman.

Molly then rolls down her window, sticks her head out, and waves at Rachel.

MOLLY

Rachel - over here! Megan sent us to pick you up!

Rachel walks hesitantly over to the car and addresses them.

RACHEL

I'm sorry...should I know you?

Molly exits the car and gives a surprised Rachel a big hug.

MOLLY

No, but I feel like I know you! Megan has told me so much about you. Her mom's busy running errands so she asked if we could give you a ride to the slumber party.

The woman - DARLA, slender, fit, moderately attractive - now gets out of the car and faces Rachel.

DARLA (WOMAN)

And I'm Molly's mom, Darla.  
We just moved here from Vegas -  
where Megan is from. Her family and  
ours are good friends. We got here  
too late to enroll Molly in school  
but Megan still wanted her to come  
to the party tonight. She thought  
this might be a good way for you  
and Molly to get acquainted.

Rachel expression and body language indicate she's still  
apprehensive about the whole situation.

MOLLY

Oh c'mon, Rachel. My dad's got your  
favorite waiting in the car - an  
Orange Crush slushee!

Rachel is pleasantly taken aback.

RACHEL

How did you know?

MOLLY

Megan told us. C'mon! We don't want  
to miss any of the fun!

Molly hops back in the car, motions for Rachel to join her,  
pats the seat, and puts on a big smile.

Rachel gingerly enters the back seat and shuts the door.  
Darla follows suit, but in the front seat.

The man turns around and, sporting a devilish grin, hands  
the slushee to Rachel. His face can finally be seen:

It is LUTHER GRIMES! Eleven years in prison has taken its  
toll as his face is weathered and his hair greying.

LUTHER (MAN)

Here ya go, Rachel. Enjoy!

The car is seen from behind as it drives off. Shortly  
thereafter, a black Cadillac Escalade pulls into that spot.

EXT. BECK MANSION - DAY

The Beck family mansion is seen from the rear exterior:  
swimming pool with crystal-blue water; a well-manicured lawn  
surrounding it; a sliding glass door leading to a bedroom.

A man and a woman can be seen inside.

INT. BECK MANSION - BEDROOM

The woman is Simon Beck's wife, ANDREA - Caucasian, 30,  
voluptuous, typical trophy wife.

She and a handsome, well-sculpted Latino man - the groundskeeper, MARCO - are kissing. She holds a martini in one hand while unbuttoning Marco's shirt with the other.

Her phone rings, giving Andrea pause. Marco continues to grope her. Andrea pushes him away and sets down her drink.

MARCO

Ignore it, senora.

Andrea sees the number on caller ID.

ANDREA

I should take this.

(answers the call)

Hello?

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - DAY

On the other end is REBECCA CHANDLER, Megan's mom, and host to the upcoming slumber party.

She is driving home from Chavez, having not found Rachel.

REBECCA

Hi Andrea. It's Becky, Megan's mom.

INTERCUT BETWEEN REBECCA AND ANDREA.

Andrea continues to half-heartily fight off Marco.

ANDREA

Kinda busy right now, Becky.

REBECCA

Sorry...but it's important.

Andrea slaps Marco on the wrist and gives him the evil eye. He stops groping her.

ANDREA

Fine...what's on your mind?

REBECCA

I'm concerned...Rachel wasn't at school. I was to pick her up and take her to the slumber party. She knew that, didn't she?

ANDREA

I think so. Don't know what to tell ya. Did you try her cell?

REBECCA

Thought I had her number. Guess I don't. If you reach her, can you please let me know? I'm kinda worried.

ANDREA

Sure, I'll take care of it right now. Thanks for letting me know.

INT. BECK MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Andrea ends the call, picks up and downs her drink, then motions for Marco to leave.

ANDREA

I might be on the phone awhile. Don't you have something to trim...or plant...or fix?

MARCO

Si, senora.

Marco nods at Andrea and departs. Andrea pushes a speed-dial button on her cell phone as she walks to the kitchen.

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BECK'S OFFICE

Simon Beck is having a meeting with the state's governor, ARTURO MARTINEZ, Hispanic, 50ish, heavy-set.

MARTINEZ

...and that's why it's vitally important that we...

Simon's cell phone goes off. Its irritating ringtone stops Martinez mid-sentence. Simon sees the caller ID.

SIMON

Sorry, Art. It's Andrea. Mind if I take this?

An annoyed Martinez motions for Simon to do so. He does.

SIMON

Hello?

INT. BECK MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

ANDREA

Simon, have you heard from Rachel?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ANDREA AND SIMON.

SIMON

No...should I have?

ANDREA

Just got a call from Megan's mom, who was supposed to pick Rachel up at the school. She wasn't there.

SIMON

Probably caught a ride to the party with someone else.

ANDREA

Maybe, but I think you should call  
and check on her just to be safe.

SIMON

I'm in a meeting with the governor.  
Can't you do that, honey?

ANDREA

(raising her voice)

Don't "honey" me, just 'cause you  
want a favor. She's your daughter.  
Be the responsible father for once  
and call her your own damn self!

Andrea ends the call, SLAMS her phone down on the counter,  
EYES the martini pitcher, and pours herself another drink.

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BECK'S OFFICE

Martinez can't help noticing that the call ended badly.

MARTINEZ

Trouble in paradise?

SIMON

(concerned)

My daughter missed her ride to a  
party. Probably nothing, but...

MARTINEZ

(interrupting)

That's not what I was referring to.  
You and Andrea ok?

SIMON

Things are still a bit tense  
between us when Rachel's involved.  
She and Andrea haven't...bonded.

MARTINEZ

If I were you, I would call her.

Simons nods and presses a speed-dial button.

INT. GREY SUV - DAY

Rachel slurps her slushee, seeming a little more at ease.

MOLLY

Did you like the middle school  
here? I'll bet sixth grade was  
rough, getting bullied by the  
eighth graders.

RACHEL

Oh, it wasn't so bad. No more drama  
there than at home.

Just then, Rachel's cell phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket. As she checks caller ID, Molly snatches it out of her hand and hands it to Darla, who ends the call.

RACHEL

Hey, that was my dad calling!

MOLLY

(smirking)

Sorry Rachel. No phone calls from daddy on this trip.

RACHEL

Why not? What's going on?

Rachel suddenly begins to feel DISORIENTED. She looks out the window and can still focus well enough to realize this isn't the route to Megan's house.

RACHEL

Hey...where are we going? So dizzy...what did you do to me?

Darla turns around and faces Rachel.

DARLA

We have a little score to settle with your father...and you're gonna play a big part in it.

RACHEL

I...don't...understa-

Rachel passes out, her head falling into Molly's lap. Molly corrals her half-drunk slushee just before it spills.

Luther cocks his head and addresses Molly.

LUTHER

Tie her up good, Molly. Blindfold her, too, just in case she wakes up 'fore we reach the cabin.

INT. BECK & ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM - BECK'S OFFICE

Simon seems concerned after the call is disconnected.

SIMON

Hmm. Rachel's cell always goes to voicemail if she doesn't pick up.

MARTINEZ

Does her phone have an app so that it can be tracked?

Simon hangs his head and sighs.

SIMON

No. Rachel felt like that was too  
...guess I should have insisted.

MARTINEZ

You are the parent, after all.

SIMON

I know. It's just with the divorce  
and me getting remarried...just  
didn't want to do anything more to  
push her away from me.

Martinez breaks a brief silence between the two.

MARTINEZ

Time to call Emily?

Simon reacts immediately and defensively.

SIMON

Oh God no...she's still in the  
sanitarium. My understanding is  
she's doing better, but anything  
stressful could trigger a relapse.

MARTINEZ

Well, you have things to tend to. I  
shall take my leave.

Simon brings up his phone's contacts list as Martinez exits.

EXT. THE EUREKA WAY WELLNESS CENTER - DUSK

The city's mental health sanitarium is seen from the front exterior, the sign in the lawn revealing its name. It is a gothic structure, its appearance anything but serene.

INT. WELLNESS CENTER HALLWAY / EMILY BECK'S ROOM

An orderly walks down the hall, making his rounds. He stops at a door, unlocks it, and enters.

A woman can be seen sitting in a chair, staring at the TV, almost trance-like.

The orderly stops beside her and begins to prepare her meds.

ORDERLY

So...how are you, Mrs. Beck?

EMILY BECK, Caucasian, 41, ex-wife of Simon Beck, continues to gaze at the TV and says nothing.

Her appearance suggests that she once was attractive but her surroundings, diet, and medications have taken their toll.

ORDERLY

You must like that show, huh? You have it on every time I come in.

Emily continues her stare and silence, not reacting to the orderly in any way.

The orderly has a small cup of pills in one hand and a cup of water in the other.

ORDERLY

Time for your meds, Mrs. Beck.

Emily continues to gaze at the TV but slowly opens her left hand, palm up.

The intern dumps the cup of pills into the open hand and places the cup of water into Emily's other hand, helping her to grasp it with her fingers.

ORDERLY

Bottoms up, Mrs. Beck.

Emily empties the contents of her left hand into her mouth and then takes a drink of water. She seems to swallow the pills. The intern takes the cup from her hand.

ORDERLY

Thank-you, Mrs. Beck. See how much more pleasant this is when you do it willingly?

Emily continues to watch her program but gives a slight nod. The intern smiles and prepares to leave.

ORDERLY

Goodnight, Mrs. Beck. Sweet dreams.

The orderly roles his cart out of the room and shuts the door behind him. As soon as he has gone...

...Emily turns and spits the pills out of her mouth and into her hand, making sure her body shields this from...

...the VIDEO CAMERA posted in the opposite ceiling corner.

VIDEO CAMERA VIEW: Emily gets up and heads toward the bathroom, going out of view once she gets inside.

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - BATHROOM

Emily FLUSHES the pills down the toilet, her ZOMBIE-LIKE expression having evolved into one of contempt and resolve.

INT. CHANDLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

As two mothers discuss Rachel's situation in the background, Several concerned sixth grade girls, including MEGAN - 11, petite, cute, are gathered together, doing the same.

GIRL 1

Wasn't Rachel supposed to catch a ride here with your mom, Megan?

MEGAN

Ya...she's really worried. Me, too.

GIRL 2

I sure hope she's ok.

All the girls nod, exchanging looks of angst.

INT. GREY SUV

Rachel, still unconscious, lies on the floor between the front and back seats so as not to be seen by passersby. She is BLINDFOLDED; her feet and hands are BOUND with twine.

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

The car sits at a remote gas station amidst a heavily wooded area, Luther pumping gas into a two-gallon can, keeping an eye on Rachel as Darla and Molly return from the restroom.

Molly can be seen handing Rachel's phone back to Darla as the two reenter the car.

INT. GREY SUV

Luther slides into the driver's seat, then turns around to face Molly.

LUTHER

App installed?

Molly nods. Luther turns to Darla.

LUTHER

Make the call.

She retrieves Rachel's phone from her handbag, searches "contacts" until she finds Simon's number, then initiates the call and hands the phone to Luther.

INT. BECK, & ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM - BECK'S OFFICE

Simon, PACING NERVOUSLY, is on his cell phone with one of the parents whose girl is attending the slumber party.

SIMON

So Kayla thinks she saw Rachel get into a older model grey SUV? Are there any other details she can remember that might...

Just then, Simon's phone beeps, indicating an incoming call.

SIMON

...hold on I've got another call.

Rachel's name pops up on the screen. Simon eyes get big as he grins from ear to ear.

SIMON  
Oh my God...it's Rachel...I've  
gotta go - thanks!

Simon switches to the call from Rachel's phone.

SIMON  
Rachel...sweetie...thank God! Where  
are you?

There is no answer from the party on the other end.

SIMON  
Rachel, honey...this is not the  
time to be playing games.

Nothing but silence, making Simon suspicious.

SIMON  
Who's on the other end of this  
call? And why do you have my  
daughter's phone?

INT. GREY SUV - DUSK

Luther seems to enjoy hearing Simon squirm. He finally breaks his silence.

LUTHER  
We have Rachel's phone because we  
have Rachel...

INT. BECK, & ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM - BECK'S OFFICE

Simon listens anxiously as Luther continues, the app effectively disguising his voice.

LUTHER (V.O.)  
...if you go to the police, you  
will never see her again.

Angst turns to anger as Simon yells into his phone.

SIMON  
Who are you?! What do you want?!

LUTHER (V.O.)  
What we want is for you to suffer -  
to pay for the sins of your past.

SIMON  
Sins? What are you talking about?  
Look, I have plenty of money. I'm  
sure we can work something out...  
just please don't hurt my daughter!

LUTHER (V.O.)  
We'll be in touch. G'bye, Mr. Beck.

SIMON  
Wait...no, don't hangup...

The call disconnects.

SIMON  
Dammit!!

Simon pounds his desk with his fist. For the first time, he appears vulnerable. Simon fights back the tears, regains his composure, and hits a speed-dial number on his cell phone.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Andrea is PASSED OUT at the kitchen table. The martini pitcher is empty.

Her PHONE sits on the counter where she slammed it down earlier. It RINGS three times but FAILS to arouse Andrea.

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BECK'S OFFICE

Simon listens as Andrea's phone rings a fourth time, then goes to voice mail. Upon hearing this, he ends the call.

A frustrated Simon slumps down into his chair, mouth agape. He turns and stares at the picture of Rachel on his desk.

Snapping out of his stupor, he gets up, snatches his suit coat from the rack, and hurries out the door of his office.

EXT. DIRT ROAD / CABIN - NIGHT

A grey SUV pulls off a dirt road and travels along a barely visible path up a hill. Upon reaching its peak...

...a small log cabin can be discerned through the trees and mist that has settled into the valley ahead.

INT./EXT. GREY SUV

The vehicle pulls up to the cabin's entrance. Luther pulls Rachel from the back seat, hoists her up on his shoulder, and follows Darla and Molly into the cabin.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - NIGHT

Darkness becomes light - from RACHEL'S POV - as she opens her eyes and looks around, trying to focus. Once she does...

...her surroundings suggest a dark, damp root cellar, illuminated by two kerosene lamps. She is tied to a chair, arms and legs. In front of her sits Luther.

LUTHER

Ah...you're awake. Good.

Rachel is still groggy but recognizes Luther. She struggles in vain to escape her bonds, then sighs and eyes him grimly.

RACHEL

Who are you? Why are you doing this?

Luther stands and slowly circles Rachel as he speaks.

LUTHER

Who I am is not your concern. Why you are here is.

(beat)

Eleven years ago, Simon Beck was the prosecuting attorney at my trial. I was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and sent to prison; wrongly, I might add, thanks to your father withholding evidence that could have set me free. To him, I was just another notch on his belt...a stepping stone to an Attorney General appointment.

RACHEL

That can't be true! My dad would never do such a thing!

Luther has come full circle and squats in front of Rachel.

LUTHER

Oh, it's true, girly-girl. Even prison has the internet. How do you suppose we knew about the slumber party? Folks oughta be more careful about what they post on Facebook.

A confused Rachel pauses to digest it all.

RACHEL

But what does this have to do me?

Luther inches closer to Rachel, looking her in the eyes.

LUTHER

Your father took eleven years of my life - time away from my daughter I'll never get back. Time for him to feel my pain!

Fear overcomes Rachel as she begins to tear up.

RACHEL

What are you gonna do?

Luther stands and walks toward the stairs as he speaks.

LUTHER  
 (smiling evilly)  
 Oh, you'll find out soon enough.

INT. BECK MANSION - NIGHT

A door bursts open and Simon rushes into the foyer of his mansion, yelling out frantically.

SIMON  
 Andrea! Andrea!

Simon rushes into a hallway and then the kitchen, where he finds Andrea passed out at the table. He tries to rouse her, but to no avail. He checks her pulse and sighs in relief.

Simon paces for a moment, then stops, brings up the contact list on his cell phone, and dials a number.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

NIGEL MALONE, Aussie, mid-40s, scruffy, sits at the desk in his office, typing away on his keyboard as he stares at his computer screen, a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

His cell phone, sitting next to the computer, rings. He answers it without checking to see who it is.

NIGEL  
 Malone.

SIMON (V.O.)  
 Nigel, thank God...

Nigel checks the ID on his phone screen.

NIGEL  
 Simon...what seems to be the problem? You sound vexed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN NIGEL AND SIMON.

SIMON  
 Nigel...Rachel's gone missing.  
 You've gotta help me find her.

NIGEL  
 Why not go to the local PD?

SIMON  
 Nigel...she's been...taken. I heard from the kidnapppers not long ago. They said I'll never see Rachel again...if I go to the police.  
 (beat)  
 You're the only one I can trust.

NIGEL

Alright then. Calm down, ole boy.  
I'll be at your house in 20. You  
can tell me all about it.

SIMON

(relieved)  
Thank-you, Nigel. Please hurry.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - NIGHT

The door to the cellar opens. Darla and Molly come down the stairs, carrying a kerosene lantern.

Molly is hunched over but, upon hearing the stairs creak, turns her head and sees her captors.

RACHEL

I'm thirsty. Can I get some water  
...please?

Darla nods at Molly, who heads over to a table where a plastic jug of water and glass sit.

She pours some water into the glass and takes it to Rachel, whose hands are still tied to the chair.

Molly puts the glass up to Rachel's lips. She drinks.

RACHEL

Thank-you.  
(beat)  
How long am I to be tied up?

Darla smirks at Rachel.

DARLA

'Til Luther says otherwise.

Rachel, sporting a fearful look, looks down at her bonds. Darla half-heartily tries to reassure her.

DARLA

Relax...Luther won't hurt ya none  
...'less o' course, you try to  
escape.

