



MORE THAN ONE
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BROTHER

WRITTEN BY PEARSE LEHANE

MORE THAN ONE IDIOT BROTHER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSECTION - SACRAMENTO - CCTV FOOTAGE - DAY

MUTE on an anonymous suburban intersection. MOTHERS with STROLLERS wait by a crosswalk.

An SUV stops, allowing the Mothers to cross the street.

A BICYCLE COURIER slows abruptly; zigzags around the Mothers, then dashes on. The SUV waits for the Mothers to cross over to the other side, then pulls away.

A JOGGER (30), runs towards the crosswalk.

The Jogger is wearing inner-ear headphones; looks briefly to her right; crosses immediately onto the intersection.

SMASH!

The Jogger has been ploughed into by a space-age DRIVERLESS VEHICLE. The Driverless Auto veers suddenly to the left, crashing into a line of parked cars.

On the driver's door of the Driverless Auto: the PHOENIX-LIKE LOGO of "THOR INDUSTRIES".

The Mothers rush to the Jogger as a CONVOY OF SUPPORT VEHICLES come to a stop around the accident site.

SCIENTISTS x 10 jump out of the vehicles and approach the scene. Several place their hands to their faces. Not Good.

PRE-LAP: a gavel BANGING a table.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - TWELFTH - MICHIGAN - NIGHT

A proper ROWDY town hall. Plastic chairs. Bad coffee. Heating busted. 250+ CITIZENS yelling out "Shame", "Sit down", "Shut your mouth" as MAYOR GIMBLE (50), BASHES his gavel furiously.

MAYOR GIMBLE
Order - now. Order!

The gymnasium falls silent. Except for a SKINNY INFANT crying in the arms of its SKINNY MOTHER.

A sign hung over the basketball hoop behind the Mayor reads: "Twelfth, Michigan, Welcomes Thor Industries".

MAYOR GIMBLE (CONT'D)
Strike that phrase from the record!

The MEETING SECRETARY (60), scribbles over the words "WHITE TRASH" in the minutes; gives a thumbs up to the TOWN CITIZENS who are recording the meeting on their iPhones.

MEETING SECRETARY

So stricken.

Standing in the hall, angrily twisting the red MAGA cap in his hands - JEB SANDOE (50).

JEB SANDOE

Then I'll say it again: "WHITE TRASH"! A woman in Sacramento is crushed to death under the wheels of a Thor Industries driverless auto and they ban testing across the state of California. And you're askin' us to allow it here!?

VOICES from the CROWD: "No", "Never", "Fuck that".

Next to Mayor Gimble at the top table - a man sporting a \$40K Rolex: DR. ALEX SANDBERG (30). Out of town. No doubt.

Dr. Sandberg is scanning Jeb Sandoe's FACEBOOK PAGE; sees images of Jeb at Daytona; hunting in the woods; ice fishing.

JEB SANDOE (CONT'D)

On the streets where our kids ride their bikes, every day!? They see us as disposable pieces of "white trash" - or they wouldn't be here.

VOICE from the CROWD: "That's right".

JEB SANDOE (CONT'D)

But to have you speak for them - take their side over ours. Shame on you, Mayor Gimble. For shame.

Dr. Sandberg types "UNREACHABLE" in Jeb's file.

MAYOR GIMBLE

Also - that woman WASN'T killed, Jeb... just paraplegic - but that ain't even the point. It ain't!

Jeb throws his arms up to the heavens; sits down.

DR. SANDBERG

Look, folks - you got dead straight roads up here. Built wide enough for oversized, logging 18-wheelers. Permission is for out of town ONLY.

(MORE)

DR. SANDBERG (CONT'D)

We're here because of how safely this can be done, in Twelfth.

(then)

I know I don't have to tell you how many of your fathers, uncles, husbands, worked the old AMC plant.

(then)

The truth is... THAT'S what's REALLY on the line here. Jobs coming BACK to Twelfth. For the first time in a generation.

Couple of heads nod in the room.

DR. SANDBERG (CONT'D)

And! And this is the part you all need to consider, for real... the FUTURE. The day Thor driverless autos are DoT approved. We know that's coming down the line. Fact!

(faux folksy)

And facts... build factories.

