

WOUNDS

By

Christian J. Hearn

#100-4588

outpost32@gmail.com  
(+44) 7730894857

EXT. PHOENIX, ARIZONA - NIGHT

A wilderness of glass, concrete, chrome, and lights.  
Rivers of traffic flow through the streets.

INT/EXT. SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

DETECTIVE DANA WHITE (37), black. Dark hair frames a plain, tired face. It's been a bitch of a day. She stops her car at a red light, her phone on speaker.

CHANDLER (OVER PHONE)  
Can we watch Godzilla tonight,  
mommy?

DANA  
I dunno, Bud. You brave enough to  
handle it?

CHANDLER (OVER PHONE)  
I got my Ray-Gun.

DANA  
You gonna protect and serve?

CHANDLER (OVER PHONE)  
Huh?

DANA  
If you promise to be in bed by  
eight, we can watch Godzilla.

CHANDLER (OVER PHONE)  
Don't miss the start.

DANA  
I'll be home in two minutes, Bud.

CHANDLER (OVER PHONE)  
What's for dinner?

Dana exhibits a guilty look. She scans the surroundings through the vehicle's windows, spots a cluster of FAST FOOD RESTAURANTS.

The LIGHT TURNS GREEN and she flicks her turn signal on.

DANA  
Something special.

She pulls into the parking lot of a PIZZA RESTAURANT.

INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dana stands at the back of the line, working the kinks out of her neck as the PATRON in front of her takes a step forward.

Dana does a quick double-take when she sees through the window, a hooded figure running, crouched, clutching a HANDGUN.

The Figure disappears behind the back of the building.

Dana unbuttons her jacket, her badge catching the light, and draws her SERVICE PISTOL.

The customers react with fear or excitement. Or both.

DANA  
Everybody stay inside, stay away  
from the windows.

Dana runs outside, weapon pointed at concrete.

EXT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dana skirts around the outside of the building, keeping herself close to the wall. She hears scuffling...muffled, human voices.

A sudden SCREAM splits the air.

The Hooded Figure steps back into the light of a streetlamp, his handgun pointed at an unseen presence behind the building.

DANA  
Don't move.

Caught unaware, the Figure turns in Dana's direction, gun swinging towards her. Dana shoots.

The Figure is shot twice in the chest. He hits the ground, gargling blood.

A BLACK GIRL (13) emerges, screaming, from behind the building.

Dana runs to the downed Figure and kicks the weapon from his hand - and it snaps, spilling water.

The SCREAMING GIRL drops a plastic WATER PISTOL and runs to the Figure. She pulls back his HOOD, revealing the face of a BLACK FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL  
Darren, Darren.  
(To Dana)  
What d'ya shoot my brother for?

DARREN and Dana lock eyes. He cries while he chokes on his blood.

Dana's grip on her gun loosens until the weapon hits the tarmac.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chandler (5), dressed in his pajamas, watches the front door through a crack in his bedroom door. His eyes are wet and his cheeks red.

He perks up when hears the rattling of keys in the lock. The door swings open and Dana, tired and disheveled, steps inside.

She falls into a chair, eyes like cold stone. She stirs when Chandler gingerly steps into the hall, toy ray gun hanging by his side.

He approaches his mother, bare feet padding on the linoleum.

CHANDLER  
You missed it...Godzilla.

Dana sits passively while Chandler climbs onto her lap at a great effort.

He looks into his mother's face and squints. Dana follows his line of sight and puts a finger to her cheek where she finds a dot of blood, the shape and size of a beauty spot.

She freaks. Dana jumps out of her seat, spilling Chandler to the floor, wiping desperately at the speck of blood on her face. Chandler watches his mom in fear and confusion.

For the second time that night, he cries.

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT: TEN YEARS LATER.

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPECT COUNTY, ARIZONA - DAY

A cluster of small desert towns strung together by a dust-blown highways. Nothing between sand and sky except for a handful of water towers overlooking squat buildings.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

CHANDLER WHITE (15), mixed race, too thin to be athletic, sports a faded rock band shirt, worn underneath a zippered hoodie.

He sits at the back of the classroom while the teacher, an avuncular MR. BAKER (34) does his thing at the front.

BAKER

Lincoln had a lot of chess pieces  
to move before he would issue  
the emancipation proclamation.  
What were they?

KID 1

Wearing a bitchin' hat?

KID 2

Growing a kick ass beard?

CHANDLER

He enlisted slaves from the  
states loyal to the Union into  
the Yankee Army.

BAKER

And what did that help to  
achieve?

CHANDLER

Undermine slavery in the south.

BAKER

(With reverence)  
That's right.

CHANDLER

And he had a cool fuckin' beard.

BAKER

Out.

Chandler is watched by his classmates as he shows himself out of the room.

DANIEL PINKERTON (15) laughing, makes a gun of his hand, aims at Chandler, pulls the trigger, and blows away the imaginary smoke from his fingertip.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Chandler stands by the classroom door when the bell rings. The onslaught of teenage bodies fight to be the first, soon leaving only MR. BAKER.

BAKER  
Chandler.

Chandler returns to the room.

BAKER  
First day of summer, one more year before you graduate. You thought about what you'd like to do after that?

CHANDLER  
I dunno.

Baker slides a magazine across his desk. Chandler picks it up, reads the cover.

CHANDLER  
"The Broken City"?

BAKER  
Flip to page fifty-seven.

Chandler does so.

BAKER  
Write an essay of your choice, any subject, whatever you want, two-thousand words. They'll publish one from each age group.  
(Pause)  
It'll be good for you...I'll even submit it for you. Deadline's in a couple of weeks. Think about it.

Chandler nods, rolls the magazine up into a tube and walks out of the room.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Daniel waits for Chandler.

DANIEL  
You wanna come to the movies?

CHANDLER  
I'll catch you up later.

Daniel watches Chandler head towards town.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL  
Fuck you then.

EXT. ARMY RECRUITMENT OFFICE - DAY

Chandler regards the small storefront from across the street. He steps from the sidewalk towards the office.

INT. ARMY RECRUITMENT OFFICE - DAY

White walls, star spangled banners, posters of steadfast Marines.

Chandler takes a look around, a little unsure. He picks up a flyer and begins to read.

RECRUITER  
(O.C)  
Help you, Son?

Chandler finds the RECRUITER sat at his desk at the back of the room.

CHANDLER  
Just wanted to come in, take a look, ya know.

RECRUITER  
How old are you?

CHANDLER  
...Seventeen.

The Recruiter doesn't buy the lie. He smiles politely.

RECRUITER  
Why do you think you might be interested in joining the United States Military?

CHANDLER  
I want to fight.

RECRUITER  
Who?

Chandler thinks it over.

RECRUITER  
If you're full of fight but don't know who you're fightin', chances are, it's yourself.  
(Pause)  
You've got heart, Son. But heart aint enough. Come back when you're ready.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

I am ready.

RECRUITER

No man ever really is.

(Pause)

Do your parents know you're here?

Chandler does not respond.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Chandler, defeated and contemplative, stares out the window. The bus stops and the hiss of the opening doors prompts Chandler to observe the boarding passengers.

A MAN with one leg sits in a wheelchair, wearing a VETERAN cap, at the front of the line.

THREE WHITE GUYS (all early 20s) - BASEBALL CAP, BLOND, and BANDANNA, board the bus, laughing and talking.

At the sight of the new passengers, Chandler bares a look of recognition. And dread.

The Four Guys file towards him.

BANDANNA

That's my seat.

Chandler avoids eye contact. He swallows and moves to the seat behind and resumes staring out the window.

BLOND

That's my seat.

CHANDLER

C'mon guys.

BLOND

Move.

CHANDLER

If I do, will I be in his seat?

He points to Baseball Cap.

BANDANNA

Can always walk if you don't like it.

CHANDLER

...You can have this seat when I get off.

The three friends exchange looks, feigning surprise and outrage.

(CONTINUED)



BANDANNA

I know you didn't mean to upset  
my friend?

CHANDLER

Find another seat, or stand.

The White Guy with the bandanna punches Chandler in the  
face.

The other passengers turn to watch the fight.

Chandler swings for Bandanna but is struck on the side of  
the head by Baseball Cap, then by Blond.

Chandler blinks stars from his eyes when he's dragged from  
his seat, thrown to the floor and kicked by three pairs of  
legs.

Through the wall of swinging shins Chandler sees the  
approaching bus driver and soon finds himself lifted to  
his feet.

Chandler wipes the blood from his nose.

CHANDLER

Than -

BUS DRIVER

You making trouble on my bus?

Chandler, incredulous, stares at man's friendly, round  
face. His name badge identifies him as CHARLIE. The three  
white guys grin as Chandler is dragged off the bus.

PASSENGER 1

Hey, that's not right.

PASSENGER 2

The halfbreed started it.

Chandler finds himself thrown out through the doors, which  
then hiss shut behind him. He and Charlie the Driver lock  
eyes before the bus departs.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A small bar for a small town. Walls covered in sweat.

DEREK SIMS (21) strikes the cue ball dead center and pots  
a red with a satisfying CRACK. Sims is tall, skinny, and  
every article of clothing boasts a different sports team  
and is one size too big.

Chandler, now sporting a BLACK EYE, knocks on the window  
from outside. Sims greets Chandler with a middle finger.  
So Chandler flashes a folded bill.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Sims is confidently vigilant. Chandler is just plain nervous. Agitated.

SIMS

By the look of ya, I'd say you're not in the market for quality. I've got something that'll mellow you out though.

CHANDLER

I don't want any of that.

SIMS

The fuck you drag me outside for if you're not here to get high?

CHANDLER

I want a gun.

SIMS

Get the fuck outta here.

CHANDLER

Please.

SIMS

Your mom at least taught you manners. Somebody gives you a black eye, give 'em two. Advice is free kid, take it.

Chandler swallows his disappointment and walks away, turning down a corner.

Sims shakes his head and lights a cigarette.

A car can be heard crawling to the alley before the first tones of a police siren elicit a "not again" look from Sims.

EXT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Sheriff Dana White (47), waves Sims over. He drags his feet before leaning into her open window.

SIMS

That time again already, Sheriff?

DANA

Hand it over, Sims.

Sims reaches into a pocket and pulls out a clear bag, inside which appears to be a collection of prescription pill bottles.

(CONTINUED)

SIMS  
Something to help you sleep.

Dana slides a folded bill into Sims' palm before driving off.

SIMS  
Come back again.

INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dana drives with a grim, hardened look etched into her weathered features.

The car leaves the outskirts of the quiet town and drives through blackness. Headlights punch twin holes through the night. Nothing but road and desert.

Dana reaches into the bag of drugs and picks a bottle indiscriminately. She pops the cap off with a thumb and swallows a few pills. And a few more. The car drives on.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Dana pulls the car to the side of the road. It crunches over sand and the headlights come to rest on a cactus.

She stumbles from the car, sits on the hood of the vehicle, and draws her H&k 9MM SEMIAUTOMATIC. She aims at the cactus. The gun sways.

Dana regards the gun in her hand for a moment and puts the muzzle to her chin.

HARD CUT:

EXT. ROADSIDE - MORNING

A SEMI TRUCK thunders by and Dana is startled awake.

She finds herself sat behind the wheel of her parked patrol car, the door wide open and obstructing one lane of the highway.

She quickly gets her bearings, checking herself in the mirror. She looks like shit. But she's alive.

CUT TO:

Dana urinates into a ditch, her uniform pants and underwear gathered at her ankles. While the hot stream splashes into the desert floor she takes in the distant mountains.

(CONTINUED)

She stands, buckles her Sam Browne belt, and searches her pockets for the car keys. Finds them. But her HOLSTER IS EMPTY.

She turns in circles...retraces her steps...steps in her own urine...Scrabbles along the ditch to the side of the car...

She searches the area around her patrol vehicle, under the seats, the glove box, and under the car...

Dana looks to the horizon in every direction, sees nothing but the highway, and weather-beaten billboards.

DANA

Fuck.

INT/EXT - SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Wind blows through the car's open windows but does nothing to shake Dana's look of concern.

The car passes a dusty sign peppered with buckshot - "PROSPECT COUNTY WELCOMES YOU".

The car rolls by a A TRAILER PARK littered with once-white mobile homes and silver, bullet-like trailers, and a boarded-up MOVIE THEATER.

Dana drives by Porch-Dwellers collecting time and dust.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - MORNING

A folded STARS AND STRIPES takes pride of place beside a photograph of a uniformed MARINE. A second photograph depicts that same Marine in combat gear, cradling an automatic rifle.

The rest of the room is a shit state. Clothes, textbooks, video games, and DVDs are all shown the same callous disregard, strewn about the room.

Chandler, wearing a hoodie, hunches over text books as a vinyl records spins, spewing 70's rock. He hears a door open and close.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - MORNING

Chandler sticks his head out the door to see his mom cross the hall. He walks tentatively towards the open bathroom door, leans against the frame.

His mother shrugs out of her uniformed shirt, revealing a sweat-stained vest underneath.

(CONTINUED)

Chandler watches her toss the shirt on the floor only to reach into a hamper of used laundry to fish out a matching one, sniff it, and pull it on.

Chandler's tone is quiet and knowing.

CHANDLER  
Not staying for breakfast?

DANA  
I have to get to work.

CHANDLER  
...Must be important.

She pauses splashing water onto her face and shoots him a look - "don't". The brief silence is filled by the music from Chandler's room.

DANA  
I thought I put your Dad's records away.

CHANDLER  
You did.

DANA  
...You wanna be like your father?  
Your father also flinched every time somebody knocked at the door. He also woke up screaming each night after wetting the bed.

Chandler stares at his mother for just a moment before returning to his room and shutting the door.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dana pulls open a bedside drawer stuffed with socks, a vibrator, and a HECKLER AND KOCH 9MM SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL.

She drops the magazine into her palm, checks that it's loaded, and slaps it back in.

She holsters the weapon and retrieves two more magazines from the drawer, sliding them into their designated home on her belt.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - MORNING

Dana knocks on the door.

DANA  
Chandler? I'm sorry.

Chandler opens the door. For the first time, Dana notices his black eye.

DANA  
Who did that to you?

CHANDLER  
White folks.

DANA  
Names?

CHANDLER  
I'll take care of it.

DANA  
That's my job.

CHANDLER  
As the Sheriff of butt-fuck, USA?  
Or as my mom?

DANA  
Either one will do.

CHANDLER  
...One day you might have to  
choose. Or maybe you already  
have?

DANA  
...I've worked hard to make a  
home for us here.

CHANDLER  
This isn't our home.

DANA  
You know why we moved.

CHANDLER  
I know why you moved.

DANA  
You were five years old.

CHANDLER  
You could have left me with  
Grandma and Grandpa.

DANA  
...I'm your mother.

CHANDLER

So you say.

DANA

Look at me. There ain't no manual for this. I have to be a mother and a father, trying to steer you right. If you figure it out, let me know. But until then, do as I say.

CHANDLER

And what's that?

She points to his black eye.

DANA

Be a man. You're too smart to be stupid. And being a man means walking away.

CHANDLER

You want me to run away, that it?

DANA

Running away ain't walking away. You think getting back at the guys that did this will be the end of it? It'll be the start of it.

(Pause)

We'll have dinner together tonight. And a movie.

CHANDLER

(Doubtful)

Sure.

DANA

That's a promise.

(Pause)

Chandler?

CHANDLER

Yeah.

DANA

I told ya before, don't wear these things outta the house.

She puts a finger to his hoodie. He shuts the door and Dana is left staring at cheap wood and chipped paint.

EXT. WHITE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Dana exits her small bungalow, climbs into her patrol car and drives away.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - MORNING

Chandler sits perched on the end of his bed, focused on the framed photograph of his father, the decorated marine, holding his firearm. His Dad's record spins under the needle.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

A small, squat building. An angular construction of brick and glass.

Dana's patrol vehicle pulls to a stop behind a matching car.