Rachel begins to tear up, then panic sets in as Darla and Molly head for the stairs.

RACHEL

Wait...where are you going?

Darla stops and turns back toward Rachel.

DARLA

Sorry, darlin'. Got business to  
attend to.

Molly decides to chime in.

MOLLY  
Ya...with your daddy.

Darla shoots Molly a stern look, who realizes she said more than she should have. Rachel's eyes get big.

RACHEL  
What are you gonna do?

Darla returns her gaze to Rachel.

DARLA  
What shoulda been done long ago.

Rachel can no longer keep it together and begins to sob.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nigel and a still distraught Simon sit at the kitchen table. Nigel writes in his notepad as Simon tells all. Nigel looks around, realizing he hasn't seen Andrea.

NIGEL  
Where's the Mrs., Simon?

Suddenly, a loud puking sound can be heard coming from the bathroom, just as Simon glances in that direction.

NIGEL  
Oh...sorry, mate. Another one o'  
her binges?

Simon nods disgustedly.

NIGEL  
Reason number forty-two in Nigel's  
book "why you should stay single".  
Don't say I didn't warn ya.

As Simon shakes his head, Andrea staggers into the kitchen, dressed in a loosely fitting robe, and looking like hell. She spies Nigel, then turns to Simon.

ANDREA  
(sarcastically)  
Honey, you didn't mention we were  
having company.

SIMON  
Actually I did, but you had passed  
out. You probably missed the part  
about Rachel being kidnapped, too.

Andrea suddenly sobers up.

ANDREA

What!?

SIMON

That's why Nigel's here - to help us get her back.

ANDREA

Shouldn't we call the police?

Nigel interrupts, addressing Andrea.

NIGEL

That's the last thing you wanna do right now.

(to Simon)

I'll take the info you've given me, see what I can come up with, and be in touch tomorrow morning.

Nigel and Simon stand and shake hands.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - DAY (THE NEXT MORNING)

Morning sunlight streams into the cellar from a lone, small window, partially illuminating the room.

Rachel lies on a mat near her chair. She awakens and gradually comes to realize she is no longer tied up.

As she looks around, Luther steps out of the shadows pointing a pistol at Rachel.

LUTHER

Figured you'd need to use the restroom. It's over there.

Luther waves his pistol toward the bathroom. Rachel nods and heads toward it. She abruptly stops, turning to face Luther.

RACHEL

Will I ever see my father again?

Luther hesitates, then glares at Rachel, raising an eyebrow.

LUTHER

Well, missy, that depends on him.

INT./EXT. BECK MANSION - PORCH / ENTRYWAY

A man seen from behind knocks on the front door. After a few moments, the door opens, revealing a sleepy-eyed Simon.

Before Simon stands Nigel, his shabby appearance suggesting a sleepless night, taking Simon aback.

SIMON

Nigel...you look like something the cat drug in.

NIGEL

Not surprised. Been up all night.  
Hope the coffee's brewin'.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY (MORNING)

A restaurant-style BUNN coffee maker finishes trickling coffee into the glass carafe.

Darla picks up the carafe and fills a styrofoam cup. She and Molly head to the counter to pay.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Simon finishes pouring the coffee and hands Nigel a mug.

SIMON

So, what were you able to dig up?

NIGEL

Not much...but I may have a lead...  
a good one.

(beat)

Does the name Luther Grimes ring a  
bell?

Simon is caught off guard and feigns ignorance.

SIMON

Luther...Grimes...was it? Can't say  
that it does...

Nigel shakes his head and smirks at Simon.

NIGEL

C'mon, ole boy. Can't fool Nigel.  
Fess up.

Simon grits his teeth, then hangs his head and sighs.

SIMON

I prosecuted his manslaughter case  
...had to be ten...eleven years  
ago. He claimed to be innocent -  
said he hit a deer - but the facts  
said otherwise. Why do you ask?

NIGEL

He was released from prison three  
days ago. Think he's got an axe to  
grind with you?

Simon's eyes get big and, with mouth agape, he nods slowly.

SIMON

Quite possibly. The kidnapper said I had to atone for my sins. The guilty verdict...maybe that's what he was referring to.

(beat)

What else ya got?

NIGEL

Darla Evans...and don't even think about trying to con me this time.

Simon again sighs and shakes his head.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE [FLASHBACK]

- CAMPUS LIBRARY: A youthful Darla and Simon sit at a table in the campus library, studying.

SIMON (V.O.)

Darla and I met in law school.

- CAMPUS LIBRARY (CONT'D): Darla gets up and heads to a shelf of books. Simon follows. Once out of sight from everyone, they embrace and kiss passionately.

SIMON (V.O.)

We were just study partners...at first. It quickly turned romantic.

- SIMON'S APARTMENT: Darla arrives at Simon's apartment. She is about to knock on the door but stops, noticing it is slightly ajar. She enters.

SIMON (V.O.)

Back then, I was a bit of a free spirit...rather full of myself.

- SIMON'S APARTMENT (CONT'D): Darla hears muffled voices in the bedroom and walks toward it. She opens the bedroom door to find Simon in bed with another woman.

SIMON (V.O.)

Darla caught me in bed with another woman. It wasn't the first time.

- DARLA'S VEHICLE: Simon can be seen in the background as Darla speeds away from the campus, teary-eyed.

SIMON (V.O.)

Darla quit school...

- COURTROOM: Darla sits two rows behind Luther, noticeably pregnant. She looks down at her tummy briefly, rubbing it with one hand, then turns her attention to...

...Simon as he enters the courtroom, glaring at him as he strides down the aisle. He glances at her briefly before taking a seat, attempting to hide his surprise.

SIMON (V.O.)  
 I didn't see her again... 'til the  
 trial. She had taken up with Grimes  
 ...and appeared to be... expecting.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Nigel continues to sip his coffee as he listens intently.

NIGEL  
 Your doing?

Simon is taken aback by the question and as he stammers to answer, Andrea stumbles into the room, drawing the gaze of both men.

She makes her way to the sink and gets a glass of water, then grabs a bottle of aspirin. An upset Simon responds.

SIMON  
 You might at least pretend to be  
 concerned about Rachel.

Andrea downs several pills with a gulp of water, sighs, then turns to Simon.

ANDREA  
 Only thing I'm concerned about  
 right now is this hangover... and  
 how to end it. I'll pretend to care  
 about your darling little cherub  
 when my head quits hurting.

Andrea begins to make her way out of the kitchen but stops as she passes Nigel. She backs up a couple steps and squints at Nigel.

ANDREA  
 You been here all this time?

Nigel nods.

ANDREA  
 Huh...

Andrea stares for a moment longer, then continues her exit and disappears around the corner as Nigel's eyes follow her, then turn back to Simon.

NIGEL  
 All I got to say, mate, is the sex  
 had better be extraordinary.

Simon is expressionless and silent for a moment.

SIMON  
 So... what about Darla?

NIGEL

Well, I did some digging. Seems your old flame worked as a security guard for a bank in Yuba City. Quit the same day Grimes was released. And, according to the DMV, guess what kind of car she drives?

Simon's eyes widen and a hint of a smile can be seen.

EXT. HIGHWAY WEST OF REDDING

Darla's '98 grey Jeep Cherokee cruises down the highway, passing a mileage sign for Redding.

INT. GREY SUV

Darla notices Molly fidgeting as she gazes out the window.

DARLA

Molly...what's on your mind?

Molly hesitates, then slowly turns her gaze to Darla.

MOLLY

Mom, have you noticed how much Rachel and I look alike? We could be sisters. It's...spooky.

DARLA

Well, we'll just have to use that to our advantage, won't we?

MOLLY

(anxiously)

I...I suppose.

Molly's tentative response concerns Darla.

DARLA

You still wanna go through with this...don't you?

Molly hesitates at first, then nods.

INT. PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Darla, Molly and Luther converse in hushed voices at a small, round table as guards watch over them.

DARLA (V.O.)

All those months of research and planning...all those strategy sessions at the prison...

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. DARLA'S CAR - DAY

Darla eyes Molly sternly.

DARLA

When we knock on the front door of  
the mansion of Mr. Simon Beck...I  
need you to have your game face on.

As Molly's expression becomes more steadfast, she notices Darla turning off the highway earlier than expected.

MOLLY

Why did we turn here, Mom?

EXT. THE EUREKA WAY WELLNESS CENTER - DAY

Darla's car can be seen turning into the long driveway of the sanitarium, then pulling into a parking space.

DARLA (O.C.)

Simon Beck isn't the only person we  
need to pay a visit to today.

INT./EXT. WELLNESS CENTER MONTAGE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 years ago

- PARKING LOT: A somewhat younger-looking Darla exits her vehicle and heads to the entrance, adorned in security garb.

- FOYER: Darla enters the building and waves to the portly, middle-aged security guard, FRANK DOOLEY.

DARLA

Hey, Frank! Be right back!

Frank grunts in acknowledgement, his face buried in a book.

Darla zips past the the receptionist and...

- HALLWAY: ...strides down a hallway until she reaches the door of a resident. She uses her key card to unlock the door and enters.

- EMILY'S ROOM: Darla makes a beeline for Emily, who sits in a chair, expressionless, watching TV. Her zombie-like appearance horrifies Darla as she kneels in front of Emily.

DARLA

Dammit! They've drugged you again!

Darla hugs Emily, then holds her at arms length.

DARLA

I promise you, Emily. I'm gonna get  
you out of this place!

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. THE EUREKA WAY WELLNESS CENTER - FOYER

Molly and Darla enter the building, encountering a walk-through metal detector and a Paul Blart-esque guard, AL KNOWLES, who wields his authority with glee.

KNOWLES

Ladies, the walk-through's on the fritz. I need you both to spread your legs and raise your arms.

They do so. Knowles "wands" Molly. Nothing. Knowles does the same to Darla. The devise emits a squeal when it passes over her ankle.

KNOWLES

Ma'am, lift your pant leg, please.

Darla smiles playfully at Knowles as she lifts her leg.

DARLA

How 'bout you do the honor, handsome?

Knowles sneers at her, then bends over to check her ankle.

Darla winks at Molly, then pretends to lose her balance and falls into Knowles just as Molly makes her move.

DARLA

(feigning shame)

Oh my - how embarrassing!

Knowles helps her to a nearby chair. Darla pulls up her pant leg, exposing an ankle bracelet.

KNOWLES

Ok, ma'am, you're free to go.

Darla nods and smiles warmly at the guard. Molly helps her to her feet. The two amble slowly to the reception desk, the guard eying them suspiciously the entire time.

At the desk sits a heavy-set, plain-looking woman dressed in "orderly" attire. She is monitoring a computer screen as she chomps away on a piece of bubble gum.

Darla attempts to get her attention.

DARLA

Excuse me, ma'am.

The woman ignores them so Darla tries again, noticing the woman's name tag (SZCZNESIAK).

DARLA

Pardon me, Ms. Sezi...snes...

The woman steals her gaze away from her computer screen and glares at Darla with disdain.

SZCZNESIAK

Sz-nes-e-ack. Just like it looks.

Darla squints at the name tag again and then, shaking her head, addresses the woman apologetically.

DARLA

Of course. My apologies. Anyway, we'd like to visit Emily Beck.

Szcznesiak sneers at Darla with an air of superiority, positioning the gum in her mouth to blow a bubble.

SZCZNESIAK

Good for you.

Szcznesiak blows a bubble, which quickly and loudly pops.

SZCZNESIAK

Got an appointment?

Darla appears to be dumbfounded.

DARLA

Sorry, didn't know we needed one.

Szcznesiak grins, enjoying having the upper hand.

SZCZNESIAK

Well, now ya do. That, and permission from Mr. Beck. I'm guessin' ya don't have that either.

Darla persists, undaunted by the woman's comments.

DARLA

Look, we just need five minutes with her, if you could kindly...

Szcznesiak interrupts, doing her best David Spade imitation.

SZCZNESIAK

No speak-ee English? No appointment  
- no Mr. Beck permission? No visit!  
(in her normal voice)  
That plain enough for ya?

Molly and Darla glance at each other, eyebrows raised. Darla sneaks a quick wink to Molly and then turns to Szcznesiak.

DARLA

Guess we'll be on our way, then.

Darla and Molly take a couple steps toward the door and then stop. Darla turns to face Szcznesiak once more.

DARLA

Say, we have a long drive ahead of us. Got a restroom we can use?

Szcznesiak scowls at the two, then points.

SZCZNESIAK

Ya. Down the hall. Third door on your right.

Darla grins at Szcznesiak, as if she just pulled a fast one.

DARLA

Much obliged.

Darla and Molly walk down the hall toward the restroom. Once they are out of sight of the receptionist and guard, Darla stops and pulls Molly aside.

DARLA

Get it?

Molly smiles and holds up the key card she lifted from the guard. Darla gently grasps Molly's head, kissing her on the forehead.

DARLA

That's my little pickpocket!

Darla takes Molly by the hand and starts down the hall.

INT. THE EUREKA WAY WELLNESS CENTER - EMILY'S ROOM

Emily Beck lies on her bed, staring at the ceiling, hands clasped behind her head.

The beep of a key card being swiped interrupts the silence. Emily resumes her catatonic act as the door slowly opens.

Darla and Molly enter the room cautiously. Darla spies Emily and calls to her in a hushed voice.

DARLA

Emily!

Emily recognizes the voice and turns her head, smiling when she sees Darla.

EMILY

Darla!

Emily rushes to the two, stopping them in their tracks, and keeping them in the entryway.

EMILY

It's great to see you, Darla. But ...you dare not come in.

Darla is confused at first, then nods as she figures out why when Emily glances toward the ceiling in the corner.

DARLA

They finally got the surveillance system working, huh?

Emily nods. Darla peruses Emily, head to toe.

DARLA

You look terrible. We gotta get you outta here.

EMILY

(nodding)

Agreed, but the right way. Simon has the means to hunt me down if I escape. Don't wanna be looking over my shoulder the rest of my life.

Molly clears her throat, getting the others' attention.

DARLA

(to Molly)

Oh, yes. Sorry, baby.

(to Emily)

Emily, this is my daughter, Molly.

(to Molly)

Molly...Emily Beck.

Emily reaches out to shake Molly's head.

EMILY

It's a pleasure to finally meet you, young lady.

Molly takes her hand reluctantly, still sizing her up.

MOLLY

So you're Rachel's mom.

EMILY

That I am.

(turning to Darla)

How is my little angel, by the way?

DARLA

A little scared, but fine.

Molly pipes up again, confused by what she is hearing.

MOLLY

We kidnapped your daughter, Ms. Beck. How can you be ok with that?

Emily turns to face Molly, crouching down so as to be eye level with her.

EMILY

Molly, my ex-husband is a greedy,  
arrogant, low-down piece o'...

DARLA

(interrupting)

Emily!

An apologetic Emily cocks her head toward Darla.

EMILY

Sorry, dear.

(refaces Molly)

He is the reason your father went  
to prison for 11 years...the reason  
I was committed to this hell hole.

(beat)

We had to take something from him  
that money can't fix.

Darla bends down, looking Molly square in the eye.

DARLA

Plus it's leverage...to get him to  
admit what he did...so your father  
can have justice...and Emily can be  
free of this place.

MOLLY

But I wasn't in on this part of the  
plan....was Dad?

DARLA

(pausing)

No, honey. This is something I had  
to do. He wouldn't understand.

Emily intercedes as a still-addled Molly is about to speak.

EMILY

Molly, your father knows not to  
hurt Rachel.

(beat)

She would not have come with you  
willingly. Trust me ...this is the  
only way.

DARLA

Rachel will be fine...long as she  
don't do nothin' foolish...

INT. CABIN CELLAR - DAY

Rachel is once again back in the chair as Luther secures her  
right arm to the right arm of the chair with duct tape.

RACHEL

You don't have to do this. Please.  
I promise I won't try to escape.

Luther secure the right arm, then moves to the left.

LUTHER  
 Sorry, kid. Got things to do. Can't  
 leave you down here, free to...

Rachel interrupts, sounding desperate.

RACHEL  
 (looking around)  
 Free to what? What am I gonna do?

Luther stops momentarily, looking her in the eyes.

LUTHER  
 Don't know. Don't care to find out.

Luther finishes securing the left arm, then moves in front of Rachel.

LUTHER  
 Put your feet together. Hold still.

As Luther bends down to secure Rachel's legs, Rachel suddenly KICKS up HARD with her right leg...

...LANDING a BLOW directly to the CROTCH of Luther, doubling him over in pain.

LUTHER  
 Ow!! Son-of-a...!

Rachel then stands up, leaning forward as the chair bears down on her, and gives a VICIOUS roundhouse jump KICK...

...to Luther's jaw, sending him sprawling, as she crashes to the floor.

Having landed on her back, Rachel lays there for a moment, stunned by the impact and surprised by what she just did.

She shakes off the cobwebs and, after much struggling, breaks the right chair arm off the frame.

She stands up and, dragging the chair remains taped to her left arm, walks toward Luther, who is slowing getting up off the floor as he regains his senses.

He grabs the pistol from behind his back, where it was tucked in his pants, and raises it just as Rachel arrives.

She rears back and CLOBBERS Luther with the part of the chair still taped to her arm.

Luther droops and shakes his head, STUNNED by the blow.

Another SAVAGE STRIKE from Rachel sends Luther sprawling to the floor, UNCONSCIOUS.

Rachel stands over him, out of breath.

RACHEL

Next time...you kidnap someone...  
make sure...she's not the striker  
...on her soccer team.

