

THE DEPUTY

Written by

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STRUM UND DRANG:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A new day dawns over a small, forgetable town.

A Sheriff's cruiser travels at a leisurly pace down tree lined streets, past a trailer park in various states of disrepair.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY SAM, 29, a few chicken fried steaks past svelt, hair a little too long, with a thread bare attempt at a mustache... bully foder, drives with the window down.

A young couple is being led down the sidewalk by their canine companion. Sam waves and calls out--

DEPUTY SAM
Morning folks.

The couple clock the Deputy with a sour look and ignore the gesture, continuing on their way.

Oblivious, Sam drives away, enjoying the morning drive.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

A Sheriff's cruiser is parked in front of a quaint but unkempt church.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL, 59, a leader of men, fair but imposing, slides out of the car, a folded piece of paper clutched in his fist and a scowl on his face.

He throws a look to two teenagers leaning against the side of the building and proceeds up to the front door with purpose. He knocks and waits--

No answer. He frowns and gives the door one hard whack, then walks around the building to the teenagers.

A boy, GIBBY, 13, and a girl, KIMMY, 14, are huddled together, looking at Gibby's phone, unaware of the Sheriff's presence.

Kimmy pulls a few dollars out of her pocket and flips through them.

KIMMY
Text him again.

GIBBY
I just did, like two seconds ago--

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Shouldn't you two be headed to
school?

GIBBY KIMMY
Shit! Jesus christ!

Gibby shoves the phone back in his pocket, nervous. Kimmy does the same with the cash.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
Yeah, we were just waiting for a friend.

GIBBY
Guesse he's not coming, so... we're gonna go--

Gibby grabs Kimmy's arm and drags her away.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL

The kids stop--

SHERIFF BRIMMEL (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll give you a ride.

GIBBY
No, that's cool, we like to walk...
thanks!

They both speed-walk away.

The Sheriff throws an annoyed look to the church and walks back to his car. He slides in and tosses the crumpled paper onto the seat next to him.

EXT. DINER - MORNING

Two men stand in front of the local diner--

MIKEY TREMAINE, 30, a cretin, dog hater, watches his childhood buddy, BILLY CRICKETT, 28, what he lacks in brains he makes up for in girth, sweep the entryway.

A Sheriff's cruiser pulls up and parks. Deputy Sam climbs out and heads to the door.

DEPUTY SAM
Morning gentlemen.

Mikey and Billy throw Sam dark looks.

MICKEY TREMAINE
Dick head.

Billy flips him the bird as he passes. Sam is oblivious.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Brimmel sits at the counter. Sam slides onto the stool next to him with a nod.

TREMONT TREMAINE, 56, Mikey's father, owner of the diner, perpetually angry and looking for someone to take it out on, stands behind the register. He gives Sam a sour look.

A waitress steps out of the kitchen with a coffee pot in hand-

SOPHIA TREMAINE, 27, Tremont's daughter, quiet-out of necessity and, through no fault of her own, born into the wrong family... and a female.

Sophia fills Sam's coffee cup with a genuine smile.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Hi, Sam.

DEPUTY SAM
Beautiful sunrise this morning,
Sophia. You see it?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Through the window... It's a big day.

DEPUTY SAM
I suppose.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
You fella's gonna have the usual?

DEPUTY SAM
Yes, please.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Sure.

She walks away with a smile. The Sheriff nudges him with an elbow.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL (CONT'D)
She's a nice girl, Sam, and a
capable waitress. Don't wait too
long.

Sam is embarrassed.

DEPUTY SAM
Oh, gosh, we've been friends
forever...

Sam fidgets.

The Sheriff puts a hand on Sam's shoulder.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
It's not an order, son. Ask her out
or don't, it's up to you. I'd just
hate to see you miss out on
something special.

DEPUTY SAM
Thank you, Sheriff, but I really
don't think Sophia sees me that
way.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
I think you may be wrong about
that.

Sophia appears with a fresh collection of creamers for Sam.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
So... you doin' anything special
tonight?

Tremont watches his daughter, a scowl on his face.

DEPUTY SAM
Don't suppose I will.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Oh... well, that's a shame.

Disappointment is etched on Sophia's face, unnoticed by Sam.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Well, I'll go check on your order.

Sophia disappears into the kitchen.

Sheriff Brimmel pulls a large bag out from under the counter
and places it on the stool next to him. He motions to Sophia,
who's watching from the kitchen.

She steps through the door holding a slice of apple pie with a lit candle.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday, Sam!

Sophia starts to sing "Happy Birthday." Tremont, Mikey and Billy stand back and look on with contempt.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday to you, happy
birthday to you...

The Sheriff joins in and gives the men a dark look. Tremont and his boys turn and slink away.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Don't forget to make a wish, Sam.

Sam blows out the candle. Sheriff Brimmel pulls a box out of the bag and Sophia clears out a place for it on the counter.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Okay, Sam, not only is it your
birthday, but it's been one year in
the department. I think it's high
time you represented us properly...

The Sheriff slides the box over. Sam pulls the top off and his eyes well up.

DEPUTY SAM
Sheriff...

Sam pulls a brand new felt campaign hat out of the box as if its something sacred.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
She's a beauty.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Well, try it on, son.

Sophie truly revels in Sam's happiness and her eyes also water. Sam slips the hat on his head... a perfect fit.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Wow, Sam, it's perfect.

Sam is beaming. He dabs at his eyes, then composes himself. He shakes the Sheriff's hand.

DEPUTY SAM
Thank you, sir. I'll cherish it.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL

You're welcome, Sam. Just take good care of it. A quality hat like that is a reflection of the man who wears it.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

It really suits you.

DEPUTY SAM

Don't worry, Sheriff, I'll treat it with all do respect of the office it represents... I'll make you proud, sir, I promise you that. I believe I've found my purpose.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

It really does suit you, Sam.

DEPUTY SAM

Thank you, Sophia... I know it's not proper to wear it indoors, but I don't think I'm ready to take it off yet.

The Sheriff pats Sam on the back.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL

You keep it on as long as you like.

Sophia steps away. Mikey snickers as he washes cups behind the counter.

MIKEY TREMAINE

(mumbles)

Fuckin' idiot.

The Sheriff shoots him a look.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL

You got something to say, Mikey?

MIKEY TREMAINE

What, no... I didn't say anything.

The Sheriff throws Mikey a cautionary look.

Sophia returns with their breakfast. Sam stares at his reflection in the napkin holder--

DEPUTY SAM

I can't stand it, I gotta go have a look in the toilets mirror.

Sam struts away with a smile as the sheriff attacks his meal, sullen. Tremont slithers up and rudely shoos his daughter away. He lowers his voice.

TREMONT TREMAINE
You okay Sheriff, you've been outta sorts all morning?

The Sheriff stabs a piece of meat.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Guess I'm just tired of suffering fools.

The Sheriff stares at Tremont.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Okay, well... I'm gonna go check on the kitchen. I'll leave you to your meal.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Tell your partner I want to see the both of you tonight... at the barn.

Tremont's face falls. He slinks away and takes his anger out on Sophia.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Sophia, quit standing around like a Goddamn slug.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Sorry, Daddy.

Sophie scurries over with the coffee pot. The Sheriff softens.

SHERIFF BRIMMEL
Don't pay his bluster no mind, Sophia, you're doin' a fine job, as always.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Thank you, Sheriff.

The Sheriff stares at a dark bruise peeking out from underneath Sophia's uniform sleeve.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
I'm so clumsy...

Sophie pulls on the sleeve. The Sheriff shoots Tremont—who's watching from the kitchen doorway, a warning look.

Tremont wilts under the Sheriff's gaze, and turns away.

Sam slides back onto his stool, a smile on his face. He runs his fingers around the brim of the hat.

DEPUTY SAM
She's a real beauty, Sheriff.

The Sheriff smiles but there's a darkness behind his eyes.

INT. DEPUTY SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight filters through gauzy curtains. The Deputy is asleep, his campaign hat lying on the dresser.

A phone on the nightstand chirps loudly in the quiet room. Deputy Sam groans and rolls over. He sleepily fumbles for the receiver, pulling it off its cradle--

DEPUTY SAM
Hello...

EXT. TWO-LANE COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The black night is ravaged by a myriad of red and blue spinning lights. An ambulance and fire truck are parked on the road.

A Sheriff's cruiser is wrapped around a large tree where the road takes a sharp turn, mangled, headlights cutting through the inky blackness--

The metal hull is torn open like an animal mauled by wolves, with the Sheriff's bloody, battered body twisted in the wreckage.

A second sheriff's cruiser comes screaming down the dark road, lights flashing. It comes to a screeching halt and the door swings open--

Deputy Sam leaps out of the car. He takes a few steps and his knees give out. He falls to the ground, trying to catch his breath.

He gets to his feet and approaches the wreckage, pushing a fireman out of the way.

Sheriff Brimmel's dead eyes stare back at him. Tears run down Sam's cheeks. He backs away, horrified, and sinks to the ground, sobbing.

EXT. DEPUTY SAM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sophia walks up the porch to the front door. Her eyes are red and puffy. She carries a small giftbag in one hand.

She knocks on the door and waits...

INT. DEPUTY SAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens and Sophia steps inside the small, tidy home.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam?

No answer. She walks into the kitchen and puts the gift bag on the counter. The basement door is open--

BASEMENT

Sam sits in the dark. A massive WWI battlefield is laid out in miniature scale before him. It engulfs most of the basement, shelves packed with supplies.

A lighted display case hangs on the wall, containing a vintage Colt 1851 Navy Revolver, with a plaque that reads - "Great, Great, Granddaddy, Earnest."

This is his sanctuary.

Sophia decends the stairs and puts a hand on Sam's shoulder. He looks up at her, eyes red and raw, broken.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

It's time to go, Sam.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A small crowd is gathered around an open grave. Tremont, Mikey and Billy stand apart from the crowd, eyes on the Deputy.

Sam stands with Sophia. His tear filled eyes are locked on a photo of Sheriff Brimmel resting atop the casket.

The Priest, FATHER JANIS, 58, gun enthusiast, a heavy handed man of the cloth who leans towards a "wrath of God" approach to theology, is mid-eulogy.

FATHER JANIS

Sheriff Brimmel was righteous with the law, and he was righteous with the word of the Almighty. The Sheriff was a hard man, but he did have a soft spot for societies cast-offs, for those less than capable of makin' a name for themselves on their own...

Father Janis throws a quick look to the Deputy.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)

Some might consider this a weakness, or a failing...

Sam fidgets. Several people in the crowd are now eyeing him as well.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)

... but that's a question only God can answer. And He will provide answers to us when the time is right. Until then we will pray for a brighter day and a new beginning, as we await God's triumphant return, the glorious days of his rapture, and the eternal, violent suffering of the none-believers and communists... Amen.

The crowd murmurs an "amen" and begin to disperse. Tremont motions for Sophia to follow. She gives Sam an awkward hug and joins her father.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)

For those interested, there will be a small gathering at the Diner in remembrance of Sheriff Brimmel. All food and drink will be half-off until four o'clock.

Father Janis tucks his bible under his arm and approaches Sam. He pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and shoves it in the Deputy's chest, annoyed.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)

For God's sake, It ain't gonna help yer cause to be seen weeping like a pissy girl.

Sam does as he's told.

DEPUTY SAM
You going to the Diner?

FATHER JANIS
No I ain't goin' to the Diner. I've
done all the lying I can stomach
for one afternoon.

Father Janis snatches the handkerchief from the Deputy's hand and walks away.

A couple of cemetery workers lower the Sheriff's casket into the ground. It drops the last few feet and lands hard, rattling Sam.

INT. DINER - DAY

A few funeral attendees are there. Sam sits in his spot at the counter. Mikey sits in a booth keeping an eye on him.

Sophia steps out of the kitchen. She slides a plate of meatloaf in front of Sam and pours him some coffee.

As she pushes the saucer closer to him, she awkwardly places her hand on his and leaves it there.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
You doin' okay, Sam?

Sophia clocks her brother watching her, and snatches her hand away.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
I know how much he meant to you.

DEPUTY SAM
I feel out of sorts, Sophia... I
feel lost. The Sheriff was like a
father to me... a proper father.

Tremont watches from the kitchen doorway.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Don't make much senes, does it?
Sheriff Brimmel always told me to
make sure I took the Parker curve
at a Sunday afternoon pace...

Sam looks stricken, eyes watering. Sophia's eyes well up.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Oh goodness, I'm so sorry, I
shouldn't...

DEPUTY SAM

It's okay, I've got to come to
terms with his passing.

Tremont and Mikey slide onto stools on either side of Sam.

TREMONT TREMAINE

You got other customers, Sophia?

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Yes, Daddy.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Then why are you still standing
here?

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sorry, Daddy.

Sophia slinks away.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Listen Sam, I know you were fond of
the Sheriff, but he's dead and
buried, and as sad as that may be
for you, this situation has farther
reaching implications. Implications
that are gonna effect the town and
your own personal life.

DEPUTY SAM

What do you mean?

Tremont puts a hand on the back of the Deputy's neck.

TREMONT TREMAINE

See, people in this town had
respect for the Sheriff, a healthy
fear even, because he was a tough
son of a bitch. But he wasn't a
stupid man neither. If there was a
situation that could mutually
benefit him, he could be persuaded
to turn the other way--

MIKEY TREMAINE

Yeah, like Clearmont--

TREMONT TREMAINE

Shut the fuck up, Mikey!

MIKEY TREMAINE

But...

TREMONT TREMAINE

You know what, go help your dim-whit friend bus some tables.

Mikey slinks away with his tail between wis legs. Tremont squeezes the Deputy's neck and pulls him a little closer.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be honest with you, Sam.
The Sheriff was the only thing
keeping you from getting yer ass
beat every goddamn day...

DEPUTY SAM

Um--

TREMONT TREMAINE

Now, we have a situation on our hands because, honestly, we'd just as soon see you gone... But we can't have the State sending some gung-ho, hard-dick lawman out here to fuck things up for all of us hard workin' citizens. People are just tryin' to get what they're owed in life, Deputy. You get what I'm saying?

DEPUTY SAM

Not really...

Tremont squeezes a little harder, causing Deputy to wince.

TREMONT TREMAINE

All you gotta do is apply for the vacant Sheriff's position... it's that simple. Then you just sit back and relax, throw your feet up, read your comic books, or play with your toy soldiers, and let things take care of themselves.

DEPUTY SAM

I'm not sure that's something I'm ready for. Honestly, I haven't earned--

Tremont gives him another squeeze, cutting him off.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Maybe you wanna think about settling down, get married... you'd like that, right Sam?

DEPUTY SAM
I mean, eventually...

Tremont fixes him with an intense stare.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Yes, Sir.

Tremont let's go of Sam's neck.

TREMONT TREMAINE
You don't sound so sure. Are you
queer, son?

DEPUTY SAM
Uh, no... Sir.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Then we're clear.

