

The Angel of Wichita

A drama written by

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Fiction

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FADE IN:

EXT. ARCH HOTEL - ST. LOUIS - NIGHT

The St. Louis arch stands prominently behind a man as he gets out of a black Ford LTD. We can't see his face.

WILLIE (V.O.)

This is the last one and I'm out.

The man enters the hotel lobby.

TOM (V.O.)

You know how rare it is for a man to walk away from this... business on your terms.

He walks down the long hallway of the hotel.

WILLIE (V.O.)

A mans word is his bond.

The man stands before room two twenty-two.

TOM (V.O.)

You're an angel of death. Can you really walk away?

The man KNOCKS on the door.

WILLIE (V.O.)

I can.

TOM (V.O.)

We'll see.

The door opens before him.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - NIGHT

Detective's BILL LANGFORD, (50) a tall man with thinning, red hair, going grey, and MARIO LOPEZ, (44) short, strong, with black hair, stand over a small child, missing a shoe. They're at the edge of a soybean field. Stars in the sky make the scene feel like a surreal, Van Gogh.

A news reporter stands with a camera and crew, just past the line of uniformed cops that block their approach. Lightning in the distant sky flashes.

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LANGFORD

How the fuck does the media beat  
forensics to a crime scene?

LOPEZ

Said they were passing by, but who  
knows... Can't believe a damn thing  
anyone says anymore.

LANGFORD

Fourth girl in six months. Son of a  
bitch is ratcheting up.

LOPEZ

You calling the FBI?

LANGFORD

At this point, I'm thinking about  
calling a fucking psychic.

LOPEZ

Better try the FBI first.

The medical examiner's van pulls up.

LANGFORD

That's what the Mayor said too.

Lopez meets the medical examiner while Langford gets in his  
car and drives past the news van.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - NIGHT

It's dark. Fire flies light up sporadically around the yard.  
The house is in a state of disrepair, but livable. A dark  
sedan is parked in front of a locked garage. Thunder BOOMS  
somewhere in the distance. Lightning FLASHES miles away, but  
still illuminates the sky beyond the old house.

The blood-curdling SCREAMS of a child pierce the night. Soon,  
all is quiet. The porch light comes on. A dark figure stands  
in the doorway. He lights a cigarette, the tip glows every  
time he inhales.

INT. ARCH HOTEL - ROOM 222 - NIGHT

Eyes wide, handcuffed behind his back, VICTOR CALDERO, sits  
at the foot of the bed. Bruises on his face attest to the  
brief struggle he'd put up. A man dressed in black, has a  
silenced pistol pointed at Victor. The TV plays low.

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VICTOR

I swear to God... I'll have all his  
fucking money next week.

GUNMAN

(laughs)

Then why am I here, Victor?

Church bells chime in the gunman's pocket. He pulls a phone  
out with his free hand.

GUNMAN

Yeah.

(beat)

Says he'll have it by next week--

VICTOR

I swear to God--

GUNMAN

Shut the fuck up.

(beat)

I don't see any.

(beat)

Okay, it's your dime.

The gunman hangs up.

GUNMAN

Open your mouth.

VICTOR

What?

GUNMAN

Open your fucking mouth!

VICTOR

C'mon man.

GUNMAN

I'll shoot your Goddamned teeth out if  
you don't open up.

Fearfully, Victor submits. Unceremoniously, the gunman  
inserts the tip of the silencer into Victor's mouth.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

He said--

The church bells RING again. Leaving the gun in Victor's

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mouth, with his free hand, the gunman presses the talk button.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Hi, Honey.

(beat)

Daddy's at work.

He smiles at Victor, who attempts a weak smile in return.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

I'll be home in a couple days.

(beat)

I love you too. Good night.

The gunman hangs the phone up again.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Now, where was I?

Victor, on the bed, tries to respond, gun in his mouth.

VICTOR

Mm fg ddhg.

GUNMAN

Oh yeah.

The gunman pulls his pistol out of Victor's mouth.

VICTOR

Tommy said?

Victor looks, hopefully, at the gunman.

GUNMAN

Time's up.

PAP. The projectile from the silenced pistol sends Victor's brains onto the wall behind him in a sickening splatter of blood and gray matter. He falls back, lifelessly, in a heap.

INT. FBI - KANSAS CITY - DAY

Tables long enough for three agents, their file cabinets, computers, and phones, fill the room. XAVIER POTTER, a tall, handsome, African American, occupies one of the places. He turned thirty-one on his last birthday.

On Xavier's computer are pictures of a crime scene. Victor lay dead, mostly on the bed, with ligature marks on his

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wrists and bruises on his face. His brains decorate the wall with a texture that makes it look like a gruesome abstract. His phone RINGS.

XAVIER

Potter.

(beat)

I'll be right there, Sir.

Xavier walks to the FBI director's office. He KNOCKS on the door.

INT. FBI DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

BLAKE EVERSOL, (56) is almost as tall as Xavier with grey hair, neatly cut. His shirt is white, pressed, expensive, decorated with a red tie.

BLAKE

Agent Potter, if memory serves, you're from Wichita?

XAVIER

Yes, Sir.

BLAKE

They have a problem there and I'd like you to help them out.

Eversol hands a folder to Xavier, who doesn't open it in front of his boss.

XAVIER

That St. Louis murder has McSweeny written all over it.

BLAKE

Wilson can work with forensics on it.

XAVIER

McSweeny has a favorite hit man. We've seen the same M.O. from Wisconsin to Colorado.

BLAKE

Fill Wilson in before you go. Give him your files.

XAVIER

Am I being pulled, sir?

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BLAKE  
There's a psychopath in Wichita,  
killing little girls.

XAVIER  
With my background?

BLAKE  
They're kids for God's sake.

XAVIER  
How many?

BLAKE  
Four, so far.

XAVIER  
(rises)  
I'll be leaving first thing in the  
morning?

BLAKE  
We have your room reserved at The  
Regent.

Xavier nods, then exits the office.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

WILLIE MCCARTY, (35) dark hair, blue eyes, a fighters build under an expensive suit, reads a paper at the breakfast table, held up like a wall between him and his family.

Across the table sits his wife Nancy, blond, (32) with green eyes that could stop frail hearts if she batted them just right. She looks at the front page of the paper. A headline that tells of a possible mob killing in a St. Louis hotel room.

ABBY  
Can I go play, Mommy?

ABBY, (5) slides an empty bowl to the center of the table. Her favorite doll hangs from her arm.

NANCY  
(smiles)  
I guess so.

Abby runs around the table, climbs into Willie's lap. He sets the paper down to hug her.

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ABBY  
I love you, Daddy.

WILLIE  
(hugs)  
I love you too, Honey.

Abby runs out of the room, doll in hand. Nancy picks up the paper. She looks at the headline.

NANCY  
This is terrible.

WILLIE  
What?

NANCY  
This poor guy in St. Louis.

WILLIE  
Happens sometimes.

NANCY  
What if he had a family?

WILLIE  
You know I hate talking philosophy  
before lunch.

NANCY  
What kind of animals... It's just  
awful.

Willie looks at his watch.

WILLIE  
Shit, I have to go to work. The loan  
was approved and John's ready.

NANCY  
Who would've thought it'd sell so  
fast?

WILLIE  
(winks)  
Friends in low places.

Nancy walks him to the door, kisses him.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Abby!

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Abby runs to Willie. He picks her up.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Gimme some sugar.

Abby plants a kiss on his cheek.

ABBY  
Can I go with you, Daddy?

WILLIE  
How about tomorrow?

ABBY  
Okay.

Willie kisses them both goodbye. He leaves Abby at her mother's side, then exits the front door.

INT. LANGFORD'S CAR - SEDGWICK COUNTY - DAY

LANGFORD drives, while Xavier studies a map. Xavier looks up now and again to glimpse the soy fields.

LANGFORD  
Almost there.

XAVIER  
This is the where the last girl was found?

LANGFORD  
Yeah.

XAVIER  
Dump spots look pretty random.

LANGFORD  
So far.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - DAY

They pull over near some trees on the backside of a ditch, under some hedge apple trees.

LANGFORD  
He doesn't even bury them. Just piles leaves and brush on top of them.

Xavier matches the crime scene photos to the brush.

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XAVIER

I'd like to set up in your building.  
I'm going to need access to everything  
you have. Evidence, photos, officer's  
accounts. All the autopsy reports.

LANGFORD

So... everything.

(looks at photo)

She was the oldest. Just ten for  
Christ's sake, the youngest was only  
four.

XAVIER

Sick son of a bitch. They're  
defenseless and vulnerable.

LANGFORD

What's that all about?

XAVIER

Control. It's always control with  
these guys.

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

A ranch-style home in an upper, middle-class neighborhood.  
ABBY plays with her doll on the porch. Nancy stands by the  
door as she watches Abby play, oblivious to the dark blue  
sedan that passes by.

INT. LEONARD JAMES HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

LEONARD JAMES, (50), heavy, but not fat, with graying black  
hair, watches Abby from his porch across the street. He wears  
stylish glasses that darken when he's outside.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nancy's cell phone RINGS off screen. She looks to see Leonard  
on his porch, waves, then she turns to grab her phone from  
the next room.

NANCY

(walking, talking)

Hi, Barb.

(beat)

I'll be by to pick you up in just a  
little bit.

(beat)

Abby's looking forward to it.

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Nancy stands at the front door. Abby's doll lay on the ground. Abby's nowhere in sight.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Hold on a sec, Barb.

Nancy puts her phone down, steps onto the porch.

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

On the sidewalk, Nancy looks up and down the road. She walks frantically around her yard. A dark sedan turns the corner at the end of the block.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOME - DAY

From his front porch, Leonard watches Nancy run frantically around her yard. He crosses the street, sloshing coffee from his cup as he goes.

LEONARD  
Nancy, what's wrong?

NANCY  
(concerned)  
Abby... I can't find her.

LEONARD  
She was right here a few minutes ago.

NANCY  
Right in front of the door.

Leonard paces the street in front of the McCarty yard. He looks for anything out of the ordinary on the street. Nancy's frightened. She exudes a fear that quickly turns to panic.

LEONARD  
Nancy, call the cops.

NANCY  
Oh my God!

LEONARD  
Nancy, go call the cops now. I'll keep looking.

Nancy rushes back into the house.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy grabs up her phone, punches three numbers. She's still connected with Barb.

NANCY  
Barb, I have to go!

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Nancy, what's wrong?

NANCY  
Abby's gone!

Nancy disconnects, dials nine one one.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Nine one one. What's your emergency?

NANCY  
Help me! Someone took my daughter!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
How long has she been gone, Ma'am?

NANCY  
Five minutes? I don't know... she was here... I answered my phone... I just took my eyes off her for a minute.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
What's your address, Ma'am?

NANCY  
Nine thirteen Elm Street... Hurry!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
I'm dispatching units now, ma'am. How old is your daughter?

NANCY  
Five... She's five... Just a baby. Oh my God!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Please... Try to remain calm. Describe her to me please. What's she wearing?

Leonard enters, shakes his head. Nancy, desperately, clings to the phone as if it's a lifeline.

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911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

NANCY

Um... Blond hair, blue eyes. She's wearing... a pink top and brown pants... Um...new, pink shoes...

Nancy begins to cry. She looks pleadingly to Leonard, who looks calm, cool, and collected.

LEONARD

It'll be okay.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Ma'am is someone there with you??

NANCY

My neighbor... He's helping me look.  
(to Leonard)  
Oh God, Leonard... Can you call Willie?

Leonard nods as he pulls his phone from a pocket. He exits.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Officers are almost there, Ma'am. I'll stay on the line with you until they arrive.

INT. MCCARTY MOTORS - DAY

Willie pecks away on his computer keyboard. Paperwork's piled high in front of him. A Real estate letter lay prominently on his desk. The phone RINGS.

WILLIE

McCarty.  
(beat)  
Wait... What?  
(beat)  
Did she call the cops?  
(beat)  
Christ. I'm on my way.

Willie slams the phone down and hurries out the door, his desk covered with work.

EXT. MCCARTY MOTORS - DAY

There are new Mercedes-Benzes in abundance with signs on the

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windshields that offer warranty, gas mileage, and contact information.

WILLIE

John!

John GILMORE, tall, slim, blond-haired. His look screams car salesman, but don't let that fool you.

JOHN

Yeah, Willie.

WILLIE

I've got an emergency. Lock up if I'm not back by closing time.

JOHN

Anything I can do?

WILLIE

I'll let you know.

John gives Willie a thumbs up as walks into the show-room. Willie burns rubber as he exits the lot in a black Mercedes.

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - DAY

Police cruisers line the road, their lights flashing. Police knock on neighbor's doors. People, stand in their yards to watch, curiously, as the drama unfolds at nine thirteen Elm Street. Willie pulls in behind an unmarked police car.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - DAY

Willie, practically at a run, enters the house.

NANCY

Willie, Abby's gone!

Nancy runs into Willie's arms. She sobs into his shoulder as Langford approaches, note-pad in hand. A uniformed cop, CHARLIE RANEY, takes a statement from Leonard, near the doorway that leads to the dining room.

WILLIE

It's okay, Nan.  
(to Langford)  
Are you in charge?

LANGFORD

I'm Detective Langford.

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Langford extends a hand that Willie doesn't grasp.

WILLIE

How long's she been gone?

Langford consults his notebook.

LANGFORD

We got the call at three thirty-three.

WILLIE

It's the guy from the news, isn't it?

LANGFORD

Look, Mr. McCarty, we're going to find your daughter.

WILLIE

Goddammit!

LANGFORD

Mrs. McCarty called very quickly--

WILLIE

Fuck!

LANGFORD

Sir, please remain calm.

Willie looks at Nancy.

NANCY

Barb called. I just took my eyes off her for a minute.

WILLIE

Okay, Nan.

Willie surveys his home. He sees Leonard, who doesn't look away from Charlie.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

What's Leonard doing here?

