

THE LAW OF TALION

by
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EXT. ABANDONED BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Derelict stadium surrounded by a chain-link fence with numerous SIGNS: DEMOLITION SITE; NO TRESPASSING. Light poles stretch shadows across a garbage-strewn field.

INT. OUTFIELD, ABANDONED STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

RON BALLAS, Caucasian male, 30s, squeezes through a hole in the fence, crosses the field, sidesteps sacks of garbage, discarded appliances. He carries a SMALL BACKPACK, hums "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."

INT. HALL, ABANDONED BASEBALL STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

FLORESCENT FIXTURES dangle from the ceiling. Ballas' shoes crunch the shattered bulks on the floor.

BALLAS

"Buy me some peanuts and Cracker
Jacks(c), - "

INT. HALL DOOR, ABANDONED BASEBALL STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

SIGH: PRESS BOX, AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Ballas hums "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." He twists the dial of a SHINY COMBINATION LOCK, it snaps open.

EXT. ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - NEXT MOMENT

Curb lined with broken FURNITURE, ripped MATTRESS. GLASS SHARDS of busted street lights litter the pot-holed street. Soft glow from a distant window is the only light. Late model BLACK SEDAN hides in the shadows, body scratched, dented, trunk open.

EXT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Detective T.P. FIKES, Caucasian male, late-60s, checks his PISTOL. Detective ED DOSTER, Caucasian male, 45, pulls a BULLETPROOF VEST from the trunk, slips it on. Uniform Officer BRAD DILLARD, male, 20s, checks his pistol.

FIKES

Stay with the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLARD

I thought, you know, I'd come with you.

DOSTER

That's the trouble, Dillard. You thought.

DILLARD

It's Dillard, sir.

Doster tosses a vest to Fikes who tosses it back. Doster drops it in the trunk. Their shoes crunch glass as they cross the street.

DILLARD (CONT'D)

Ninjas don't make a sound when they walk. You guys should -

Dillard stops at Doster's stare.

INT. LOBBY, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - LATE NIGHT

SIGN: VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING above the entrance to a dark hall. RAYLEEN COLLINS, DUTY NURSE, Black female, 40s, reads behind the counter. HENRY ROGERS, ORDERLY, Black male, 40s, snores as he naps on a couch on the opposite wall. Collins wads a piece of paper, tosses, it bounces off Rogers.

COLLINS

Disturbing the peace, Henry.

She walks to the tossed paper, bends to pick it up, it slides a few inches. She takes a step, bends to pick it up, it slides again.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

How many times I got to tell you.

She crosses to the front door.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Lock the front door.

Collins tugs. The door's locked. Behind her, WET TENNIS SHOE PRINTS move across the lobby into the dark hall. The prints appear, fade, disappear as she turns.

INT. PRESS BOX, ABANDONED STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Wide window, opaque with grime, overlooks the field, dust on every surface, floor littered with discarded BEER and SODA CANS, STYROFOAM CUPS, NEWSPAPERS, charred WOODEN CHAIRS. BANNER strung above the window: REEL TOWN REBELS, 2015 CHAMPS. There's a TROPHY beneath it. PHOTO next to the trophy show BASEBALL TEAM and COACH. Ballas ENTERS.

BALLAS

"Let me root, root, root for the home team, if they don't win it's a shame, - "

He hums, opens a METAL LOCKER, removes FOLDING COT, SHEET, BLANKET.

EXT. PRESS BOX BALCONY, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Town lights glow in the distance. Ballas ENTERS, unfolds CANVAS STADIUM CHAIR, opens a styrofoam TAKE-OUT BOX.

BALLAS (CONT'D)

" - at the old, ball, game."

EXT. GANG HOUSE, ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Doster kneel under a window. Fikes holds up two fingers, Doster EXITS. Fikes takes a sip from a FLASK.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GANG HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

COUCH on concrete blocks, ripped wall paper, CASH in plastic GROCERY BAGS on a TABLE with two PISTOLS, three PLASTIC BAGS of COCAINE. GANG MEMBER 1, Black male, 30s, counts money. GANG MEMBER 2, Caucasian male, 20s, stuffs money into bags. Gang Member 1 motions Gang Member 2 to the rear of the house.

INT. HALL, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

DOOR PLAQUE: Room #3 Village Assisted Living. Door opens.

INT. ROOM #3, ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - NEXT MOMENT

Wet tennis shoe prints appear and fade as they squish their way to the bed where HANK SWINLEY, Caucasian male, 80, sleeps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Swinley opens his eyes, stares into the eyes of a face hidden behind a BASEBALL CATCHER'S MASK inches away.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GANG HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes ENTERS, pistol leveled. Gang Member 1 reaches for his pistol, stops as Gang Member 2 ENTERS, handcuffed, Doster's pistol in his back.

DOSTER
Get him down, Fikes.

Doster EXITS to the porch with Gang Member 2.

DOSTER (CONT'D)
Get him down.

Gang Member 1 slides a bag of cocaine toward Fikes.

GANG MEMBER 1
It's Paradise, man.

FIKES
You a Capricorn?

GANG MEMBER 1
That's some top shit.

FIKES
Elvis Presley was a Capricorn.

GANG MEMBER 1
Get new wheels, one of those big
ass fishing boats.

Fikes lays his pistol on the table, sings "Jailhouse Rock."

FIKES
"Warden threw a party in the
county jail."

GANG MEMBER 1
What the fuck.

FIKES
"Prison band was there they began
to wail."

GANG MEMBER 1
You crazy old man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

"The band was jumping and the joint began to swing."

Gang Member 1 eases his hand closer to his pistol.

FIKES (CONT'D)

That nappy-headed brain is thinking, can I outdraw this slow-ass honkey? "Shoulda heard them knocked out jailbirds sing."

Doster yells from the porch.

DOSTER

Get him on the ground, Fikes.

FIKES

Let's rock.

GANG MEMBER 1

Fuck you old man.

Gang Member 1 raises his hands.

INT. ROOM #9, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

BRENDA, Caucasian female, 60, matted tangles of gray hair to her shoulders, awakens to the squish of wet tennis shoes. She struggles to slide her feet into bedroom slippers, pads barefooted to the door, places an ear against its surface.

INT. HALLWAY, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

Brenda opens her door. PERSON in a catcher's mask passes, Swinley's limp body over his shoulder. Water drips on the floor.

BRENDA

That you, Jake? Got fresh cookies. Homemade bread, too. You always like my homemade bread.

Water puddles on the floor, fades, disappear.

EXT. HOUSE, ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Doster in the yard. Dillard leads Gang Members away in handcuffs. Fikes hands Doster three bags of coke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOSTER

What's this?

FIKES

I turn it in, my collar, good with
the chief.

Doster grabs the bags.

DOSTER

What the fuck was that Elvis
Presley shit?

FIKES

Hard to imagine, right? Capricorn.

EXT. PRESS BOX BALCONY, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Ballas eats. Flight of PIGEONS takes wing, EXITS the stadium. Another flight swoops close, EXITS. He peers over the railing. Stadium lights blaze, BASEBALL BAT cracks, BODY falls past him lands on the bleachers.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM, POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

Retching comes from a stall as Doster dries his hands. Fikes steps from the stall.

DOSTER

Another thirty days and I won't
have to look at your sad ass face.

FIKES

Got a firm grasp of anatomy.

Doster claps his hands, points index fingers at him.

DOSTER

Go home, drink up that retirement.

Doster EXITS. Fikes pulls out the flask, sips.

INT. COPY/BREAK ROOM, POLICE DEPT - MOMENTS LATER

Fikes ENTERS the windowless room, puts a DOCUMENT on the COPIER, presses a button. Nothing. He presses again. Nothing. He slaps the copier. Room plunges into darkness. POV: NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. Hand reaches out, taps the copier keypad, copy emerges. Fikes turns on the lights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSILYN TAYLOR, African-American female, 26, removes night vision goggles, hands Fikes his copy. RALPH, Caucasian male, 19, ENTERS, EARBUDS inserted.

TAYLOR

Multi-purpose thermal-imaging device. Captures infrared light. It's got a -

RALPH

(grabs the goggles)
Six-forty-by-four-eighty O-L-E-D display.

Doster enters.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Do not take things from my workshop.

TAYLOR

I was bringing them back.

RALPH

This is not a toy.

TAYLOR

Anything off the garage server?

DOSTER

It's headed to the shit bin.

TAYLOR

Not 'til you I get the video.

DOSTER

It's a parking garage for fuck sake.

TAYLOR

Everything goes in the database.

RALPH

You like watching cars park? That's what it is, you know.

TAYLOR

Reports, tickets, -

RALPH

Cars parking.

TAYLOR

Summons, evaluations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RALPH

In a garage.

TAYLOR

Everything goes in the database.

CHIEF BERHOFF'S voice rumbles through the squad room.

BERHOFF

Fikes. My office.

Fikes EXITS. Ralph points to Doster's pistol.

RALPH

Your gun. Out-of-date?

DOSTER

Not a gun, slick. A firearm.
Newest model.

RALPH

Know where I get my gear? The
stuff that keeps every computer,
every phone, every -

Taylor holds up her TABLET computer.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Tablet, working? E-bay.

INT. BERHOFF'S, POLICE STATION - NEXT MOMENT

CHIEF BERHOFF, Caucasian male, 50s, signs papers,
SECRETARY nearby, Fikes standing. Secretary EXITS.

BERHOFF

Doster says you endangered his
life.

FIKES

Gross exaggeration, chief.

BERHOFF

You asked the suspect if he knew
Elvis Presley was a Capricorn.

FIKES

He is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERHOFF

Two weeks ago I moved your partner - former partner - Simmons, at his request. You asked a suspect if he knew Johnny Cash was a Pisces.

FIKES

He was drunk.

BERHOFF

With a double-barrel shotgun pointed at you. What do you want? Glorious death in the line-of-duty? Brenda would love that, wouldn't she? Sorry. That was out of line. How's she doing?

FIKES

Same.

BERHOFF

I'm putting Simmons with Doster. Til your time's up, you'll babysit the F-B-I techie upgrading our database.

FIKES

We got a database?

BERHOFF

She goes every where you go. Understand?

FIKES

She?

INT. FIKES' CUBICLE, SQUAD ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

POST-IT NOTES line the edge of a COMPUTER MONITOR. Fikes ENTERS, turns on the COMPUTER. Disembodied DISPATCHER'S voice comes over the intercom.

DISPATCHER

"Ten-fifty-six. Corner Bainbridge and Madison."

Fikes yells into the squad room

FIKES

Anybody's password not working?

Taylor ENTERS with TABLET COMPUTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

We replaced computers last night.

FIKES

We?

TAYLOR

Me and Ralph.

FIKES

What's wrong with the old ones?

TAYLOR

They were old.

She lays the tablet in front of him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

This does everything your desktop does, plus, it goes with you.

FIKES

That's a plus?

TAYLOR

In the car, at a restaurant.

DISPATCHER

"Possible ten-fifty-two, same location."

TAYLOR

You can even take it home.

FIKES

Can I get Columbo on that thing?