Rachel spies the gun, retrieves it, and aims it at Luther.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Rachel aims her pistol at a target in the distance as Simon stands beside her giving her pointers.

SIMON

That's it, honey. Steady hands.  
Squeeze the trigger gently.

Rachel follows his advice and fires off a shot...

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - DAY

...jolting her back to reality.

Gripping the pistol with both hands, breathing heavily, her hands shaking, she lowers the gun and drops her head. She pulls the trigger but gets only a click.

She pulls the trigger again and again, each time getting the same hollow sound.

RACHEL

(to herself)

This gun isn't even loaded. What  
are these people up to?

INT. WELLNESS CENTER HALLWAY / EMILY BECK'S ROOM

As they all hug and say their goodbyes, Emily reaches into her pocket and pulls out a flash drive.

EMILY

My only friend in this place is the  
computer tech, Ruby. She says this  
contains a program that will bypass  
Simon's computer passwords. It also  
has a message I recorded for  
Rachel. Please play it for her. It  
will explain everything.

She hands it to Molly.

EMILY

Now go...before the receptionist  
gets suspicious.

INT. WELLNESS CENTER RECEPTION AREA

Szcznesiak steals her gaze from her computer screen, gets up, and addresses Knowles with a sneer.

SZCZNESIAK

Al - them two women come back by here yet?

Knowles stares at his ipad screen, not bothering to look up.

KNOWLES

Nope.

Just then, Molly and Darla come into view, entering the reception area from the hallway, getting Knowles' attention.

Molly waves at Szcznesiak innocently and, as the two depart, Darla winks at Knowles. He eyes her contemptuously.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

The door to the cellar flies open and Rachel barges into the kitchen. She heads to the sink, sets down the gun, and starts opening drawers in the cabinet adjacent to it.

She finally finds a sharp knife, snatches it up, and severs the remaining tape from her arms, the chair parts dropping to the floor.

She spots and grabs a jug of water, and heads for the front door but stops when she spies a six-outlet strip connected to an extension cord, which leads out a nearby window.

Into one outlet is plugged an extension cord which runs up the wall and connects to the only overhead kitchen light.

Into another is plugged a phone charger...but no phone.

Rachel stares at it for a second, then turns her gaze to the basement door. Mustering her courage, she grabs the knife once more and heads toward the cellar entrance.

EXT. BECK MANSION - DAY

The front door opens. Nigel can be seen exiting as Simon stands at the doorway, watching him depart. He shuts the door as Nigel approaches and then enters his car.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR - DAY

Nigel starts the vehicle and begins to drive off. He sees...

...as VIEWED THROUGH HIS REAR VIEW MIRROR, an SUV matching the description he uncovered drives around the corner and pulls beside the curb two doors down from Simon's house.

He slows his vehicle to a stop and turns around to watch as two females exit the vehicle.

He observes them follow the sidewalk to the Beck mansion and head up the walkway toward the front door.

INT. BECK MANSION - ENTRYWAY

The doorbell ringing has Simon heading back to the front door. As he opens the door...

SIMON  
Back so soon, Nigel? You...

He stops, wide-eyed, mouth agape, when he comes face to face with Darla, who grins devilishly.

DARLA  
Hello, Simon.

Stunned, Simon is speechless at first, but eventually manages a few words.

SIMON  
Darla! Um...ah...why...

Darla butts in, finishing his sentence.

DARLA  
...am I here? Oh, I just thought it was high time you met...

Molly steps out from behind Darla, playing the act of the sheepish little girl, complete with puppy-dog eyes.

DARLA  
...your other daughter.

Simon is again stunned, glaring first at Molly and then back at Darla.

SIMON  
What? No...  
(beat)  
This is some kind of cruel joke.

Darla's grin is replaced by a look of seriousness as she shakes her head.

DARLA  
No joke.  
(beat)  
Aren't you gonna invite us in?

Simon comes out of his daze, nods, and, with a sweep of his arm, motions for the two to enter. They do.

Molly, all smiles, extend her hand.

MOLLY  
It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Mr. Beck.

Simon hesitantly reach out and shakes Molly's hand.

SIMON  
Likewise...I guess.

Molly then tugs at Darla's shirt and whispers something to her as she bends over to hear it.

DARLA  
Simon, it's been a long drive and  
your daughter would like to use  
your facilities, if you don't mind.

Simon continues to stare at them both, still not sure he believes what he is hearing.

SIMON  
Yes, of course.  
(to Molly)  
First door on your left...  
(pointing)  
...down that hall.

MOLLY  
(politely)  
Thank-you, sir.

Simon watches Molly as she departs, shaking his head. He turns to Darla.

SIMON  
She...and Rachel are...

Darla once again finishes his sentence for him.

DARLA  
Sisters? Well, half-sisters.  
(beat)  
Now, I am in serious need of a  
caffeine infusion. How 'bout we  
continue this conversation over a  
cup o' joe in your kitchen?

A still-bewildered Simon nods and the two head that way.

EXT. BECK MANSION - DAY

Nigel has left his car and makes his way toward Darla's vehicle.

INT. BECK MANSION - HALLWAY

Molly makes her way cautiously down the hallway. She comes to the bathroom. The door is open. She shuts it loudly and proceeds on to the next door.

Quietly turning the doorknob, Molly eases the door open and peaks inside.

There in the middle of the Beck's bedroom lies Andrea, passed out on the bed. An empty liquor bottle resides on the adjoining nightstand.

Molly carefully closes the door and slinks to the next one. Opening it reveals Simon's office. She creeps inside, making her way to his desk, upon which sits a laptop.

Molly, smiling, retrieves the flash drive from her pocket and inserts it into the laptop's USB port. As she stares at the screen, it becomes the...

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR THE CABIN - DAY

...screen of Luther's cell phone. Rachel has it in one hand and a jug of water in the other as she heads out the door and around the corner, stopping to sit on a pile of logs.

Nearby sits a gas can and the gas-powered generator, which apparently ran out of gas, as it is not running.

Rachel attempts to call 911 but the signal strength is too weak. She also notices the battery power is low.

Breathing heavily and fighting back the tears, she becomes more resolute and heads south, following the tire tracks.

EXT. BECK MANSION - DAY

Nigel arrives at the front door. He raises a hand to knock but does not. He then grabs the door handle to let himself in, but, again, nixes the idea.

Instead, Nigel slides over the the bay window and peaks in through a crack in the drapes.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Darla sits at the kitchen table. Simon doctors her mug of coffee with a dab of cream, then brings it to her, along with two sugar packets.

Darla notices this attention to detail and responds.

DARLA

A-a-a-ah. Simon...you remember!

Simon smirks sarcastically.

SIMON

Don't take this as a token of my affection...still not buyin' your story. How do you know for a fact that I'm Molly's father?

Darla pauses, grinning at Simon, one eyebrow raised.

DARLA

Because I've only had sex with two men - you, and Luther...and he's sterile.

Simon's jaw drops and his eyes widen. He turns to face the sink and hovers over it, hands on the counter, as if to vomit, but does not. Breathing heavily, he turns to Darla.

SIMON

Enough of this! I wanna know what you've done with Rachel! I know you and that cretin, Luther Grimes, took her. Where is she!!

Darla takes a sip of her beverage and sighs.

DARLA

M-m-m-m...good coffee.

(beat)

Relax, Simon. She's safe and unharmed...for now. You do two things for me, and I'll tell you right where to find her.

Simon shakes his head; a look of disgust permeates his face.

SIMON

How much?

Darla stares back at him inquisitively.

DARLA

How much what?

Simon glares at her impatiently.

SIMON

How much money do you want?

Darla hesitates for a moment, then bursts into laughter, eying Simon as if he is crazy.

DARLA

This isn't a ransom demand. I don't want your stinkin' money.

Simon squints at Darla, sporting a look of confusion.

SIMON

What then?

Darla gathers herself, then calmly replies.

DARLA

You will come clean about Luther's trial. Divulge the evidence you withheld that led to his conviction.

After a brief hesitation, it's Simon's turn to cackle.

SIMON

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Darla stares at Simon skeptically.

DARLA

You know, Simon, given your profession...you're a lousy liar.

Simon is taken aback by the remark and has no response.

EXT. BECK MANSION - DAY

Nigel makes his way around the mansion, peaking in windows wherever he can, on his way to the backyard.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Darla continues...

DARLA

Luther was innocent. You knew that ...and helped send him to prison anyway, just to get that precious conviction to enhance your resume.

Simon shakes his head and grits his teeth, scowling.

SIMON

Here's what I know...

INT./EXT. MONTAGE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

- MAUDIE'S: Luther Grimes and resident low-life MILO JENKINS have terse words at the bar.

SIMON (V.O.)

Luther was at Maudie's. He'd been drinkin'. He got into an altercation with Milo Jenkins, the soon-to-be-deceased.

- MAUDIE'S: Luther and Milo get into a shoving match. Luther swings wildly but misses. Milo's punch lands squarely on Luther's jaw, sending him to the floor.

SIMON (V.O.)

The conflict escalated. Fisticuffs ensued. Witnesses testified that Grimes then threatened Jenkins.

- MAUDIE'S: Still sitting on the floor, a shaken and embarrassed Luther steadies himself with one arm, the other pointing at Milo.

LUTHER

This ain't over, Milo. You hear me?  
Better watch your back!

- MAUDIE'S: As Luther stands up, several men get in between the two to prevent further violence. Luther is escorted out.

SIMON (V.O.)

Grimes was ushered out of the bar around 10 pm, according to the manager working that night.

- COUNTY ROAD 20 (5 miles out of town): Luther's car is parked on the shoulder of the road. A vehicle approaches.

SIMON (V.O.)

Just before midnight, state troopers came upon a car parked on the side of the road - CR 20.

- COUNTY ROAD 20: The state trooper's headlamps illuminate Luther kneeling a few yards in front of his car, staring at Jenkins' lifeless body, sprawled on the pavement before him.

SIMON (V.O.)

The troopers found Jenkins...dead.

- COUNTY ROAD 20: The troopers examine the body.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE

A photograph of Jenkins' corpse lying on the pavement is viewed on the computer screen of Simon's laptop as Molly glances at it, then continues her file download.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Simon finishes his rehash of the trial, displaying a finger each time he makes a point.

SIMON

Grimes had motive and was found at the scene of the crime. Jenkins' injuries were consistent with those caused by an impact with a vehicle, and Grimes' car had grill and bumper damage.

(smugly)

So...what'd I miss?

EXT. BECK MANSION - BACKYARD

Simon opens a gate and slinks into the backyard. Marco, the previously-seen gardener, is weeding a nearby flowerbed.

He spots Nigel and ducks down so as not to be seen, all the while keenly observing him.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Darla stands at the kitchen counter, refilling her coffee.

DARLA

Impressive, Simon, especially for a case you tried eleven years ago. It's almost as if you...reviewed it recently.

Simon winces, then sneers at Darla, changing the subject.

SIMON

You said I have to do two things for you. What's the other?

As Darla adds the cream and sugar to her coffee, Nigel can be seen peeking into the kitchen from the sliding glass door that leads out to the pool area.

DARLA

Release Emily.

Simon peers curiously at Darla.

SIMON

Emily? You mean my ex-wife, Emily?

Darla nods staunchly.

SIMON

Not a chance. She's in that sanitarium for her own protection. Why would you even care?

Darla eyes Simon disdainfully.

DARLA

No, Simon. She's in the god-awful place for your protection. You had her committed to silence her...to keep her quiet about your secrets.

Simon becomes flummoxed and more animated.

SIMON

And you know this...how?

Darla pulls the sanitarium key card from her pocket, dangling it in front of Simon as she smiles proudly.

DARLA

Your daughter got skills.

As Simon stands, dumbfounded, angst quickly replaces confusion when he realizes what that entails.

SIMON

Oh, shit!

Simon hustles out of the kitchen and into the hallway.

DARLA  
(yelling snidely)  
What's wrong, Simon?

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE

Molly is completing her file download when she hears the aforementioned yell. Darla calls out again to warn Molly.

DARLA (V.O.)  
(muffled)  
Simon...where ya goin'?

Molly looks up at the doorway, sporting a panicked look for the first time. She checks the computer screen...

...the message reads "Download 99% Complete".

Simon bursts into the room, slightly out of breath, and sees no one. As he walks toward his desk...

...the POV changes to reveal Molly scrunched into the legroom space under the desk. She grimaces because...

...the flash drive still resides in the laptop port, as the download was not yet complete.

Just then Darla rushes into the room, yelling in a way familiar to Simon, commanding his attention.

DARLA  
Simon Beck! What the hell are you  
doing?

Simon stops and turns toward Darla, hands on hips.

SIMON  
My spidey sense was tingling.

Molly uses the opportunity to reach her arm up and feel around for the flash drive. She quickly finds it, grabs it, and retracts her arm just in time.

Simon turns back toward the desk, strides around to his chair, and spies the message on his laptop screen:

"Download 100% Complete"

SIMON  
(scowling)  
And with good reason!

From Darla's POV, Molly is seen, lying on her back under the desk, out of sight from Simon...

...who then reaches down and opens the bottom drawer, revealing a loaded 9 mm BERETTA M9. He snatches it out of the drawer and points it menacingly at Darla.

SIMON

Enough of your stupid games! I know when I'm being played! I wanna see Molly...now!

EXT. BECK MANSION - BACKYARD

Nigel, having observed Simon and Darla leave the kitchen, attempts to open the sliding glass door. It seems to be stuck; as he struggles with it, he hears a voice behind him.

MARCO

Senor!

Nigel turns around and comes face to face with Marco's SHOVEL, which delivers a KNOCK-OUT BLOW to the Aussie.

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE

Simon continues to point his weapon at Darla but his hand is shaking. A bead of sweat drips from his brow.

SIMON

I won't ask again. Now, for the last time, where's Molly?!

As Simon cocks the gun's hammer, Darla briefly makes eye contact with Molly, then grins at Simon.

DARLA

Exactly where I need her to be.

Darla nods at Molly, who grabs Simon's closest leg and yanks it toward her.

Simon loses his balance and crashes to the floor, pulling his chair over on top of him as he attempts to grab its arm to break his fall.

Darla rushes at Simon, who lifts the chair off of himself and begins to stand. He sees Darla coming and raises his weapon, but just as he pulls the trigger - BLAM!...

...she KICKS the GUN from his hand, causing the bullet to whisk by her ear and FRACTURE a vase behind her. The M9...

...FLIES through the air and lands on the floor, SKIDDING to a stop by the side door leading into the Beck's bedroom.

Simon is briefly stunned at Darla's agility. She uses the opportunity to strike again, landing blows first to his chin and then to his abdomen.

Simon grimaces, doubling over in pain. As he puts his hands out and shakes his head as if to be saying "No Mas", his peripheral vision spies Andrea stagger into the room.

SIMON

Andrea! Pick up the gun! Hurry!

Andrea sees the gun on the floor next to her and does pick it up, though obviously not knowing how to hold it.

SIMON

(desperately)

Point it at them!

Andrea, holding the gun with both hands, points it at Darla, who has staved off her attack.

It is apparent Andrea can barely stay upright and hasn't the know-how or desire to proceed, much to Simon's dismay.

SIMON

Oh, for God's sake, threaten them!

Andrea turns her quizzical gaze toward Simon, and then back to Darla, unsure of exactly what to say.

ANDREA

Alright, you...um...the jig is up...so...uh...hands in the air.

Darla smirks at Andrea, shaking her head, as Molly comes out from under the desk.

DARLA

So...you're gonna shoot me, too?

Andrea seems to sober up with the realization that she's in way over her head, and lowers the weapon.

ANDREA

Oh, hell, no!

Darla grins and then turns back toward Simon, taunting him.

DARLA

Shall we?

After freezing momentarily, a panicked Simon glances back toward Andrea. He BOLTS toward her but gets in only a couple strides before...

...Molly LUNGES forward, stepping in the way, THRUSTING out a leg, and TRIPPING Simon.

Simon SPRAWLS to the floor. As he tries to get up, Molly gives him a quick KICK to the GUT. Simon assumes a FETAL position, holding his stomach, as he MOANS in pain.

Darla arrives and GRABS Simon by the shirt collar, pulling him over on his back. Her other fist rears back.

DARLA

This is for cheating on me...and  
Emily.

POW! Darla lands a punch squarely on Simon's jaw, knocking him senseless. Groggy, he utters one word.

SIMON

How?

DARLA

(smiling proudly)  
Kickboxing classes. Then four years  
on the MMA circuit.

Simon struggles to respond but drifts out of consciousness as Darla releases him.

Molly hugs her mother. The two then face Andrea, who seems none too upset by it all as she leans against the door frame, arms folded.

ANDREA

So...you must be Rachel's  
kidnappers.

Darla nods as she eyes Andrea with disdain.

DARLA

And you must be the trophy wife.

ANDREA

(smirking)  
Trophy wife is such a ugly term. I  
prefer gold digger.

Darla chuckles at first, then gets more serious.

DARLA

You do realize we plan to take him  
down.

ANDREA

(nodding)  
Figured. Good luck with that. He  
has plenty of money and resources.

Darla puts her hand out in front of Molly, who places the flash drive in it. Darla holds it up for Andrea to see.

DARLA

And we have...this.

Darla then sticks her other hand out to Andrea, eyeing the gun. Understanding the request, she hands it to Darla.

ANDREA

Yours, I take it?

DARLA

Is now.

Darla gestures to Molly and the two head toward the doorway. They stop and Darla turns to face Andrea once more.

DARLA

If it's not too much trouble,  
please remind Simon to comply with  
my requests...or he'll never see  
Rachel again.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR THE CABIN - DAY

Grey clouds consume the sky over Whiskeytown Lake. A light rain begins to fall.