INT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - MORNING

Dana collects up the loose pill bottles rolling around in the foot-wells, stuffs them into a bag, then buries them under her seat.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dana is greeted by DEPUTY MATTHEW MANNING and his clean, sincere smile. Manning (25), wears his hair cropped short, his uniform immaculately pressed, and is lean and attractive. He holds a steaming cup off coffee.

MANNING  
Mornin' Sheriff.

DANA  
Matt.

MANNING  
Coffee's good today.

DANA  
It the same as it was yesterday?

MANNING  
Yep.

DANA  
And the day before that?

(CONTINUED)



MANNING

Of course.

DANA

Then let's agree to disagree. It tastes like lukewarm shit.

(Pause)

Where's mine?

He passes her a cup for herself.

MANNING

Right here, Sheriff.

DANA

(Taking a sip)

Thanks.

MANNING

Anything to report?

She hesitates, just for a beat, as she debates whether or not to lie. She lies.

DANA

...Not on my end.

MANNING

Business as usual here, so far -

(refers to his notepad)

Ol' Bob Chambers called about a

dead cow, claims UFOs did it.

Martin Webb called to report that

Greg Childs' trees are on his

property, and Greg Childs called

to report that Martin Webb's new

fence is on his property.

DANA

Christ.

MANNING

Miss life as a city detective?

DANA

Anything else?

MANNING

...Nope.

DANA

What is it?

MANNING

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

You ever played poker, Matt?

MANNING

My Momma always said gamblin's a sin.

DANA

I thought as much. What is it?

Manning hesitates for a second before reluctantly handing her a flyer.

MANNING

This came in with the mail today.

She takes it, looks it over. "A WHITE SHERIFF FOR A WHITE COUNTY. RICK O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN RALLY, TOWN SQUARE...".

MANNING

The date's next week. I'm sorry, Sheriff.

She balls it up and tosses the flyer into the nearest waste paper basket.

DANA

They're entitled to their opinion, that's their right.

(Pause)

Childs...that's the scrap yard?

MANNING

Right next door to Webb's feed store.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - DAY

Chandler sits at the desk in his room. The tabletop is covered with open textbooks. Music plays while he writes. Daniel suddenly appears at the open window.

DANIEL

Hey, Cocksucker.

CHANDLER

You heard of doors, Dick?

DANIEL

Your Mom home?

CHANDLER

She's working.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Good. Got somethin' for ya.

CHANDLER

If it aint a deadline extension I  
aint interested.

DANIEL

Betch'ya fuckin' ass you'll be  
interested.

Chandler stops writing, studies his friend's grin.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The pair of friends are huddled in the alley behind the  
boarded up building.

Daniel takes a look around before shrugging the rucksack  
off his back. He unzips the bag, reaches in, and pulls out  
a gleaming HECKLER AND KOCH 9MM SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL.

DANIEL

This here's the real fuckin'  
deal.

CHANDLER

Shit. Where'd you get that?

DANIEL

Found it.

CHANDLER

The fuck you did.

DANIEL

I found it, man.

CHANDLER

Where?

DANIEL

What d'you care, you want it or  
not?

CHANDLER

....Yeah. Yeah, I want it.

DANIEL

Fifty bucks and it's yours.

CHANDLER

I aint got fifty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Forty?

CHANDLER

Seriously, where'd you get it?

DANIEL

I told ya, I fuckin' found it.  
You wanna scare anyone that fucks  
with ya? Aint nothing scarier  
than looking down the barrel of a  
fuckin' hand cannon.

CHANDLER

....Forty bucks?

DANIEL

Get a feel for it, try it on for  
size.

CHANDLER

You sound like a douchebag.

DANIEL

A douchebag who's got what you  
want.

The weapon changes hands.

CHANDLER

Shit. It's heavy. It loaded?

Daniel flashes his grin - "fuck yeah, it's loaded".

Chandler looks off to the middle distance, past a chain  
link fence.

CHANDLER

Oh shit.

Daniel follows his friend's line of sight. The pair find  
themselves looking at a DRIFTER (30), thick beard, long  
hair, and hooded sweater. He carries a duffel bag. The  
Drifter stares at the boys. Chandler still holds the gun.

DANIEL

Fuck him.

Daniel kicks a beer bottle and it smashes against the  
fence. The Drifter doesn't move.

DANIEL

Come on.

Daniel and Chandler head for the street. Chandler throws  
the HANDGUN into a backpack of his own.

EXT. HAYDER RESIDENCE - DAY

A small, working class home on the outskirts of town.

CHARLIE HAYDER, in his bus driver's uniform, steps from his house and into the punishing sun.

MABEL, a short, round woman joins him to deliver a clear lunchbox loaded with sandwiches and a light, loving kiss.

MABEL

Bye, Hon.

CHARLIE

I'll see you tonight.

Mabel watches Charlie bypass a large dog chained to a post and climb into his pickup truck. After a parting wave, Mabel heads inside and closes the door.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Charlie backs the pickup down the drive, shifts into first gear, and hits the gas. But the vehicle snakes.

Cursing, Charlie stops the truck and hops out onto the street.

EXT. HAYDER RESIDENCE - DAY

Charlie finds one of his tires flat. As his brow furrows, rapidly approaching footsteps steal his attention.

He turns, grants the presence a look of recognition, and is suddenly RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

EXT. CHILDS' SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Dana looks up at the glowing orb in the sky through a pair of aviators.

GREG CHILDS (63), dressed in threadbare denim, points to a row of trees behind a fence.

GREG

You see them trees?

DANA

Mhm.

GREG

And you see that fence,  
don'tchya?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Mhm.

GREG

They all mixed up. They topsy turvy from the way they s'posed to be. My grandfather planted those trees. 'Cept now instead of enjoyin' 'em, I'm stuck staring' at his damn, ugly ass fuckin' fence. 'Pologies for ma tongue.

DANA

You tried talking to Mr Webb?

GREG

How you gonna talk to a man like that?

DANA

Like what?

GREG

He different.

DANA

In what regard, sir?

GREG

Never see him in church. Never taken a wife. Just funny, you ask me.

DANA

Try.

GREG

Try what?

DANA

Talking.

GREG

What good ar'ya?

The RADIO crackles from inside the PATROL CAR, parked by the dusty roadside.

MANNING (OVER RADIO)

Sheriff White? Sheriff White, you copy?

DANA

Excuse me.

Greg Childs dismisses her with a grumble and a wave of an oil-stained hand. Dana returns to her car, picks up the handset and thumbs it.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Copy, Matt. What is it? Over.

MANNING (OVER RADIO)

Call came in. Can't file this one under the usual. Got a ten...er, ten-eighty...er...hold on.

DANA

Just tell me.

MANNING (OVER RADIO)

Dead body. A shooting. Over.

EXT. HAYDER RESIDENCE. CRIME SCENE - DAY

The pick up truck sits askew on the road. The dog barks. Charlie Hayder now lies in a pool of blood beside his truck.

Deputy Manning is interviewing Mabel on the stoop as Dana arrives in her car. Seeing Dana, Manning excuses himself and meets her.

MANNING

Charlie Hayder, bus driver. No record. Never in any trouble. Always said hello. Wife heard the shots.

Dana looks contemplatively around. The DEAD BODY has bullet wounds in his arms, legs, chest, and stomach.

Dana assumes the position of the shooter and scans the area around her while Manning and Mabel watch from their respective positions.

She examines the pickup and finds the flat tire. Dana retraces the truck's path back to the house, scanning the ground.

She kicks around in the dirt and finds a homemade device consisting of nails bent at a 90 degree angle and welded together to make a spiked ball.

DANA

How many entry wounds do you count?

MANNING

(Counting)

Seven, that I can see.

DANA

So chances are, our shooter wasn't using a revolver.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

Wife heard distinct shots, no clustered bursts.

DANA

So he uses a semi automatic. But he makes a point of taking the shell casings with him. You see any?

MANNING

He took the time to pick 'em up?

DANA

I've seen guys wear a bag over their hand, rubber band around the wrist. The shell casings are collected in the bag. Makes for a quick getaway.

(Pause)

Our victim suffered a puncture to his left side rear tire. The shooter rightly wagered that stepping foot on the property would set the dog off. He wants the guy outta the truck, out in the open? So he tosses this onto the drive, waits for the victim to drive over it, waits for him to exit the vehicle, then shoots.

MANNING

Smart.

DANA

Given the level of planning, I'd say it's fair the shooter understands the value of evidence and has at least some insight into crime detection. But...

MANNING

What?

DANA

Look at the guy's shooting. He's no marksman. We got entry wounds all over the body. It's almost like -

MANNING

Like target practice.

DANA

Right. So what's the main event?



INT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

The CORONER (31), a woman with a pale complexion and immaculate features, pulls on a pair of latex gloves. Dana watches from across the room.

The Coroner takes a scalpel to one of the ENTRY WOUNDS on Hayder's corpse. She then uses a pair of tweezers to remove the slug and examine it through her plastic visor.

CORONER

Nine millimeter round,  
semi-jacketed. Brass. Some  
projectile deformity from where  
it struck bone. High velocity  
from the looks of it.

DANA

(Surprise)

You have a background in  
ballistics?

CORONER

I go to the shooting range every  
Wednesday and Saturday. Better  
than a warm bath.

The Coroner then starts on an entry wound in the arm, turning the limb out to her advantage. She and Dana see a TATTOO on the inside of the appendage - "ORION".

CORONER

Victim has identifying tattoos on  
the insides of each upper arm.

Dana makes her approach as the Coroner turns out the other arm, this one tattooed with the word "KLASP".

CORONER

Any idea what they mean?

Dana shakes her head.

Something grabs the Coroner's interest. Something barely visible between the shoulder blade and the slab.

CORONER

Interesting.

DANA

What?

CORONER

Have you considered that the  
excessive nature of the shooting  
was intended as a statement of  
some kind?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

I'm not ruling it out. Why?

CORONER

Maybe it was a counter statement.

The Coroner folds the BODY'S arm across its chest in an effort to raise the shoulder blade from the surface of the slab.

Dana tilts her head, finds herself looking at a SWASTIKA TATTOO.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dana sits at her desk, holding a blown-up photograph of the SWASTIKA TATTOO.

MANNING

In 1965 Dan Burrows, a leader in the KKK committed suicide by shooting himself twice in the chest after he found out he came from Jewish Ancestry.

DANA

I think we can rule out suicide in this case, Matt.

She puts the photograph down and picks up the evidence bags containing the BULLETS retrieved from the body.

DANA

Get these to ballistics would ya, Matt?

MANNING

First thing in the morning, Sheriff.

He takes the evidence bags.

MANNING

Any plans for this evening?

DANA

No, just -  
(Remembering)  
- ah, shit.

She heads for the door, taking her keys from her pocket, and her hand finds itself against the butt of her holstered gun. She pauses.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Why don't you go on ahead, Matt?  
I'll lock up.

MANNING

Thanks, Sheriff. See you  
tomorrow.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Inside Dana's locker is a towel, sports bag, and change of uniform. She takes her H&K from its holster and stows it on the top shelf.

She takes down a box of ammunition and reads the carton - "60 BRASS SEMI-JACKETED 9MM ROUNDS".

With the shadow of contemplation across her face, Dana returns the box and slams the locker shut.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dana drives home. The streets are sparsely populated. She steers the vehicle onto her street and the headlights settle on Daniel, walking.

Daniel offers a reluctant, obligatory wave. Dana responds with an unflinching, disapproving look.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Dana enters carrying a couple of cartons of Chinese takeout but finds the lounge dark, the TV off.

DANA

Chandler?

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

She stands in the doorway looking at a solitary plate, knife, and fork, washed and left to dry.

She stomps the pedal on the trashcan and is about to throw in the Chinese food when she finds an empty package for a microwave dinner.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dana stands outside her son's room. The TV can be heard. She considers knocking but instead retreats to her own room across the hall.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana lies awake in bed, restless.

EXT. WHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Dana emerges from the house, barefoot, and walks to her patrol car.

INT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

She reaches under the seat and searches for the bag of drugs. Dana takes two bottles of pills from the bag, leaving the rest under the seat.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She swallows down a couple of pills. A couple more. One last pill for good measure.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD, JUNK PILE - DAY

Chandler kicks a crushed can through the dirt before picking up one that's kept its shape.

He places the can at the end of a line made up of bottles, an old TV, a computer monitor, a microwave, and other cans.

Chandler backs away from the assorted items until he's twenty paces away.

He takes the H&K from his waistband and aims. He squeezes the trigger and the bullet throws up dirt. The second shot goes wild and hits nothing. The third also misses and hits a scrapped car.

He spots a CAT wander out from behind a refrigerator and watches it meander inquisitively. The cat stops to sniff the air.

Chandler raises the gun and levels it at the cat. He watches, breathes, watches, breathes...

Chandler is grabbed by the wrist. The gun fires and can be heard splitting the air. The Cat is quick to scurry away, unharmed.

The grimy hand releases Chandler's wrist and he finds himself looking into the face of The Drifter.

(CONTINUED)

DRIFTER

Never shoot anything that doesn't  
deserve it. The cat was just  
being a cat.

He speaks quietly, almost softly. He smiles at Chandler,  
takes a step back and gestures for him to shoot again.

After a moment of hesitation, Chandler takes the  
invitation. He turns back to the inanimate targets and  
takes aim.

DRIFTER

Plant your feet.

CHANDLER

What?

DRIFTER

Plant your feet.

Chandler turns to face the older man.

CHANDLER

I don't know what that means.

The Drifter places a hand against Chandler's chest and  
gently shoves him. Chandler staggers back a little.

CHANDLER

What're you doin'?

Smiling, The Drifter gives him another little shove. Ready  
for it, Chandler remains rooted on the spot.

DRIFTER

That's planting your feet.

Chandler turns back to the targets and recreates his  
stance before aiming the gun.

DRIFTER

Keep both eyes open, don't over  
think it, and remember to  
breathe.

Chandler prepares himself to fire.

CHANDLER

Is this right?

DRIFTER

Does it feel right?

CHANDLER

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

DRIFTER

Shoot and you'll know.

Chandler readies himself, calms himself, and fires. The can flies into the air. Proud of himself, Chandler turns and smiles at the Drifter.

CHANDLER

Thanks. Want to try it?

DRIFTER

It's yours.

The Drifter walks away, disappearing over a rocky dune. Chandler watches him leave before taking aim again at his line-up of targets.

GREG

(O.C)

What n'the hell you doing on my property you lil' asshole?

Chandler sees Greg Childs, red-faced, storming his way, and sets off running in the opposite direction.

EXT. ROADSIDE BURGER JOINT - DAY

A hole-the-wall place. Chandler waits in line.

SERVER

Next.

Chandler is about to step to the window when a WHITE WOMAN, TODDLER in-tow, cuts in front. The Server obliges the woman's order.

The Drifter takes his place behind Chandler.

SERVER

(Eyes on The Drifter)

Next.

Chandler steps up to the window but the Server looks past him and addresses The Drifter.

SERVER

Sir? Next.

DRIFTER

He is.

The Server finally meets Chandler's eyes.

LATER:

(CONTINUED)

Chandler is served his burger, fries, and drink through the serving hatch. He carries them to a faded plastic seat and table.

As he chews he watches the Drifter take a seat across the parking lot. Chandler, taking his food with him, approaches the man.

CHANDLER  
Mind if I sit?

DRIFTER  
Won't bother me none.

Chandler sits. The two eat in short-lived silence.

CHANDLER  
Where'd you learn to shoot?

DRIFTER  
Where'd you get that firearm?

Chandler can't hide his guilt.

DRIFTER  
I figure it aint' something you  
acquired legally.

Chandler looks a little more on edge.

DRIFTER  
But legal don't always mean  
right, and I figure that works  
the other way too. It's important  
for a man to defend himself,  
protect what's his. Even his  
ideals.  
(Pause)  
My father taught me how to shoot.  
And what to shoot at. Your father  
didn't teach you?

CHANDLER  
My Dad died before I was born.

DRIFTER  
I'm sorry. I know what it's like  
to lose a father.

CHANDLER  
He was in the army, died in  
combat three weeks before I was  
born. Everybody kept tellin' me  
how I was the son of a war hero.