TAYLOR

It's a tablet, not a T-V.

FIKES

You're that F-B-I tech nerd.

TAYLOR

Criminal Justice Technology Specialist.

FIKES

Got a weapon?

TAYLOR

I'm not a field agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIKES

You qualified?

TAYLOR

Yes.

FIKES

Ever shot anybody?

TAYLOR

I'm not a field agent, detective.

He ejects a cartridge from his clip, holds it up.

FIKES

Cartridge, or bullet, sometimes called a round, but that's anachronistic because, as you can see, it's a cylinder. They exit the end of the barrel.

TAYLOR

Nine millimeter, hundred-and-forty-seven grain, typical muzzle velocity a thousand feet-per-second. It can go higher.

FIKES

Speaking of going.

Fikes slides his empty COFFEE CUP toward her.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Black, two sugars, don't stir.

DISPATCHER

"Ten-fifty-five. East bound. Eight hundred block of Calhoun."

TAYLOR

I'm not your secretary.

FIKES

What's a ten-fifty-five?

She types on her tablet.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Ever worked a crime scene?

TAYLOR

Ten fifty five. Intoxicated driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIKES

Where's your desk?

She points to another cubicle.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Take a seat. I can sit here for the next thirty days, little paperwork, some solitaire, never get in a squad car again. You'll have plenty of time to teach me that Atari without being bothered with pesky field work.

Taylor takes the coffee cup, EXITS.

INT. BREAK ROOM, POLICE DEPT - NEXT MOMENT

Doster fills his coffee cup. Dillard holds his cup out, Doster ignores him. Taylor ENTERS.

DOSTER

Black, two sugars, don't stir.

TAYLOR

He always like this?

DOSTER

Son-of-a-bitch? Pretty much.

DILLARD

Some bust last night, huh?

Doster fills Taylor's cup.

DOSTER

No weapon?

TAYLOR

Not a field agent. Criminal Justice Technology Specialist.

Berhoff steps in the door, speaks to Doster.

BERHOFF

B-and-E. Gunshots. You're up.

DOSTER

Shit.

Doster pours out his coffee, claps his hands, points his index fingers at Taylor, then Dillard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOSTER (CONT'D)

This, my friend, is what real
detectives do.

Doster EXITS.

DILLARD

That technology stuff sounds neat.

TAYLOR

It can be dull.

Taylor adds two sugars to Fikes' cup as requested.

DILLARD

That's what they call me around
here, you know. Dullard.

TAYLOR

Dillard, right?

Taylor adds several more sugars to Fikes' cup, stirs.

DILLARD

Yes, ma'am. Except Fikes.

TAYLOR

What about him?

DILLARD

Calls me Dillard. Hear about the
bust last night? Gang bangers,
drugs, cash. I was there. We were
like ninjas.

INT. FIKES' CUBICLE - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor ENTERS, hands cup to Fikes. He sips, pours the
coffee in the trash can.

FIKES

T-W-O. Not to be confused with T-O-
O, which means also. T-W-O sugars.
Don't stir.

He EXITS, she follows.

FIKES (CONT'D)

You taking a piss with me?

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR, PARKING GARAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes reverses from a parking space, pulls forward, slams on brakes. Taylor blocks his way, holds up the tablet.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR, MOVING - LATER SAME DAY

Fikes and Taylor cruise through a neighborhood of roving dogs, curb-side car repair.

TAYLOR

My job is to help you integrate technology into your workflow.

FIKES

Homicide has a workflow. Good to know. What's a ten-thirty-two?

She searches on the tablet.

TAYLOR

Ten, thirty, two. Man with a gun.

POLICE CRUISER, lights flashing, blocks the street. Fikes pulls up, passenger door at the curb.

EXT. UNKEMPT FRONT LAWN, SMALL HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Partially-deflated WADING POOL, LAWN CHAIRS with torn webbing. Caucasian MAN, 30s, holds WOMAN, Caucasian, 30s, by her hair, REVOLVER against her temple. POLICE OFFICERS 1 and 2 kneel behind the cruiser, pistols drawn.

EXT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes EXITS, walks around the car. Taylor opens her door, he closes it before she gets out.

FIKES

Here's your ten-thirty-two.
Integrate it into my workflow.

TAYLOR

Technology's a tool, detective.
Like your pistol.

FIKES

Your eyes are a tool, tech nerd.
What are they telling you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She peers past Fikes.

TAYLOR
Man holding a pistol on a woman.

FIKES
You got management potential.

TAYLOR
Revolver.

FIKES
Passed your eye test.

TAYLOR
Snub-nose thirty-eight. Hammer's
back, finger on the trigger. Five
empties on the ground, full one in
the chair. Based on body type,
weight, probably can't hold his
liquor. He's drunk, or close to
it.

FIKES
Professional tech nerd opinion?

She pulls her hair back, reveals a SCAR on her forehead.

FIKES (CONT'D)
Bar fight?

TAYLOR
Ex-boyfriend.

Fikes turns back to the scene.

FIKES
I was hoping for the bar.

TAYLOR
Something else.

FIKES
Educate me.

TAYLOR
They need a new pool. And lawn
chairs.

Fikes slices his finger across his throat, flashing light
stop. He hands Taylor his pistol.

EXT. UNKEMPT FRONT LAWN, SMALL HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes crosses the sidewalk, hands raised, palms out. Man waves the pistol at him.

MAN

She ain't doin' that to me again.

Fikes steps on the lawn.

FIKES

You shooting her, or me?

Man pulls Woman closer, points pistol at Taylor.

MAN

How 'bout her?

Fikes takes another step.

FIKES

Bad idea, buddy. She'll shoot you in the leg.

MAN

I ain't your buddy.

FIKES

You go to trial, get convicted.

MAN

Know what this bitch did?

FIKES

They strap you in the chair, you shit yourself while your mama watches.

MAN

My mama's a good woman.

Fikes takes another step, Man points pistol at him.

FIKES

You a Pisces? George Harrison was a Pisces.

(sings)

"My sweet lord."

MAN

Fucking nuts, man.

FIKES

"Oh, my lord."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Man points pistol at Fikes' head.

MAN

Shut up.

FIKES

"I really want to see you."

Fikes is within arms reach.

MAN

Shut the fuck up.

FIKES

"Really want to be with you."

Man presses the pistol barrel against Fikes' forehead.

MAN

I said, shut the fuck up.

FIKES

Pull the trigger you chickenshit,
cousin-fucking, redneck, hillbilly
piece of trailer trash or swear to
God I'll fuck that whore you call
mama.

Man's hand shakes. He lowers his arm. Woman runs to
Officer 1. Officer 2 disarms and subdues Man.

EXT. ABANDONED BASEBALL STADIUM - LATER

Fikes' squad car pulls into the weed-choked parking lot,
Police TAPE across the gate. OFFICER 1 holds back
DEMOLITION CREW CHIEF in hard hat, T-shirt emblazoned
with "WE BRING IT DOWN."

INT. FIKES' CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor works on her tablet.

FIKES

Ever seen a body?

TAYLOR

Alive or dead?

FIKES

Here's a clue. I work homicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

What I meant was -

FIKES

Do not throw up on my shoes. You get the database on that thing?

TAYLOR

You don't "get" the database detective, you "access" it.

FIKES

Then access the damn thing.

Fikes EXITS the car.

EXT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes leans in the window.

FIKES

Lunch specials. Two Nick's Cafe'.

TAYLOR

I'm not your secretary.

Fikes looks around, starts toward the stadium.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Detective?

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes sticks his head in, looks at her tablet.

FIKES

What's this?

TAYLOR

Two Nick's.

FIKES

No fried shrimp?

EXT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor EXITS.

FIKES

Check the sides. They got good sides.

INT. OUTFIELD, ABANDONED STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor ENTER, step around SACKS of GARBAGE, approach a TABLE holding KEYPAD, several SWITCHES. Dillard and UNIFORMED OFFICER 2 look at the BODY draped over a rail at the bottom of the bleachers. Dillard kneels for a better look.

FIKES

Don't fuck up my crime scene,
Dillard.

Fikes hands Taylor a pair of RUBBER GLOVES.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Check the hands and feet.

TAYLOR

Not a field agent.

FIKES

Right. You're an outfield agent.

Taylor slips on the gloves, sees the shattered body for the first time, gags. Fikes offers her the flask, she declines.

FIKES (CONT'D)

That Game Boy take pictures?

TAYLOR

Your cell phone takes pictures.

Fikes holds up a FLIP PHONE, mimics taking a photograph.

FIKES

He's ready for his close-up Mister
DeMille.

DILLARD

Saw a show once? Ninja walked
across rice paper. No footprints.

Taylor takes photos of the body.

FIKES

See any ninjas here Dillard?

OFFICER 4

That's the thing. Can't always see
them. They're invisible.

Fikes takes Taylor's tablet, looks at a photo, turns it. The photo re-oriens. He turns it again, it re-oriens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

Fix the damn thing.

She taps the screen, hands it back.

FIKES (CONT'D)

I need close-ups.

She expands the photo of Victim's face.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Well, ain't you clever.

Fikes studies the photo.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. LOBBY, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

STAFF, GUESTS mill about, uniformed POLICEMAN among them. Collins answers her CELL PHONE, Rogers beside her.

COLLINS

Got a mess here T.P.

Collins motions Rogers away.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Henry's checking. I'm sure she's fine. It's the Chief. He wandered off.

EXT. STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes on his CELL PHONE with Collins.

FIKES

Who's there?

INT. LOBBY, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

Detective Doster approaches.

DOSTER

Rayleen Collins?

INT. STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes studies the photo on the tablet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

Tell Doster to stop looking. I found the chief.

Fikes hangs up.

TAYLOR

You know him?

FIKES

Hank Swinley. Former police chief. Reported missing this morning.

TAYLOR

Not missing anymore.

FIKES

What'd you say?

TAYLOR

He's not missing anymore?

FIKES

That's it.

TAYLOR

What?

FIKES

Knew a cop who could tell the pistol caliber by the powder residue. It his superpower. Your superpower is -

TAYLOR

Integrating technology into the criminal justice system.

FIKES

Stating the obvious.

DILLARD

Dogs scatter this shit everywhere.

FIKES

Attention sports fans. Officer Dillard says this, all this, is shit. Is it? Anyone. Bueller? Bueller?

DILLARD

No, sir. It's evidence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

I thought you were Dillard.

FIKES

Every can, every bottle, every
stinking sack of cat shit is -

Fikes points to Dillard.

DILLARD

Evidence.

FIKES

Officer Dillard will demonstrate
the proper technique by examining
that bag of evidence.

Fikes points to a PAPER BAG covered with flies. Fikes
touches the top and underside of Swinley's pajamas.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Anybody got a guess when our vic
got here? Anyone? Bueller?

Taylor elbows Dillard.

TAYLOR

He's talking to you, Bueller.

FIKES

When's the last time it rained?

Taylor types, scrolls on her tablet.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Wet stuff? Falls from the sky?

TAYLOR

Three A-M.

FIKES

A point for my assistant.

TAYLOR

I'm not his assistant.