Tremont slides off of his stool and barks an order to Sophia.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Sophia, get the Deputy more coffee,
and his lunch is on the house.

Sophia hurries over with the coffee and refills his cup. They
share a sheepish look, both under the yolk of this bully.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Deputy don't pay for food or drink
anymore. Just like we did for the
Sheriff.

DEPUTY SAM
Oh-ah, I appreciate it, but that's
not necessary. It's actually
against regulations.

TREMONT TREMAINE
It's not an option, son. My
generosity ain't up to yer
discretion.

DEPUTY SAM
But, the Sheriff would never--

TREMONT TREMAINE
You know, Sam, sometimes when you
idolize a man, you miss the things
that make them human.

Tremont slaps Sam on the shoulder and walks away. Sam is
shaken.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mikey is waiting for his dad when he enters the kitchen.

MIKEY TREMAINE
What's all that talk about gettin'
married?

TREMONT TREMAINE
That kid ain't a leader, he's a
follower. In case he gets cold
feet, I want another iron in the
fire.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING HOME - DAY

Small and dingy, decorated by the salvation army. The kind of place where elder abuse definitely happens and definitely goes unreported.

Sam sits across from his mother, ANNA, 62, frail, wheelchair bound, a grey haired women who lives mostly in the fog of her dementia.

Sam leans forward and places a hand on his mother's.

DEPUTY SAM
Mamma, I've just come from Sheriff Brimmel's service. It was a nice affair, and a good number of people showed up to pay respects...

Sam sits back and wipes a tear from his eye.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
I wanna make you proud, Mamma. And I wanna make the Sheriff proud, because I know he'd want me to do my best... and I know he's watching over me. I promised him as much...

An orderly, CARL, 48, a turd, the kind of guy who kicks his dog, steps up behind Anna's chair and begins to wheel her away without a word--

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Excuse me...

Carl stops and glares at the Deputy.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
We were having a conversation here.

CARL

One sided maybe.... It's time for
her sponge bath and afternoon
medicinals.

Carl wheels Anna away. Several elderly patients watch the exchange. The Deputy tries to save face.

DEPUTY SAM

Well, you take care of my Mamma. I
believe I talked her ear off enough
for one day.

Sam slips his hat on and walks to the door when the WOMAN at the front counter calls out and waves him over--

WOMAN

Deputy!

Sam steps up to the counter. The director of the home, MONA, 50's, permanent scowl, unsympathetic to the human condition, slides a piece of paper towards him. Sam scans it.

DEPUTY SAM

This isn't right.

MONA

I disagree.

DEPUTY SAM

But, I'm payed up... in full. This
number's not even right.

MONA

You was gettin' a special rate,
thanks to Sheriff Brimmel. Now,
seein' as he's dead, that special
rate don't apply no longer.

DEPUTY SAM

That can't be right. The Sheriff
never mentioned anything about a
special rate... he would have
mentioned a special rate.

MONA

Well, I don't know from what the
Sheriff told you, but this here is
the new rate, and it's due at the
end of the month...

Mona leans across the counter.

MONA (CONT'D)

And I got no problem throwin' that
brain rattled old bitty out on the
street.

DEPUTY SAM

Now, hold on... no one's getting
thrown out in the street, least of
all my Mamma. I'll think of
something, don't you worry.

MONA

Son, I'm not worried. You pay and
she stays. You don't, her ass is in
the goddamn street. It's as simple
as that. Now, fuck off, I got work
to do.

Sam takes the paper and walks out the door, dejected.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Father Janis sits in a pew eating a sandwich, reading an old detective novel.

Tremont walks through the front door carrying a duffle bag. A couple of grungy teens pass him, avoiding eye contact.

Father Janis finishes the page he's on and puts the book down.

FATHER JANIS

You're late.

TREMONT TREMAINE

So.

FATHER JANIS

It's rude to keep a man of God
waiting.

Tremont drops the bag on the pew next to Father Janis.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Fuck off.

Father Janis smiles and stands. He takes the bag and walks, motioning for Tremont to follow.

FATHER JANIS

You talked to Sam. It went well?

They step into the Father's office.

TREMONT TREMAINE
God only knows.

Father Janis stops.

FATHER JANIS
You trying to be funny?

TREMONT TREMAINE
No.

FATHER JANIS
Cuz it don't suit you... and it
ain't funny.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I'm not being funny. That boy is
dense. He listened, but he's too
broken up over the Sheriff.

FATHER JANIS
Well, it's your job to make him
understand. Frankie's due back any
time.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Don't worry, I'll get through to
him.

Father Janis tosses the duffle bag on a table.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

Late afternoon sunlight casts long shadows on the quiet town.
Mikey and Billy stand in the middle of the street with a late
model pickup truck stopped dead in its tracks.

INT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam sits at his desk hovering over the assisted living bill,
his checkbook open beside him. He's oblivious to what's
happening outside his window.

DEPUTY SAM
How the hell am I supposed to come
up with this extra money?

A man walks up to the front window with a baseball bat slung
over his shoulder and peers into the jailhouse, unnoticed--

BENNY BERG, greasy hair, grungy plaid, morally lacking, the roadmap of a hard life etched in the lines of his face.

Benny turns away and walks into the street--

EXT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mikey and Billy retreat to the sidewalk.

Benny approaches the pickup truck owned by CARLA RED, 56, missing teeth, clutching an energy drink, and TOBIAS (TOOTS) RED, 60, bearded, with a wad of chewing tobacco under his lower lip... hill folk... moonshiners.

The passenger door swings open and Carla tries to exit the vehicle--

Benny kicks her door shut, on the move--

BENNY BERG
Keep yer seat, Carla.

Benny walks to the drivers side and pulls the door open. He rudely yanks Toots out of the pickup.

BENNY BERG (CONT'D)
Goddamnit, Toots, you been
delinquent. Now I'm gonna have to
knock more-ah' yer teeth out.

Toots lets out a yelp and stumbles, but Benny keeps him upright.

TOOTS RED
Watch my hip, goddamnit!

INT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The commotion outside draws the Deputy out of his reverie.

DEPUTY SAM
Oh, balls.

Deputy grabs his campaign hat and slides it on as he hurries through the door--

EXT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Benny stands over Toots, who's down on all fours with a bloody lip.

Carla slides out of the truck with a bottle of moonshine in one hand and her energy drink in the other.

She clumsily hurls the bottle of moonshine at Benny and misses wildly. It smashes on the pavement.

CARLA RED

You know we ain't go no money,
Benny B! We're waitin' for our
goddamn disability checks! Leave us
alone!

Sam runs into the street to get between them.

DEPUTY SAM

Now, just hold on a minute...
everyone take a step back--

BENNY BERG

Piss off Deputy, and crawl the fuck
back in yer hole.

Mikey and Billy watch with amusement.

MIKEY TREMAINE

Yeah, don't concern you none,
Deputy.

DEPUTY SAM

Well, it most certainly does
concern me. Benny has clearly
assaulted Mister Red about the
face... By the very definition of
the law--

CARLA RED

Shut up, asshole!

Sam is taken aback.

BILLY CRICKETT

(laughing)

Fuckin' old hag don't even want yer
help, Deputy.

Carla turns on Billy--

CARLA RED

You shut the fuck up too, Billy,
you dick-less degenerate.

BILLY CRICKETT

Fuck you, Carla, how can I be a
degenerate if I ain't got no dick?

Billy thrusts his hips in Carla's direction and grabs a handful of crotch--

Mikey punches Billy in the arm.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Shut up, you moron.

Sam tries to gain control of the situation.

DEPUTY SAM
Benny, please put the bat down and let's be civilized about this...

Benny swings the bat up. It stops inches from Sam's face.

BENNY BERG
You wanna loose some teeth too,
Deputy?

Sam holds his hands out where Benny can see them and takes a step back..

DEPUTY SAM
Now, just relax, Benny... I'm not a threat, and I'm not reaching for my sidearm.

BENNY BERG
You reach for yer gun, and yer gonna lose more than yer goddamn teeth.

Carla throws her head back and drains the last of the energy drink. She wipes her chin on her sleeve, belches, and throws the can at Benny, missing wildly again.

DEPUTY SAM
Misses Red, please stop that,
you're not helping.

Carls gives Sam the middle finger and moves to her husband. She struggles to help him up.

CARLA RED
C'mon Toots, let's get a move-on.

Benny keeps the bat pointed in Sam's face, but watches the Red's.

BENNY BERG
This ain't settled, Carla. Leave him be.

--Carla lets go of Toots and charges Benny at a speed that defies her size.

--Benny swings the bat around and jabs Carls in the mouth.

--Carla recoils backwards with a yelp, her hand over her face.

DEPUTY SAM
Dammit, Benny! I'm trying to resolve this--

Carla screeches with a mouth full of blood.

CARLA RED
Son of a bitch! Deputy, shoot that
bastard! You seen him assault me!

TOOTS RED
He attacked me too!

CARLA RED
Shut up, Toots!

BENNY BERG
Shut up, Toots!

MIKEY TREMAINE
Deputy ain't gonna shoot nobody.
He's never even pulled his gun out
of it's holster, except for target
practice. Ain't that right, Deputy?

There's a small crowd gathering on the sidewalk. They snicker.

DEPUTY SAM

An old woman, RUTH, shouts back--

RUTH
It is true, you dip-shit!

Sam is flustered.

DEPUTY SAM

I fail to see how - look, I just
don't feel that guns are always the
best... I mean, sometimes there's,
well... look, there's absolutely no
need for more violence here.

Benny moves closer.

BENNY BERG

You ain't gonna do shit, Deputy. In fact, yer gonna go back into yer jail like a good little bitch, and yer gonna close the shades and pretend like this never happened. Cus you don't have the Sheriff around to protect you no more.

Benny holds the bat up to Sam's face, just touching his nose.

BENNY BERG (CONT'D)

Are we clear on that, Deputy, or do you need a sock in the mouth too?

Ruth calls out again, relishing in the moment--

RUTH

What you gonna do about this mess, dip-shit?

Sam lowers his voice.

DEPUTY SAM

Now, Benny, be reasonable. I-I'm the Deputy for God's sake.

BENNY BERG

Ain't no way yer walkin' away the hero, Sam, so you best make a decision. You can tuck tail and run or you can leave with a shit-load of dental bills... you got insurance, Deputy?

DEPUTY SAM

But... I...

Benny gives him a menacing stare.

Deputy backs slowly away from Benny, hands still raised. He turns to the small crowd and tries to save face.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

Okay now folks, let's move along. The situation's under control...

Benny now has Toot's and Carla cornered by their truck and is making them turn out their pockets.

Sam slowly starts to make his way toward the Jailhouse, but the crowd's not moving.

RUTH
Yer runnin' away!

BILLY CRICKETT
Yeah, run and hide, dip-shit!

Billy tries to share a conspiratorial look with Ruth but she's not having it. She scowls back at him.

Sam slinks closer to his door. He steps up onto the curb--

DEPUTY SAM
Okay, let's not make the situation worse. Everyone return to your homes...

Sam turns and pulls the door open--

MIKEY TREMAINE
Coward!

RUTH
Yeah, you stinkin' coward!

Sam disappears into the jailhouse to mocking laughter.

INT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam stands at the window watching Benny riffle through the Red's truck. Benny stops. He turns and stares back at the jailhouse--

Sam slams the blinds shut.

DEPUTY SAM
Crud.

He sinks into his chair, defeated.

EXT. CLEARMONT FARMS - DUSK

Several old pickup trucks are parked in front of a large, rust colored barn. Lights are blazing and loud southern rock blasts from within.

A raised pickup truck pulls into the lot and parks. Tremont and his boys climb out. Mikey pulls a couple of duffle bags out of the bed. A fourth man slides out of the cab--

FRANKIE DATHERS, 34, lanky, made of cold hard edges and a deeply ruthless core.

Frankie lights a cigarette and a stares at the barn. A smile spreads across his face. Tremont and the boys head inside.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's quiet, only a few patrons.

Sam steps inside. He sheepishly looks around before heading to the counter. Sophia senses his trepidation.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
It's okay Sam, nobodies here.

Sam pulls off his campaign hat and sits.

DEPUTY SAM
I guess you heard about what happened?

Sophia shrugs it off.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
I don't listen much to gossip.
Usually ain't even half a truth to it. At least not the worst parts.

DEPUTY SAM
Except in this case it was all worst parts, and it's all true...
I'm afraid I didn't handle myself very well...

The other guests look to Sam and whisper amongst themselves, confirming his assessment. Sophia pours him some coffee.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Don't be too hard on yourself, Sam,
it was your first altercation without... well, you know, on your own.

DEPUTY SAM
I really fouled up, Sophia. I wanted to handle myself like the Sheriff would have, but... I'm afraid he'd be really disappointed in me...

Sam leans closer.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

People don't respect me, or the office I represent... not since the Sheriff passed.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Oh-I, I don't know about that, Sam.

DEPUTY SAM

I'm serious. I've been told as much, and people are looking at me differently. Or, I don't know, maybe I'm a damn fool, maybe nobody's ever respected me. They certainly didn't when I was growing up.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

You're not a fool, Sam... I respect you.

Sophia and Sam both blush.

DEPUTY SAM

Thank you, Sophia. You've always a kind word to say... but there's been a shift, I can feel it. I do know that much... You know Mona over at the home?

Sophia wrinkles her nose.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

I don't much care for her.

DEPUTY SAM

Well, she says I was getting a special rate on account of the Sheriff. Now I've gotta come up with extra money for Mamma to stay.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Well that don't seem right. You sure she's not makin' this up out of her own greed?

DEPUTY SAM

I don't know, but it's ultimately her call... I'm not sure how I'm gonna come up with that money. I'm just about at my wits end.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

I'm sorry, Sam. I don't have much saved, but you're welcome to what's there.

DEPUTY SAM

I appreciate the gesture, but I can't do that, it's not your burden. I'll just have to figure something out...

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Well, I imagine the Sheriff's position would come with a pay raise... I'm sure that would help, wouldn't it?

Sam wipes a hand across his weary face.

DEPUTY SAM

I can't... I can't wrap my head around that right now.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Daddy said he's got a friend over in Chesterfield who can rush your application right through. He says he wants to help... he's pushing real hard, Sam. Real hard.

Sam's getting frazzled.

DEPUTY SAM

I don't know if I'm ready for it... or if I deserve it. I certainly haven't earned it, especially in light of recent events. I just feel like I needed more time... more time with the Sheriff.

Sam's eyes water.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam--

Sophia puts her hand on his--

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to push... I don't wanna add to your distress.

Sophia takes her hand away and picks at her cleaning rag.

DEPUTY SAM
It's alright...

Sam studies his coffee mug.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Sophia... do you think your daddy
and the Sheriff could have been
involved in anything illegal? Mikey
mentioned Clearmont Farm.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Oh, I wouldn't know, but I can't
imagine the Sheriff doing anything
illegal... I mean, Daddy's always
working side jobs, but he would
never include me in any of his
business dealings. He doesn't think
women are smart with finances...
least not me.

