

Miracle Farm
An Original Screenplay
by
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FADE IN:

INT. DEATH ROW CELL - NIGHT - KENTUCKY (1950)

The walls are stained with the urine of former victims.

REGINALD LYNCH (30s), larger-than-average, light-skinned African American, confused and angry, sits at his made cot, shackled at his ankles and wrists.

A meager attempt at steak and potatoes awaits on a tray a few feet away, untouched.

The door is unlocked and swings open. In walks a PRIEST followed by THREE ARMED GUARDS, forming a wall around Reginald.

REGINALD

What the fuck is this?!

GUARD 1

Watch your tongue in front of the father, boy!

PRIEST

I've come to perform your last rites.

REGINALD

What 'bout my appeal?! The High Court?! The lawyer told me. A pardon! The lawyer told me!

GUARD 1

Calm now, junkie.

REGINALD

Father, I ain't kill no one. Now you just walk on out of here the same you done come in and don't come back! I'm warning you.

The priest looks to the guards as if to confirm his own security.

PRIEST

Lord, as you prepare to take your son from this earth...

Reginald lunges into the priest, toppling him over.

Two guards tackle Reginald off, but it's no small order. Reginald continues to fight, until the other guard slams the butt of his shotgun into Reginald's neck. He drops to the floor.

GUARD 1

You finish actin' like a wild hog?!
One way or another, you gonna sit
in that chair.

REGINALD

Your mother's a wild hog!

The priest picks himself up and dusts off his robe.

PRIEST

It's alright. It's alright.

GUARD 1

Now shut your yap and let the
father finish.

PRIEST

Lord, as you prepare to take
Reginald Lynch from this earth...

Reginald lunges at the priest again from the floor. The guards hold him back. It takes all three to make a fair attempt.

REGINALD

Get the fuck out of here! All of
you!

PRIEST

...we ask that you forgive him for
his acts...

REGINALD

Fuck you, priest! Get him out!

GUARD 1

That's enough!

The guard backhands his baton across Reginald's cheek, then the other with a forehand, knocking him back down.

The priest does his best to continue through the chaos.

PRIEST

...and show mercy on his soul as he
prepares to join you in your
kingdom forever. Amen.

The priest attempts to mark the sign of the cross on Reginald's forehead, but Reginald kicks his legs out, striking the priest and knocking the tray of food over.

REGINALD
I ain't kill no one!

The guards try to pick Reginald up, but he weighs himself down, anchoring his legs around the cot.

The guards put some elbow grease into yanking Reginald loose.

GUARD 1
Grab his legs!

They snap him from the cot and drag him out.

REGINALD
I'm innocent!

The priest stands aside and can only watch.

DEATH ROW - SECONDS LATER

The guards drag Reginald like an alligator down the hall. Reginald attempts to roll out of their grips.

GUARD 1
God-damn animal! Is this how you want the people to remember you?

They let Reginald plop to the floor then all three beat him profusely with their batons.

REGINALD
Fuck you and the people who sent me here!

After a terrific beating, Reginald lies silenced. The guards hoist him up and continue to drag him down the cold, silent hall.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A spotless, empty room of blinding white walls and brown linoleum floors.

At one far wall, a clock breaks the monotony.

At the opposite wall, a phone hangs neglected.

At the center of the room, begging for attention, sits the ELECTRIC CHAIR, made of standard oak.

By itself, nothing extraordinary. Leather straps attach at the armrests, ankle holders and waist. Two more belts extend from the chair's crown.

A couple of feet above the chair, a cylindrical metal cap hangs down from the ceiling like a lamp.

A dormant electrode lies on the floor, next to an ankle strap.

Windows along the walls offer a glimpse into this execution chamber.

Adjoined to the room and close to the entrance, a secret chamber with one door allowing both ingress and egress.

Inside the chamber, an entire wall displays a panel of circuitry. TWO LEVERS project from the chamber's empty wall.

A TECHNICIAN activates the components.

The WARDEN enters the room.

WARDEN

We ready here?

TECHNICIAN

Ready, Warden.

VIEWING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Of the handful in attendance, none are friends or family of Reginald.

DETECTIVE MOSES HILL (40s), all-business, stands next to POLICE CHIEF BRADLEY COMIER (50s), preservationist of the political status quo.

BRADLEY

Sorry you have to be here.

MOSES

I wanted to see it with my own eyes.

BRADLEY

I only pray that from this day forth, you can rest knowing justice was done.

Moses takes a seat, followed by Bradley.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The door is opened. Reginald is dragged in, semi-conscious.

The guards force Reginald to take a seat, but Reginald musters unknown strength and arches his body, locking it like an ironing board. He yanks away, tossing a body guard off of him.

REGINALD

Your mothers will burn in hell for
this!

Random officers enter to help restrain the maniac.

A guard blasts Reginald behind the knees, the other slams his billy club into his gut and then across his face again.

GUARD 2

No more fight out of you.

Reginald exhales with a gag reflex as he softens into putty.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRADLEY

Boy's strong.

Moses keeps his focus intently on Reginald.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The guards sit Reginald in the chair and quickly apply the restraints. First around his ankles, then his wrists. Only his body and head are allowed to undulate.

He squirms, nearly disjuncting his head from his neck, but it's no use.

The guards press Reginald's head against the back of the chair, wrapping the final belts around his forehead and neck.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moses and Bradley sit in a quiet state of tension.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

An officer places a soaked, white sponge on Reginald's head. Water drips down his face and gets into his eyes.

The warden approaches Reginald and holds out the Death Warrant.

WARDEN

Reginald P. Lynch, found guilty of the murders of Janice Hill and her unborn child on the 10th day of July, 1950. For your crimes, you are hereby condemned to death by electrocution. Any last words?

REGINALD

The High Court...the lawyer...that gun don't belong to me.

The warden stands confused by Reginald's gibberish.

WARDEN

You done?

REGINALD

Warden, look into my eyes and know I'm tellin' the truth when I say I ain't kill no woman. I ain't kill no baby. Know if you go through with this right now, you be murdering an innocent man.

The warden walks away, signaling to his officer.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Fuck you, warden! You hear me?!
Fuck all you killers!

The officer brings over a leather mask and starts to place it over Reginald's face.

REGINALD

See you in hell!

The mask is fastened to Reginald's face. Only a small hole where Reginald's nose is allowed to catch his final breaths, the rest of his face fully cloaked. He continues to yell through the mask.

The metal skull cap is lowered and secured to Reginald's head.

The phone rings on the back wall. The warden answers it.

WARDEN

Governor.
(then)
Thank you.

The warden hangs up.

TWO LARGE MEN WITH BLACK HOODS (Executioners) enter the secret chamber.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Clemency denied.

The warden exits the room...

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and takes a seat among the spectators.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Reginald's fingers start clawing at the armrests, his toes snug inside his shoes, attempt to cling to the floor.

Behind his mask, the moans of abandon. Tightening his entire body like a wound spring, he attempts to prepare for death's inevitable call.

One of the executioners flips the switch and cranks on the power. Light bulbs in the circuitry chamber flash on, one-at-a-time, till they're all brightly lit.

Another officer nods to the executioners.

Both executioners simultaneously pull down their respective levers.

Reginald offers his final roar just as a wave of electricity runs through the insulated cables and into Reginald's skull cap, sending a frenzy of current through his body. He locks up and twitches uncontrollably.

IMAGE 1: NIGHT KENTUCKY COUNTRYSIDE - Forest abounding, a paranoid Reginald sneaks through a remote marijuana field, stashing marijuana leaves in his coat. He gets low to his knees and takes a quick puff off his skinny joint. A sudden dog bark sends him fleeing.

IMAGE 2: NIGHT KENTUCKY COUNTRYSIDE - Reginald hears a car peeling out down the road. He's jumpy.

IMAGE 3: NIGHT KENTUCKY COUNTRYSIDE - Reginald hurries to the road and sees a beige 1949 Pontiac Streamliner race past him. Glancing at the car, he lowers his head in cover to avoid being spotted and high-tails it in the opposite direction.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The second hand on the clock slowly moves along.

After 60 seconds of voltaic mayhem, the executioners release the levers.

Reginald's body distends gradually. His fingers remain clenched to the armrests.

Within seconds, his chest begins to contract. His bellow is barely audible until he forces out another roar.

OFFICER

Repeat.

The executioners pull down the levers, sending another 60-second blast through Reginald.

Reginald locks up once more, shivering in a fit of anguish.

IMAGE 4: NEXT MORNING KENTUCKY COUNTRYSIDE - Reginald spots a 9MM pistol amidst the thick flora. He picks it up, studies it, then sticks it in his pocket.

IMAGE 5: MORNING KENTUCKY COUNTRYSIDE FARMHOUSE - Reginald passes a rundown farmhouse, seemingly abandoned. He takes another puff from his joint and moves on.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Smoke begins to escape Reginald's skull cap and fogs up the lamp shining brightly above.

Blood begins to drip from Reginald's mask and escape from the center of Reginald's chest.

The executioner releases the lever.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone holds their collective breaths for confirmation.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Within seconds, Reginald begins to spasm. His head challenges the fastened belts. His waist attempts a forward thrust, his fingers, erect as knives, disjoint under their own tension.

Then one more shriek from behind the mask, followed by a gusting gasp.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moses can barely watch. Bradley covers his mouth.

BRADLEY

My Lord.

MOSES

For Christ's sake, finish him
already!

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The executioners give Reginald another dose of raw power, sending a wave of energy that freezes Reginald instantly. More smoke escapes Reginald's skull cap.

IMAGE 6: MORNING KENTUCKY ROADSIDE - Reginald, feet apart, hands cuffed, body pressed against the hood of a black 1950 Mercury police cruiser.

IMAGE 7: COURTROOM - Reginald sits, flabbergasted by the white jury's verdict.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

His fingers, once clinging desperately to the chair, dangle with initial rigor mortis. His head gives up.

The executioners continue to pump electricity into Reginald's cavity for what seems an eternity until a FLAME SHOTS out from his leather mask.

Reginald's shirt catches fire and the flames engulf his entire body.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The warden leaps to his feet and rushes into the death chamber.

Moses and Bradley are on their feet.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

WARDEN

Power off!

The executioners don't hear him.

The warden enters the circuitry chamber.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Power off, I say! Cut it off!

The executioners release the levers.

Officers rush over to Reginald with extinguishers and douse the flames.

Smoke blankets the ceiling.

Everyone catches their breaths.

Reginald sits still as ice, covered in foamy fire retardant.

An officer turns on the vents and the smoke starts to dissipate through the ceiling.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A newspaper photographer snaps a picture of Reginald, covered in foam.

Moses watches in shock.

BRADLEY
It's finished.

Moses and Bradley watch DOCTOR CHARLES GAMMON (50s), enter the death chamber and approach Reginald.

DEATH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

An officer wipes the foam off Reginald's chest.

Gammon, places his stethoscope on Reginald's heart and searches for a pulse.

DR. GAMMON
11:34 PM.

Gammon marks it on his chart and exits.

VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moses gets to his feet and starts for the exit without another word.

Bradley stands and watches Moses off.

DEATH CHAMBER - SECONDS LATER

Officers, hands covered with surgical gloves, unbound Reginald from his chair and scoop him onto the gurney.

Without removing his leather mask, they cover him with two layers: a white sheet, followed by a black plastic cover and then cart him from the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

An unmarked wagon stands by idling its engine.

Reginald is rolled into the back of the wagon. The officers close the doors as the vehicle starts off.

EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - UNIVERSITY - LATER

Rain begins to fall as the wagon pulls up to the back entrance.

The driver exits the vehicle and leaves it running while he enters the building.

MOMENTS LATER

The DRIVER returns with JERRY (30s), medical assistant. They open the back of the wagon and pull Reginald out. Water drops roll off of Reginald's plastic cover.

They transfer a covered Reginald to a steel table.

JERRY

Thanks, I'll take it from here.

DRIVER

Have a good one.

Jerry rolls Reginald inside.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry rolls Reginald down the hall to the elevator, then pushes the button and waits.

The wide elevator doors slide open. Jerry rolls Reginald inside. The doors slide closed.

UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors slide open again as Jerry rolls Reginald out and down the hall to a door that reads: CADAVER ROOM - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

The security guard, STANLEY JERGENS (40s), opens the large, insulated door. Jerry rolls Reginald in.

STANLEY
Enjoy yourself.

JERRY
Screw off.

Stanley smiles as Jerry enters.

CADAVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everything is a cold, metallic gray. The room is larger than any other in the building and fully refrigerated.

Not more than five body bags, filled with corpses, lie on tables, tags dangling off each.