Rachel continues to make her way along the tire tracks. They connect with a rudimentary gravel road, overgrown with weeds, giving her a glimmer of hope.

The rain picks up but Rachel trudges along, undeterred, searching for a hill clear of the trees to try 911 again.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - DAY

Luther lays on the cellar floor, right where Rachel left him. He slowly comes to, groaning and gently rubbing the goose egg on his temple.

He squints as he looks around, trying to get his bearings. He spies the broken chair before him and groans.

He struggles to his feet, reaches into his pocket for his cell phone, and, not finding it, hastily tries the other pockets, but to no avail.

PANICKED, he SCRAMBLES up the stairs...

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

...and into the kitchen, heading straight for the outlet strip, and finds the charger, but no phone.

He sighs, dipping his shoulders, and hangs his head.

LUTHER

Luther, you idiot!

Luther gathers himself, then SCURRIES out the front door.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY (AFTERNOON)

Seated at the kitchen table, Simon winces as Andrea dabs alcohol on the corner of his mouth, where Darla's blow left a nasty cut and black and blue mark.

Nigel sits across from him, sporting his own facial bruise, medicating it with a frozen steak.

Marco enters from the outside through the sliding glass doors and apologetically approaches Nigel.

MARCO

Senor Nigel, sorry about...the...

Struggling how to phrase it in English, he gestures toward Nigel's face.

MARCO

I thought...you were...what you call...a Peeping Tomas.

Nigel, tickled by the remark, chuckles briefly, but then grimaces, as it hurts his face to laugh.

NIGEL

Not to worry, mate. Glad you're lookin' out for my friends.

Simon shoos Andrea away and gives Marco a stern look, then glances outside. He "gets it" and departs via the sliding glass door. Simon then stares vengefully at Nigel.

SIMON

Time to call the judge.

Nigel's eyes get big, concern etched on his face.

NIGEL

Hold on there, mate. When that lunatic gets involved, people die.

Simon leans in, smirking at Nigel.

SIMON

That's kinda the point.

Nigel raises his palms and shakes his head.

NIGEL

Look, Simon. I'll dig up dirt on people for you; I'll tail 'em; but I won't be a party to murder.

Simon pauses. His look of disappointment fades as he becomes more steadfast.

SIMON

You find Darla...she'll lead us to Rachel. I'll take care of the rest.

Nigel digs a small electronic device out of his pocket, turns it on, and slides it on table over to Simon.

NIGEL

Already done.

A GPS-looking screen brightens. A dot blinks as it moves ever-so-slowly across the screen. Simon picks it up.

EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO THE BECK MANSION [FLASHBACK]

Nigel sees Darla's car in his rear view mirror.

NIGEL (V.O.)

As I was leaving earlier, I noticed  
a grey SUV pull up to the curb.

Darla and Molly head to the mansion's front door.

NIGEL (V.O.)

I watched two females - Darla and  
Molly as it turned out - head up to  
your front door.

Nigel exits his vehicle and makes his way to Darla's.

NIGEL (V.O.)

I cautiously approached that  
vehicle. Seeing no one inside...

Nigel places a magnetic tracking device under the car.

NIGEL (V.O.)

I placed a tracking device under  
the car's frame.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY (AFTERNOON)

Nigel continues...

NIGEL

Follow the dot - you find Darla.

Simon grins devilishly and nods.

SIMON

Excellent.

(beat)

If you're serious about not wanting  
to get blood on your hands, I  
suggest you leave now. You'll not  
want to be privy to the  
conversation I'm about to have.

(to Andrea)

You, too.

ANDREA

(riled)

Gladly.

Andrea turns and appears to leave the room in a huff.

Nigel stands up and stares at Simon solemnly.

NIGEL

Good luck, Simon.

Nigel departs the room and, moments later, the house. Simon takes out his phone, and hits a speed dial number.

EXT. REDDING GOLF COURSE - DAY

The previously seen Judge Sewell is on a golf course green, lining up his ball with the hole. He slowly retracts his putter. As he gently swings it forward, his phone rings...

...STARTLING him. The resulting chink in his swing is just enough to push his ball to the right, just missing the cup.

Sewell slams his putter to the grass in disgust. He digs his phone out of his pocket and, upon checking caller ID, answers the call contemptuously.

JUDGE SEWELL

Simon Beck...the putt I just missed was for a birdie. You better have a damn good reason for calling!

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Simon winces and loosens his collar.

SIMON

Wish I didn't, Judge, But this matter...requires your attention.

EXT. REDDING GOLF COURSE - DAY

Sewell walks over to his ball, kicks it into the cup, reaches down and retrieves it, then motions to the rest of his foursome to play on without him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SIMON AND JUDGE SEWELL.

JUDGE SEWELL

Go ahead. I'm listening.

SIMON

Judge...my daughter's...been kidnapped.

JUDGE SEWELL

Sorry to hear that, Simon. What does this have to do with me?

SIMON

The kidnapers have stolen data from my laptop...information that would ruin us both if it got in the wrong hands.

JUDGE SEWELL

Well...that is a concern.

(beat)

Handle it in the usual way?

SIMON

It's become very personal for me. Send your best guy...money is no object.

JUDGE SEWELL

Ok...but things'll get messy.

SIMON

As long as Rachel's not part of the mess...I'm good with that.

JUDGE SEWELL

Well then...consider it done. Just get me the particulars.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Simon glances at the tracking device.

SIMON

Should have them for you shortly.

As Simon ends the call...

...Andrea can be seen hiding around the corner, expressing shock and dismay at what she has heard.

EXT. WOODED AREA SOUTH OF THE CABIN - DAY

As the rain continues to fall, Rachel plods along the road, her steps made heavier by the mud and rain puddles.

She comes upon a hill that seems to lead to a clearing, but the ascent is steep and rocky. She takes a swig of water and sets down the jug.

She places the phone in a back pocket and begins to climb.

INT. GREY SUV - DAY

Water droplets begin to pelt the windshield of Darla's car as the rain clouds approach. Darla turns on the wipers.

Molly sits in the passenger seat, staring at the screen of her tablet, beginning to review the contents of the flash drive. Darla takes her eye off the road to glance her way.

DARLA  
Anything useful yet?

Molly hesitates, continuing to examine files.

MOLLY  
Not yet...wait.

Molly pulls up some kind of medical document and peruses it.

DARLA  
(curiously)  
Whatcha got there, honey?

Molly continues to digest the document's contents but isn't sure what to make of them.

MOLLY  
It's something having to do with  
Rachel...and Mr. Beck's DNA.  
(beat)  
You'd better have a look at it.

EXT. HIGHWAY WEST OF REDDING - DAY

Darla's SUV can be seen exiting the highway onto the frontage road and passing a billboard advertising a mobile home park.

EXT. NW REDDING - MOBILE HOME PARK

A plain mobile home sits among many others just like it, its dilapidated condition juxtaposed by the two satellite dishes attached near the roof and the car parked in front...

...a pristine, yellow '69 CHEVY CAMARO Z28.

A well-apportioned Oriental man, mid 30s, HITOMI "THE BLADE" KWAN, exits the front door, shuts it, and strolls toward the aforementioned vehicle.

As he zips up a light-weight black windbreaker, a grey, Kevlar bullet proof vest is briefly seen underneath.

On one shoulder rests a strap connected to a 40 inch long, bamboo, tube-like container. A duffel bag, its contents bulging out in all directions, hangs from the other.

Kwan opens the driver's side door and tosses the duffel bag onto the passenger seat. He parks the bamboo case on the floor space in the back, then enters...

INT. KWAN'S Z28

...and sits in the driver's seat. He places the key in the ignition, starts the the engine, and revs it.

He turns and opens the duffel bag one last time to make sure he has everything. Its contents can now be seen...

...a DESERT EAGLE 357 with several CLIPS, a roll of duct tape, and various Chinese FIGHTING KNIVES in sheaths.

As he stares admiringly at the collection, his cell phone beeps. Kwan pulls what looks to be a "burner" phone from his pocket and checks the screen, which displays a text message.

He smiles evilly, and enters coordinates into his GPS device mounted on the dash.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE MOBILE HOME

Tires squeal as the Z28 accelerates down the street.

INT. GREY SUV - DAY

The Jeep resides in a convenience store parking lot. Darla sits in the driver's seat, scrutinizing the on-screen document, as Molly anxiously watches.

MOLLY

So what is that, Mom?

Darla continues to try to make sense of the details, much of which is gibberish to her.

DARLA

Best I can figure, this is the outcome of a paternity test.

Darla then reads a statement that catches her off guard.

DARLA

Oh my God...

MOLLY

What, Mom?

DARLA

If I'm reading this right...  
(turns toward Molly)  
Simon Beck is not Rachel's biological father.

Molly is just as taken aback by the proclamation.

MOLLY

Then that means that Mrs. Beck...

Darla, knowing where Molly is headed, finishes her sentence.

DARLA

Had an affair? Quite possibly.

MOLLY

So...if Mr. Beck isn't Rachel's dad...then who is?

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR THE CABIN

The rain shows no signs of letting up as Luther, running along the tire tracks, arrives at the gravel road.

EXT. ELEVATED CLEARING SOUTH OF THE CABIN

Rachel continues her assault on the steep, rocky hill. Almost to the top, she grasps the base a bush that seems to be anchored securely in the soil.

However, the rain has loosened the dirt's grip on the plant and it BREAKS FREE...

...causing Rachel to lose her balance and TUMBLE down the hill a few yards before a large boulder blocks her descent.

She crashes into it, rear end first and, unbeknownst to her, initiates a butt-call via one of the speed dial numbers.

INT. GREY SUV - DAY

Darla has the car back on the main highway. Molly continues to examine files on her tablet, courtesy of the flash drive.

Suddenly, Rachel's phone rings. Molly retrieves it from the cubby hole by the glove box and checks caller ID. Molly's face brightens and she turns toward her mother.

MOLLY

It's Dad!

Molly answers the call.

MOLLY

Hi Dad!

Getting no response she tries again.

MOLLY

(puzzled)

Dad...you there? Hello?

EXT. ELEVATED CLEARING SOUTH OF THE CABIN

Rachel groans as she slowly stands up, holding her hip.

She finally hears a muffled voice coming from her back pocket. She takes out the phone and hears it more clearly.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Dad...can you hear me? Please answer...Dad?

She peers at the phone's screen and notices the caller ID (Rachel), then realizes, given the verbiage, who it must be.

RACHEL  
 (over the phone)  
 Well, if it isn't my kidnappers.

INT. GRIMES' CAR - DAY

Molly's jaw drops when she hears Rachel's voice, then turns to Darla, wide-eyed, holding the phone away from her mouth.

MOLLY  
 It's Rachel!

An astonished Darla is speechless. After briefly hesitating, she sticks her right hand out to Molly.

DARLA  
 Put the phone on speaker and hand  
 it to me. Find Emily's voice  
 message file on the flash drive.

Molly complies with Darla's first request - then gets busy on the second. Darla holds the phone close to her mouth as she keeps her eyes on the road.

DARLA  
 Rachel, honey, this is Darla.  
 (beat)  
 Where's Luther?

EXT. ELEVATED CLEARING SOUTH OF THE CABIN

Rachel walks gingerly toward a rock outcropping as she responds.

RACHEL  
 Last I saw, laying on the floor of  
 the cabin cellar.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RACHEL AND DARLA

Darla's eyes get big. She glances solicitously at Molly, who seems equally taken aback by the remark.

DARLA  
 Is he ok? Is he...alive?

RACHEL  
 Don't know...didn't stick around  
 after I...escaped.

DARLA  
 Where are you now?

Rachel is now hunched under the rock outcropping just enough to shield the phone from the rain.

RACHEL  
 (indignant)  
 Like I'm gonna tell you?

DARLA

(concerned)

Look Rachel...you must listen to me. The kidnapping is a ruse. We have no intention of hurting you. We needed leverage to get your...

(pauses)

father...to come clean about Luther's trial.

Rachel hesitates momentarily, then responds defiantly.

RACHEL

I don't believe you!

DARLA

Didn't expect you to. But maybe you'll believe your mother. We just came from a visit with her. She recorded a message for you.

Darla hands the phone to Molly, who has the found the file. She holds the phone by the tablet speaker and presses the on-screen "play" button.

EXT. ELEVATED CLEARING SOUTH OF THE CABIN

A blank expression permeates Rachel's face at first but a glimmer of hope creeps in when she hears Emily's voice.

EMILY (V.O.)

Rachel, honey...its Mom. I just wanted to let you know...I'm ok. Darla and Molly...are my friends. They are helping me...

Confusion replaces hope as Rachel continues to listen.

EMILY (V.O.)

Baby, I don't know quite how to tell you this...but your father is ...a very bad man. He has done some terrible things...and when I found out about them, he had me committed to this awful place. But with Darla and Molly's help, I'll be out soon.

A solitary tear streams down Rachel's cheek, yet she somehow manages a hint of a smile.

EMILY (V.O.)

Angel...please know that not a minute goes by that I don't think about you. I miss you...and love you so much. I ask that you...

Just then, the phone battery dies and the call disconnects.

Rachel looks at the phone and, seeing what happened, drops it, and, gazing up into the heavens, cries out...

RACHEL

No-o-o-o-o!

She then drops to her knees, face in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably, the relentless rain continuing to pelt her.

INT. GREY SUV

Molly pushes "pause" on the audio file once she realizes what happened and turns to Darla.

MOLLY

The call disconnected. I think  
Dad's phone battery died.

Darla glances toward Molly.

DARLA

Let's just pray that Rachel heard  
enough...and that Luther's ok.

EXT. WOODED AREA SOUTH OF THE CABIN

Luther hurries along the gravel road, looking for Rachel.

EXT. ELEVATED CLEARING SOUTH OF THE CABIN

Rachel's weeping begins to subside. She sniffs and wipes the tears from her eyes. Still on her knees, she looks around, wondering what to do next.

She stands up, slogs for a step or two, and stops. She turns around and returns to where Luther's phone lies on the ground. As she bends over to pick it up...

...Luther emerges from the woods, out of breath, having sprinted the last several yards. He stops and bends over, hands on knees, inhaling and exhaling rapidly.

As he looks up and pans the area, he spies Rachel doing the same. She also spots him and turns to flee.

LUTHER

(yelling)

Rachel! Stop!

Rachel stops and turns back toward Luther, phone in hand. As she looks at the phone, her expression brightens.

RACHEL

(yelling back)

You'd better run! Finally got a  
signal on your stupid phone. I'm  
calling 911 right now!

Rachel punches the numbers and pretends to wait for the call to be answered, causing Luther to yell back.

LUTHER

Rachel! Don't do that! Please!

Luther, instead of taking flight, RACES TOWARD Rachel, CLIMBING as fast as he can.

Rachel SCREAMS, turns around, and resumes her ascent. She makes her way around the earlier-used rock outcropping. Getting around to the other side, she stops...

...gazing wide-eyed at the STEEP DROP-OFF in front of her as she stands at the EDGE of a CLIFF. A few pebbles TUMBLE from her perch and PLUMMET gracefully into the stream far below.

She turns slowly to escape from the perilous precipice but her FOOT SLIPS from its position and she LOSES HER BALANCE.

Rachel SLIDES down the rocky ledge but manages to GRAB the root of a small sapling protruding from the overhang.

RACHEL

(screaming)

Help! Help me! Please!

Luther hears this and becomes more determined than ever as he ascends the hill. He reaches the rock outcropping, navigates carefully around it...

...and come face-to-face with the edge of the cliff.

RACHEL (O.C.)

Please! Someone help me!

Luther inches to the cliff edge, peers over it, and spots Rachel, hanging precariously by a root just below him.

Luther lies flat, face down, on the rocks, his upper body JUTTING out over the edge. One arm WRAPS around the tree's tiny trunk, the other is EXTENDED down toward Rachel.

LUTHER

Reach up! Take my hand!

A wide-eyed Rachel glares back at Luther warily, giving a slight shake of her head.

LUTHER

Rachel...don't be foolish. Raise up your arm so I can grab your wrist!

Rachel grits her teeth, nods, and THRUSTS up her arm...

...just as the root she holds with the other hand SNAPS off.

Luther SNATCHES that arm at the wrist just in time. Rachel immediately grips his wrist, holding on for dear life.

As Luther stares down at Rachel, she briefly appears to morph into Molly, giving him renewed strength.

With a loud grunt, Luther TOWS Rachel up just high enough for her to grasp the top of the ledge and get one foot on a protruding rock, steadying herself for the moment.

Still grasping Rachel's wrist, Luther scoots around 180 degrees, pushing against the tree for leverage, and, grabbing Rachel's other wrist...

...HEISTS her safely up and over the rim and onto the flat area beside him.

The two lie there, rain-soaked, side by side, both panting. Luther scoots himself up against the rock behind him, still panting, taking in the view of the scenery around them.

LUTHER

Helluva view.

Rachel scoots up against the same rock so she and Luther are shoulder to shoulder. She too, surveys nature's majesty.

RACHEL

Yup.

Rachel turns to Luther, eyeing him curiously.

RACHEL

Why risk your life to save mine?  
All I am to you is leverage, so you  
can have your precious revenge.

Luther, turns toward Rachel, seeming totally sincere.

LUTHER

Rachel, you're not leverage. You're  
someone's daughter.

(beat)

Look, we never meant you any harm.  
We just wanted to frighten you...so  
you'd be too scared to even think  
about trying to escape.

Rachel smirks smugly at Luther.