Sam sips his coffee. He looks to the empty stool next to him -
the Sheriff's seat. He puts his cup down, more resolved.

DEPUTY SAM
I believe I'm gonna look into it...
I owe the Sheriff that much.

Tremont's pickup pulls into the parking lot--

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Looks like Daddy's back.

Sam throws an anxious look outside. He drains his coffee cup.

DEPUTY SAM
I better call it a night...

Sophia puts a hand on his arm to stop him.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Sam, I need to tell you
something...

Sam slides his campaign hat on, eager to leave.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Frankie's on his way back to
town... Frankie Dathers.

Sam stops. His words lack conviction--

DEPUTY SAM
He's in jail.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
He's not... not anymore.

Truck doors slam and Sam's jolted into moving. Tremont is first through the door.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Still waiting on those Sheriff
papers, Sam.

Sam puts his head down and walks out, shaken.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Sam stops in his tracks, his way blocked by Mikey and Billy. He can't make eye contact.

MIKEY TREMAINE
On yer way to handle some more
civil unrest, Deputy?

Sam lowers his head and walks around them. The boys snicker as they enter the diner.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Sophia wipes down the counter. She turns to find Tremont standing behind her. She tries to be strong, but her anxiety shows.

TREMONT TREMAINE
You told him?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Yes, Daddy.

TREMONT TREMAINE
And?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
I don't think he's filled out the
application yet. He's been awfully
worried about his Mamma...

TREMONT TREMAINE
You tell Sam it's what you want for
him?

Sophia hesitastes.

Tremont grabs her roughly by the arm.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
If I tell you to say something to
Sam, then you damn well better say
it. Understand?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Yes.

Tremont releases Sophia from his vice-grip and storms off.

A forlorn Sophia silently wipes down the counter. Mikey follows his father into the kitchen--

KITCHEN

Mikey almost collides with Tremont--

TREMONT TREMAINE
Jesus H, Mikey, watch where the
fuck yer at.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Sorry, Daddy... listen, why don't
you send me over to that little
turds house? I can get him to fill
out that application.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Don't be stupid. I want him to
think it's him that's making this
decision. And ain't no better
motivation for a man to do a thing
than pussy.

Mikey smiles, lasciviously, then it registers that Tremont was talking about his sister.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Oh, c'mon! Why would you want that?

Billy bounds into the kitchen carrying a tub of dirty dishes.

BILLY CRICKETT
What'r we talkin' about?

MIKEY TREMAINE
He's talkin' about Sophia's
nethers.

TREMONT TREMAINE
You're an idiot. Better we put 'em
to good use before they dry up and
she ain't worth shit-all to us.

Billy puts the tray of dishes down.

BILLY CRICKETT
I ain't never been with a real
woman... but I'd be willin' to give
it a go if--

TREMONT TREMAINE
Shut the fuck up, Billy!

MIKEY TREMAINE
Fuck you, Billy!

Billy throws his hands up--

BILLY CRICKETT
I thought you was lookin' for
volunteers--

TREMONT TREMAINE
Billy, get the fuck outta here
before I lodge my foot so far up
yer ass that you choke up my
toenails.

Billy sulks his way out of the kitchen.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
That fuckin' boy ain't right.

INT. DEPUTY SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam lies in bed, tossing and turning, a sheen of sweat on his forehead--

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DREAM/FLASHBACK - DAY

Sam, 17, wearing a super hero t-shirt, is sorting new comic books behind the counter. Sophia, 16 is hanging out.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
I like your shirt, Sam.

Sam is self-conscious.

YOUNG SAM
Thanks... My Mamma got if for me.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Well, she has good taste in super heroes.

Sam smiles.

The shop door opens and Frankie Dathers, 22, walks in. Sam's smile fades. Frankie eyes Sophia like a piece of meat as he addresses Sam.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Hey fuck-face, where's Dale?

Sam throws a furtive look to the back of the store and the closed office door.

YOUNG SAM
He-he's in back.

FRANKIE DATHERS
No he ain't, I seen him drive past
the Tasty Freeze ten minutes ago.

YOUNG SAM
Oh.

Frankie moves to the counter and grabs Sam by the shirt.

FRANKIE DATHERS
You fuckin' lyin' to me, pussy-boy?

Sam cringes and Sophia interjects.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
He's not lying, Frankie. Dale
leaves all the time without sayin'
so.

Frankie pushes Sam back and grabs Sophia by the arm, dragging her to the office door.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Stop it!

Sophia rips her arm free and Frankie backhands her across the face, knocking her to the floor. He grabs her by the hair and drags her to her feet--

Sam follows--

YOUNG SAM
Frankie, don't, please...

Frankie whips a knife out of his pocket. Sam stops.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Follow me and I'll carve up her
pretty face.

Frankie pushes the door open and shoves Sophia through, slamming it behind them. Sam is stricken.

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE OFFICE - DREAM/FLASHBACK - LATER

Sam is sitting at Dale's desk, head down, shoulders slumped, tears streaming down his face.

Sophia sits on the couch wrapped in a blanket, her hair a mess, her dress is torn. There are no tears in her eyes.

She turns to Sam.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Come sit with me, Sam.

Sam wipes his eyes and sheepishly moves to the couch. He sits with a space between them, wide enough to fit the silence.

YOUNG SAM
I'm sorry I'm not stronger...

This brings a fresh wave of silent tears.

Sophia puts a hand on his shoulder and moves closer. Sam sinks into the embrace awkwardly. Victim consoling the failed savior.

INT. DEPUTY SAM'S BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Sam is curled up in the fetal position.

EXT. TOW YARD - MORNING

Sam stands in front of the Sheriff's ruined cruiser staring at the blood splattered interior. He's lost in grief. The Sheriff's badge is lodged in one of the dashboard gages.

With effort Sam manages to pry it lose. It's streaked in blood. He clutches it in his fist.

A torn, bloody piece of paper is stuck to the floor matt.

Sam pulls it free, careful not to rip it. All that's visible is part of a zeroxed signature - "...rimmel," and part of an official stamp. Sam puts it in his pocket.

The attendant, KENNY, 20s, wearing a filthy coverall, steps out of the garage.

KENNY

You all set, Deputy? I'm fixin' to
junk her this afternoon.

DEPUTY SAM

Yeah, I'm set.

Sam walks away.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Sam's cruiser pulls up to the curb. He climbs out and walks up the steps to the front entrance. Something crunches under his foot--

A tan wafer with a splash of color on top is cracked and broken on the stair. Sam clocks it and keeps moving.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Sam pulls his hat off and sits in a pew. He closes his eyes--

A hand grabs his shoulder, startling him--

DEPUTY SAM

Jesus Christ!

Father Janis hovers over him, scowling.

FATHER JANIS

Watch yer language in this house,
boy. Some of us still value the
Word here.

DEPUTY SAM

Sorry Father, you startled me... I
was on my way to work and thought
I'd stop by and say hello.

FATHER JANIS

Since when do you just stop by?

Sam looks ready to protest, but thinks better of it.

DEPUTY SAM

I... I heard Frankie might be
headed back this way. I was
wondering if you knew anything
about that.

FATHER JANIS

You accusing me of something?

DEPUTY SAM

No, no... I just figured if anyone
in town had heard anything...

FATHER JANIS

Whatever Frankie does is Frankie's
business, you know that. That boy
ain't one to be constrained by
mortal man.

DEPUTY SAM

But, he should be in prison.

FATHER JANIS

If he's meant to be in prison then
I recon that's where he'll be.

DEPUTY SAM

So he's not coming?

FATHER JANIS

I didn't say that. If he's meant to
be locked up, then he'll be locked
up. If he's not locked up, then I'd
say it's the will of God.

DEPUTY SAM

How is that the will of God?

FATHER JANIS

Son, everything that happens is
God's plan. If it happens, it was
meant to happen, and it happened by
God's doing, good or bad. It's
pretty easy to understand, unless
yer a complete idiot... are you an
idiot, Sam?

DEPUTY SAM

No.

FATHER JANIS

Then it's been explained.

Father Janis turns to leave--

DEPUTY SAM

Father...

Father Janis turns, a scowl on his face.

FATHER JANIS

I heard you got made a fool of by
Benny Berg the other day....

(MORE)

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)
I'm beginning to wonder if you've
got any balls at all.

He walks away.

Sam looks up at the giant wooden Jesus on the cross. It
stares back in judgement.

INT. CHURCH - FATHER JANIS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Father Janis moves to a duffle bag on the bed, and opens it--

It's packed full of baggies filled with communion wafers,
each labeled with names like "Jet Fuel, Monkey Balls, Snake
Bite, and Ball Busters."

FRANKIE DATHERS (O.S.)
He's an idiot...

The bathroom door opens and Frankie steps into the room.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
He never did know when to let a
thing be, did he?

Frankie picks up a bag labeled "Freak Beak."

FATHER JANIS
I've got to admit, this is a
brilliant way to move the product.
I didn't think any of you were
smart enough to come up with
something like this.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)
Fuck off, Frankie, I've got work to
do.

Frankie tosses the baggie back into the duffle.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)
See ya... Father.

Frankie slips out of the room to Father Janis flipping him
off.

Father Janis pulls the last baggie out of the duffle. It's
half empty. A few wafers slide out of a small hole in the
baggie.

He inspects the duffle and finds several thread bare holes in
the bottom. A wafer drops out of the bottom onto the floor.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)
Idiots.

INT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

Sam is at his desk, a birthday card open in his hands.

His eyes are moist. The card reads-- "Sam, it's an honor to have you serving by my side! I'm proud to call you my Deputy! Sheriff Brimmel."

The door chimes ring and Sam looks up--

Frankie Dathers stands in front of him. Sam jumps to his feet.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Sit down, Sammy.

He sits.

DEPUTY SAM
What-what are you doing... how are you here?

FRANKIE DATHERS
Time off for good behavior.

DEPUTY SAM
That's not possible.

Frankie leans over the desk.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Are you callin' me a lier, or do you not believe I can behave myself?

DEPUTY SAM
Uh... neither.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Either way, you can stop askin' around about me. I've made certain arrangements and I'm here to stay.

Sam reaches for the telephones receiver--

DEPUTY SAM
Maybe I better call over to Shalton...

Sam grabs the phone but Frankie snatches the receiver out of his hand and raises it above his head--

Sam lets out a yelp and tumbles backwards out of his chair. He ends up in a heap on the floor. Frankie slams the receiver back onto the cradle.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Did you miss me, Sammy?

Sam peaks over the edge of the desk.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Sit down.

Sam does as he's told.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
You need to stay the fuck outta my business.

DEPUTY SAM
I'm the Deputy, Frankie,
technically it is my--

Frankie snatches up the phone, holding it up menacingly--

Sam rears back and falls out of his chair again.

FRANKIE DATHERS
What I do ain't none of yer affair.
We clear?

DEPUTY SAM
(weakly)
Clear.

Sam makes an attempt to get back up--

FRANKIE DATHERS
Stay down there, Sam. I don't want you thinkin' we're equal.

Sam sits back down on the floor.

Frankie pulls some papers out of his back pocket and slams them down on the table.

EXT. CLEARMONT FARMS - DAY

The usual array of junk cars are parked out front, along with the Tremaine's pickup.

INT. CLEARMONT FARMS - CONTINUOUS

The barn is filled with rows of metal tables, shelves, and drug making paraphernalia. Sections have been separated by clear plastic sheeting.

Tremont inspects the goods with Mikey and Billy. Frankie saunters in and heads straight for them, papers in hand. He slaps them down on the table.

FRANKIE DATHERS
I told you I'd take care of things.

Tremont picks up the papers and inspects them.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Goddammit, Frankie, I told you I wanted to play the Sophia angle first. I wanted this to be his decision, get him into the fold. We can't afford to have another situation here.

FRANKIE DATHERS
First of all, don't fuckin' talk to me like that, Tremont. I came back here to run the business with you, I ain't one of yer dumb-ass yes men.

BILLY CRICKETT
Hey!

MIKEY TREMAINE
Not cool, Frankie.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Relax, Frankie. We're equal partners here--

FRANKIE DATHERS
You can call us equal, but with the deal I made at Shalton, I'll definitely be pullin' in the lions share.

Mikey and Billy sulk.

TREMONT TREMAINE
We're not workin' on commission, Frankie. We're all doin' our part. Without us, you got no product to sell at Shalton. And gettin' Sophia and Sam hitched will cement the bond. Once he's in the fold he ain't likely to betray his wifes family.

This seams to placate Frankie.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Fine... I don't agree, but I'll
play along. Ain't no reason Sophia
and I can't still be friendly.

A leering smile is etched across his face.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Don't fuck up my plan, Frankie.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Relax, Tremont... you take care of
the forms, I got business to attend
to. And I told the idiot you wanted
to see him at the diner. You can
play yer stupid family angle....
You're welcome.

Frankie walks away. Billy and Mikey are still sulking.
Tremont turns on them--

TREMONT TREMAINE
If you two don't want people to
think yer dumb, then stop acting so
Goddamn stupid all the time.

Tremont storms off.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING HOME - DAY

Mona sits behind the reception desk with her feet up, reading a magazine.

Sam walks in. He pulls off his hat and approaches the counter.

Mona is put out by the interruption. She looks up at Sam, then her eyes return to the magazine.

MONA
Yer Momma's in the den, pretending
to watch TV with the other
invalids.

Sam places his hat on the counter.

DEPUTY SAM
I'm not here to see my Momma...
well, I am, but I've got other
business first.
(MORE)

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

Now, with news of this new rate increase and the added financial burden, I'd like to lodge a formal complaint with management--

Mona puts a hand up to stop Sam.

MONA

Put it in writing and submit it to management.

DEPUTY SAM

But, you're management.

Mona tosses her magazine on the counter, put out.

MONA

That's right, I am, and I don't appreciate you bein' such a tight-ass. You're tryin' to take food outta my kids hungry mouths.

DEPUTY SAM

You don't have kids.

MONA

That ain't the fucking point now is it, Sam?

DEPUTY SAM

What?

MONA

The point is, you're a selfish son of a bitch.

Sam takes a step back from Mona's ire. He grabs his hat off the counter and walks away, frustrated.

DEN - LATER

Sam sits with his mother in a quiet corner.

DEPUTY SAM

I've never had a lot of friends... or maybe any, aside from Sophia, but ever since the Sheriff died I've been, well, I feel lost.

Sam sighs.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

I won't burden you with this,
Mamma, you were there for my
formative years... I guess I'm just
at a time in my life when I thought
I'd be done with the cruelty of
others. And I'm being pressured by
certain people to do things that
I'm not ready for.

Sam's mother stares blankly back at him.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm rambling... I do have
something I wanted to tell you. I
don't want you to hear this from a
stranger... Frankie's back--

Anna grabs Sam's hand and holds tight, startling him. She
stares him dead in the eyes and pulls him close.