Individual FREEZERS line the back walls, each containing a human specimen.

Jerry can see his own breath as he rolls Reginald to the back wall.

Standing by one of the corpses, DOCTOR WILKINS (50s), finishes writing his report.

JERRY
Dr. Wilkins, this is Reginald
Lynch. You want him in a freezer?

DR. WILKINS
Next to Mr. Gentry is fine.

Jerry rolls Reginald next to another steel table with a tag that reads: MITCH GENTRY.

JERRY
(to Reginald)
Best of luck to you.
(then)
Need any help, Doctor?

Wilkins signs his report and places it inside the folder.

DR. WILKINS
No. Let's get out of here before we
turn into one of these corpsicles.

JERRY
Corpsicle. That's a good one.

DR. WILKINS
You mocking me?

JERRY
Course not, Doc?

Dr. Wilkins and Jerry start for the exit.

DR. WILKINS
How's the wife?

JERRY
Expecting again.

DR. WILKINS
Great news.

Jerry turns out the light just as the door is sealed shut behind them.

Reginald lies still in the dark, cold room.

INT. MOSES HILL HOUSE - LATER

Open boxes lie scattered about the living room. Furniture is shoved out of place.

The doorbell rings.

Moses answers it. DOREEN WILLIAMS (60s), realtor, stands at the door.

DOREEN
Mr. Moses Hill, how do you do? I'm
Doreen Williams, Bellevue Valley
Homes.

MOSES
Come in.

Doreen enters.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DOREEN
I see you've already started
packing.

MOSES
How fast can you sell this place?

DOREEN
I'll put it on the market today.

MOSES
Take the first offer.

DOREEN
Mr. Hill, may I ask you something?

MOSES
Sure.

DOREEN
I'm not one to intrude into the
personal affairs of my clients, but
would you happen to be Moses Hill,
the famed detective?

MOSES
That's not how they view me at the
precinct.

Doreen's face becomes flushed.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Is there a problem?

DOREEN
I'm sorry about your wife.

MOSES
So you understand?

DOREEN
I do, only there is one concern.

MOSES
What?

DOREEN
You see, Mr. Hill, I'm an
outstanding realtor. I can sell
your house before you finish
packing.

MOSES
But?

DOREEN
It goes without saying: most folks
will be dissuaded by the property's
history.

MOSES
This property has no history.

DOREEN

Perhaps, but the people who lived in it do. When potential buyers ask, I'll have to tell them.

Beat.

MOSES

Do you mind if I share a little story?

DOREEN

Of course not.

MOSES

My wife loved the country. She'd take long walks out in the middle of nowhere, sometimes for hours. She always said the world was growing too fast and soon nothing pure would remain. During her last stroll, she came across a homeless, colored man.

DOREEN

I read about it in the paper.

MOSES

Yeah. What you probably didn't read is how that son-of-a-bitch left her to rot away in the bushes after he raped and shot her at point-blank range. Now if you don't mind, I'll continue packing all this history.

MOMENTS LATER

Moses yanks his king-sized bed from the wall, ripping the bedding off and scattering it all over the floor.

SECONDS LATER

Moses struggles to force the mattress through the back door until he's able to pry it through. He lets it fall to the dirt-filled back yard, then kicks it out of the way.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - 1:30 AM

Gammon walks down the lonely hall and past Stanley, who sits alone with a cup of coffee and the newspaper in hand.

STANLEY

Morning, Doctor.

Gammon looks to his watch.

DR. GAMMON
It appears so.

STANLEY
One of these days I imagine you'll
get home at a reasonable hour.

DR. GAMMON
I really don't think the Missus
would have it.

STANLEY
To uncovering the mysteries of life
and death instead.

DR. GAMMON
You know me too well.

STANLEY
Hey, Doc, you ever have one of them
talk back to you yet?

DR. GAMMON
I'm still working on that. Be good,
Stanley.

Gammon continues past Stanley and swings a right onto another
lonely, long hall.

He opens the door at the end.

STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gammon starts up two flights of steps, each step a slight
heavier than the last, until he gets to his floor.

CADAVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gammon enters and turns on the light.

He reaches into the supply box and puts on a pair of surgical
gloves.

Gammon then rolls an empty steel table to the back wall.

He opens one of the coffin-sized freezers and slides the
frozen corpse onto the table.

DR. GAMMON
Let's thaw you out.

Gammon rolls the table aside.

The freezer door stays open.

Gammon then steps to the steel table holding Reginald.

Gammon removes the plastic cover and places it to the side. Then he slides the white sheet off. What lies before Gammon is only privy to him.

DR. GAMMON

I gather you've seen better days.
Cheer up. The work I'm about to
perform will land you in the
medical books, but it's better if
you don't watch.

Gammon covers Reginald's face with a small cloth.

Gammon steps away momentarily.

The loud sounds of rolling wheels as Gammon returns with a large tank of formaldehyde.

Wiping Reginald's neck with alcohol, he struggles to inject the needle through his roasted skin.

After a couple of attempts, he gets to Reginald's carotid artery and begins to pump a high pressure mix of embalming agent into Reginald's bloodstream.

Gammon waits as Reginald's body begins to swell before him.

Reginald's eyes pop open and shift the cloth ever so slightly.

Gammon removes the cloth.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)

Excuse the blinders. Makes it
easier for me.

Gammon clamps Reginald's eyelids with caps to keep them shut.

Gammon then injects Reginald's femoral artery to allow the drainage of blood into the connected cylinder.

The caps on Reginald's eyes pop off and fall to the floor.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)

Behave, corpse.

Gammon picks the caps up and refocuses on Reginald.

He removes the cloth from Reginald's face and immediately drops the caps.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)
Bloody hell!

Gammon takes a few steps away from the table.

Reginald continues to lie still.

After a couple of paralyzing moments, Gammon returns to Reginald.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)
Maybe Stanley's right. It's too late, even for me.

Gammon stands over Reginald and observes his deathly stillness.

He replaces the cloth over Reginald's face.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)
Stay focused.

Reginald reaches out and takes hold of Gammon's wrist. Gammon screams immediately as he tries to pull away.

Reginald lets go as his arm drops from the table, his fingers twitching involuntarily.

Gammon hops back once more.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)
What the hell's going on?!

Reginald attempts to roar, but all that is exhaled under his cloth mask is a gasp of grating air. He hacks up a murky mixture of gray and red, soaking the cloth.

GAMMON'S P.O.V.: Reginald's arms tremble uncontrollably. Reginald attempts to get up, but he can't. He slowly rolls over and falls to the floor. Squirming and wheezing, he reaches for the tube connected to his neck and yanks it out.

Gammon hesitates, grabs a syringe off the table and a bottle of tranquilizer.

He approaches Reginald.

Filling the syringe with the fluid, Gammon kneels at Reginald's side.

Reginald wails an incomprehensible cry for help.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)
Impossible!

Gammon stabs Reginald in the neck with the needle.

Reginald grabs Gammon and pulls him down.

DR. GAMMON (CONT'D)
Stanley!

Reginald shrieks as he reaches for Gammon's face, covering it with his burned hand. Gammon strikes at Reginald with both hands and legs in a panicked attempt to break free.

Squeezing in self defense, Reginald digs his fingers into Gammons' eye sockets. Gammon screams into unconsciousness.

Reginald then yanks the syringe from his neck and tosses it aside.

Disoriented and in unbearable pain, Reginald continues to lie next to Gammon for a few moments.

Reginald looks to his surroundings, then yanks the tube from his leg and slowly tries to stand.

Getting to his hands and then knees, he reaches for the nearest support, the formaldehyde tank, spilling its contents all over the floor. Pulling himself up, he inches to his feet.

Wobbling in place, he slips on the wet floor and just as soon collapses.

Lying still, Reginald rolls onto his belly.

Crawling to the steel table, Reginald reaches up for a solid base, grabbing the edge of the table.

He stands erect for a few moments and catches a glimpse of his hazy reflection on the table's surface. Shock sets in.

The table rolls from under him, and Reginald smacks his chin on the edge before crashing to the floor.

Frustrated, Reginald slowly crawls towards the door. Each yard seemingly more difficult than the last, he pulls with all his might.

Arriving at the door, he reaches for the door handle, pulls himself up and attempts to keep balance on his feet. He looks down on his naked, torn body.

Reginald opens the door.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Reginald limps down the empty hall, leaving a trace of fluids with every step.

INT. REST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald slams the door open and heads to the mirror. He leans on the sink and gasps at the ghastly appearance before him.

Reginald weeps without sound or tears.

In agony, Reginald torpedoes his scorched fist through the mirror, breaking his reflection.

A knock is heard at the door. Reginald jerks his head towards the door and grunts.

STANLEY

Dr. Gammon?

The knocking stops. Reginald makes for the exit.

The door is opened. Stanley takes his first step in and looks opposite Reginald.

Reginald grabs Stanley by his shirt and flings him inside, slamming his face against the edge of a bathroom stall.

Reginald approaches Stanley. He's out cold, a fresh gash across his face.

Reginald exits and heads back down the hall.

CADAVER ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Reginald looks down on Gammon. Grabbing him by the collar, he drags him along the floor to the back wall.

Reginald looks to the open freezer, hoists Gammon and shoves him in. He closes the door on Gammon.

Reginald then takes the white sheet on the floor and wraps it around himself.

He leaves.

EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald takes his first step outside. Strong winds push against him.

Taking tight hold of his sheet, he looks in all directions, then starts off.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Reginald limps down the lonely sidewalk.

A gust of air blows the sheet off his body, sending it out of reach. He tries to catch it but it's lost.

Frustrated and feeling the sting of the cold air on his ravaged flesh, he holds his body with his arms and keeps moving.

Evenly spaced lamp posts high above barely offer a glimpse of his raw, glistening skin.

Random Mom 'n' Pop stores dot the streets. All appear vacant and dark.

A rain shower suddenly pours down on Reginald. He flinches in pain. The water stinging his filleted body, he staggers for the nearest overhang.

EXT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - CONTINUOUS

He turns to the store at his back. Pressing his head against the window, Reginald attempts to peer inside.

He takes a step back and approaches the front door.

Pulling the handle, it's locked tight. Reginald jerks at the handle.

He looks around and notices a break in the street and a loose piece of pavement.

Approaching the chunk of pavement, Reginald clutches it in his hands and returns to the store entrance.

He flings the concrete at the front door, shattering the glass.

Reaching inside, Reginald unlocks the door. A blaring alarm goes off sending Reginald into a panic.

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - CONTINUOUS

He rushes into the store, toppling over clothes racks and miscellaneous items until he gets to what he was searching for.

Reginald takes a HOODED, LINED ARMY PONCHO and a PAIR OF ARMY PANTS, then after nabbing a CHARCOAL COLORED WOOL BLANKET, he scurries for the exit.

Just before exiting, Reginald notices the front page of the local newspaper on a counter top. A PICTURE of Reginald in the chair, covered in foamy fire retardant. Above the picture, the caption: JUSTICE: MIRACLE MAN, REGINALD P. LYNCH RIDES THE LIGHTNING.

Reginald takes the paper, crumples it in his hands till it tears. Reginald grabs the torn front page and takes it with him.

SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Reginald scans the area. No one has arrived.

He hurries down the walkway, leaving the blaring alarm in his dust.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

A fine mist seems to come up off the ground. The rain has since stopped.

Reginald staggers the lonely road barefoot, his poncho covering him from the freezing air and hiding most of his face, the blanket wrapped over him as another layer, hiding the rest of it.

A few yards ahead, a street sign reads: MIRACLE - POP. 1009

Far behind him, the headlights of a car slowly gaining.

Reginald presses on.

The car advances and is now thirty yards behind Reginald.

It slows as it passes Reginald and appears to continue on until it makes a sudden U-turn and heads back.

With one last U-turn, the car pulls up alongside Reginald and slows down. Turning on red and blue lights on the car's roof, it's clear this is a cop.

OFFICER BARTHOLOMEW (30s), reaches over and rolls down his passenger window.

BARTHOLOMEW
Nice night for a stroll, sir.

Reginald ignores Bartholomew and keeps limping along.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
You from around here?

Beat. No answer.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talking to you. Stop walking.

Reginald continues off the road and onto a muddy path.

Bartholomew follows Reginald onto the slushy road, careens the brush and throws his car in front of Reginald's path as a blockade.

Bartholomew exits the car and flashes his lantern on Reginald.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Alright, mister. Stop right there.
That's an order.

Reginald stops, his drooping arms hanging by his sides, his face shrouded in layers.