RACHEL

And how'd that work out?

Luther looks up into the sky, shakes his head, and returns his gaze to Rachel.

LUTHER

Not so good.

Rachel smiles, almost chuckling, which Luther appreciates.

LUTHER

You're smiling. You have such a pretty smile...like Molly. You and she could be...

Luther begins to choke up. Misty-eyed, he stares into his lap and shields his face from Rachel.

LUTHER

I'm sorry, Rachel...so sorry we involved you in all this.

Another uncomfortable pause ensues. Rachel breaks it.

RACHEL

So now what?

Luther wipes his eyes and turns to Rachel.

LUTHER

You still have my phone?

Rachel pats her front and back pockets, shaking her head.

RACHEL

Musta dropped it back there.

She points to the rock outcropping. Luther glances that way.

LUTHER

How about this.

(refacing Rachel)

We retrieve the phone and head back to the cabin. I fire up the generator and we recharge that sucker. Once it quits raining, I'll show you the way to the main road. Once you get a signal...

Luther hangs his head humbly, his voice trailing off.

LUTHER

...call...whoever you like...911... your father...

Rachel seems more steadfast and stands. She steps over Luther and stops, extending her arm down.

RACHEL

You comin' or what?

Luther smiles and reaches up, taking her hand, and rising to his feet.

CLOSE-UP of the phone under the rock outcropping. An arm reaches INTO FRAME and snatches it up.

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE - DUSK

Simon sits at his desk, reviewing documents on his laptop and monitoring the "dot" on the tracking device.

He sees it turn off the main highway near Whiskeytown Lake.

He picks up his phone, types in the new coordinates, and sends the text.

INT. KWAN'S Z28 - DUSK

Kwan cruises down the highway toward Whiskeytown Lake...

...BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY BLARING on the sound system...

...Kwan very animated, as if to be directing an orchestra, as he boisterously sings along.

KWAN

...mama mia, mama mia let me go.  
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for  
me. For me. For me-e-e-e-e-e!

As Kwan rocks out, he notices his cell flash that he has a new text message. With one hand still on the wheel, he snatches the phone with the other, pressing a button.

He returns his stare to the road briefly, then back to the phone screen. He nods, then peers back out the windshield, just as the next chorus begins...

KWAN

(singing loudly)  
So you think you can stone me and  
spit in my eye-ye-ye!  
So you think you can love me...

EXT. HIGHWAY WEST OF REDDING

The song's next verses play out as the Z28 speeds down the highway, the rain continuing to pepper it.

KWAN (V.O.)

(still singing along)  
...and leave me to die-ie-ie.  
Oh, baby. Can't do this to me baby.

INT. BECK MANSION - BEDROOM

Andrea finishes packing a suitcase as the last of the song's refrain continues in the background, gradually fading out.

*"Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here."*

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE

As Simon sits at his desk, he hears a door slam. Curious, he gets up and makes his way out of the office, down the hall, and into the living room.

He faintly hears the garage door open. Simon shuffles to door, opens it, and scurries outside...

EXT. BECK MANSION - DRIVEWAY

...just in time to see Andrea backing out of the driveway in her Lexus ES 350.

Simon hurries to the car, yelling and waving his arms.

SIMON  
Hey! Andrea! Stop!

Andrea ignores Simon, facing the other way, while backing her car along the curvy pavement.

Simon catches up to the Lexus and smacks it on the hood with both hands, getting Andrea's attention.

She stops the car and rolls down her window as Simon comes around to face her, out of breath.

SIMON  
Andrea! Where ya goin'?

ANDREA  
Out.

SIMON  
(frustrated)  
I can see that. Could ya be a little more specific?

ANDREA  
No.

Simon grows more agitated.

SIMON  
Could you speak to me in sentences longer than one word...please?

Andrea pauses for a moment, than smirks at Simon.

ANDREA  
Sure. Goodbye, Simon.

Luggage can be seen in the back seat as the driver's side window rises, stopping when it reaches the top.

Andrea resumes backing up into the street, then zooms off, leaving Simon, hands on hips, shaking his head.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF THE HIGHWAY - DUSK

Darla's car speeds down the winding road, too fast given the conditions, as the pavement is slick and potholes and cracks abound.

INT. DARLA'S CAR

Molly notices all this and is concerned.

MOLLY  
Mom, slow down!

Darla eases off the accelerator.

DARLA  
Sorry, honey. Just anxious to get to Luther.

MOLLY  
Me, too...but in one piece.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF THE HIGHWAY

Just then, the right front tire strikes a nasty pothole in front of a hairpin curve. The TIRE BLOWS, causing...

INT. DARLA'S CAR

...a startled Darla to cramp the steering wheel to the left, attempting to make the curve but...

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF THE HIGHWAY

...the vehicle HYDROPLANES off the road...

...CAREENING into the ditch...

...and OVERTURNING twice, coming to rest ON ITS SIDE, up against a large tree, a few yards from the road.

EXT. WOODED AREA SOUTH OF THE CABIN

Rachel and Luther trudge along the gravel road, still not all that comfortable in each other's presence or with conversing. Rachel finally breaks the dry spell.

RACHEL  
My dad really is a bad man, huh?

They continue to walk. Luther answers after a brief pause.

LUTHER  
You're askin' the guy who kidnapped you...after spending eleven years in prison.

Rachel smiles as they walk a little further.

RACHEL

Good point.

(beat)

So...what are ya gonna do?

Luther gently grabs Rachel by the forearm as they stop.

As Rachel turns to face him, Luther takes her by the shoulders and candidly eyes her.

LUTHER

See that you get home safely.

Rachel is stunned for a moment, hardly believing the transformation she has seen Luther undergo. She then smiles and gives him a big hug.

Once they end the embrace, Rachel looks up at Luther.

RACHEL

What about Molly and Darla?

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD - DUSK

The Darla's SUV lies on its side, leaning up against a tree.

INT. GREY SUV

Darla and Molly are both unconscious but still buckled into their seats. Darla has a nasty gash in her forehead. Blood drips from it down to her lifelessly hanging arms...

...and on to Molly, who is scrunched up against the passenger side door and window, sporting bruises of her own.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Nigel puffs of a cigarette, then sips his beer as he sits in his favorite chair, staring at the TV's blank screen.

Two empty beer cans sit on the end table. He suddenly SWATS at them. They fly off the table and tumble harmlessly to the floor several feet away, just as...

...DOORBELL rings, STARTLING Nigel.

He sets down his beer, ashtray's his smoke, gets up, and ambles to the door. Opening it reveals...

...ANDREA. She STRIDES right past a perplexed Nigel and into his living room. His head turns and his eyes follow her in.

NIGEL

Andrea...won't you come in.

An upset Andrea turns to Nigel, getting right to the point.

ANDREA

Simon's gone off the deep end! He's  
consumed with rage and revenge!

(beat)

I think he hired a hit man!

Nigel lowers and shakes his head.

NIGEL

(disgustedly)

Never shoulda given him that  
tracking device.

Nigel gets up and traipses out of the living room and into a  
hallway. Andrea observes at first, then follows him.

Nigel enters his office and kneels down by a safe. As he  
turns its numbered dial back and forth, Andrea enters.

ANDREA

Nigel, what are you doing?

Nigel opens the safe door and pulls out a 9 mm Glock 17. He  
pops out the clip, making sure it's full, and slams it back  
into the gun's handle as he returns his gaze to Andrea.

NIGEL

Fixing what I screwed up.

Nigel gets up and waltzes past Andrea. She grabs his arm,  
stopping him for the moment.

ANDREA

I thought you said you wouldn't be  
a party to murder.

Nigel pauses briefly, eying Andrea seriously.

NIGEL

And just what exactly would you  
have me do?

Andrea thinks for a moment, surprised by the question.

ANDREA

Um...I don't know. Call the police,  
I guess.

Nigel gives Andrea a "that's the best you could come up  
with?" look.

NIGEL

You coulda done that. You came here  
because when Simon needs something  
done, he calls me. He gets into  
jams...I get him out.

(MORE)

NIGEL (cont'd)

(beat)

Only this time...I can't. He's in too deep. All that's left...is to prevent innocent people from getting killed.

As Nigel heads for the door, Andrea makes one final appeal.

ANDREA

Wait!

Nigel stops and turns back around, sporting an expression that tells Andrea nothing she can say will change his mind.

ANDREA

(beat)

Good luck...and be careful.

A brief, subtle nod toward Andrea and Nigel is out the door.

Andrea stands, in a daze, glaring at the front door. She snaps out of it. She gets out her phone and dials 911. After a moment, the call is answered.

VOICE (V.O.)

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF THE HIGHWAY - DUSK

Darla's car still rests on its side against the tree, barely visible as the skies darken, until...

...it is illuminated by approaching headlamps. The front end of a vehicle comes INTO FRAME as it pulls over, raindrops dancing in the beams of the headlights.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS

The rain begins to subside to a drizzle as Rachel and Luther arrive at the cabin. Luther hands his phone to Rachel.

LUTHER

Here. Get this plugged into the charger. I'll get the generator running.

Rachel nods, takes the phone, and heads inside.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Rachel finds the outlet strip and plugs the phone into the charger. She smiles as she hears the generator start up.

Shortly, Luther enters. He hesitantly walks over to Rachel, grasping her shoulders, eying her with concern.

LUTHER

I promised I'd show you how to get  
to the main road once it quit  
raining and the phone is charged...  
but it will be too dark by then.  
These woods aren't safe at night.

(beat)

Are you ok with spending one more  
night here?

RACHEL

(smiling slyly)

Long as I'm not tied to a chair.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

CLOSE-UP of an empty kitchen chair. Simon plops down into  
it, sighing deeply. He pours himself another drink from  
almost empty Jack Daniels bottle.

EXT. HIGHWAY WEST OF REDDING - NIGHT

Nigel's car - a restored red '68 Pontiac LeMans GT - zooms  
down the highway toward Whiskeytown Lake.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

Nigel steals his gaze from the road to his phone, positioned  
in a mobile phone dock, which has the same tracking program  
as the device he gave Simon.

He notices the blip is stationary, north of the highway,  
several miles up ahead.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

A nervous and fidgety Simon quaffs the contents of his shot  
glass, then brings up the number he's been texting on his  
phone and presses keys to send another message.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF REDDING

Kwan, having stepped out of his vehicle, slides a knife into  
a sheath hooked to his belt and saunters toward the other  
car, flashlight in one hand, 357 in the other.

A rustling sound in nearby bushes alarms Kwan. He stops a  
few feet from the car and pans the area with his flashlight,  
his gun ready to fire.

Into his flashlight beam crawls a family of opossum. Kwan  
sighs with relief and continues to the car.

Kwan spots a tiny red blinking light. He smiles and nods  
when his flashlight beam reveals it to be the tracking  
device on the car's underside.

Just then his phone vibrates. He stuffs his pistol in his  
pants and slips the phone from his jacket pocket.

He checks the message, which reads simply: "Is it done?"

He sends a return text as he walks toward Darla's car.

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN

Simon, now pacing anxiously in the kitchen, receives it.

It reads: "Not yet. Found the car."

Simon sneers, grabs the shot glass and attempts to refill it once again. Only a couple of drops come out.

Enraged, he hurls the empty bottle against the wall, SHATTERING it. Placing both hands on the counter, he hangs his head, torn between anger and despair.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan climbs up on top of the car, snuggles up against the tree, and begins to push the car with all his might.

The car slowly pivots away from Kwan as his legs continue to exert a powerful force on the vehicle's topside.

A few seconds later, gravity takes over...

...and the car comes CRASHING down onto its tires...

INT./EXT. DARLA'S CAR

...the impact rousing Darla and Molly back to consciousness.

They both look around, dazed, and confused as to what happened and where they are.

DARLA

Molly, honey...you alright?

Molly groans, feeling her head, then faces Darla.

MOLLY

Don't think so...

She then notices the gash on Darla's forehead and snaps out of her daze.

MOLLY

(worried)

Mom! Your bleeding!

Darla puts her hand up to her forehead and pulls back bloody fingers. Before she can respond...

...a flashlight beam shines in through the driver's side window, startling Darla and Molly.

KWAN

My apologies, ladies. I did not mean to frighten you. I saw your car in the ditch and came to offer my assistance.

DARLA

(relieved)

Oh, thank God you came along when you did. Can you help us get out?

KWAN

Of course.

The driver's side door is stuck but between Kwan's pulling and Darla's pushing, it finally swings open.

Darla slides out of the vehicle gingerly, favoring one leg.

DARLA

Ow. Musta turned an ankle.

As she limps out of the way, Molly exits that same door, crawling out and onto the ground, still too dizzy to stand up on her own. Darla helps her to her feet.

KWAN

I am Kwan. And you?

DARLA

Darla...and my daughter, Molly.

(beat)

How can we ever repay you?

Kwan pulls his 357 out of his pants and aims it at Darla.

KWAN

You can start by telling me where I can find Rachel.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Rachel and Luther sit at the kitchen table, eating some canned beans and veggies.

RACHEL

Not the best meal ever...but, hey, when I'm this hungry...

She notices Luther has hardly touched his food and seems lost in thought.

RACHEL

Luther, what's wrong?

Luther snaps out of his daze, answering hesitantly.

LUTHER

Darla and Molly shoulda been back  
by now. Something's wrong.

(beat)

Phone charged yet?

Rachel gets up and goes over to the charger to check it.

RACHEL

About half.

LUTHER

Good enough.

He hustles over to the outlet strip, picks up the phone, and  
pushes the speed dial number for Rachel's phone..

RACHEL

Aren't you forgetting something?

Luther nods, smacking himself upside the head.

LUTHER

No signal....wait!

Luther digs through some boxes near the strip and pulls out  
one, proudly displaying it to Rachel.

LUTHER

Cell phone signal booster! With all  
that happened, never got around to  
setting it up.

RACHEL

Do you even know how?

LUTHER

(sheepishly)

Um...well, no....you?

Rachel strides over to Luther and snatches the box from his  
hand.

RACHEL

It's electronics. I'm a kid. I'll  
figure it out.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Darla and Molly sit on the ground by the Camero, hands and  
feet duct-taped together.

Kwan finishes his search of the interior of the Jeep. He  
exits the vehicle and saunters toward the ladies, toting  
Simon's gun, Rachel's phone, and the tablet he found.

Kwan holds up the gun as he pockets the phone.

KWAN

A Beretta M9...very nice.

Kwan stuffs it in his pants, then continues.

KWAN

I have been tasked with three things: rescue the girl, dispatch her kidnapers, and destroy the stolen files. I'm guessing I can find those on this?

He holds up the tablet. Darla and Molly look at each other solicitously. Molly nods.

KWAN

However, the device used to extract said files is unaccounted for...a flash drive, I suspect. And where might that be?

Again, Molly and Darla exchange worried glances but say nothing.

Kwan sets the tablet down on the ground and...BLAM...

...FIRES three BULLETS into tablet, DEMOLISHING the device.. He takes a few steps and TOSSES it frisbee-style back into Darla's car, then UNSHEATHES his KNIFE, and...

...WIELDING it MENACINGLY, returns to the two frightened ladies and gets down on one knee in front of them.

KWAN

It is said that patience is a virtue...one, sadly, that I do not possess.

He places the knife point under Molly's chin. Tears stream down her cheeks, but does not cry out.

KWAN

You will tell me what I want to know...now!

Darla bravely speaks up to spare her daughter.

DARLA

Or what? You'll kill us? You need us...to find Rachel!

Kwan turns his attention to Darla, running the knife blade slowly down her left cheek, drawing blood.

KWAN

Correction. I need one of you for that. The other is expendable.

Kwan stands, gazing first at Darla, then at Molly.

KWAN

So the question becomes...who will  
live...and who will die?

EXT. HIGHWAY WEST OF REDDING - NIGHT

Nigel's car slows down and turns off the highway and on to  
the county road, traveling north.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Rachel puts the finishing touches on setting up the signal  
booster, then addresses Luther.

RACHEL

Alright...give it a try.

Luther nods at Rachel, then peers at the phone, speed-  
dialing Rachel's number. The call appears to be connecting.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Darla and Molly huddle together, shivering from fright as  
well as the cold drizzle.

Kwan eyes them both, then kneels in front of Darla.

KWAN

I believe the girl may be of  
greater use to me.

As Kwan runs his knife lightly along Darla's other cheek,  
giving her matching cuts...

...Rachel's phone rings, startling everyone. Kwan scowls,  
pulls it from his jacket pocket and checks caller ID,  
causing his face to brighten.

KWAN

Ah...Luther.

He then turns to face Molly, showing her the screen.

KWAN

Your father, no?

Molly's face brightens briefly but the smile quickly fades  
as Kwan stands back up and answers the call.

KWAN

Hello?

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Luther is taken aback by the male voice on the other end.

LUTHER

Who is this?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LUTHER AND KWAN

KWAN

I am Kwan. And you?

LUTHER

Luther. I was expecting my daughter, Molly. Is she there?

KWAN

She is. One moment, please.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan gives Molly a stern look, then puts the phone to her ear. She begins to tear up as she speaks into the phone.

MOLLY

Daddy?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LUTHER AND MOLLY

LUTHER

Molly, honey...are you ok?

MOLLY

(sobbing)

No...not really. Daddy...

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan yanks the phone from Molly's ear and puts it to his.

KWAN

Now that you have verification that I am in possession of your daughter, we can begin.... negotiations.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LUTHER AND KWAN

LUTHER

Negotiations? What are you talking about? I demand to speak to my daughter!