DRIFTER  
Big shoes to fill?

CHANDLER  
My Mom doesn't want me to. She  
wants me to hide away.

DRIFTER  
Hide from what?

CHANDLER  
Anything...bad.

DRIFTER  
Part of growin' up and becoming a  
man is figuring for yourself  
what's good, what's bad.

Chandler rips his burger in two and gives half to the  
Drifter.

CHANDLER  
I'm Chandler.

DRIFTER  
Nathan. Nice to meet you  
Chandler.

Nathan and Chandler shake hands.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Manning and Dana walk by a row of impounded, wrecked  
vehicles.

MANNING  
Don't know what you expect to  
find, Sheriff?

DANA  
I'm curious.

Manning hangs back as Dana approaches the impounded PICKUP  
TRUCK. He watches her search the vehicle.

She looks over the back of the truck, opens up the doors  
and feels around in the door pockets.

Next, the glove box. She flips down the visors. Nothing.  
She checks under the seat and pulls out a black folder.

MANNING  
What's that you got there?

Dana opens up the folder and inside finds a stack of at  
least two hundred identical FLYERS - "A WHITE SHERIFF FOR  
A WHITE COUNTY".

(CONTINUED)



The obnoxious sound of a diesel engine, spitting to announce its arrival, stirs Dana from her thoughts.

Greg Childs steers his TOW TRUCK into the yard. He climbs from the cab.

MANNING

Thanks for coming, Greg.

GREG

You about done here?

MANNING

Sheriff?

DANA

Huh?

MANNING

Found what you were looking for?

DANA

I hope not.

MANNING

Sheriff?

DANA

(Distracted)

Yeah, sure. Go ahead.

Greg sets about lowering the loading gear at the rear of the tow truck.

MANNING

Can I get you a coffee?

GREG

(To Dana)

Can he?

DANA

Depends on how attached you are to your breakfast.

GREG

(To Manning)

Cream and sugar?

MANNING

Comin' right up.

Manning turns and leaves.

GREG

You wanna have a word wit' yer boy?

DANA  
I'm sorry?

GREG  
Caught him on my property coupl'a  
hours back, shooting off that gun  
of his.

Dana freezes. Doesn't blink. She hides the shock and  
forces her tongue into submission.

DANA  
Gun? You sure it was my son?

GREG  
Ain't many 'round here that look  
his type.

Her expression hardens a little more.

DANA  
...I'll talk to him.

GREG  
Damn right ya will.

Greg sets about hooking up the towing gear to the pick-up.

EXT. HAYDER RESIDENCE. CRIME SCENE - DAY

Mabel opens the door, finds Dana on her stoop, removing  
her hat and aviators.

DANA  
May I come in Mrs. Hayder?

MABEL  
What are you doing to find my  
husband's killer?

DANA  
Was your husband associated with  
any...organizations that could be  
construed as...controversial?

MABEL  
My Charlie was a lovin' man.

DANA  
Please, may I come inside?

MABEL  
Your kind aren't welcome in my  
house.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Cops?...because I can always come back with a warrant. If that's the issue?

Mabel steps aside.

INT. HAYDER RESIDENCE - DAY

The interior is remarkably unremarkable. Colors are brown and muted, furniture is basic. Mabel takes on the role of Dana's shadow as she moves through the house.

Dana wanders the house from room to room, eventually finding herself standing beneath a loft hatch.

MABEL

Aint' nothin' up there.

INT. HAYDER RESIDENCE, ATTIC - DAY

A rectangle of light appears and widens as Dana lowers the hatch. She climbs a ladder that extends down from the hatch.

Dana stands to her full height. She tugs a light cord and an overhead bulb comes to life.

A six by four feet SWASTIKA FLAG hangs from the far wall, taking center stage between two IRON CROSSES.

The sculpture of a BLACK EAGLE ATOP AN OAK WREATH sits on top of a small pillar. The walls are adorned with black and white photos of GERMAN NAZIS and WHITE POWER PROPAGANDA.

There are pictures of BURNING CROSSES. NEO NAZIS, SALUTING. Dana slowly turns, taking in the whole attic.

MABEL (O.S)

My Charlie was a real lovin' man.

She finds a WHITE HOOD AND CLOAK - KLAN ROBES - dressed on a mannequin.

Dana approaches the KLAN ROBES, looking them over. Beside the outfit, hanging from the wall, is a framed photograph of FIVE MEN in full KKK regalia.

She takes the photograph from the wall, scrutinizes it. Its dated 2010. She Scans the faces looking back.

All she sees are eyes, faces hidden behind the hoods. One of the FIVE MEN appears to be wearing SPECTACLES.

EXT. RICK O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

A small, storefront style office sits between a FAMILY BAKERY and a COMPUTER REPAIR STORE. The campaign slogan "RICK O'BRIEN - A WHITE SHERIFF FOR A WHITE COUNTY" is strung across the window.

Dana parks out front and heads inside.

INT. RICK O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

She is greeted by posters and flyers - "PURIFY PROSPECT COUNTY", "RED, **WHITE**, AND BLUE" - and the silent glare from a CREWCUT MAN.

RICK O'BRIEN (45), wearing a suit and stars and stripes pin badge on his lapel, smiles broadly at Dana.

O'BRIEN  
Sheriff White, what can I do for you?

DANA  
We met before?

O'BRIEN  
I know you by reputation.

DANA  
How's the campaign going?

O'BRIEN  
Our efforts are proving worthwhile. We're working tirelessly.

DANA  
"We" would be?

O'BRIEN  
Myself and my trusted campaign staff.

DANA  
Was Charlie Hayder among them?

O'BRIEN  
Yes he was. And saddened we were to receive news of his passing, especially under such violent circumstances. I trust you're doing everything in your power to apprehend the culprit and bring them to justice?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

I give you my word.

O'BRIEN

I value action, Sheriff. Not words.

She hands him one of his own flyers.

DANA

Someone sure put a lot of thought into the wording of these.

O'BRIEN

(Smiling)

Language can be a powerful tool. It's what spurs one into action. Those who are ready to listen.

(Pause)

You see Sheriff, there are some that feel you don't best represent the citizens of this county. Sure, you were elected back when it was trendy for fifteen minutes, but around here, people are very...traditional.

DANA

I don't have to represent you. I just have to do right by you, according to law. That includes you. That includes Charlie Hayder. And that includes your friend here.

She nods to Crewcut. Dana shows O'Brien the photograph of the FIVE MEN IN KLAN ROBES.

DANA

Do you recognize this photograph?

O'BRIEN

You expect me to be able to identify any of the men in this picture?

DANA

I've reason to believe one of them is Charlie Hayder.

O'BRIEN

Seems to me that the victim is being investigated all the while his killer remains at large?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

If your colleague was targeted because of his membership in the KKK, it's likely that the other men in that photograph could be at risk.

O'BRIEN

Charlie Hayder was more than a colleague. He was a friend. And a patriot. What a sad world we've made of it when a man is vilified for his religious affiliations or his political beliefs.

DANA

Take another look at the photograph, Mister O'Brien.

(Pause)

Helping to identify these men could save their lives.

O'BRIEN

Is that not your job to identify them? While you still have your job.

(Pause)

Good luck in the upcoming elections.

DANA

Good luck to you.

Dana heads for the door.

CREWCUT

Go back where you came from, Sheriff.

Dana stops in her tracks, and turns to face the two men.

DANA

What does that mean?

O'BRIEN

Infer what you will. We all have our biases, Sheriff.

DANA

...Either of you got any tattoos?

CREWCUT

Just the names of three ex-wives.

O'BRIEN

I have no family.

Dana leaves and climbs back into her patrol car. O'Brien watches through the window as Dana fires the engine and drives away.

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAY

Nathan and Chandler sit on the narrow platform that skirts the tower. Their legs dangle over the edge of the meshed iron. Nathan watches Chandler disassemble the H+K.

CHANDLER

So what are you doing here, in Prospect County?

NATHAN

Watching it change. You?

CHANDLER

My Mom shot a kid.

(Pause)

She was a city cop, shot a kid with a water-gun. She figured that small towns would come with small problems. What she didn't figure was that small towns also come with small people with small minds.

NATHAN

What makes you say that?

CHANDLER

The city is a shit hole. Even at five years old, I knew that. The view out my window weren't no Sesame Street. Mom didn't talk about work, which meant she barely talked at all. But she didn't have to.

(Pause)

Cities rot on the outside. Place like this, rots from the inside. Bad folk everywhere, but here they hide their hate behind a smile.

Nathan looks out across the sun-bleached rooftops below. Flags pepper the landscape.

NATHAN

Take a look around. What choice do these people have? Hate themselves, or hate someone else. They remember a country that never existed. Life has left them behind. It's the people that have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN (cont'd)  
nothing who stand to lose  
everything. They love a country  
that has only has contempt for  
them and they worship a flag that  
they leave out in the sun to fade  
and gather dust. They pledge  
allegiance, giving their lives  
for America. And they do. But not  
on some battlefield, but on the  
factory floors and the bar tops,  
their couches, and in the drive  
thrus. Their food is more plastic  
than protein. These people are  
dying and taking America with  
them. What parts they leave  
behind is up to you.

(pause)

Ok, now check the chamber.

Chandler is happy to follow Nathan's guidance.

NATHAN  
Good. Now do everything again,  
but in reverse.

Chandler sets about piecing the weapon back together.

CHANDLER  
I can't wait to leave.

NATHAN  
Why wait.

CHANDLER  
My mom.

NATHAN  
But if it's what you want?

CHANDLER  
What does it matter what I want?  
She's my mom.

NATHAN  
Even if you don't see eye to eye,  
you do right by each other.  
Sometimes that can mean hurting  
one another.

CHANDLER  
That don't make much sense.

NATHAN  
You do what you see as right,  
even if the person you love sees  
different. You don't get to  
choose family.

(CONTINUED)



(Pause)

It sounds like she's doing her best.

CHANDLER

I know, I know. It's just that -

NATHAN

What?

CHANDLER

I wish sometimes she stopped being the Sheriff and started being a Mom, just ask me how's it going, be there when I get home, or help with assignments.

NATHAN

What assignments?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Chandler twirls a pencil, looking over an array of open books and his scribbled notes. He and Nathan whisper, animated.

NATHAN

You see, wars are not won when two equal forces meet. An unstoppable force is pointless against an immovable object.

CHANDLER

I thought that's how it works - two armies get together, they shoot, and only one is left.

NATHAN

(Shaking his head)

You watch too many movies.

CHANDLER

Alright, so what then?

NATHAN

Victory is earned by exploiting weaknesses. Or if there are none, creatin' 'em. Victory is earned by being smart, making sacrifices. Be very quiet, or very loud.

CHANDLER

But is it wrong to shoot someone who is just like you? They have a family, they're just doing what they think is right?

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Only one side can ever be right  
and just. There is no moral gray,  
and the right has a moral  
obligation to fight the wrong.  
You understand?

CHANDLER

I think so.

OVER AT THE ENTRANCE.

The sliding doors part for Dana and Manning who stride to the front desk. EVELYN, the pretty librarian simultaneously avoids Manning's gaze while returning his smile.

EVELYN

Sheriff...Deputy Manning.

MANNING

Hi there, Evelyn.

While Manning and Evelyn awkwardly exchange pleasantries, Dana asks...

DANA

Books on the KKK, White Power  
Gangs?

EVELYN

Social studies, third row from  
the back.

Dana sets off, failing to spot her own Son and Nathan, sat at a desks. She selects a stack of books - "Hate Crime Hoax", "Patriotism or Nationalism", "A History of White Supremacy", and "Race Wars".

She pauses, struck by a thought. She opens up "Race Wars", finding only one stamp inside the cover

Dana returns to the desk, smiling at Manning when she interrupts the flirting, and slides "Race Wars" across the desk.

DANA

Any chance you can tell me who  
borrowed this?

Evelyn's nimble fingers grace a computer keyboard.

EVELYN

One mister O'Brien.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DUSK

The distant lights from the town mirror the emerging stars above the desert floor.

Nathan watches Chandler empty the H+K PISTOL into a couple of cacti. Every round hits its target.

NATHAN

Good. your Dad would be proud.

CHANDLER

You got a place to stay?

LATER:

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DUSK

Chandler and Nathan come upon something resembling a campsite. The remains of a fire, gathered firewood, bottles of water, a tent.

CHANDLER

You sure?

NATHAN

I got the stars over my head, the river just a stone's throw away, and fresh air in my lungs.

He lifts his arms to the side: "what more could I want?"

CHANDLER

You comfortable in there?

NATHAN

All a man needs to be comfortable with is himself.

CHANDLER

Whatever.

NATHAN

Where'd the shiner come from?

Chandler puts a finger to his faded black eye.

CHANDLER

Just some assholes.

NATHAN

Did you do anything about it?

CHANDLER

No.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Why?

CHANDLER

What makes you think I won't?

Nathan nods.

CHANDLER

See you 'round.

Chandler heads for town, walking in the direction of the distant lights.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Chandler walks at a casual, contented pace through the quiet streets, hands stuffed into his pockets.

Along his journey home he observes the odd car passing by, Teenage Girls in skirts, drunken guys stepping in and out of bars.

He pauses as he spots a FLYER posted to a lamp post and reads "...A WHITE SHERIFF FOR A WHITE COUNTY...". He angrily rips off the flyer.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

A SKINHEAD (16), wearing black, pedals his bike down main street. He pulls to a stop, brakes squeaking, beside the nearest lamppost and reaches into a backpack.

The Skinhead pulls out one of the infamous flyers and tapes it to the lamppost before cycling away. He does the same again at the next lamppost.

Just as he's busy applying the last strip of tape TWO OF HIS FINGERS EXPLODE IN A SHOWER OF BLOOD AND BONE.

This is accompanied by a deafening BANG and ensuing echo that travels down every street at the intersection.

The Skinhead observes his own damaged hand in disbelief.

From the shadows, a MUZZLE FLASH. The Skinhead's KNEE CAP SHATTERS and he falls. He hits his head, hard, and sees double.

A blurred and hazy figure emerges from the shadows to tower over the Skinhead.

The Figure raises a pointed gun, the weapon and hand that brandishes it are encased in a clear plastic bag.

THREE HOLES BURST OPEN IN THE SKINHEAD'S CHEST, AND A FOURTH OPENS UP HIS THROAT.

EXT. WHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Chandler passes the Patrol Car as he makes his way up the drive. Dana is apparently home. Lights are on inside.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Chandler closes the door behind him.

The KITCHEN lights are on at the end of the hall and Dana crosses the doorway, there for a moment, gone the next, evidently preoccupied.

Chandler pays little attention and heads directly for his bedroom.

DANA

Chandler?

CHANDLER

Yeah?

DANA

I've got dinner.

CHANDLER

I already ate.

DANA

I thought we could sit and talk?

CHANDLER

I just wanna shower and hit the sack.

DANA

I made your favorite.

CHANDLER

You cooked?

DANA

Mac and cheese.

CHANDLER

I haven't liked mac and cheese since I was ten, Mom.

DANA

(Hurt)

It's ok. If you're not hungry -

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

...I guess I still have a little room left.

Dana smiles.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dana, still in her uniform, sits across from Chandler at a small kitchen table. They eat quietly from mismatched crockery.

DANA

How's summer going?

CHANDLER

It's ok.

DANA

Ok?

CHANDLER

It's ok.

DANA

And Daniel?

CHANDLER

What about him?

DANA

You two gettin' along?

CHANDLER

You never liked Daniel, Mom.

DANA

I think friends should be just that; friends. I aint so sure he fits the definition

CHANDLER

You wanna go there?

DANA

Where?

CHANDLER

Folk that don't quite live up to what they s'posed to?

DANA

Ok, he's an asshole and I don't want my son to grow up an asshole because of him.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

You rather I was a joke?

He pulls the torn FLYER from his pocket and slams it down onto the table.

DANA

Where'd you get that?

CHANDLER

They're laughing at you, Mom. I don't want to be the son of a joke.

(Pause)

I won't be.