Bartholomew slowly approaches Reginald.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Let's see some identification.

Bartholomew, only a few feet from Reginald, places his hand on his sidearm as a precaution.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
I know you can hear me. What's your name?

Reginald stays still.

Beat.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

I see. You rather open up to me at the station. Well, we can do it your way instead.

Bartholomew takes out his handcuffs and grabs hold of Reginald's arm.

Reginald yanks his arm out of Bartholomew's grip.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

Now that's not going to help you.

Bartholomew bumbles for his gun.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

You had your chance. Now I'm placing you under arrest for failure to cooperate with a peace officer. I'll advise you not to resist.

Appearing nervous and trying to distinguish Reginald's face from the many layers covering it, Bartholomew can barely make out two tiny slits where eyes would normally go.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

Uncover your face, sir.

Reginald refuses.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

Alright, no more mister-nice-guy.

Bartholomew starts pulling out his gun.

Reginald firmly reaches for the cop's arm.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

Let go!

Bartholomew fires, the bullet ricocheting off the ground.

With his other arm, Reginald reaches Bartholomew's throat and lifts him off the ground. He jerks the gun loose from the cop's grip.

It falls into the mud and out of reach.

Bartholomew struggles to break free, kicking and attempting to yell, but with Reginald's hand on his throat, only gurgles are emitted.

Reginald Slams Bartholomew to the ground. He starts crawling to his gun, Reginald right behind him.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

You'll fry for this, Mister.

Reginald grabs Bartholomew before he can reach the gun and lifts him by the back of his coat, swinging him against the window of the car's front door, smashing it with Bartholomew's head.

Reginald pulls the cop out and flings him down the ravine.

Bartholomew rolls out of sight.

Catching his breath, Reginald looks to the flashing lights on top of the cop car with anguish.

He looks to the ground and picks up a large rock, then approaches the lights and slams the rock through. Each light blows out.

Reginald moves to the front of the car and does the same, bashing the lights until it's completely dark again.

Looking around for any other intruders, Reginald hurries off.

LATER

Reginald walks along the railroad as though he had done so many times before.

The train thunders by him, blaring its horn.

Reginald sidesteps out of the way and trips over himself, rolling to the soupy ground.

He gets up and waits for the train to pass.

With the last train car passing, Reginald crosses the tracks and heads into the forest-covered hills.

LATER

Reginald comes to the edge of a river and stops. He looks into the water as though reminiscing, then follows it downstream until he arrives at his destination.

To his right, hilly terrain, saturated with wild vegetation. Reginald heads towards it.

LATER

A sign reads: PRIVATE PROPERTY - KEEP OUT!

Coming up on a torn barbed-wire fence, Reginald walks to an opening in the chain-link and makes his unabated entrance.

MARIJUANA FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Surrounded by a sea of unstructured cannabis plants hidden within trees and bushes, Reginald searches for something.

He reaches out to one of the pot leaves and brings it close to his nose, then takes a whiff simply to confirm its existence. He lets the leaf fall to the ground without another pass.

He heads deeper into the thick of the crop. He looks one way, then another. Nothing but trees, thick grass and marijuana plants every way he looks.

Coming across an area that seems all too familiar to him, Reginald stops and unwraps the blanket around his face.

He looks to the ground. Nothing but mud and wild plant-life. Growing anxious and tired, Reginald looks up to the star-filled sky.

Staring at the blurry stars with despair, he lets out a HELLISH ROAR.

INT. URSA'S BEDROOM - FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

URSA MINOR (10), a scraggly, nappy-haired, white country girl otherwise mature for her age, instantly wakes up by the sounds and takes a seat on her flimsy mattress.

Her dog, an ugly mutt named KIP, raises its head off the floor.

URSA
You hear that, Kip?

Getting to her feet, she walks along the creaky wooden floor to her window and opens the torn curtains. She sees nothing unusual but remains unconvinced.

URSA (CONT'D)
Let's have a look-see.

She puts on her coat and exits with Kip.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ursa hears the sounds of a bed squeaking from down the short hall.

She holds out her hand for Kip to stay put and tip-toes over to her father's room.

Ursa comes to the closed bedroom door and taps it ajar.

URSA P.O.V.: Her redneck, dope-growing/dealing father, CASPER MINOR (late 40s), lies on the bed. A bony, pale woman, EDWINA (late 30s), with fine, limp hair, rides him like a pony.

EDWINA

Fuck me forever, cowboy.

Ursa continues to stare with lifeless eyes, not once being noticed, until she's had enough.

She then steps away from the door and returns to Kip, who waits patiently down the hall.

EXT. FARM - SECONDS LATER

Ramshackle would pay a compliment to this farm house, replete with peeling panels and warped shingles. It blights what is otherwise the unkempt environment.

The continuation of the barbed-wire fence stands in the distance. Half of it lazes over, leaving easy access in and out.

With her flashlight firm in hand, Ursa heads over to the decomposing barn, Kip right alongside.

BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa flashes her light out into the fields but sees nothing suspicious. She unlatches the rusty, wooden door and enters.

Flashing her light into a stall, she notices her only other animal companion, an old, patchy mare named, Geritol, standing peacefully in the dark.

URSA

That wolf come back, Geritol?

Ursa looks around the messy barn. Broken, moldy 2X4s, empty beer cans, crooked aluminum paneling, rusted truck rims and some flat tires are scattered about.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Hidden in the bushes with his face fully covered once again, Reginald watches Ursa and Kip head back to the farm house.

After watching them disappear into the house, he slowly emerges from the field and starts for the barn.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ursa takes her coat off and gets back into bed.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald gently opens the barn door and enters, closing the door behind him.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Pitch black with only traces of light penetrating the creases in the warped wooden beams.

Reginald slowly makes his way into the barn and towards a stall door. He swings the door open.

Startled by the stranger, Geritol instantly rises up on its hind quarters, swinging its front hooves into the air until it comes down on Reginald.

Reginald moans and tries to roll out of the way, barely missing Geritol's front hooves.

Reginald crawls out and slams the door against Geritol. The horse stays put momentarily.

Regaining his composure, Reginald crawls for the back of the barn and a ladder that he slowly climbs.

Reaching the top deck, Reginald is able to make out a small patch of dry, wooden floor. He crawls over it and curls himself into a ball for the rest of the night.

Hard as he tries to rest, sleep escapes his trembling body.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - NEXT DAWN

Dr. Wilkins enters to a seemingly normal setting.

Staff members walk past nonchalantly.

Wilkins approaches the front desk.

DESK CLERK
Morning, Dr. Wilkins. No report
from Dr. Gammon.

DR. WILKINS
He probably left it upstairs.

Dr. Wilkins starts for the elevator.

SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Wilkins exits and starts down the hall, whistling a tune
to himself.

He suddenly notices spots of blood on the floor and stops
whistling.

Stanley staggers out of the rest room and braces himself
against the wall.

DR. WILKINS
Stanley?

STANLEY
Help me.

Stanley almost collapses.

Dr. Wilkins rushes over.

He takes hold of Stanley's arm and notices the deep gash on
Stanley's face.

DR. WILKINS
My God, what happened?

STANLEY
I don't know.

DR. WILKINS
What do you mean?

STANLEY
I was assaulted.

DR. WILKINS
By who? Who did this?

STANLEY
I'm not sure. Where's Dr. Gammon?

DR. WILKINS
You didn't see him last night?

STANLEY

He went to the Cadaver Room.

Dr. Wilkins leaves Stanley against the wall and rushes to the Cadaver Room.

CADAVER ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Dr. Wilkins enters.

The room looks like a hurricane blew through.

Towards the back, Dr. Wilkins notices an empty table, the black plastic cover crumpled next to the formaldehyde tank. Formaldehyde pools over the floor.

He hurries back and searches for Gammon.

DR. WILKINS

Charles?

Wilkins looks to Reginald's empty table. He inspects the tag on the black cover. It reads: REGINALD P. LYNCH.

Wilkins checks the other tables. They all have a body on them.

He then moves to the back wall and starts opening freezers. Each freezer contains a corpse as it should.

Moving down the line, Wilkins opens another.

DR. WILKINS

My God.

Stanley enters the room.

STANLEY

What is it?

DR. WILKINS

Call the police.

Stanley enters and observes what has Wilkins bewildered.

Gammon lies inside the freezer.

STANLEY

Dr. Gammon?!

DR. WILKINS

Get a table over here!

Stanley hurries towards an empty table.

Wilkins starts pulling Gammon out of the freezer.

Stanley rolls a table over. They slide Gammon on top. He's iced solid.

STANLEY

What the hell happened here?

Wilkins approaches Reginald's empty table.

DR. WILKINS

Where is the body that's supposed to be on this table?

STANLEY

I never come in here.

Wilkins searches the other tables.

DR. WILKINS

Bodies don't just disappear from this room!

(then)

Who attacked you?!

STANLEY

I walked in, someone grabbed me. I don't remember anything else. Like a nightmare. It happened in a flash.

Wilkins searches for vitals. Gammons exhibits none.

DR. WILKINS

Come on, Charles! I know you're still with us. Can you hear me?!

Wilkins attempts aggressive CPR, pounding into Gammon's chest but Gammon's body is so stiff, that only cracks in the skin are heard. He then attempts to breathe life into Gammon. Ice vapors escape Gammon's nose.

DR. WILKINS (CONT'D)

Dear God.

Wilkins gives up, lowers his head on his friend and starts weeping.

Beat.

STANLEY
I'm sorry, Doctor.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Reginald stares at the crumpled front page of the newspaper, the words like hieroglyphics to him.

Ursa and Kip enter the barn. Geritol is out of her stall, wandering freely about. Kip starts barking.

URSA
What you doing roaming about?

Geritol whinnies.

Ursa checks out the stall door. The hinge is busted. Kip continues to bark.

URSA (CONT'D)
Hush up, Kip.

DECK - CONTINUOUS

Up above, Reginald, his face fully cloaked, peeks at Ursa in silence.

BARN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ursa takes Geritol by the reins and leads her back to the stall, closing the door behind her.

Ursa has a look around. Looks messier than usual, which doesn't say much.

Ursa scoops out a cup of horse feed and pours it into Kip's scuffed bowl, then pours the bag into Geritol's trough.

Ants traverse over Kip's food, but that doesn't stop him from gorging his maw.

Ursa leaves the barn.

Reginald continues to stare down on Kip eating his food. He's hungry and slowly starts for the ladder.

Reginald does his best to sneak down the ladder.

Moments later, Reginald places a foot on the ground. Kip notices Reginald and starts barking uncontrollably.

Reginald becomes startled but his hunger predominates. He continues forward, while Kip, obviously intimidated, is more bark than bite.

Reginald sneaks up to Kip's bowl and lifts it away, taking a handful of the horse feed out and shoving it into his mouth.

Kip continues barking.

Reginald tosses the bowl to the side.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald steps outside and sees Ursa enter her house. He then starts off towards the road.

INT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa heads to the kitchen.

KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Dirty floors and counters cluttered with empty cigarette boxes and random junk. Trash overflowing the basket, some empty beer cans on the floor. No one is there like she was hoping.

Ursa picks up the beer cans and stuffs them into the bag. She then removes the bag and ties it at the top. She leaves.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa walks around the back of the house to a series of rusted, dented steel trash cans.

A couple of beat-up Ford Pick-Ups, in need of paint jobs, are parked outside, one with its tires flattened and windshield cracked. Close by, another couple of cars sit unattended. One is a brown 1949 Pontiac Streamliner, windows smeared with dirt.

Ursa opens the lid to a trash can and tosses the bag in.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa reenters and heads to the pantry. Other than a couple of cans of tomato sauce and a single can of corn, it's empty.

URSA

Maybe if you didn't waste all your money on that whore, we'd have some food around here.

Ursa takes out the corn.

She then grabs the greasy skillet from the sink and puts it over the stove top. She attempts to turn on the gas, but the pilot is out.

URSA (CONT'D)

Dad gum it.

Ursa opens drawers, searching for matches. None. She looks up to the ceiling.

LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Second-hand furniture clutters the room. Ursa navigates through.

STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa starts up the creaky stairs. Each step is louder than the last.

CASPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Casper sprawls out on his naked, stained mattress, passed out. Edwina sleeps next to him.

Within arm's reach, a couple of ashtrays carry the remains of his blunts.

Ursa appears at the door and stares at Casper and Edwina.

URSA

Pa?

Neither Casper nor Edwina move.

URSA

Pa?

Edwina wakes up and turns to Ursa, who simply stares back at her.

Beat.

EDWINA

Can't you see we're sleeping, shit
locks?