KWAN

You are in no position to be making demands. I, on the other hand, am. If you wish to see your daughter again, alive, you will do as I say.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

Nigel glances at his phone and sees that he is almost to the blip on the screen. He pushes in a knob...

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF REDDING - NIGHT

...extinguishing the headlights. His car creeps slowly around a bend.

A full moon breaks through the clouds and partially illuminates the crash site up ahead.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

Nigel, watching through the windshield, spots the two cars and three individuals but he is too far away to discern any details.

He turns the key to halt the engine, then reaches up and flicks the dome light switch.

He snatches his gun from the passenger seat, opens the door, exits the vehicle, shuts the door quietly...

...and begins to make his way stealthily toward the three, taking cover wherever he can.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan and Luther continue conversing as Darla and Molly listen to Kwan, helpless to intervene.

KWAN

I propose a swap - Rachel for your daughter.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Luther gazes at Rachel with soulful eyes then shakes his head indecisively as he answers Kwan.

LUTHER

I...I can't...I can't do that.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan continues...

KWAN

Of course you can. Or is your own flesh and blood of lesser value to you than someone you hardly know?

Just then, Molly summons the courage to speak out - loudly.

MOLLY

Don't do it, Dad! It's a trap!

Kwan sneers at Molly and slaps her face hard, sending her reeling sideways into Darla.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

A disheartened Luther hears Molly and the slap over the phone, then becomes even more alarmed when he discerns...

DARLA (O.C.)

You bastard!!

...then another muffled but sharp-sounding slap.

LUTHER

(over the phone)

Darla!!

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Molly and Darla, red-faced on the side they were slapped, struggle to sit back up as Kwan watches with contempt.

KWAN

(over the phone)

I see the woman is dear to you as well...now you have twice the motivation to cooperate.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Luther pounds the table in frustration. He glances at Rachel again, then sighs deeply, resigning to give in.

LUTHER

(over the phone)

Alright...alright. You win.

(beat)

How do we do this?

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF THE HIGHWAY

Nigel creeps along the ditch adjacent to the road, careful to be inconspicuous. Still hunched over, he scurries over to a nearby tree and peeks around from behind it.

He winces, realizing he is still too distant to take a shot, so, staying low, he slinks toward another tree closer in.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan is finishing his over-the-phone instructions to Luther.

KWAN

Be outside the cabin with Rachel in twenty minutes, hands clasped on top of your heads. If the exchange goes well, we all win. If not... well, things will get...messy.

LUTHER (V.O.)

Understood.

Kwan ends the call, then turns his attention toward Darla.

KWAN

There is still the matter of the missing flash drive. Handing it over now will spare you much suffering.

Darla and Molly exchange fleeting glances.

DARLA

We don't have it. I'm telling you the truth.

MOLLY

That's right. It must have gotten lost in the crash. Did you check under the seats?

KWAN

I did. But there is one place I have not checked.

Kwan yanks Darla to her feet and forces her up against the car. With knife to her throat, he uses the other hand to begin to grope her, much to Molly's horror.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Luther dejectedly enlightens Rachel about his discussion with Kwan.

LUTHER

So you see, Rachel, that's why I had to agree to Kwan's terms.

RACHEL

I understand. But, seriously, you can't trust Kwan to hold up his end of the bargain.

Luther drops and shakes his head.

LUTHER

I suppose not. Molly blurted out that it was a trap.

Rachel again becomes very staunch.

RACHEL

Then I won't go with him!

LUTHER

(pleading)

But Rachel...he'll kill Molly and Darla if you don't!

RACHEL

He'll kill them anyway. Don't you watch movies? The bad guy can't leave any witnesses alive!

Luther droops and nods his head, then refaces Rachel.

LUTHER

Then what do we do?

Rachel thinks for a moment; then an idea comes to her.

RACHEL

Got any ammo here for that gun o' yours?

Luther is stunned by the question.

LUTHER

Well...yes. But the gun was strictly for show. I've never actually shot anything.

Rachel leans forward and eyes Luther seriously.

RACHEL

I have.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Nigel has positioned himself a little closer to Darla's car and takes aim at Kwan, but the ladies are still too close for him to comfortably take the shot.

NIGEL

(whispers to self)

C'mon, whoever you are. Just a couple o' steps back and it'll be all over.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Kwan addresses Darla and Molly, who are both now kneeling.

KWAN

Hmmm...it appears you were telling the truth. But your candor will not save you. Now that I know the location of the cabin - and Rachel - you have both become...redundant.

Kwan, pistols still tucked in his pants, coozies up to Darla, who defiantly spits in his face.

After wiping his face with his hand, he spits in it and wipes it on Darla's face as she struggles to resist.

KWAN

There. We have shared bodily fluids. And not for the last time.

Kwan smiles fiendishly at Darla, then comes around to her right side. He grabs her hair and yanks her head back, exposing her throat, which he then puts his knife to.

Kwan pauses, turning slightly to catch Molly's eyes.

KWAN

He may want to turn your head, little girl.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Nigel sees Kwan change his position so that now his back is to Nigel, creating a bigger target, and shielding Darla.

NIGEL

(whispers to self)  
It's now or never.

Nigel takes careful aim and gently squeezes the trigger.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

As Kwan prepares to slit Darla's throat...BLAM!

A BULLET STREAKS through the air and STRIKES Kwan in the upper left quadrant of his back.

Kwan's jaw drop and his eyes get big as he falls to his knees, contorting in pain, and letting loose of the knife.

Darla seizes the opportunity and HEAD BUTTS Kwan, sending him REELING backwards.

As Kwan lay on his back, too woozy to get up. Darla scoots over to the knife and yells at Molly.

DARLA

Molly - quick - back to back!

Molly nods and inches over to Darla so they are back to back. Darla grabs the knife and begins SLICING away at the tape that bonds Molly's wrists...

...all the while keeping an eye on Kwan.

Darla finishes cutting Molly's wrists free.

DARLA

Ok, honey. Do mine, quickly!

Molly grasps the knife and begins to cut the tape around Darla's wrists but as she does so, Kwan stirs...

...sitting up and coming to his senses. He sees the ladies before him, grabs the 357 from his pants. As he raises it to take aim at Darla...

DARLA

Molly!

...Molly, thinking fast, SPRINGS to her feet and FLINGS the KNIFE with all her might at Kwan.

It twirls through the air, SINKING its BLADE into Kwan's right shoulder. He GRIMACES in pain and DROPS the gun.

Darla abducts her arms with all the strength she can muster, her wrists finally BREAKING FREE of the tape.

Kwan BELLOWS as he EXTRACTS the knife with his left hand, while reaching for his GUN with the right.

He picks it up and FIRES at Darla, who DIVES out of the way just in time, even with her legs still bound.

The bullet WHIZZES past Darla and BARELY MISSES Molly, striking the passenger side window, SHATTERING it.

Darla then SPRINGS toward Kwan, GRABBING his gun hand, as he FIRES off another SHOT, this one GRAZING Darla's left bicep.

Kwan, toiling to get up, RAISES the knife to STAB Darla...

...but another SHOT is fired by Nigel, this one STRIKING that very hand, causing Kwan to DROP the KNIFE.

An incredulous Kwan stares at the bloody hole in his hand, then back at Darla just in time to see...

...HER FIST SMASH into with HIS MOUTH.

As a groggy Kwan struggles to get his bearings, Darla SNATCHES up the KNIFE and, GRIPPING it with both hands prepares to PLUNGE it into Kwan's chest...

...but Nigel intercedes as he approaches.

NIGEL

Darla!!

Darla stops and looks up, seeing the man who saved her for the first time.

NIGEL

Your daughter!

Nigel turns his head and nods in Molly's direction.

Darla turns to face her daughter, who sits, leaning against the Camero near the busted window. Tears stream down her face as she, too, pleads with Darla.

MOLLY

Please don't, mom. That's what he  
would do to you....you're better  
than him.

Darla droops her head and exhales with a sigh. She lowers her arms to her sides, still grasping the knife with her left hand.

Kwan begins to come to his senses. Catching this out of the corner of her eye, Darla wheels around and lands a HARD RIGHT HOOK to Kwan's jaw, sending him into Neverland.

Darla then SLICES through the tape that bind her ankles and rushes to Molly. They embrace, crying on each other's shoulder, as a misty-eyed Nigel watches with satisfaction.

INT. BECK MANSION - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

Simon has opened another bottle of liquor and is downing another shot of whiskey at the kitchen counter...

... when the DOORBELL RINGS.

A wide-eyed Simon cocks his head, paranoid about who that could be. In his inebriated condition, he stumbles out of the kitchen, through the living room, and into the foyer...

...leaving his phone and the tracking device on the counter.

He arrives at the front door and PEERS through the peephole. He spies two very fit, uniformed POLICE OFFICERS.

Simon turns around, leaning his back against the door.

SIMON

Oh, shit!  
(to himself)  
Get it together, Simon.

He breathes deeply, slaps himself on the face, turns around, and opens the door calmly.

INT./EXT. BECK MANSION FRONT DOORWAY - NIGHT

SIMON

Well, good evening occifers...  
officers. What can I do you for?

OFFICER 1

Mr. Simon Beck?

SIMON

Yes.

VILLA (OFFICER 1)

I am Officer Jorge Villa. This is my partner, Melvin Shanks. You are a person of interest in a police matter. We are here to escort you to the station for questioning.

SIMON

Police matter? W-what's this about?

VILLA

I am not at liberty to say, sir.

Shanks steps forward, anxious to put in his two-cents worth.

SHANKS

You can come with us willingly...

Shanks then holds up a pair of cuffs.

SHANKS

(grinning)

...or in these. Your choice.

Having had one drink too many, an irrational Simon responds indignantly...and loudly.

SIMON

I know my rights! I don't have to go anywhere with you two twits! Come back when you have a warrant!

Simon slams the door in their face and locks it. He then makes a beeline for his office.

EXT. BECK MANSION FRONT DOORWAY

Villa eyes Shanks disgustedly and frowns, shaking his head.

VILLA

Go 'round back. I'll watch the front.

Shanks grins and hustles toward his destination.

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE

Simon HURRIES to his desk and opens the bottom drawer, only to discover his Beretta missing. He then tries other drawers but to no avail.

SIMON

Dammit!

He then moves his chair and rolls back a swath of carpeting, revealing a floor safe. He punches in the code, opens the door, and stashes his laptop inside.

It then dawns on him that...

KITCHEN

...his cell phone and tracking device are still sitting on the kitchen counter.

OFFICE / HALLWAY / KITCHEN

SIMON

Shit! Shit!

Simon HIGH-TAILS it out of the office, through the hallway, and into the kitchen, only to find...

...OFFICER SHANKS standing just inside the open sliding glass door, arms folded, leaning against a cabinet.

SHANKS

You really shouldn't leave your back door unlocked...invites all kinds o' trouble.

A quick glance at the counter shows no cell phone or tracking device. An irritated Simon ogles Shanks, who sports a Cheshire cat grin.

SHANKS

Missing something?

EXT. BECK MANSION FRONT DRIVEWAY

Shanks escorts Simon, whose wrists are cuffed behind his back, to the police car.

SIMON

You know you can't legally keep either of those devices.

SHANKS

Sure I can - evidence.

SIMON

(incredulously)

Of what? I've not been charged with anything!

SHANKS

Yet.

They have arrived at the police car backseat door. Shanks opens it and, placing a hand on his Simon's shoulder, pushes him down some but sideways with greater force...

SHANKS

Watch your head.

...causing Simon to CLUNK his head on the door frame.

SIMON

Ow! Dammit...  
 (eying Shanks)  
 You did that on purpose!

SHANKS

(snidely)  
 Tell it to the judge.

As the door is slammed, Simon mutters contemptuously to himself.

SIMON

I just might do that.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN - NIGHT

A pair of headlights approach the cabin. Standing outside are Rachel and Luther, who turns to his companion.

LUTHER

You sure you're up for this?

Rachel inhales and exhales deeply, staring first at the headlights and then at Luther. Her facial expression says otherwise but she nods just the same.

Luther's HANDGUN is tucked in Rachel's pants. She reaches behind her back and grasps it.

The vehicle stops about ten yards from the two. The lights stay on. The passenger side doors open and two individuals exit but glare makes it impossible to make them out...

...until they get close enough to block some of the light:

It is Darla and Molly! The latter runs toward Luther.

MOLLY

Daddy!

Luther sighs with relief and crouched down as Molly arrives for a joyful embrace. Darla completes the emotional group hug seconds later. Tears are shed; no more words are spoken.

As Rachel relaxes and lets loose of her piece, the driver's side door opens and a figure emerges. As he encroaches upon the group, Rachel recognizes him and her face lights up.

RACHEL

Nigel!

She runs to Nigel, who also crouches down and receives a big hug from Rachel.

As they embrace, Nigel feels the gun in Rachel's pants and removes it, holding it up to the light to view it, and then returning his gaze to Rachel.

NIGEL  
Whoa, girl...you're packin' heat?

RACHEL  
(nodding)  
We thought you were Kwan.

NIGEL  
(concerned)  
And you were going to shoot him?

RACHEL  
Didn't see as we had much choice.

Nigel shakes his head in disbelief, holding Rachel by the shoulders.

NIGEL  
Rachel, you could have been...  
(beat)  
You are a very brave young lady.

Rachel smiles proudly at first, then gets serious.

RACHEL  
So...where is he?

NIGEL  
Kwan? Tied up in the trunk.

Nigel turns to and addresses the rest of the group.

NIGEL  
I've a feeling we've all got tales to tell. What say we go inside, get some water, and rest a bit before we head back into town.

DARLA  
What about Kwan?

NIGEL  
Leave him. He ain't goin' nowhere.

Darla nods, then introduces Luther to Nigel. They greet and shake hands as the group heads into the cabin.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR - TRUNK

Moonlight piercing the slight crack between the trunk lid and frame partially illuminates...

...Kwan, cramped inside, ankles and wrists tied behind his back with rope, his upper body now clad only in a white muscle shirt. He begins to stir.

Kwan turns his head to and fro, assessing his situation. He then stares briefly at his left hand, which has a rag wrapped around it. He winces as he moves his fingers.

He then lowers his head to his chest, breathes deeply, and seems to put himself in a trance-like state.

He moves his arms downward toward his backside and, with much straining, loops his bonded wrists under his rear end.

Hunching himself into a fetal position, he slips his legs between his body and arms, joints popping, allowing his wrists to now be in front of him.

He feels around for jagged metal and, finding a stretch along the trunk door hinge, begins sliding the rope that binds his wrists along it, back and forth.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Nigel, Luther, Darla, Molly, and Rachel are gathered in the kitchen, getting better acquainted, and reliving some exciting moments.

DARLA

...so Molly flung the knife, as hard and straight as she could. Hit Kwan square in the shoulder. He dropped his gun - which allowed me to get the jump on him.

As everyone cheers and/or applauds, Molly's face turns red.

NIGEL

Witnessed the whole thing. Had to be seen to be believed.

Rachel looks first at Nigel, then at Molly.

RACHEL

Guess I'm not the only brave young lady around here, huh?

An embarrassed Molly takes a moment, then responds.

MOLLY

Rachel, I'm so sorry we did what we did. I hope you can forgive us.

Rachel hugs Molly and she responds in kind.

RACHEL

Already done. Your dad and I hashed things out.

As Luther and Rachel exchange glances and smiles...

...the LIGHTS GO OUT..

EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF THE CABIN

The generator is out of gas and has quit running.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR - TRUNK

Kwan severs the rope around his wrists, then begins kicking (both ankles still tied together) the partition separating him from the back seat. As one last kick punches through...

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The door to the interrogation room at Police HQ swings open and Simon is shoved inside by a cantankerous Shanks. Simon turns to face Shanks, who is at the door, ready to close it.

SIMON

You know you can't keep me here indefinitely...gonna have to charge me with somethin'.

SHANKS

(snarky)

Pretty sure that won't be a problem.

Shanks starts to close the door but stops and peeks back in.

SHANKS

Can I get ya anything? Glass a water, cup o' coffee...a good attorney, maybe?

Shanks smiles smugly at Simon, who is not amused.

SIMON

(sneering)

Funny. I'll represent myself, thank-you very much.

SHANKS

Suit yourself. Cap'n will be in in two shakes.

As Shanks shuts the door behind him...

SIMON

(yelling)

And I want my phone back!

Simon slumps down in a chair, sighs, and cocks his head back, staring at the ceiling.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

Kwan worms his way through the opening he has created and flops into the back seat. He looks around for a weapon...

...and spies a partially hidden tire iron under the front passenger seat, which he snatches up.

He unties the rope around his ankles. Just as he is about to exit the vehicle...

EXT. CABIN - FRONT DOOR

...Luther and Nigel exit the cabin, via the front door, Nigel holding a lantern. They head around to the south side, coming upon the generator.

As Nigel holds the lantern, Luther unscrews the cap on the gas tank, and places a funnel in it. He picks up a gallon container of gas and is about start pouring when...

...a CRUNCHING of TWIGS is heard behind him. They turn...

...to see Kwan, who VICIOUSLY COLD-COCKS Luther upside the head with the tire iron. Luther DROPS the GAS CAN, CRUMBLING to the ground.

Nigel, seeing this, retrieves his GUN from his pants but as he lifts it to aim it at Kwan, another swing of the tire iron - SWACK - dislodges the gun from his hand.

A Kwan backhand with the tire iron misses Nigel as he ducks under it. He drops the lantern and lunges at Kwan, catching him in the chest, and sending them both tumbling.

Falling backwards, Kwan's right hand catches the bough of a small tree, separating him from his weapon.

As the two WRESTLE for position and EXCHANGE BLOWS...