ANNA

You're a better man than you
know...

Sam pulls back, tears in his eyes. Anna's face is blank
again. The moment has passed. Sam pats her hand, then stops--

DEPUTY SAM

Mamma, where are your rings?

Sam is up and on the move--

ANNA'S ROOM

Sam enters his mother's room. He goes right for the dresser
and rummages through the top drawer.

He pulls out a decorative wood jewelry box and opens it--

It's empty.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

He storms out.

FRONT DESK--

Sam's face is red. He goes right to the counter. Mona is as
apathetic as ever.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Who else has been here to visit
with my Mamma?

MONA
How the hell would I know? Lot's of
people come through those doors.

DEPUTY SAM
Well, that's just not true, and
nobody comes to visit with Mamma
but me.

MONA
I guess you just answered yer own
question then... Check the visitors
log if you don't believe me.

Sam looks down at the book. It's pages are empty. Nobody has ever filled it out.

Sam raises his voice, possibly for the first time ever. It's not lost on Mona.

DEPUTY SAM
Nobody fills out this damn book and
you know it! I'm asking you
personally if you've seen anyone
visit my Mamma or go into her room?

MONA
I have not, and don't you raise
your voice to me--

Sam slaps his hand on the counter, startling Mona, and eliciting looks from the staff and patients.

Sam stares at Mona, his face red, pressure building. He turns and storms off.

DEN--

Sam sits across from his mother, trying to compose himself.

DEPUTY SAM
I'm sorry you had to witness that,
Mamma... I'm trying to keep my
composure, but I'm being pulled--

Carl appears out of nowhere. He grabs the handles of Anna's wheelchair and pulls her away--

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Carl stops.

CARL
Time for her medicinals. You know
the drill.

Sam gets up out of his chair.

DEPUTY SAM
I'm in the middle of a conversation
here, Carl!

CARL
And I've got a schedule to keep.
World don't revolve around you.

Carl turns and pushes Anna away. Sam is on the move--

Sam grabs Carl by the shoulder and pulls--

Carl holds on to the hand grips, refusing to let go.

CARL (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

Sam uses both hands and pries Carl's fingers off the grip.

DEPUTY SAM
Get your Goddamn hands off her,
Carl!

Carl releases his grip and puts his hands up.

CARL
Jesus Christ, Sam...

Mona steps out from behind the counter.

MONA
Deputy, what the hell are you
doing?

Sam pushes Carl out of the way. He spins Anna around and
wheels her back to her original resting place.

DEPUTY SAM
Don't say a damn thing, Carl, just
go about your routine... and you
better start treating my Mamma with
the respect she deserves!

Carl looks to Mona who gives him a nod. He walks away, hatred
burning in his eyes.

Sam sits and wipes his sweaty palms on his trousers. He speaks to his mother but is really addressing the room.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
I won't have you disrespected
anymore, Mamma. I won't stand for
it!

He leans across and pats her hand.

Mona sits back down, but keeps a weary eye on the Deputy.

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - NIGHT

A Dodge Charger cuts through the night, it's headlights raking across heavily wooded areas with every twist and turn.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

Frankie sits behind the wheel, drinking a beer and smoking as he drives. Heavy metal blasting from the stereo.

INT. DINER - TREMONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sophia is sitting across from her father.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
What if Sam doesn't love me, Daddy?

TREMONT TREMAINE
Love? Who said anything about love?
I don't give a good Goddamn if Sam
loves you. This is bigger than your
selfish desires, it's for the good
of the family.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
You mean for the good of your
business--

Tremont backhands Sophia across the face. She recoils and puts a hand to her stinging cheek, as tears well in her eyes.

TREMONT TREMAINE
See what you make me do, Sophia?
That's on you. I'm tryin' to help
this family and keep us safe... to
protect our interests. And this is
the best way to cement our futures.
(MORE)

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)

I know you don't understand shit
about the way the world works, but
arranged marriages have been goin'
on for thousands of years. It's a
benefit to both parties. Can your
simple mind not comprehend what I'm
trying to do here?

Sophia pouts. She continues to stare at the floor, her hand
to her face.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)

Would you rather I pledge you to
Frankie? Cuz that's option number
two.

A spike of terror flashes across Sophia face. She shakes her
head - no.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)

Then stop sniveling and clean
yourself up.

Sophia unfolds from her chair, wiping away her tears.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

What if Sam doesn't want me?

TREMONT TREMAINE

He will, if he knows what's good
for him.

Sophia shuffles to the door and turns to her father.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Daddy, please don't hurt Sam...

Sophia walks out of the office. Tremont calls after her.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Ain't no good ever come from lovin'
someone... you remember that!

INT. DEPUTY SAM'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Sam drives down a dark forest lined road. Determination in
his eyes.

He has a photo of Sheriff Brimmel taped to the dashboard.

EXT. DARK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff's cruiser turns off the road onto a small dirt path. It pulls up to the wood-line and parks, hidden from view.

Sam gets out of the cruiser and takes off on foot, disappearing into the trees.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Sam pulls out his flashlight and flips the switch - it doesn't work. He runs into a low hanging branch, knocking his hat off.

SAM
Son of a...

He picks up his hat and knocks the dirt off--

INT. FRANKIE'S DODGE CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

Frankie slows the car and turns onto an a dark road--

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sam, hat in hand, pushes through thick undergrowth. He emerges at the edge of a clearing, Clearmont Farm looming in front of him--

Sam keeps to the shadows and slinks closer.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sam tries the side door, but it's locked. He moves to a window and wipes at the grime, but the window has been painted black from the inside.

He tries to push it open, but it doesn't budge--

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Benny Berg sits in a chair with his feet up on a desk, smoking pot from a skull bong. His eyes are slits.

A small desk lamp illuminates an open "nudie" magazine.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sam pulls out a pocket knife and forces the blade between the window frame, trying to catch the lock. It passes through the gap and an alarm shatters the silence--

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Benny nearly falls out of his chair. He pulls a pistol out of his waistband and is on the move--

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sam takes off running. He slips on the loose dirt of the parking lot and falls to the ground--

Several tan disks with colorful markings are lying in the dirt. He snatches them up and scrambles to his feet, running away as fast as he can--

The side door blasts open and Benny stumbles out, just in time to catch a glimpse of a dark figure as it disappears into the black woods--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Sam runs, winded. He stops and puts his hands on his hips, taking deep ragged breaths. He scans the woods behind him--

All clear. He opens his hand and inspects the tan disks.

EXT. BRIGHTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

A good size prison in the middle of nowhere, threatening to be swallowed up by the heavy woods that surround it.

Frankie's car is parked in the lot with the lights off.

INT. FRANKIE'S DODGE CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

Frankie's fingers drum the steering wheel. He checks his watch. It's 10:30.

He finishes off the can of beer in his lap, throwing it on the floor with several other discarded empties.

There's a knock on the passengers side window, startling him--

FRANKIE DATHERS
Jesus.

A MAN is standing outside the passenger window, in shadow. He tries the door but it's locked. Frankie rolls down the window half-way and the man steps into the light--

Warden WILLIAM KEPLER, late 50's, with a paunch and bad tie, pulls the collar of his jacket up to help hide his face. He leans close, throwing a furtive look around the parking lot.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Hello Willie. You're looking well.

William bristles.

WARDEN KEPLER
I'm not doing this through the window. Let me in.

FRANKIE DATHERS
I don't really want you in my car, Willie, I just had the upholstery cleaned.

WARDEN KEPLER
Let me in the car, Frankie. I'm the Goddamn Warden, I can't be seen out here with you.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Fine.

The Warden tries the door, but it's still locked. His hand slips off the handle from the effort.

He takes a step back and puts his hands on his hips, clearly aggravated.

Frankie chuckles. He presses the button and the locks pop. Warden Kepler opens the door and slides into the car, pushing away the empty beer cans with his foot.

There's a large brown package on the seat between them and a handgun in Frankie's lap.

WARDEN KEPLER
Not funny... and stop calling me Willie.

FRANKIE DATHERS
That's your name.

WARDEN KEPLER

It certainly is not, and you know it. My name is William.

FRANKIE DATHERS

You're such a tight-ass... William.

Frankie picks up the package and shoves it at the warden. The warden is taken aback.

WARDEN KEPLER

This is exceptionally more than was pre-arranged. I couldn't possibly move this much...

FRANKIE DATHERS

You can and you will, unless you want the state to know you're running an escort service out of the prison. And this is just phase one of my plan. Pretty soon we're gonna expand beyond the walls of this shit palace.

WARDEN KEPLER

Expand... are you insane?

FRANKIE DATHERS

I know you run your little operation down in Brenton and Lancer. I got people on the inside, Willie. I know every crooked thing you got your hands in, and those are prime locations to move more product. I figure by the time you finish moving this stuff, I'll be ready to expand.

WARDEN KEPLER

This is beneath even you Frankie. I included you in my... operation, while you were here, and you made quite a bit of money through me... and I forged your goddamn release papers. You could cut me a little slack.

FRANKIE DATHERS

Ain't nothin' beneath me, Willie.

Frankie's rests his hand on top of the handgun in his lap.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)

Nothin.'

The warden stares back at him. No use arguing with this man.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Well... get the fuck out, Willie.

The warden slides out the car and slams the door behind him.

Frankie presses the button and rolls down the window. The warden turns back.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Send one of the girls my way.

WARDEN KEPLER
Fine.

FRANKIE DATHERS
But not Jenny, too many fucking tears.

WARDEN KEPLER
Fine.

The Warden walks away, fumming.

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Sam pulls up to the curb in front of his house and puts the car in park. He studies the wafers in his hand.

He opens the glove compartment and pulls out a clear baggie and drops them inside.

EXT. FRANKIE'S DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Frankie leans against the side of his car smoking, watching a young woman approach-- KIMY, 23, her looks somewhat diminished by the effects of heavy drug use and abusive men.

Kimy steps up and takes the joint from his hand, taking a long drag. She has two black eyes and her nose is swollen.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Hey, Kimy.

She hands it back.

KIMY
Not too rough tonight, Frankie. I think the last guy might'a broke my nose.

Her hand absently wanders up to gently caress the area.

FRANKIE DATHERS
You want me to break something of
his?

KIMY
No... just don't hit me in the
face, okay?

FRANKIE DATHERS
I ain't makin' no promises.

Frankie steers her into the back seat of the car and climbs in after her.

INT. DINER - DAY

Sam sits at his usual place at the counter, nursing his coffee. Sophia refills his cup.

She can't make eye contact.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Sam, I'm sorry... This is Daddy's
doing...

DEPUTY SAM
What's that?

Tremont slides onto the seat next to Sam. Sophia makes a beeline for the kitchen. It's not lost on Sam.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I've decided that it's hight time
you and Sophia got hitched.

DEPUTY SAM
What?

TREMONT TREMAINE
The two of you ain't getting any younger and I damn well don't see any other prospects in town for you. It's time to settle down, make some babies, put down some roots and join the family... that's my family, if my intention wasn't clear.

Sam is flustered.

DEPUTY SAM

A baby?

TREMONT TREMAINE

Son, a man don't hang around with a woman as much as you have without wanting to fuck her.

DEPUTY SAM

Sir, that's your daughter...

TREMONT TREMAINE

Look, I'm trying to be nice here, but I've made my decision... when you sit around too long with your thumb up your ass, other people have got to steer you in the right direction, and that's what I'm doing.

DEPUTY SAM

Sir, you can't just make this kind of decisions for me... for us--

Tremont slaps the counter top, startling him.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Jesus H Christ, I'm loosing patience with you, boy!

Tremont yells in the direction of the kitchen door.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)

Sophia, quit hiding behind the Goddamn door and come out here!

DEPUTY SAM

I don't understand...

The kitchen door swings open and Sophia, mortified, slowly makes her way to the counter.

Tremont pats the Deputy on the back.

TREMONT TREMAINE

I hope I don't need to say this, but no funny business until you two are wed. You keep yer hands out of her pants, for now.

DEPUTY SAM

Sir, I didn't agree to anything...

Tremont's cellphone rings and he walks away to answers it.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam... I just want you to know, I,
I didn't put daddy up to this.

DEPUTY SAM

You deserve better than this.

Sophia puts her hand on top of Sam's.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam... Daddy may be forcing this on
me, but--

DEPUTY SAM

You deserve better...

A few customers come in and sit at the counter near Sam,
making him more self conscious.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam, you don't understand...

DEPUTY SAM

No, I don't suppose I do.

Sophia lowers her voice.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Why don't you come back tomorrow at
closing. I'll make you dinner and
we can talk in private.

DEPUTY SAM

Okay... that'd be nice.

Sam gets up from his seat, confused. He walks out of the
diner in a daze.

INT. PRISON - WARDEN KEPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Warden Kepler sits at his desk, frazzled. A giant of a man
sits across from him--

Officer KENT FISK, made of hard bark and few words. He's
known simply as, Mister Fisk.

MISTER FISK

It's not impossible, boss, I can
move the merchandise.

WARDEN KEPLER

That's not the point. Frankie's out of control, he's reveling at having control over me, and I won't have it. I mean to put an end to this before that animal gets us all locked up.

MISTER FISK

You want me to handle it?

WARDEN KEPLER

No, we can't take a chance that someone might connect you with this...

Warden Kepler taps a manila folder sitting on his desk.

WARDEN KEPLER (CONT'D)

Did you check on Jimmy Grimes condition?

MISTER FISK

Yeah, the Doc says he's recovering from his stab wounds. Already up and about.

WARDEN KEPLER

And his mental condition?

MISTER FISK

Says he's gonna shoves his arm up Frankie's ass and rip out his guts... he doesn't know Frankie's gone.

WARDEN KEPLER

Good... I want to see him tomorrow morning.

MISTER FISK

I'll make it happen.

The big man walks out the door and lumbers down the hallway.

EXT. CLEARMONT FARMS - DAY

Frankie and Tremont inspect the window.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Window seems fine. I'll have one of the boys reconnect the sensor.

FRANKIE DATHERS

How the fuck did Sam find out about
this, Tremont?

TREMONT TREMAINE

You're sure it was him?

FRANKIE DATHERS

Benny said he was carrying that
Goddamn hat... and he runs like a
fucking girl. Now, how the fuck did
he find out about this place?

TREMONT TREMAINE

Mickey might 'ah mentioned the
name... Fuck. Well, guess I better
speed things up.

Frankie lights a cigarette and inhales deeply, a rye smile on
his face.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you smiling
about.

FRANKIE DATHERS

Pushing Sam's button's.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Listen, Frankie, the idea is to
control the situation, not break
him.

Frankie's mood turns on a dime. He throws his cigarette on
the ground and stamps it out angrily--

FRANKIE DATHERS

Maybe you should stop worrying
about what I'm doing and
concentrate on you and your idiot
boy not fucking this whole thing
up!