Ursa ignores Edwina.

Casper smiles in his sleep.

CASPER
(chuckles)
Shit locks.

URSA
Pa?!

Casper turns and knocks an ashtray and all the ash onto the mattress. He's waking up now.

CASPER
Huh. Huh?

Casper notices the ashes all over his bed.

CASPER (CONT'D)
What the hell?

URSA
I need matches for the stove.

CASPER
What?!

URSA
I need matches for the stove!

EDWINA
You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

CASPER
Don't you talk to my girl like
that, you hooker.

EDWINA
Who you callin' a hooker, you
redneck piece-of-shit?

Casper lifts up his arm. A book of matches is stuck to his skin.

He peels the book off and flings it to Ursa.

CASPER
Now get!

Ursa picks up the book of matches and leaves.

EDWINA
This hooker best be on her way.

CASPER
I still can't believe you're here.

EDWINA

Why you gotta be such an asshole?

Edwina loads up the pipe and takes a morning hit.

CASPER

(re: weed)

An asshole gets you the best?

EDWINA

Just gimme my money.

CASPER

You know I'm only teasing you,
banana tits. Why don't you go wait
for me in the truck?

Edwina rolls off the bed, grabs her clothes and marches to the rest room.

Casper looks to the mess all over his bed.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Fuckin' pig sty around here.
Edwina, you gonna clean this shit
up?!

EDWINA (O.S.)

Fuck you.

CASPER

Don't you open that shower curtain!

He leaves the ashes and lies back on his pillow.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa lights the pilot and then the stove top.

She opens the can of corn and pours it into the skillet.

After stirring it around, she moves to the fridge and opens the door.

It's generally empty other than the cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon, a stick of butter, an open can of Spam, two rolls of corn bread and a vat of pinto beans.

She takes out the corn bread and the Spam, with no regard for the beans.

Ursa opens the oven and slides the corn bread in, then empties out the Spam into the same skillet and mixes it with the corn.

Casper enters the kitchen, dressed in a pair of dirty jeans and a tank-top undershirt. A leather satchel hangs on his shoulder.

URSA
We out of corn again.

CASPER
What?

URSA
Ain't no milk in the fridge
neither.

CASPER
Someone knock you up cuz I swear
you eat for two around here. What
happened to all the shit I done buy
last week? You think I'm made of
money?

URSA
No, Pa.

CASPER
Just let me catch you feeding that
mongrel off our table.

Ursa continues to stir the corn and Spam in the skillet.

Casper opens the fridge and takes out the vat of beans. He sets them next to Ursa.

CASPER (CONT'D)
I thought you said we ain't got no
food.

Ursa frowns at the beans.

CASPER (CONT'D)
There a problem?

Ursa tosses the fork aside, takes the beans and pours them into a saucer. Casper simply stares on.

CASPER (CONT'D)
What you doing leavin' the house
last night?

URSA

I heard that wolf again. Went to
check on Geritol.

CASPER

I'm putting that four-legged glue
stick under today. You aiming to
leave me a recluse out here
wandering the dark like some bat?

URSA

No, Pa.

CASPER

Fuckin' wolves will suck your
innards while you watch, and I sure
as shit ain't gonna be around for
no rescue, you got that?

Casper riles himself up.

URSA

Food's ready.

CASPER

You done ruin my appetite now.

URSA

I'm sorry, Pa.

CASPER

You offer Edwina a plate?

Ursa remains silent.

CASPER (CONT'D)

You'd do better to be nice to her.

URSA

(under her breath)

Hooker.

CASPER

What'd you say?

URSA

Nothin'.

Casper walks over to Ursa, shoves her out of the way, takes
the skillet filled with corn and Spam and tosses it into the
sink. The food spills out of the skillet, and most slides
down the drain.

CASPER
Eat them fuckin' beans. It's all
you'll get today.

Casper leaves.

Ursa takes out one of the corn muffins from the oven and turns her head to the empty spot where Casper was standing. Filled with scorn, she shoves half the muffin in her mouth.

Kip enters the kitchen, whining.

URSA
What you whining about?

Ursa salvages what little she can from the sink and puts in on a plate, then sets it down on the floor for Kip.

URSA (CONT'D)
Least I ain't feed you no rotten
beans.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Casper walks to his Pick-Up and gets in.

TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

EDWINA
How long you gonna keep me waitin'?

CASPER
Shut the fuck up and hold that.

Casper tosses the satchel to Edwina and starts the engine. He puts the truck in reverse and pulls out of the dirt lot.

Edwina opens the satchel. Inside: 3 pounds of fresh marijuana.

EDWINA
Damn, cowboy. This what you got in
the tub?

Casper shoves Edwina against the passenger door.

CASPER
Close that God-damn bag!

EDWINA
Who the fuck you think you're
hittin'?

CASPER
I say you could open that?

EDWINA
Let me out now!

CASPER
You want out?!

EDWINA
Now!

Casper slams on the brakes.

CASPER
Then get the fuck out! Let the
wolves gnaw at you for all I care.

Edwina gets out and starts walking up the road.

Casper peels out and takes off.

After driving one hundred yards, Casper stops, then puts the truck in reverse and drives backwards towards Edwina.

He reaches over and opens the passenger door. Edwina gets in.

They both start up the road again.

1/4 MILE AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As the truck glides down the road, someone is seen hobbling in the distance.

Casper fumbles with the radio dial.

CASPER
Gotta live in God-damn New York
City to pick up the Opry around
here.

Edwina spots Reginald, fully covered around the head, body and legs. Casper swerves off the road for a second, on a collision course with Reginald.

EDWINA
Watch out!

Casper jerks the wheel back, narrowly avoiding Reginald, who throws his arms in the air in protest as the truck rumbles on.

Edwina turns her head back to catch a final glimpse.

CASPER
Don't fuckin' scare me like that!

EDWINA
Holy shit, you almost hit that...

Casper looks to his rearview mirror. Reginald is only a dot in the past now.

CASPER
Hit what?

EDWINA
A barefoot giant, some goofy Army colors. Couldn't even see his face, it was all covered up.

CASPER
Sounds like you done saw the Bigfoot.

EDWINA
Or maybe you got more people fuckin' around your crop than you think.

CASPER
You're obviously high. Anyone step foot on my property unannounced is in for a surprise.

EDWINA
Like you would ever know. You God or something?

CASPER
More like God's farmer. Now shut your mouth and look out the window.

They keep driving.

BACK DOWN THE ROAD

Reginald continues up the road a few more yards, then stops. His recollection is on high alert.

FLASHBACK:

IMAGE 1: Reginald searched by the police. They uncover the gun in his pocket.

REGINALD

I found it down there. In the field.

POLICEMAN

The nigger says it ain't his gun. Does that sound like a whopper to you? Sounds like a whopper to me.

IMAGE 2: Reginald slammed on the hood of the police car, his legs kicked apart.

REGINALD

I swear it ain't mine!

POLICEMAN

You're under arrest for murdering a white woman. Now shut the fuck up, nigger!

END FLASHBACK

BACK ON ROAD - PRESENT DAY

Reginald continues to stand, almost paralyzed at that very spot.

After a couple moments, he continues up the road.

1/4 MILE AHEAD - MINUTES LATER

Reginald stops again and glances out to the field. It feels all too familiar to him.

FLASHBACK:

IMAGE 3: He sees the 1949 Pontiac Streamliner passing him in the night.

END FLASHBACK

BACK ON ROAD - PRESENT DAY

Reginald enters the field but has no clue what he's looking for. Desperate and defeated, he starts back for the barn.

INT. CADAVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Several police scattered about the room, recording their impressions of the crime scene.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A couple of cops find the blood trail to the rest room.

REST ROOM - SECONDS LATER

An officer studies the cracked mirror and the fluids on the floor.

INT. MOSES HILL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Moses throws out boxes of memorabilia, from letters to photo albums.

The phone rings. Moses answers.

MOSES

Hello.

Long beat. Concern shows all over Moses' brow.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Moses sits opposite Bradley.

BRADLEY

I know you're on your way out, but I thought I'd ask, for old time's sake.

MOSES

I put the house up for sale.

BRADLEY

What's next?

MOSES

I don't know. Maybe California.

BRADLEY

Like they say: what the eyes don't see, the heart won't feel. You were the best we had.

MOSES

Thanks, Chief.

BRADLEY

Still, you didn't answer my question.

MOSES

Any leads yet?

BRADLEY

A security guard claims someone attacked him in the men's room. No positive ID. In all my years, I've never heard of anything as bizarre.

MOSES

I've only made two vows in my entire life. One was to Janice.

BRADLEY

And the other?

MOSES

To hang it up after Lynch.

BRADLEY

That your final word?

MOSES

It is.

Bradley stands and walks around his desk.

BRADLEY

To finding that happy ending then. Take good care of yourself.

Moses stands and extends his hand.

MOSES

I'll simply be content with a new beginning.

Bradley hugs Moses instead. Moses gets misty-eyed.

EXT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - LATER

Moses sits inside his car watching all the police and medical staff near the entrance. After pondering for a few moments, he exits his car and heads in.

INT. CADAVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Moses passes the other investigators, busy working, en route to the murder scene.

He looks down to the blood on the floor and Reginald's empty table just before exiting the room.

EXT. STANLEY JERGENS' APARTMENT - LATER

Moses knocks on the door. Stanley answers.

MOSES

I'm Detective Moses Hill, Homicide Department. I'd like to ask you a few questions about last night.

KITCHEN - LATER

Moses sits at the kitchen table.

STANLEY

It's like I told Dr. Wilkins: I never got a good look at the assailant.

MOSES

How long have you known Dr. Gammon?

STANLEY

About five years. We've always worked graveyard together. Dr. Gammon said he did his best work at those hours, while the rest of the world pretended to be dead.

MOSES

Was there anyone else in the building with you last night?

STANLEY

Other than the cadavers, no.
(then)
One of them went missing.

MOSES

And I'm sure it's wandering the streets as we speak. Thanks for your time.

Moses gets up and leaves.

EXT. BARN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

As the sun finishes setting in the West, Ursa heads out to the barn with Kip. She pushes an old wheelbarrow half-filled with horse feed.

Nearing the barn door, she sets the wheelbarrow down and lifts the wooden plank holding the barn door closed.

Kip starts barking uncontrollably.

URSA

Kip, hush!

Kip won't stop.

Ursa looks to her side and jumps back.

A SINGLE GRAY WOLF, nearly four feet tall and six feet long, stands snarling its fangs at her and Kip.

Kip can only bark a frantic tune of warning.

The wolf takes a couple of steps towards Ursa.

She grabs Kip by the collar and slowly steps back.

Kip breaks loose and meets the wolf head on. They slash at each other with their canines just as the wolf pounces on Kip, taking him to the ground and ready for the kill.

URSA

Kip!

Reginald leaps from behind the barn wall, tackling the wolf off of Kip.

The two go rolling over each other. The wolf tries to sink its jaws into Reginald just as Reginald works his hands into the wolf's mouth.

Ursa can only watch in astonishment.

Reginald grabs firm to the wolf's upper and lower jaw and pulls with everything he's got, snapping the wolf's jaw off its hinges.

The wolf releases a single yelp before it plops to its death.

Reginald quickly gets to his feet and hurries off before Ursa can get a closer look at him.

URSA

Hey, Mister, wait!

Reginald disappears into the fields.

Ursa hurries over to Kip.

URSA (CONT'D)

Oh, Kip.

Kip lies in pain, bloodied at the mane.

URSA (CONT'D)

Why do you have to be so brave?

Casper rushes over.

CASPER

Ursa!

URSA

We're alright.

Casper notices the dead wolf.

CASPER

Did it hurt you?

URSA

It got Kip.

Casper walks over to the wolf.

CASPER

Where's my shotgun?

URSA

In the house.

Casper smacks Ursa over the head.

CASPER

How many times I gonna tell you?
(re: wolf)
Who did this?

URSA

It was a soldier.

CASPER

What fuckin' soldier?

URSA

I don't know.

CASPER

You stupid or what?

URSA

No, Pa.

CASPER

I swear, between you and Edwina
spotting Bigfoot and G.I. Joe. So
where'd your hero wander off to?

Ursa points out to the fields.

URSA

Out there.

CASPER

Looks like I'm gonna have to thank him for you.

URSA

You ain't gonna shoot him, are you, Pa?

CASPER

Now why would I shoot a soldier that just saved your precious, little life? No, darling, you got your Pa all wrong.

(then)

That mutt gonna make it?

URSA

He will.

CASPER

This ain't no God-damn clinic.

Ursa carries Kip back to the house.