FIKES

Clothes are wet on top, dry
underneath.

DILLARD

He was here before it rained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR

Before three A-M.

FIKES

Point for Dillard and another for
my assistant.

TAYLOR

Not his assistant.

DILLARD

I'd be Fikes' assistant any day.

A small WHITE FEATHER protrudes from Swinley's pocket.
Fikes hands Taylor an EVIDENCE BAG, points to the
feather.

FIKES

Bag it.

TAYLOR

How 'bout the pigeon that lost it?

FIKES

How 'bout a bag of cat shit.

Demolition Crew Chief approaches as Fikes starts up the
bleachers to the press box. Crew Chief points to the
table with keypad and switches.

CREW CHIEF

Know what that is?

FIKES

Mid-century modern county dump
reject.

CREW CHIEF

I got a contract.

FIKES

Got a filing cabinet?

CREW CHIEF

In the trailer.

FIKES

File it under K, for keep your ass
away from my crime scene.

Fikes takes another step up the bleachers, pauses to
catch his breath. Crew Chief rattles a set of KEYS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CREW CHIEF
Put these babies in, -

TAYLOR
What's up there?

CREW CHIEF
Punch in a code, -

FIKES
Wouldn't go if I knew.

She bounds up the bleachers two-at-a-time.

CREW CHIEF
Turn the key, wham.

FIKES
I need pictures.

CREW CHIEF
Nothing but rubble.

FIKES
You mean boom. Wham's Batman.
Boom's an explosion.

CREW CHIEF
Two days this'll be landfill.

FIKES
Not happening, sport.

Crew Chief unfolds a piece of paper.

CHIEF
Contract says Monday. Mayor'll be
here. Your boss? Berhoff? Him too.

Noise pulls Fikes' attention to the press box. Taylor
knocks on the glass, motions.

FIKES
Yeah, yeah and the Archbishop of
Canterbury.

Fikes starts up the bleachers. Crew Chief checks the
paper.

CREW CHIEF
Not on the list.

FIKES
Bummer. Makes a hell of a speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CREW CHIEF

Nobody said nothing about him.

INT. PRESS BOX, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor takes photos among the debris. Fikes ENTERS. She reaches for the COT, he stops her, wipes a gloved finger over a TABLE. It cuts a trail through the dust. He does the same to the cot, leaves no trail, no dust on the glove.

FIKES

Conclusion?

TAYLOR

Someone was here recently.

FIKES

Keep that superpower sharp.

EXT. PRESS BOX BALCONY, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes ENTERS. Styrofoam food container is open on the canvas chair, NAPKIN inside stamped TWO NICK'S CAFE'. He sniffs the food. Taylor ENTERS the balcony.

FIKES

Smell that.

TAYLOR

Why?

FIKES

Part of my work flow.

She reaches for the box.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Don't touch, smell.

She smells, taps on her tablet.

TAYLOR

Spaghetti and meat balls.

FIKES

No shit. Does it stink?

She shakes her head, continues to work on the tablet.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Conclusion?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Someone was here last night.

FIKES

Conclusion, not presumption.

She shows him the tablet display: TWO NICK'S CAFE' MENU.

TAYLOR

Spaghetti and meatballs. Last night's special. All you can eat.

Dillard ENTERS.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Part of my work flow.

DILLARD

Think he fell off the balcony?

FIKES

Possible

DILLARD

Uncle Bud fell out a tree stand about that far. Didn't kill him. Broke a leg. Must have been the roof. Want me to take a look?

FIKES

I need pictures.

Dillard holds up his cell phone as he EXITS.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR, STADIUM GATE - LATER

Fikes behind the wheel, Taylor ENTERS. Dillard approaches, taps on his PHONE as he talks.

DILLARD

No footprints. That roof's slick as owl shit.

Taylor's tablet dings. She turns it to Fikes: PHOTOS of the ROOF. Fikes looks from the tablet to Dillard as he EXITS, then back to Taylor.

TAYLOR

Integrating technology into your work flow.

INT. LOBBY, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - LATER SAME DAY

Collins and Rogers at the reception desk. Fikes and Taylor ENTER.

TAYLOR

Didn't Doster sort this out?

COLLINS

She's fine, T-P. In her room.

Fikes and Collins EXIT.

TAYLOR

What'd she mean, she's fine?

ROGERS

Rayleen?

TAYLOR

She told Detective Fikes, she's fine.

ROGERS

Rayleen's a tough one. Candy, flowers, nothing's working.

TAYLOR

Who's fine?

ROGERS

Miss Brenda. Detective's wife. Few months ago she just -

Rogers puts his hands to his head in an explosive motion.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Hardly eats, barely talks. If she does, it's about her son Jake.

TAYLOR

They have a son?

ROGERS

Had.

INT. ROOM #9, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

Brenda on the bed, hair tangled, no make-up, crumbs on her nightgown. She shuffles to the door as Fikes ENTERS, takes his face in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

You're not Jake.

He brushes crumbs from her nightgown.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

He was here last night.

Taylor ENTERS, extends her hand.

TAYLOR

Hi, I'm -

BRENDA

You'd like my Jake. He was here last night. Good looking boy.

Brenda shuffle back to bed.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR, MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Fikes drives as Dispatch comes over the radio.

DISPATCHER

"Detective units, ten-one-hundred, officers on scene."

FIKES

Ten-one-hundred.

She searches on the tablet.

TAYLOR

It's ah, it's, dead body.

DISPATCHER

"Four-oh-nine Warehouse Row."

She taps on the tablet.

TAYLOR

Four-oh-nine. Four, oh, nine. Got nothing. What's a four-oh-nine?

FIKES

The address.

DISPATCHER

"T-P you got this?"

FIKES

Negative, dispatch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

T-P. What's the T for, Ted?

No response.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

The P is obviously for piss off.

FIKES

She can be taught.

INT. CHIEF BERHOFF OFFICE, POLICE STATION - SAME DAY

Berhoff is at his desk, Taylor seated in front.

BERHOFF

Quite a day.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

BERHOFF

First victim.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

BERHOFF

Throw up on his shoes?

She shakes her head.

TAYLOR

Detective Fikes is definitely old school. Has what we call a technology deficit.

BERHOFF

Thirty days it won't matter.

TAYLOR

Knows his way around a crime scene.

BERHOFF

He's no resume' builder. That little flask'll get you both in trouble.

INT. ELEVATOR, SQUAD ROOM - SAME DAY

Fikes waits, Doster approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOSTER

Swinley is my case.

FIKES

You had a missing person, I found
him, you're welcome.

Elevator door opens, Fikes steps in, moves to the rear.

DOSTER

Everything goes through me.

FIKES

That's what assholes are for.

Taylor ENTERS as elevator doors start to close.

INT. ELEVATOR - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor taps on her tablet.

FIKES

Lab.

TAYLOR

Edna's got something.

FIKES

Lab.

TAYLOR

Said it was important.

FIKES

Lab?

Taylor pushes a button.

INT. FORENSICS LAB, POLICE STATION - NEXT MOMENT

NEW COMPUTERS on make-shift TABLE, other EQUIPMENT
haphazardly arranged. EDNA, Lab Tech, African-American
female, 30s, is in front of a COMPUTER display of
fingerprints. She executes an arabesque, moves to another
computer. Fikes and Taylor ENTER.

FIKES

Prints. Talk to me.

Edna embraces Taylor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDNA

Thank you for my new toys.

TAYLOR

You're welcome.

FIKES

Life's good. Where're my prints?

EDNA

Hardly prints, T.P. More like shadows.

TAYLOR

Where'd you get prints?

EDNA

Faint, wispy shadows. Okay, tech guru, fingerprints types.

TAYLOR

Ah, loop, whorl, arch.

EDNA

From?

TAYLOR

Papillary ridges, end of the finger and thumb. Where'd you get prints?

EDNA

Press box, door knob, box of stinky food, trophy, photograph, Chief Swinley. Prints from Swinley still processing.

Edna points to FINGERPRINTS on the screen next to PHOTO of Ballas in U.S. Army combat gear. Edna types, Taylor's tablet dings, she reads the screen.

TAYLOR

Ronald A Ballas. Formerly Staff Sergeant Ballas. Thirty-two. Ten years Army. Afghanistan, Iraq, discharged a year ago.

Taylor turns the tablet to Fikes. He looks from tablet photo to Edna's screen.

FIKES

You got that from there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

Arrested for vagrancy last year.

FIKES

Find him.

Edna touches a key, other prints appear.

EDNA

From the trophy. Those ridges?
Classic arch pattern. Account for -

She executes ballet arm positions one through five as she counts.

EDNA (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four, five
percent of all fingerprints.

Edna presses a key, Taylor's tablet dings, she turns it to Fikes. He looks from tablet to computer.

TAYLOR

Cain Terrman.

PHOTO: MUG SHOT. Caucasian male, 20, eye swollen shut, face has cuts, bruises.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Photo's from twenty-fourteen.
Public intoxication, petty
larceny, -

FIKES

Is he alive?

TAYLOR

B-and-E, -

FIKES

Is he alive?

Taylor turns the tablet to Fikes.

FIKES (CONT'D)

What am I looking at?

TAYLOR

Assault charge. Twenty-sixteen. He
attacked Chief Swinley.

FIKES

Simple question, tech-oh. For the
win. Is he alive or dead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR

Swinley? Dead. Homicide victims
tend to be dead. Terrman lives in
Danville.

FIKES

What about the feather?

EDNA

Beyond my headlights, T.P. Sent it
to the only ornithologist within a
hundred miles. A certified bird
doctor.

FIKES

Where?

EDNA

Bird professor, actually. A P-H-D
doctor. Antioch Bible College.

FIKES

You said three sets.

Doster ENTERS.

EDNA

Prints from Swinley. My new friend
here is working on those thanks to
my other new friend. So far, my
new-new friend's found no matches.

The computer dings.

EDNA (CONT'D)

I stand corrected.

FIKES

Who is it?

Edna studies the results on the screen.

EDNA

No match in our database. An
evidentiary cul-de-sac.

FIKES

So much for the database.

TAYLOR

We're scanning paper records fast
as we can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EDNA

Don't fret, new friend. There's also nothing in the F-B-I or Interpol databases.

FIKES

What about juvie records?

TAYLOR

Youthful offender files are still being scanned.

Doster speaks to Edna.

DOSTER

Tell me about Swinley.

FIKES

He's dead.

TAYLOR

Internal injuries. Fell off the stadium roof.

DOSTER

Could have been pushed.

FIKES

Wow. You and techie have the same superpower. What about the guy who assaulted Swinley?

DOSTER

Who assaulted Swinley?

FIKES

Weapon?

EDNA

Baseball bat.

DOSTER

Who assaulted Swinley?

TAYLOR

Says here Swinley coached the city baseball team.

DOSTER

Who assaulted Swinley?

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LAB, POLICE STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor walk together, Doster follows.

DOSTER

Still my case, Fikes. Keep me in the loop.

Ralph steps from a door labeled STORAGE.

RALPH

Display's fried on that parking garage server, but I got data off. There's more, I just can't get to it. Why, you ask?