More head nodding. A VOICE says "That's right".

MAYOR GIMBLE

We have a chance here to be part of the Thor Industries journey. Each take our share of the rewards that will flow from such fellowship.

Mayor Gimble nods at Dr. Sandberg. Dr. Sandberg nods back.

JEB SANDOE

'Till the factory opens in Tijuana - just like you know it will!

VOICES cry out as CITIZENS stand: "That's right", "Why are we taking all the risks here". Mayor Gimble bangs his gavel.

Sitting at the back of the hall: DUTCH NYBERG (30). Dutch's skin is outdoorsy red. Her hair a stranger to serum.

Dutch scrapes motor oil from under her fingernails with a biro; wipes the black gunk on the side of her overalls.

DUTCH (VO)

Who is in the market for a saviour? It ain't about the fight left in you... the stakes nor odds neither.

(then)

Can you save yourself? That's the one, true question.

(then)

(MORE)

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Our town was dying. We knew it.
They knew it. So, we came to hear
the man's offer. Whether we liked
the taste of surrender... or not.

Dutch glances around the room, sees the twins: AGNES and AMY BUTTERWORTH (70), sharing a flask of soup in a far corner.

Behind the twins, a red light in the dark. A small video camera is recording the meeting.

By the camera: SCIENTISTS x 3 in lab coats. Behind the Scientists - rocking the Steve Jobs look (dark denims, black turtleneck, crisp goatee, Lunor glasses), DR. KURT THOR (30).

Dr. Thor sees Dutch looking at him; stares back at her.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

A selfless benefactor would ask for
nothing in return. Only, salvation
don't work that street. Want any
kind of hometown future for your
kids? Here be the deal: eat daddy's
shit, or starve. Your choice.

Dutch looks from Dr. Thor to Jeb Sandoe, who just THREW his chair at Mayor Gimble - sending Dr. Sandberg into a fleeing panic. Several CITIZENS restrain Jeb from bum rushing the stage. Pandemonium.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Only, what they've never
understood, about us... is you can
take the country... but you'll
never take our pride.

Dutch stands without any fuss; makes for the exit.

Jeb Sandoe and Mayor Gimble are now being held apart - would go hells bells if it weren't for the CITIZENS holding them back from each other's throats.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Dutch walks from the gym through the packed parking lot; sees a large tractor, clearly driven in from a farm.

Dutch climbs into her Ford F-Superduty tow truck. Logo on the driver's door says: "Dick Nyberg & Sons. 24-7 Recovery".

Dr. Thor steps out from the meeting; observes Dutch as she drives out of the parking lot. A Scientist appears over Dr. Thor's shoulder. Dr. Thor looks back; nods at the Scientist.

EXT. TWELFTH - MAIN STREET - NIGHT (MOVING)

Dutch comes to a stop at a red light.

She looks out at the last remaining stores on the strip: REB'S AMMUNITION; PETIE'S PAWN BROKER; BUTTERWORTH'S BAR. All the other businesses boarded up.

Across the street the last film advertised on the marquee of the abandoned cinema reads: "White Men Can't Jump".

As Dutch scans the corpse of Main Street a sadness creeps into her eyes. But not the bitter kind. The kind that has fully accepted, without self-pity... time's up.

Dutch notices the homeless man, "OUT OF TOWN" BROWN (60), drinking a whiskey quart on a bench; next to him on the seat - a small Jack Russell on a twine lead.

Dutch sees a half-full pack of cigarettes on her dash; she raps the outside of her door - Out Of Town Brown looks up. Dutch tosses him the pack; he catches it; nods at Dutch.

Dutch nods back. Light goes green; Dutch drives away.

EXT. FORD AVENUE - TWELFTH - MICHIGAN - NIGHT

That twilight street in every remote town where the sidewalk gives way to gravel; where the last streetlight stands.

Being flat Michigan, the roads go only in dead straight lines through deep, wilderness woods. Fine hunting country.

A MAN (30), rides a snow-white bicycle down the centre of the trafficless road. Alongside him: a second bicycle in parallel motion, steered with his left hand.

One Man: two white bicycles. A very neat trick.