Casper stands over the wolf with anger in his eyes.

He returns to the wheelbarrow and spills its contents all over the ground.

He then takes the wolf by the tail and pulls him onto the wheelbarrow.

EMPTY FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

After digging a few feet into the ground, Casper unloads the wolf into its grave.

Casper walks a few paces and digs up a couple of his plants.

He returns to the wolf's grave.

CASPER

Let's see if you can make me howl.

Casper plants the roots into the wolf's grave and scoops the soil over both.

Casper wipes his brow, then reaches into his pocket for a blunt. He lights it in the night sky and inhales a lung-full. He then howls at the moon.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LATER

Casper enters. He's high as a kite.

CASPER

Ursa?!

Ursa comes down the stairs.

URSA

It wasn't after dark, Pa.

CASPER

How come this place such a mess?

Ursa remains quiet.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Seems you want me to take over your chores, too.

URSA

That's not how it is.

CASPER

How is it then? I come home after a hard day's work, looks like a twister done run its course here.

Ursa starts nervously picking up around the living room.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Meanwhile you out playing with wolves and a geriatric jack ass.

Ursa takes the empty cans of beer off the living room table.

URSA

I'm sorry, Pa.

Casper mounts his hand on her shoulder.

CASPER

Now you believe me when I tell you how dangerous it is out there?

URSA

I won't go out without the shotgun again.

Casper lets go of Ursa as she passes by.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

In the dark of the new night, Reginald sits by the wolf's grave. He eats something. At first, it's hard to tell what, but the shadow of a tail emerges on the ground and it becomes clear: Reginald is eating the wolf.

INT. MOSES HILL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moses sits alone, staring at a picture of his deceased wife, Janice. He's drunk.

He sets the picture down and reaches for the phone. Dialing out.

MOSES

Chief.

(then)

You got me one last time.

EXT. BARN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hidden from view, Ursa watches Reginald sneak back into the barn and close the door behind him.

She slowly emerges from the shadows, her flashlight in one hand and nothing more.

Reaching the barn door, Ursa pauses out of nerves.

URSA

He saved your life. Don't be afraid now.

INT. BARN - SECONDS LATER

Ursa enters the barn, flashing her light straight ahead and then to each side. She makes out Geritol, peacefully inside her stall.

URSA (CONT'D)

Hello there?

She continues in deeper but can't seem to find Reginald.

URSA (CONT'D)

I come to thank you.

She comes to the ladder and suspects Reginald on the second deck.

Ursa climbs up.

Reaching the second level, Ursa shines her light on the empty floor. No one is up here.

Ursa starts back down the ladder.

Taking her last step on firm ground, she turns, light flashing.

Reginald stands in front of her.

Ursa aims her flashlight at his face. All she sees is a glimpse of a masked man, blanket wrapped messily around him.

URSA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Reginald cowers to his knees and moves to a far corner where he tries to shield himself.

URSA (CONT'D)

You scared the shit out of me!

Reginald trembles in the corner.

Ursa keeps her light on him as she approaches for a better look.

URSA (CONT'D)

You gotta name, Mister?

Reginald doesn't utter a sound. He appears in pain.

URSA (CONT'D)

Can't you talk?

Reginald attempts a word, but only mumbling gibberish comes out.

URSA (CONT'D)

You dumb?

Reginald shakes his head quickly. He attempts to speak once more. Only strange sounds and no words. He shuts up.

URSA (CONT'D)

How long you been squattin' in my barn?

Reginald remains speechless. His trembling arms reach for his pain-ravaged body.

URSA (CONT'D)
My father finds you here, he's
liable to shoot you.

Reginald stay silent on the ground, his arms crossed, hands hidden under each arm.

URSA (CONT'D)
Suppose you can stay the night, but
you ought to push on by mornin'.

Ursa continues to shine her light on Reginald.

She moves the light across Reginald's body and down his legs until she catches a hint of his bare, blistered feet.

URSA (CONT'D)
You hurt, Mister?

Reginald moans.

URSA (CONT'D)
Don't move.

Ursa turns and leaves.

INT. BATHROOM - FARM HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Ursa checks inside medicine cabinets and drawers for something. All she finds is an old bottle of peroxide. She takes it.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa grabs a pair of her old socks from a drawer.

She then looks in her closet and pulls out a couple of old dresses.

She takes a kitchen knife and starts cutting into the dresses.

After a few seconds, she takes a piece of paper and pencil from a table and leaves.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa grabs a used candle off the table and a book of matches before heading out with her supplies.

INT. BARN - LATER

Ursa reenters the barn with a handful of make-shift bandages, the bottle of peroxide, candle and matches.

URSA
Mister? I brought you some
bandages. For your hand.

Ursa doesn't see Reginald against the corner.

She heads to the ladder and climbs the rungs.

Reaching the top, Reginald huddles up against the back wall.

URSA (CONT'D)
We got no medicine.

Ursa slowly approaches Reginald and kneels down next to him. She lights the candle and sets it to the side. It provides a warm glow around them.

URSA (CONT'D)
Can you write? You know, like read
and write?

Ursa starts scribbling on the paper, then hands the pencil to Reginald.

Reginald studies the paper and pencil.

URSA (CONT'D)
(pointing to blank paper)
I can read if you write somethin'.

Reginald is barely able to mark a couple of chicken-scratch scribbles. He's illiterate.

URSA (CONT'D)
Don't know how to write?

He shakes his head and drops the pencil.

Frustrated, Ursa opens the bottle of peroxide and pours some on one of the rags.

URSA (CONT'D)
Let me see your hand.

Reginald hesitates.

URSA (CONT'D)
Come on, now. I ain't got much
time.

Reginald slowly offers his trembling hand. Ursa takes it in hers. It feels like the skin is falling apart, rigged and raw.

URSA (CONT'D)
The wolf do that to you?

Ursa applies the soaked rag to his hand. Reginald yanks it away from her and yells. Looking to his hand, it's covered in thick peroxide bubbles.

URSA (CONT'D)
It's only gonna get worse.

Reginald shakes his head and becomes angry, moaning to Ursa.

URSA (CONT'D)
At least cover your hands.

She pulls Reginald's arm and starts covering his hands with the make-shift bandages.

At first, Reginald wants to jerk his hand away, but after feeling no added pain, he lets Ursa apply them.

URSA (CONT'D)
There, see?

Ursa keeps wrapping the rolls of her dress around his hand.

URSA (CONT'D)
I never seen anyone do that to a
wolf before. You learn that in the
Army?

Reginald doesn't respond.

She finishes with the left hand.

URSA (CONT'D)
Now the other one.

Reginald extends his right hand.

Ursa wraps it with another bandage.

URSA (CONT'D)
Why's your face all covered,
Mister?

Reginald lowers his head, keeping it away from Ursa.

URSA (CONT'D)
 I won't pry no more.
 (then)
 These are for you, for your feet.

Ursa hands Reginald her old socks.

URSA (CONT'D)
 Remember what I said about my Pa.
 He don't take to trespassers.

She leaves.

Reginald leaves the candle on for a few moments and then snuffs it out with his hand.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Casper counts a thick stack of \$20 bills on the living room table.

Ursa passes by and stops to look at Casper.

Casper instinctively hides his stash of money.

CASPER
 You needin' somethin'?

Ursa shakes her head and continues on to the kitchen.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kip lies bundled up on the floor.

Ursa checks up on him.

URSA
 How you feeling, ol' boy?

Ursa kneels by Kip and pets him on the head.

Casper passes by.

CASPER
 Well?

URSA
 He's better, Pa.

CASPER

He better be. Don't fancy having to put him down.

URSA

No, Pa. He's doin' fine.

Ursa hugs Kip, almost forcing him to respond with zeal.

CASPER

I'm heading into town. Gonna pick us up one of them new Grundig radios.

URSA

Sounds swell.

CASPER

Don't answer the door to no one, you hear me? Specially no police.

URSA

You know we don't ever get no visitors.

CASPER

Dad-gum it, girl-- you developin' quite a lip on you.

URSA

I won't answer the door to no one. Pick out a nice radio, will you, Pa?

Casper slams the door on the way out.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - PRISON - LATER

The warden sits opposite Moses.

WARDEN

I've heard all about the disappearance of Reginald Lynch.

MOSES

Then you know why this concerns your department, too.

WARDEN

He was certainly the most vicious execution I've ever been a part of.

MOSES

When was the last time that chair
was inspected?

WARDEN

We perform a routine inspection
before every execution. Some
prisoners just seem more fit than
others if you catch my meaning.

MOSES

Could anyone survive?

Beat.

WARDEN

Some of my officers have vivid
imagination. They like to fuck
with me from time-to-time, you
know, pretending some of our
inmates survived and are now on
some vendetta killing spree. Like
horror stories we read as children.
You see, it's nothing more than
banter, to keep things light around
the office.

MOSES

Lovely sense of humor.

WARDEN

Point being, if I had any idea that
one of my prisoners survived Old
Sparky, I would have personally
shot him myself. I'm sorry about
Dr. Gammon. He was well-liked
around here, but I guarantee you it
had nothing to do with one of my
prisoners.

MOSES

I'm gonna need that chair and all
its components taken apart and
inspected by a team of experts.

WARDEN

You got a court order?

MOSES

Will I really need one?

(then)

Look, I saw him die, too.

Moses leaves.

The warden holds his worrisome expression.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

Police discover Bartholomew, dead and lying in the ravine, his car a few yards away.

POLICE 1
Oh God. Call it in.

INT. BARN - LATER

Ursa heads to the ladder with an old basket.

She climbs the ladder.

UPPER DECK - SECONDS LATER

Ursa reaches the top. Reginald is nowhere to be found.

URSA
Mister Army man? I brought you some
food.

She waits a moment.

URSA (CONT'D)
I'll just leave it here for you.

She opens the basket and takes out a plate of pinto beans and a jug of water, some old linens and a rusted spoon.

She sets them on the open floor, then starts back down the ladder with the empty basket.

Ursa unlatches Geritol's stall door and pulls her out.

URSA
Let's stretch your legs.

EXT. BARN - SECONDS LATER

Ursa opens the barn door, her back to Casper.

Ursa turns around alarmed, the empty basket in her hand.

CASPER
What you got there?

URSA
Nothin', Pa.

CASPER
Nothin'? Looks like a basket to me.

URSA
I was going down to the fields, see
if I could pick us out some
blueberries.

CASPER
The sun's settin'. Now why don't
you tell your Pa the truth for
once?

URSA
I ain't fibbin', Pa.

CASPER
You know I don't like you wandering
off, especially without a gun.

Casper tosses his shotgun to Ursa. She struggles to catch it.
It looks awkward in her grip.

CASPER (CONT'D)
You remember how to use it, right?

Ursa barely nods.

CASPER (CONT'D)
When you done, get the bags out of
the truck. Don't be too long now.

URSA
Yes, Pa.

Ursa slides the shotgun into the saddle, mounts Geritol and
heads out.

About 100 yards out, Ursa stops and turns. She notices Casper
snooping about by the barn.

URSA
Don't go in there.

Casper enters the barn.

Ursa holds her breath.

A few moments later, Casper exits unaffected and heads back
to the house.

Ursa sighs and continues down the field with Geritol.

MOMENTS LATER

Atop Geritol, Ursa navigates a thick field of wild foliage. She dismounts and starts looking for berries. There are none.

URSA
Dad-gum it. Where are the berries,
Geritol?

She continues to peel back leaves and vines. She comes across a few of Casper's marijuana plants.

YARDS AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ursa scours the plants for blueberries.

URSA (CONT'D)
We need to find us some berries.

Geritol is of no help and already appears winded.

Ursa continues to push through the field.

Over a few yards, she hits the jack-pot of Casper's marijuana garden, stretching out as far as she can see.

Another 20 yards, her search yields nothing but Reginald, seated on the ground, his back to her. He's in considerable agony.

Ursa freezes and starts turning back, hoping to return unnoticed.

Geritol snorts.

Reginald hears Geritol and turns to Ursa. He starts bellowing to her.

Ursa stops and turns.

URSA
Mister Army man?

Reginald offers little reaction.

URSA (CONT'D)
What you doing out here?

Reginald looks back to the ground, then strikes it with his fists.

Ursa becomes startled.

Reginald gets to his feet and starts for Ursa.

URSA (CONT'D)
You gonna hurt me? Cuz I got a
shotgun.

Reginald continues forward.

Ursa doesn't move; she doesn't even reach for the gun on
Geritol's saddle.

He grabs her by the arm.

URSA (CONT'D)
Please don't.