Frankie storms off.

INT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

A new bulletin board is hung on the wall with a collage of
affirmations, cut out from books and magazines.

Sam sits at his desk, littered with the remnants of his craft
work. Sheriff Brimmel's badge-freshly cleaned, is sitting on
top of a photo of Sam and the Sheriff.

Sam takes the badge and puts it in the top desk drwer and locks it. He takes the photo and moves to the bulletin board, pinning it in the center. He steps back to admire his work.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

A DARK FIGURE dressed in all black jimmies the lock on a woodfame window with a knife.

The lock slides open and the dark figure pushes the window open.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The place is closed, only a few lights burning for romantic effect.

Sam and Sophia sit across from one another in a booth, both uncomfortable.

DEPUTY SAM

Sorry, this isn't much of a first date, I guess.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

It was me that asked you.

Sam's embarrassed.

DEPUTY SAM

Oh... right. Sorry.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Don't be. I just thought we should talk a bit. I know we've been friends for forever...

DEPUTY SAM

Sophia, It's not right. I can't let you get forced into this.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Oh.

DEPUTY SAM

Your daddy basically told me I don't have a choice, but, I can't bear to hurt you, even if it means crossing Tremont.

Sophia's reply is barely more than a whisper.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
So... you want to get out of it?

DEPUTY SAM
There's something funny going on here, and I'm gonna get to the bottom of it. Tremont is trying to steer me towards something, I just don't know what that is, and there's something I found out at the farm...

Sam pulls the baggie of wafers from his pocket and lays it on the table--

Sophia is silently crying.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Sophia, what's wrong?

Sophia wipes away the tears, frustrated. She tries to compose herself.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Just forget it, Sam... I'll tell daddy you won't have me... I'll deal with the consequences.

DEPUTY SAM
What consequences?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Daddy intends on me marrying you... or Frankie.

DEPUTY SAM
No! I won't let that happen--

Sophia places a hand on Sam's.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
I won't let that happen either... I'll run. I just hoped-I don't know, we've known each other for so long...

DEPUTY SAM
Do you actually want this?

Sophia abruptly slides out of the booth and stands--

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Daddy's right, you are stupid...

She snatches her cup off the table and moves behind the counter to pour herself more coffee, and to hide the fresh tears.

Sam snatches up the baggie and follows, wounded.

DEPUTY SAM
Sophia.... I'm sorry--

Sophia finds her voice.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
I've been closer to you than anyone else in my entire life, since we were ten-years-old, and I'd be willing to bet you'd say the same.

DEPUTY SAM
I would... of course I would.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
You think I don't see you watching me when you think I'm not looking? I've been waiting and waiting for years for you to work up the nerve to tell me how you feel...

Sophia puts her coffee cup on the counter and looks Sam dead in the eye.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)
You tell me right now how you feel about me, Sam... from the bottom of your heart. Or you and I are no longer friends. I mean it.

Sam stares at the counter top just long enough for Sophia to get nervous.

DEPUTY SAM
Sophia... I... I cherish our friendship, more than you know...

Sophia's turn to study the counter top.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
The truth is... I've never had much in the way of confidence, and I've never been very sure of anything in my life... but, I do know one thing... I... I've been in love with you for as long as I can remember.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Oh, Sam....

Fresh tears. Sophia's hands find Sam's on the counter.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)

We're both idiots. Here we've been
feeling the same way about each
other for years and both too afraid
to say it.

DEPUTY SAM

Really?

Sophia nods-YES. Sam's smile fades.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

But, the comic book store... I let
that happen. I couldn't protect
you... I didn't protect you.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam, that wasn't your fault.
There's nothing you could have done
to prevent that... You know its
true.

Sam has tears in his eyes.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)

Have you been carrying that guilt
with you all these years?

Sam nods-YES.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)

Oh, Sam, I never ever blamed you
for that. That's the past, and the
past don't serve anyone. We need to
focus on right now.

DEPUTY SAM

Then... what do we do?

SOPHIA TREMAINE

You could kiss me.

Sam stands and they both lean across the counter. Their lips
meet. Their first kiss.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam stands in front of an open refrigerator in a pair of sweatpants and t-shirt. He pulls out a can of soda.

Sophia's gift bag is still sitting on the counter. Sam pulls out a replica British Mark V tank. Sam admires it.

DEPUTY SAM

Oh my gosh, Sophia... this is amazing.

Excited, he pulls the basement key from a drawer and freezes--

The basement door is ajar, lock busted. Sam yanks the door open and flies down the stairs.

BASEMENT--

Sam reaches the bottom of the stairs and stops--

His giant battlefield is completely destroyed. The display case housing the Colt 1851 is smashed, pistol gone.

Sam sinks to his knees, weeping.

INT. PRISON - WARDEN KEPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Warden Kepler sits behind his desk, arms crossed, studying the man seated across from him--

JIMMY GRIMES, late 30's, greasy hair pulled back in a ratty ponytail, sits slouched in his chair, aggravated.

Mister Fisk stands in the corner keeping a watchful eye on the inmate.

JIMMY GRIMES

That son of a bitch stabbed me, and you set him free?

WARDEN KEPLER

It was your word against his... besides, you seem to be doing quite well now.

JIMMY GRIMES

That's bullshit and you know it. And my current condition's not a factor in determining his guilt.

WARDEN KEPLER

Well then, perhaps you'd like a
shot at retribution?

Jimmy sits up straighter, not what he was expecting.

JIMMY GRIMES

I would.

Warden Kepler smiles.

INT. DINER - DAY

Sophia wipes down the counter, her attention on the parking lot. Sam stands beside his cruiser staring at the ground as if frozen in time.

Tremont appears next to her.

TREMONT TREMAINE

What's he doing?

SOPHIA TREMAINE

I don't know, he's been like that
for the past five minutes.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Christ.

Tremont walks away shaking his head. The door chimes sound and Sam steps through the door looking frazzled.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Sam, what's wrong? You've been
outside starin' at your feet.

Sam drops onto his usual stool.

DEPUTY SAM

There was a break-in...
everything's ruined, my basement
was destroyed.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

Oh Sam, no...

DEPUTY SAM

And my great, great granddaddy's
pistol was taken.

Sophia puts a hand on his.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
I'm so sorry.... Who would do such
an awful thing?

Tremont bursts through the kitchen doors holding an envelope
and wearing a ridiculous grin.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Sam, great news!

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Daddy, someone broke into Sam's
house last night. They smashed up
his basement.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Oh Jesus, what, did they steal some
of yer toy soldiers?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Daddy!

DEPUTY SAM
Sir, that was my passion. I won an
award from Battlefield Replica
magazine...

TREMONT TREMAINE
No way that's a real thing.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
It is too, Daddy, and they stole
his Great, Great, Granddaddy's
pistol.

Tremont is losing his patients---

TREMONT TREMAINE
Okay, okay, listen... I've got
something here that's gonna make
you forget all about your stolen
dolls and rusty old pistol...

DEPUTY SAM
Sir, that pistol was in pristine
working condition, and it was
passed down to me from--

Tremont slaps the envelope down on the counter.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Open it!

Sam reluctantly picks up the envelope - it's been opened and partially taped back together.

He pulls out a sheaf of paper and silently reads--

DEPUTY SAM

Sir, there's no way this could have happened so fast. There's a process, a vetting period, a-uh... a process.

Tremont produces another envelope from behind his back. He rips it open and pours the content on the counter--

A brand new Sheriff's badge and I.D.

TREMONT TREMAINE

I told you I had friends who could help this along.

Tremont pushes the badge to him. Sam stares at it.

DEPUTY SAM

This isn't right...

Tremont jabs his hand at him--

TREMONT TREMAINE

Congratulations, Sheriff.

Sam angrily shoves the badge and papers across the counter at Tremont and gets to his feet.

DEPUTY SAM

No. I didn't earn this... it's not right.

TREMONT TREMAINE

You listen to me, Sam--

DEPUTY SAM

No! I'm not gonna accept that until I've earned it!

Sam grabs his campaign hat and rushes out of the diner. Tremont throws Sophia a sour look.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy Grimes jumps a fence into the back yard of a small dilapidated home. He creeps to a back door and smashes out a square of glass. Reaching inside, he unlocks the door.

INT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

Sam sits at his desk, the baggie of wafers laid out in front of him.

The door opens and Sophia, in a second hand white dress, and Tremont, step inside--

Sam snatches up the baggie and shoves it in his pocket, jumping to his feet.

DEPUTY SAM
What-What's happening?

TREMONT TREMAINE
Why do you always look so fucking nervous, Sam?

Tremont moves to Sam's bulletin board. He frowns as he studies the sayings plastered everywhere. He reads aloud--

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
" Positive thoughts and affirmations...I have people who love and respect me"- are you fucking kidding me with this shit?

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Daddy!

TREMONT TREMAINE
(mumbles)
Jesus Christ...

Tremont moves to the front window and looks out. Sam notices Sophia's dress.

DEPUTY SAM
You look very pretty, Sophia.

SOPHIA TREMAINE
Thank you, Sam.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Put your tie on, son.

DEPUTY SAM
What's that?

Tremont moves to the door and pulls it open.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Put your fucking tie on.

A large man in shirt sleeves, ROY, enters carrying a briefcase. He moves to an empty desk with a curt nod hello, and pulls out some papers.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

I'm sorry, Sam, I didn't know this was going to happen so fast--

TREMONT TREMAINE

Knock it off, Sophia. It ain't too late for me to promise you to Frankie. Is that what you want?

DEPUTY SAM

No! No, that's not what we want.

Sophia smiles at Sam as he pulls his tie out of his desk drawer and clips it on.

ROY

I've got the papers in order,
Mister Tremaine.

Sam takes Sophia's hand.

DEPUTY SAM

Are we getting married right now?

SOPHIA TREMAINE

I wanted to call and tell you, but--

TREMONT TREMAINE

Get the rings out, Sophia, let's get this thing moving.

Sophia pulls out a wedding ring and a gold band.

SOPHIA TREMAINE

This is my Mamma's ring.

She hands it to Sam, and shows him the band.

SOPHIA TREMAINE (CONT'D)

We stopped in town to pick this up
on the way.

Tremont takes the papers from Roy. He slaps them down on Sam's desk and hands Sam a pen.

TREMONT TREMAINE

If you two want a proper ceremony,
you can work it out on your own and
pay for it yourselves.

Sam signs the document and sophia does the same. Tremont snatches them up and passes them to Roy, who signs as well and shoves them back into his briefcase.

Tremont hands Roy some cash and ushers him out. Sam slips the ring on sophia's finger and she does the same for him. They kiss.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Sophia, you can have the rest of
the day off for your honeymoon.

Tremont shakes Sam's hand and pulls him close--

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Don't fuck this up, Sam. You're
part of the family now. My family.
Everything you do reflects on all
of us... remember that... and don't
you ever disrespect me again like
you did at the Diner. I'll be
expecting you to come pick up your
badge.

Tremont walks out, slamming the door behind him.

Sophia pulls Sam close and kisses him.

SOPHIA DATHERS
I love you, Sam.

Sam's phone rings--

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sam and Sophia burst through the front door and run to the nurses station--

A nurse, MARY-ANN, 50s, is startled and drops a folder she's carrying. The papers scatter across the floor.

DEPUTY SAM
Where's my Mamma?

NURSE MARY-ANN
Goddammit Sam, look at the mess you
caused!

Mary-Ann begins collecting the papers.

DEPUTY SAM
For God's sake.

Sam bolts past the nurses station pulling Sophia along with him--

HALLWAY--

Sam and Sophia speed-walk down the hallway. Sam calls out--

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Mamma?... Mamma?

Doctor SHERMAN CUTTER, 58, steps out of a room--

DOCTOR CUTTER
Sam... shush. I got patients trying
to rest. I certainly don't
appreciate you stressing everyone
out. Now take a deep breath--

Sam does as he's told.

DEPUTY SAM
I'm sorry, doctor Cutter, we got a
message that my Mamma was admitted.

Doctor Cutter puts a hand on Sam's shoulder and squeezes. A gesture of reassurance, but comes across as creepy.

DOCTOR CUTTER
Relax, Sam, your Mamma's sleeping.

SOPHIA
So she's alright?

DOCTOR CUTTER
Well, okay, she's not exactly
sleeping...

The doctor directs Sam and Sophia into a room--

Sam's mother is lying in bed, connected to a tangle of tubes and wires. They stop in their tracks.

DOCTOR CUTTER (CONT'D)
She's in a coma.

Sam and Sophia move to his mother's bedside. Sam takes her hand.

DEPUTY SAM
My god, what happened?

DOCTOR CUTTER
It appears she may have...
(clears his throat)
Well-uh, she overdosed.

DEPUTY SAM
Overdosed? On what?

Doctor Cutter checks his chart.

DOCTOR CUTTER
Well, we're not entirely sure yet,
we're waiting on the lab work.
Apparently she vomited all over
herself--

SOPHIA
Doctor Cutter!

DOCTOR CUTTER
Oh-sorry, you probably didn't need
to know that... We think it might
have been a suicide attempt.

DEPUTY SAM
My Mother was a deeply religious
woman. There's no way she would
have done that.

DOCTOR CUTTER
Hm, well, there's that to consider,
I guess. Mona-she's who called it
in, found some broken crackers near
her body on the floor... found some
in the-uh... vomit, as well.

Sam sinks into a chair next to the bed, his breathing
labored.

SOPHIA
Is she gonna be alright?

DOCTOR CUTTER
I'm not gonna lie to you, I just
don't know at this point.

Sam holds his mother's hand, tears spilling from his eyes.

DOCTOR CUTTER (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
Don't like tears... I'll give you
some space.

Doctor Cutter walks out.

Sam looks to Sophia. There's a fire in his eyes--

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Sheriff's cruiser pulls up to the curb fast and skids to a stop. Sam slides out of the car and walks up the church steps with purpose.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The building is quiet, just a single man sitting in the last row of pews. He stares vacantly at the ceiling.

Sam walks past the alter to the office doors. He knocks... no answer. He tries the handle but it's locked.

He jerks the handle up with force and it pops open--

INT. FATHER JANIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sam closes the door behind him. He stops in his tracks--

Rows of baggies line a table against the wall, filled with colorfully stamped communion wafers. Sam moves to the table and opens a baggie--

The door slams behind him and Sam nearly jumps out of his skin.

FATHER JANIS (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing in
here?

Sam spins, clutching the wafers. Father Janis steps forward and slaps them out of his hand.

FATHER JANIS (CONT'D)
Put those down you damn fool! Those
are sacred, get your Goddamn filthy
hands off them!

DEPUTY SAM
These are most certainly not
sacred. I know what these are, and
I know what you did to my Mamma!

Father Janis lashes out, backhanding Sam across the face--

Sam staggers back against the table. Before he can recover, Father Janis is on him with another backhand--

FATHER JANIS

You little turd! Everything you touch turns sour! We handed you the Sheriff's job and you threw it back in Tremont's face!