Ralph yells for all to hear.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Because this not a workshop, it's a storage room. I got better gear at home.

TAYLOR

You're part of the upgrade, Ralph.

RALPH

Once I resurrect this thing I will no longer be known as Ralph.

Ralph pulls Taylor into the storage room/workshop.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I will be Doctor Ralphenstein.

FIKES

(to Taylor)

Find Ballas.

TAYLOR

How? Wait for him at the stadium? He's not coming back.

Fikes motions for her tablet. He tries to swipe on a photo, it doesn't move. He tries again. Nothing. She takes the tablet, swipes. He motions for her to swipe again, points. PHOTO: Two Nick's Cafe' NAPKIN, address and phone number visible.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT BRICK BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

Illuminated SIGN-ON-WHEELS: A CHURCH FOR ALL. Rusty metal door has an ENTRANCE SIGN. Fikes' car is at the curb.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes removes BADGE, pistol, drops them in the glove box. He sips from the flask, places it in the glove box, takes out a small REVOLVER, slips it in his ankle holster.

INT. CAR, PARKING LOT, CHURCH FOR ALL - NEXT MOMENT

Driver in shadow, far corner of parking lot. They watch Fikes EXIT his car.

INT. HALLWAY, NONDESCRIPT BRICK BUILDING - NEXT MOMENT

Florescent FIXTURES illuminate the hallway. The murmur of voices comes from an open door. Fikes walks toward it.

INT. MEETING ROOM, NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - NEXT MOMENT

MEN and WOMEN sit in a circle of FOLDING CHAIRS. Fikes ENTERS, COUNSELOR approaches, shakes his hand.

COUNSELOR

Welcome back. How'd your week go?

FIKES

Seven days so far.

Counselor turns to the group.

COUNSELOR

Y'all remember Theodore?

INT. LIVING ROOM, FIKES' HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

COFFEE TABLE, OVERSTUFFED CHAIR, SOFA draped with crumpled BLANKET and SHEET, PILLOW on the floor. Fikes ENTERS, places BADGE and PISTOL on the coffee table.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, FIKES' HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

KING BED with FLORAL PRINT SPREAD dominate the room. PERFUME BOTTLES are neatly arranged on a VANITY. Door opens, Fikes in silhouette.

INT. SON'S BEDROOM, FIKES' HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Door opens, Fikes in silhouette. BASEBALL TROPHIES on a shelf, PHOTO of young man in a BASEBALL UNIFORM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baseball game sounds flood Fikes' senses: P-A, organ music, vendor hawking hotdogs. A bat cracks and -

FLASHBACK STARTS - EXT. CEMETERY, LATE AFTERNOON

Rifle SHOT from MILITARY HONOR GUARD, FLAG-DRAPED CASKET in front of Fikes and Brenda. Brenda weeps, Fikes flinches at the next rifle volley.

FLASHBACK ENDS: INT. HALL, FIKES' HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes closes the door, rests his head against a hand-lettered SIGN: DO NOT ENTER.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FIKES' HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes on the sofa, shirt and shoes off. He wraps his hand around the pistol grip, raises it off the coffee table.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR, MOVING - NEXT MORNING

Fikes and Taylor cruise past fenced pastures, kudzu-covered phone poles, pass a WELCOME TO DANVILLE SIGN.

TAYLOR

Ballas works at Two Nick's. Off yesterday. I'm going back tonight.

FIKES

Good fried shrimp.

TAYLOR

Interviewing a witness, not getting you dinner.

FIKES

Side of coleslaw'd be nice.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

They cruise past boarded shop windows, empty sidewalks.

EXT. DANVILLE COURIER NEWSPAPER - NEXT MOMENT

Large dingy window with chipped, sun-bleached letters: DANVILLE COURIER. Fikes' car is at the curb.

INT. OFFICE, DANVILLE COURIER NEWSPAPER - NEXT MOMENT

Cramped space. WOODEN FILING CABINETS, large DESK, LAY-OUT TABLE. MELBA TILLERY, 85, Caucasian female, is at the table with Fikes. Taylor walks about the office. On the table is an 8x10 COLOR PHOTO: BASEBALL TEAM in Danville jerseys in front of a gleaming YELLOW SCHOOL BUS, Danville Demons stenciled on the side.

TILLERY

Church folks didn't take to the name.

FIKES

Which one's Cain Terrman?

TILLERY

The boys loved it.

She points to a player in catcher's CHEST PROTECTOR, SHIN GUARDS. He holds a CATCHER'S MASK.

TILLERY (CONT'D)

If it had wheels and a motor, Cain could fix it. Bit of a temper.

Next to Terrman is a Caucasian male, 17, identically dressed in catcher's gear.

TILLERY (CONT'D)

Fine ball player. Dumb as a stump, always late. School, practice, games even. That's what saved him.

FIKES

Saved him?

Tillery spreads two FRONT PAGES on the table. HEADLINE: DANVILLE TEAM KILLED IN BUS WRECK; DANVILLE MOURNS ITS SONS. PHOTO: Danville Demons bus pulled from a river.

TILLERY

Good boys. All good boys.

Taylor pulls a BUSINESS CARD from a large dusty JAR.

TILLERY (CONT'D)

All gone except Cain. That boy'd be late to his own funeral.

Fikes motions Taylor to take pictures of the newspapers. He reads the business card Taylor hands him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

What's one of our detectives doing in Danville?

TILLERY

Carl Rocanello. Had one of those cameras. Picture comes out the bottom? He and the missus going to France. Taking that camera.

FIKES

Did he say why he was here?

TILLERY

Bus wreck. Something about jurisdiction. Bus went in the river on the way to the championship. Danville's barely got a sheriff much less a detective.

FIKES

Where's the bus now?

TILLERY

Bats, balls, jerseys, all sorts of stuff showed up in the river, some far as Miller's Ferry.

FIKES

The bus.

TILLERY

Fowler's Salvage. We called them junk yards in my day. You have children?

Fikes shakes his head. She turns to Taylor.

TAYLOR

No, ma'am.

Taylor's phone rings, she steps away.

TILLERY

If you had a daughter, -

Tillery points to the other player in catcher's gear.

TILLERY (CONT'D)

He'd be the one to go out with. Angelo Palmer. Girls called him Angel. You know, like Bill for William? Nicest boy you ever met.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TILLERY (CONT'D)

He knew we could beat those Reel Town boys. That Reel Town coach knew it too.

FIKES

Hank Swinley.

TILLERY

He knew Danville was going to win that trophy. He still police chief?

FIKES

He's dead.

TILLERY

Oh, my.

TAYLOR

That professor wants to see us.

FIKES

Terrman still around?

TILLERY

Won't get much out of him, least nothing that makes sense.

EXT. SIDEWALK, FRONT OF DANVILLE COURIER - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes, Taylor, Tillery EXIT.

TILLERY

Don't get out much, beauty parlor mostly. Doris, she's my hairdresser, heard Cain goes to that stadium sometimes. Just a rumor you know. Last I saw him was one of the funerals. So many funerals. Even had one for Angelo, headstone and all.

TAYLOR

Why wouldn't they?

TILLERY

All that rain, currents in the river. Never found him.

As Fikes and Taylor walk to the car he hears the squish of wet tennis shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Check his lungs.

Fikes turns, Tillery waves.

FIKES

You hear that?

TAYLOR

What?

FIKES

What she said.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

FIKES

Why'd she say that?

TAYLOR

Because they were.

FIKES

Were what?

TILLERY

Young. She said, they were so young.

"Check his lungs/were so young" echoes in Fikes' head.

INT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR, MOVING - SAME DAY

A partially folded MAP is on the dashboard. They drive past mobile homes, small ponds, abandoned structures.

TAYLOR

No G-P-S?

Fikes glances from road to map to road.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It tells you where to turn.

Fikes turns onto a dirt road.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Okay then. Tells you how far it is.

Fikes slows to a stop, points.

EXT. DILAPIDATED MOBILE HOME - NEXT MOMENT

MOBILE HOME surrounded by old CAR BODIES, ENGINE BLOCKS, HUBCAPS. Adjacent is a three-sided, tin-roofed SHED, late-model CAR underneath, hood up. CAIN TERRMAN, Caucasian male, late 20s, bends over the engine.

INT. WOODEN SHED - NEXT MOMENT

Terrman wears a dirty DANVILLE jersey. Dented, gouged ALUMINUM BAT is on the workbench. Fikes and Taylor EXIT the car. Terrman grabs the bat.

EXT. DILAPIDATED MOBILE HOME - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor approach the shed. Terrman steps out.

FIKES

Cain Terrman?

TERRMAN

Forgot your bicycles.

FIKES

Are you Cain Terrman?

TERRMAN

Holy-rollers always got bikes.

FIKES

Reel Town police, Mister Terrman.

Fikes pulls back his coat, reveals his badge, pistol. Terrman EXITS into the shed.

INT. WOODEN SHED - NEXT MOMENT

Terrman bends under the car hood. Fikes and Taylor ENTER.

FIKES

Where were you Friday morning?

TERRMAN

Where were you?

TAYLOR

We found your prints in the press box at the old stadium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRMAN

I did it. That what you want to hear?

TAYLOR

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say -

She stops when Fikes raises his hand.

TERRMAN

Concrete block don't burn worth a damn. Wooden chairs? Sons-a-bitches go up like kindling. That place needs to burn.

TAYLOR

This isn't about a fire.

FIKES

Anyone else there?

TERRMAN

Everybody. Me, Angelo, Billy, Mike. We're in the bus, we're in the water, we're in the fucking ground feeding worms. Goddamn bus.

FIKES

You kill Hank Swinley?

TERRMAN

He killed me, man. Me, Angelo, Billy, Mike. Angelo could throw to second from a crouch. Who does that? Not me. No, sir. Not me. Nobody but Angelo.

Terrman examines his hand in a shaft of sunlight that streams through a hole in the shed.

TERRMAN (CONT'D)

I see them, you know. Nights mostly. Black plastic bags lined up along the road like sacks of garbage. Ghosts. We're all ghosts.

Terrman grabs the bat, EXITS, they follow.

EXT. DILAPIDATED MOBILE HOME - NEXT MOMENT

Terrman puts an ear on the hood of their car. His lips move but it's not his voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Check his lungs.

FIKES

What'd you say?

TERRMAN

Check the oil.

FIKES

That's not what you said.

TERRMAN

Old cars need lot of oil.

FIKES

That's not what you said.

Fikes pushes him against the car.

FIKES

Say it.

TAYLOR

Fikes.

FIKES

Say it. Say, check his lungs.

TERRMAN

Check his lungs?

It's obviously not the same voice. Fikes releases him.
 "Check his lungs/check the oil" echoes in his head.

INT. FIKES' CAR, MOVING - NEXT MOMENT

They cruise through the rural landscape.

FIKES

Anything on that Etch-A-Sketch?

TAYLOR

Etch-A, what?

FIKES

The wreck. Anything?

TAYLOR

Birmingham paper's got it, Atlanta
 paper's got it, nothing in our
 database.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

Paper files are in the basement.

TAYLOR

Power surge could have taken the server down, wiped out some files. System desperately needs an upgrade. I even checked the vault.