He pulls her over to a section of field. Releasing his grip
on her, Ursa stands perplexed.

Reginald looks back to Ursa.

URSA (CONT'D)
What is it?

Reginald starts yelling at her.

URSA (CONT'D)
What?!

Reginald gets to his knees and strikes at the ground. He gets
up and continues to yell at Ursa, who can only watch his
perplexing behavior.

URSA (CONT'D)
I don't understand.

Reginald grabs Ursa and starts shaking her violently.

URSA (CONT'D)
I don't understand, Mister! Let me
loose!

Reginald releases Ursa again and falls to his knees. The pain
around his body only becomes worse, his moans are hideous.

URSA (CONT'D)
Dad-gum it! What do you wanna say?!

Reginald points to the ground again.

URSA (CONT'D)
What's there? Ground? Yeah, that's
the ground.

Reginald continues to point.

Reginald gets up and starts to Geritol.

URSA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

She sees Reginald approaching the horse.

URSA (CONT'D)
Don't you hurt Geritol.

Geritol becomes spooked by Reginald as he reaches for the shotgun in her saddle.

Holding the gun in his hand, Reginald returns to the spot and drops the gun.

URSA (CONT'D)
Gun?

Reginald points to the gun.

URSA (CONT'D)
That's a shotgun, Mister.

Reginald picks up the gun again and aims it at Ursa. She freezes without another word.

Beat.

Reginald shakes his head. He drops the gun and starts wailing. It sounds like a dying moose.

Reginald struggles to put his arms behind his back until he is able to clasp them together. He then spreads his feet apart and leans over. This causes him to fall, face first.

Barely breaking the fall with his hands, Reginald looks back to Ursa.

URSA (CONT'D)
I gotta get back now.

Reginald pounds his chest and shakes his head. He gets up, takes the gun and puts it in Ursa's hands. He positions the barrels towards him.

URSA (CONT'D)
No.

Reginald throws himself to the ground and starts shaking uncontrollably. He then stops and points to himself once more. His wailing is unbearable.

URSA (CONT'D)
I gotta get going.

Reginald slowly gets to his feet. He roars at Ursa.

URSA (CONT'D)
I left some food for you. In the barn.

Reginald moves forward, in a nearly accosting fashion.

Ursa begins her slow retreat.

URSA (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

Reginald continues forward.

URSA (CONT'D)
Promise.

Ursa decides to make a mad dash, almost tripping in the grass. She sprints away, leaving the shotgun on the ground.

Reaching Geritol, she looks back and can't make out Reginald.

She mounts Geritol.

URSA
Yeaah, horse!

She kicks her heels into Geritol's side. Geritol starts galloping off.

Reginald watches her ride off, filled with frustration and pain. He clings to his body with arms in an attempt to soothe the symptoms. It does little to help.

He drops to his knees again and moans in agony.

Looking around the field, Reginald searches for something. He can't find it.

He starts hobbling back towards the barn.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald enters and searches for something. He comes across a can of kerosene and picks it up. Shaking it, there seems to be a couple splashes of gas left.

He climbs the ladder and grabs the book of matches Ursa left.

FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald bashes a stick over the can cap, prying it loose. He douses the base of the nearest pot plants with gas, then tries to light a match.

His first few attempts fail, his fingers hardly clinging onto the book of matches.

Frustrated, Reginald tries again, cupping the book of matches between his crooked fingers as best he can.

Suddenly, a flame appears on the match-head.

Reginald frantically tries to move it to the doused plants, but the light goes out before he can get it there.

Storm clouds form up above, followed by rolling thunder.

Reginald looks up to the sky.

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - LATER

Moses sits across from the front desk waiting, reading a medical journal.

Dr. Wilkins comes down the hall.

DR. WILKINS
Detective Hill?

MOSES
Doctor Wilkins.

DR. WILKINS
Come on back.

CADAVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Moses ogles at all the corpses lying stiff and blue on their tables.

DR. WILKINS
Nice to finally meet someone who
knows what they're doing.
(MORE)

DR. WILKINS (cont'd)
 All the police running around here
 like they've seen this before. You
 know one even suspected me?

MOSES
 I read you and Dr. Gammon go back
 to medical school.

DR. WILKINS
 Charles was the only one to beat me
 to Summa Cum laude. He was a good
 friend.

MOSES
 Dr. Wilkins, is it possible
 Reginald Lynch survived?

DR. WILKINS
 I see you've been reading my
 reports on post-mortem
 resuscitation. There have been
 instances of a heart stopping for a
 period of time and then resuming
 all on its own.

MOSES
 Is that truly possible?

DR. WILKINS
 We're talking seconds, at most.
 Rest assured any man undergoing
 what Lynch suffered would not have
 rebounded as your department
 speculates. And if, by some divine
 influence, he did, his breaths are
 numbered. You see, Mr. Hill, the
 human body, while perceivably
 supernatural in its ability to
 withstand torture, can only take so
 much before shutting down. But
 still, like you, I'm left with the
 same question.

MOSES
 Exactly.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Ursa rides up to the house, dismounts Geritol and ties her
 reins to a post.

URSA
 Stay here.

She unties the empty basket and pauses.

INT. FARM HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Ursa enters the dark house, unable to barely see traces of light from the poorly constructed windows.

Country music plays from the new radio. She turns on the light, a couple of paper grocery bags in her hands and the empty basket dangling off her fingers.

Casper is seated in the chair.

CASPER
You like it?

URSA
I like it, Pa.

CASPER
Best money can buy. Where's my
shotgun?

URSA
I left it on Geritol's saddle.
She's right outside.

CASPER
And if by chance some soldier was
passing by and wanted to kill me
and you, the gun would be there
waiting for him, ain't that right?

URSA
I'll go get it.

CASPER
Leave it for now. Why don't you
come on over here for a sec?

URSA
Can I set these bags in the
kitchen?

CASPER
Set them on the floor.

Ursa sets the groceries and the basket on the floor, then slowly moves over to Casper.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Sit down here.

Casper pats his lap.

Ursa sits on it.

Casper caresses her head and then shoulders. Ursa tightens up.

CASPER (CONT'D)

You're growing up fast. Pretty soon you gonna take over this entire place, you know that? Everything that's mine is yours.

URSA

Yes, Pa.

CASPER

Grab me that pipe over there.

Ursa gets off Casper's lap and grabs the pipe off the table, then hands it to Casper. He stuffs it with a large, sticky bud.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Sit back down here.

Ursa hesitantly steps back to Casper. He grabs her and sits her on his lap.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Ready to try some?

Ursa shakes her head.

CASPER (CONT'D)

I ain't askin'.

Ursa freezes up.

URSA

Do I have to, Pa?

CASPER

Take the pipe in your hand.

Ursa hesitates.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Go on.

Ursa does so.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Put your lips around the end.

Ursa refuses.

Casper smacks her on the head.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Mind your Pa if you know what's
good for you.

Beat.

Ursa gingerly places her lips around the end.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Now when I light this, you're to
breathe in through your mouth, you
hear?

Ursa holds still. She's scared to death.

Casper lights the pipe.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Breathe now.

Ursa refuses.

CASPER (CONT'D)
You ain't breathin'.

Casper smacks her on the head again.

Ursa takes an insignificant puff and starts choking
immediately.

She throws herself off Casper's lap and coughs violently,
hunched over with her hands on her knees.

Casper guffaws.

CASPER (CONT'D)
My baby girl!

He gets out of his seat. Slowly his smile flattens.

CASPER (CONT'D)
So how many berries you get?

Ursa continues to cough.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Come on, it ain't like I done give
you poison.

Slowly, Ursa catches her breath.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Well? Why don't you show your Pa
all them blueberries you were out
collectin'? I sure could go for a
pie maybe. I even bought some milk
and eggs soes you can fix one up.

Ursa starts fidgeting, heavy breaths, her sight line on the
floor to avoid making eye contact with Casper.

Casper slowly walks over to the basket on the floor.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Yeah, this here Grundig radio is
the best thing we ever got. It'll
make for many good memories here.

Ursa offers a slight grin.

Casper opens the basket. It's completely empty.

He tosses it to the side.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Would have been some miracle, too.
You know we ain't had no
blueberries on this land for years.

Casper starts back towards Ursa and stares down on her.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Tell me what you were doin' out
there.

Casper smacks Ursa over the head. She starts to cry.

CASPER (CONT'D)
I raise you to be a liar? That it?

Casper smacks her over the head again.

URSA
I want my Ma.

CASPER
What you say about your mother?

URSA

I want Ma to come back!

CASPER

You know that ain't ever gonna happen.

URSA

Cuz all that shit you made her smoke!

Casper smirks before he unstraps his belt...

CASPER

How dare you curse your mother's name like that?!

...and starts whipping Ursa anywhere he can. Ursa ducks, covering her head with her arms as she gets to her knees and absorbs the punishment.

CASPER (CONT'D)

You know God-damn well that the cancer did her in. She smoked for the pain! Had it been up to you, she'd a suffered every day to the last. She don't ask for that fuckin' cancer! May the good Lord curse you with the same shit for your tongue!

URSA

I'm sorry, Pa!

CASPER

(mimicking)

I'm sorry, Pa. I'm sorry, Pa. That all you say, dumb hick? Lie to me again!

Casper hears Geritol whinnying loudly by the front porch.

CASPER (CONT'D)

And I want that fuckin' horse out of here!

He heads over to the window to have a peek.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Holy fuck!

Casper P.O.V.: A conflagration down the hill is running wild.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Not my fuckin' crop!

Casper rushes out of the house.

Ursa gets to her feet in a great deal of pain and heads to the front door.

She sees plumes of smoke from the marijuana field and a host of flames dancing madly.

Her interest peaked, Ursa walks over to Geritol and wipes her eyes.

URSA
Come on.

Ursa unties Geritol, mounts him and heads towards the fields.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Lightning flashes through the sky.

Reginald watches the hellfire all around him, breathing in all the smoke from the burning marijuana plants. He wobbles back and forth, obviously intoxicated from the super hit clouding the air. For now, at least, he appears numb without pain.

FIELD ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Casper enters and navigates his crop until he reaches the edges of the fire.

CASPER
Fuckin' shit!

Casper paces about like a madman, searching for something to act as a retardant.

He scoops up handfuls of dirt and chunks them over the flames, but that barely scratches the surface.

CASPER
Shit! Shit! Fuck!

Casper runs back towards the barn.

CASPER (CONT'D)
I'm fuckin ruined. I'm fuckin'
ruined!

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

He grabs the wheelbarrow and rolls it back down the hill.
It's a bumpy ride.

FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald continues to inhale the air. It's soothing to his
wounds and, at this time, all he's searching for.

MOMENTS LATER

Casper appears with wheelbarrow filled with dirt. He pours it
over a couple of his plants. More effective than his hand,
but the fire is raging out of control.

CASPER (CONT'D)
You mother fuckers!

Casper enters the conflagration, walls of fire surround him
and are closing in.

He turns to one way. Nothing but choking smoke and fire.

He turns the other. Coughing violently, Casper catches only a
fleeting glimpse of Reginald, his poncho covering his head as
he comes down on Casper with the butt of the shotgun that
Ursa left behind, knocking him out instantly.

MOMENTS LATER

Reginald cradles an unconscious Casper from the fire just as
a torrential downpour starts to fall over the land.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald sets Casper down on the front steps. He sets the
shotgun next to him.

Ursa stands to the side. She lets Reginald do his thing.

Reginald looks to Ursa and then leaves back into the rain.

FRONT PORCH - NEXT DAWN

Casper starts to come to. He looks out to the hills. A
lingering smoke drifts, the last fizzles of last night's fire
come to an end.

CASPER
Thank you, Jesus.

Casper gets to his feet and staggers into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Casper sees Ursa warming beans in the skillet.

CASPER

Why you hurt your Pa like that?

Ursa keeps her head facing the skillet.

Casper walks away without another word.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Casper opens the shower curtain and looks inside the tub. It's filled to the rim with dried marijuana buds.

Casper pinches a hit-full, loads his pipe, sitting on the sink and takes a hit.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Casper walks around the soggy wreckage, like a soldier walking through the aftermath of battle.

Some of the marijuana plants remain untouched and scattered about.

INT. MOSES HILL HOUSE - EVENINGS LATER

Moses sits at his desk, reading the REPORT.

MOSES

(reading)

Given the inherently poor condition of the conduction system within the electrocution device, this panel finds problematic, whether negligent or reckless, the execution of Reginald P. Lynch. While survival is highly unlikely, the opinion of this panel does not rule it out as a complete impossibility.

(then)

Holy shit.