NANCY

He's helping me look.

LANGFORD

Mr. McCarty, do you know of anyone who might take your daughter?

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WILLIE

I sell cars for God's sake.

LANGFORD

Sometimes when a man meets a certain measure of success--

NANCY

You have to find her!

LANGFORD

We're going to find your daughter, Mrs. McCarty.

WILLIE

C'mon, Detective. Girls are disappearing... it's all over the news.

Leonard glances, nervously, at Willie. This doesn't escape Langford's attention. Langford makes a note of it in his pad.

LANGFORD

We have a man from the FBI working on the missing girls. We'll give him your information, just in case. In the meantime we're talking to your neighbors and asking if there have been any suspicious people in the area.

Willie looks from Nancy to Langford.

WILLIE

The FBI... It's a serial killer.

NANCY

Oh, God... No.

LANGFORD

Lets remain calm. So far, your daughter has, for all intents and purposes, just wandered off.

WILLIE

(to Nancy)

What the hell, Nan?

LANGFORD

Mr. McCarty, sometimes kids wander off and a neighbor brings them home a

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little while later.

NANCY  
Abby knows better.

LANGFORD  
We'll post pictures of Abby... have  
the city keeping an eye out for her.

Langford places a supportive hand on Willie's shoulder, who gives him an, unsettling look. He removes his hand.

WILLIE  
Like the others?

Charlie walks over with Leonard.

CHARLIE  
I have Mr. James' statement.

Langford nods to Charlie. He hands Willie his business card.

LANGFORD  
(to Nancy)  
If anything else comes up...If you  
think of anything else... If you see  
anyone suspicious, call me. We'll keep  
looking for your girl, I promise...  
and we'll stay in touch.

NANCY  
Thank you, Detective.

LANGFORD  
(to Leonard)  
Mr. James, I'll want to talk with you  
later.

LEONARD  
Anything you need.

Willie drops Langford's card on the end table. Leonard exits with Langford, he offers a sympathetic nod to Willie and Nancy.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BARBARA NUGENT, red haired, well dressed, best friend of Nancy, KNOCKS as she bursts through the door.

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NANCY

Barb!

BARB

The cops asked me a thousand questions before I could get in... I'm sorry.

WILLIE

Someone has Abby.

Nancy's cries turn to sobs. Barb runs to her. Willie moves aside as they embrace. He looks out the window at Leonard's house and to survey the area around his yard.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - DAY

A dark blue sedan pulls into the driveway. A man, with plastic framed glasses, opens the trunk to extract a small child. He carries her to the front door opens it. He enters into the darkness of the old house.

INT. XAVIER'S TEMPORARY OFFICE - NIGHT

Xavier, thoughtfully, adds a photo of Abby to the board he's constructed with the four other missing girls. There are crime scene photos, addresses, maps, and lines connecting them all together in order of disappearance.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - NIGHT

A dim, light glows from a single window. A child's SCREAMS tear into the darkness like a dull knife. As the silence takes it's place again, the door opens. The man smokes on the front porch.

INT. XAVIER'S TEMPORARY OFFICE - NIGHT

Xavier studies the case diagram on his cork board. His temporary office has room for a desk, visitor's chairs, and the board. He picks up his phone, pushes a series of buttons. A RING sounds over the speaker.

XAVIER

I've been looking over the McCarty girl. Same M.O. as the rest so I added her to the list.

LANGFORD (V.O)

I know. The neighbor looks suspicious too. I want to question him again.

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XAVIER

There's something about Willie  
McCarty, I think you should know...  
His name's popped up a couple times  
when I was working on the McSweeny  
crime syndicate.

LANGFORD (V.O)

When it rains it pours.

XAVIER

McCarty seems to be clean, but I don't  
like coincidences.

LANGFORD (V.O)

Thanks for the call. I'll see you in  
the morning.

Xavier hangs up with Langford, then he dials out once again.

BRAND (V.O.)

Berry.

XAVIER

I could use your help, Brand.

BRAND (V.O.)

Xavier?

XAVIER

Yeah.

BRAND (V.O.)

What have you got?

XAVIER

Girls... ages range from four to ten,  
tortured and strangled.

BRAND (V.O.)

God almighty... How many are there?  
Any sexual abuse?

XAVIER

Five girls now and according to the  
autopsy reports, no sexual abuse.

BRAND (V.O.)

Unusual for a serial killer.

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XAVIER

He keeps left shoes and leaves their bodies where they're discovered relatively fast, except for the first one.

BRAND

It is sexual then... I mean the missing shoes.

XAVIER

That's what I thought.

BRAND

Send me everything you have. Addresses, crime scene photos, dump sights, and photos of those too. I mean everything you have, including the autopsy reports. Everything.

XAVIER

Thanks, Brand.

BRAND

I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

Xavier hangs up the phone and walks to the big cork-board. He tenderly touches the pictures of the innocent faces. He places a note by Abby's picture that reads, McSweeny?

XAVIER

I'll catch the son of a bitch. I'll do it for you, Deandre.

Xavier, turns off the light as he shuts the door behind him.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A man, SAM, with black, plastic framed, glasses, long, brown hair, stands before the counter. He places beer, chips, bread, and peanut butter in front of MELBA, grey haired, mid sixties, grandmother of four. She smiles politely at the man. Her hand raised above her head.

MELBA

Two packs?

SAM

Yes, please.

Melba rings up the order. Sam watches the register as it add

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up the total. He pulls out a wad of crumpled bills, counts them out, places them on the counter as Melba bags the items.

MELBA

Want a free paper?

Sam looks at the headline of the paper on the counter. Girl found dead. He smiles.

SAM

Free?

MELBA

Well, it's the last one. They're just gonna throw it away in the morning.

Sam puts the newspaper in with his beer and smokes.

SAM

Don't mind if I do.

Melba hands Sam his change. He exits, whistling a tune.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy lay in bed with Willie, bags under her eyes, red, and swollen. She's exhausted with worry. Willie looks past her. His eyes, cold, intense.

NANCY

I'm afraid.

WILLIE

I know.

NANCY

I can't bear the thought of my baby girl suffering.

WILLIE

Try not to dwell on it.

NANCY

How can you be so calm?

WILLIE

I have to stay focused.

Willie balls his up fists. His expression, a mix of pain, anger, and hatred.

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NANCY

It's all my fault.

WILLIE

Blaming ourselves won't help.

Nancy sobs into her pillow. Willie gets up, leaving her alone. She just lay there as he walks to the door.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I'll get you some water.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Willie walks past smiling pictures of his family, Willie and Nancy on their wedding day. Nancy pregnant. Abby on Nancy's lap, etc. A light shines dimly under the door of the spare bedroom.

Willie KNOCKS lightly.

BARB (O.S.)

Come in.

Willie steps just inside the door. Barb pulls the covers up to her neck modestly.

BARB (CONT'D)

What's going on?

WILLIE

I was getting some water for Nan... I wanted to thank you for sticking around and helping out.

BARB

How is she?

WILLIE

Not good.

BARB

And you?

WILLIE

I'm fine.

BARB

Are you sure?

Willie looks down at his bare feet.

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WILLIE

I'm sure.

BARB

It's not her fault, Willie.

WILLIE

I know.

Willie gently closes the door as he leaves. Barb turns the light out on the nightstand. She closes her eyes.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits up as Willie comes in. He hands her the water. She opens a bottle of pills. She takes one with the water, then sets the glass on the nightstand.

Willie lay down beside her, wraps her in his arms. She melts into him as she battles against her tears.

NANCY

God, Willie, what have I done?

WILLIE

You didn't do anything, Nan.

NANCY

My baby girl.

Nancy buries her face in her pillow. She wails into the fabric. Willie turns her around to look at her when he speaks.

WILLIE

I'll going get him.

NANCY

Maybe she's okay.

WILLIE

Someone has to pay, Nan.

NANCY

What are you going to do?

WILLIE

I'm going to do what the cops haven't.

NANCY

I don't want anything to happen to you

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too.

WILLIE  
I'll be fine, Nan.

NANCY  
How will you find him?

WILLIE  
Doesn't matter... try to rest.

Nancy lay there, eyes closed against her tears. Willie stares past her into the night.

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Xavier and Langford knock. Barb answers the door. Xavier shows Barb his FBI credentials.

XAVIER  
I'm Agent Potter, FBI. May we come in?

Barb swings the door open. Nancy looks like death warmed over on the couch, exhausted. Langford leads Xavier into the house. Willie enters with coffee from the kitchen.

LANGFORD  
(to Willie)  
Mr. McCarty. This is FBI, Special Agent Potter.

Xavier looks Willie up and down. He assesses Willie's clothes, his watch. Langford watches Xavier's interaction with Willie, then he looks sympathetically at Nancy.

XAVIER  
McCarty Motors. You own two dealerships?

WILLIE  
I do.

XAVIER  
You're selling them, are you not?

WILLIE  
It's in motion, yes.

XAVIER  
Pretty successful?

(CONTINUED)



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WILLIE

It does okay. Like, I told Detective Langford, my daughter's disappearance didn't have anything to do with my business.

XAVIER

I agree, and I want you to know, we're doing everything we can to find your daughter.

WILLIE

You think the guy from the news took her.

XAVIER

Mind if we sit down?

Willie gestures to the couch where Nancy sits with Barb. They take a place on the opposite end. Nancy hasn't said a word. Willie stands with his coffee.

BARB

(to Langford)

Would you two like some coffee?

They both shake their heads.

WILLIE

What are you doing to find Abby.

XAVIER

I have a call in to a profiler. He's going to help us narrow down our search. Neighbors mentioned seeing a dark, four door sedan in the area just before she... you know.

WILLIE

(looks at Nancy)

Disappeared.

LANGFORD

We're going to find her.

WILLIE

How many have you found so far, Detective?

Langford flushes a little at the implication.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

We can't discuss open investigations.

WILLIE

The news has made it pretty clear.

BARB

The girl they found in that field...  
What if--

A MOAN escapes Nancy. Barb stops speaking. She holds Nancy close to her.

LANGFORD

(to Willie)

Maybe we should talk in private.

WILLIE

They're all dead, aren't they?

XAVIER

Mr. McCarty--

WILLIE

You better step up your search.

LANGFORD

Maybe, this is a bad time.

WILLIE

These girls are being killed!

XAVIER

Mr. McCarty, we can't assume it's the same person, or that all these girls are dead.

WILLIE

Every hour that a child is missing, the odds of finding them alive go down.

XAVIER

I hate to get off on the wrong foot, but what kind of experience do you have in these matters?

WILLIE

I know when a deal goes bad Mr. Potter. I know when the point of no return is reached.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xavier hands a card to Willie, who looks it over.

XAVIER

We'll be in touch, Mr. McCarty. Call me if you hear anything... If you have any questions.

WILLIE

So, you came to tell me you got a profiler and someone in a dark sedan was in the area.

LANGFORD

We'll also have officer's in the area, in case a perpetrator returns.

WILLIE

In a dark colored sedan.

XAVIER

We're going to find your daughter.

WILLIE

You don't have any idea who this guy is, do you?

Willie drops Xavier's card on the table next to Langford's. The two lawmen schlep out. Willie kneels before Nancy, wipes her tears tenderly.

WILLIE

Are you okay?

Nancy nods her head, slowly, sadly.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I have to go to the office for a while.

NANCY

Yes... the office.

BARB

I'll keep an eye on her.

Barb pulls Nancy close to her.

NANCY

Barb?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARB  
I'm right here Nan.

Willie leaves his wife and Barb alone in the empty house.

INT. MCCARTY MOTORS - DAY

Willie sits at his desk, where pictures of his family are on display. John enters with a real estate folder in his hand.

JOHN  
You look like shit.

WILLIE  
Someone took Abby yesterday.

JOHN  
Oh Christ, Willie... No.

WILLIE  
Your about ready to take over, right?

JOHN  
Are you alright?

John does his best to occult the real estate folder.

WILLIE  
I'm as good as can be expected.

JOHN  
I don't know what to say.

WILLIE  
Say you got his place under control.

JOHN  
Of course... I'm ready.

WILLIE  
I'll be in and out for a while... I have some personal business to take care of..

JOHN  
Anything you need, Willie.

WILLIE  
For starters I need to call Kansas City... and John?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Yeah?

Willie looks at the folder.

WILLIE

You're going to be good here.

JOHN

I wish the timing was better.

WILLIE

Me too, John. Me too.

John leaves as Willie picks up his phone. He sighs, dials, and looks at the picture of Abby.

WILLIE

It's me.

TOM (V.O.)

Is there a problem?

WILLIE

Someone took, Abby.

TOM (V.O.)

Christ, Willie... I'm sorry.

WILLIE

Some sick fucker's grabbing girls.

TOM (V.O.)

Are you planning on fulfilling the contract?

WILLIE

A mans word is his bond.

TOM (V.O.)

That's what I love about you, Willie.

WILLIE

I may need your help.

TOM (V.O.)

Christ, Willie, you need to ask?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

That's why I called.

TOM (V.O.)

You're like a son to me.

WILLIE

I don't like to shit in my own yard.

TOM (V.O.)

That's why we're bringing him home.

WILLIE

When I'm finished with the contract, I have to find this fuckhead and send him to hell.

TOM (V.O.)

You do what you have to do. Let me know if I can be of assistance.

WILLIE

Thanks, Tommy.

TOM (V.O.)

Try not to take it too personal.

Willie hangs up he phone.

EXT. PARK - WICHITA - DAY

It's sunny. There are swings, slides, and children that laugh and play. Parents watch there children as they run from tree to tree. A police car drives through the parking lot.

In the parking lot is a dark blue sedan. In the car, a man, SAM KERRY, slim, wiry, with black, plastic framed, glasses. He watches the children at play as he eats a sandwich. He smiles as the cop drives past.