FIKES

We got a vault?

TAYLOR

Not what you think. It's in the cloud.

FIKES

You make this shit up, don't you?

TAYLOR

Stop.

Fikes veers off the road. She points to a weathered wooden SIGN: FOWLER'S SALVAGE.

EXT. ENTRANCE, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Chain link fence surrounds acres of stripped down CAR BODIES. Eight-foot wall of RECTANGULAR METAL CUBES are stacked like building blocks near the entrance.

EXT. FIKES' SQUAD CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor approach the open gate. Snarling DOG rushes them, teeth bared. RANDY, Caucasian male, 35, work pants, T-shirt, unlaced boots, approaches from a large ALUMINUM BUILDING, points a finger, Dog sits.

TAYLOR

Mister Fowler around?

RANDY

Mister. He'd like that.

FIKES

Can we talk to him? About the bus.

RANDY

Nobody goes back there.

Fikes pulls back his jacket, reveals his badge.

INT. PREFAB BUILDING, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Potbellied STOVE, fire visible through a louvered door. Smoky haze hugs the ceiling. FOWLER is in a ROCKING CHAIR, BLANKET over his shoulders, chin on his chest. Randy ENTERS, Fikes and Taylor behind.

RANDY

Grand? Folks here to see you.

Fowler raises his head. His face is pale, brow furrowed, glassy eyes sunk in their sockets.

FIKES

We'd like to see the bus.

Fowler extends a crooked finger, beckons Taylor. She steps close. Fowler wraps boney fingers around her wrist, turns his face to the ceiling.

FOWLER

Young. African.

RANDY

Claims he sees things.

FOWLER

Too smart for them. Leaving soon.

Fowler motions to Fikes who extends his hand.

FIKES

The bus, Mister Fowler.

Their hands touch.

FIKES (CONT'D)

We just want to -

Fowler stiffens, drops his hand, head falls to his chest.

RANDY

Grand?

FOWLER

Dying.

RANDY

Always thinks he's dying.

FOWLER

Show them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY
You said nobody goes -

FOWLER
Show them.

EXT. ENTRANCE, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Randy, Fikes, Taylor stand outside the shed.

RANDY
Guy shows up couple days after the wreck. Monster ass wrecker. Hooks up, pulls off, engine whining, tires spinning like crazy.

Randy snaps his fingers. Dog straightens, attentive. Randy slides his finger across his throat, points.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Take a left at the fence. Can't miss it.

They start off, disappear between rows of wrecked cars. Randy looks at Dog, points after them.

EXT. DEEP IN FOWLER'S SALVAGE, MOVING - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor turn left at the fence, hear approaching Dog. Fikes steps in front of Taylor, draws his pistol. Dog rounds the corner, skids to a stop, tucks his tail, slinks away. Taylor taps Fikes' shoulder.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Bus is bright yellow, no rust, no corrosion, DANVILLE DEMONS stenciled on the side. Water runs off as if recently washed.

INT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Water drips from every surface. Fikes ENTERS. There's a noise, he pulls his pistol, takes a step, noise repeats. Another step, noise repeats. Another step, MOUSE scampers out the back door. He moves to the rear, steps over piles of wet BASEBALL GLOVES, CATCHERS' GEAR. Overhead luggage rack holds wet GYM BAGS. Water drips in his eyes. BIRD flutters past his face, out an open window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Fikes.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor kneels in the dirt. Fikes EXITS the bus, she points to the undercarriage.

EXT. UNDERCARRIAGE, SCHOOL BUS - NEXT MOMENT

Drops of DARK RED LIQUID drip from a break in a narrow METAL TUBE, splatter in the mud below. Fikes starts to crawl under, Taylor scoots ahead of him.

TAYLOR

Vial.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Voice whispers from the tree line.

TEEN MALE VOICE

Check his lungs.

TAYLOR

The vial?

Fikes draws his pistol, steps toward the trees.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Fikes. The vial.

Fikes takes another step.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Not comfortable under here.

Fikes hands Taylor an evidence VIAL.

INT. SMALL OFFICE, ANTIOCH BIBLE COLLEGE - LATER SAME DAY

Office crammed with COMPUTERS, DIGITAL PROJECTOR, bookcases. JERRY ALTMAN, 42, male of Japanese descent, studies a BOOK of COLOR ILLUSTRATION of FEATHERS, scrolls through feather images on the computer.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE OFFICE, BIBLE COLLEGE - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor stand at a door labeled JERRY ALTMAN, PH.D., ANTIOCH BIBLE COLLEGE. FEMALE STUDENT passes.

FEMALE STUDENT

Bless your journey.

Female Student rushes back, hands Fikes a LEAFLET.

FEMALE STUDENT (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

INSERT LEAFLET: ANGEL with spread wings and the title WILL YOU BE READY?

INT. OFFICE, ANTIOCH BIBLE COLLEGE - NEXT MOMENT

Altman turns a page in a book. Fikes and Taylor ENTER.

TAYLOR

Doctor Altman?

ALTMAN

I'm not your advisor.

TAYLOR

Doctor Altman.

ALTMAN

Go bother someone else.

He looks up, waves them over.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

Adults for a change.

TAYLOR

We're here about -

ALTMAN

That's the question, isn't it? Why you're here.

Altman points to a FEATHER on the computer screen.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

That long calamus? Very stiff. Pennaceous.

TAYLOR

That ours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALTMAN

Great quill pen. Anterior and posterior barbules branch out from the rachis.

Computer image changes, Altman points.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

Plumaceous. Fluffy. Obviously no good for pens.

FIKES

Obviously.

TAYLOR

Is it ours?

ALTMAN

That's the question, isn't it?

The image changes again.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

This is yours. Pigeons love rafters. Know why? Protection from above. From predators.

TAYLOR

It's a pigeon feather.

ALTMAN

From the stadium, right?

Fikes hands him the FEATHER from the bus. Altman examines it through the evidence bag.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

Appears the same, but no. No pigeon feathers here. Those barbs? Should branch forty-five degrees from the rachis. These don't. Angle's wrong. What's strange is they're both pennaceous and plumaceous.

FIKES

Translate.

ALTMAN

Your stadium feather has characteristics of two different types. Other one appears identical. Very odd.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

And there's something unusual on
the base of the quill.

FIKES

Bird dandruff.

ALTMAN

I'll run some tests. But this,
this you got to see.

Altman closes the CURTAINS, turns off the light, removes
the stadium feather from its EVIDENCE BAG. It glows. He
removes the other feather from its bag. It glows.

TAYLOR

They glow.

FIKES

Keep that superpower sharp.

TAYLOR

Why do they glow?

ALTMAN

That's the question, isn't it?

Altman switches on a DESK LAMP, reads from an old,
LEATHER-BOUND BOOK.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

"Shimmering, white, pale
luminescence. A glowing pearl.
Close examination yields the
startling fact the feather is both
pen and plumage. Pennaceous and
plumaceous." Your feathers, right?
Whatever you have here, -

FIKES

Pigeon ate a lightning bug.

ALTMAN

Not part of their diet. Whatever
this is, this glow? You've given
me a treat. Read about it, never
seen it.

TAYLOR

What kind of bird is it?

ALTMAN

That's the question, isn't it?
Birds descended from dinosaurs,
but don't tell anyone around here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Altman hands the book to her, she reads the title.

TAYLOR

"Travels in the Holy Land."

ALTMAN

Sir Barton Mann. English fellow.

TAYLOR

Fifteen-eighty-five.

ALTMAN

Royal house of, something.

TAYLOR

What kind of bird is he describing?

FIKES

Firefly mated with a pigeon.

ALTMAN

His conclusion's are not widely accepted in the scientific community.

Taylor reads to herself.

ALTMAN (CONT'D)

Brilliant scientist. Bit odd.

TAYLOR

No fireflies, no pigeons. This guy claims the feather came from an angel.

FIKES

Zoology Department, right?

ALTMAN

Tenured.

FIKES

Not Mythology Department.

ALTMAN

We don't have a mythology depart - Right. Sixteenth-century zoologist, in the Holy Land, writing about, what, really?

TAYLOR

Angels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALTMAN

On the surface a bit farfetched.

FIKES

On the surface bat shit crazy.

ALTMAN

Bats are mammals, not birds.
Whatever's on your feathers, -

FIKES

Fairy flakes.

ALTMAN

Couple tests will tell me how old
they are. Maybe where they came
from.

FIKES

That's the question, isn't it?

INT. RECEPTION AREA, TWO NICK'S CAFE' - LATER

Taylor ENTERS, speaks to HOSTESS who points.

INT. KITCHEN, TWO NICK'S CAFE' - NEXT MOMENT

DISHWASHER emits steam and bubbles. Ballas slides dirty
dishes in the machine.

TAYLOR (O.C.)

Ronald Ballas?

Taylor steps from the steam.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Mister Ballas?

She displays her badge.

BALLAS

Found my apartment.

TAYLOR

Cozy place if you don't mind
pigeons.

BALLAS

Warm and dry, nobody bothered me.

TAYLOR

Til now.

INT. ELEVATOR, SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Doors open, Fikes steps in. As doors close Taylor inserts her foot, ENTERS.

TAYLOR
Basement smells like piss.

FIKES
You found my database.

She hands him a single page of station letterhead.

FIKES
Lab.

TAYLOR
Twenty-two people die in a bus wreck.

FIKES
Lab.

TAYLOR
We get a one-page report.

FIKES
Lab?

Taylor pushes a button, doors close, Fikes reads.

FIKES (CONT'D)
Wet road conditions, excessive speed, blah, blah, blah. It was Rocanello's case. Why'd Chief Swinley sign it?

Taylor consults her tablet.

TAYLOR
Rocanello couldn't.

FIKES
Why? It was his - Oh, shit.

TAYLOR
Suicide.

FIKES
In the damn squad car.

TAYLOR
Doesn't make sense. Superior reviews, commendations, -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

Closed the parking garage for two days.

TAYLOR

- community service award. He was about to retire, like you. Not like you'd, I mean -

FIKES

What about our stadium squatter.

Taylor reads notes on her tablet.

TAYLOR

Got to the stadium about midnight, eating on the balcony when he heard a noise on the roof. That's when the body fell off. Said the stadium lights flashed.

FIKES

Power's been off for years.

TAYLOR

He heard the crack of a bat.

FIKES

Drunk?

TAYLOR

Not when I talked to him. Press box locker was full of ginger ale. I think it's Terrman.

Elevator stops, door opens.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Danville bus was on the way to the game when it wrecked. Swinley coached the team they were playing that night. Terrman's displaying misdirected anger.

FIKES

That's some made up shit.

Elevator door starts to close, Fikes blocks it with his foot.

TAYLOR

Terrman could blame Swinley for his teammates dying.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Since he didn't die in the wreck,
he's got survivor's guilt. That's
a real thing.

The elevator alarm sounds.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LAB - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes and Taylor step from the elevator, start down the
hall toward the lab.

TAYLOR

Terrman attacked Swinley once
before. He admits trying to burn
down the stadium.