Moses leaves.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BRADLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Bradley skims the report.

BRADLEY

Do you have any idea what this means?

MOSES

We just let some half-dead freak escape the lightning.

BRADLEY

I need that body found now. Put out an A.P.B. If he's still walking, kill him.

MOSES

Couldn't imagine a man walking after what I saw.

EXT. RIVER BANK - LATER

Hidden within the night, Reginald removes his poncho, kneels at the river's edge, scoops his hand in the smoothly running water and pours the cool stream over the back of his head and neck.

Reginald glances at his broken reflection in the water and just as quickly shuns it, replacing his poncho over his head and moving off.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Moses knocks on the front door.

Ursa answers.

Moses flashes his badge.

MOSES

Morning, little girl. I'm a detective with the police. Your folks around?

URSA

My Ma passed away.

Ursa shuts the door on Moses.

BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Ursa enters the room. Casper is busy smoking his dope.

URSA

A man out there askin' for you.

CASPER
Who is it?

URSA
Dunno.

CASPER
Why'd you open the door, dumb-shit?
Didn't I tell you never to answer
that door? Tell them to go away.

URSA
It's the police.

Beat.

CASPER
Well fuck your pretty little face.

Casper gets to his feet and cleans up the bed, sliding the weed into a tray and hiding it inside a drawer. He reaches for his gun and stuffs it inside his pants.

CASPER (CONT'D)
You tell that pig anything?

Ursa keeps her mouth shut, seemingly rejoicing over the turmoil she sees in Casper.

CASPER (CONT'D)
You better not fuck me.

Casper passes Ursa and smacks her on the head on his way out. Ursa is able to duck the full blow.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Moses knocks on the door again.

Casper opens it.

CASPER
How can I help you?

Moses flashes his badge.

MOSES
This your land?

CASPER
Far as the eye can see.

MOSES
You have a fire?

CASPER
Just an accident. Thank the Lord
the rains come in.

MOSES
What kind of crop you grow?

CASPER
All kinds, Detective. Mushrooms,
tatoes, beans, even some Kentucky
blueberries. But you ain't come out
here to ask about my crop, right?

MOSES
No. We're in search of a fugitive.

Moses hands a picture of Reginald, pre-execution, to Casper.

MOSES (CONT'D)
Have you seen this man around here?

Ursa creeps up behind Casper and peaks by his waist at Moses.

Casper returns the photo.

CASPER
Can't say that I have.

MOSES
He may look a bit different now.

CASPER
Who is he?

MOSES
A two-time killer, deranged and
most probably deformed. Recently
escaped from prison. We have
suspicion to believe that he's
killed a police officer, only a
couple miles from here.

CASPER
I'll call if I see anything.

MOSES
Of course you will.
(then)
Little girl, what's your name?

Casper nudges Ursa to his side.

CASPER

Go on now, you can tell him. He's a good man.

Ursa remains quiet.

CASPER (CONT'D)

She's a tad shy around strange folk.

URSA

Ursa.

MOSES

Ursa, have you seen this man?

Ursa looks to the picture. She doesn't recognize it.

Beat.

Ursa shakes her head in denial.

Moses detects it a tad suspicious.

MOSES (CONT'D)

You just be careful. It's seems like a peaceful farm out here. I wouldn't want any violence to fall on kind folks like yourselves.

CASPER

We'll take extra caution, Detective.

Moses hands Casper his card and stares at Ursa one last time.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Have a good one.

Casper closes the door.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Casper sneaks to the curtain and watches Moses step off the porch.

He smacks Ursa over the head.

CASPER (CONT'D)

You trying to get me busted?! I swear you're like some fuckin' retard. Shit-heel pig. Lord knows what he's really lookin' for, but he better not find it or it's your ass.

Casper peeks through the curtains again.

Ursa starts up the stairs for her room.

EXT. BY THE RIVER - LATER

Moses watches each step as he plods along the muddy river bank.

He comes across a particular patch of mud and trees and looks down on it, pressing his foot over the soil as though to compact it.

Moses continues on.

URSA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ursa lies on the floor next to Kip. The dog's neck shows signs of infection. It's not healing.

URSA

It's gonna be okay, Kip. You just get better and then we're gonna do some special things, just you and me, okay?

Kips softly wags his tail.

Casper stops by the door.

Ursa gets to her feet and takes a seat on her bed, hoping to avoid another lashing.

Casper glances at a sickly Kip.

CASPER

I'm tired of lookin' at that sick rat. Gimme that thing now.

URSA

No, Pa. He's gettin' better.

CASPER
 He's infected with the rabies.
 (then)
 That's it.

Casper leaves the room.

Ursa shields Kip with both arms.

Moments later, Casper reenters, shotgun in his hand.

URSA
 No!

CASPER
 Gimme that dog. Give it to me now.
 He ain't gettin' no better.

URSA
 He is! Pa, please don't do it! I
 love him!

Casper reaches for Kip and pulls him by his neck. Ursa pulls back. Kip bites Casper on the hand.

CASPER
 Son-of-a-bitch!

Casper rips the dog from Ursa's grip, throws it to the ground and shoots it, right in front of Ursa.

URSA
 Kip! No! Kip!
 (then)
 I hate you!

Casper pistol whips Ursa, knocking her silent.

CASPER
 You hate me?! Hate the only man
 who's ever put a roof over you?!
 I'll show you hate!

Casper kicks the bloody dog from the room.

Ursa struggles to stay lucid, rolling around in agony.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reginald stands below Ursa's window, listening to the eruption upstairs. Pained, he starts back to the barn.

INT. URSA'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Casper returns, high as a kite.

CASPER (CONT'D)

I didn't hit you hard. It was an open hand. Ursa? You're all I got left. Heaven knows what would happen to me if something happened to you. That what you want? Huh?

Ursa remains in shock, her hand covering her bloodied face.

Casper walks off.

URSA

(whispering to herself)

I hate you. God, I hate you. Just die. Please, God.

INT. BATHROOM - FARM HOUSE - LATER

Casper turns on the sink, then reaches into the tub for another handful of buds. He starts separating them to stuff into his pipe.

EXT. CASPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ursa steps to the door and hears Casper in the bathroom. She heads off.

DOWNSTAIRS - SECONDS LATER

Ursa sneaks out of the house.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Ursa creeps into the barn.

She climbs the ladder.

Reaching the top, she's nearly out of breath. Reginald is seated against the back wall. He lifelessly turns his head to Ursa and notices the strip from an old dress covering her face as a bandage.

URSA

I saw a man one night down by the river where the tall trees grow. Couldn't tell what he looked like.

IMAGE 1: FIELD - Ursa and Kip hide behind tall grass, spying on a suspicious figure.

URSA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He drug a body behind him. Set it
down and started digging.

IMAGE 2: FIELD - The man drags the body and lets it drop. He takes his shovel and starts digging, fast as possible.

IMAGE 3: FIELD - Kip wants to bark. Ursa tries to hush him up.

URSA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My poor Kip wouldn't stay quiet.

IMAGE 4: FIELD - The man hears Kip in the bushes, freezes, then takes off. Ursa and Kip run in the opposite direction.

BARN - CONTINUOUS

Reginald starts bellowing.

URSA (CONT'D)
Next morning, we found the body.

IMAGE 5: FIELD - Casper and Ursa come across the body.

CASPER
I ain't leaving no dead woman in
the middle of my weed crop! Grab
her fuckin' feet!

IMAGE 6: ROAD - Casper drives his Pick-Up, Ursa as his passenger.

IMAGE 7: REMOTE FIELD - Casper dumps the body a couple miles away, then gets back in the truck. They leave a dust trail as they peel out.

BARN - CONTINUOUS

URSA
Once the body was off the farm, we
called the police. My father never
liked no one on his property,
specially no law.
(then)
I come here for the last time,
Mister.

Ursa sets the basket down.

URSA (CONT'D)

There won't be no more food. Best you move on. I don't need no more trouble.

Reginald reaches for his covered face as though to outline the scars on Ursa's. He then shakes his head softly.

Beat.

URSA (CONT'D)

My father swears he don't like violence. He shits his pants at the mention of police. But I swear, up until this very day, I don't know if he done killed that woman.

Ursa breaks down and cries.

URSA (CONT'D)

He shot Kip right in front of me. Kip was my friend and that black-hearted monster killed him. He a mean man, Mister.

Reginald looks on compassionately. Ursa wipes her eyes and composes herself.

URSA (CONT'D)

The police come by earlier. Said they were lookin' for a man, escaped from prison. I know it ain't you.

Ursa starts back down the ladder.

Reginald moans for her to come back, crawling to the ladder and staring down as Ursa leads Geritol from the barn.

Reginald then throws a fit, flailing his arms into the air, beating himself over the head, crying himself into a ball on the floor.

EXT. ROAD - SECONDS LATER

Ursa rides Geritol off the farm and onto the road.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Reginald walks along the river's edge, next to the tall trees Ursa described. He's searching for something.

After a few yards, his leg sinks into the ground. Reginald pulls himself out, then looks to the soil.

Getting to his knees, he brushes the surface away. Something compels him to keep digging.

MINUTES LATER

Reginald is a few feet deep and finds what appears to be a naked decomposed arm. Reginald continues to dig. The arm connects to the rest of a man's body, grotesquely falling apart and eaten by maggots.

Reginald pulls the body out and starts bellowing out to the river.

INT. CASPER'S BEDROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Casper plugs his Grundig radio, then turns it on and lies back in bed.

He loads up his pipe with another bowl and lights up. The news is airing.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

...marks the 90th day since insurance salesman, Darren West went missing. In other news, authorities have intensified their search for Reginald P. Lynch a.k.a. The Miracle Monster. Preliminary reports confirm that he may still be at large in light of three botched attempts at execution via electric chair.

Casper inhales another giant puff.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Local residents are urged to report any suspicious sightings to law enforcement immediately.

Casper appears paranoid.

CASPER

Fuck all that. Didn't buy this radio to hear about no miracle monster.

He gets up and changes the station to something easier on the ears.

He returns to his bed and continues enjoying his herb.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

URSA

How far you think you could go? You
take me far away, Geritol?

Geritol whinnies and stops. She's winded from a leisurely
walk.

URSA (CONT'D)

Old mare. You can barely take me
back home, can't you? You still
ain't no glue stick like that mean
son-bitch says.

Ursa pets Geritol on the mane, then turns her around and they
start back.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LATER

Reginald checks around for any witnesses. There are none. He
pulls on the door knob. It's opened. He slowly lets himself
in.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald enters.

Ursa's not there. He leaves.

LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Reginald passes through an empty living room. The staircase
is before him.

Reginald plods up the steps.

Reaching the top step, Reginald glances at what appears to be
Ursa's room. He starts for it.

URSA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald scans Ursa's room, a couple of ragged dolls sitting
on a chest of drawers, her clothes, modest and few, hanging
in a closet, her bed unmade.

CASPER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Casper lies in bed, nearly comatose from all the weed. Smoke
blankets the air above him. "The Three Bells" plays over the
airwaves on his Grundig.

Reginald passes the room's entrance.

Casper barely notices.

CASPER

Ursa?

Casper looks to the door, but no one is there.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Ursa, get your ass over here before
I get my belt.

Casper takes another blasting hit from his thick joint, then closes his eyes for a spell.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Ursa enters the house and notices Reginald's poncho and wool blanket on the floor. She spots the crumpled front page of the newspaper, picks it up and glances at the picture of a foamy Reginald in the chair.

She then rushes to the kitchen.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Looking to Moses' card on the counter, she dials his number.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Opening his eyes, Casper looks to the doorway.

Reginald stands in the middle of it, naked from the waist up.

CASPER

What...the...fuck?

The full extent of Reginald's damages are finally revealed:

His flaky skin the color/texture of burned chicken, his eyeballs bulging out with charred veins, one larger than the other, his bristly, maroon lips bursted open. Burn streaks rippling what little remains of his cheeks and head, the tip of his nose scorched clean off, his ears like shriveled mushrooms. A true-to-life monster.

Casper takes another hit from his pipe.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Must be seeing ghosts.

From a lying position, Casper fires at Reginald. His aim is way off, putting a hole in the wall and the door frame instead.

Reginald flinches opposite the blast, then reaches for his chest in pain. His heart is giving out.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

URSA
(on phone)
Please help!

Ursa drops the receiver and rushes upstairs.

CASPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Casper fires again but misses.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Suppose you ain't the 'Miracle
Monster'? Just some fuckin' half-
wit G.I. Joe.

Reginald starts bellowing.

Ursa appears at the bedroom door.

URSA
Mister Army man! Don't shoot him!