Dana is taken aback, shocked to see the flyer.

Chandler storms to his room. After a few seconds of Dana sitting alone at the table she hears the opening chords of a 70s rock tune. It's enough to make her hurl the plates of mac'n cheese at the wall.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door crashes open. Dana forces her words out through a tight jaw.

DANA

Were you on Greg Childs' property today? Firing a gun?

Chandler does not answer. He matches his mother's penetrating stare.

DANA

You know how I feel about guns.

CHANDLER

You know how I feel about a whole load'a shit. It ever make a difference to what you did?

DANA

Answer me.

CHANDLER

What you want me to say?

DANA

The truth.

CHANDLER

I'll give you a truth. Might not be the truth you want.

(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER (cont'd)

You're a junkie in a uniform.  
You're a shitty cop and a shitty  
mother.

DANA

I spent my life tryin' to protect  
you.

CHANDLER

Let me protect myself. That's  
what Dad would'a done.

Dana looks as though she's been punched in the gut. She takes the spinning record from the turntable and smashes it against the wall before taking a step closer to Chandler.

CHANDLER

Right here, Mom. Right across the  
cheek.

(Points to his chest)

You already got me here, what  
fuckin' difference is it gonna  
make?

She can no longer force herself to meet his gaze. Chandler grabs his backpack and pushes past Dana out of the room. The front door opens and slams shut.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana snatches up the half empty pill bottles from her bedside table.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dana hesitates. She then pours the remaining pills into the toilet and flushes them down.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN, NATHAN'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Chandler steps into the glow of the crackling fire and dumps his backpack. He has a rolled up sleeping bag tucked under one arm.

CHANDLER

Nathan?

Nathan is not in his tent.

NATHAN

(O.C)

Chandler?

(CONTINUED)



Chandler pulls his head back out of the tent and finds Nathan walking his way, hair wet, pulling a shirt on.

NATHAN

I was just washing up at the river.

As he tugs the shirt down over his chest and shoulders. Chandler does not see the SWASTIKA TATTOO on Nathan's shoulder blade, nor the ORION and KLASP TATTOOS on his arms.

Nathan notes the sleeping bag under Chandler's arm.

NATHAN

Does your mother know you're here?

CHANDLER

Please. Do you mind?

NATHAN

Won't bother me none. This land aint mine no more than it's yours.

LATER:

In their respective sleeping bags, Nathan and Chandler sleep under the stars, under the desert sky. The fire dwindles and dies.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dana vomits into the toilet bowl. She's pale, sweating.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The ringing phone shatters the silence. Dana lies passed out on the bed, semi-clothed, sheets in disarray.

The phone rattles on its cradle a couple more times before Dana comes around and picks it up.

DANA

Yeah?

MANNING (OVER PHONE)

Where are you?

DANA

Matt?

(CONTINUED)

MANNING (OVER PHONE)  
We've got a situation here in town.

EXT. TOWN, CRIME SCENE - MORNING

Manning is desperately trying to coerce a small crowd of spectators back where he wants them, away from the DEAD SKINHEAD. He shouts to be heard.

MANNING  
Everybody please get back, get back.  
(To Dana)  
You'd better get down here Sheriff, we have another shooting on our hands.  
(To Crowd)  
By order of the Sheriff's office I'm ordering you to comply. Now please back up.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

DANA  
Sounds bad.

MANNING (OVER PHONE)  
It's worse.

EXT. TOWN, CRIME SCENE - MORNING

Dana arrives in her Patrol Car and parks across the street from the crime scene.

She sees a small crowd gathered. Amongst them, O'Brien appears to be accompanied by an irate Crewcut, whom she recognizes from the campaign office.

The crowd, including BANDANNA, BLOND, and BASEBALL CAP, are now behind a small cordoned area.

Dana readies herself, exits the vehicle and heads for the crime scene.

DANA  
Deputy Manning.

MANNING  
Sheriff, thank God you're here.  
(Seeing her pallid appearance)  
You ok?

(CONTINUED)

CREWCUT

(Shouts)

What are you doing about it,  
Sheriff? What are you fucking  
doing about it?

O'BRIEN

(To Crewcut)

Easy, easy. Now's not the time.

Dana takes a breath and puts her back to the crowd. She and Manning speak in conspiratorial tones.

DANA

What are they doing here?

MANNING

He's the boy's father. It seems  
the victim was distributing these  
around the time he was shot.

Manning passes her the stack of flyers, now sealed in a plastic evidence bag.

DANA

He had these on him?

MANNING

He'd been posting them up and  
down the street last night.

Dana is quiet as she appears to process the information. She observes the BODY, now pale and lying in a pool of dried blood.

The crowd grow rowdier, louder. Meaner.

Dana squeezes her eyes shut and hands the flyers back to Manning. He holds onto them.

CREWCUT

My boy was innocent! Gunned down  
for exercising his first  
amendment rights! I wanna know  
what you're gonna do about it,  
Sheriff?

BYSTANDER 1

(O.C)

Fucking racist scum.

Crewcut turns on the crowd at his back, clawing for the unseen Shouter.

BASEBALL CAP

(O.C)

This is America!

(CONTINUED)

Soon enough, a scuffle erupts.

BANDANNA  
(O.C)  
Keep America white!

Each one shouts to be heard over the other.

The crowd divides into two of its own volition - one side fronted by O'Brien and Crewcut, the other half fronted by a FARMHAND (31) wearing dungarees and a flannel shirt.

FARMHAND  
My Granddaddy fought for your rights.

O'BRIEN  
Rights to free speech.

FARMHAND  
Hate speech.

CREWCUT  
Traitor.

DANA  
(To Manning)  
Let's get them out of here.

Manning approaches the crowd with palms raised while Dana watches.

MANNING  
I'm gonna need you all to go on home and go about your business. The best you can all now do for the boy is let us do our jobs.

A few reluctantly break away from the crowd.

MANNING  
Go on now. We appreciate it.

A couple more begin to disperse. Bandanna, Baseball Cap, and Blond meander away.

MANNING  
That's right, go about your business. Thank you.

Finally, all that remain are O'Brien and Crewcut, defiantly meeting Dana's stare.

MANNING  
Go on home, we'll contact you.

CREWCUT

I'm staying right where I stand,  
and there aint' a Goddamn thing  
you can do about it.

DANA

Yes there is.

O'BRIEN

If the County Sheriff was thought  
to be intentionally antagonizing  
a grieving parent, mourning the  
loss of a murdered son, it could  
make for an awful, ugly headline.  
Wouldn't you think?

DANA

...What's your Son's name, sir?

CREWCUT

Jamie. Jamie Olson.

DANA

Do you know anyone that might  
want to hurt Jamie?

CREWCUT

You tell me.

DANA

(To Manning)

Come on Deputy, let's assess the  
crime scene.

Dana and Manning convene at the site of the BODY.

CREWCUT

Imagine that were your boy,  
Sheriff. I want you to picture  
it.

Dana looks back over her shoulder, searching the man's  
expression for further elaboration, and finding none in  
his hard, set features.

MANNING

You thinkin' it's our same  
shooter?

DANA

That would be the logical  
conclusion for now.

(Pause)

You find any shell casings?

Manning shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

He's getting better too. See?

MANNING

Fewer shots fired.

DANA

That's right. And look, double-tap to the chest to make sure the job is done but with enough overkill to send a message. Once the slugs are pulled and ballistics can make comparisons we'll know more. What's the word on the bullets from the Hayder shooting?

MANNING

They're in good shape but without a suspect weapon for comparison they ain't much use.

DANA

Let's have the area searched - trash cans, drains, anywhere the weapon could potentially be dumped.

MANNING

Sure thing, Sheriff.

(Pause)

What a waste.

DANA

Huh?

MANNING

Kid as young as that, could've chose anything.

(Holding the flyers)

He chose this.

Dana looks back to O'Brien and the red-faced Crewcut.

DANA

Did he choose?

...Unbeknown to Dana, Manning, O'Brien and Crewcut, they're all being observed from a distant street corner...by the Farmhand.

EXT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Chandler exits the shop, a bag dangling from one hand. He turns up an alley and is followed by Bandanna, Baseball Cap and Blond.

One of them shoves him against the wall. As he falls, another kicks him in the ribs. Chandler lies dazed.

Blond retrieves the bag and pulls out a shiny new, plastic wrapped record - a replacement of his Dad's broken vinyl.

Chandler can only watch, his vision blurred, while Bandanna unzips his flies and urinates on the record.

The Assholes laugh as they make their exit. Chandler shrugs off his backpack, reaches in, and pulls out the H&K.

Baseball Cap, Blond and Bandanna disappear around a corner.

EXT. CHAPEL OF REST - DAY

FUNERAL SERVICE.

From the shade of a tree Dana and Manning watch the mourners arrive. Every one of them is Caucasian and more than a few deliver cold, hard stares as they file towards the graveside.

Dana pulls the PHOTOGRAPH of the five men in Klan robes from a pocket. She studies it and searches the faces of the men gathering around the coffin.

Manning, in turn, studies Dana.

MANNING

Sheriff? I can't help but wonder

-

DANA

What is it, Matt?

MANNING

Dana, I'm worried. I'm worried that maybe you should step aside?

She puts down the photograph, looks him in the eye.

DANA

You're a good man, Matt. Better than most.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

So then let me lead this one.

DANA

...I have nothing else.

MANNING

You got Chandler.

Dana resumes watching the funeral and the mourners gathered at the grave site.

LATER:

Dana and Manning watch the mourners leave until only O'Brien and Crewcut remain. The two men shake hands and hug before Crewcut gets in a waiting car.

MANNING

You coming?

DANA

I'll catch you up.

Manning notes Dana's mood. She keeps her eyes on O'Brien.

MANNING

Be careful.

Manning leaves and Dana watches O'Brien pass by rows of headstones before coming to stop at an old grave. She follows.

GRAVE

O'Brien looks down at the headstone, hands resting against his front.

O'BRIEN

I'm sorry I lost our son. I  
couldn't bring him back to us.

O'Brien turns to face Dana when he hears her approach.

DANA

How many more are going to die  
before you tell me who is in that  
photograph?

O'BRIEN

What's your objective?  
Protection? Or persecution?

DANA

My objective is the same as  
always; uphold the law. What's  
yours?

(CONTINUED)



O'BRIEN  
To do what's right.

DANA  
As you see it?

O'BRIEN  
Truth and justice are objective.  
Laws, like people, can be broken.  
The pursuit of true justice  
requires sacrifice. I wonder,  
Sheriff, if required, could you  
make a choice as an officer of  
the law that conflicted with your  
instincts as a parent?  
(Pause)  
Good day to you.

Dana watches the man leave. She steps in front of the headstone and reads the engraving - "GRACE O'BRIEN, LOVING WIFE AND MOTHER".

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

Dana is alone, sweaty and shivering, trying to read "Race Wars". She swigs a mouthful of coffee and screws up her face in disgust. Manning enters, his stride strong and his uniform still immaculate.

MANNING  
We couldn't locate a weapon in  
the Olson shooting, Sheriff.  
(Pause)  
You don't seem surprised.

DANA  
Surprise is fast becoming a  
rarity.

Manning appears to happily muse on the thought for a moment.

MANNING  
So, ballistics report came back,  
the slugs from the Olson shooting  
are a match for the Hayder  
shooting. Whoever killed the bus  
driver also killed the skinhead  
kid.

DANA  
Surprised?

MANNING  
Can't say I am.  
(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANNING (cont'd)

Coffee?

DANA

I expect to be regurgitating mine  
any moment now.

Manning heads back for the door. Through the glass, he watches a line cars file into a parking lot across the street. People appear to be arriving en mass at the TOWN HALL and flooding its parking lot.

MANNING

Hey Sheriff? It's Fourth of July  
at the Town Hall tonight.

DANA

Run that by me again?

MANNING

Come see for yourself.

Dana crosses the office and stands shoulder to shoulder with Manning and watches scores of citizens arriving at the town hall.

DANA

What the hell?

MANNING

Whatever it is, it sure is  
causing a stir.

Dana pulls the door open and makes a beeline across the street. Manning follows.

EXT. TOWN HALL - DUSK

Greg Childs pulls up in his tow truck just as Dana steps onto the sidewalk.

Dana watches Childs follow the flow of people up the steps to the Town Hall before being held up at the bottleneck entrance. Manning and Dana join the throng and the volume of human voices grows.

INT. TOWN HALL - DUSK

Once inside the building, Dana and Manning slide off to the side to observe with their backs to the wall. The place is filling up.

Dana looks to the stage to see a lectern and microphone. She scrutinizes the faces present, sees Daniel. Childs.

(CONTINUED)

She is surprised to find Chandler, sitting next to Natahn, a man she does not recognise.

Somebody closes the doors, prompting everyone to bring the talk down to a murmur.

A BESPECTACLED MAN (55), wearing a gray suit, mounts the stage and places himself at the lectern. He leans into the microphone.

BESPECTACLED MAN  
Ladies and gentlemen, Richard  
O'Brien.

O'Brien rises from a seat and gets behind the lectern. Crewcut stands to the side. O'Brien is greeted by as many BOOS as he is CHEERS.

DANA  
(To Manning)  
I thought the rally wasn't for a  
few more days?

MANNING  
It's not. I don't know what this  
is.

CITIZEN 1  
Nazi piece of shit.

CITIZEN 2  
Shut the fuck up, commie fucking  
asshole.

They shout over each other, gesticulating wildly, angrily.

O'Brien waits for the crowd to settle. He does not seem fazed or swayed. A gentle smile sits on his lips.

O'BRIEN  
Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of  
this fine county, you have been  
failed.

Another round of boos, jeers, and chants.

O'BRIEN  
You have been failed by the very  
people you elected to serve you.  
To protect you.  
(Pause)  
You have been infiltrated by  
criminals. Like a virus, like a  
malignant disease this  
criminality has spread through  
every level of our society, from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

O'BRIEN (cont'd)  
the common street thug to the law  
enforcement officers whose job it  
is to bring those street thugs to  
justice.

Dana watches the crowd punch their fists in the air, nod  
in agreement, clap, cheer, and rise to their feet. These  
are met with opposition. Finger pointing. Shouts. Waved  
fists.

CITIZEN 3  
Fascist!

CITIZEN 4  
Leave if you don't like it here.

Chandler and Nathan exchange glances.

Dana and Manning to swap concerned looks.

O'BRIEN  
You are under attack and your own  
Sheriff, an outsider, not native  
to this beautiful land you work  
so hard to sow, is allowing her  
own racial bias to discriminate  
against the innocent.

A few heads turn towards Dana. Some look her up and down  
with disdain, while others plead apologetically. Others  
are hard to read.

Chandler shifts in his seat. He gathers his backpack and  
starts unzipping it.

O'BRIEN  
She stands by, idle, while your  
neighbors, your colleagues, your  
sons are gunned down simply for  
exercising their rights.

More jeers, chants, boos, clapping.

Chandler's charged stare could almost burn holes through  
O'Brien. His agitated state is not lost on Nathan.

O'BRIEN  
For proudly demonstrating their  
patriotism.  
(Pause)  
But who can blame her? I  
understand why she would want to  
side with those she sees as kin,  
just as I feel it my duty to  
pledge loyalty to my brothers and  
sisters - The true citizens of  
this fine county.

(CONTINUED)

CITIZEN 5  
You don't speak for us!

BASEBALL CAP  
Traitor!

CITIZEN 6  
Black lives matter!

BLOND  
All lives matter!

Dana picks out faces in the crowd - Daniel, nodding, encouraged. Childs, clapping.

Chandler's gaze zeroes in on Daniel and Nathan follows his friend's line of sight. Daniel, as if sensing eyes on him, meets Chandler's stare.

Daniel stands with Bandanna, Blond, and Baseball cap.

O'BRIEN  
There are some who will be quick  
to label us as the criminals.

CITIZEN 7  
Nazi! Nazi! Nazi!

O'BRIEN  
Quick to label us as hateful.  
But, to the contrary, I harbor no  
malice towards any person that  
wishes to show solidarity with  
their kind. That, I say, is the  
true nature of racial harmony -  
like, with like. Integration  
fosters disharmony and  
criminality.