FIKES

How'd he get in and out of the
nursing home without being seen?

TAYLOR

Don't know.

FIKES

How'd he get Swinley on the roof?

TAYLOR

Don't know.

FIKES

That's the question, isn't it?

TAYLOR

He also heard, get this, a
squishing sound. Yeah. Squishing.
Said it sounded like -

She checks her tablet.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Someone walking in wet shoes.
That's verbatim.

Fikes stops, Taylor continues, stops.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It means word for word.

Fikes walks past her.

FIKES

I know what it means.

EXT. PARKING LOT, HOSPITAL - THAT NIGHT

Same car from Church For All.

INT. CAR IN PARKING LOT - NEXT MOMENT

Driver in shadow watches Fikes EXIT the hospital.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, HOSPITAL - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes stops at the curb, sips from his flask.

INT. CAR, HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NEXT MOMENT

Driver cranks up, drives toward Fikes.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, HOSPITAL - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes steps off the curb.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NEXT MOMENT

Car accelerates.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, HOSPITAL - NEXT MOMENT

Car stops beside Fikes. It's Taylor.

TAYLOR

Thursday night, Church for All.
Cancer support group.

She holds up the tablet.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It's on their website.

EXT. PARKING LOT, MOVING - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes sips from his flask, starts walking. Taylor follows in her car.

FIKES

Got good instincts, Taylor.

TAYLOR

It's Brenda, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

Don't work for the department,
officially. Minor technicality.

TAYLOR

My dad had cancer.

Fikes stops. Taylor stops the car, EXITS.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

How long's she got?

FIKES

Keep Doster out of it. He's a
shitty detective and an asshole.

TAYLOR

What are you taking about?

FIKES

Swinley. You're taking over.

TAYLOR

Are you crazy?

FIKES

I hear voices, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Voices.

FIKES

One, actually. One voice. One
fucking voice fucking with my
head.

Taylor grabs the flask.

TAYLOR

This isn't helping.

He grabs it back, spills some on her hand. She sniffs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What is that?

FIKES

Listerine.

He walks away.

TAYLOR

My dad used mouthwash when he had -
It's not Brenda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She starts after him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
It's you. It all makes sense now.
The drug dealer, the redneck with
a pistol, -

He continues walking.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Section five, department handbook.

Fikes continues walking.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Spousal benefits double if you're
killed in the line of duty.

He stops.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You studied that section for
weeks.

FIKES
One foot in the grave, I'm just
helping put the other one there.

TAYLOR
And that's fair to Brenda?

He approaches.

FIKES
Measly fucking pension won't pay
for that place.

TAYLOR
Get yourself killed, she's set for
life. You really should erase your
browser history.

FIKES
You know what they say. If you got
to go, make it count.

Fikes walks away.

TAYLOR
Nobody says that.

FIKES
One question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR

Yeah?

FIKES

What's a browser?

INT. LAB, POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

Edna watches finger prints cycle on a computer screen,
Fikes and Taylor over her shoulder.

EDNA

Sorry, T-P. Prints not ready but I
do know how Swinley died.

TAYLOR

Fell off the roof.

EDNA

So it would appear to the layman
or laywoman.

Edna touches a key. Drops of liquid appear on the screen,
tiny organisms in each.

EDNA (CONT'D)

I checked his lungs. Full of
water.

FIKES

You what?

EDNA

Checked his lungs.

Teen Male Voice "check his lungs" echoes in Fikes' head.

FIKES

Why?

EDNA

Confirm my initial finding. Which
was wrong.

TAYLOR

The fall was post-mortem.

EDNA

Also, no chlorine, no fluoride,
but multiple strains of bacteria.

FIKES

Not city water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDNA
That brake fluid you gave me?

TAYLOR
Not brake fluid.

EDNA
Blood.

FIKES
Whose?

EDNA
Don't know. Yet.

Fikes starts toward the door.

FIKES
Run that thing, that, that -

EDNA
Hematology analyzer.

FIKES
Round the clock. I need answers.

TEEN MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Rocanello had a wife.

FIKES
What'd you say?

EDNA
I said, I had a life.

FIKES
That's not what you said.

EDNA
'Til I came here, I had a life.
It's twenty-four-seven with you.

"Rocanello had a wife/I had a life" echoes in Fikes' head.

FIKES
Find her.

TAYLOR
Who?

FIKES
His wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR
What if she's dead?

FIKES
She's not.

TAYLOR
How do you know?

Fikes EXITS.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
How do you know?

INT. HALL, RALPH'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Ralph carries a cardboard BOX, EXITS into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Table crammed with ELECTRONIC GEAR. Ralph turns on a COMPUTER, slides a HARD DRIVE from a dented METAL CASE.

EXT. BACK YARD, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

INTRUDER picks the LOCK.

INT. BEDROOM, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Ralph dons EARBUDS, connects hard drive to the computer. He moves to the music, uses SCREWDRIVERS like DRUM STICKS. DATA flashes on the screen. He drops a screwdriver, picks it up.

INT. KITCHEN, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Intruder screws SILENCER on a PISTOL. His leg bumps a table. TALL GLASS teeters on the table edge.

INT. BEDROOM, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Ralph removes an earbud, listens. He places his ear against the exposed hard drive, taps it. He reinserts the earbud, continues drumming with the screwdrivers.

INT. HALL, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Intruder stops beyond the open bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM, RALPH'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Ralph tosses a screwdriver in the air, catches it, repeats, misses. He bends to pick it up, pistol shot slams him against the chair, second shot he slides to the floor. An earbud slips out, music still playing. Intruder scatters contents of a FILING CABINET on the floor, slides mattress off the bed, sees computer cycling through data.

INT. FIKES CUBICLE, POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

Steaming CUP of COFFEE on the desk, Taylor at Fikes' computer. Fikes ENTERS.

FIKES

That yours?

TAYLOR

Don't drink coffee.

FIKES

My computer. Emphasis on my.

TAYLOR

Never use your birthday for a password.

Fikes picks up the coffee, sniffs, takes a cautious sip.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'm cleaning out your browser history.

Doster stands in his adjacent cubicle. Taylor puts a THUMB DRIVE on Fikes' desk.

FIKES

What's that?

TAYLOR

Parking garage.

Fikes takes another sip, nods in approval.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Ralph pulled it off the old server. Took the rest home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER
(on intercom)
"Squad room people. Now."

Fikes and Taylor EXIT. Doster picks up the thumb drive.

INT. SQUAD ROOM, POLICE STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Berhoff watches as all file in.

BERHOFF
Ralph, the young man who keeps our
electronics running, -

TAYLOR
And doing a great job, chief.

BERHOFF
Right. He ah, he -

TAYLOR
Deserves a raise.

BERHOFF
He was killed last night. Shot.
Possibly gang-related.

TAYLOR
Not Ralph.

BERHOFF
They found drugs at his house.

TAYLOR
Impossible. Not Ralph.

BERHOFF
Didn't carry a badge, but he was
one of us. Treat it like any other
officer's death.

INT. BERHOFF'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Berhoff at his desk, Fikes and Taylor standing.

TAYLOR
What was it, weed? Uppers?

BERHOFF
Uncut cocaine. Fifty grams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

No way. Not Ralph.

BERHOFF

Trashed the house pretty good.
Even took his big screen TV.

INT. HALL TO LOCKER ROOMS, STADIUM - LATER SAME DAY

Dark, empty space. Water drips. Distant door scraps open, metal on concrete. Light pierces the dim interior.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM DOOR, OUTFIELD, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes opens the door further, doubles over, exhausted.

INT. HALL TO LOCKER ROOMS, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes' flashlight illuminates a cavernous interior. FLORESCENT FIXTURES dangle from the ceiling, wires exposed, bulbs shattered on the floor. His flashlight flickers, he hits it, it brightens.

INT. FAR END OF HALL, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

PERSON, face hidden by a catcher's mask sees the flashlight flicker, brighten.

INT. DOOR TO LOCKER ROOMS - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes' flashlight illuminates VISITORS sign on door. There's a noise down the hall.

INT. HALL TO LOCKER ROOMS, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes moves toward the sound, pistol drawn. Sound increases as he approaches a corner, steps around.

INT. WATER FOUNTAIN, HALL, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Flashlight beam reflects off a CHROME WATER FOUNTAIN, blinds Fikes. Water drips from the ceiling onto the water fountain, the source of the sound. Flashlight flickers.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MRS. ROCANELLO'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

SOFA, OVERSTUFFED CHAIRS, COFFEE TABLE, TEAPOT and CUP, BROWNIE and crumbs. MRS. ROCANELLO, Caucasian female, 80, petite, knuckles twisted with arthritis, sits with hands folded in her lap, Taylor on the sofa.

TAYLOR

Lovely home, Missus Rocanello.

MRS. ROCANELLO

Been expecting you. Nosey neighbors. Damn prudes.

She stretches her arms toward Taylor.

MRS. ROCANELLO (CONT'D)

Do your duty, officer.

Mrs. Rocanello gestures to the brownie.

MRS. ROCANELLO (CONT'D)

Confiscate the evidence. Truth is, I haven't slept this good since Carl died.

Taylor lowers Mrs. Rocanello' arms.

TAYLOR

Tell me about your husband.

MRS. ROCANELLO

Carl.

TAYLOR

Police report said -

MRS. ROCANELLO

Damn lie then, damn lie now.

Mrs. Rocanello hands her an ENVELOPE, she opens it.

TAYLOR

France?

MRS. ROCANELLO

First vacation in years. And a great-grandchild on the way. Carl had a lot to look forward to. Why would he do something like that?

INT. HALL TO LOCKER ROOMS, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Footsteps. Fikes turns off his flashlight, backs against the wall. Flashlight beam approaches. Fikes steps out, pistol drawn. It's Crew Chief, belt laden with TOOLS, SATCHEL over his shoulder. He raises a large HAMMER, slams it into the cinder block wall. It penetrates, releases dust, concrete shards.

CREW CHIEF

Only thing holding this shit pit together is rust and rebar.

FIKES

Go home, chief.

CREW CHIEF

Couple more charges.

He dangles keys in Fikes' face.

CREW CHIEF (CONT'D)

This is what stands between you and Hell coming down on your head.

FIKES

Not today.

Crew Chief EXITS into the dark.

CREW CHIEF

Hands not as steady as they used to be. Hope I don't slip up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MRS. ROCANELLO'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Mrs. Rocanello pours tea, hands Taylor a cup.

MRS. ROCANELLO

It's just tea, dear.

TAYLOR

Your husband say anything about a bus wreck he was investigating?

MRS. ROCANELLO

Supervisor came to see me. Asked if Carl brought any work home.

TAYLOR

Hank Swinley?

Taylor opens her tablet: PHOTO of Chief Swinley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ROCANELLO

Younger. Almost handsome. Went to get tea found him snooping in my bookcase.

Taylor shows her a GROUP PHOTO: Swinley, Berhoff, Doster, Fikes. Mrs. Rocanello points to Berhoff.

MRS. ROCANELLO (CONT'D)

There's a nice-looking man. You married?

TAYLOR

No, ma'am. That man came to see you?