INT. WICHITA POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The walls are white, top to bottom. A stool is bolted to the floor. There is a ring in place to handcuff unruly suspects. There is a green desk in the center of the room.

Leonard sits on the stool. Langford stands over him. Xavier sits at the desk, in fairly good cop, bad cop positions.

LANGFORD

You were helping Mrs. McCarty look for

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abby when the police arrived, is that correct?

LEONARD

Remember, I gave my statement to your man.

LANGFORD

When was the last time you saw Abby McCarty?

LEONARD

Are you serious right now? Am I a suspect?

XAVIER

No one said your a suspect, Mr. James.

LEONARD

Like I said already, she was playing in the yard--

LANGFORD

Who was playing in the yard?

Leonard rolls his eyes. He doesn't like being here.

LEONARD

Are you kidding me? Abby was playing. Nancy was watching through the screen. I waved, but she didn't see me... I went back into my house.

LANGFORD

Why'd you go back in?

LEONARD

Coffee.

LANGFORD

Just like that?

Langford tosses photos on the table in front of Leonard. Leonard doesn't pick them up. He glances at them, before he brings his full attention back to Langford.

LEONARD

What kind of sick mother fucker would do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

That's what I'd like to know.

XAVIER

Can you help us find them?

LEONARD

I loved that kid. Get outta here with your fuckin pictures.

LANGFORD

You just used a past participle, Leonard?

LEONARD

Well hell, these girls disappearing... dying, while the cops sit on their thumbs? It's all over the news.

LANGFORD

What makes you so sure Abby's one of them?

LEONARD

One of what?

LANGFORD

One of the girls that's dead?

LEONARD

I think we're done here.

XAVIER

What's your relationship with Willie McCarty?

LEONARD

I've known him for years.

XAVIER

How long?

LEONARD

A damn long time!

LANGFORD

Did you take Abby? Where is she? What about the others?

Langford slides the pictures back at Leonard. Leonard pushes them away, disgusted.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LEONARD

Get those things away from me.

LANGFORD

Did you take Abby McCarty?

LEONARD

Fuck no! And fuck you for saying it!

LANGFORD

Where is she, Leonard?

Leonard looks at Xavier, then to his accuser.

LEONARD

Am I under arrest?

LANGFORD

(uncomfortable pause)

Not yet, but you'd better stick around town.

LEONARD

Am I free to leave?

LANGFORD

Yeah. Get out of here.

LEONARD

If you have any more questions, you can talk to my fuckin attorney.

Leonard walks to the door. It's locked. Langford follows him, unlocks the door, then stands next to Leonard.

LANGFORD

Some things not right with you. I just can't put my finger on it.

LEONARD

(to Xavier)

Keep this guy away from me.

Leonard walks out in a huff. Langford stands by the door. He turns to Xavier.

LANGFORD

Something smell's rotten in Denmark.

XAVIER

He didn't take the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

He looked nervous as hell around Willie. You should have seen him.

XAVIER

He doesn't fit. I'm waiting for a profile. You'll see.

LANGFORD

Why was he jumping around like frog legs then?

XAVIER

I'm not sure. Maybe he has priors.

The door opens. A uniformed officer, GARY BLAKE, pokes his head into the room.

GARY

(urgent)

Detective Langford, someone just grabbed another kid.

LANGFORD

When?

GARY

Call just came in.

Gary hands a piece of paper to Langford.

LANGFORD

For fucks sake!

XAVIER

Goddammit, lets go.

LANGFORD

Thanks, Gary.

INT. LEONARD JAMES HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

It's decorated with a masculine flare. Earth-tones, wood, and void of nick-nacks. Leonard stands next to the full sized bed, his phone in his hand. He listens intently.

LEONARD

Are you sure?

(beat)

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leonard hangs up his phone, reaches under the bed. He pulls his go-bag out. He opens the safe, withdraws a shitload of cash. He stuffs it into a suitcase. From his dresser, he withdraws a .357 Magnum with holster. He clips it on his belt, wasting no time, moving out of the room.

INT. LEONARD'S GARAGE - DAY

It's an unpainted, but well kept garage. Leonard opens the trunk of his Cadillac. He flings his go bag and suitcase into the back. He slams the trunk lid down, then climbs into the driver's side of the car.

INT. LEONARD'S CAR - DAY

He CLICKS the garage door opener that hangs on the sun-visor. He begins backing out as the door rises. Outside the garage he clicks the button again. The garage door closes.

WILLIE

Where ya going?

The voice from the back seat startles Leonard. A defeated look crosses his face. He stops the car.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Just keep driving.

LEONARD

The cops are all over me, you know.

WILLIE

I know. Now drive.

LEONARD

What's he payin ya?

WILLIE

Enough. Where ya headed to, Leonard?

LEONARD

Just takin a drive.

Leonard eases his hand toward the Magnum. A dark blue sedan passes them, slowly, as Leonard backs out of the drive. Leonard waits for the car to pass.

WILLIE

Careful with that cannon, Lenny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD

I saw that car before.

WILLIE

Dark colored sedan?

LEONARD

Blue Chevy. Want me to follow him?

WILLIE

No, we have an appointment.

Willie scoots into view of the rear-view mirror. His blue eyes, cold and calculating, behind Leonard. He sits up. The car is out of view.

INT. LEONARD'S CAR - DAY

They drive through the corn fields, milo, and wheat. Willie's silenced pistol is pointed menacingly at Leonard.

LEONARD

You don't have to do this, ya know.

WILLIE

It's just a job, Leonard. Nothing personal.

LEONARD

I thought you were selling out... retiring.

Leonard stares at the road. Willie doesn't respond.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

You know me... Tell me where you were going.

Leonard's eyes fall on Willie's in the mirror.

LEONARD

Honestly? I was goin to Jersey.

WILLIE

What's wrong with L.A?

LEONARD

L.A. it is then... I'll turn around.

WILLIE

I wish it was that simple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD

I didn't say shit to anyone about Tommy.

WILLIE

Shut the fuck up Leonard.

LEONARD

I'll just disappear... No one has to know.

WILLIE

(bitter laugh)

My baby girl disappeared right out from under your nose. If Tommy wasn't paying me, I'd kill you for principle.

LEONARD

Icing on the cake?

WILLIE

I guess so.

LEONARD

You know I love that kid.

WILLIE

You probably should shut up about Abby.

LEONARD

I have a shit load of money in the trunk. Just take it. Add it to your retirement fund. I'll just disappear.

WILLIE

It'll be a bonus.

Leonard's eyes turn cold. He knows it's kill or be killed now. As he slows to turn a rural corner, Leonard flips his door handle, at the same time he unfastens his seat belt. A move he's obviously practiced. He lets himself fall.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - DAY

Leonard falls from the car and rolls as Willie's gun spits hot lead from the back of the moving car. PAP, PAP, PAP, asphalt POPS all around Leonard as the silenced pistol jumps in Willie's practiced hand. Scraped up from the road, and bleeding, Leonard runs for cover.

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CONTINUED:

The car rolls to a stop in a field as Leonard moves through a maze of corn stalks, as high as his head, magnum in hand. He reaches the center of the field, hunkers down, breathing heavily.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Cautiously, Leonard moves until he hears a CRUNCHING noise. He lowers himself in concealment.

LEONARD

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

The sound of corn stalks SLAPPING against the bottom of the car breaks the silence. Suddenly the engine ROARS. Leonard dives aside just in time. The car barely misses him as the three fifty-seven jumps in his hand. It BARK'S loudly, the bullets blow holes in the front and back doors.

The car rolls to a stop as Leonard follows it, motor idling. He listens for any noise that will give Willie's position away. Gun at low ready, Leonard moves closer. The driver's door is open, no one's inside.

Leonard backs away from the car quickly, right into the waiting barrel of Willie's pistol.

WILLIE

It'll be quick.

LEONARD

Please don't kill me.

WILLIE

Like I said, nothing personal.

LEONARD

Christ, Willie--

Leonard raises his gun as he swings around. The PAP from Willie's silencer seems to slow him down in mid-swing. Blood oozes from Leonard's innards. His face takes on a weird look.

Leonard drops his gun down as he collapses to his knees. He clutches at his wound, blood seeps from around his fingers. His gun falls to the ground by his knees.

LEONARD

Fuck, Willie.

With shaky, blood-covered fingers, Leonard fumbles for his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

gun, dazed. Willie steps on it. With one last PAP from Willie's silenced pistol into Leonard's forehead, he collapses backward over bent knees, dead.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Willie loads Leonard into the trunk. He opens the suitcase, runs his fingers through the money. He tosses the suitcase into the front seat and climbs in beside it.

WILLIE

I always get paid.

INT. XAVIER'S TEMPORARY OFFICE - DAY

Xavier studies the crime scene photo of the St. Louis Hotel room. Abby's folder open, his phone RINGS.

XAVIER

Potter.

BRAND (V.O.)

You got a minute?

XAVIER

Sure, what's up?

BRAND (V.O.)

This guy's going to start killing more rapidly, if he isn't already.

XAVIER

He's up to six already, assuming the McCarty girl and the last one are dead.

BRAND (V.O.)

If your unsub has them, I'll guarantee it.

XAVIER

What else do you have, Brand?

BRAND (V.O.)

He's in his thirties, maybe thirty-five. Obsessed. Average intelligence. He's had a lot of jobs, driver... maybe a taxi... or a warehouse worker, but that'd be unfulfilling... maybe auto repair. I think he like to be mobile. He likes to be on the hunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's probably driving a car that blends in. A sedan, probably dark, but he'll change it if he's suspicious. Repressed homosexual tendencies... the shoe fetish gives that away. He was probably abused, sexually, as a kid, but doesn't rape his victims. That's probably why he keeps the shoes... you know, to... in them.

XAVIER

No way it's a fifty something retired realtor with possible mob connections?

BRAND (V.O.)

I'll give you a months salary if he is.

XAVIER

Fax me everything you have. I'll distribute it among the locals. We do have someone that saw a dark blue sedan near the McCarty girl scene.

BRAND (V.O.)

Let me know, if you need anything else.

Xavier hangs up. He writes the details on the board. He looks at the pictures of the girls before he returns to his desk. Almost as an after thought, he picks the receiver up again. He dials out.

XAVIER

Monica?

(beat)

It's me, Xavier.

(beat)

I'm in town on business... thought we could have a drink.

(beat)

At the Regent... About eight? I'll meet you in the bar.

(beat)

See you then. Thanks.

A quick smile before he buries his nose back into the case files. There's a KNOCK on the door.

XAVIER

It's open.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Langford enters..

LANGFORD

I told you, Leonard was nervous around Willie?

XAVIER

Yeah.

LANGFORD

He isn't answering his phone. I've been trying to call him.

XAVIER

Let's keep an eye on him for sure. I just got a call from the profiler in Kansas City.

Xavier stands to show the notes he wrote on the board to Langford.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

When the fax come through we should make sure everyone in the department gets a copy.

LANGFORD

(points to the board)

That narrows it down, huh? Doesn't sound like Leonard.

XAVIER

I don't think Leonard took any of the kids, but if your gut tells you to watch him, we'd better keep a close eye on him.

Xavier's fax machine begins to spit papers into the plastic tray. Langford pulls out a sheet to read it.

LANGFORD

What a sick son of a bitch.

XAVIER

We should start canvassing some of these businesses. Warehouses, taxi companies... Lets get a line in Uber and see if he's driving for them. Maybe we'll get lucky and find someone that fits the profile.

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CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

Leonard said he's known Willie for a long time. Didn't you say Willie popped up when you were looking into McSweeny?

XAVIER

I could call the team in KC to see if they've found anything new, but I doubt it. McSweeny's pretty damn sharp.

LANGFORD

The same realtor sold Willie and Langford their homes less than a year apart.

XAVIER

That might be something to chew on.

LANGFORD

You don't think Willie's mixed up with McSweeny do you?

XAVIER

I don't know... Let's find this sick child killing prick, then we'll worry about everything else.

Langford holds the paper from the fax machine.

LANGFORD

How accurate are these profile's, really?

XAVIER

About sixty-six percent. They aren't always perfect, but Brand Berry is pretty good. I trust his expertise.

LANGFORD

I still want to keep Leonard on the hook. Maybe he saw this guy.

XAVIER

For sure. Let's ask all the victim's families if anyone that matches this description stands out in their memories.

Xavier's phone RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER

Potter.

(beat)

He's right here.

(beat)

Shit... we're on our way.

Xavier hangs up the phone. He doesn't look good.

LANGFORD

What is it?

XAVIER

A farmer found remains in a field.

LANGFORD

A kid?

XAVIER

Kids.

Xavier grabs papers from the fax machine tray.

LANGFORD

I want this twisted fuck off the streets.

Langford exits, with Xavier on his heels.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - DAY

Langford and Xavier pull up to the scene. Technicians search for evidence, while others make plaster casts of tire tracks. Detective, Lopez approaches as Langford and Xavier, exit their vehicle.

The medical examiner has his van backed up close to the crime scene tape. The back door is open, and two stretchers with small bodies are being loaded.

MARIO

Two girls. One's been here, a few days at the most. The other, quite a bit longer. Both missing a left shoe, like all the rest. Farmer found em when he was plowing and smelled... well... you can smell it.

LANGFORD

Yeah, I smell it.

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XAVIER

I'm going to talk to the M.E.

Langford and Mario chat as Xavier walks to the van. The Medical Examiner, WALT ZIMMERMAN, is almost sixty, still has most of his blond hair, and wears glasses. He has on an old tie that hangs loose on a new shirt. Xavier shows him his badge.

WALT

The guy from Kansas City.

XAVIER

Agent Potter.

WALT

You know, I'm getting tired of hauling children to the morgue.

XAVIER

Do you have pictures?

WALT

I do.

Walt hands a camera to Xavier, who views the pictures on the flip-out screen.

WALT

Don't erase any.