BANDANNA  
O'Brien! O'Brien! O'Brien!

More voices take up the chant as Chandler reaches for his concealed gun.

O'BRIEN  
To you I say we must be vigilant,  
lest we sow the seeds of our own  
destruction.

MANNING  
(To Dana)  
Should we break it up?

DANA  
And make him martyr? We'll have a  
riot on our hands.

(CONTINUED)

O'BRIEN

Allow me the privilege of protecting and defending the hard-working citizens of Prospect County. Let us prosper once again. Vote Rick O'Brien for Sheriff and I, pure of blood, swear a solemn oath to protect these streets that rightfully belong to those with an ancestral claim.

Seething, Chandler reaches into his bag but Nathan plants his hand on Chandler's.

Suddenly, The Farmhand steps forward from the crowd and levels a HANDGUN at O'Brien.

Seeing the glint of iron, Dana slaps her holster for her weapon. The holster is empty.

Nathan still holds Chandler by the wrist when The Farmhand opens fire. The discharged round punches a hole in the lectern and splinters fly.

O'Brien ducks when the Farmhand fires a second shot and the bullet strikes The Bespectacled Man in the arm. He falls, clutching his injured appendage.

The crowd go ape shit, clawing and climbing over each other in a desperate bid to escape.

Nathan and Chandler take shelter against a wall and watch the events from a distance.

Manning draws his sidearm but the rushing crowd block his view. He skirts around the crowd, giving a them wide a berth and standing on a chair.

Dana can only watch.

The Farmhand shoots off TWO SHOTS. The first hits Crewcut in the head and pushes his brains out through a hole in his skull. The second grazes O'Brien's shoulder.

Manning fires at The Farmhand and puts him down with three shots to the chest.

Nathan and Chandler, Manning and Dana, O'Brien and Bespectacled Man all silently take stock. They regard each other...and the TWO DEAD MEN.

Manning finally moves and kicks the gun from the dead Farmhand's clutches.

LATER:

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The hall is empty and quiet save for PARAMEDICS, blood, and corpses.

Crewcut's body is lifted onto a gurney and a white sheet pulled over his face. Paramedics wheel him out.

A second pair of PARAMEDICS follows the same procedure with the Farmhand's body.

Manning wears a somber expression and carries the Farmhand's weapon in an EVIDENCE BAG as he follows the paramedics outside.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Manning emerges into an arena of red and blue lights to find Dana in the parking lot, haunted.

MANNING  
You ok, Sheriff?

Dana is suddenly on the move, making her way to an AMBULANCE.

EXT. PARKING LOT, AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A PARAMEDIC helps O'Brien into the back of the ambulance. Dana is animated. Angry.

DANA  
Cancel your rally.

O'BRIEN  
You'd like that, wouldn't you?

DANA  
I don't like any of this.

O'BRIEN  
Your position being challenged?  
Or people being offered the  
truth?

DANA  
People dying.

O'BRIEN  
You didn't shoot. Why?

DANA  
Cancel the rally.

(CONTINUED)

O'BRIEN

Don't feign concern for my well being, Sheriff White, the deranged individual who saw fit to assassinate my associates before making an attempt on my life is now dead.

DANA

You lit a spark O'Brien, that man will only be the first.

O'BRIEN

At worst, that could be construed as a threat. At best, your failure to act tonight only serves to prove my point - that your natural born prejudices inhibit your judgment and your ability - Hell - your right, to serve in a position of authority.

(Pause)

But you need only maintain appearances for just a little while longer. My resolve is stronger than ever, and my campaign rally will go ahead as planned. I'll see to it that you soon find yourself in a social standing that befits the likes of you.

The Paramedic closes the doors.

DANA

He's right.

MANNING

(Surprised)

I doubt that man has ever been right about anything his whole life.

DANA

I didn't shoot.

MANNING

Where is your sidearm?

DANA

Does it matter? Would I have taken the shot, even if I could?

MANNING

...

The pair watch the ambulance drive into the distance.

(CONTINUED)



DANA

What do we know about O'Brien?

MANNING

Only what he wants everyone to know.

Dana once again pulls a copy of the picture of the FIVE SECRET KLAN MEMBERS from a pocket.

DANA

I want to know who these men are. You got names for his two associates that got shot tonight?

Manning retrieves his notepad from a pocket.

MANNING

William Olson, deceased -

DANA

He the guy that took one in the head?

MANNING

Correct. The other man, Johnathan Krellig.

DANA

Glasses, shot in the arm?

MANNING

He'll recover.

DANA

That it?

MANNING

They're not under investigation. We've no reason to know more.

She puts up a hand, spreading her fingers, and checks off names as she goes...

DANA

Five men. O'Brien, Hayder - dead, Olson - dead, and Krellig.

One finger remains pointed.

DANA

Who's the fifth?

MANNING

Olson's son? The Skinhead that got shot while distributing flyers?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Too young. He would'a been just a kid. I wanna do some digging on O'Brien.

MANNING

Careful, Sheriff. You can't prove he and his men have done anything wrong. Morally, yes. Legally? No. You don't want to give O'Brien any more ammo to use against ya. Don't make him right.

(Pause)

Besides, we got our shooter. Go home, be with your boy.

He holds up the bagged HANDGUN.

MANNING

I'll get this sent to ballistics, they'll match it to the rounds from the Hayder and Olson shootings.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Dana, drained, sets foot inside a dark and quiet house. Chandler's door is ajar. Inside, the room is empty.

Dana slides to the floor, her back dragging against the door.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN, NATHAN'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Nathan watches Chandler stare into the fire.

NATHAN

You ok?

CHANDLER

Yeah...yeah. I've, er...I've never seen anyone get shot before. I've never seen anybody die.

NATHAN

It stays with you.

CHANDLER

You have?

NATHAN

I've been around.

(Pause)

Like I said, it stays with you.

(CONTINUED)

(Pause)

Do you think he deserved it?

CHANDLER

What?

NATHAN

What happened tonight, do you think it was justified?

CHANDLER

That O'Brien guy, or the dude that shot him?

NATHAN

You tell me? I want to know what you think?

CHANDLER

I don't know?

NATHAN

But you know who was wrong? And who was right?

CHANDLER

...Yeah.

NATHAN

So you do know...enough to have made a move for your gun.

Chandler turns from facing Nathan and stares back into the fire. The whites of his eyes and the glow of his skin reflect the flames.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dim, shifting orange glow moves across Dana's sleeping face. Fire. She wakes. Dana climbs from bed and parts the curtains wider.

A BURNING CROSS stands erect in her front yard.

EXT. WHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Dana steps from the house and stands by the light of the seven-foot flaming cross. She looks up and down the street, sees not a soul.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Dana walks the aisles, pushing a shopping kart and loading it with groceries. She begins to notice heads turning in her direction, hushed voices.

She sees looks of sympathetic support.

Dana carries on shopping, trying her best to ignore the shaking heads and whispered exchanges.

AT THE CHECKOUT COUNTER

The CASHIER is quick to look away whenever Dana happens to glance at her. She scans and bags the items in silence.

INT. KING FARM - DAY

Manning nurses a steaming mug while he looks over photos on a mantle. The smiling face of the FARMHAND stares back from several of them.

He turns to a teary-eyed widow, GRACE KING.

MANNING

Mrs. King, have you any idea what might have prompted your husband to take a gun to the town hall and do what he did?

GRACE

Monty was a proud man. A proud American. He always said it weren't bein' perfect that made us great, but our tryin' to. His grandfather used to tell him stories about the war and how he'd shot down Nazi planes. Then a few days ago this came in the mail.

She lays a crumpled flyer on the coffee table.

GRACE

He were awful upset. I guess good men can do bad things when tested.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manning pushes his way through the door, finds Dana hanging up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

Our town hall shooter, Montgomery King. No record. Farmer, married, two children.

DANA

Motive?

MANNING

Apparently he'd been upset ever since he found one of those damn flyers in his mailbox. Sad, really.

DANA

Every damn place I turn it's the same thing; Richard O'Brien, born right here in Prospect County, handed a whole bunch of businesses from Daddy, widower, sold all his businesses. No arrest record, no infractions. Legally speaking, he's a stand-up citizen.

MANNING

And that disappoints you?

DANA

I want something that proves he's tied to the KKK.

MANNING

Maybe he's not. Maybe he's just a run'o the mill Asshole.

DANA

You heard him speak. All that's missing is the white hood.

MANNING

Unless he steps out wearing one, all you've got against him are his words.

DANA

There is one thing. He did start a business venture of his own but soon got bought out by his partner. A music venue, right out by the county line. I didn't have O'Brien pegged as a culture vulture?

MANNING

Sheriff, I can't stand the guy, but he was never who we were

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANNING (cont'd)

after. The shooter is dead. You can go back to settling civil disputes about trees and fences and drinking bad coffee now.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dana opens her locker and is confronted by HER WEAPON. After a moments thought she takes out her H&K and holsters it.

EXT. RICK O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Inside, O'Brien sits on a desk with one foot on the floor and the phone to his ear. He is all smiles and white teeth. His arm rests in a sling.

He turns at the sound of the door opening, surprised to see Dana standing in the doorway.

DANA

Know any place in town that does decent coffee?

INT. DINER - DAY

Dana and O'Brien sit on opposite sides of a table while a WAITRESS brings them each a mug of coffee.

DANA

How's the shoulder?

O'BRIEN

Healing, thank you.

DANA

Why do you hate me?

O'BRIEN

You're mistaken. I don't hate you. When a judge sentences a criminal, he does so with professional indifference.

DANA

You're not a judge. And I'm not a criminal.

O'BRIEN

You say that with a straight face.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

I'm a cop.

O'BRIEN

A cop and a criminal need not be mutually exclusive.

DANA

...If you had anything on me, you'd use it against me.

O'BRIEN

Your drug use? That would be of no concern to my supporters. Hell, half of them have vices of their own. They're not interested in what you share, they're interested in what makes you different. And Sheriff, you're the kind of different that appeals to their most basic, animal urges. I don't hate you because I don't need to.

INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Dana fires the engine and pulls away from the diner. She turns her attention to the road just in time to see Chandler and Daniel crossing, mid-argument. She slams the brakes.

Chandler and Dana lock stares for a beat before he follows Daniel around a corner and disappears.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Daniel and Chandler walk shoulder to shoulder while Daniel wolfs down a sandwich with little regard for common decency. They turn up an alley.

DANIEL

You fuckin' see that shit last night, man?

CHANDLER

You know I saw it.

DANIEL

What's with the attitude?

CHANDLER

How come you were with those assholes?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

I weren't with 'em, I was just, you know...there, and they were there.

CHANDLER

Looked like you were there together.

DANIEL

Why do you give a shit? And who was that fuckin' guy you were with?

CHANDLER

A friend.

(Pause)

Who are they?

DANIEL

You some kind of faggot?

CHANDLER

I wouldn't do that to you.

DANIEL

Do what?

CHANDLER

Be friends with a bunch of assholes that beat you up.

DANIEL

Good thing you're not me, then, ain't it?

CHANDLER

What's that mean?

DANIEL

You want me to say it? You're a fuckin' half breed. No harm in it, but that's what you are, and this is what I am. We can hang out an' all, talk shit, but you and I ain't ever gonna be on the level, you know?

Chandler punches Daniel in the face. Enraged, Daniel punches Chandler on the jaw and the two grapple and fight.

They fall two the ground in a writhing, entangled heap. Elbows and knees bruise ribs, knuckles split lips, and clawed fingers rake at shirts.

Chandler breaks away and pulls the GUN on Daniel.

(CONTINUED)



DANIEL

I thought we were fuckin'  
friends, man.

CHANDLER

So did I.

Chandler stares and bleeds, gun wavering.

EXT. THE EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

Dana stops the patrol car in the road and stares at an industrial-looking building constructed out of corrugated metal and skirted by beer kegs and propane tanks.

A painted sign, lit from above, proclaims THE EAGLE'S NEST. A punk band can be heard punishing their instruments.

DANA

Oh shit.

She steers into the full parking lot and exits the car. Dana heads for a hangar-like structure where the BAND can be seen performing in front of a small army of SKINHEADS.

Her journey is cut short by a neat, conservatively-dressed MAN carrying a shotgun.

MAN

You don't belong.

DANA

I'm an officer of the law.

MAN

You're trespassing. And you got no jurisdiction here. County line ends two-hundred yards back the way you came. Off you go now.

DANA

I got a few questions.

MAN

And I got shells loaded wit' buckshot to answer every one of 'em.

DANA

Funny you should mention. Haven't you heard? Your type have been getting dropped at a regular rate recently.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Haven't you heard? So've yours.

DANA

Doesn't make us even.

MAN

On that, we agree.

Dana looks past the Man to the crowd, now throwing NAZI SALUTES in time with every beat of the drum.

Dana nods and makes her slow retreat. She gets in the car and, under the watchful gaze of the MAN WITH THE SHOTGUN, drives back into the blackened desert.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Dana shuts off the vehicle's lights and pulls onto the sand. She runs back THE EAGLE'S NEST.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN, NATHAN'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Chandler drags his feet, heels raking sand. The sound of Chandler's approach alerts Nathan and he sees Chandler's bruised, bloody face and SCRAPED KNUCKLES. He helps Chandler onto a sleeping bag.

NATHAN

Easy, easy.

CHANDLER

I'm ok.

NATHAN

Who did this?

CHANDLER

Somebody I used to know.

Nathan scurries away to his tent and quickly reemerges with a canteen.

Chandler touches his brow and his lip and his finger comes away bloody from both.

Nathan offers Chandler a sip from the canteen. Chandler gladly accepts and water spills down his chin as he drinks.

NATHAN

Rest.

Chandler lays back and closes his eyes.

EXT. THE EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

Dana glances in windows and keeps to the shadows. She picks up a rock and waits for the band to cover her noise...she smashes a window and breaks inside.

INT. THE EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

Dimly lit walkways and gray walls. After first stumbling across a toilet, a stockpile of snacks and drinks, and a snooker room, Dana cracks open the door to an "office".

INT. THE EAGLE'S NEST, OFFICE - NIGHT

Cheap wood paneling covers the walls and proudly displays WHITE POWER flags. Dana uses her phone to photograph the SS, WHITE POWER, and NAZI slogans. She then searches filing cabinets and desk drawers.

INT. THE EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

The Man carries his shotgun past the back of the skinhead revelers, lithe in his movements, almost ignorant of the band's existence and their raucous emanations.

He enters the dim walkway and puts his foot down on BROKEN GLASS. He turns to the BROKEN WINDOW and cocks the shotgun.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN, NATHAN'S CAMPSITE - DUSK

Chandler wakes with a start. He winces, his body quick to remind him of his wounds. He takes a look around, finds that he is alone at the campsite. Nathan's tent lies empty and the fire crackles.

Chandler wearily gets to his feet and heads towards the river, leaving the campsite behind.

INT. THE EAGLE'S NEST, OFFICE - NIGHT

A hole explodes in the middle of the office door and the Man kicks it open, storming the room. But he finds himself with the muzzle of Dana's H&K pressed to his temple.

DANA

Drop it.

The Man hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

It's not you I'm interested in.

MAN

Then why's your gun pointed at my head?

DANA

For what it's worth, I don't enjoy it.

MAN

You think I do?

He drops the shotgun.

DANA

The sooner you answer my questions, the sooner I'll leave.

MAN

And what do you think will happen to a nigga cop between this room and your car?

DANA

Absolutely nothing. Because one dead nigga tonight means a thousand angry niggas tomorrow morning. And if there's one thing you redneck, cousin-fuckers hate more than niggas, it's niggas with a cause. Why do you hate us?

MAN

If I didn't, somebody else would.

She presents him with the photo of the FIVE MEN IN KLAN ROBES.

DANA

Are you in this picture?

MAN

Fuck no. Any man who hides behind a mask is a fucking coward in my book.

DANA

O'Brien. What do you know about him?