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

...the commotion is heard inside, getting the attention of Darla and the girls, who exchange looks of angst.

DARLA

I'll check it out. You two wait right here.

She steps outside just in time to see Kwan on top of Nigel, pummeling him into submission. She yells out.

DARLA

Kwan!!

EXT. CABIN - FRONT YARD

Kwan stops, holding Nigel by the scruff of the shirt. He releases his grip and Nigel's bloodied face drops to the ground. Kwan turns to Darla.

KWAN

You wish to be next?

DARLA

Already kicked your ass once. I'll do it again.

KWAN

Hmmm...we shall see.

Kwan stands and walks over to the wood pile. He plucks Nigel's gun off the ground and aims it at Darla as he inches closer to her.

As she raises her arms, a barely conscious Nigel can be seen, struggling to scoot over to the tire iron.

DARLA

Not really a fair fight...you  
having a gun and me not.

KWAN

(smiling evilly)  
Who said anything about fighting  
fair?

As Kwan prepares to pull the trigger, he is struck in the side by the tire iron, flung by Nigel.

Kwan grimaces in pain, still sore from the earlier bullet that didn't penetrate the jacket but cracked a rib.

Kwan aims his pistol at Nigel, then glances back at Darla.

KWAN

You see, woman...

Kwan returns his gaze to Nigel and pulls back the hammer.

KWAN

...I play to win!

BLAM! A shot is fired! A wide-eyed, horrified Kwan contorts in pain, holding his right side as he refaces the cabin.

Standing at the door is RACHEL, holding in both hands the PISTOL she wielded earlier, looking more resolute than ever.

RACHEL

So do I!

BLAM! Rachel FIRES again. This BULLET STRIKES Kwan in the CHEST, sending him REELING.

He STAGGERS backwards a few steps before COLLAPSING to the ground, KNOCKING over the LANTERN, and IGNITING the GAS spilled earlier by the dropped can.

In moments, the whole area is ENGULFED in FLAMES!

Molly hustles out the door and runs to Darla, hugging her tightly. She then panics when she doesn't see Luther.

MOLLY

Mom, where's Dad?

Darla sees movement near the flames and HUSTLES toward it, Molly in HOT PURSUIT..

They find Luther, BARELY CONSCIOUS, and DRAG him away from the flames, PATTING out his pant leg, which had CAUGHT FIRE.

DARLA

We gotta go! This whole place is gonna burn!

As Rachel observes Kwan's body burn and the fire spread to the wood pile and the cabin wall, what she has done begins to sink in. She DROPS the GUN and begins to WEEP...

...but her cry is short-lived when she SPIES Nigel STRUGGLING to ESCAPE the encroaching FLAMES. She RUSHES to his aid and, upon arriving, tries to help him to his feet...

...but cannot, as he is too HEAVY and too GROGGY to stand on his own. Darla notices and barks out a command.

DARLA

Molly, help Rachel get Nigel to the car! I got your dad!

Molly nods and assists Rachel in getting Nigel upright. The five then HOBBLE to Nigel's car.

An EXPLOSION occurs at the cabin, SHOOTING FLAMES into the sky and EMBERS in every direction, some of which land at the feet of Molly and Rachel...

...as they help Nigel into the passenger side front seat, then turn their attention to Luther, assisting him into the back seat...

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

...as Darla SCRAMBLES around to the front. She SLIDES into the driver's seat, Nigel hands her the key, she puts it in the ignition, and fires up the engine.

As Rachel and Molly PILE into the back with Luther, Molly SHOUTS to her mom...

MOLLY

We're in, mom - go!!

Nigel's car speeds away from the cabin as another EXPLOSION LIGHTS UP the night sky like a New Year's FIREWORKS display.

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

The room's only occupant, Simon sits in his chair, head in his arms, which rest on the table. Just then...

...the door opens, and in walks CAPTAIN PALANI CHO, Hawaiian, 45, large and imposing. Simon lifts his head and the two acknowledge each other.

CHO

Beck.

SIMON

Cho.

Cho circles around the table, eyeing Simon.

CHO

Your wife tells us you've been a very naughty boy.

Simon shakes his head disgustedly.

SIMON

(under his breath)

Of course...figures.

Cho sees Simon speak but didn't catch the words.

CHO

What was that, Beck? Gonna have to speak up. I'm a little hard of hearing, you know.

SIMON

I said...she's a drunk...and a prescription drug addict...subject to delusions.

CHO

Really? Did she imagine this?

Cho, at the opposite end of the table, slides the TRACKING DEVICE. It comes to rest directly in front of Simon, displaying the GPS program he was using to track Darla.

SIMON

(playing dumb)

What am I lookin' at?

CHO

Don't be coy, Beck.

(beat)

This is the GPS device, furnished to you by one Nigel Malone...

INT. BECK MANSION - KITCHEN [FLASHBACK]

Nigel slides the device across the table to Simon.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Cho strolls around the table slowly as he continues.

CHO

...to help you track the whereabouts of your daughter's kidnappers, known only to your wife as...Darla and Molly.

INT. BECK MANSION - OFFICE [FLASHBACK]

Darla, with Molly by her side, confront Andrea in Simon's office.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Cho is now leaning forward, hands on the table.

CHO  
So how 'bout you fill in the  
blanks, Beck?

Simon stares at Cho, smirking.

SIMON  
How 'bout I take the 5th, Cho?

Cho slams one hand on the table and gets in Simon's face.

CHO  
(raising his voice)  
Your daughter's life is at risk and  
this is how you want to play it?

Cho stands up, walks a few steps away from Simon, then turns to face him again.

CHO  
I got two black and whites bound  
for the coordinates of that dot.  
(beat)  
What are they up against, Beck?

Beck remains stoic and smirks at Cho, who stares back at Simon for a moment, then strides to the door, opening it, and SLAMMING it shut as he departs.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD NORTH OF THE HIGHWAY

The two aforementioned police cars have just exited the highway and are traveling north on the county road.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

The five are solemn and quiet. Nigel rests. Molly gazes with grave concern at an unconscious Luther, holding one of his hands and applying a tampex to his head wound.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Nigel's car approaches Kwan's Z-28 on the side of the road and slows to a stop beside it.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

MOLLY  
Mom, why'd we stop?

Darla turns to face Molly.

DARLA  
Need that flash drive. Where'd you  
hide it?

MOLLY  
Oh...peel back the plastic molding  
around the door handle.

DARLA  
(nodding)  
Be right back.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

Darla hustles toward the Jeep.

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

Molly watches her mother out the window for a moment, then  
turns to Rachel, concerned about her.

MOLLY  
Rachel...it's ok to call your dad  
and let him know you're safe.

Rachel turns to Molly with a blank expression.

RACHEL  
Don't know what I'd say. Kinda been  
in a daze since...

Rachel's voice trails off and she begins to tear up. Molly  
embraces her and she hugs back tightly.

INT. DARLA'S CAR

Darla RIPS away the plastic on the passenger side door near  
the handle, exposing the FLASH DRIVE!

INT. NIGEL'S CAR

Rachel and Molly continue their teary-eyed embrace.

RACHEL  
I shot a man! And killed him!

MOLLY  
An evil man...who woulda killed us  
if you hadn't.

Rachel breaks the embrace and stares at Molly glumly.

RACHEL  
A man...hired...by my dad.

INT./EXT. NIGEL'S CAR

Darla arrives back at the car and pops her head in, displaying the flash drive.

DARLA  
Got it!

Suddenly, they become bathed in light, courtesy of the headlamps of the police cars that have just arrived.

Darla quickly turns to face the light, shielding her eyes.

A booming, blow horn-like voice is then heard.

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)  
This is the police! You, beside the car...kneel on the ground, hands clasped behind your head!

Molly and Rachel gaze with frightened looks, first at each other, then at Darla, who kneels to the ground...

...as the officers approach, GUNS DRAWN.

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Simon sits at his same seat at the table, head resting in his right hand as he drums his left hand fingers.

Just then, the door opens and Cho enters.

CHO  
If you won't talk to me, maybe you'll talk to your wife.

Andrea enters. She briefly glimpses Simon, then turns away.

SIMON  
(angrily)  
Now that you've stabbed me in the back, you could at least look me in the eye!

Andrea faces Simon and does just that.

ANDREA  
You know, Simon, you brought all this on yourself!

Simon stands and responds back defiantly, raising his voice.

SIMON  
I was trying to get my daughter back!!

ANDREA  
 (raising her voice)  
 So you hired a hit man?

SIMON  
 (indignant)  
 I did no such thing!

ANDREA  
 But you did! I heard it all!  
 (beat)  
 When you told me to leave the room,  
 Simon, I just went around the  
 corner. You talked to somebody you  
 called the judge. You told him to  
 get his best guy...that money was  
 no object!

As Simon slumps back in his chair, stunned, Cho intercedes.

CHO  
 I'm guessing that reference is to  
 Judge Ebenezer Sewell. Care to  
 confirm that, Beck?

Simon remains defiant as he answers Cho.

SIMON  
 I'm not answering any more  
 questions. Either charge me with  
 something, or release me.

Cho paces for a moment, then turns back around, placing both hands on the table, and getting in Simon's face again.

CHO  
 Look, Beck, we know Sewell's  
 involved in all sorts of nefarious  
 activities. We just don't have the  
 evidence to charge him. He's too  
 cunning...too careful.  
 (beat)  
 You help us bring him down...we  
 just might go easy on ya. You don't  
 ...you'll be breakin' rocks 'fore  
 you know it. I promise you that!

Just then, a knock on the door is heard. It opens just enough for a young, butch-looking female officer - YOLI ZAPATA - to stick her head in and addresses Cho.

ZAPATA  
 Sir, the kidnappers have been  
 captured!

Simon's face lights up. He excitedly responds.

SIMON  
 What about Rachel? Is she...?

ZAPATA  
 (to Simon)  
 She's safe...and unharmed.

As Simon sighs with relief, Zapata faces Cho again.

ZAPATA  
 Two individuals were badly injured.  
 An ambulance has been dispatched.  
 But the victim and two of her  
 abductors are on route - should be  
 here in a few minutes.

CHO  
 Thank-you, Zapata.

Cho turns to face Beck, smirking.

CHO  
 Well, Beck, looks like we're  
 gettin' to the bottom of this one  
 way or the other...and I don't see  
 this ending well for you.  
 (turns to Zapata)  
 Zapata, kindly escort Mr. Beck to  
 the holding tank. Grab another  
 uniform on the way.

ZAPATA  
 (confidently)  
 Oh, I got this, sir.

Zapata grabs a suddenly troubled Beck by the bicep and roughly ushers him out of the room.

EXT. CRASH SITE OFF THE COUNTY ROAD

An ambulance pulls up next to Darla's SUV. Paramedics exit the vehicle and hustle to its rear, opening the doors, and extracting a gurney.

Smoke rising from the burning cabin catches the attention of one of them. He points toward it as the other paramedic and the two officers turn their gaze in that direction.

The officers return to their car and speed off toward it.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS

The cabin continues to blaze, lighting the night sky all around it. Headlights approach in the distance.

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (EARLY AM)

As Cho sits at the table jotting down some notes, two officers escort Rachel, Molly, and Darla into the room, the latter of whom is still cuffed.

As Cho rises to greet them, the female officer, LUCY AMES, 25, fit, assertive, comes forward and hands something to Cho, who acknowledges her, then faces the others.

CHO

I am Captain Palani Cho.

(beat)

I understand you three have had quite a night.

(motions to the table)

Please...sit.

All do, but for the officers, who stand guard at the door.

CHO

Gonna need a statement from each of you separately. But while I have all three of you here...

Opening his hand reveals a scrunched up latex glove. He turns it inside out, dumping the flash drive on the table.

CHO

...who would like to tell me about the contents of this flash drive?

As Molly and Rachel look at each other anxiously, Darla speaks up.

DARLA

It contains files we extracted from Simon's laptop. They should implicate him in a host of unsavory activities, including evidence tampering in the Luther Grimes manslaughter case.

CHO

You obtained these files legally?

Darla expression turns dour and she says nothing.

CHO

I'm assuming you went to school long enough to know this won't be admissible in a court of law.

Darla squirms as her expression change to one of surprise.

CHO

Yes, Ms. Evans, we've done our homework. We know about you and Beck. That said, if those files can get me the answers I seek, I'll take your silence as a "yes".

Cho picks the drive up with the glove, turns to Ames and motions to her to approach Cho. She does.

CHO  
Get this to the crime lab. I want  
it analyzed asap.

Ames nods and takes the drive. As he leaves, Darla addresses Cho with a different concern.

DARLA  
Mr. Cho, two of our companions were  
badly injured. What of them?

EXT. REDDING HOSPITAL - NIGHT (EARLY AM)

An ambulance pulls into the circle in front of the emergency ward of the hospital. Two paramedics exit the vehicle, go around to the back, and open the door.

First, one gurney (with Luther), and then another (with Nigel), is transported out the back of the ambulance. Both are hurriedly wheeled into the ward.

EXT. CABIN - FRONT YARD

As the two previously-seen officers watch helplessly, two FIRE ENGINES RUMBLE on to the scene, SIRENS BLARING, as as the CABIN FIRE RAGES, setting nearby TREES ABLAZE.

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - MONTAGE

- Cho sits in the interrogation room, first with Darla, taking notes as she recounts the evenings events.

- He then does the same with Molly...

END OF MONTAGE.

INTERROGATION ROOM

...and then Rachel, listening intently as spins her tale.

RACHEL  
Luther grabbed my wrist just as the  
root snapped and lifted me to  
safety. He saved my life.

Cho stares at Rachel for a moment, digesting it all.

CHO  
Luther, your kidnapper, saved you?

Rachel nods.

CHO  
The man that you earlier...  
(checks his notes)  
...kicked in the crotch and knocked  
unconscious with a blow to the  
head, using the arm of a chair...  
(MORE)

CHO (cont'd)

(beat)

That Luther?

Rachel nods again, though not as convincingly as before.

Just then, there's a knock at the door and Zapata peeks in.

ZAPATA

Sir, fire trucks have been  
dispatched to contain a blaze near  
Whiskeytown Lake.

Cho turns to Rachel.

CHO

The cabin?

As Rachel nods, Zapata addresses Cho once more.

ZAPATA

There's more. A body was found.

Cho, raising his eyebrows and sporting a suspicious look  
turns back toward Rachel.

CHO

Let me guess. You were just about  
to tell me of this.

An anxious Rachel doesn't answer, unsure of what to say.

CHO

(to Zapata)

Bring in the other two.

(to Rachel)

This body have a name?

As Zapata departs, Rachel finally speaks up.

RACHEL

Kwan.

Cho is taken aback by the revelation.

CHO

Kwan? Hitomi Kwan?

RACHEL

Don't know. He referred to himself  
only as Kwan.

CHO

Oriental chap?

As Rachel nods, Zapata ushers in Molly and Darla.

CHO  
Obsessed with blades? Swords,  
knives...?

RACHEL  
I don't know.

Darla seizes the opportunity to take the focus off Rachel.

DARLA  
I do. Never saw a sword but he had  
a knife.  
(points to her face)  
Gave me these cuts.

CHO  
So you would have me believe that  
the number one guy on our most  
wanted list is dead, thanks to you?

DARLA  
(shaking her head)  
Not thanks to me.

Cho turns to Molly, who subtly nods and glances at Rachel.  
Cho directs his gaze at her in disbelief.

CHO  
You?

Rachel is now just slightly offended and pulls herself out  
of her funk.

RACHEL  
Ya, me. Shot him twice - once in  
the side, once in the chest.  
Knocked a kerosene lamp into a can  
o' gas when he fell. That's what  
started the fire.

Cho pauses to take it all in, shaking his head.

CHO  
If what you say is true...

Cho squats down to be at eye level with Rachel and grabs her  
by the shoulders.

CHO  
Songs are gonna be sung about you!  
Maybe not elsewhere...but here.  
(beat)  
I think it's time we pay your  
father a visit.

HOLDING TANK

Zapata escorts Molly and Darla just behind Cho and Rachel as  
the fivesome come upon the holding tank.

Simon is sleeping, hunched over in a corner, head between his legs.

CHO  
Beck! Got a visitor!

Simon rouses and sleepily turns toward Cho but snaps to when he sees Rachel, jumping to his feet and rushing to where she stands, extending his arms through the bars.

SIMON  
Rachel! Oh thank God you're safe!

Rachel stands just out of reach and makes to effort to come closer as she eyes Simon sadly but says nothing.

SIMON  
Please, honey! Please talk to me!

Rachel stands silent. A solitary tear rolls down one cheek.

Simon then turns to Darla, anger replacing desperation.

SIMON  
(pointing)  
You did this! You turned my  
daughter against me!

Rachel finally speaks up.

RACHEL  
No dad. You did...when you hired  
that evil man...who I had to shoot  
...to keep him from killing Nigel!

SIMON  
(confused)  
Nigel? What? I don't understand.

Just then, Ames hustles into the area, out of breath.

AMES  
Boss! The lab has processed much of  
what's on that flash drive.  
(catching her breath)  
It's enough to take down Beck...and  
the judge!

Cho smiles wryly, then turns to Simon.

CHO  
Shoulda taken the deal, Beck.

SIMON  
(indignant)  
You and I both know that evidence  
was obtained without a warrant. It  
won't stand up in court.

CHO

Maybe not, but your daughter's testimony will. You really think there's a jury in the world that will take your word...

(points to Rachel)

...over hers?

As Simon sighs and hangs his head, Rachel steps forward.