Xavier's zooms into a pink shoe on one foot, a sock on the other, with brown pant legs. As Xavier studies the photo, Langford is suddenly looking over his shoulder.

XAVIER

Mind if I a look?

WALT

Be my guest.

Xavier hands the phone to Langford. He unzips the body bag. He hold's a picture of Abby up to the girl on the stretcher.

LANGFORD

Is it her?

XAVIER

It is.

(to Walt)

How long until you're done with the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

autopsy?

WALT

Tomorrow, after noon. I won't be able to start until morning.

XAVIER

Can you send copies of these to me?

WALT

Sure.

LANGFORD

We'll see you tomorrow, Walt.

Xavier hands the camera back to Walt.

Xavier walks back to the car with Langford.

LANGFORD

He's getting sloppy. They found some hair. Maybe Walt will find something tomorrow.

XAVIER

That would be helpful.

INT. REGENT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Xavier occupies a bar stool with empty seats all around him. He checks his watch. Eight p.m. The bartender saunters over.

BARTENDER

A drink while you wait?

XAVIER

Scotch.

BARTENDER

Water... rocks?

XAVIER

Just ice... in a glass on the side.

As the bartender goes to work on the scotch, MONICA enters. She's petite, elegant, black-haired, and shapely. She notices Xavier as he stands to greet her.

MONICA

You haven't changed a bit.

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Monica smiles broadly as she holds her cheek up for a kiss.  
Xavier obliges.

XAVIER  
What'll you have?

MONICA  
Rough day?

XAVIER  
You could say that.

The bartender is back with Xaviers scotch with a small glass  
of ice on the side.

MONICA  
(to the bartender)  
Wine please... white.

BARTENDER  
(smiles)  
I'll be right back.

He slips away to pour Monica's wine.

MONICA  
How long are you in town for?

XAVIER  
Just long enough.

MONICA  
That's so G-man.

The bartender sets Monica's wine down, then leaves again to  
talk to a woman at the end of the bar.

XAVIER  
I'm working on the missing girls.

MONICA  
Jesus, Xavier... I'm sorry. How are  
you holding up?

XAVIER  
Honestly, better than I expected, but  
the memories surface now and again.

MONICA  
I'm glad you called me. I've been  
thinking about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER

Good thoughts, I hope.

MONICA

Most of the thoughts I have of you are good... Most.

Monica smiles. They sip on their drinks.

MONICA (CONT'D)

How bad was your day?

XAVIER

We found a girl and I have to give some horrible news to a nice lady tomorrow and her husband.

MONICA

That sucks, I wish there were something I could do.

A slow song comes on the juke box.

XAVIER

Share a drink with me and maybe a dance... That might help.

MONICA

So... you need a distraction.

INT. XAVIER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Monica presses her body against Xavier's. Their lips and tongues search for whatever it is, lips and tongues search for in the heat of passion.

Xavier fumbles with Monica's blouse. She pulls his shirt off like she's trying to save him from a fire. They fall and land on the bed in a flurry of arms, legs, and searching mouths.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy lay in bed, eyes closed. On the nightstand are an open pill bottle and empty Brandy decanter. She tosses and turns miserably.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - NIGHT

It's dark as hell. It's a full moon tonight and stars are not visible in most of the sky. At the edge of a milo field, a dark car is backed up to the ditch. A dark figure pulls a

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plastic sheet from the trunk of the car. He drops it, with a THUD, as if it were nothing but garbage.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Willie sits in a big chair. He downs half a bottle of single malt like it'll wash away the memory of killing Leonard. Barb enters, pours herself a drink, then sits on the couch.

BARB

I don't think I've ever seen you drunk.

WILLIE

(drunk)

Still no word from the fucking cops.

BARB

How come they can't catch him?

WILLIE

He blends in... looks inconspicuous. Just smart enough not to leave DNA.

BARB

Why girls? What makes people want to hurt others?

WILLIE

Thanks for looking after Nan.

BARB

I wish I knew where the pills came from.

WILLIE

Good doctors.

BARB

She hasn't said two words since the FBI left. She was worried about you.

WILLIE

She'll be okay.

BARB

What about you?

WILLIE

I'm going to be okay too.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BARB

There's something in your eyes... I've never seen before.

WILLIE

Barb, it's been a bad couple of days.

BARB

I know... Willie, tell me if this is a bad idea...

Barb finishes her drink. She moves closer to Willie. She has a look that can only mean one thing. She slides down before him. Willie puts a hand up in protest.

WILLIE

This is a bad idea, Barb.

BARB

Is it?

She tugs at his belt, frees his member. She leans into his lap. His drunken gaze moves to the ceiling. A shadow in the hallway moves away.

INT. XAVIER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Monica lay in bed as Xavier dresses. He clips his holster on his belt before sliding into his shoes. She watches him.

MONICA

It's early.

XAVIER

It's going to be a long day.

MONICA

Hope they don't kill the messenger.

XAVIER

Me too.

Xavier opens the door, turns.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Have breakfast brought up if you want.

MONICA

See ya.

Monica watches Xavier leave, then picks up the phone.

EXT. MCCARTY MOTORS - DAY

John pulls a new car out of the bay. A dealer tag decorates the back bumper. Willie walks up to the driver's door.

WILLIE

Use the cruise control.

JOHN

I will.

Xavier drives into the lot with his car that screams, FBI.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Want me to hang out for a while?

WILLIE

No... You better hit the road.

Xavier walks over to Willie. He has a manila folder in his hand. Willie slaps the trunk of the car as John drives away.

XAVIER

Are you busy?

WILLIE

Usually.

XAVIER

Quite a place you have here.

WILLIE

You should see the other one.

XAVIER

What kind of connections does a guy have to have to buy something like this?

WILLIE

You'd kick a dead horse, you know that?

XAVIER

What does something like this sell for?

WILLIE

More than you have, Agent Potter.

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XAVIER  
That's for sure.

WILLIE  
You ask a lot of questions. Is this a  
social visit?

Xavier looks deeply into Willie's eyes.

XAVIER  
Not social.

WILLIE  
(sighs)  
Shit, come on in.

INT. MCCARTY MOTORS - WILLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Xavier helps himself to a seat, opposite Willie's desk.

XAVIER  
I guess I should get to the point.

WILLIE  
I'd appreciate it.

XAVIER  
You might want to brace yourself.

Xavier pulls a picture out of the folder. He slides it to Willie, studies his face. The color drains from Willie's face, but his eyes remain hard.

WILLIE  
You catch the son of a bitch?

XAVIER  
No, but--

WILLIE  
But what, Agent Potter?

XAVIER  
We have a profile.

WILLIE  
Where is she?

XAVIER  
The Medical Examiner's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willie glances at the photo.

WILLIE

We just bought those shoes.

XAVIER

Are you okay, Mr. McCarty?

WILLIE

Why does everyone keep asking me that?

XAVIER

You don't respond like the others.

WILLIE

Do you have kids?

XAVIER

No. No I don't.

WILLIE

Then how do you know how I should respond?

XAVIER

I don't think you're just a mild mannered business man.

WILLIE

I'm a man that wants to find the mother fucker that killed his daughter.

XAVIER

We'll catch him.

Willie looks deeply into Xavier's eyes.

WILLIE

You better hurry.

XAVIER

(sighs)

You can come identify the... Abby this afternoon.

XAVIER

Do you have a pen?

Willie slides a pen across the desk. Xavier writes on the back of one of his cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Here's the address.

WILLIE  
Thanks.

INT. MCCARTY MOTORS - WILLIES OFFICE - DAY

Willie dials the phone.

WILLIE  
Tommy?

INT. TOMMY "THE GUN'S" OFFICE - DAY

TOM (V.O.)  
Willie.

INTERCUT WILLIE/TOM

WILLIE  
John's on his way up.

TOM (V.O.)  
And the package?

WILLIE  
In the trunk.

TOM (V.O.)  
Then our business has come to an end.

WILLIE  
I'd like to ask one last favor.

TOM (V.O.)  
I'll help if I can.

WILLIE  
Do you have anyone in the FBI?

TOM (V.O.)  
I might have someone.

WILLIE  
Xavier Potter. I need to know who he is. Everything you can find on him. Anything he has on Abby's case.

TOM (V.O.)  
I'll do it for you, Willie. I don't

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

like fucking with the feds though.

WILLIE

I'll never ask for another favor.

TOM (V.O.)

I'm going to miss you, Angel.

Willie hangs up the phone, thoughtfully.

INT. REGENT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

The bartender places drinks on the bar for Xavier and Monica. Xavier looks up as Willie enters. Music plays in the background. It's pretty crowded. Willie walks directly to Xavier.

XAVIER

Monica Montez, this is Willie McCarty.  
Willie, Monica.

MONICA

You have the car the Dealerships.

WILLIE

Yes.

Xavier waves the bartender over.

MONICA

(to Willie)

I like your commercials.

XAVIER

What'll you have, Mr. McCarty?

Willie points at Xavier's scotch.

WILLIE

I'll have the same... neat.

The bartender turns to make the drink.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Do you have a minute, Mr. Potter?

MONICA

I'll just go powder my nose.

Monica makes her way to the bathroom. The bartender drops Willie's scotch off and Xavier leads him to a nearby table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER  
How'd you know where I was?

WILLIE  
I made a phone call.

XAVIER  
What can I do for you, Willie?

Willie sips his scotch.

WILLIE  
We're looking for a man, early thirties, probably wears plastic framed glasses. Dark car. Warehouse worker, maybe a taxi driver. Hell, maybe unemployed at the moment.

XAVIER  
Who the fuck do you think you are?

WILLIE  
Who do you think I am?

Xavier fights to remain professional.

XAVIER  
Who do I think you are, or what can I prove?

WILLIE  
Can I to ask you a question?

Monica returns to her bar-stool, just out of earshot. She tries not to watch the two men.

XAVIER  
If you can get to the point.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
That day... all those years ago... you were swimming--

Xavier slaps his hand, flat on the table.

XAVIER  
(under his breath)  
That's enough!

Monica looks shocked as Xavier becomes heated. He regains his composure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Have you lost your fucking mind?

WILLIE  
I can find him.

XAVIER  
If anything happens to that son of a bitch, you've just implicated yourself.

WILLIE  
If you do find him first, the slow wheels of justice wouldn't satisfy those who want him to pay.

XAVIER  
You speak for everyone?

WILLIE  
I believe I do, yes.

Willie gets up. Xavier holds his arm. Willie downs his scotch.

XAVIER  
Stay out of this case. I'll have you arrested!

Willie looks at Monica, briefly.

WILLIE  
(to Xavier)  
I have to plan a funeral. Enjoy your evening.

As Willie exits, Monica take's Willie's position at the table.

MONICA  
Is everything alright?

XAVIER  
Lets get out of here...

EXT. LEONARD'S HOME - DAY

Detectives Langford and Lopez, knock on Leonard's door. No answer. They knock louder.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

Mr. James... Police!

Barb watches them from Willie's porch. She waves. Mario taps Langford's shoulder. They walk across the street.

BARB

Leonard left the day before yesterday.

LANGFORD

Was he alone?

BARB

I think so.

LANGFORD

He hasn't come back?

BARB

Usually the lights are on in the evening if he's home.

LANGFORD

And the lights have been off.

BARB

Yep.

MARIO

Thank you, Miss...

BARB

Mrs. Nugent.

MARIO

Have a nice day.

They talk among themselves as they walk to their car. Barb goes back into Willie's house.

LANGFORD

We need to find Leonard.

LOPEZ

What about the profile.

LANGFORD

Hell, they're only accurate two thirds of the time.

The two cops drive away in Langford's unmarked. A dark, four-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

door sedan drives by slowly. Barb's face peeks out the window as she watches it speed up when it passes the yard.

EXT. WICHITA KS. DAY

A cop has a dark sedan pulled over. The officer approaches. The driver, SAM KERRY, (32), wears black, plastic-framed glasses with dirty brown hair. He's slender. Some might say he looks rather snake-like. The driver's side window rolls down as the officer approaches.

SAM

Is something wrong officer?

Officer, GREG WILLIAMS, five years on the force, stands beside the car. His hand hovers near the butt of his gun.

GREG

License and registration... proof of insurance please.

SAM

Yes, Sir...

Sam reaches into his pocket. He slowly withdraws his license and insurance card.

SAM (CONT'D)

Registration's in the glove box.

GREG

This is good for now. Sit tight, I'll be right back.

INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY

Sam watches, in the mirror, as Officer Williams checks his license and insurance card. He looks anxious as Officer Williams talks into his radio.

EXT. WICHITA KS. DAY

Officer Williams returns with Sam's paperwork.

GREG

I pulled you over because you have a tail light out.

SAM

Thanks, I'll take care of it right away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Officer Williams writes in his ticket pad.

GREG

That'd be a good idea.

He tears out a ticket and hands it to Sam.

GREG (CONT'D)

When you get it fixed and any officer  
can sign it off for you.

SAM

I'll do that.

GREG

Have a good afternoon, Mr. Kerry.

Greg returns to his cruiser. Sam heaves a sigh of relief as he pulls, cautiously away from the curb.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Willie stands beside a metal table. A sheet covers the small frame of a child. Walt, Xavier, and Langford stand by as Willie, slowly, pulls the sheet back to expose the face of his beloved Abby.

LANGFORD

I'm very sorry, Mr. McCarty.

Willie kisses her forehead, then pulls the sheet back over her little face. He looks at Xavier.

WILLIE

He's going to pay for this.

XAVIER

Let us handle it.

WILLIE

How many kids have to die before you  
find him?

LANGFORD

(to Willie)

Don't say anything you're going to  
regret, Mr. McCarty.

WILLIE

(to Walt)

How'd she die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Son, it's on the death certificate.  
Don't make me say it out loud.

With that, Willie leaves the three men alone.

INT. LANGFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Langford's office is messy. Only he knows where everything is. He looks through the case files, of the missing and dead girls, when a KNOCK at the door interrupts him.