MRS. ROCANELLO

Not him. Him.

She points to Doster.

INT. VISITOR LOCKER ROOM, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Dark. Door opens, Fikes ENTERS. Flashlight beam passes over FOLDING CHAIRS, FLOOR FAN, WATER COOLER. He flips a wall light switch. Nothing. He opens the door further, CARDBOARD CUTOUT of a BASEBALL PLAYER topples to the floor. WOODEN LOCKERS hold moldy DANVILLE uniforms, rotted CATCHER'S GEAR drapes a chair. Footsteps behind him. He draws his pistol, turns. Water drips onto a ROTTING GLOVE, the source of the sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MRS. ROCANELLO'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor rises.

TAYLOR

Thanks for your time Missus Rocanello.

MRS. ROCANELLO

What about Carl's file?

She takes a MANILA FOLDER from a drawer.

MRS. ROCANELLO (CONT'D)

He was walking out the door for the last time. On his way to work. He said Millie? It's really Mildred.

She hands the folder to Taylor, they start for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ROCANELLO (CONT'D)

Keep this 'til someone from the station comes for it. All these years, nobody came.

TAYLOR

The almost-handsome man?

MRS. ROCANELLO

Scoundrel. Could tell from the minute he set foot in my house.

Taylor EXITS onto the porch.

EXT. PORCH, MRS. ROCANELLO HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Mrs. Rocanello stands in the door.

MRS. ROCANELLO

Ninth grade. That's when he first called me Millie.

TAYLOR

Carl.

MRS. ROCANELLO

Carl.

INT. VISITOR LOCKER ROOM, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes examines locker contents. The voice echoes in his head.

TEEN MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Read Rocanello's report.

Fikes rests his head against the locker, mumbles to himself.

FIKES

This shit's getting old.

TEEN MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Read Rocanello's report.

He slams the locker door, mumbles as the voice echoes.

TEEN MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Read -

FIKES

Shut -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN MALE VOICE
- Rocanello's -

FIKES
the fuck -

TEEN MALE VOICE
- report.

FIKES
- up.

He turns to leave. PERSON stands across the room in a catcher's mask. Fikes backs up, draws his pistol.

PERSON
Read Rocanello's report.

It's the same voice he's been hearing.

FIKES
Who the fuck are you?

Person takes a step, Fikes steps back.

FIKES (CONT'D)
Take that shit off.

Person takes another step, Fikes backs up.

FIKES (CONT'D)
One more step, -

Fikes aims at Person's leg.

FIKES (CONT'D)
- it'll be the last one you take
without a limp.

Person takes a step, Fikes pulls the trigger, the bullet hits Person's leg. Fikes trips over a chair, drops his pistol, recovers. Person is gone. There's a gunshot outside. Fikes moves to the door. His flashlight dies, he slaps it, nothing.

INT. HALL TO LOCKER ROOMS, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Exterior door slams shut. Fikes trips, falls in the dark. The flashlight glows, reveals Crew Chief, bullet hole in his forehead. Fikes checks for a pulse. Nothing. He searches for the DEMOLITION KEYS. Not there.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM DOOR, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes ENTERS the stadium as someone runs from the demolition table. He pursues, drops to one knee, pants.

EXT. STADIUM GATE - LATER SAME DAY

Fikes at the gate. Taylor drives up, EXITS her car.

TAYLOR

You okay?

He stares at the stadium.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Fikes?

FIKES

Not sure Terrman is our guy.

TAYLOR

Who else?

FIKES

That's the question, isn't it?

TAYLOR

Professor wants to see us.

FIKES

Fill you in on the way.

INT. OFFICE, ANTIOCH BIBLE COLLEGE - LATER SAME DAY

Fikes and Taylor ENTER. Altman holds up a MANILA ENVELOPE.

ALTMAN

Your feathers have D-N-A.

FIKES

Everything's got D-N-A.

ALTMAN

From an extinct avian species along with D-N-A from another species.

FIKES

Cross-contamination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

What species?

ALTMAN

Cross-contamination would show two distinct strands. This is two species, one D-N-A strand.

TAYLOR

What other species?

ALTMAN

You.

TAYLOR

Me?

ALTMAN

You, me, all of us. It's human D-N-A. Give or take a few hundred years, that combined strand is three thousand years old.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE STATION - LATER

Fikes and Taylor sort through papers on the conference table. Taylor reads from a THICK REPORT.

TAYLOR

Describes the bus, its condition, where he inspected it, here you go. Quote: "My conclusion is the brake line was deliberately severed, possibly with a hack saw as there is no indication of crimping as would occur with pliers or wire cutters."

FIKES

Rocanello was a damn good detective.

TAYLOR

Quote: "There is no sign of corrosion, indicating the damage was very recent."

FIKES

If Danville couldn't make it to the game, Swinley's team wins. Swinley's report is bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

All for a lousy trophy?

FIKES

Grand jury would have a field day with this. Anything on Ralph?

TAYLOR

Checked the evidence locker like you said. Two bags of coke from the raid, one from Ralph's.

FIKES

Three bags.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

FIKES

No. I gave Doster three bags at the raid.

TAYLOR

Is he dealing?

FIKES

Parking garage?

TAYLOR

What's his shift?

FIKES

Varies.

Taylor works on the laptop.

TAYLOR

Let's find the duty roster.

FIKES

You can do that?

TAYLOR

Integrating technology -

FIKES

- into the workflow. Right.

TAYLOR

What year?

FIKES

Year of the wreck. Twenty-thirteen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

Let's see, we got twenty fifteen,
fourteen, thirteen. What month?

FIKES

Can you match a name with a shift?

TAYLOR

Thought you'd never ask.

FIKES

Day shift's risky. Too many people
around. Try third shift.

TAYLOR

Doster, third shift. Not there,
not there, not - got it. Last
quarter of twenty thirteen.

She inserts a thumb drive into the laptop.

FIKES

That the one you gave me?

TAYLOR

Backup. You lost the other one.

Large MONITOR on the wall comes to life with grainy black-
and-white video from the underground garage. She fast
forwards, freeze-frames an indistinct figure.

TAYLOR

Right size, right build.

FIKES

Could be anybody.

Fast forward, freeze, another indistinct image. Fast
forward.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Go back.

She rewinds.

FIKES

Stop.

Parked SQUAD CAR has a missing FENDER.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Rocanello's car. He sideswiped a
column. Motor pool was waiting on
the part.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Man walks to the car, opens driver's door, gets in.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Got to be Rocanello.

Fast forward, stop. MAN approaches the car on the passenger side, face not visible. MAN gestures, leans in, chats with Rocanello, hands Rocanello his PISTOL. Rocanello unholsters his own PISTOL, compares their weight in both hands, nods. Rocanello gives MAN both pistols. MAN repeats Rocanello's weighing motion, starts to return Rocanello's pistol but instead places it against Rocanello's temple, pulls the trigger. Rocanello slams against the driver's window, slumps to the steering wheel.

FIKES/TAYLOR

Fuck/shit.

MAN wipes Rocanello's pistol grip, wraps Rocanello's right hand around it, holsters his own weapon.

FIKES

Again.

VIDEO: MAN walks to passenger window, gestures, leans in.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Again.

VIDEO: Scene repeats.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Slow it down.

VIDEO: Scene repeats, slower.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Slower.

VIDEO: Very slow motion. MAN walks to passenger window, claps his hand, points index fingers at Rocanello.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes, Taylor, Berhoff at the rear of a squad car. Berhoff opens the trunk with a CROWBAR. Inside is a COMPUTER, old video server, large screen TV. Doster ENTERS the opposite end of the garage, sees them, EXITS. Berhoff and Taylor pursue.

INT. VISITOR LOCKER ROOM, STADIUM - THAT NIGHT

Door opens, Fikes, Taylor, Berhoff ENTER. Flashlight beams crisscross. Taylor inspects a moldy uniform. Exterior door scrapes shut.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM DOOR, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Doster wedges a METAL BAR in the door handle. Door shakes, voices inside yell, Doster walks to Demo Table.

EXT. DEMOLITION TABLE, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Officer Dillard on the ground, bleeding. Doster studies a piece of PAPER, inserts a KEY in the box, punches a code on the keypad, turns the key. There's a rumble.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOMS, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Muffled explosion. Concrete pieces drop from the ceiling, dust and debris in the air. Far end of the hall collapses. Fikes, Taylor, Berhoff move away from the door. Falling concrete slams Berhoff's right arm. It bleeds.

EXT. DEMOLITION TABLE, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Doster punches in another code, turns the key.

INT. HALL, PRESS BOX DOOR, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Another explosion. Concrete and plaster crash to the floor. Fikes opens the Press Box door.

EXT. DEMOLITION TABLE, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Doster punches in another code, turns the key.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE PRESS BOX, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Explosion collapses part of the stairwell, slams Fikes, Taylor, Berhoff against the wall.

EXT. DEMOLITION TABLE, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Doster enters another code, turns the key. Nothing. He reenters the code, turns the key. Nothing. There's a flashlight beam in the press box.

INT. PRESS BOX, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor pulls a rusty FIRST AID KIT from a locker.

EXT. PRESS BOX BALCONY, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes ENTERS, peers over the rail. Dillard is on the ground. No sign of Doster.

INT. PRESS BOX, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor bandages Berhoff's right arm. Fikes ENTERS from the balcony, dials on his cell phone. Doster steps from the dark interior of an adjacent room, presses a pistol against Fikes' temple.

DOSTER

Dump it.

Fikes drops his cell phone.

DOSTER (CONT'D)

And the piece.

Fikes tosses his pistol. It lands several feet from Taylor. Doster kicks at Fikes' ankle. Fikes pulls the pistol from his ankle holster, drops it.

DOSTER (CONT'D)

Should have let that gang banger waste you.

Taylor slides her hand toward Fikes' pistol on the floor.

DOSTER (CONT'D)

Really? Little Miss Not-A-Field-Agent's going to shoot somebody? You even know where the safety is?

FIKES

You a Sagittarius?

DOSTER

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

Tina Turner's a Sagittarius.

Doster hits Fikes on the head with the pistol. Fikes falls to his knees, Doster takes aim.

TAYLOR

Don't forget Little Richard.

Taylor fires, slams Doster against the press box door.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

He's a Sagittarius, too.

She fires again, Doster staggers out the door.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Tutti Fruity.

She fires again, Doster tumbles over the rail.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Oh, Rudy.

A rumble shakes the press box.

EXT. DEMOLITION TABLE, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Terrman at the table, hands on the key. He looks at the paper, punches a code. Dillard stands, falls back.

TERRMAN

Gotta go. Fire sale. Deal of the century. Change the oil.

Terrman takes Dillard's pistol.

TERRMAN (CONT'D)

Not you. Not guilty. My job. Blow it up. My job. Gotta do it.

EXT. OUTFIELD, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes, Taylor, Berhoff ENTER, move toward Terrman.

FIKES

Get away from the table.

EXT. DEMOLITION TABLE, STADIUM OUTFIELD - NEXT MOMENT

Terrman turns the key. Nothing. He points the pistol at Fikes.

TERRMAN
Holy-rollers with guns.