Reginald looks back to Ursa. She holds a look of shock, having seen him for the first time without his cover.

CASPER
So you the soldier done save my
baby from that big, bad wolf?

Reginald walks to Ursa.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Take another step, and I'll blow
your fuckin' head clean off.

Casper remains in bed, his shotgun aimed at Reginald.

Reginald freezes.

Ursa approaches Reginald, takes his hand and stands in front of him, acting as a barrier between him and Casper. Reginald wraps his raw arms over Ursa's shoulders as a partial shield.

CASPER
Ursa, get your dumb ass out of the way!

Ursa won't move.

CASPER (CONT'D)
You hear what I fuckin' said?! You let go of her right now!

URSA
He saved Kip. He a good man.

CASPER
Get away from that monster!

Ursa flinches but holds fast.

URSA
He saved Kip.

CASPER
Mind your Pa this instant lest I whup you with the end of this gun!

Ursa won't move.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Mind your Pa, God-damn it!

URSA
He a good Army hero.

Casper scoots off his bed and stands, shotgun barrels trembling towards Reginald's head the whole time.

CASPER
Time to go, Mr. Army hero or whatever the fuck you are.

URSA
He come to save me from you.

Casper lowers his shotgun to Ursa.

CASPER
You don't move, I'm gonna shoot you first!

Ursa won't move.

URSA

He come to rescue me from a
bastard, son-of-a-bitch! I hope you
burn in hell!

Reginald yells.

Casper attempts to yell over Reginald.

Ursa screams.

All three voices hold their melody of terror.

Reginald throws Ursa to the side.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

A shotgun blast is heard echoing throughout the house,
followed by another blast moments later.

Long beat.

A MINUTE LATER

Reginald limps out, holding his abdomen and breathing
heavily.

Another jolt to his heart knocks him down for a couple of
moments. Reginald struggles to catch his breath and slowly
gets back to his feet.

Not knowing where he might call refuge, he starts off into
the dark fields.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - ONE HOUR LATER

A beige 1949 Pontiac Streamliner pulls up and parks.

INT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Moses taps the door open and thrusts his gun in before
anything else, then pushes the door open and enters, gun
aimed.

MOSES

Ursa? It's Detective Hill.

Moses notices blood on the floor. He follows it.

Passing the coffee table, Moses notices weed scattered all
over it, some ashtrays with the remains of smoked blunts,
even a couple crumpled up \$20s, but none of that grabs his
attention.

STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Moses creeps up the blood-spotted steps, his gun drawn.

MOSES

Ursa?

He reaches the top and flashes his gun down the hall. Blood stains the floors and walls.

Moses follows it to Casper's room.

CASPER'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Moses jerks his gun at the doorway, then enters, ready to fire. He notices Casper lying in a pool of his own blood on the floor.

He continues past Casper, ready for anything.

BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Moses enters and notices the tub filled with weed. He sticks his hand inside and studies a thick bud.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Moses taps the door back open and steps onto the front porch, staring out to the fields. He then glances to the barn.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Moses enters, gun drawn. He props a 2X4 against the door to allow for light

Moving through the barn, he notices nothing but clutter.

He reaches the ladder and glances up to the top rung. Gripping a rung, he makes sure it's secure and starts slowly climbing.

Getting to the top, Moses aims his gun towards the back. He sees no one, but does notice something out of place: an empty basket, dish, the empty jug and bottle of peroxide.

Moses gets to the top deck to take a closer look. It's apparent someone's been here.

He kicks at a discarded bandage, covered in blood.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Moses starts out towards the river.

MILES AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Reginald limps through an empty, flat field of stripped golden wheat, in plain view. He passes a tractor busy at work.

A RANDOM FARMER, driving his tractor, notices him staggering away.

FARMER

Hey, what are you doing here?!

The farmer gets a good look at the grotesque image trying to get away with nothing more than a pair of Army pants on.

INT. FARMER'S HOUSE - LATER

The farmer is at the phone, his wife and children surrounding him.

FARMER (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I seen him with my own eyes. He's headed towards Thyme's Peak.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Reginald navigates the thick forest. He reaches for the nearest tree and leans against it, looks down on his body and realizes his entire lower half is soaked in his own blood. He then grabs onto his chest in excruciating pain.

Minutes numbered, he presses on.

ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of POLICE CARS blockade the roads.

MILES AWAY - CONTINUOUS

A swarm of State Police in hiking gear, including SERGEANT PETE JONES, OFFICERS NORMAN HEINRICH and JIM LONGLEY keep on the trail with their bloodhounds.

HEINRICH

I can't really believe we're on the trail of a dead guy.

LONGLEY

I heard his entire body caught fire and sparks, 3-feet high, shot out of his eyes.

HEINRICH

You're crazy.

JONES

Quit your yapping, boys. He's out there waiting for you!

FOREST - LATER

Reginald slides down another tree and takes an involuntary seat. He almost fades to sleep but the faint sound of barking dogs instantly revives him.

Searching out the sounds, Reginald feels the heat gaining in the far distance.

He pulls himself up and pushes through the foliage, using his arms as machetes.

FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

The dogs detect Reginald's scent within the trees and pull their masters through the thick.

The barking becoming louder, Reginald grows desperate and picks up his pace, racing through branches with great indifference, each branch slicing into his ragged flesh.

100 YARDS AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The dogs start barking frantically.

JONES

We got him now!

(then)

Lead the charge, hound!

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Reginald hoofs on.

The cops and dogs only yards behind him. One opens fire, followed by the others.

Reginald ducks and continues on, brushing anything in his path, he starts to emerge from the thickest parts to a certain clearing up ahead.

The vegetation begins to fade with each passing step.

Within moments, Reginald is on rocky ground with very few obstacles and one major problem: no more path.

The rocky terrain cuts off and plummets 1000 feet to the river below. Reginald's trapped.

CLIFF'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Reginald looks over the edge and slips back with vertigo. The raging river awaits below. Reginald glances back.

The police shoot again. Reginald drops to his knees and crawls to the edge of the cliff. He considers climbing down, but it's too steep.

Another bullet ricochets near-by.

Reginald gets to his feet, then looks down again. One last glance back at his camouflaged persecutors, he goes for it and off the cliff he leaps.

Flying through the air like a rag doll, Reginald gets to maximum velocity just before he strikes the river surface. The blow is enough to break him in half.

RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The rushing waters flow downstream, carrying Reginald's body to destinations unknown.

CLIFF TOP - MOMENTS LATER

The police arrive with their dogs at the cliff's edge. The dogs whimper with confusion. They've lost the scent.

LONGLEY

Son-of-a-bitch went over.

HEINRICH

No way he could have survived that fall.

JONES

Well, we won't leave that to chance again. Let's fish him out.

EXT. RIVER - LATER

A helicopter follows the river in search of Reginald.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NEAR URSA'S FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reginald washes up onto the river's edge. He rests for a moment before digging himself out of the river muck. He's back where he started.

Another jolt through his heart makes him claw at the mud. He reaches for his chest, wheezing his final breaths.

Moses sits on a tree stump smoking a fresh joint in one hand, his gun in the other, yards from the decomposed body of Darren West. He notices Reginald crawling out onto the river bank about 20 yards away.

Moses gets up and starts towards Reginald.

15 YARDS AWAY - SECONDS LATER

Reginald continues to crawl towards Darren West's body until Moses' muddy wing-tips cut him off.

MOSES

Like a dog returning to its vomit.

Reginald stares at Moses' shoes and then attempts to glance up to the person wearing them.

MOSES (CONT'D)

I would have never believed it had
I not seen it with my own eyes.

Reginald reaches out for Moses' shoes in a desperate plea. Moses kicks Reginald's helpless hand away.

MOSES (CONT'D)

I see you've found Mr. West, the
door-to-door salesman. I think we
even bought a policy from him.

Reginald moans.

Moses takes another puff from his joint and looks out to the picturesque scenery.

MOSES (CONT'D)

In the old days, when a woman was
caught in adultery, they would drag
her out in front of the public
square, bury her up to her head.

Moses kicks Reginald with all his might, sending him rolling onto his side and gasping for air.

MOSES (CONT'D)

The executioners would take turns
pitching stones at her. The first
one would break the skin. The woman
would normally start screaming even
before it got there.

IMAGE 1: HILL HOUSE - Moses walks in on Darren West thrusting his waist into Janice on top of their bed.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Moses kicks a defenseless Reginald again.

MOSES (CONT'D)

By the third stone, the sand was stained red. By the tenth, you'd see bone.

Moses kicks him again.

IMAGE 2: HILL HOUSE - Moses shoots Darren in the back and then shoots his wife in the chest.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Kicking him again, Reginald is in the fetal position.

MOSES (CONT'D)

After knocking her unconscious, they'd leave her to bleed to death. Wouldn't be long before the vultures arrived.

IMAGE 3: DIRT ROAD - Moses pulls Darren out of the trunk of his beige 1949 Pontiac Streamliner, then closes it over Janice.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

MOSES (CONT'D)

You could say I did her a favor in comparison.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Reginald lies breathless.

Moses takes another hit.

MOSES (CONT'D)

It was too perfect to question. A toking, nigger vagrant like yourself, wandering, wasting time and space, never amounting to shit, you found yourself a lost paradise here, didn't you?

Moses stands over Reginald.

IMAGE 4: FIELD - Moses wipes the gun clean, then tosses it deep into a remote marijuana field.

FIELD - CONTINUOUS

MOSES (CONT'D)

Well, look at Reginald P. Lynch now. A true miracle, an abomination under God. How I'd pray for death in your position.

Reginald reaches out bellowing.

MOSES (CONT'D)

You do put up a good fight. I'll give you that.

Moses aims the gun at Reginald's face.

URSA (O.S.)

Put the gun down.

Ursa appears from her hiding spot in the bushes, shotgun awkwardly aimed at Moses' back.

URSA (CONT'D)

Gun down, Mister.

Moses keeps his back to Ursa.

MOSES

Is that the little shy girl I was so fond of?

URSA

I'm warning you. Drop the gun.

MOSES

Now, Ursa, we got ourselves the killer here. He killed your father.

URSA

Put your hands in the air or I'll shoot.

MOSES

Take it easy. You don't wanna shoot no one. I'm doing what you say.

Moses slowly lifts his hands in the air, the gun tinkering in his fingers.

Turning around towards Ursa, Moses starts to lower his shooting hand.

MOSES
There, you see? Everything's
alright.

Ursa shoots Moses in the leg. Moses falls over Reginald screaming in agony.

MOSES (CONT'D)
You little cunt!

URSA
Let go of the gun!

MOSES
You shot me in the fuckin' leg!

Moses aims his gun at Ursa from the muddy ground. He fires once but misses.

Ursa fires again. It comes within inches of Moses.

Moses shoots another round just as Reginald summons his last ounce of strength, reaching for Moses' arm and pulling the gun towards him.

Ursa shoots again. This time, she hits Moses in the chest, killing him instantly.

Reginald releases his grip and lies still.

Ursa approaches and kneels down next to Reginald, placing her hand on his head.

Long beat.

URSA
I never knew your name.

Reginald looks up to Ursa, seconds from slipping away.

URSA (CONT'D)
Just hold on and we'll get you some
help, okay?

Reginald reaches out to Ursa's hand. She takes it.

URSA (CONT'D)
You're gonna be okay. You're free
now.

Reginald slowly closes his eyes and gives up the ghost.

Tears escape Ursa's eyes.

URSA (CONT'D)

You a good Army man, Reginald.

The helicopter glides overhead as police storm the scene, guns aimed at Ursa.

POLICEMAN

Get your hands up now!

Ursa gets her hands up and turns around.

URSA

Reginald Lynch is innocent.

The police look to one another.

A couple of cops approach Ursa. They lift her to her feet and pull her away from Reginald, who lies motionless on the ground next to Moses and Darren West.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Reginald's wool blanket covering her, Ursa stands by the police car, watching a gurney rolled into an ambulance.

FADE OUT.

TITLE UP:

REGINALD P. LYNCH RECEIVED POSTHUMOUS EXONERATION OF ALL FELONY CHARGES STEMMING FROM THE DEATH OF JANICE HILL. HE WAS INSTEAD FOUND GUILTY OF MISDEMEANOR POSSESSION OF AN ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE. THE DEATHS OF DOCTOR CHARLES GAMMON AND OFFICER RAYMOND BARTHOLOMEW WERE RULED UNSOLVED HOMICIDES.

IMAGE: A healthy-looking, pre-execution Reginald with a slight smirk on his face, strolls through a random marijuana field.

FADE TO BLACK.