RACHEL

If you want any chance of me forgiving you, you're gonna do...

(holds up 3 fingers)

...three things for me.

Simon finally appears thoroughly defeated and nods his head solemnly.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY (MORNING)

The sun is just now rising behind a backdrop of buildings...

...as Darla, Molly, and Rachel, escorted by Ames, step outside the police station.

DARLA

I can't believe Simon dropped all the charges.

(turns to Ames)

Are we really free to go?

AMES

(nodding)

Well, as long as you don't go far. There are inquiries and hearings you're bound to still be part of. And, of course, all three of you will be subpoenaed to testify once trials begin.

MOLLY

So what now?

AMES

Your car has been impounded - evidence. But I'm authorized to take you anywhere you like.

MOLLY

The hospital! I'm worried about my dad...

RACHEL

...and Nigel!

AMES

We can, but I called over there while you were being processed. Nigel and Luther are still both in the ICU. We can go, but you won't be able to see 'em yet.

DARLA

Then I know where we're going.

INT./EXT. THE EUREKA WAY WELLNESS CENTER - DAY (MONTAGE)

- PARKING LOT: The police car pulls into it. The foursome exit the vehicle and walk toward the entrance.

- FOYER: The foursome walk through the door and right past the metal detector. The security guard gets up to object. Ames, hand on his shoulder, sits him right back down.

- RECEPTION DESK / HALLWAY: The foursome cruise past the front desk and down the hallway, ignoring a very animated and upset Szcznesiak.

- EMILY'S ROOM: Emily, a light sleeper, is in her bed and stirs when she hears the beep of a door key card being used.

She sits up and faces the door as it opens. First in is...

...RACHEL. She spots her mom and joyfully runs to her.

Emily's eyes tear as she hops out of bed and kneels down to receive her daughter with open arms. They gleefully hug...

...as the others enter. Darla and Molly join the group hug as Ames watches with contentment.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. WELLNESS CENTER RECEPTION AREA

The fivesome approach the front desk. Ames sends the others out as she walks toward the unruly receptionist, coming face to face with her at the front desk.

SZCZNESIAK

You can't just barge in her like you own the place and take one of the patients out!

AMES

(smiling deviously)  
I think I just did.

Szcznesiak gets on the phone.

AMES

Who ya callin'- the police?

SZCZNESIAK

No, smart-ass, Mr. Beck!

AMES

Oh...then you are calling the  
police....have a nice day!

Ames grins and waves as she departs, leaving Szcznesiak dumbfounded and the security guard scowling.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

As Sewell ascends the steps leading up to the courthouse, he notices two officers waiting to greet him at the door.

As Sewell attempts to slide past them and open the door, Shanks stops him.

SHANKS

Where do you think you're goin'?

JUDGE SEWELL

My chambers. Do you know who I am?

SHANKS

Sure do.

Shanks spins Sewell around, forcing his wrists behind his back, and cuffing them.

JUDGE SEWELL

(outraged)

What is the meaning of this?

VILLA

Ebenezer Sewell, you are under  
arrest...

JUDGE SEWELL

On what charge?

SHANKS

Conspiracy to commit murder...but  
I'd love to add resisting arrest,  
so, by all means, resist!

Sewell sneers at the two as he is escorted down the steps of the courthouse to a waiting police car as onlookers gawk.

Shanks opens the back door and pulls his same prank, forcing into the back seat an agitated Sewell, who CLUNKS his head.

JUDGE SEWELL

Ow...you did that on purpose!

Shanks and Villa snicker as they fist bump.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGEL'S ROOM

Black becomes light (from Nigel's POV). A fuzzy picture comes into focus, revealing Darla, Molly, and Rachel.

Nigel, multiple tubes emanating from him, is groggy and heavily bandaged but manages a half grin when he sees them.

NIGEL  
(with difficulty)  
Well...you three...are a sight  
...for sore eyes.

Rachel leans over and hugs Nigel, who winces.

NIGEL  
Easy there, angel.

Rachel backs off and apologizes.

RACHEL  
I'm sorry, Nigel.

NIGEL  
That's...alright. Any other time...  
I'd welcome...one o' your hugs.

Nigel then notices Emily standing back a ways with Ames.

NIGEL  
Emily?

Emily comes forward reluctantly.

EMILY  
Hello, Nigel.

NIGEL  
You're out. That's...um...  
(beat)  
Emily...I can't even begin to  
apologize...I thought it was...for  
your own good.

EMILY  
At the time, it was. I needed to go  
...I just didn't need to stay...not  
this long anyway.

Everyone but Nigel peers at Emily, confused by her last statement. She notices and replies.

EMILY  
Nigel assisted Simon in committing  
me. He thought he was doing the  
right thing...getting me help.

NIGEL

My heart may have been in the right place...but that doesn't excuse my actions...I am truly sorry, Emily.

After an uneasy pause in the conversation, Rachel speaks up.

RACHEL

Doctor says you're gonna make a full recovery.

Nigel forces that half grin again, addressing Rachel.

NIGEL

I wouldn't even be alive right now ...if it wasn't for you.

As Rachel blushes, Nigel turns to Emily.

NIGEL

Your daughter's quite the heroine. She saved us all.

Emily smiles proudly, hugging Rachel. Another short, uncomfortable silence ensues, which Darla interrupts.

DARLA

Nigel, it's us who should be thanking you. If you hadn't come when you did, Molly and I...

(beat)

Why? Your loyalties are to Simon. Why help us?

Nigel gets introspective for a few seconds, then responds.

NIGEL

There was a time...many years ago ...when I was Kwan. I've done things I'm not proud of...things I'll never reveal...to anyone.

(beat)

No more innocent people were going to die because of something I did.

Just then, Ames gets a call on her radio, drawing everyone's attention to her. She steps out of the room to answer it.

Nigel, using that distraction, changes the subject.

NIGEL

Molly...

Molly turns to face him. He reaches out and takes her hand.

NIGEL

How's your father?

MOLLY  
We haven't seen him yet.

NIGEL  
(squeezing her hand)  
Then you best go do that.

As Molly nods, Nigel addresses the others.

NIGEL  
That goes for the rest o' ya, too.  
(beat)  
Haven't seen my face yet but I'm  
guessin' I need all the beauty rest  
I can get....so off with ya!

Rachel gives Nigel one last hug, careful not to touch anything tender. They say their goodbyes, wave, and depart.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

As the group steps out into the hallway, they are greeted by a nurse.

NURSE  
Excuse me. The officer you were  
with asked me to tell you that she  
had to answer a call but would be  
back later.  
(beat)  
Also, Mr. Grimes is out of the ICU.  
He's still unconscious but is in  
his own room. I'll take you there.

Everyone nods with relief and follows her down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL - LUTHER'S ROOM

The foursome follow the nurse into Luther's room.

Luther's eyes are closed; his head is bandaged. Machines monitor his vital via the wires connected to him. Tubes run out of his arms and into bags hanging from a stand.

Darla and Molly are taken aback by the sight and gasp...

...as does Emily, but her expression is not shock, but surprise, as if she knows Luther but can't quite place him.

EMILY  
Uh, you three...um...I'm gonna get  
some coffee. Darla, you want a cup?

DARLA  
(eying Emily warily)  
Please...extra caffeine.

Emily nods and departs, leaving Darla a bit suspicious.

They all turn their attention to Luther as they gather around his bed.

MOLLY  
 (to the nurse)  
 Ma'am? When will my dad wake up?

NURSE  
 Well, young lady, the question is not just when...it's if. The blow to the head Mr. Grimes sustained should have...  
 (beat)  
 Well, he's fortunate to be alive.  
 (beat)  
 So...I don't know...no one does.

Darla opens her arms and Rachel and Molly come over to receive hugs as the three stare sadly at Luther.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

An exterior view of the hospital...

EXT. SHASTA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

...morphs into a similar view of a bustling courthouse.

SUPERIMPOSE: Four months later

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is standing room only as its occupants listen intently to the testimony of...

...SIMON BECK, who sits at the witness stand, regurgitating details of a certain fateful evening.

PROSECUTOR  
 Recount, as best you can, the events of the night Luther Grimes was arrested.

Simon hesitates, fidgeting, gazing upon the mass of people.

He spies RACHEL, sitting with Darla, Molly, and Emily. Rachel gives him a stern look and holds up the same "three-finger" gesture she gave him at the police station.

Simon bites his lip, mustering the courage to do what he knows he must. He sighs, clears his throat, and begins.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

- THE TAVERN: Simon at a table with a couple of associates. They toast. Then he downs his bourbon shot.

SIMON (V.O.)

Some associates and I had stopped  
by The Tavern for drinks after work  
to celebrate a case victory.

- SIMON'S CAR: Simon heads home, the lonely road which leads  
to his exclusive subdivision, viewed through his windshield.  
Simon's phone beeps. He attempts to pick it up...

SIMON (V.O.)

On my way home, I received a text.  
I reached for my phone but instead  
knocked it to the floor.

...but, in his inebriated condition, drops it. Trying to  
keep his eye on the road, he fishes around on the floorboard  
with his free hand for the phone.

SIMON (V.O.)

I fished around for it, trying to  
keep my eyes on the road, but to no  
avail. I looked down, just for a  
moment and spotted it.

Simon looks down to the floorboard and spies it. As he  
reaches for it...

Simon's car swerves just far enough to the right to tread  
onto the shoulder...

...SMASHING into something with a jarring jolt that sends  
Simon springing upright. He slams on the brakes.

SIMON (V.O.)

Just as I snatched it up, my car  
plowed into...something big. I hit  
the brakes and pulled over.

- THE ROAD NEAR THE CAR: Simon gets out of his car and  
hurries toward the body.

SIMON (V.O.)

I got out and rushed to...the body  
of Milo Jenkins. He just laid there  
...bathed in my headlights...all  
bloody...not moving.

Simon drags Milo's body to his car and dumps him in the  
trunk.

SIMON (V.O.)

I panicked...dragged his body back  
to my car, stuffed it into my  
trunk, and drove off.

- CR 20: Simon drives across town and onto CR 20.

SIMON (V.O.)

I drove...and drove...trying to decide what to do. Figured I'd dump the body where no one would think me a suspect. Ended up on CR 20.

Simon pulls on to the shoulder and stops. He makes sure no one is coming from either direction, then opens the trunk and pulls the body out, leaving it by the side of the road.

SIMON (V.O.)

I pulled over...made sure the coast was clear...got the body out o' my trunk...and dumped it there.

Simon stares at the body a moment, then kneels down and feels in pants and shirt pockets, finally finding his phone.

SIMON (V.O.)

Then I searched his pockets, found his phone and, pretending to be him, called 911.

Simon calls 911 from Milo's phone. Then wipes his prints and sticks the phone in Milo's hand.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - DAY

Simon continues his testimony.

SIMON

Then...I just...drove off.

(beat)

Luther Grimes was...in the wrong place at the wrong time. Showed up at the scene same time the troopers did. He didn't kill Milo. I did.

Simon hangs his head in shame. The prosecutor comes closer.

PROSECUTOR

Didn't your car sustain damage?

SIMON

Oh, sure. But with power comes privilege. Had the damage repaired the next day. Trunk swept clean, too. Extra money under the table kept everything hush hush.

The prosector nods and approached the bench.

PROSECUTOR

No further questions, your honor.

The honorable Judge NATHAN SAMUELSON, 55, grey, wise in appearance and demeanor, turns and addresses Simon.

JUDGE SAMUELSON

Mr. Beck, since you have elected to represent yourself, do you wish to make a statement before I excuse the jury?

Simon looks at the judge then out at the sea of people, focusing briefly on Rachel, who simply smiles and nods.

SIMON

I committed a crime...and now I must pay restitution. I hope that some day...those dear to me...those I hurt the most...will find it in their heart...to forgive me.

As the judge speaks in the background, the focus is on the four ladies: Molly hugging Darla. Rachel and Emily doing the same, the latter two teary-eyed, especially Rachel.

JUDGE SAMUELSON (O.C.)

(muffled)

The jury will now deliberate the fate of the defendant and will not return until a unanimous verdict has been reached...

As the sound of the judge's voice fades, so do the images of Rachel and Molly, leaving Darla and Emily by themselves. The backdrop gradually morphs from the courtroom...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

...to a bench in the hallway outside of Luther's room in the hospital. Darla seems concerned; Emily annoyed.

EMILY

So tell me again...well, actually, for the first time...why we're here to see Luther without the girls?

DARLA

I wanted to have a conversation, just the two of us. Somethin's been on my mind for some time now...

EMILY

(curiously)

And what would that be?

DARLA

Molly found a document on Simon's laptop...a paternity test.

Emily tries to hide the angst in her face but it is evident.

DARLA

Emily...Simon isn't Rachel's biological father, is he?

Emily seems stunned at first. She swallows hard.

EMILY  
No...he isn't.

DARLA  
Do you know who is?

Emily stares into her lap, shaking her head.

EMILY  
I don't.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE [FLASHBACK]

- BECK MANSION - KITCHEN: Simon and Emily argue heatedly. She throws a glass at him, then marches off in a huff.

EMILY (V.O.)  
I had discovered yet another of Simon's mistresses. I confronted him. There was yelling...screaming ...things were thrown...I stormed off, determined to hurt Simon the way he hurt me.

- THE TAVERN: Emily is at the bar. After a few drinks, she slides over a bar stool and cozies up to an unseen patron.

EMILY (V.O.)  
I drove to a local pub. Got stinky drunk. Seduced some guy I met at the bar.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Emily continues...

EMILY  
Never saw him before. Haven't seen him since.

DARLA  
Until four months ago. In that room.

Emily's face grows pale as Darla points to Luther's room.

EMILY  
What? No! What are you...

DARLA  
I saw your face, Emily. We all gasped. But our expression was shock. Yours was one of surprise ...and recognition.

EMILY  
 (flustered)  
 This is ridiculous! You know I  
 would never do such a thing!

DARLA  
 Knowingly...and sober...of course  
 not. But couple alcohol with your  
 state of mind at the time...

EMILY  
 Ok, look. Maybe Luther did seem  
 familiar. But, thanks to all the  
 meds I was force-fed at the  
 sanitarium, I get that feeling a  
 lot. It doesn't mean anything!

Just then, a nurse exits Luther's room and addresses Darla.

NURSE  
 You can see him now.

Darla turns to Emily.

DARLA  
 Then let's go see him, right now.  
 Get a blood sample. Check his DNA.  
 Let's find out for sure.

Emily shakes her head, trepidation etched on her face.

EMILY  
 No...I'm sorry...I just...I can't.

Emily turns and strides away down the hall away from Darla,  
 who droops and shakes her head, sighing deeply.

DARLA  
 (to herself)  
 Ok...that went well.

LUTHER'S ROOM

Darla enters and walks over to Luther's bed. She takes his  
 hand in one of hers, caressing his hair with the other.

DARLA  
 Time to wake up, baby. Molly needs  
 her father. Hell, Rachel could use  
 one, too.  
 (beat)  
 Things were crazy back then. I  
 don't blame you. Just...please,  
 please...come back to me.

Darla starts to leave, but spies a cotton swab. She looks  
 around and finds a small plastic bag. She takes the Q-tip  
 and swabs inside Luther's mouth...

DARLA  
 (to herself)  
 Sorry, Emily. I have to know.

She places the Q-tip in the bag, seals it, stuffs it in her pocket, and hastily departs the room...

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

...hurrying down the hall to find Emily.

LUTHER'S ROOM

Luther lies in his bed, alone in the room. Suddenly, the equipment monitoring his brain waves show a slight UPTICK in activity!

Luther's face twitches and his eyes can be seen moving under his eyelids.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE [DREAM]

- THE TAVERN: The earlier view of Emily at the bar is repeated, but this time from LUTHER'S POV.

Emily slides over to the adjacent bar stool, smiling wryly, placing her hand on his. Milo Jenkins can faintly be seen at the end of the bar, eying the two.

- MAUDIES: Emily morphs into Milo, whose smug expression is in stark contrast to Emily's.

MILO  
 Got my money yet?

Luther shakes his head no.

MILO  
 You got til Friday. I don't get my money? That bitch o' yours gonna find out you been two-timin' her!

Luther pushes him. Milo pushes back. Luther takes a swing but missed. Milo's punch hits Luther square in the face.

END OF DREAM.

LUTHER'S ROOM

Luther's face contorts as memories flood his mind.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE [DREAM]

- LUTHER'S CAR: Luther, now in the front seat of his car, looks up from his lap just as he strikes...

...a HUGE BUCK. Luther screeches to a halt and gets out of his car. He briefly glimpses the buck SCRAMBLE to its feet and SCURRY away.

He examines the damage to his car. As he is returning to the driver's side, he hears a faint cry.

VOICE (O.C.)

Help me...please...

Luther turns around and walks in the direction of the voice. There at the end of his headlight beams lies Milo Jenkins!

He is bloodied and breathing with difficulty. He has his wits just enough to recognize who he sees.

MILO

Luther...ya gotta help me!

Luther just stares at him.

MILO

Please, Luther...call 911.

Luther reaches down and takes Milo by the shoulders, lifting him up, and then...

...SLAMMING Milo's head on the pavement! He REPEATS it AGAIN and AGAIN, until Milo shows no signs of life.

Just then, sirens can be heard and Luther is bathed in the light of the oncoming state trooper vehicle headlamps.

END OF DREAM.

INT. HOSPITAL - LUTHER'S ROOM

Luther's EYES SPRING WIDE OPEN and he SITS STRAIGHT UP in bed, SWEATING and PANTING.

LUTHER

Son-of-a...

FADE OUT.

THE END