MAN

Fuck O'Brien, he's part of the system now. Couldn't even keep his own son on a leash.

DANA

Son? O'Brien said he had no family. I assumed he died.

MAN

The way O'Brien talks, you'd think he was.

EXT. THE DESERT, RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Chandler follows the sound of flowing water, louder with every step.

He finds Nathan, washing, unaware of Chandler's presence. Chandler sees the SWASTIKA TATTOO on Nathan's shoulder just a moment before the man turns his way.

INT. THE EAGLE'S NEST, OFFICE - NIGHT

DANA

You ever meet this son?

MAN

I heard stories.

DANA

What stories?

MAN

You think O'Brien is extreme? His son did time for caving in some nigga's skull. After that he disappeared. O'Brien went looking for him, least that's how he tells it.

DANA

He ever find him?

MAN

Don't know. He never mentioned him again. Never even said his name.

DANA

What was his name?

MAN

Nathan. Used to talk about the "purification" of America.

EXT. THE DESERT, RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

A look passes between Chandler and Nathan, the younger man clearly heartbroken, angry - and Nathan knows it.

Nathan climbs, shirtless, from the river and approaches Chandler. Hurt, Chandler draws his gun and aims it at Nathan's chest. He remains unfazed.

NATHAN

It's too soon for that, Chandler.

Torn and conflicted, Chandler allows Nathan to gently pry the gun from his hand. Chandler punches the man on the jaw and rains blows against his chest.

Nathan drops the gun in the sand and takes the beating willingly until Chandler, drained, collapses to his knees. He then wraps his fingers around the dropped pistol.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dana works at a laptop, browsing O'Brien's campaign website.

She hangs on a particular statement in quotation marks - "the purification of prospect county". Dana types "Ku Klux Klan" into the search bar. Hits ENTER.

She reads "KKK still active in Today's America", "An estimated 3,000 Klan members and unaffiliated people who identify with Klan ideology".

..."most groups have fewer than 25 members", "Small numbers is their greatest strength", "Advocating for purification of American society".

Dana takes her pen and writes down only "purification".

The front door opens. Dana cocks her head to see down the hall from the corner of her eye.

She's surprised to see Chandler. Then she sees his battle-scarred face. And his tears. She stands, awkward.

DANA

Chandler?

He cries into her shoulder. Unsure, Dana puts her arms around her son. He looks over her shoulder, sees the computer and books littered around it.

CHANDLER

Still working the case?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

No.

She closes the computer.

DANA

There'll always be bad folk, but  
not all of 'em are for me to  
catch.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dana and Nathan sit watching Godzilla, eating mac n'cheese from microwave cartons. Dana notices Chandlers damaged knuckles.

DANA

You and Daniel still getting  
along?

CHANDLER

...I think I'll go to bed now.

Dana nods and watches her son retreat down the hall and slip inside his room.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chandler takes the H&K from his backpack, holds it in his hand for a few moments, contemplating it, and stuffs it under his mattress.

He then goes to his computer, opens it on a blank white page and beats out the headline: "THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE - AND HOW TO WAKE UP FROM IT". He takes a breath and gets writing.

INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Dana drives, aviators shielding her eyes. She turns on the radio and enjoys the music and the promise of a smile shows itself.

Her police radio crackles.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)

Sheriff White? Sheriff White, you  
copy?

She picks up the handset.

DANA

Mornin' Matt, what's up? Over.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)  
Sheriff, I'm afraid I got bad news. The ballistics report just came in on the gun that Montgomery King used to shoot up the Town Hall... it's not a match for the slugs from the Hayder and Olson shootings.

Dana does not respond.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)  
You copy, Sheriff?

DANA  
I copy. I copy.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)  
King wasn't the shooter we were looking for. The Town Hall was just his one-off. Our guy is still out there. Over.

DANA  
Shit.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)  
And it looks like he might've already got to work. Bob Chambers called in to report a floater in the river out by his farm. I'm fifteen minutes away.

Dana steps on the gas and the engine growls in response.

EXT. CHAMBERS FARM - DAY

Dana follows BOB CHAMBERS (60) through his herd of cows and to an embankment that looks down onto a shallow river.

Half in the water, half up on the bank, lies a wet, gray, corpse with four bullet holes in its back.

CHAMBERS  
Must'a drifted with the current. My guess is it came in from over yonder some time last night.

DANA  
You called it in this morning?

CHAMBERS  
As soon as I seen the poor fella.

Dana thumbs the radio on her lapel.

(CONTINUED)



DANA  
Manning, you copy?

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)  
I hear ya, Sheriff. Over.

DANA  
I'm at the crime scene. Looks like I'm gonna need a hand hauling this one out of the river. What's your ETA? Over.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)  
Be with ya in three minutes, Sheriff. Over.

DANA  
I'm gonna see if I can get an ID on the body. Over.

With nothing else to do, Dana smiles at Bob Chambers.

CHAMBERS  
Get you anything?

DANA  
Tea would be good. Thanks.

CHAMBERS  
No problem.

Bob Chambers shuffles back through his herd of cows towards his FARMHOUSE.

Dana clambers down the short embankment towards the dead body. Her feet go in the water past her ankles, wetting the bottoms of her uniform.

She grabs hold of the CORPSE'S SHIRT and pulls with all her strength. After bracing one foot back onto the embankment she manages to turn over the body.

The bloated, bruised face of DANIEL stares back at her. She weighs up the situation, eyes moving up and down, back and forth. She looks up the embankment, finds it empty.

Dana takes in the face she knows, the bullet wounds, and makes a decision. She climbs the embankment and runs through the herd of cows to her car.

INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - DAY

With wet legs, Dana runs. She throws the door open and hurriedly feels around under her seat until she finds what she's looking for - the BAG OF PRESCRIPTION DRUGS.

She also grabs a pair of LATEX GLOVES from the glovebox.

INT. CHAMBERS FARMHOUSE - DAY

Bob Chambers waits for an old tin kettle to come to the boil on top of an old stove.

EXT. CHAMBERS FARM - DAY

Dana runs back to the river and down the bank to DEAD DANIEL.

She snaps on the latex gloves and proceeds to take each pill bottle from the bag, wipe them down with a piece of Daniel's clothing, and press them into his hands.

She closes Daniel's fingers around every bottle and stuffs them into his pockets. Finished, she screws up the bag and shoves it in her own pocket.

MANNING

(O.C)

Getting started without me?

Dana looks up the embankment to find Manning looking down. Chambers appears over his shoulder carrying a cup.

CHAMBERS

Got ya tea right here.

EXT. CHAMBERS FARM - DAY

Dana and Manning lift the body out of the water and lower him to the ground.

MANNING

You recognise the vic?

Dana shakes her head.

The pills rattle in their bottles.

DANA

He sounds like maracas.

A quick search of the pockets and Manning finds two of the pill bottles.

MANNING

That's something new.

(Pause)

Think he fits the victim profile?

DANA

Let's not rule out drugs as a possible motive until we know more.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

I'll see if I can get an ID on our John Doe here, find out who was the last person to see him alive.

Dana works to swallow her guilt, her eyes furtive.

DANA

Bag up those drugs, get them sent off for prints.

(Pause)

I'll go to the coroner's office, see what the slugs can tell us.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Dana again finds herself quietly observing the autopsy from the back of the room. She watches intently, hiding her nerves and anxiety.

The Coroner looks from DEAD DANIEL to Dana.

CORONER

How's the case going, Sheriff?

DANA

I'm thinking of signing up at the shooting range.

Dana breaks away from the back wall to join the Coroner at the steel slab.

DANA

Any tattoos?

CORONER

Not upon immediate inspection. First thing to note is the considerable bruising and abrasions to the face, chest and abdominal area. All of which appear to have occurred prior to death. The abrasions to the knuckles suggests the victim was involved in a fist fight shortly before being murdered. Are you looking to connect the crime to the previous shootings?

DANA

...I'm looking for the truth.

CORONER

The truth is right here, two inches beneath the epidermis.

(CONTINUED)

The Coroner sets about removing the slugs using a scalpel and tweezers, and dropping them into a metal bowl.

She pulls the last slug from the body holds it between a pair of tweezers under the light.

CORONER

Well, so far it ticks all the boxes - nine millimeter round, brass, semi-jacketed, high velocity. Based on outward appearances, it's a match. Is it what you were expecting?

Dana's expression; "It's what I feared".

CORONER

Looks like there's also a partial thumbprint too, presumably from where your shooter pushed the round into the magazine.

Dana looks like she's about to vomit.

DANA

A print?

She tries to hide the nervous edge to her voice.

CORONER

Could be the break you're looking for, Sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR (MOVING)- DAY

Dana steals a glance away from the road and to the EVIDENCE BAG containing the FOUR SLUGS pulled from Daniel's body.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE - DAY

Dana steps inside.

DANA

Chandler? You home.

INT. DINER - DAY

Chandler sits across from Mister Baker. He pushes the typed out essay towards him. The teacher reads the title and raises his eyebrows.

(CONTINUED)

BAKER

I can't wait to read it. How do you feel, having finished?

CHANDLER

Like change is coming.

Baker nods approvingly.

BAKER

I'll get it sent off and submitted right away. Good luck.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE - DAY

Dana hurries from room to room, poking her head through doorways, and finding every one of them empty. Satisfied, she returns to...

CHANDLER'S ROOM - DAY

Dana searches the wardrobe, drawers, and under the bed. She finds a chest full of music magazines and pornography.

Eventually, she runs her hands between the mattress and the bed. Her hands freeze and her face hardens. She pulls out her own H&K SEMI AUTOMATIC PISTOL. Dana runs from the room.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, DANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dana drops the gun on the bed and opens a drawer. It is near to overflowing with envelopes and paperwork.

Amongst the Credit card bills, energy bills, and medical bills Dana finds the "FIREARM REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE".

She scans the page and compares the serial number to one on the weapon - they match. Dana sits, almost falling, and looks as though she is about to be sick.

QUICK CUTS:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Dana uses a FILE to scrape away the serial number, gradually wearing away the metal until the numbers are erased.

INT/EXT. DANA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

As Dana drives through the desert along an empty blacktop she searches the landscape, her gaze moving left to right.

She spots some ROADKILL and pulls over to a stop.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Dana pulls on another pair of latex gloves as she climbs from the car and steps towards a dead, rotting OPOSSUM.

She takes the H&K, now with SCRATCH MARKS in place of the serial number, aims at the dead animal and fires FOUR SHOTS into its flesh.

Taking a look around in all directions, Dana gets to her haunches, stifles a retch, and uses her gloved fingers to dig around inside the rotting animal.

Slowly, she finds and retrieves four slugs.

Dana takes the slugs from the evidence bag and hurls them into the desert, then fills the bag with the slugs from the Opossum.

She climbs back into her car, turns the vehicle around 180 degrees and speeds back towards the distant town.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Dana sits low in her seat behind the wheel of her parked car. She is parked across the street from the BAR.

She watches PATRONS enter and exit and perks up when she sees Derek Sims drive his METALLIC GREEN TOYOTA into the PARKING LOT.

Sims exits his vehicle, wearing his signature sports team clothes, and goes inside the bar.

Dana takes a look around, puts on sunglasses and tucks her hair up inside a baseball cap. She gets out the car and crosses the street.

She weaves through parked vehicles in the lot before running at a crouch towards SIMS' TOYOTA.

Wearing gloves, Dana takes a small tool from her pocket, which resembles a Swiss army knife. She uses the tool to pick the lock to the trunk.

Inside is a can of ENGINE OIL, a TIRE IRON, and a SPARE.

She pulls the H&K, bagged, from a pocket, removes it from the bag, and hides it in the rim of the spare tire. Dana quietly closes the trunk and sneaks back to her own car.

INT/EXT. DANA'S CAR (MOVING) - DUSK

Dana singles out a HOMELESS WOMAN filling a shopping cart with cans. She slows the car to a crawl beside the Woman and lowers her window.

DANA  
Wanna make twenty bucks?

INT/EXT. PHONEBOOTH - DUSK

Dana waits close by outside while the Woman talks into the phone.

HOMELESS WOMAN  
There's a man...I saw him...I saw  
him waving a gun around...green  
car...license plate -

Dana slaps a piece of paper against the glass. The scrap of paper bares the license plate number.

HOMELESS WOMAN  
BJV7931.

INT. WHITE RESIDENCE, CHANDLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chandler sits at his desk, open history books under his nose. He hears the front door open and close. A gentle knock at his own door follows.

Dana opens the door and stands in the doorway. She takes in Chandler, the room, and the PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS FATHER, positioned around the folded U.S FLAG.

DANA  
It's time I showed you something.

CHANDLER  
What?

Chandler looks at her, puzzled.

DANA  
A truth you won't like.

INT/EXT. DANA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The car barrels along the empty blacktop, cutting a path through the desert.

CHANDLER  
Where're we going?

DANA  
You were right, I thought I was protecting you, but what I've been doing isn't protection at all. I dunno what it is. Maybe you'll tell me.

(Pause)  
Get some rest, it's gonna be a while yet.

CHANDLER  
I'm confused.

DANA  
I know. Just know that what I did was all I could think to do.

They drive on through the night.

LATER:

Chandler sleeps, his body gently rocking in time with the motion of the car.

LATER:

The desert gives birth to the CITY.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Sims emerges from the bar and heads for his TOYOTA in the parking lot.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The GREEN TOYOTA hits the road and prowls the streets. Soon enough a SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT PATROL VEHICLE falls inline behind it.

QUICK CUTS:

Sims' shock (and fear) is evident when Manning steps from the PATROL CAR with his sidearm levelled at the drug dealer.

Sims is in handcuffs, feet spread and bent over the rear of his vehicle.

(CONTINUED)



Manning has one hand pressed into Sims's back while the other struggles to open the trunk.

Sims is even more shocked when Manning removes the HANDGUN from his trunk. Sims shouts his protests as he is loaded into the back of the Patrol Car and driven away.

EXT. PHOENIX, ARIZONA - NIGHT

The car passes through the deserted FINANCIAL DISTRICT and enters a shadowed neighbourhood of TENTS, SLEEPING BAGS, and MAKEHSIFT SHELTERS.

INT/EXT. DANA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Chandler stirs and wakes, passing overhead lights throwing shadows across his face. He takes a look around, sees amber lights, shadows, and scores of HOMELESS PEOPLE.

CHANDLER

Where...?

(Recognizing the place)

Why've you brought us here? And what time is it?

DANA

We been driving for close to five hours.

CHANDLER

Why?

DANA

So you can see your father.

Chandler snaps his head towards his mother. Dana pulls the car over. Nobody speaks.

INT. DANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Chandler regards his mother, at first questioning. Confused. He searches her expression for answers.

His own shifting expression makes his realisation evident. He is full of dread, hurt, and anger.

He forces himself to look at the huddled, shuffling figures outside.

CHANDLER

(Quiet)

Who? Which one?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

...Long coat, beard. He has the  
limp.

Chandler searches the faces and the differing postures.  
His gaze finally comes to rest on a MAN. His FATHER.

His Father wears one shoe and picks at his teeth. He  
begins thumping himself in the head.

CHANDLER

No.

He reads her expression, sees that she is sincere.  
Painfully so.

DANA

I always know where to find him.

CHANDLER

...You lied to me.

DANA

Yes.

CHANDLER

The flag?

DANA

Bought from a store.

CHANDLER

This is why we never went to  
Arlington? Not because we  
couldn't afford it?

DANA

I'm sorry. I tried to help him  
with the PTSD, but he didn't want  
anybody's help. Finally it ate  
him up until there was barely  
anything left.

CHANDLER

How long has he been here...like  
this?

DANA

I stopped counting how many years  
its been.

CHANDLER

Are you trying to hurt me?

DANA

If necessary.

CHANDLER

All these years...You told me he was dead.

DANA

He is. The part that counts...I thought this would be easier...for you to know him the way he was.

CHANDLER

But that's just it, I've never known. All anybody ever talked about was what kind of soldier he was, not who he was.

DANA

I know this is hard -

CHANDLER

You don't know a fucking thing -

DANA

I know how hard it is to know that someone you love might change into someone you can't.