LANGFORD

Come in.

Greg Williams stands in front of Detective Langford.

GREG

I'm Greg Williams.

LANGFORD

How can I help you?

GREG

It's about a stop I made this morning.

LANGFORD

I'm all ears.

Greg shows his ticket book to the detective.

GREG

You know how word gets around... I think this guy might be your unsub.

Langford points to the ticket book.

LANGFORD

Sam Kerry?

GREG

Big plastic glasses, dark blue sedan... Long stringy hair. When I remembered the description... I thought I should tell someone.

Langford copies the information into his notebook. He hands the ticket book back to Officer Williams.

LANGFORD

What kind of car was he driving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

Dark blue, four door, Chevy Caprice.

LANGFORD

I'd like you to describe Sam Kerry to a sketch artist.

GREG

I'll get right on it.

LANGFORD

Good work. I'll pull a copy of his drivers license to make sure they match.

GREG

The picture on the licence was him, but with shorter hair.

LANGFORD

Then we'll have a picture if he cuts his hair then.

Greg exits with Langford. They go separate ways as they leave the office.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits on the couch, half in the bag, with Barb. The TV is on, though no one is watching. Willie enters with a drink. All is quiet as Willie sits down by Nancy. Nancy looks at him. The TV suddenly has everyone's attention.

NEWS CASTER (V.O.)

Breaking news tonight. Yet again, another child has mysteriously disappeared. Sadly, this, just days after the remains of a missing child was found in a rural field. Police are asking anyone who may have any information on either case to call the number on the screen.

Willie watches Nancy to gauge her reaction. Barb turns the sound off, leaving the glow of the screen.

WILLIE

Barb, can I have a minute with Nan?

BARB

Of course, I'll go to my room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nancy looks to see if Willie watches Barb walk away. He doesn't. She looks at him, coldly.

NANCY  
Another mother's baby... gone.

WILLIE  
I saw Agent Potter and that Detective today.

NANCY  
What for?

Willie looks at her, unsure how to say what he needs to tell her. Nancy becomes uncomfortable with the way he is acting. She finishes the brandy in her glass.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Willie, what is it?

WILLIE  
They found Abby.

NANCY  
No!

Willie puts his arm around her. She resists.

WILLIE  
I had to identify--

NANCY  
No, no, no!

WILLIE  
I'm sorry.

NANCY  
Why didn't you let her go to work with you?

Willie pulls harder until Nancy is in his arms.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
You should have taken her to work with you!

Barb enters. Willie looks at her. She puts two and two together. She looks sadly at Nancy and Willie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

You want to blame me? Will that make you feel better? Blame me.

Nancy, limp in Willie's arms, turns to stone. He downs his drink, he exits. We can hear the door of his car close and the engine rev as he speeds away from the house.

INT. MCCARTY MOTORS - WILLIES OFFICE - DAY

Willie picks up the telephone receiver. He lay's Abby's picture face down. He dials a number.

WILLIE

My name is Willie McCarty. I need to talk to someone about your... services.

EXT. OLLIE'S WAREHOUSE EMPORIUM - DAY

Xavier stands beside Langford in front of the warehouse.

LANGFORD

I want to search Leonard's place.

XAVIER

There's nothing there.

LANGFORD

Evidence maybe.

XAVIER

Leonard's gone.

Xavier looks at pictures of Sam Kerry.

LANGFORD

I told him not to leave town.

XAVIER

Anyone report him missing?

LANGFORD

The whole thing stinks to high heaven.

Xavier, opens the front door for Langford, follows him in.

INT. OLLIE'S WAREHOUSE EMPORIUM - OFFICE - DAY

A middle-aged woman, GLORIA, stands before the portly, OLLIE INGRAM, who occupies an over sized desk. She's flanked by

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xavier and Langford.

GLORIA

Mr. Ingram. Special Agent Potter and  
Detective Langford to see you.

Badges are flashed and briefly looked at from three feet  
away.

OLLIE

Thank you Gloria.

Gloria leaves them alone.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

How can I help you gentlemen?

XAVIER

We're looking for a Sam Kerry. We  
think he may have worked, or is  
working in a warehouse.

OLLIE

He doesn't work here anymore.

Xavier shows the photos to Ollie.

XAVIER

Is this him?

OLLIE

That's him alright.

LANGFORD

How long ago did he leave?

OLLIE

He left, without notice, about six  
weeks ago.

XAVIER

How long did he work here?

OLLIE

About six months. He used to drive an  
Ice cream truck I think... I don't  
know why he quit that.

Looks are flashed between Xavier and Langford.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

How was his work?

OLLIE

Not bad. Damn good forklift driver. I was surprised when he left like he did.

XAVIER

Does he have an address for him on file? Where he might be working?

OLLIE

No one's called for a reference, not that he'd get a good one.

LANGFORD

We'd like to talk to him.

OLLIE

What'd he get himself into?

XAVIER

We'd just like to ask him a few questions.

OLLIE

(nods)

I'll have Gloria pull his file. Care for some coffee?

LANGFORD

No, thanks.

Xavier shakes his head. Ollie picks up his phone, dials out.

OLLIE

Gloria, can you bring me Sam Kerry's file please?

(beat)

Thank you.

INT. GRACE FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A small, pearl white, casket is prominently displayed. Willie runs a hand across it, slowly. SIMON GARDNER, is tall, with a black coat. Heavier than you'd expect a mortician to be. Clean shaven around forty, stands next to Willie.

SIMON

A beautiful choice, Sir. Guaranteed to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

last for years.

WILLIE  
Would you bet your life on it?

SIMON  
Sir?

WILLIE  
The guarantee. Would you bet your life  
against it?

SIMON  
I-I don't know what to say, Mr.  
McCarty.

WILLIE  
The medical examiners office will  
bring my daughter here soon.

Willie looks into Simon's eyes, to get his point across.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
I want her to be treated delicately...  
Like you were taking care of your own  
child.

SIMON  
Of course, Mr. McCarty.

Willie exits abruptly. Simon wheels the casket through the  
double doors behind him.

EXT. 1404 N. YOUNG - WICHITA KS - DAY

A modest three bedroom home with a one car garage. Parked in  
front of the house is Langford's unmarked. The two men stand  
in front of the car on the sidewalk.

XAVIER  
The address is different than the one  
on his license.

LANGFORD  
Looks like we're on to something.

XAVIER  
I'll check the other address while you  
check on Leonard's place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGFORD  
Without a warrant?.

XAVIER  
You've never used a welfare check to  
get into a house before?

They walk up to the house, stand in front of an oak door.

LANGFORD  
Actually I haven't.

XAVIER  
Haven't what?

LANGFORD  
Used a welfare check to enter a house  
without a warrant.

An older woman, EMILIA, opens the door when Langford KNOCKS.

XAVIER  
(shows his badge)  
I'm Agent Potter from the FBI and this  
is Detective Langford. We'd like to  
talk to Sam Kerry, please.

EMILIA  
Who?

XAVIER  
Sam Kerry. We were given this address  
for him.

EMILIA  
There's no Sam Kerry here.

XAVIER  
Are you sure?

Emilia laughs, more to herself than anyone else.

EMILIA  
I've lived here for forty years... I  
should know.

LANGFORD  
You don't know Sam Kerry is?

EMILIA  
Never heard of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xavier peers past Emilia into the house.

XAVIER  
Thank you for your time.

EMILIA  
Have a nice after noon.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Nancy lay in the bed. Booze and pills, prominent, on her night stand. She glares at Willie while he changes his shirt.

NANCY  
I know what you do on your trips.

WILLIE  
You should lay off the pills, Nan.  
They're not helping.

He looks at her nightstand.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Probably shouldn't drink with them  
either.

NANCY  
I'll keep that in mind.

WILLIE  
Where's Barb?

Willie looks baffled at Nancy's demeanor.

NANCY  
What do you need her for?

WILLIE  
I thought she was helping out.

NANCY  
I have my booze and pills... and I  
have you, don't I?

Willie senses, now, that Nancy is itching for a fight.

WILLIE  
What's going on, Nan?

NANCY  
My baby's dead... and what are you

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

doing?

WILLIE

I bought the casket. I made the arrangements.

NANCY

My baby is gone!

WILLIE

I'm going to take care of everything.

NANCY

(more forceful)

I lost my daughter and how you repay me?

Willie picks up her pills and booze.

WILLIE

This shit's rotting your brains.

Nancy tries to grab the bottle from Willie.

NANCY

When your on your trips, do you fuck a lot of whores?

Willie glances at the pill bottle. He examines the brandy.

WILLIE

I'm going to assume that's the booze talking.

NANCY

On your trips... I bet you fuck lots of whores! You fuck whores after I lost my baby!

WILLIE

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Willie throws the booze and pills. Glass shatters and flies everywhere.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

You're blaming me for this shit! Why didn't I take her with me to work with me? Fuck you! She was right under your nose... and now she's gone! I take care of everything while you

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

wallow in your fucking brandy!

NANCY

Willie, stop.

Nancy shrinks back down as Willie throws her nightstand in a rage. It crashes against a wall.

NANCY

But I--

WILLIE

You what!

NANCY

(cries)

I saw you... and Barb.

Willie looks at her with shock and dismay. Nancy looks around the room at the glass and the mess. He turns his back. Silent tears run down Nancy's cheeks as Willie turns.

NANCY

Willie?

Willie walks to the door.

WILLIE

(doesn't look back)

The funeral's in three days.

Willie leaves her there in the bed, alone.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOME - DAY

Willie pulls out of his garage. Detectives Langford and Lopez KNOCK on Leonard's door. Lopez watches Willie drive away.

MARIO

Poor bastard.

Langford KICKS the door in.

Yeah, he's a wreck.

MARIO

Think we'll find anything?

LANGFORD

He was one of the last people to see Abby McCarty alive. I don't think he

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

just left.

MARIO

What are you trying to say?

Langford looks at Willie's house.

LANGFORD

People don't just disappear.

EXT. HOUSE - SOUTH WICHITA - DAY

The house is older, neglected. It's surrounded by modest, but cleaner homes. Xavier checks the address. He tries the door, it's unlocked.

INT. HOUSE - SOUTH WICHITA - DAY

In the living room, Xavier finds trash and debris. Some cheap, broken down, furniture clutters the room. In the bedroom, he finds children's clothes here and there. Xavier pulls his phone out, dials.

XAVIER

Agent Potter... I need to find out who owns a property.

(beat)

It's relevant to a case I'm working on.

(beat)

One three four eight South Hydraulic.

(beat)

And I'd like someone to bring evidence bags too.

(beat)

Thanks.

Xavier puts on disposable gloves. He bends down to pick up an old cable bill with a name on the envelope. SAM KERRY.

INT. REGENT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Xavier enters the bar. He's only slightly surprised to find Willie there drinking a scotch, neat. Willie doesn't look up as Xavier sits down beside him.

XAVIER

Mr. McCarty, are you following me?

WILLIE

I was here first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER  
(points to Xavier)  
Scotch. Just ice... on the side.

XAVIER  
Thanks.

BARTENDER  
(to Willie)  
You want another?

Willie nods. Xavier motions to the bartender, who pours a second scotch.

XAVIER  
The police searched Leonard's house.

WILLIE  
I saw them.

XAVIER  
Didn't find a damn thing. I knew they  
wouldn't. You're too good for that.

The bartender sets the scotch down.

WILLIE  
I sell cars, Mr. Potter.

XAVIER  
You do keep busy. That's for sure.

WILLIE  
Another kid got taken. What are you  
doing to find her?

XAVIER  
We have a suspect. We're very close.

WILLIE  
You guys ever going to catch him?

XAVIER  
You're not the only one with friends,  
Willie. You sell cars to one of Tom  
McSweeny's shell corporations.

WILLIE  
I sold one to the chief of police too,

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

so what?

XAVIER  
Couldn't he just buy them, locally?

WILLIE  
He is local.

XAVIER  
I'm talking about McSweeny and you know it.

WILLIE  
The day your sister disappeared, did you blame yourself?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

A fifteen year old Xavier potter comes out of the pool. He looks for someone he cant find. He gets more frantic as he searches the faces of the people all around him.

XAVIER  
Deandre... Deandre? Deandre!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. REGENT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Xavier looks like he saw a ghost. He recovers.

XAVIER  
I still do.

WILLIE  
Abby wanted to go to work with me. I was too busy.

XAVIER  
I'm sorry.

WILLIE  
Me too.

XAVIER  
Have you ever been to St. Louis, Willie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE  
Hasn't everyone?

XAVIER  
You were there, last month... weren't you?

WILLIE  
St. Charles... Car auction.

XAVIER  
Is that your alibi?

WILLIE  
The guy that killed your sister...  
Johnson, didn't he get life?

Xavier downs his drink, nods to the bartender.

XAVIER  
Leavenworth. Life without parole.

WILLIE  
Doesn't seem fair.

XAVIER  
It's the law.

WILLIE  
I'm getting ready to bury a sweet  
little, innocent, girl. She never hurt  
another living thing. A life sentence  
will not be acceptable.

XAVIER  
The law's the law. Nothing we can do  
about it.

WILLIE  
If the man that murdered your little  
sister died in that prison, you  
wouldn't lose any sleep though, would  
you?

XAVIER  
Stay out of my case. I'm close to  
catching this guy.

Willie hands an invitation to Xavier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

The funeral's Saturday. It's a small, private affair, but you're welcome to come.

Willie downs his scotch, throws a bill on the bar, exits. Xavier downs his drink then waves the bartender back over for more.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - NIGHT

A forty acre wheat field surrounded by trees on all four sides. The only building on it, an old farm house and barn, unoccupied since the fifties. Nestled among the trees on the south end is a small creme colored sedan, trunk open.

A dark figure, walks from the trees to the car. He shuts the trunk lid, climbs in, starts the car, and drives away from the field.