The streetlights don't quite join up, so the Man passes from lamplight into darkness; into light again; back to black -

CRACK! CRACK!

Two quick flashes from the woods; pistol shots no doubt.

Only one bicycle emerges from the darkness; hits the kerb; flips over onto the gravel; front wheel spinning.

As the bicycle wheel slows to a stop, MUSIC fades up: Joan Blondell, "My Forgotten Man".

SMASH CUT:

SUPER CLOSE on the face of a charred, ancient rag DOLL, cable tied to the front grill of a truck.

In the tow bay of the truck: a trussed, recently shot DEER.

INSIDE THE CAB: Dutch Nyberg. Dutch now wearing outdoor hunting attire and a blaze orange singlet.

JOAN BLONDELL

(singing)

Remember my forgotten man. You put
a rifle in his hand. You sent him
far away. You shouted: Hip-hooray!
But look at him today.

Dutch's headlights catch the Man, lying in the road next to his bike. Dutch stops the truck.

Without having to look her hand goes in the glove box; she removes a .33; pops the cylinder. With her eyes still on the Man she touches the bullet casings: feels that the gun is fully loaded. She snaps the gun shut; takes the safety off.

Dutch turns off the engine (killing the music); steps out of the cab. Dutch sweeps a flashlight along the road.

She spies a small, abandoned cabin. All quiet there.

Dutch holds the flashlight above her pistol, military style, as she approaches the Man.

DUTCH (VO)

Six weeks after the town hall... a
man was shot in the back.

Still ten feet from the Man - Dutch sees a rivulet of blood creeping towards her along the asphalt. She clocks the second bicycle down the road. Her head whirs. She lowers the .33.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Dr. Thor... Mr. Thor, is that you?

The Man's body remains motionless. Dutch walks forward; kneels down; presses two fingers against the Man's neck; holds for a moment; takes her hand back. Deceased, no doubt.

A DOG BARKS AGGRESSIVELY, close to the edge of the road.

Dutch swings her flashlight/pistol towards the BARKING.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ...

Standing in the woods - all wearing BLAZE ORANGE vests: MORT NYBERG (28), RAIF NYBERG (35), and JP NYBERG (40).

Mort holding the leash on an ALSATIAN, whose lanyard reads: "POLICE K-9". Nonetheless, these men are clearly not police.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

The night I found the body I had to ask... Lord, what rightly were you thinking when you burdened my days... with three idiot brothers?

EXT. EDISON LAKE - SHORELINE - MICHIGAN - DAY

Snowbound woodland. Sound of the wind shushing the raw branches against one another. And a distant woodpecker.

A HUNTING DOG trots through the woods, sniffing and snorting at the snow drifts. He stops abruptly by the gnarled roots of a fallen Red Oak; claws at the earth.

DUTCH (VO)

Like everyone who grew up outta town, we kept hunting dogs. For hunting. One was this beagle cross, Rascal. Brave in the deep brush. Honest jaw. Good hunting dog. Now, my kid brother, Mort, well he fell something fierce for Rascal. Like he felt it was them two against the entire world, for real.

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - RURAL MICHIGAN - EVENING

A dilapidated two storey colonial style house on the corner of a T-junction, right on the road. A rusting fuel pump stands next to the porch. A bygone, paint faded sign says: "Nyberg General Supplies, est. 1901".

Rascal walks towards the Nyberg home.

DUTCH (VO)

Mort begged Daddy for Rascal to be allowed sleep up in his bedroom. The answer, of course, was no. Some rules are not for breaking. Hunting dogs sleep outside.

REVEAL: Rascal has a 3 foot TIMBER RATTLER in his mouth.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Rascal used to bring home all manner of nature he killed in the woods. We'd catch that dead stink.
(MORE)

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Then get to searching. Find a baby raccoon jammed in under the boot rack. Or a jackrabbit mouldering in the coal chute. Our neighbor, Abe Guttormson, had a runt terrier, Sally. Yappy little bitch.

INT. MORT'S BEDROOM - DAY

DUTCH NYBERG (10), and MORT NYBERG (8), look at the decapitated body of a small TERRIER on the floor.

DUTCH (VO)

Rascal dumped her headless torso under Mort's bed one Fall.