He looks from his mother to his father, readying himself. Chandler opens the door and climbs out. Dana watches him cross the street.

EXT. PHOENIX, CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Chandler is anxious as he approaches a small handful of homeless people, his Father amongst them. He ignores their heckles.

CHANDLER

...Dad?

His Father is terrified. He cowers and retreats, curling into a ball against the wall.

CHANDLER

Dad.

(Pause)

Come home. Everything can be different if you come home.

Head bowed, his Father tugs off his one remaining shoe and offers it like a child offers milk money to a bully.

Chandler gently puts a hand to the proffered shoe in an attempt to soothe his Father.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

Please? I'm your son, Chandler.

Chandler searches the man's eyes.

CHANDLER

We can be a family.

When his Father can dare to meet his gaze, there is no hint of recognition.

Chandler takes out his wallet. Inside he has only a few crumpled bills. He gently puts the money at his Father's feet.

With tears in his eyes, Chandler heads back to the car where his mother waits.

INT. DANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Dana regards her son's wounded look. He stares ahead and makes no attempt to wipe the tears from his cheeks.

DANA

Call it whatever the hell you want, what I did was an attempt to protect you. Right or wrong, it came from the heart.

(Pause)

But I'm done protecting you now. I've done all I can and it's up to you to protect yourself, just like you wanted. Your choices are your own, and that means the consequences are yours.

(Pause)

That's from the heart too.

CHANDLER

I'll never forgive you.

DANA

That makes two of us.

INT/EXT. DANA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Mother and Son journey in silence as Dana navigates the city streets. She takes the car out of the city and onto the highway.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Dana's car travels beneath a blanket of stars. It speeds down a long, straight road towards darkness.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN, NATHAN'S CAMPSITE - MORNING

Nathan, standing shirtless, wiry muscles over bone, eats a breakfast of eggs from a cooking pot. He watches Chandler's approach.

CHANDLER

Who are you and why're you here?  
The truth this time.

The older man regards the youth through squinted eyes while he chews.

LATER:

Chandler sits, listening while Nathan talks.

NATHAN

I didn't always live like this. I came from money.

(Pause)

I was loved. In a way. But my father's love was conditional. And his love was more like indoctrination. When I told you I lost my father, I meant it. Some sons lose their father's to car accidents, or to drink. I lost mine to hate.

CHANDLER

(Realising)

O'Brien. O'Brien is your Dad.

NATHAN

I love him in the way only a son can love a father. But I also hate him. For the years he took from me.

(Pause)

I learned how to hate from him and I spent more than half my life doing it. I hurt someone. Badly. After that, I was done, done with all of it, done with my father.

(Pause)

I'm here to put things right.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

...You're the guy that's been killing people?

NATHAN

Only those that deserve it. You see these?

He points to a tattoo on the inside of each bicep - "ORION" and "KLASP".

CHANDLER

Orion?

NATHAN

Our Race Is Our Nation.

(Pause)

Klannish Loyalty A Sacred Principle. My Father and four other men I know are White Heritage Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Two of those men are now dead.

CHANDLER

You're going to kill the other three, aren't you?

Nathan goes to his tent and returns moments later carrying a bundled up sheet. He places this in the sand in front of Chandler and carefully, almost ceremoniously, unwraps it.

A SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL is revealed to Chandler.

NATHAN

A gift from my Father.

(Pause)

You can take this to your mother and she'll have everything she needs to put me away. That there is the gun I used to kill Charlie Hayder, and William and Jamie Olson. It's also the gun I used to kill Daniel.

Chandler looks surprised.

NATHAN

I'm sorry. Not that I did it, but that I had to.

Chandler accepts this rationalisation with a single nod of his head.

NATHAN

I won't hold it against you if you take that and turn me in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN (cont'd)

You'd be doing the lawful thing,  
what you've been told your whole  
life is justice. Take it, and  
everything ends here. Nothing  
changes. The status quo resumes.

Chandler stares long and hard at the gun. He eventually  
picks it up, weighing it in his grip.

CHANDLER

I'm ready.

Nathan smiles and nods - a gesture of solidarity and  
appreciation.

NATHAN

The rally is tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Nathan watches on with admiration and purpose as Chandler  
empties the gun into the wreckage of a BURNED OUT CAR.

Chandler immediately reloads the gun, dropping the empty  
magazine and smoothly slapping the next one in and firing.  
He looks to Nathan for validation.

NATHAN

We'll need more.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Dana enters, finds Manning atypically deflated and  
despondant.

DANA

Morning, Matt. You know what? I  
could go for one of your coffees  
today. Well done on the Sim's  
arrest.

MANNING

About that...

DANA

Yeah?

MANNING

Sims wasn't our shooter any more  
than that poor farmer. The slugs  
pulled from Daniel Pinkerton are  
a match for the gun we found in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANNING (cont'd)  
Sims's vehicle, but that's it.  
Looks like it was drug related  
after all.

This new information appears to weigh heavy on Dana...

MANNING  
What you thinking, Sheriff?

DANA  
You're sure? The gun you  
recovered wasn't used to kill the  
KKK guys?

MANNING  
"Suspected" KKK guys. No it  
wasn't.

She realises her Son was innocent - but also beleives he  
killed his one-time friend.

DANA  
Oh my god.

MANNING  
He's still out there.  
(Pause)  
That's what you're thinking,  
right?

DANA  
Of course...Yeah...If the pattern  
continues, O'Brien and his son  
are likely next.

MANNING  
O'Brien has a son?

DANA  
Nathan. If you were the shooter,  
where would you look for him?

MANNING  
At O'Brien's rally.

DANA  
The father and the son. That's  
too good an opportunity for him  
to pass up.  
(Pause)  
O'Brien wants to turn back the  
clock...it's gonna be the wild  
fuckin' west. I think it's time  
to call in the state police.



Manning watches Dana return to her desk, pick up the phone, and start dialling. He gets up from his seat and walks to the window, looks outside onto the town square.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

WORKERS construct a stage out of metal frames and wooden boards. SETS OF BLEACHERS are assembled by WORK CREWS. RED, WHITE, AND BLUE BUNTING is strung from lampposts.

METAL BARRIERS are unloaded from a truck and put into place around the central green. The occupant of a CHERRY PICKER tethers one end of a BANNER above the entrance to the square.

The banner reads "RICK O'BRIEN FOR SHERIFF, VOTE TO PURIFY YOUR COUNTY".

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manning looks out onto the town square. But he looks as though he's staring down the barrel of a gun.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Nathan and Chandler are two silhouettes, singular in purpose, closing in on the distant lights of town. Each of them has a duffle bag slung over a shoulder.

EXT. GUN STORE - NIGHT

Chandler follows Nathan's lead and stops in the alley beside the gun store. They huddle at the service entrance.

Nathan pulls on a balaclava and hands another to Chandler. He too then uses the garment to conceal his face.

He then dons a pair of gloves and passes a second pair for Chandler to wear. Nathan takes a drill from the bag and attacks the hinges and locks.

NATHAN

Remember, two minutes. And only what we need.

The pair shoulder-barge the door and it falls inward. Above the door, a small light atop an ALARM BOX begins to flash red.

INT. GUN STORE - NIGHT

Using FLASHLIGHTS Nathan and Chandler enter a small hallway. Nathan stops at a fuse box, opens the panel door, and pulls out every fuse.

CCTV cameras fitted with tiny red LED lights go dark.

Chandler and Nathan pass through the hallway and into the store proper. Inside are glass cabinets filled with PISTOLS and HANDGUNS.

Behind the counter, stacked against the walls and stored on shelves are boxes and boxes ammunition.

The walls are adorned with assorted rifles and shotguns.

Working from a hand-written list, Chandler looks for specific cartons of ammo. With each successful find he dumps a box into his bag.

Nathan drills into the locks on the display cabinets. He reaches inside and selects TWO SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOLS. In the bag they go.

He then selects A PAIR OF BOLT ACTION HUNTING RIFLES. Last to be selected are TWO PUMP ACTION SHOTGUNS.

Nathan has just enough leeway to zip up the bag. It's an effort to get the bag over his shoulder, the weight is evident.

He and Chandler then convene at the entrance to the hallway by which they came in.

NATHAN  
That everything?

CHANDLER  
Yeah.

NATHAN  
Go.

While Chandler hurries back outside Nathan takes a bundle of FOLDED NOTES - HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS WORTH - and leaves them on the counter.

EXT. TOWN, STREETS - NIGHT

Nathan and Chandler run down empty alleyways and desolate streets with the their loot. They run towards the town square.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The two of them stand before the square and its decorations, its stage, and its bleachers.

INT. GUN STORE - MORNING

Manning wears a troubled expression as he stands in the middle of the robbed gun store and the irate OWNER points to his ruined door.

OWNER

Fucking sons'o'bitches. Can you fucking beleive this shit? A man tries to work for a living.

Manning spots a CCTV camera and points to it.

MANNING

Those work?

OWNER

Bastards pulled all the fuses.

MANNING

You know what was stolen?

OWNER

Two Remmington twelve-guage pump-action shotguns, two Beretta ninety-twos, and a pair of Brownings.

MANNING

Two of everything?

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

STATE POLICE OFFICERS stand on street corners, palms resting on their Sam Browne belts. OFFICERS armed with METAL DETECTORS slowly walk the lengths of the bleachers.

More METAL DETECTORS are used to search the rows upon rows of plastic chairs that cover the green. POLICE search the stage area. Trash cans are searched

Dana oversees the search from across the street. Her radio crackles.

DANA

Manning?

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)

Sheriff, somebody has got themselves a small arsenal. Over.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

State police are here. We're searching everyone coming in or out, eyes everywhere. We've got the place covered. Over.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)

I've a feeling you'll need the help...looks like there's two shooters. Over.

DANA

Shit.

MANNING (THROUGH RADIO)

Take care, Sheriff. I'm on my way, just gotta stop by the station, I'm waiting on some intel on Nathan O'Brien. Over.

A STATE POLICE OFFICER approaches Dana.

OFFICER 1

It's all clear.

Dana nods to POLICE OFFICERS stationed at the gateway to the square, a signal for them to pull aside a portion of the metal barrier and start admitting the attendees.

The ENTRANCE to the rally quickly turns into a bottleneck as every person is stopped, searched, and patted down.

A second ENTRANCE opens up in the same manner and the crowd splits in two, forming TWO LINES.

POLICE OFFICERS remain polite but formal as they wave every guest over to a table to search bags.

More OFFICERS patrol the crowds and the admission lines outside the central square.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Chandler watches people pour past the street where it meets the town square. Nathan approaches two BOYS ON BIKES sipping cokes.

NATHAN

You guys like fireworks?

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

Nathan joins the back of one line while Chandler takes his place at the other.

The LINES OF PEOPLE are heckled by smaller gatherings holding signs - "LOVE TRUMPS HATE", "NO TO AMERIKKKA", "ALT RIGHT DELETE"....

PROTESTERS

Say no to hate! Say no to hate!  
Say no to hate!

Chandler and Nathan each ignore the protests and shuffle forward as the lines slowly move. Chandler identifies Dana over the sea of heads and turns his face away. He pulls a hood up over his head.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manning's patrol vehicle skids to a halt and he runs up the few stairs to the glass front doors.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manning runs into the office and finds Evelyn waiting for him with some Xeroxed news articles and sweet smile.

EVELYN

I spent my whole morning looking all over the library, tryin'a find what you asked me to.

MANNING

You're too good to me, Evie.

EVELYN

Make it up to me sometime.

MANNING

You like pancakes? So what have you got for me?

She passes him the small pile of articles and watches him file through them.

EVELYN

The name Nathan O'Brien only popped up once. He made local headlines 'bout ten years back for some nasty business involving some poor colored fella', then all but upped and disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

Manning looks at NEWSPAPER PHOTO of NATHAN in which he sports a shaved head and is ten years younger. He is throwing a Sieg Heil outside the COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

Beside his photograph is a passport style picture of a YOUNG BLACK MAN, eyes swollen shut and lip split open.

MANNING

Thanks Evie, I owe you.

EVELYN

Don't forget those pancakes,  
Matt.

Manning runs to the photocopier and starts printing multiple copies of NATHAN'S picture while Evelyn goes to the window to watch the events outside.

EVELYN

Oh I hate all this rotten  
business. I don't know how you do  
what you do.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

DANA

She scrutinises the faces in the crowd and the shuffling lines filing into the square.

She checks the surrounding STATE POLICE OFFICERS. They too turn their heads like CCTV cameras.

NATHAN

He nears the entrance and closely watches the OFFICERS conducting their searches and pat-downs. Nathan looks Chandler's way, subtle.

CHANDLER

Chandler steals glances in his mother's direction, but the moving ocean of heads keeps him hidden. He takes another step closer to the entrance.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manning is now alone on the station while the printed pictures of young, skinheaded Nathan fall into the papertray.

His phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

Can't wait for those pancakes,  
huh?

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

Am I speaking with deputy Matthew  
Manning?

MANNING

Er, yeah. Yes, sorry. Who is  
this?

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

My name's Stephanie Lane, I'm the  
county coroner.

MANNING

Is it important, we're kind of up  
against it this morning?

He watches the mounting stack of Nathan pictures...looks  
outside...sees the growing crowds...Dana...More Cops...

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

Very important, I'm afraid.

MANNING

Then it's likely the Sheriff you  
want.

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

No. It's not.

MANNING

What's this about?

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

The slugs I pulled from the body  
of Daniel Pinkerton, they were to  
be sent to the state lab for  
analysis. But they never arrived.

MANNING

I'm not sure I follow. We've  
already received the ballistics  
report on those slugs.

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

Your Sheriff submitted them to  
ballistics but she also requested  
they go directly to be archived  
at City Hall without any further  
analysis.

MANNING

...

(CONTINUED)

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

I thought it was just a mix up - she knew I'd identified a partial thumb print - so I had it checked out and the transference of evidence form had a forged signature on it. I then had the slugs sent to the lab. The DNA on them wasn't even human.

MANNING

What are you telling me?

CORONER (OVER PHONE)

Deputy Manning, your Sheriff tampered with evidence. She switched the slugs.

The final picture of Nathan glides into the tray and the machine falls silent.

MANNING

(Quiet)

...Thank you.

Manning hangs up, grabs the photocopies and pauses at the door, watching Dana before he runs outside.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

Manning runs to Dana but doesn't say a word, he looks her over, accusatory. But hurt more than anything.

DANA

Everything ok, Matt?

He gives her the pictures of Nathan.

MANNING

...Nathan O'Brien.

DANA

Good work, Deputy.  
(To Officer 1)  
Officer.

She beckons the State Police Officer and the stern faced man hurries over. Dana takes a copy for herself, hands one to Manning, and gives the rest to The Officer.

DANA

While O'Brien and Krellig - that's the guy in the glasses - will be our more obvious, high profile targets, we have good reason to believe that Nathan

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DANA (cont'd)  
here, O'Brien's son, will also be  
at serious risk.

She points to Nathan's picture.

DANA  
Take a look, hand these out  
amongst your men. Our shooter may  
well view Nathan as the easier  
target. This makes him  
vulnerable. And we already know  
our shooter isn't above targeting  
the sons of those he's going  
after. Now bare in mind he's now  
older, he may look different -  
facial hair, glasses, whatever.  
Find him, we may well find our  
shooter. Go.

The State Police Officer scurries away.

MANNING  
How'd you feel about trying to  
protect a guy like this?

DANA  
I can't afford to have any  
feelings about it.

NATHAN'S PICTURE is rapidly distributed amongst the dozens  
of STATE POLICE OFFICERS, the stack of them chnaging hands  
at speed, each hand taking one.

Dana finds Manning looking at her. He does not look away  
when she meets his gaze.

DANA  
You ok?

MANNING  
...Just concerned.

She slaps her palm to his upper arm reassuringly.

MANNING  
(Somber)  
I just hope you know what you're  
doing.

DANA  
I'm doing all I know.

She turns her attention to the crowds.