EXT. MAPLEGROVE CEMETERY - DAY

It's dark, raining, dreary. Xavier watches Willie, Nancy, and a priest from a respectful distance. Rain splats against their umbrellas to make a sad sound. Barb stands alone. Through tears mixed with rain, Nancy looks at her old friend.

PRIEST

Willie has asked me to read from Ecclesiastes. Please join me as we read... There is an appointed time for everything, and a time for everything under the heavens. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant. A time to kill,

Willie and Xavier lock eyes here.

PRIEST (CONT')

and a time to heal; a time to tear down, and a time to build... The tragic loss of Abby, so young and innocent is hard for all of us, as mere humans, to grasp. We all look to God in these trying times. I've chosen another scripture that, I hope will offer comfort. This time from the book of wisdom... The souls of the just are in the hand of God and no torment shall touch them. They seemed, in the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

view of the foolish, to be dead; and their passing away was thought an affliction and their going forth from us, utter destruction. But they are in peace...

Xavier's phone RINGS. It draws looks from the funeral party. He waves, as he walks away to answer it. The funeral proceeds. Willie watches Xavier get into his car and drive away.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - DAY

Xavier arrives to find the medical examiner there with Police cruisers and Langford's unmarked. Langford waves Xavier over. Xavier slams his door and trudges up to the officers. News reporters are held back again by a uniformed cop.

LANGFORD

I know. We're all getting tired of this shit.

XAVIER

How old?

LANGFORD

Seven. Bicyclists stumbled onto the scene... It's fresh. I'm guesing sh'e just been here overnight.

XAVIER

He's mocking us now.

LANGFORD

DNA from the evidence you collected doesn't match anyone in the system, but matches some hair found with Abby McCarty.

XAVIER

Sam Kerry is definitely our man. Make damn sure, Willie doesn't find out.

LANGFORD

I dug into Leonard.

XAVIER

Arrested in Kansas City, years ago?

LANGFORD

How'd you know? Assault. They liked

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

him for the murder of a McSweeny rival, but no evidence to tie him to it.

XAVIER

McCarty's no angel either. Lets leave the Kansas City shit to the guys working on McSweeny. We have to find Kerry.

Xavier watches as attendants place the precious cargo into the back of the medical examiner's van.

LANGFORD

So Leonard's history?

XAVIER

We'll send anything you have to the KC office for them. Maybe it's something they haven't seen yet... Let's focus on Kerry.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Nancy, still in her black dress, pours brandy into a glass. She holds it up to the light, studies it. A car door closes outside. Nancy pours the brandy down the drain.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nancy looks out her window. She sees Barb and opens the door as she approaches.

NANCY

What do you want?

BARB

Willie said I could go.

NANCY

I'd have told you to leave, but I didn't want to cause a scene at my Abby's funeral.

BARB

Thank you.

NANCY

What else was I gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARB  
I'd like to explain.

NANCY  
Explain what? Sucking my husbands  
dick?

BARB  
You have every right to be pissed off  
at me... to hate me... but not Willie.

NANCY  
Because it's so hard for a man to  
refuse a blowjob?

FLASHBACK:

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barb is poised over Willie. She looks up at Willie as he  
pushes her away.

WILLIE  
I can't do this to Nancy.

BARB  
Shit, Willie... What have I done?

WILLIE  
You're here to help Nancy. Help her.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - DAY

BARB  
I wish to God it never happened.  
Willie didn't do anything. I know how  
cold you can be and I know Willie  
would want me to face up to my sin.

NANCY  
Willie can be cold too.

BARB  
Not when it comes to you... and Abby.

Nancy closes the door. She doesn't notice the cream-colored  
Impala drive, slowly, by as Barb leaves though. Barb does.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Nancy watches Willie sift through paperwork. She looks guilty, grief-stricken. Willie senses her eyes on him.

WILLIE

Hey.

NANCY

I talked to Barb.

WILLIE

Good.

A fax machine by Willie's desk begins to come to life.

NANCY

I'm sorry... I accused you.

Distracted, Willie pulls a paper from the tray below the fax machine.

WILLIE

Water under the bridge.

NANCY

What, do you do... when you go out of town?

WILLIE

I buy cars and sell cars, Nan.

NANCY

I love you.

WILLIE

The offer on the business has been finalized. We're going to move away.

NANCY

Where will we go? What'll we do?

WILLIE

We'll go where we want. Do what we want.

NANCY

Why didn't Leonard go to the funeral?  
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

Everyone processes grief differently.

NANCY

How do you process grief, Willie?

The look Willie gives her sends shivers down her spine.

WILLIE

I attack it, Nan. I kill it. I make it  
sorry it ever showed up on my  
doorstep.

Willie's phone rings. Nancy starts to leave.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Stay.

Willie answers.

WILLIE

Hey, Barb.

Nancy struggles to contain her disdain.

WILLIE

How many times have you noticed him?  
(beat)  
Different cars?  
(beat)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Same guy, you're sure?  
(beat)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

What color is this, other car?

Willie looks at the paper he's just pulled from his fax  
machine.

WILLIE

Thanks Barb... It's probably best if  
you don't call anymore.

Willie looks at Nancy as he hangs up the phone.

NANCY

(looks at the paper)  
Who's that?

WILLIE

Think about where you'd like to go.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Willie opens his desk drawer, hands a snub nosed revolver to Nancy. She stares at it.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Keep this close until I make it back.  
Use it if you have to.

NANCY

Willie, what's going on?

WILLIE

Lock the door behind me.

Willie leaves Nancy alone in the the office.

INT. XAVIER'S TEMPORARY OFFICE - DAY

Xavier puts the new picture of another murdered girl on his case board. Langford stands beside him with a paper in his hand. Xavier takes it from him when he turns back from the board.

XAVIER

Every cop in the county has this photo  
of Sam Kerry.

LANGFORD

Started passing them out last night.  
All the local news stations have it.  
They'll start making it public.

XAVIER

We have a name, a face and a  
description of his car.

LANGFORD

I think we've got the mother fucker  
now.

XAVIER

We're getting close.

Xavier touches the faces of the girls on the board.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Getting real close.

Langford touches the new picture on Xavier's board.

LANGFORD

Me and Mario will pay a visit to the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgans... I swear to God, if I never have to tell another parent their kid is dead, it'll be too soon.

INT. MCCARTY MOTORS - DAY

Willie pulls a cover off of a 2004, Black, Ford LTD. John attempts to make a sell with a younger, male customer in the front of the lot.

CUSTOMER

So... do you finance?

JOHN

If you meet the credit requirements, sure. Your better off with a bank though.

CUSTOMER

Interest rate?

John nods with his head toward Willie.

JOHN

Repo's. If anything happens... you don't want Willie to come after you.

John looks serious as hell. When the customer realizes John is joking, he laughs nervously.

CUSTOMER

You had me goin for a minute there.

JOHN

You want the Beamer. I'll start the paper work.

CUSTOMER

I'll check with the bank first... I'll be back, though. I love it.

JOHN

I'll be right here.

The customer drives away in a rusty old car. John walks over to Willie, who starts the LTD. It rumbles like Burt Reynold's Ford from Gator.

JOHN

You taking it out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

Yeah.

JOHN

Want me to put the Mercedes inside?

Willie hands a key to John.

WILLIE

Why don't you pull it in here when I leave and cover it for me.

JOHN

How long will you be?

WILLIE

Don't know.

Willie pulls away quickly as John gets into the Mercedes.

EXT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - RURAL WICHITA - NIGHT

The dark sedan has been replaced by a cream-colored, late-model, Impala. The garage is padlocked, lights are on inside the house.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam makes sandwiches. A cockroach scurries across the back of the counter. He fills a glass of water, paying no mind to the bug.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam unlocks a padlock, then the door lock. He opens the door, peeks in. There's a girl tied to a bed.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam stands in front of the girl, FAITH. She's about eight, scared, but keeps up a brave front. Sam sets the plate down on the bed. She moves away from him, nervously.

SAM

I'm not gonna touch you.

FAITH

What were you doing?

SAM

Someone has big feet and when I put

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

her in the trunk, she knocked wires  
lose on the tail light. Thanks to you,  
I had to... Never mind.

Faith looks at her feet. She hasn't touched her sandwich.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Better eat.

FAITH  
I'm not hungry.

SAM  
Suit yourself.

Faith looks at a boarded up window.

FAITH  
What time is it?

SAM  
Don't matter. Time never matters.

Sam leaves Faith alone. She can hear the LOCK. She can hear  
the padlock as it LATCHES.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam eats a sandwich in front of the TV, the light of which  
casts ghostly shadows. He opens a beer with a FIZZ. The  
volume on the TV is turned down. The newscaster puts up a  
picture that looks a lot like Sam. He turns up the volume.

NEWS CASTER (V.O.)  
The police have issued this artists  
rendition of a man that they say is a  
person of interest in the  
disappearances of several local girls.  
If you have any information--

Sam turns off the TV. He begins to pace the floor.

SAM  
Fucking cop... Okay, they don't know  
where you live. Good. I need to kill  
that kid.

He drinks more beer.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Fucking kids... Relax, take your time

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

with this one. She can't get out.

Sam walks to a bookshelf next to the TV. There are several half pairs of shoes, left ones, neatly placed on the shelf. He picks up a small pink shoe. He holds it up to his nose, with a big SNIFF, his eyes roll back, ecstatically. He picks up another, does the same.

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - DAY

Willie sits in the LTD down the street from his house. He wears a hat, gloves, and hunkers down in the seat. He watches each car that drives by, looking for anyone in a cream-colored Impala that looks like the picture of the slender man with brown hair and black, plastic framed glasses.

It's nearly dark when Willie sees the car. It's a cream-colored Impala driving slow. He watches the car, slowly, pass by his house. The driver, with glasses, long stringy hair, takes a long look at Willie's yard. He doesn't notice Willie. Willie starts the Ford. It roars to life.

INT. XAVIER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Xavier lay in bed with Monica. He looks at the ceiling.

MONICA

What's the matter?

XAVIER

Can't talk about it.

MONICA

Those girls are all over the news. I know how difficult this must be for you.

XAVIER

Maybe you're in the wrong line of work.

MONICA

I like what I do.

Xavier's phone rings. He looks at it, unable to hide his disappointment. With his eyes on Monica, he answers.

XAVIER

Potter.

(beat)

Are you sure? What color is the new

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

car?

(beat)

Tell me Goddammit... Let us take care of this.

(beat)

Fuck!

Xavier drops the phone on the bed. Monica looks disappointed, but understanding.

MONICA

Big party?

XAVIER

Yeah... It's about to start and I'm not invited.

MONICA

That phone's like Saltpeter.

XAVIER

I have to try and stop a man from doing what he does best.

MONICA

Only fair. He just stopped you from doing what you do best.

XAVIER

Maybe I'm in the wrong line of work... You can stay if you want.

MONICA

I don't have to wait up to see if you make it home alive anymore. I'm free.

XAVIER

See ya later.

Monica follows Xavier to the door. He kisses her on his way out. She checks to make sure it's locked before she undresses and gets into bed.

INT. WILLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Willie sits in the LTD. He's in rural Sedgwick County. He's parked in a field, far from the road, tucked into a hedgerow. It's dark and the LTD blends in. He watches the dark house with some boarded up windows on the back side. He picks up his phone. He presses on the screen.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is clean, put back together. Unknown caller pops up when Nancy's phone RINGS. The snub-nose lay on her nightstand where the booze and pills had been before.

NANCY

Hello?

INT. WILLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

WILLIE

Hey, Nan.

INTERCUT WILLIE/NANCY

NANCY

Where are you?

WILLIE

I found him.

NANCY

Who?

WILLIE

Him.

NANCY

Did you tell Agent Potter?

WILLIE

They'll give him life, Nan. I can't let that happen.

NANCY

Come home to me. Let the police handle this.

WILLIE

I should have let her go to work with me.

NANCY

I should have never said that Willie... I was hurting. Please come home.

Willie screws a silencer into the barrel of his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

When Potter shows up, tell him I'm out on business.

Nancy looks at the gun on her night stand.

NANCY

He won't believe me.

WILLIE

He won't. Tell him anyway.

NANCY

Willie... I never should have... You know.

WILLIE

I'll be home in a day or so.

Nancy looks at Willie's night stand. His phone lay there.

NANCY

I'm sorry.

WILLIE

I need you to do something for me.

INT. WILLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Willie takes the battery out of the phone, tosses it into the glove compartment. He watches the house. The lights go off.

INT. XAVIER'S CAR - NIGHT

Xavier dials a number on his phone. He pushes a button. His car speakers CRACKLE to life as the Bluetooth connection takes hold. A phone RINGS.

LANGFORD (V.O)

(tired)

It's late.

XAVIER

Willie called. We need to talk.

LANGFORD (V.O)

First thing in the morning.

Xavier drives faster than he should.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LANGFORD (CONT'D)

Where are you?

XAVIER

On my way to the station. How soon can you make it?

LANGFORD (V.O)

Half an hour.

XAVIER

Can you make it faster?

LANGFORD (V.O)

(sighs)

I'll be there in twenty.

Xavier pushes a button on his dash. A loud BEEP tells him the call is disconnected.

INT. XAVIER'S TEMPORARY OFFICE - NIGHT

Langford enters to find two steaming cups on Xavier's desk. He picks one up, sips from it.

LANGFORD

Thanks.

XAVIER

Willie knows where Kerry is.

LANGFORD

Maybe we should hire him.

XAVIER

We can't afford his rate.

LANGFORD

Did he tell you anything?

XAVIER

He said Kerry changed cars. He didn't give be a description.

LANGFORD

We need to keep someone at the victims houses... Willie probably saw him drive by.

XAVIER

Someone must have tipped him off to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the new car... Hell he has better information than we do.

LANGFORD

I'll Call Lopez. He can send officer's keep an eye on the victim's homes, just in case.