DEPUTY SAM

I didn't earn that!

He slaps Sam again, forcing him back into the wall. Father Janis moves in--

FATHER JANIS

You never earned a goddamn thing in your life. You think you're gonna finally grow some balls and come screw up my business?

Father Janis has Sam pinned to the wall.

DEPUTY SAM

Stop it... stop it, Father!

Father Janis laughs--

FATHER JANIS

You idiot, you keep this shit up and you're gonna end up just like your precious Sheriff.

DEPUTY SAM

What-what did you do?

Father Janis grabs a handful of wafers and shoves them in Sam's mouth, clamping his hand over his face--

FATHER JANIS

Sometimes people don't know when to close their mouths, so they got to be closed for 'em!

Sam pushes his hand off, gagging, and tries to spit the wafers out--

DEPUTY SAM

Stop it... Father! Please...

Father Janis attacks again, but Sam blocks the backhand and pushes him away, coughing and spitting out more wafers, tears running down his face--

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

Daddy, stop!

Father Janis freezes, his anger turning to icy murderous intent.

FATHER JANIS
Don't you dare...

Sam pleads.

DEPUTY SAM
Daddy... please...

FATHER JANIS
Don't you call me that, you understand? I gave you up you worthless shit. You and your Goddamn mother!

Sam is unsteady, swaying, having ingested some of the drugs. He backs away from his father's anger.

DEPUTY SAM
You beat Mamma into a coma--

Father Janis attacks, smacking Sam about the face--

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Stop!

Sam throws his father away from him with all his strength--

Father Janis flies into the wafer table and the whole thing collapses, wafers scattering everywhere.

Sam backs away, trying to catch his breath.

FATHER JANIS
You son of a bitch!

Sam turns and runs out of the church, crashing into pews and stumbling his way out.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Sam runs onto the front lawn and drops to his knees, trying to catch his breath. He looks around disorientated.

DEPUTY SAM
My head... so... heavy...

A few townsfolk walk by--

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
Help me...

They scurry away. Sam tries to get up but falls back to the ground--

INT. HOME - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A lamp is overturned, casting crazy shadows on the scene. Father Janis has his wife, ANNA DATHER'S in a vice grip. He slaps her--

Sam, 14, eye swollen, split lip, tries to pull Father Janis off his mother and gets pushed away--

Father Janis backhands Anna and she falls back, slamming her head against the coffee table. She lies unmoving on the floor.

Father Janis throws a beer bottle at her and storms off, grabbing Sam by the face and pushing him to the floor as he passes--

There's an older boy standing in the shadows watching, a smile on his face--

EXT. CHURCH - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

Sam gets to his feet and stumbles away, leaving his cruiser behind.

INT. PRISON - WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mister Fisk sits across from Warden Kepler, who is nervously drumming his fingers on his desk.

WARDEN KEPLER
He's not responding, Mister Fisk.
Something's amiss. He should have reported in last night.

Mister Fisk pulls his large frame out of the chair.

MISTER FISK
How do you want me to play this?

WARDEN KEPLER
Avoid that idiot Deputy. In fact, avoid everyone. If you can pin it on Jimmy, great. If not, I'll leave it up to your discretion, just make sure it can't be traced back to us... unless you fancy being a resident here?

MISTER FISK
Got it.

Mister Fisk lumbers away.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy is enveloped by a ratty recliner, feet up, beer in hand, watching TV.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - DAY

Sam sits on the ground next to a cart return rack in the parking lot, his campaign hat laid out on discarded shopping bags to keep it off the ground.

He's sweaty and untucked. A couple empty water bottles litter the ground.

A souped-up muscle car rumbles past him and parks. Benny and Frankie climb out and approach Sam.

They stand close, casting long shadows over him.

BENNY BERG
I heard you had a little run in
with yer daddy?

FRANKIE DATHERS
Real Daddy, not your dead cunt
Sheriff daddy.

DEPUTY SAM
Leave me alone, Frankie, I don't
feel good.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Now you know I was never very good
at that.

DEPUTY SAM
He drugged me.

BENNY BERG
Well you was snooopin' where you
shouldn't 'ah been.

DEPUTY SAM
I know what's going on at the farm.

FRANKIE DATHERS

Good, then I'll make this real simple for you, Sammy. Forget all about the church, and Daddy, and the business we're workin' with Tremont, or something bad could hapen to you too... or maybe I pay a little visit to your pretty new bride.

Sam clenches his jaw and his fists--

DEPUTY SAM

You leave Sophia alone.

FRANKIE DATHERS

What's wrong Sammy, you don't want to share your toys with your big brother?

DEPUTY SAM

Don't you dare touch her... Stop pushing me, Frankie--

Frankie takes a step closer and plants his foot square on top of Sam's campaign hat, crushing it.

FRANKIE DATHERS

I ain't even begun to push you, Sammy.

Sam is visibly shaking. He pushes Frankie's foot away--

DEPUTY SAM

Get off of my hat!

Sam snatches up the hat, pushing it back into shape.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

I swear to God, stop pushing me Frankie... if you touch her...

Sam lurches to his feet--

Benny takes a step back. His jacket opens just enough to reveal the handle of Sam's Colt revolver sticking out of his waistband--

Sam see's it. He's strung like a piano wire... a rubber band stretched to it's breaking point.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

My pistol... you stole my pistol!

Benny laughs and pulls his jacket back, reveling in the moment. He puts his hand on the hilt--

BENNY BERG

This here is my gun, Sam. My great,
great grand-pappy give me this here
pistola...

Benny starts to pull the gun out of his waistband--

Sam's gun is suddenly in his hand. He pulls the trigger and a bullet rips through Benny's face with an ear shattering blast-

Benny drops dead at Frankies feet.

Sam is almost as shocked as Frankie. He stumbles back, then moves in for a closer look--

DEPUTY SAM

Oh God...

FRANKIE DATHERS

You son of a bitch, you fucking
shot him!

Sam turns in circles, confused. He spots his hat on the ground and snatches it up, placing it on his head. He pulls the Colt revolver from Benny's dead hand.

SHERIFF SAM

He threatened me...

Sam pushes past Frankie.

FRANKIE DATHERS

You can't just shoot him in the
fucking face!

Sam stops and turns back to his brother. He wipes at the tears on his face and regains his composure.

DEPUTY SAM

I-I can... he threatened me... and
I'm the law!

Sam turns and storms off.

INT. DINER - DAY

Late afternoon sun paints the Diner in a golden, peaceful light. A few customers eat at the counter, with Sophia serving.

The kitchen doors blast open and Tremont erupts from the kitchen, red faced. Mikey follows close behind.

He makes a beeline for Sophia and grabs her roughly by the arm--

TREMONT TREMAINE
That new husband of yours is
fucking up!

MIKEY TREMAINE
Yeah, fucking it up!

TREMONT TREMAINE
Shut up, Mikey!

Tremont addresses the few customers that are left.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Everybody get the fuck out, we're
closin' up!

Tremont back-hands Sophia across the face and she falls to the ground. Tremont and Mikey storm out of the diner, leaving Billy to sulk in the kitchen doorway.

Sophia gets to her feet, a hand to her face. She turns to find Billy staring at her.

SOPHIA DATHERS
What happened?

Billy shrugs. He disappears back into the kitchen.

Sophia wipes away a few tears as the last of the customers drop cash on the table and hurry out.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Sam cautiously approaches his cruiser. He digs into his pocket and pulls out his car keys. The blood stained scrap of paper he found in the Sheriff's car falls to the ground.

He picks it up, studying the partial stamp over the signature. He climbs into the car and drives away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sam's cruiser pulls up to the curb hard, the front tire jumps up on the sidewalk. Sam climbs out, disheveled, unsteady on his feet.

He climbs the steps into a drab two-story building with a painted sign on the glass - "County Records Building."

INT. COUNTY RECORDS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The old woman, Ruth, stands across the counter from Sam, a scowl on her face.

RUTH
You look like shit.

DEPUTY SAM
I need to see the deed to Clearmont Farms.

RUTH
What's the matter, Benny rough you up again?

Ruth chuckles to herself.

SHERIFF SAM
Benny's dead. I shot him in the face.

The smile on Ruth's face disappears. She clocks the blood stains on the Sam's shirt, his changed demeanor.

RUTH
Uh-what is it you wanted to see?

DEPUTY SAM
Clearmont Farms.

Ruth slinks away. The other employees watch Sam. There's a new determination behind his eyes.

Ruth returns with a folder and slides it across the counter.

Sam opens the folder. He moves his finger down the paper and lands on the name at the bottom - "Jacob Brimmel." It matches his scrap of paper.

Sam snatches up the folder and storms out--

RUTH
Hey, you can't take that!

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - DAY

Billy watches Sophia clean the diner through a crack in the kitchen door.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy is reclining with a bag of chips in his lap. Empty beer bottles and food containers litter the table and floor. He watches a TV show with the volume up loud.

MISTER FISK (O.S.)
Turn it down...

The bag of chips flies out of Jimmy's hands and he jumps up, but Mister Fisk is behind him and slams him back into the chair, holding him in place.

MISTER FISK (CONT'D)
This is disappointing, Jimmy.

JIMMY GRIMES
It's not what-no, I-I was just resting before I go looking for Frankie...

MISTER FISK
It's okay. I get it.

JIMMY GRIMES
Uh... you do?

MISTER FISK
Yeah. You're a fucking idiot. We gave you a chance to help us out, Jimmy, and in turn help yourself. But you chose to piss it all away. There are consequences for every action, Jimmy... did you know that?

JIMMY GRIMES
What, uh-what do you mean?

A bullet rips through the couch and tears a hole in Jimmy's midsection, in a spray of blood.

Jimmy clutches the wound. Mister Fisk brings the gun up. He puts it to the back of Jimmy's head and pulls the trigger, spraying the man's face across the table and Television.

Mister Fisk turns and walks into the kitchen. He looks under the sink and pulls out a roll of plastic kitchen bags.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

Sam's cruiser is parked at a wonkey angle near the curb.

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Sam is slumped over the wheel asleep and snoring. His body twitches and he jerks awake, disoriented.

INT. DINER - DUSK

Sophia loads the last of the dishes into a plastic bin and carries it into the kitchen.

KITCHEN--

It's dark. Sophia looks to the light switch but her hands are full.

SOPHIA DATHERS

Billy?

She moves to the sink--

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)

Billy? Why am I doing your job? You better not be getting high...

She sets the bin down next to the sink and something crashes into her--

Sophia is suddenly slammed to the ground with a hulking form on top of her. She tries to fight off her assailant--

Billy Crickett. His face red, sweaty, his breathing labored, straddles Sophia, pinning her down.

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)

Billy, get off me!

Billy rips the front of her waitress dress open--

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing? Get off me!

BILLY CRICKETT

Tremont promised me, then he took it back! It ain't fair!

Sophia struggles to break free. She rakes her nails across Billy's cheek. He punches her in the face, nearly knocking her out.

Billy puts a hand to his bleeding face.

BILLY CRICKETT (CONT'D)
Bitch.

Sophia punches Billy in the balls and crawls out from under him--

Billy grabs her ankle and Sophia falls to the ground. She crawls away--

Billy grabs a butcher knife off the counter and follows--

BILLY CRICKETT (CONT'D)
It ain't fair!

He rounds a prep tables--

Billy is smashed in the face by a cast iron skillet. He staggers back and drops the knife, but stays on his feet. Blood runs down his forehead from a deep gash.

BILLY CRICKETT (CONT'D)
You fucking bitch!

Sophia turns to run. Billy lunges and grabs her from behind, pinning her against the table. With one hand he pulls his belt open and his pants drop--

SOPHIA DATHERS
Billy, stop!

A DARK SHAPE slams into Billy and he's throw sideways--

Two gunshots shatter the silence--

Sophia flips on the lights--

Billy's body is splayed out on the floor, pants around his ankles, blood fanning out like a Rorschach test across the floor. Sam stands over him, gun in hand.

DEPUTY SAM
Oh my God... I didn't know it was
Billy...

Billy's hand twitches. Sophia picks up the iron skillet and stands next to Sam, looking down at her brother.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)
I need to call for help--

Sophia slams the skillet down on Billy's face with a sickening crunch. She tosses it aside and turns to a shocked Sam.

SOPHIA DATHERS

He attacked me, Sam... he was going
to have his way with me... he said
Daddy promised it to him.

DEPUTY SAM

Everyone in this town has gone mad.

Sophia steps away from Sam. She grabs one of Billy's legs and pulls.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SOPHIA DATHERS

Well, we can't leave him here, and
Daddy ain't gonna be too happy
about this.

DEPUTY SAM

Sophia, he attacked you--

SOPHIA DATHERS

That won't matter to Daddy, and you
know it. I'm done taking their
abuse. I'm a married woman now...
they got no power over me.

Sam grabs a leg and helps drag Billy to a freezer.

DEPUTY SAM

I hate that you have to live in
fear.

SOPHIA DATHERS

This town is full of despicable
men, Sam. It's time someone cleaned
house.

Resolve spreads across Sam's face.

DEPUTY SAM

You give me strength, Sophia. You
make me feel like I'm capable of
anything.

SOPHIA DATHERS

You're invincible, Sam, but you
never knew it. You just needed me
to pull it out of you.

They kiss, then separate. Sam looks to the dead body.

DEPUTY SAM

We better get him on ice, he's
bleeding all over the floor.

Sophia smiles at Sam and opens the freezer door--

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Mister Fisk creeps through the dark foliage and enters a clearing, Clearmont Farm visible across the parking lot.

A pair of headlights appear down the street and Mister Fisk slinks back into the shadows.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Sam and Sophia sit in a booth drinking coffee. Several wafers are laid out on the table along with the folder from the County.

DEPUTY SAM

I believe they put the property under Sheriff Brimmel's name as insurance to keep him in line. The Sheriff wasn't crooked, he was on to them. I know they killed him, but I'll need proof...

Sam is out of his seat and pacing, angry.

DEPUTY SAM (CONT'D)

This whole thing was orchestrated, and Tremont and my Daddy have been pulling the strings. With Frankie back they needed the Sheriff gone and me in the hot seat, because they figured they could control me.

SOPHIA DATHERS

They were wrong, Sam.

Sam stops. Sophia takes his hand.

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)

The Sheriff was like a father to you... and he loved you like a son. They knew that and they took it all away, for what... money? You can't abide their depravity, Sam.

Sam kneels beside her.

DEPUTY SAM

I'm so angry, Sophia, I feel like it's gonna consume me, like I'm burning up from the inside... there are things I've set my mind to doing... I just don't want you to think less of me. I wan't you to be able to love me freely, without reservation...

Sophia brushes her fingers through Sam's hair and kisses him gently on the lips. She places his campaign hat on his head.