NATHAN

A PROTESTER waving a sign - "DRIVE OUT FASCISM" spits at Nathan. He barely reacts, wipes the spit away.

A COUNTER-PROTESTER, her sign reading - "ANTI RACIST = ANTI WHITE" spits on the Protester and a fight breaks out.

An OFFICER ushers Nathan forward.

OFFICER

Anything in your pockets, sir?

Nathan reaches in and pulls out a set of KEYS. The Officer pats Nathan down while another Officer, holding Nathan's picture, looks from the picture to Nathan.

She fails to recognise him and her attention moves on to the MAN behind Nathan. Nathan is waved through.

CHANDLER

Chandler removes his hood and is given a brief, questioning look by the Officer before he pats him down. The Officer shakes his head and waves him through.

Chandler joins the crowds and comes to a stop beside a MANHOLE COVER, and covers his head again with the hood.

NATHAN

Nathan takes his position by a LAMPPOST, leaning against it as he watches the proceedings.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

The opening notes of Wagner's Tannhauser Overture begin to play from speakers, the crowds murmur, and the protesters chant.

As the music swells A BLACK LIMO enters the square at a crawl. Small STARS AND STRIPES flap from the vehicle's front. The car glistens, like proud death, and HEADS TURN to match the Limo's pace.

MANNING AND DANA

MANNING

How does a person get so twisted?

DANA

A poor bigot is just a bigot. But a rich bigot can be elemental.

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

I wasn't talking about O'Brien.

Dana meets her Deputy's gaze.

THE LIMO

The black behemoth rolls to a stop at the entrance to the square.

Johnathan Krellig steps from the car, glasses catching the sun and arm in a sling. He walks around the back of the limo to open the nearside door.

O'Brien's well-dressed foot plants itself on the sidewalk and the man himself steps out into the sun. The "cheers" that greet him outweigh and outnumber the "boos".

He passes his supporters along a central aisle towards the stage. O'Brien and Dana lock eyes as he passes.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

O'Brien hungrily shakes offered hands, affectionately pats children on their heads.

From their respective positions, Nathan and Chandler each take in the fawning crowds surrounding them.

Krellig hangs back while O'Brien steps to the podium. Vagner fades out.

O'BRIEN

Ladies and gentlemen, I put it to you that as the face of America has changed, so too has the face of Prospect county.

(Pause)

I am a beleiver in truth, regardless of how controversial. And the truth hasn't changed. America has changed. And your once fine county with it.

Chandler feels the weight of eyes on him.

O'BRIEN

The diluted demographics of the cities have set a sad and ugly trend for middle America. I can't say I still recognise the country I love nor the county I call home. Crime and depravity travel on the backs of outsiders.

Dana and Manning watch the crowds grow more and more enthused and riled up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The TWO KIDS ON BIKES watch the CLOCK TOWER.

KID 1  
Ok, time to light 'em up.

KID 2  
Nuh-uh.

KID 1  
Look Buttface, the big hand is at ten and the little hand is on three. The dude with the beard said to light the fireworks at ten-fifteen.

KID 2  
That's not ten-fifteen, that's three o'clock, idiot.

KID 1  
Why would he ask us to stand around for nearly five hours?

KID 2  
'Cause he's a grown up.

KID 1  
Screw you, I'm lightin' 'em.

KID 2  
If you say so.

Kid 2 fishes a string of firecrackers from a backpack and holds the fuse for Kid 1, who starts thumbing a lighter...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The crowd cheer, clap, and fist pump right when O'Brien wants them too.

O'BRIEN  
I ask, do you remember simpler times, when you recognised the face of your neighbour as the face of your own?

Dana parts from Manning and joins the crowd, moving through the people slowly, studying faces and referring back to the picture of Nathan.

(CONTINUED)

O'BRIEN

I ask, is it only natural to want to preserve your culture and majority status?

(Pause)

And I ask, are you willing to do what's necessary? I know I am.

Nathan takes the set of keys, selects something that resembles an ALLEN KEY and uses it to discreetly remove the ACCESS PANEL on the lamppost. The crowd acts as unwitting cover.

O'BRIEN

I was once forced to make a choice between the love for a son and the love of my country.

Dana turns in a circle, unwittingly missing Nathan and landing her sight on Chandler. His hood partially obscures his profile. She walks towards him.

O'BRIEN

It pains me to recall when my own flesh and blood betrayed his ancestral heritage and his race and bought into the lie that is white guilt and the myth of multiculturalism. But while I lost a son I gained perspective. It only served to strengthen my loyalty to the land I call home. The very land I wish to protect as your Sheriff.

Nathan watches his father.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The BIKE KIDS finally get the fuse lit, toss the string of firecrackers under a car, and peddle like their lives depend on it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Dana momentarily loses sight of Chandler when he drops to his haunches and, with great effort, slides the MANHOLE COVER aside. He reaches into the dark and withdraws a BAGGED BERETTA.

O'BRIEN

So will you put your vote where your mouth is, put your county first, and by extension, your country? If you bleed red, white, and blue, then so bleed with me.

Dana's eyes grow wide at the sight of Chandler taking aim at O'Brien with a gun. She reaches for her weapon...pauses...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY

The firecrackers EXPLODE and the bangs echo around the square. COPS draw sidearms and disperse. The crowds of people duck and begin fighting each other as they scatter.

Nathan pulls a RIFLE from the hollow portion of the lamppost that houses the electrics. He shoots in the direction of the stage.

Dana turns at the sound of the shot, sees Nathan, work the bolt, take aim at Krellig, and shoot him in the head. Blood paints the stage.

As the people panic Dana loses sight of Nathan, who immediately drops the rifle and hides in the crowd.

O'Brien ducks behind the podium but Chandler puts THREE BULLETS in it, forcing the man to run out from behind the podium and towards the barriers that skirt the square.

Chandler drops his BERETTA and gets lost in the crowd.

Manning and the other OFFICERS all draw their sidearms, spread out and scan the fleeing people. Hundreds of panicked people run towards them.

MANNING

I don't see any weapons, I don't  
see any weapons!

DANA

Dana tracks O'Brien and runs around the outside of the square. She spots the abandoned rifle.

O'Brien runs, scales the barriers and flees the square. Dana follows.

DANA

O'Brien! O'Brien!

O'Brien looks back over his shoulder and Dana sees the fear in his eyes. He runs for his life.

## TOWN SQUARE EXIT

Desperate officers try to monitor those flooding from the square, eyes on hands, searching for weapons.

Nathan and Chandler both emerge unchecked. They blend in with everyone else fleeing.

## DANA AND O'BRIEN

Dana is in pursuit.

## DANA

(Into her radio)

Nathan O'Brien is the shooter!  
Repeat! Nathan O'Brien is not the  
target, he is the shooter!  
Suspect looks different from his  
picture. He has shoulder length  
dark hair and thick facial hair.  
Suspect has abandoned his weapon.  
He is likely to be unarmed.

## TOWN SQUARE EXIT

The fleeing crowds now consists of COPS, O'BRIEN SUPPORTERS, and his PROTESTERS. People spill from the square in all directions like a spiders web. Chaos.

Manning and the State Police Officers are left overwhelmed.

## CHANDLER

Chandler slides in the dirt by a hedgerow. He rakes the soil with his fingers and unearths a SHOTGUN wrapped in plastic.

He tears the plastic off, fights through the crowd, and takes aim at the LIMO. Chandler shoots out the limo's tires and windscreen before he is then shot in the shoulder.

## MANNING

Manning lowers his smoking weapon when the moving crowd replaces his view of Chandler.

CHANDLER

Chandler falls. Drops the SHOTGUN. He is trampled and struggles to retrieve the SHOTGUN through the moving tide of legs.

NATHAN

Nathan reaches into a trashcan and turns his hand upwards, searching the underside of the top of the trashcan. His hand comes away clutching a BERETTA attached to a strip of ducttape.

CHANDLER

Chandler keeps one hand pressed to the bullet wound in his shoulder as the other wraps around the SHOTGUN.

He takes in the running crowd and isolates one of the WHITE GUYS that attacked him on the bus. Chandler shoots him in the chest. The CROWD widens like a ripple around a stone.

Chandler takes aim at another of the WHITE GUYS. He shoots and misses. The blast rips into MR. BAKER, his teacher.

Chandler watches Baker hit the ground, screaming, clawing at the hole in his side. The teacher drops a BLACK LIVES MATTER picket.

TOWN SQUARE EXIT

STATE POLICE OFFICERS begin surrounding the area around Chandler, each of them taking cover behind parked vehicles.

CHANDLER

Chandler watches the Baker writhe, listens to his screams. Chandler vomits. A second bullet from Manning, fired from the other side of the square, hits Chandler in the chest.

He falls with his back to the street and watches himself bleed.

NATHAN

Nathan strikes Manning on the back of the head with the butt of his BERETTA and knocks him out. He runs towards Chandler, using the LIMO as cover.

(CONTINUED)



STATE POLICE OFFICERS  
(O.C)  
GET DOWN! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Nathan stays as close to the LIMO as he can, reaches out to Chandler, and drags him towards it. He cradles the teenager.

STATE POLICE OFFICERS  
(O.C)  
DROP THE FUCKING GUN, NOW!

CHANDLER  
I shot him...I shot him.

NATHAN  
I know. I'm sorry.

Nathan puts a round through Chandler's head.

The radio attached to Manning's lapel crackles.

DANA (OVER RADIO)  
This is Sheriff White...In  
pursuit of O'Brien....Heading  
west on Maple...

As the POLICE OFFICERS bark at Nathan from behind the relative safety of the parked cars, Nathan climbs into the busted limo.

He finds the seat showered with broken glass and the keys in the ignition. He fires the engine. Staying low in his seat, Nathan puts it in reverse.

INT/EXT. LIMO (MOVING) - DAY

The LIMO backs up on flat tires and the engine screams. Metal grinds when the rear of the vehilce slams into Manning's PATROL CAR.

Nathan puts the limo in drive and hits the gas.

Half a dozen STATE POLICE OFFICERS give chase on foot when the LIMO bucks and swerves its way up MAPLE DRIVE.

EXT. TOWN, MAPLE DRIVE - DAY

Dana keeps her eyes on O'Brien as she pursues the man on foot and begins to close the gap.

DANA  
O'BRIEN!

He ingores her and runs towards his CAMPAIGN OFFICE, desperately racing to select a key from a ring of many.

EXT. RICK O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

O'Brien practically falls against the door, sweating and out of breath. Just as he manages to get the door open Dana catches up with him and ushers him inside.

O'BRIEN  
Help me, please.

INT/EXT. LIMO (MOVING) - DAY

Nathan can see through the ruined windshield just enough to spy Dana and O'Brien slip inside the campaign office.

He checks over his shoulder for the COPS chasing him, sees an empty street. He thinks...thinks...thinks it over.

Nathan slams the gas and the limo shoots forward as best as the flat tires allow and speeds towards the DESERT.

EXT. TOWN, MAPLE DRIVE - DAY

COPS, running, round the corner in time to see the Limo, now a distant blur, leave behind the asphalt and strike the desert floor. Clouds of sand and dust swirl in the air.

The half a dozen COPS stop to catch their breath.

INT. RICK O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Dana and O'Brien lock stares as they each catch their breath, surrounded by posters of his campaign slogans - "A WHITE SHERIFF FOR A WHITE COUNTY"... "RED **WHITE** AND BLUE".

DANA  
Ya know, for a time I wondered if  
it were you that left that cross  
in my yard. But now I realise it  
don't even matter if it were you.  
It were somebody.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DUSK

Krellig's body is covered with a white sheet in front of the abandoned stage.

Dana approaches Chandler's body. She crouches by his side and gently pulls the hood away from his face.

DANA  
My little boy.

(CONTINUED)

Two Officers drape a white sheet across his body. Spots of red soon appear and grow in size on the white fabric.

A FORENSIC TEAM MEMBER ushers her aside and bags the shotgun.

NEWS CREWS film Dana heading for the Sheriff's station.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

Amid the chaos of the STATE POLICE OFFICER'S dodging each other as they come and go, Manning sits at his desk holding an ice pack to the back of his head.

Dana enters and sits herself at her desk across from O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

Must I be kept here?

DANA

Do you get it yet, O'Brien? You wanna be in my shoes? You already are. We have more in common than you know.

EXT. THE DESERT - DUSK

STATE POLICE OFFICERS make their tentative approach toward the BURNING LIMO. The vehicle is completely engulfed in flames.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

Manning calls softly to Dana from across the room, his voice low and gentle.

MANNING

Sheriff? Dana?

She meets his gaze and joins him at his desk.

MANNING

I'm sorry about Chandler. If it could've been any other way -

DANA

It could've, but not in the way you mean.

Manning's tone shifts, hardens. Potent with conviction.

MANNING

Dana, there's things we need to talk about.

She nods, solemn. Knowing.

MANNING

I know what you did. You tampered with evidence.

DANA

...I'm his mother. What did you expect me to do?

MANNING

There was nothing to cover him for. Chandler never shot anybody. Not until today.

DANA

I couldn't be sure. But I could make sure it looked like Sims.

As yet another OFFICER pushes his way out the door to join the fray, Nathan enters, hair and beard now shaved. He resembles his picture.

Nathan passes confidently though the station foyer and towards the open plan office.

O'BRIEN

(O.C)

Nathan?

Dana and Manning turn at the mention of the name and their recognition of Nathan becomes quickly evident.

NATHAN

Dad.

Dana and Manning don't stand a chance. The State Cops are preoccupied. Nathan is quick. He draws the BERETTA and shoots O'Brien in the head.

All COPS present flinch at the gunshot and start drawing their sidearms. Nathan puts the muzzle to his chin and turns to Dana as she draws her sidearm.

NATHAN

Only those that deserve it.

Dana shoots him in the shoulder, forcing him to drop the gun and fall against the wall. He is swarmed by cops. Dana makes her approach.

NATHAN

No! No! I'm the last.

DANA

...I doubt that.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE TO:

INT. PERRYVILLE WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

Manning, in full Sheriff's uniform takes a seat in front of the plexiglass.

A harsh BUZZ is followed by a loud metallic SLAM and Dana is escorted by DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS OFFICER into the visiting area.

She wears an ORANGE JUMPSUIT with DOC on the back.

Manning offers her a smile and she does her best to reciprocate. It falters and quickly fades. Dana takes a seat on the other side of the plexiglass.

MANNING

How are you, Sheriff?

DANA

I should be asking you that very same question.

MANNING

Sorry, force of habit, I guess.

DANA

Congratulations. You deserve it.

MANNING

Thanks.

DANA

How's life out there?

MANNING

Same old, same old. Some good. Some bad. Just like people, I guess. But you haven't answered my question. Are you ok?

DANA

I'm existing. But is that really what you came by to ask?

(CONTINUED)

MANNING

...I thought you might want this.

He holds a magazine against the glass. It's an edition of The Broken City.

MANNING

I'm sorry.

DANA

At least where I am now, I  
belong, judged by what I done,  
not by my skin.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE PRISON, YARD - DAY

Nathan, wearing a vest that exposes his scarred shoulder and assorted KLAN AND SWASTIKA TATTOOS, steps out into the prison yard.

He takes in the burning sun and the isolated clusters of INMATES - HISPANICS lifting weights, AFRICAN AMERICANS playing basketball, and WHITE POWER GANGS playing cards.

The inmates assess and scrutinise the new inmate and his inked flesh.

INT. PERRYVILLE WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

Dana sits in her cell. She opens the magazine and flips through pages of essays, each one accompanied by a picture of the young author.

She turns a page and pauses. A black and white picture of Chandler looks back at her. "Chandler White, AZ, Age 15". She reads...

CHANDLER (V.O)

The American Nightmare, and how  
to wake up from it.

(Pause)

Americans talk about our violent  
beginnings as if they ever ended.  
The United States is more than a  
country. It is a promise of  
something better, but it's a  
promise we're failing to keep. If  
America was born from bloodshed,  
then the bitch is still in labour  
and we're all still waiting to  
take our first breath.

Dana reads on from inside her cell.

THE END.