XAVIER

Willie's hell bent on killing Sam Kerry.

LANGFORD

A jury'd be more than glad to send him home if he did.

XAVIER

Willie knows things he shouldn't.

LANGFORD

How?

Xavier shows the picture of Victor in the St. Louis hotel room.

XAVIER

I can't prove it, but I think this is Willie's handy work.

LANGFORD

(whistles)

Mild mannered car dealer by day, assassin by night?

XAVIER

Stranger things have happened.

LANGFORD

Well we can't do shit if we don't find him.

Xavier looks at the picture of the St. Louis hotel room.

XAVIER

This was a job. What's he gonna do when it's personal?

LANGFORD

We can ping his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER

Good idea.

LANGFORD

Remember when you used to sleep at night?

XAVIER

Let's catch this Prick so we can.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. One light, dim in the corner, casts a ghostly glow. Sam drunk, smokes the last cigarette in his pack. He falls asleep on the couch.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Nancy sifts through Willie's office wastebasket. Nothing. She turns on the fax machine, presses the "setup" button, then she presses "print faxes." She notices the picture of Abby sitting on Santa's lap, all smiles.

The machine begins to spit paper into the tray below the machine. The first one that comes through is a drawing of a younger man with black, plastic framed glasses. Pages keep coming. She turns it off when she sees, "Auction St. Charles, MO. Arch Hotel St. Louis."

FLASHBACK:

INT. MCCARTY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Abby jumps off of Willie's lap, doll draped over her arm. Nancy picks up the paper. She notices the headline. "Man Murdered in ST. Louis Hotel, Suspected Mob Killing."

END FLASHBACK:

Nancy unplugs the fax machine. She takes all the papers, places them in the wastebasket. She uses a lighter from the desktop to burn it all.

The fire burns out. She holds the picture of Abby.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - ABBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tears run freely down her face. She runs a hand over the covers on Abby's bed. On a small table lay a picture, drawn in Crayon, of Willie with big muscles, Nancy, and Abby. They hold hands and wear exaggerated smiles, drawn with childlike

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

innocence. A distant KNOCK brings her back to her senses.

INT. MCCARTY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nancy looks through the peep-hole. She isn't surprised to see Xavier and Langford. She puts the pistol in her pocket. She opens the door, slowly, her face still flush and wet.

LANGFORD

Hello, Mrs. McCarty.

Langford notices her red eyes, and face, wet from tears.

LANGFORD (CONT'D)

Is this a bad time?

NANCY

Did you catch him?

Xavier sniffs the air.

XAVIER

Ma'am?

NANCY

The son of a bitch that strangled my baby girl.

LANGFORD

Mrs. McCarty, may we come in?

NANCY

No... I'm done talking to any of you until someone tells me that animal's in jail, or dead.

XAVIER

Mrs. McCarty, is something burning?

NANCY

I don't smell anything.

XAVIER

We can enter the premises if we feel that you might be in danger.

NANCY

What do you need, gentlemen?

Langford tries to see past Nancy. She pulls the door closer to her, protectively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANGFORD

Can we speak with, Mr. McCarty?

NANCY

He's out of town on business.

XAVIER

I know that's not true, Mrs. McCarty.

NANCY

I don't appreciate being called a liar.

XAVIER

When did you talk to him last?

NANCY

Last night, just before I went to sleep.

XAVIER

What time was that?

NANCY

Around eleven.

LANGFORD

Does he have more than one phone?

Nancy looks like she's trying to snag a memory from the air.

NANCY

Probably.

XAVIER

Are you sure we can't come in?

NANCY

As soon as you get a warrant.

Xavier tries to hide his frustration.

XAVIER

We can get one.

NANCY

And I'll call the news and tell them how instead of catching a baby killer you harass his victims. There's a girl missing now, isn't there? Maybe you should find her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER

We're trying to find her. That's why we need to know where Willie is.

NANCY

I wish I could help.

Langford tugs on Xavier's sleeve.

LANGFORD

Sorry we bothered you Mrs. McCarty.

Slowly, Nancy closes the door as two men study her face suspiciously.

INT. XAVIER'S CAR - DAY

Xavier pulls away from the McCarty home. Langford looks over at Leonard's house.

LANGFORD

I wish I knew what happened to Leonard. Bugs the shit out of me, the way he disappeared.

XAVIER

He's probably in a barrel of acid somewhere floating on a barge on the Missouri river.

LANGFORD

Do you think she knows anything about... Willie's work?

XAVIER

I doubt it... Hell, I can't prove it definitively.

LANGFORD

Let's touch base with Lopez. Maybe someone's spotted Sam Kerry.

XAVIER

I think Kerry drives by his crime scenes... to get a thrill.

LANGFORD

What a sick son of a bitch.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Sam stands over the bed. Faith tries to pull away from him. The ropes chafe her wrists. Gruffly he pulls her to him to force the cloth, drenched in Chloroform, over her nose. Her eyes close as she lay prone on the bed.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It rains lightly. Sam gets into the Impala. He almost looks different in this car. He looks at his face in the mirror. He pulls his long hair through his fingers. He turns on the radio as he pulls out of the drive.

INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Willie starts his Ford when Sam drives away. He eases from his spot in the trees. He drives to the house slowly. He pulls into the drive. He looks for a safe place to stash the big car. Finally he settles for a spot behind the garage in Sam's own driveway. He gets out, tucks the gun into his belt. He opens the trunk, retrieves a crowbar.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - DAY

The grass needs to be mowed. Willie notes how he leaves a trail of broken grass. Willie tries the back door. Locked. It's solid with no windows, but old. He jams the crowbar into the door jam. After a moment of prying, the door begins to splinter. He takes another bite, with the crowbar. The door pops open with a muffled CRUNCH.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - KITCHEN - DAY

Willie closes the door behind him. TV plays in another room. It's dark, despite it being morning. Willie walks through the kitchen slowly. A cockroach scurries over the counter-top. He opens the fridge. It's filthy, the contents being some bread, jelly, and a can of beer. Trash is abundant throughout, as are mouse droppings.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Willie takes in the room. The curtains are drawn. It's dark. Water spots on the ceiling attest to the leaky roof. As if on cue, a light rain begins to fall. Willie now stands before the book-shelf with the small left shoes displayed like trophies. The TV plays low. He shuts it off.

He picks up a pink shoe. It fits in the palm of his hand.

FLASHBACK:

Abby jumps off of Willie's lap. She runs, excitedly, out of the room with her doll draped over her arm. He can see her little pink tennis shoes as she runs excitedly.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Willie puts Abby's shoe down. He looks at the other shoes without touching them. He walks, slowly, to the front door, looks out the window at the rain. He turns back into the living room, his attention drawn to the dark hallway.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - HALLWAY - DAY

Willie stands in front of the padlocked door. He puts his ear to it. Hears nothing. He tries the doorknob. Locked.

INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY

Sam drives. His radio blares. He looks at the speedometer. Sixty-five miles per hour. He looks in his rear view mirror. He sees a cop behind him. He reaches down to feel the butt of a pistol tucked under his leg.

EXT. HOUSE - SOUTH WICHITA - DAY

Willie stands outside a boarded up window at the back of the house. With the crowbar, he begins pulling the plywood off. He finally pulls the wood away. He looks inside to see the girl tied to the bed. Sleeping, or drugged. He notices the chloroform, with the rag, on the floor.

Shaking his head in disbelief, Willie SHATTERS the window with the crowbar. The girl doesn't move. Is she dead? Willie clears the glass before he climbs into the room.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Willie checks Faith's pulse. He pulls a pocket knife, then opens it. He looks down, sadly, at the girl. His hands slowly move closer as his knife shimmers from the little light that shines in through the window.

Willie cuts the rope from her wrists, frees the girl. He carries her to the window passes her through it, then gently lowers her to the ground.



EXT. WICHITA KS. DAY

The police car drives past as Sam turns into an apartment complex. Sam drives slowly by an apartment. He sighs, happily, as he slows to a stop and parks.

FLASHBACK:

Sam grabs a girl, his chloroformed rag in his hand. With a practiced motion, he forces the rag over her nose. Almost instantly, she is dangling defenseless from his arm, reminiscent of Abby and her doll.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY

Another police cruiser drives past slowly. Sam slides down in the seat. When the police car drives by, Sam nervously checks his mirrors before he pulls away. He looks nervous as he drives. He makes it to the road, doesn't look back.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - DAY

Willie picks up Faith and the crowbar. He carries them back to his car. He opens the trunk, places the crowbar in it. He puts Faith in the front seat then slides the seat-belt across her small frame.

INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Willie buckles himself into the car, starts it. He frowns at his small passenger. He shakes his head, pulls onto the road. His windshield wipers keep the drizzle clear.

Slowly, Willie drives the back roads. Faith GROANS in her seat as she slowly comes to. She looks over at Willie as she tries to comprehend where she is. Willie smiles.

WILLIE

Hey... kid.

FAITH

(groggy)

Are you an angel?

WILLIE

No.

FAITH

Are you a policeman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

No.

FAITH

I want my mom.

WILLIE

I'm taking you so you can call the police.

Willie smiles at Faith, looks ahead, sees a gas station.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

If I let you out at that gas station, can you walk?

FAITH

I-I think so...

Willie pulls in, but drives past the front of the station. The only person he sees is an older woman, reading a paper. He pulls to the side of the building and parks.

WILLIE

You go in there and tell the lady you need to call the police, okay?

FAITH

I'm scared.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I'll watch until you're in. Tell the nice lady a bad man took you from your house.

FAITH

Okay.

EXT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Willie, outside the passenger door, unfastens the seat-belt. Faith stands unsteadily at first, but she stands. She looks at Willie, who smiles reassuringly.

WILLIE

Now, have the lady call the police. They'll take you home.

Faith hugs Willie. Tears fall from his eyes, for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH

Thank you, Mr. Angel.

WILLIE

Good bye.

Faith walks into the building. She turns for one last look as Willie gets into his car. As he drives by the front of the station, Willie sees Faith walking in. He guns the engine. His car roars away from the station.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Melba is shocked when the little girl enters in her unkempt state wearing just one shoe. She sees a big black car, almost a blur, roar past the front of her store.

MELBA

Honey, are you alright?

FAITH

I need to call the police.

MELBA

Oh my God.

Faith SNIFFLES, as tears begin to stream down her face. Melba rushes around the counter. She looks outside. No cars, except her own. She locks the door, then leads Faith behind the counter. Melba picks up the phone.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine one one, what's your emergency?

MELBA

A little girl with one shoe just walked into my gas station... She's scared... A big black car just drove away and left her here.

INT. LANGFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Langford's phone RINGS. He picks up.

LANGFORD

Outstanding!

He scribbles on a notepad, smiling excitedly.

LANGFORD (CONT'D)

We're on our way.

INT. XAVIER'S CAR - DAY

The drizzling rain has stopped. The sun breaks between scattering clouds. The two look exuberant.

XAVIER

Let's assume the gas station is close to where he was keeping her. We can grid out the area around that station and catch this sick bastard.

LANGFORD

God, I hope so.

XAVIER

We need to interview the girl too.

LANGFORD

Maybe she can tell us where the house is.

XAVIER

If we're lucky.

INT. WICHITA - GAS STATION - DAY

Sam places beer and chips on the counter. A TV plays behind the counter. Sam points to the cigarettes.

SAM

I need a couple packs of generics.

CLERK

Shorts, hundreds?

SAM

I don't care.

The clerk pulls out the generic one hundreds, sets them down.

CLERK

Twenty-four, sixty-six.

Sam pulls out some crumpled bills, counts out thirty bucks. The clerk straightens out the bills to put them in the cash register, then makes change.

A news flash comes on the TV. Sam and the clerk both watch.

TV

A girl, who wondered into a gas

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

station, is thought to be the latest in a string of children kidnapped from their homes. Police are hopeful that this will lead them to the person responsible for the deaths of several girls in the area. On the screen is an artists rendition of the suspect. If you see anyone matching this description, you're encouraged to contact the police, immediately.

CLERK  
(not looking at the TV)  
Hope they catch that sick fucker.

Sam nods agreement as the clerks eyes lock onto his.

SAM  
Me too.

Sam picks up his goods, turns to leave.

CLERK  
Have a good one.

Sam nods on his way out the door.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - DAY

Sam parks the Impala, walks to the front door. He unlocks it, grocery bags hanging from his arms. He pushes the door open with his foot, sets the beer and chips down on the floor, then rushes to the bedroom door. He fumbles with the locks.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Sam bursts into the room. Faith is gone. The window's broken. A crowbar impacts the back of Sam's head, CLANK. Sam falls to the floor in a heap.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Several uniformed officers fill the parking lot. Langford has a map out on the back of his car. Several cops surround him as he gestures to the road, the station, and the picture of Sam Kerry.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Xavier stands before Mable. She's excited to help.

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XAVIER

Ma'am can you describe the car you saw pulling away?

MELBA

It was... I don't know... black, I think. And it was loud... sounded like it was all tricked out.

XAVIER

What about the driver?

MELBA

I was focusing on the girl... She looked like she was whacked out on something. She wanted the police.

Xavier looks out at Langford. Lopez pull's in.

XAVIER

We may need to talk to you again. I'll be in touch if we need anything else.

MELBA

I sure hope you catch that monster.

XAVIER

We will.

Xavier hands Melba his card.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Call me if you think of anything at all that might be beneficial.

Xavier approaches Langford and Lopez at their mobile command center. A small army of uniformed sheriffs, police, and highway patrol are anxious to go hunting.

LANGFORD

Detective Lopez will be coordinating our efforts here. Lets find this mother fucker and get him off the streets.

XAVIER

(to lopez)

I'm going to talk to the girl with Langford.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOPEZ

Let us know how it goes.

XAVIER

Make sure we get the security footage.

LOPEZ

Right away.

XAVIER

Do you know what Willie McCarty looks like?