Mort looks at Dutch, who even at age 10 has an air of cool authority. Dutch looks at her pale, distraught brother. Then at Rascal, who whines guiltily.

EXT. WOODS BY EDISON LAKE - NIGHT

Dutch digging a grave by lamplight; checks no one is about; gently places the terrier into the hole; fills in the earth.

DUTCH (VO)

I buried her out in the woods so no harm would come to Rascal if the truth come out. Grow up poor you grow up respecting bad luck. Best keep a secret than spin the wheel.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Rascal hops through the dog-flap and walks past MOMMA NYBERG (40), who's too busy gutting fish to notice him.

MOMMA NYBERG

DUTCH!

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Dutch on a threadbare sofa clutching a raggedy DOLL, watching the "Log" commercial from "Ren & Stimpy".

VO FROM TV

What rolls down stairs alone or in pairs and over your neighbor's dog? What's great for a snack and fits on your back? It's log, log -

MOMMA NYBERG (OS)

DUTCH!

Dutch hears her mother's SHOUT; jumps at once off the couch.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - EVENING

Rascal trots up the stairs, just as Dutch emerges from the living room, heading for the kitchen.

Dutch's eyes are on the cloth DOLL hung over her arm, so she doesn't see the RATTLESNAKE in Rascal's mouth.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - EVENING

Rascal plays with the SNAKE on the floor; shakes it about; spits it out; growls some; picks it up again.

DUTCH (VO)

Only, this one time, Rascal brought home something that WASN'T dead.

Despite Rascal's aggression, the RATTLER doesn't respond.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Dutch standing in the kitchen looking at her Mother's back.

MOMMA NYBERG

DUTCH!

Momma Nyberg turns; sees Dutch standing silently behind her.

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

Light the range.

Dutch fills a large, cast iron range with kindling.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - EVENING

Now bored with the game, Rascal leaves the RATTLER be; nudges open the door to MORT'S BEDROOM; goes inside.

DUTCH (VO)

A Timber Rattler. 3 footer.

From inside the BEDROOM a child's loving voice:

MORT (OS)

Hey Rascal! Good boy. My best boy!

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Dutch lights the range; closes the cast iron door.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - UPSTAIRS LANDING - EVENING

CLOSE ON the RATTLESNAKE'S dead, black eye.

DUTCH (VO)

It was winter. Rascal didn't know
this rattler was brumating. Kinda
like hibernation, but for reptiles.

The RATTLER'S tongue flickers. Then, after a moment, it flips
its body over; slides into MORT'S BEDROOM.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Momma Nyberg dumps the fish guts into a bucket. Takes a long
drag from the cigarette perched on her lip; looks at Dutch.

MOMMA NYBERG

How old are you, child?

Dutch looks at the DOLL in her arms; knows where this is
going; glances up at her Mother.

DUTCH

Ten, Momma.

MOMMA NYBERG

Ten.

Momma Nyberg grabs the DOLL with a blood soaked hand - but
Dutch doesn't let go.

DUTCH

Momma, no - please.

Momma Nyberg wrenches the DOLL from Dutch's hands.

MOMMA NYBERG

When I want something, you give it
to me. Right away.

DUTCH

But - I need to look after her.

MOMMA NYBERG

Do you, now?

DUTCH

Yes.

MOMMA NYBERG

Well?

DUTCH

Mia can't move her legs, at all.
When she was a little girl... she
had polio. It ain't her fault.

Momma Nyberg looks at the blood-stained DOLL in her hand;
slaps Dutch across the face with it; opens the range and
tosses the DOLL into the flames; slams the door closed.

MOMMA NYBERG

Better this way then, huh?

Tears well in Dutch's eyes. She's about to speak when a
HORRIFIC SCREAM pierces the air.

Momma Nyberg rushes for the stairs.

Dutch watches her Mother dash out of the kitchen. But - her
eyes turn at once to the closed stove door.

More SCREAMING from upstairs; Rascal BARKING.

Dutch looks again towards the stairs - but her eyes are torn
back to the range...

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - YARD - EVENING

Dutch bursts out the back door; throws herself headlong into
the snow. More SCREAMING from the upstairs bedroom.

DUTCH (VO)

Mort was eight years old. Skinny
little thing.