SOPHIA DATHERS

Show them what you're made of, Sam. Nothing can change the way I feel about you. And I know the Sheriff would be proud.

Sam stands.

DEPUTY SAM

Then I'll see justice served.

Sam walks away.

EXT. CLEARMAONT FARM - NIGHT

A pickup truck pulls into the lot and two scruffy men climb out and walk to the door. SULLY, 32, and VERN, 48.

SULLY

Man, I was havin' dinner with my old lady at the Frosty Freeze. This better be important.

VERN

That's nice. How's yer Mamma doin'?

SULLY

No, I was with my wife. My wife is my old lady, you idiot.

Sully goes to punch the code in the wall keypad--

VERN

How the fuck do I know who yer old lady is...

A gun is jammed into the back of Sully's head.

MISTER FISK

No sudden moves, boys.

VERN

Okay, mister, we ain't lookin' to
get shot.

MISTER FISK

Good, then all you got to do is
give me the alarm code.

Sully eyes Mister Fisk.

SULLY

Jesus, yer big...

MISTER FISK

What's the code?

VERN

You know I can't tell you that.

Mister Fisk grabs Vern by the collar and slams him down on
the ground, shoving the gun under his chin--

MISTER FISK

Then you're of no use to me.

Mister Fisk pulls the trigger and the top of Vern's head is
blown open. Sully screams--

Mister Fisk clamps his hand over Sully's mouth and pins him
against the building.

MISTER FISK (CONT'D)

What's the code?

Sully mumbles something incoherent and Mister Fisk removes
his hand.

SULLY

Please, I got an old lady-a wife...
She's waitin' on me at the--

Mister Fisk shoves the gun under his chin.

MISTER FISK

Tell me the code.

SULLY

And then you'll let me go?

MISTER FISK

The code.

SULLY

Okay, okay, it's ten-twenty-eight.

Mister Fisk puts in the code and the door clicks open.

MISTER FISK
I appreciate you not lyin' to me.

SULLY
So... you're gonna let me go,
right?

Mister Fisk jerks Sully away from the wall and pulls the trigger, putting a bullet in his forehead.

MISTER FISK
No.

Mister Fisk grabs Sully and Vern by the ankles and drags them towards the woods.

INT. CHURCH - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tremont and Frankie help Father Janis clean up the mess. Mikey stands off to the side on his phone.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Hey, dummy, you gonna help here?

Mikey slides the phone back into his pocket.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Billy ain't answerin.' I think he's sore we didn't bring him?

Tremont grumbles.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Jesus Christ, you idiot's are gonna be the death of me...

FATHER JANIS
Not that I don't enjoy your moronic squabbles, but what the fuck are we gonna do about Sam?

TREMONT TREMAINE
This is why I had him and Sophia hitched. He's family know... Sam just needs a little motivation to see things in the right light...
(to Mikey)
Go pick up Sophia and bring her to the farm. She's all the motivation we need.

Mikey sulks.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Fine, gimmie the keys.

TREMONT TREMAINE
It's four fucking blocks, walk.

Mikey sighs, exasperated.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Meet us at the Farm. You can take
Billy's truck.

MIKEY TREMAINE
(mumbles)
His truck smells like balls.

Mikey shuffles away, and the two men go about packing up.

FATHER JANIS
Look, I don't know how Sam came
upon this sudden streak of good
luck, but right now that boy could
shit in a swinging bucket. We need
to take this serious. We need to
take precautions.

Tremont nods in agreement.

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Sam drives, determined. He pulls his phone out and makes a call, the sound coming through the car's speakers.

After several rings there's an answer--

WARDEN KEPLER
Warden Kepler.

DEPUTY SAM
Warden, this is Deputy Sam Dathers.
I'm hoping that you can clear
something up for me.

There's a hesitation on the line.

WARDEN KEPLER
Uh... yes, what can I do for you,
Deputy.

DEPUTY SAM

You can explain to me why my brother Frankie was released after serving three years of an eighteen year sentance.

WARDEN KEPLER

I don't care for your tone, Deputy. I'll not be interigated--

DEPUTY SAM

I don't know what's been going on up there, Warden, but I'm gonna get to the bottom of it. I can promise you that.

WARDEN KEPLER

Now you listen to me you little shit--

Sam hangs up the phone.

EXT. CLEARMONT FARM - NIGHT

Tremont's truck and Frankie's muscle-car pull into the empty parking lot and they all climb out.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Where the fuck are Sully and Vern? They should've had the place open by now... Fucking worthless shits.

FRANKIE DATHERS

You get what you pay for with these fuckin' yokels.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Shut up, Frankie. You were born in this town too.

FRANKIE DATHERS

You know, you better start showin' me some goddamn respect, Tremont. I don't like the way you talk to me.

TREMONT TREMAINE

We got bigger fish to fry than your inflated fuckin' ego, Frankie.

FATHER JANIS

Can you two stop stepping on your dicks and get on with this.

They move to the side door and Tremont punches the code into the keypad.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I'm just saying, everything started going to shit the minute you came back to town.

Tremont and the Father walk inside.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Fuck you, Tremont.

Frankie follows.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Mikey walks through the parking lot.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

The place is dark, quiet. Mikey enters and heads to the kitchen--

KITCHEN

Mikey stands frozen in the doorway, taking in the scene--

Stacks of frozen meats are pilled up on the floor and Billy's body is stuffed into the freezer with the lid still open.

Sophia-having changed clothes, is mopping up a large blood stain on the floor.

MIKEY TREMAINE
What the holy shit?

Startled, Sophia drops the mop handle. Mikey rushes to the freezer and stares down at his friends dead body--

MIKEY TREMAINE (CONT'D)
What the holy shit?!

SOPHIA DATHERS
He attacked me... the bastard was trying to rape me!

MIKEY TREMAINE
Stupid son of a bitch, we told him not to...

Sophia's eyes darken.

SOPHIA DATHERS
You knew of his intentions?

MIKEY TREMAINE
Well, we told him not to.

SOPHIA DATHERS
And you and Daddy left me here
alone with him?!

Mikey leans in and inspects the wounds--

MIKEY TREMAINE
He was shot--

Sophia snatches the iron skillet from the counter and smashes Mikey in the side of the head--

Mikey careens into a shelving unit and crumples to the ground. Sophia slams the lid on the freezer and walks out of the kitchen--

DINNING AREA

Sophia steps out of the kitchen and Mikey is behind her. He grabs her from behind--

Sophia spins. She slams the skillet into Mikey's forehead and he staggers back, but stays on his feet.

MIKEY TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Ow, fuck...

Mikey rubs his forehead. He's bleeding from a gash on the side of his head.

MIKEY TREMAINE (CONT'D)
You bitch... you never did like
Billy... or me!

SOPHIA DATHERS
Fuck you, Mikey, you did nothing
but treat me like shit my entire
life, and you stood by when Daddy
was beatin' on me. You did nothing!
Don't you dare try and turn this
around on me.

Mikey laughs.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Oh man, Daddy's gonna skin you
alive. When he finds out that Sam
fuckin'... whoah...

Mikey sways, grabs hold of the countertop to stabilize himself.

MIKEY TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Feelin' a little woozy...

He looks to Sophia--

MIKEY TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Well don't just stand there... get
some goddamn ice for my head.

Sophia walks up, swings the skillet right into Mikey's crotch, and watches him collapses with a whimper.

She pulls his cell phone out of his pocket, drops it on the floor, and smashes it with the skillet.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Now, I'm gonna go help my husband
get some well deserved retribution.

MIKEY TREMAINE
(Squeaks)
Bitch...

Sophia steps over him--

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Sam stands at his desk. He loads his antique Colt pistol and slides in into the back of his waistband.

He unlocks the middle drawer and pulls out Sheriff Brimmel's gold badge. He holds it in his hand--

Resolved, Sam unpins his Deputy badge and pins the Sheriff's star on his chest.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Sophia opens the truck door and tosses the skillet onto the seat. She steps up on the sideboard--

She's grabbed from behind and yanked down. Mikey spins her around and slams her head into the side of the truck and she crumples.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

He locks his desk drawer and pulls out his cellphone. He tries Sophia's number but it goes straight to voicemail.

INT. BILLY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Mikey and Sophia drive in sullen silence, her hands duct-taped in front of her. She Turns to her brother--

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)
Billy attacked me, what choice did
Sam have?

MICKEY TREMAINE
You didn't have to cave his fucking
face in! He might'a lived!

SOPHIA DATHERS
I won't have men defining my life anymore.

They retreat back into silence...

SOPHIA TREMAINE
It smells like balls in here.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Sam's cruiser tears into the parking lot and screeches to a halt. Sam is on the move--

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Sam plows through the door and rushes inside. He stops dead in his tracks at a splash of blood on the dinning-room floor.

SHERIFF SAM
Sophia?!

Sam runs into the kitchen--

KITCHEN

Empty. Sam rushes out the door--

INT. BILLY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Sophia watches Mikey drive, her eyes narrow slits of hate

SOPHIA DATHERS
If you hurt my husband, I will bash
your stupid face in.

Mikey throws her a wary glance.

MIKEY TREMAINE
You've changed.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Sam's cruiser fishtails around a corner and pulls onto the road. He hits the gas and is flying--

INT. BILLY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mikey checks the rearview mirror-- there's a car coming up on them fast.

MIKEY TREMAINE
What the fuck?

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Sam switches his spinners on, painting the night in blue and red. Mikey doesn't slow.

INT. BILLY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mickey flips the rearview mirror up to get the blinding lights out of his eyes.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Pull over and let Sam explain
himself.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Fuck him... and fuck you.

Sam's cruiser moves up along side Mikey, but he cuts him off. Sam drops behind the pickup, then accelerates to pulls up along the passenger side--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF BRIMMEL'S CRUISER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Sheriff Brimmel's face is cold steel, eyes burning as he pulls along side Billy's truck--

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Sam looks up to Sophia in the passenger seat. She frantically motions for him to look ahead--

They're coming up on a sharpe curve in the road. A sign reads Parker Curve--

SHERIFF SAM

Oh crap....

The pickup slams into the cruiser. Sam crushes the brakes--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF BRIMMEL'S CRUISER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Sheriff Brimmel hits the brakes and careens off the road, slamming into a tree--

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Sam skids off the road and slams into the tree--

INT. BILLY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sophia strains to see out the back window as the pickup speeds away.

SOPHIA DATHERS

You better pray Sam's okay.

Mickey shoots her a frightened look--

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The front end of the cruiser is smashed into the tree. Sam is dazed, staring at the wreckage--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CURVE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Sheriff's car is mangled, wrapped around a tree.

Billy's pickup is parked at the side of the road, the side dented and scrapped up.

The passenger door pops open and a DARK FIGURE slides out into the darkness. The figure approaches the cruiser and steps into the bright light of the cruisers headlights--

Frankie Dathers stares down at the Sheriff's bloody face. His body tangled in the wreckage, breathing wet and labored.

Frankie rips the door open and inspects the damage. There's a piece of paper on the floor by the Sheriff's feet. Frankie reaches in and pulls it out--

The Sheriff grabs it, startling Frankie.

Frankie rips it free, a piece tearing off in the Sheriff's fist.

Frankie places a hand on the gun shoved in his waistband--

The Sheriff has stopped breathing, his dead eyes stare back.

Frankie walks away and the ripped piece of paper falls out of the Sheriff's lifeless hand--

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Sam wipes blood and sweat out of his eyes. The picture of Sheriff Brimmel taped to his dash stares back at him.

He turns the key and the engine whines and clanks, finally sputtering to life.

EXT. CLEARMONT FARMS - NIGHT

The pickup pulls into the parking lot and Mikey climbs out. The side door of the barn opens and Tremont steps outside--

TREMONT TREMAINE
What took you so long?

Grim faced, Mikey pulls the passenger door open and roughly yanks Sophia out.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
What the hell's going on, Mikey?

Sophia stares daggers at her father as Mikey drags her towards the building.

MIKEY TREMAINE
They killed Billy.

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser limps slowly along the dark road, headlights pointing in different directions. Sam's phone rings--

He pulls it out of his pocket-- the caller I.D. reads - "Sophia." He answers--

SHERIFF SAM
Sophia, thank God--

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sophia is slumped over in a chair, face bloody, hands still taped. Tremont has the phone to his ear. He's pacing--

TREMONT TREMAINE
You son of a bitch, you killed
Billy!

INT. SAM'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Sam clutches the phone.

SHERIFF SAM
If you hurt her--

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Tremont stops pacing. Mikey grabs the back of Sophia's chair and drags her away.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I suggest you follow my
instructions very carefully, before
things take a very dark turn for
you...

INT. BARN - 2ND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Mister Fisk hides amongst the clutter of a storage platform in the rafters. He watches through the wide slats in the wood floor.

EXT. CLEARMONT FARM - NIGHT

Sam's cruiser limps into the parking lot and stops. He climbs out of the car, unbuckles his gun belt and untucks his shirt.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Father Janis and Tremont pack duffle bags full of drugs. Frankie leafs through a girlie magazine.

TREMONT TREMAINE
If this goes south--

FRANKIE DATHERS
It's not gonna go south cuz we got Sophia... as long as you don't lose your shit.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I'm not promising anything. I'm leaning towards killing Sam.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Billy was tryin' to diddle her. I don't think you can place the blame square on Sam for this one.

FATHER JANIS
You're not killin' Sam! There's been enough killin' already. You want this place crawlin' with county men?

TREMONT TREMAINE
I'm undecided...

Frankie throws a look to his father.

BACK ROOM

Mickey stands at the door trying to hear what's going on.

SOPHIA DATHERS
(whispers)
Mikey... Mikey...

He turns--

MIKEY TREMAINE
Would you stop--

Sophia kicks him in the balls and he collapses to the floor. She pulls his truck keys out of his pocket.

BARN

Frankie gets up from his chair.

FRANKIE DATHERS
You guys are fucking amateurs, you
know that? It's no wonder the
Sheriff figured you out...

FATHER JANIS
We're all on edge here, boy, don't
push things.

FRANKIE DATHERS
You left a Goddamn paper trail...
and neither of you had the balls to
take care of him, so that fell to
me... once again.

SHERIFF SAM (O.S.)
You son of a bitch...

All three men look up and freeze--

Sam steps out of the shadows, gun belt in hand, shaking with
rage.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Fuck.

Frankie trains his gun on Sam.

SHERIFF SAM
You killed the Sheriff.

TREMONT TREMAINE
You killed Billy!

SHERIFF SAM
He attacked your daughter!

Father Janis tries to ease the tension. He steps close to
Sam.

FATHER JANIS
Okay now, remember our agreement,
we just want to talk. Let's all
calm down and think about what
we're tryin' to build here, not
what we've lost along the way...

SHERIFF SAM
I'm not here to build anything with
you.

TREMONT TREMAINE
You just remember that I've got
Sophia, so I suggest you start
playing ball--

Sam punches Father Janis in the face, and the Father hits the ground hard--

FATHER JANIS
What the fuck?