Fikes opens his flip phone. Terrman waves the pistol. Fikes puts phone and pistol on the ground.

FIKES
Scorpio, right?

TERRMAN
Shut up.

FIKES
Intensely loyal to family and friends.

TERRMAN
You don't know my family.

FIKES
I know your friends died in that wreck.

TERRMAN
We all died.

FIKES
You missed the bus.

TERRMAN
Fuck you. I was on the bus. I was in the water.

FIKES
You were not in the water.

TERRMAN
I was on the Goddamn bus, pounding on the windows 'til my hands bled. Me, Angelo, Billy, Mike, Jimmy.

Fikes steps closer.

FIKES
And you know who's responsible.

TERRMAN
Damn straight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIKES

But he's dead.

TERRMAN

You don't know shit.

FIKES

Somebody else killed him.

TERRMAN

I did.

FIKES

Not you, Cain.

TERRMAN

It was me Goddamn it.

TAYLOR

We know the brake line was cut.

FIKES

We know Swinley's guilty.

TERRMAN

You don't know shit. It was me.

FIKES

You didn't kill Swinley.

TERRMAN

Don't give a fuck about Swinley.
Change the oil, check the tires,
clean the bus. My job. My job and
I blew it. I killed them. I killed
my teammates. I killed my friends.

FIKES

You didn't know about the brakes.

TERRMAN

Keep the bus in the lot. That's
what Swinley wanted. Keep it in
the lot, he wins, we lose, Swinley
gets his fucking trophy. Bus
should never have left the lot.
They're dead. All of them. Ten
thousand bucks. That's what they
paid me.

Fikes takes another step.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRMAN (CONT'D)

Ever watch someone you love
suffer? She was dying. Nothing
worked. Chemo, radiation, nothing.
She was my mother. All for shit.
She died, my friends died,
everybody died.

Fikes takes another step.

TERRMAN (CONT'D)

I was in the creek.

FIKES

You weren't.

TERRMAN

Water in my lungs.

FIKES

Look at me.

TERRMAN

Can't breathe.

FIKES

Look at me. You were not on the
bus.

TERRMAN

They zipped us up in plastic bags,
laid us on the side of the road.

FIKES

You were not there.

TERRMAN

Wasn't supposed to happen like
that. Swinley paid me. Paid me to
cut the brake line.

Terrman puts the pistol barrel in his mouth. Man
materializes in catcher's mask. WHITE WINGS extend from
his back. He reaches out, immobilizes Terrman. The pistol
falls to the ground. Man streams water from his mouth
into Terrman's mouth. Terrman goes rigid, collapses.
Wings retract. Man removes the mask. It's ANGELO PALMER,
Caucasian male, 17, dead Danville baseball team catcher.

TAYLOR

The feathers. From you. You,
you're -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELO

An angel? Not really. Besides, that's just a label. Angel of mercy, angel of death, angel from Montgomery.

FIKES

You're a murderer.

ANGELO

Collector, actually. I collect souls from people who escaped punishment in your world.

FIKES

You murdered Swinley.

ANGELO

I collected Swinley under the authority of the Law of Talion.

FIKES

No such law here, buddy.

ANGELO

Babylonian concept. Eye for an eye, punishment fits the crime.

Fikes picks up his pistol, points it at Angelo.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Angel, huh?

ANGELO

Collector.

FIKES

Got wings. That makes you an angel.

Angelo's wings appear.

FIKES (CONT'D)

Got no use for angels.

ANGELO

Everybody needs one now and then.

FIKES

Maybe when my son was dying half-way around the world. Think that would have been a good time for one of your feathered friends to show up? You think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Angelo's rises several feet off the ground.

FIKES (CONT'D)
Or when my wife was losing her
mind?

ANGELO
I'm afraid those things are beyond
my pay grade.

Fikes grabs Angelo's leg, pulls him to the ground.

FIKES
Then get promoted, feather boy.

Fikes holds HANDCUFFS. Angelo extends his arms, Fikes snaps them on. They immediately fall to the ground as Angelo disappears. He reappears some distance away. Fikes pursues, stops, breaths heavily, hands on his knees, collapses. He rolls on his back, Angelo disappears.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Fikes motionless in bed, Taylor beside him. NURSE checks I-V bags. DOCTOR ENTERS.

TAYLOR
I'm not related. His wife can't be
here.

DOCTOR
I'm aware of her condition.

He checks his tablet.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Cassilyn Taylor. Theodore listed
you as a contact after his last
treatment.

TAYLOR
Theodore?

DOCTOR
If he'd retired when I told him to
could have had a few more months.

INT. NURSES' STATION, HOSPITAL - NEXT MOMENT

Nurse reads a chart. SHADOW passes behind her.

INT. FIKES' HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Taylor stands by the bed. SHADOW ENTERS behind her, moves close. Hand reaches out. It's Collins with flowers.

COLLINS
From me and Eddie.

TAYLOR
He's a good man.

COLLINS
Snores too much.

They embrace.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
God's hands are everywhere.

TAYLOR
I hope so.

COLLINS
Hope's good. Prayer's better. I'll
say one for y'all tonight.

INT. LOBBY, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - NEXT DAY

Taylor ENTERS. Collins motions her to follow as she heads down the hall.

INT. ROOM #9, VILLAGE ASSISTED LIVING - NEXT MOMENT

Taylor ENTERS. Brenda is neatly attired in slacks, blouse, shoes, hair combed, touch of make-up.

TAYLOR
You look great.

BRENDA
Have we met?

TAYLOR
Cassilyn Taylor. Your husband's
partner.

BRENDA
Where's Theodore?

INT. BERHOFF' OFFICE, POLICE STATION - LATER SAME DAY

Taylor reads from her tablet.

TAYLOR

Week before the wreck Terrman
deposits ten grand. Hospital bills
ate it up in two months. Mother
died soon after. Cervical cancer.

BERHOFF

Doster?

TAYLOR

Must have read the report before
Rocanello turned it in. Swinley's
part in the wreck made him a
blackmail target. Bogus report
covered up the evidence, but
Rocanello was a loose end. Month
after he killed Rocanello, Doster
bought a new car.

BERHOFF

What about that psycho mechanic?

TAYLOR

Most we could pin on Terrman, if
he was alive, is trespassing, B-
and-E, destruction of city
property

INT. HALL OUTSIDE FIKES' ROOM, HOSPITAL - LATE SAME DAY

Taylor approaches Doctor, Brenda. Both smile.

INT. FIKES' HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Fikes is free of IVs. Taylor ENTERS, hands him a small,
gift-wrapped BOX.

TAYLOR

From the Chief.

Fikes rips off the paper, opens it: BOTTLE of MOUTHWASH.

FIKES

Son-of-a-bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Juvie database is up and running.
Edna's looking for our mystery
prints.

Taylor gets a call on her cell phone.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'm there now. What can I say,
he's Fikes. Yeah. Send it.

Taylor hangs up. Her tablet dings.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Got a match for the mystery prints
from the press box. Guy painted
Fuck Reel Town on the water tower.

FIKES

My kind of guy.

TAYLOR

Misdemeanor. Booked,
fingerprinted, -

FIKES

Who was it?

TAYLOR

Fined.

FIKES

Who was it?

TAYLOR

Released.

FIKES

Damn it, Taylor, a name.

TAYLOR

Two-thousand-twelve. Year before
the wreck.

Taylor turns the tablet to Fikes. MUG SHOT: 17-year-old
Angelo Roberts.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Angelo Roberts.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Taylor stands as Berhoff ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERHOFF

Better be good.

TAYLOR

Edna I-D'd the other prints from
the press box. You won't like it.

BERHOFF

Nothing about this I like.

TAYLOR

Angelo Palmer. Catcher from the
Danville team.

BERHOFF

Who you say died in that wreck.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir. Twenty-thirteen.

BERHOFF

How is it we have his prints?

TAYLOR

They were in the juvie files.

BERHOFF

From?

TAYLOR

Twenty-twelve.

BERHOFF

But they were in the press box.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

BERHOFF

Cain Terrman's prints there?

Taylor nods.

BERHOFF (CONT'D)

Terrman's bat had Swinley's blood
on it.

TAYLOR

But Swinley wasn't beaten to
death. He drowned.

BERHOFF

But his blood was on Terrman's
bat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

From an earlier encounter.

BERHOFF

Terrman's prints were in the press box.

TAYLOR

Along with Angelo Palmer's.

BERHOFF

Who died in the wreck.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

BERHOFF

Terrman's prints in the press box, Terrman's bat has Swinley's blood. Yes, or no.

TAYLOR

Angelo Palmer's prints were also in the press box.

BERHOFF

Terrman's prints, Terrman's bat.

TAYLOR

Yes, but -

BERHOFF

It's Terrman.

TAYLOR

What about -

BERHOFF

Terrman.

TAYLOR

We can't just ignore -

BERHOFF

Terrman.

TAYLOR

Terrman. Yes, sir.

BERHOFF

Write it up. Most of it.

INT. DINING ROOM, MR. V'S RESTAURANT - DAYS LATER

Fikes, Taylor, Berhoff, Brenda, Edna at a table. Ballas approaches.

BALLAS

Afternoon folks. What'll it be?

Distant explosion stops conversation.

INT. VISITOR LOCKER ROOM, STADIUM - NEXT MOMENT

Ceiling collapses. Dust settles on rotted BASEBALL UNIFORMS.

INT. DINING ROOM, MR. V'S RESTAURANT - NEXT MOMENT

Ballas takes orders. Taylor opens her fist in front of Fikes. She holds a feather identical to those from the stadium and bus.

TAYLOR

Under your bed at the hospital.

FIKES

News flash. Hospitals have pillows.

TAYLOR

Not feather. Hypoallergenic foam.

FIKES

What are you, a detective?

EDNA

How 'bout a picture?

Edna reaches for her phone, Fikes hands Ballas his new phone.

TAYLOR

Well, look at you.

BALLAS

This way everybody.

Ballas snaps a photo.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Rusted bus covered with kudzu, Danville sign barely visible. Dog emerges from under the bus, squeezes through the twisted door.

INT. DINING ROOM, MR. V'S RESTAURANT - NEXT MOMENT

Group mugs for another shot. Ballas snaps a photo.

BRENDA

This was in the pocket of my blouse.

She pulls an identical feather from her purse.

INT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Dog steps over a pile of decayed baseball gloves, settles next to a rusted catcher's mask.

INT. DINING ROOM, MR. V'S RESTAURANT - NEXT MOMENT

Edna's tablet dings, she studies it.

EDNA

Water.

BALLAS

Coming up.

EDNA

No, not - never mind.

Ballas EXITS. Edna scrolls on her tablet.

EDNA (CONT'D)

Water in Doster's and Terrman's lungs? Analysis came back.

FIKES

From the river.

Edna nods.

INT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Bird EXITS. There's a small white feather in its nest.

EXT. UNDER THE SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Drip from the severed brake line slows to a trickle.
Final drop splatters in a pool collected in the deep
indentations of a tennis shoe.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS, FOWLER'S SALVAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Bird circles, flies away.

THE END