LOPEZ

You don't think he's the killer.

XAVIER

No, but I don't think Sam Kerry dropped off a victim and had her call the cops either. Either way, let us know if you see Willie, or Sam Kerry.

LOPEZ

I'll let everyone know.

Lopez puts a hand out. Xavier grasps it. They shake.

EXT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - NIGHT

Willie parks Sam's car behind the house, out of view from the road. He wears his gloves, his hat, and sits on a plastic sheet. He gets out of Sam's car, taking the sheet with him.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam wakes up slowly, his arms over his head. He tries to focus, to pull his arms down. He can't. He's handcuffed to the headboard. His feet are tied down with the rope he used to tie up Faith. At the door, Willie holds Abby's shoe and a beer.

SAM

Who the hell are you?

WILLIE

I'm just a guy that found a girl all tied up here.

SAM

It's not what it looks like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE

Mind telling me how you came to be in possession of all these, little shoes?

SAM

Those aren't mine.

WILLIE

They sure as hell aren't mine.

SAM

I buy them at yard sales and shit.

WILLIE

You get a thrill when you drive by your victim's houses?

Willie drinks the beer. Sam doesn't answer. Willie studies the little pink shoe.

WILLIE

That's how I found you ya know. A friend saw you creeping by.

Sam licks his lips. He watches Willie study the pink shoe.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

What yard sale did you get this one from?

SAM

You a cop?

WILLIE

In my line of work, I watch people. Waiting for you to follow your routine was easy.

Willie pulls his silenced pistol from his waist band. Sam begins to squirm.

SAM

Look... Mister... I... I don't know what to say.

WILLIE

Say the little girl that wore this shoe didn't suffer! Tell me why you felt compelled to grab a kid while her mother was getting ready to take her shopping! Tell me why I shouldn't blow

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

your fucking balls off right now!

Sam squirms, sweating, and scared. Almost in tears.

SAM

I didn't rape any of them.

Willie walks over. He places the barrel of his gun against Sam's knee cap. Sam jerks his knee side to side so Willie can't shoot it.

SAM

God... No.... Please don't!

Willie climbs on top of Sam. He uses his legs to hold him still. PAP. Sam's knee explodes in his pants leg.

SAM

Oh fuck! Oh God! Jesus!

Sam SCREAMS bloody murder! Willie climbs off. He studies his gun.

WILLIE

I know that hurts.

SAM (CONT'D)

(cries)

It hurts so fuckin bad!

WILLIE

My heart pumps piss for you  
motherfucker.

Sam cries and moans like a little bitch.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Xavier and Langford stand beside Faith's bed. She smiles nervously as DARYL and SHERRY MACE, her parents, look worried.

XAVIER

I'd like to ask her some questions, if  
that's okay.

DARYL

She's been through a lot.

XAVIER

Just a couple questions. It'll help us

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

catch him.

Hesitantly, Daryl makes room for Xavier, who smiles at Faith. Sherry holds her daughter's hand. Langford stands by the door.

XAVIER

Hello, Faith. I'm Agent Potter. I work for the FBI.

FAITH

Hi.

XAVIER

Can I ask you about the man that took you from your house?

Sherry nods affirmatively, as Faith looks at her.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

If I show you a picture of a man, can you identify him?

SHERRY

The man who pulled her from that house is different from the one who took her.

FAITH

An angel saved me.

Xavier looks at Langford for his reaction. There is none.

XAVIER

You're very brave. You remind me of someone I knew, when I was a kid.

FAITH

Did someone take her too?

Xavier smiles, nods. He holds Willie's picture up to Faith.

XAVIER

Is this the man that saved you?

FAITH

(smiles)

Nope... an angel saved me.

SHERRY

The doctors said he used chloroform

(CONTINUED)

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and it can cause hallucinations.

XAVIER

Is this the man that took you?

As Xavier holds Sam's picture up, Faith squeezes Sherry's hand. She's frightened. Alarms BEEP from the side of Faith's bed.

FAITH

He tied me up and took my shoe.

A nurse pushes by Xavier to turn the alarms off. She looks at him like a protective she-wolf.

NURSE

Can you please not traumatize this girl anymore?

XAVIER

(to Faith)

Thank you, Faith. You've been a big help.

Daryl catches up to Xavier and Langford by the door.

DARYL

It's the guy in the news, right?

XAVIER

We can't go into specifics yet.

DARYL

We'll never let her out of our sight again.

Xavier pats Daryl on the shoulder. Langford gives him a business card.

XAVIER

We'll be in touch.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willie sits in a chair beside Sam, with a cigarette in his hand. His pistol, tucked away in his belt. Sam moans, quietly, in pain.

WILLIE

Want it?

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Sam nods. Willie puts the cigarette in Sam's mouth. His lips quiver from excitement and fear. He could use a smoke.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

You're a pathetic fuck, you know that?

Sam nods again. Willie holds up Sam's lighter.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Light?

Another nod. Willie lights the cigarette.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

You recognize me yet?

Sam nods as he sucks on the cigarette.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue, mother fucker?

SAM

(trembles)

Willie McCarty. I seen your commercials.

WILLIE

Is that why you took my girl?

Sam inhales deeply. He takes a few long drags off the cigarette. He nods again. He almost looks at ease as he smokes in and out. PAP. Sam jumps. The cigarette flies out of his mouth.

SAM

Fuckin Christ! Goddamn!

Sam's other knee now bleeds and and dangles loosely.

SAM (CONT'D)

cries

God, please don't hurt me no more!

WILLIE

I can't make that promise.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Assistant Manager, FRANK WILKES, (30) looks tired as the police surround him. Lopez buys a coffee. Xavier approaches.

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XAVIER

Get an I.D. off the surveillance camera?

MARIO

We made a copy so you can see it, but there's nothing definitive.

XAVIER

You can't tell if it's McCarty?

MARIO

Not definitive.

XAVIER

(to Frank)

Marlboro, shorts.

Frank pulls a pack from the shelf, drops it on the counter. Xavier pulls out the picture of Sam. He holds it up to Frank.

XAVIER

Has anyone asked you if you recognize this guy?

Frank looks at it. Frowns.

FRANK

Buys generic cigarettes and cheap beer. Lives off bologna and chips.

XAVIER

(to Frank)

When's the last time you saw him?

FRANK

I dunno... A week ago?

XAVIER

(to Mario)

Show him the footage. See if he recognizes the car or the driver from yesterday.

Xavier walks outside while Lopez gets the video ready to show to Frank.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Xavier lights a cigarette. Langford approaches him.

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XAVIER

Think we can get a tap on McCarty's phone?

LANGFORD

I doubt it.

XAVIER

What are we even looking for Willie for anyway? If we catch Kerry he's just going to do life.

LANGFORD

I'll call Judge Grimly for a tap warrant.

Langford goes into the station. Xavier pulls his phone from his pocket, presses a button. He waits for an answer.

XAVIER

Hey, Pop.

POP (V.O.)

Xavier, is everything okay?

XAVIER

You ever wish Johnson would've got the death penalty?

POP (V.O.)

You okay, son?

XAVIER

This Wichita case is getting to me.

POP (V.O.)

Johnson won't hurt anyone ever again. That's the important thing. When you catch that guy out there, he won't either.

XAVIER

Sometimes I think an eye for an eye is better... That's all.

POP (V.O.)

Sometimes we just have to take what God gives us.

Xavier mashes his cigarette under his shoe. Lopez comes out, stands by Xavier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOPEZ

That's not Sam Kerry's car.

XAVIER

Yeah. It's Willie, but I can't prove it without a witness.

Langford joins them. He drinks his coffee.

LANGFORD

Judge said no warrant for the victims of a sadistic son of a bitch... Something like that.

XAVIER

Hell, I can't tie him to the mob. I can't tie him to Kerry.

LANGFORD

Not to mention Leonard James. Maybe Willie blamed Leonard.

Xavier walks to his car. Langford follows him.

LANGFORD

Where ya going?

Xavier looks defeated, tired.

XAVIER

I'm going to have breakfast while you guys search for the, Angel of Wichita... Isn't that what the news is calling him?

Langford taps the top of Xavier's car.

LANGFORD

Maybe we can find em both.

XAVIER

I'm holding my breath. Pick me up later. We can ask Nancy a few questions, even if we can't get that warrant.

EXT. RURAL SEDGWICK COUNTY - DAY

Willie sits in Sam's living room. Car tires crunch in the driveway. He looks out the front window. A Highway Patrol car sits in the driveway.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Sam, in shock, whimpers, as Willie walks up to him. Sam barely offers any resistance as Willie uses the rag and chloroform to sedate him. There's A KNOCK on the door.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Willie opens the door a crack. A young Highway Patrol officer, HENRY PAZOS, tall, and young, with boy scout looks, stands on the porch.

HENRY

Sir, we're canvassing the area. Have you seen this man?

Henry holds up the drawing of Sam. Willie chews gum.

WILLIE

The guy from the news?

HENRY

We have reason to believe he's in the area.

Willie looks the picture over real good. He shakes his head.

WILLIE

Can't say I have. Should I be worried?

HENRY

Consider him armed and dangerous. If you see anyone matching this description, call nine one one immediately. Don't try to approach him.

WILLIE

Thanks. I'll keep that in mind.

EXT. MCCARTY HOME - DAY

Xavier KNOCKS on Willie's front door. Langford waits in the car. No response. He KNOCKS again, louder. This time Nancy opens the door.

NANCY

Mr. Potter.

XAVIER

I hate to keep bothering you.

(CONTINUED)



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NANCY

Are the other grieving parents were this lucky.

XAVIER

I wanted to talk to you, off the record.

NANCY

Okay.

XAVIER

I'm worried about Willie's safety.

NANCY

He's on business trip.

XAVIER

Mrs. McCarty, Would you tell me if he's been here?

Nancy looks around. She looks at Langford in the car.

NANCY

He's been gone for two days.

XAVIER

I'm afraid he'll do something he's going to regret, if he kills the man that did this--

NANCY

You haven't lost a child have you?

Xavier looks square into her eyes.

XAVIER

When I was fifteen, I lost my kid sister... I was responsible for her. She was raped and stabbed to death--

Nancy looks astonished at the confession.

NANCY

My God... I'm sorry.

XAVIER

Willie knows where the killer is.

NANCY

Will that be all Mr. Potter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XAVIER

Tell Willie, I'm going to arrest him  
if anything happens to Sam Kerry.

Nancy closes the door, slowly, as Xavier walks to the car.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Willie sits on the chair by the dreadfully wounded Sam. He  
puts the battery into his burner phone. He dials.

WILLIE

Hi...

INT. MCCARTY HOME - ABBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nancy stands in Abby's bedroom. She lovingly caresses the  
crayon drawing of their once happy family.

NANCY

Hey you.

INTERCUT WILLIE/NANCY

WILLIE

Have you decided where you want to go?

NANCY

I want to live on a catamaran  
somewhere in the Bahamas. Maybe we can  
sail the east coast when the weather's  
nice.

Willie laughs softly to himself. Sam stirs, his legs, untied  
now. Hell, he's not going anywhere.

WILLIE

Nan, I've done some terrible things.  
I'm not a good person.

NANCY

Abby love you... That's good enough  
for me.

WILLIE

I'm almost done here.

Sam, in a lot of pain, watches Willie.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

If you want me to let the FBI have

(CONTINUED)

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him. I'll send them over. We can just go away.

Sam looks hopeful that Willie might let him live. He nods.

NANCY

Agent Potter was just here. He said he's going to put you in prison if you do anything to him.

WILLIE

He has to say that. It's his job.

Nancy looks at Abby's picture. Tears begin to trickle down her cheeks. Her voice catches when she tries to speak.

NANCY

Are you sure you won't get caught?

WILLIE

Do you want me to call Potter?

Nancy holds the crudely drawn family portrait. She cries silently.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Willie hangs up. He pulls the battery out. He puts the pieces into his pocket. Sam looks, hopefully, at Willie.

SAM

What'd she say?

WILLIE

Did my little girl suffer?

SAM

(smiles)

No.

Willie looks deeply into Sam's eyes. PAP. Sam's brains cover the wall behind him like some kind of macabre artwork, not unlike the scene in St. Louis.

INT. HOUSE - RURAL WICHITA - BEDROOM - DAY

Xavier stands over the corpse of Sam Kerry. He examines the bruises around his wrists, the blood and brains on the wall. Langford stands behind him.

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LANGFORD

Looks a lot like St. Louis.

XAVIER

Yeah.

LANGFORD

How much evidence do you think we'll have on Willie.

XAVIER

(laughs)

I'll bet you a months salary, there isn't any.

LANGFORD

At least this son of a bitch won't hurt anymore kids.

ONE YEAR LATER

INT. FBI - KANSAS CITY - DAY -

Xavier holds a postcard. An ocean paradise scene graces the obverse. He turns it over. It reads, HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Laying on Xavier's desk is a newspaper. A picture of Faith with her parents on the front cover. The headline: Girl credits an angel for saving her life. His phone rings.

XAVIER

Potter.

POP (V.O.)

Son... I'm not sure how to tell you.

XAVIER

What is it, Pop?

POP (V.O.)

They found Johnson, dead, in his cell... They say he was poisoned.

XAVIER

I'll be damned.

POP (V.O.)

Son?

A tight smile comes over Xavier's face.

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CONTINUED:

XAVIER

Oh, nothing, Pop... I'll call you  
after work.

Xavier hangs up his phone. He drops the post card on the  
newspaper headline.

XAVIER

Son of a bitch.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE BAHAMAS - DAY

Willie wears a beard, a comfortable shirt, open in the front.  
He stands on a dock in front of a beautiful catamaran.

NANCY (O.S.)

Ready for lunch, Captain?

Willie turns. Nancy stands on the deck. She smiles. She's  
about six months pregnant. Willie smiles Back at her.

WILLIE

Sounds great, Nan.

FADE OUT:

THE END

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