SHERIFF SAM
I'm done taking orders from any of
you--

Sam is hit from behind and he crumples to the ground--

Mikey stands over him, one hand clutching his crotch, the other a chair leg.

MIKEY TREMAINE
Sophia got away.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Goddammit, Mikey, you had one job!

MIKEY TREMAINE
I don't mind tellin' you, I'm
scared 'ah her. She's changed--

Mikey's head jerks sideways, and he collapses. Sophia steps out of the shadows, iron skillet in hand.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Jesus Christ, are you tryin' to
kill him too?

Sophia drops the skillet and pulls Sam's gun from his fallen gun belt.

Frankie's gun is on Sophia.

FRANKIE DATHERS
You look good, Sophia. It's been a
while.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Fuck you, Frankie. Put the gun
down, or I'll shoot you in the
fucking balls.

TREMONT TREMAINE

What the hell's gotten into you,
Sophia? Have you lost your goddamn
mind? Put the gun down!

SOPHIA DATHERS

Did you know he raped me when I was
sixteen?

Tremont moves closer.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Sophia, you're hysterical, you need
to calm down. He was a teenager,
men have urges at that age... It's
nature--

Sophia swings the gun around on Tremont.

SOPHIA DATHERS

Are you kidding me, you knew?

TREMONT TREMAINE

I mean, we didn't talk about it,
but...

SOPHIA DATHERS

I can't believe this.

Tremont takes another step closer.

TREMONT TREMAINE

Put the gun down, Sophia, we can
still work all this out.

SOPHIA DATHERS

You're not hurting my Sam. He
defended me. He protected me from
Billy, which is more than you've
ever done.

Tremont steps closer. He grabs Sophia's wrist and lands a
solid punch to her face, knocking her to the ground. The gun
clatters to the floor.

STORAGE LOFT--

Mister Fisk watches from his perch, a wicked smile on his
face.

MISTER FISK

Idiots.

MAIN FLOOR--

Mikey and Father Janis are on their feet. Sam sits up--

SHERIFF SAM
(moans)
Who hit me?

Mikey grabs the fallen gun and stands over Sophia. He rubs his eyes--

MICKEY TREMAINE
Goddamnit, Sophia, I'm gonna be permanently crosseyed, and I ain't never gonna be able to have little ones! Stop hitting me with that fucking... Whoah...

Mikey sways.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Idiot.

SHERIFF SAM
Don't you touch her, Mikey. I'm the one who shot Billy.

MICKEY TREMAINE
Oh, I'm gonna get to you... don't you worry--

Sam scoots across the floor and launches a boot into Mikey's crotch. Mikey screams, fires his gun into the air, and collapses in a heap--

There's a loud thud from above, a splintering of old wood, and a hulking form drops down from the rafters to land squarely on top of Sam.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Who the hell is this?

FRANKIE DATHERS
Well, fuck me... that's Mister Fisk. He's Warden Kepler's right hand goon.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I told you you were pushing the Warden too hard.

Frankie scratches his head.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Yeah, you may have been right about that one.

Mister Fisk stirs, blood seeping from a bullet wound in his shoulder. He rolls off of Sam.

TREMONT TREMAINE
Jesus, he's big.

Mister Fisk grabs Frankie's ankle and pulls his feet out from under him. The gun flies out of his hand and he hits his head on the ground when he falls--

Tremont jumps on Mister Fisk's back and tries to get him in a choke hold--

Sam scrambles to his feet. He punches his father in the face and stands over him. He pulls out his cuffs--

SHERIFF SAM
You're under arrest for your part
in the murder of Sheriff Brimmel,
drug running, kidnapping my wife,
and the attempted murder of my
Mamma!

Mister Fisk is spinning in circles and crashing into everything, trying to get Tremont off his back--

Sam drags Father Janis to a work table and handcuffs him to it--

FATHER JANIS
Christ, boy, I didn't touch yer
mother, you idiot!

Mister Fisk and Tremont plow into Sam and they all fall in a heap--

Tremont spots Mister Fisk's gun and dives for it. Mister Fisk gets to his feet and is smashed in the face with a metal wafer tray by Frankie. The big man stumbles back--

Tremont fires two shots and Mister Fisk drops to the ground.

Tremont turns his gun on Sam--

TREMONT TREMAINE
Get up, Sam.

Sam stands.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
I drugged your mother.

FATHER JANIS
What the fuck, Tremont!

FRANKIE DATHERS
You son of a bitch!

TREMONT TREMAINE

Oh for god's sake, she doesn't even
know her own name. She was a
distraction for Sam.

SHERIFF SAM

She's my Mother!

TREMONT TREMAINE

Oh fuck off, Sam! Everything's a
distraction for you. The Sheriff
dying, your Mamma, your fucking toy
soldiers...

Mikey lets out a loud moan and lurches to his feet, gripping
his balls. He snatches a pair of scissors off a work station--

MIKEY TREMAINE

You're not gonna hit me with that
fucking skillet again--

Mikey charges at Sophia, crazed, scissors over his head--

Sam reaches under his shirt, pulls the Colt pistol out of his
waistband, and shoots Mikey--

Mikey stumbles and falls face-first on the ground--

Tremont is frozen in shock. Sophia moves to Mikey and rolls
him over--

The scissors are buried to the handle in his chest.

SOPHIA DATHERS

Oh, that's not good...

Tremont's face flips from shock to rage. he raises his gun
and pulls the trigger--

Sophia leaps in front of Sam--

The bullet hits the skillet, ricochets off it, and hits
Frankie in the calf. He screams and falls--

Sam shoots Tremont, and the man drops, clutching his stomach.

SHERIFF SAM

You're all going to jail.

FATHER JANIS

This is a mistake, Son--

SHERIFF SAM
I'm not your son! I gave you up the day you beat my Mamma's head in.

FATHER JANIS
I'm your goddamn father, you'll do as your told!

Sam points to his shiny gold star.

SHERIFF SAM
I'm the Goddamned Sheriff now.
You're nothing but a lying drug dealing murderer.

Tremont is lying prone, hands over his wound, oozing blood from his abdomen. Sophia moves to him and puts a hand on top of his.

Frankie watches them from the floor, clutching his leg. He spots his gun lying nearby.

TREMONT TREMAINE
I'm gut shot, Sophia... I need your help... I need an ambulance...

Sophia pushes down on Tremont's hands.

TREMONT TREMAINE (CONT'D)
Aaaahhh! What the Hell's wrong with you? You've lost your Goddamn mind, girl.

SOPHIA DATHERS
No Daddy... I woke up.

TREMONT TREMAINE
(pleading)
Help me... please... call for help.

Sophia pulls his cell phone from his pocket and tosses it on his chest.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Call 'em yourself.

She stands and looks at the carnage.

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)
Hey... where's the big guy?

SHERIFF SAM
Damn.

Frankie awkwardly climbs to his feet and grabs Sophia from behind, shoving his gun into her side.

FRANKIE DATHERS

Sammy--

Sam spins, and his pistol comes up.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)

Now, we both know yer not gonna
shoot me as long as I've got yer
precious Sophia.

Sam lowers his weapon.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)

All the way down, Sam.

Sam puts the gun on the ground.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)

Well, you have royally fucked
things up for me, Sammy. We had a
nice family business goin' here. No
one was askin' you to take part,
all you had to do was look the
other way.

SHERIFF SAM

You're selling drugs out of the
church. I'm not looking the other
way. I did it when our Daddy broke
Mamma's skull open, but I'm done
being intimidated by you two. I'm
shutting it down. All of it.

Sophia squirms and Frankie tightens his grip.

FRANKIE DATHERS

You've changed, Sammy, I'll give
you that. I guess marriage agrees
with you--

Frankie licks Sophia's neck. She cringes. Sam's blood boils.
He takes a step closer--

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)

Nope. Don't do that, Sammy. You
wouldn't want somethin' to happen
to your pretty little bride.

SOPHIA DATHERS

If you think you're taking me with
you, you should know.

(MORE)

SOPHIA DATHERS (CONT'D)
The second you close your eyes, or
turn your back on me, I'm gonna rip
off your face, shove it down your
throat, and watch you choke to
death on youre ugliness.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Wow, that's really dark...

Sam walks over to his gun and slowly bends down to pick it up.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Don't do it, Sammy.

Sam stands, gun in hand.

SOPHIA DATHERS
He's not gonna just let you walk
outta here.

FRANKIE DATHERS
No, I don't suppose he is... but he
can't save you and catch me. Let's
see what's more important to him--

Frankie pushes Sophia away from him. He fires one shot. The bullet hits her in the leg and she falls--

SHERIFF SAM
Sophia!

Frankie bolts into the shadows and Sam runs to Sophia.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Frankie bursts through the side door and runs to his car. He fumbles for his keys. A hulking figure steps up behind him-

MISTER FISK
Toss the gun and turn around,
Frankie.

Frankie sighs. He tosses the gun and turns.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sam puts pressure on Sophia's leg. She's unfazed.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Sam, it's just a flesh wound. Go
after Frankie.

SHERIFF SAM
No, I'm not leaving your side till
I know you're all right.

She puts a hand to his face.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Sam, you chose me. I'm fine. Go do
your job... the Sheriff's watching.

Sam kisses her.

SHERIFF SAM
I love you, Sophia Dathers.

SOPHIA DATHERS
I love you, Sheriff Dathers.

Sam boltss for the door.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Frankie and Mister Fisk stand facing each other.

MISTER FISK
Now the keys. Aim for the woods.

Frankie throws the keys into the woods.

MISTER FISK (CONT'D)
Hope you're happy, Frankie. Now I
have to kill your brother and his
wife too. And I don't enjoy killing
women... especially pretty ones.

FRANKIE DATHERS
I feel you, big man. Now, what's it
gonna take to work out a deal
here...

The side door bursts open and Sam runs out, pistol raised. He
freezes.

Mister Fisk grabs Frankie and uses him as a shield.

SHERIFF SAM
You've lost your way, Mister Fisk.
You're supposed to be on the side
of law and order.

MISTER FISK
I'm affraid the other side pays
better.

FRANKIE DATHERS
And there's prostitutes.

Mister Fisk slaps Frankie upside his head.

MISTER FISK
Shut up.

Mister Fisk pushes Frankie forward. They slowly walk towards Sam.

MISTER FISK (CONT'D)
Let's take this inside and talk
about what happens next. I believe
we can come to an arrangement.

FRANKIE DATHERS
He's gonna kill us, Sam... Sophia
too.

Sam looks into Mister Fisk's eyes. The big man doesn't bother denying it.

Both men fire. Mister Fisk misses. Sam's bullet rips through Mister Fisk's eye and blows a hole in the back of his head. The big man toples--

Frankie turns and runs into the woods, calling out--

FRANKIE DATHERS
Thanks little brother!

SHERIFF SAM
Damn.

Sam watches him get swallowed up by the woods as sirens wail and an ambulance and fire truck pull into the parking lot.

TITLE CARD: SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

INT. BIKINI BAR - NIGHT

Frankie sits at a small table in the corner of the seedy room with several shot glasses in front of him. A single dancer half-heartedly works the pole on a small stage.

Sam walk through the front door. He spots Frankie and makes his way to the table, sitting opposite him. He leaves his hat on.

Frankie frowns.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Ain't you gonna take your stupid
hat off?

SHERIFF SAM
No. I won't be here long.

FRANKIE DATHERS
How'd you find me?

SHERIFF SAM
You beat up a prostitute.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Fair enough.

Frankie pulls out his gun and lays it on the table, barrel facing Sam.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Heard Tremont's on his ass,
shittin' in a bag for the rest of
his days... never did like that son
of a bitch.

Frankie throws back another shot.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
You know, I bet good money that
we'd break you, and you'd fall into
line.

Sam slowly pulls his Colt pistol out and lays it on the table, barrel facing Frankie.

SHERIFF SAM
Well, I guess you lost that bet.

Frankie shrugs.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Yes and no, on account 'ah you
shootin' Benny in the face, so... I
don't have to pay up. I feel like
that's a win.

Frankie grabs another shot and holds it up for a toast.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
I appreciate what you did back at
the farm, with Fisk. If he'd of
killed me, there'd be no one left
to sing my virtues, seein' as how
you put the Preacher in jail.

SHERIFF SAM
I didn't do it for you.

FRANKIE DATHERS
No, I don't suppose you did.

Frankie throws back the shot and slams the glass down.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Now, off you go, Sammy. Flitter
away into the sunset... I'm gonna
cut you some slack cuz at the end
of the day we're still family, and
that's something you never offered
me...

Sam slowly pulls out his handcuffs and slides them across the table.

SHERIFF SAM
Here's your slack, Frankie. I'm
offering you a choice... since
we're family.

FRANKIE DATHERS
You know what? I don't like this
new version of you.

Sam gives him the hint of a smirk.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
Fuck you. We made you the Sheriff.

Sam's smirk hardens into a cold stare.

SHERIFF SAM
I earned this star... and you
killed the Sheriff... he was a good
man. I won't let that go.

FRANKIE DATHERS
Oh, boo-hoo, Sammy. Grow up. Good
people die every day. You may have
grown some little baby balls, but
we both know that deep down you're
still--

Sam's gun barks, and a bullet rips through Frankie's shoulder, throwing him backward. He hits the ground hard.

Sam holsters his pistol as he stands and tucks Frankie's gun into his waistband. He stands over his brother.

FRANKIE DATHERS (CONT'D)
You fucker, you shot me...

SHERIFF SAM
You shot my wife.

Sam grabs Frankie by the collar and drags him across the floor--

TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. SHALTON PRISON - DAY

Sam escorts Frankie-in his prison jumpsuit and arm sling, down a long row of cells. They pass several familiar faces, all watching them walk by--

Tremont, in a wheel chair, eyes burning with hate, Father Janis Dathers, scowling, and Warden Kepler, fearfully pressed into the corner of his cell.

Sam pushes Frankie into the next open cell and closes the door. Father Janis steps to the bars of his cell--

FATHER JANIS
You got your whole family locked up. I hope you're good and Goddamn happy with yourself, Sam.

SHERIFF SAM
You put yourself behind those bars, old man... you all did.

Sam walks away with his head held high.

EXT. SHALTON PRISON - DAY

Sam steps through the guard gate--

Sophia is waiting by Sam's cruiser, with his mother in the back seat. She gives Sam a hug.

SOPHIA DATHERS
Sheriff Brimmel would be so proud of you, Sam.

Sam smiles.

SHERIFF SAM
You know... I think you're right.

Sam looks to his mother.

SHERIFF SAM
How about I take my two favorite
ladies to lunch?

Sam opens Sophia's door and helps her into the car. He walks around the car and climbs in.

SOPHIA DATHERS
I believe you've found your
calling, Sheriff Dathers.

Sam smiles and fires up the engine.

SHERIFF SAM
I believe I have.

He puts the car in gear and drives off.

THE END.