REVEAL: Dutch has pulled her DOLL from the range; she's using
the snow to put the flames out.

Mort SCREAMING from inside the house; Rascal BARKING.

MOMMA NYBERG (OS)

MY BOY! MY BOY! MY BEAUTIFUL BOY!

Dutch looks up to Mort's bedroom, then at her bloodstained,
smoking DOLL in the snow.

MOMMA NYBERG (OS) (CONT'D)

There! I SEE YOU! There you are!

Pistol shots from inside the house - CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Dutch jumps to her feet at the sounds of gunfire; stares at
Mort's bedroom window.

MOMMA NYBERG (OS) (CONT'D)
 GOT YOU, DEVIL! Got you good!

Rascal BARKING. CRACK! Rascal WHINES. CRACK! No more barking.
 Only Mort SCREAMING.

MORT (OS)
 No Momma - NO! Rascal! RAAASCALLLL!

Dutch looks at the back door, then at her DOLL in the snow;
 then at the red raw burns on her hands.

DUTCH (VO)
 Mort fell into a venom coma for
 three days. When he woke up, he
 weren't the same. Short version: my
 little brother Mort, was from that
 day forward... snake bite stupid.

Dutch picks up her DOLL; runs for the woods.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
 As for my two older brothers: JP
 and Raif... I'll get to their
 particulars, presently.

EXT. INTERSECTION - SACRAMENTO - CCTV FOOTAGE - DAY

MOTHERS with STROLLERS exit the crosswalk.

A JOGGER runs toward the intersection.

DUTCH (VO)
 Her name was Dhalia Rugina. A
 lawyer from London, England.

Dhalia looks to her right; crosses onto the intersection.

SMASH!

Dhalia has been run over by a snow-white DRIVERLESS VEHICLE.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
 Turns out, English lawyer ladies
 are about the most expensive
 roadkill there is... had'a been an
 undocumented or a homeless, no
 biggie. No doubt.

SCIENTISTS x 10 jump out of the support vehicles.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
 Thor programme wouldn't have to
 come to Twelfth.
 (MORE)

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

But, she was a lawyer, from London, England. Who looked the wrong way on account of the British driving the wrong side of the road. And on such twists -

EXT. RURAL ROAD #1 - MICHIGAN (MOVING)

CLOSE ON: the SPINNING GYRO on the roof of a car - the unmistakable tell-tale sign of a driverless automobile.

REVEAL: a convoy of EIGHT SUPPORT VEHICLES zipping along the road behind the snow-white DRIVERLESS AUTOMOBILE.

The convoy passes a road sign:

"Welcome to Twelfth, Michigan, Population: 322 Plus You".

EXT. RURAL ROAD #2 - MICHIGAN (MOVING)

SUPER CLOSE ON: Dutch's charred, childhood DOLL, now cable-tied to the grill of Dutch's tow truck.

INSIDE THE CAB: Dutch sees the CONVOY thundering down the road towards her - then watches in her wing mirror as they speed away into the distance.

EXT. ABANDONED AMC CAR PLANT - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch drives past the vast wasteland that is the shuttered AMC plant. A shabby poster hoarding introduces the 1988 AMC Eagle: "For The Tough American".

Inside the perimeter fence Dutch sees an ARMY OF TECHNICIANS moving between half a dozen snow-white shipping containers.

The Thor Industries' Phoenix logo on a massive flag over the site. Same logo all over the NASAesque TECHNICAL CENTRE.

By the entrance gate to the shuttered plant, ARMED GUARDS now stand watch - also walking the perimeter with GUARD DOGS.

Dutch drives past the twins, Agnes and Amy Butterworth, sitting on camping stools by the side of the road, next to a steam spewing, Chevy station wagon. Dutch pulls over.

SMASH CUT:

Dutch working in the guts of the Butterworth's engine, oiled up to her elbows. Amy & Agnes drinking soup from a flask.

AGNES

Ain't JP older'n you?

DUTCH

Yeah.

AMY

But you got your daddy's truck,
when he passed. Not JP?

DUTCH

Uh-huh.

AMY

How's that?

DUTCH

Fought him for it.

Dutch triggers the ignition from inside the engine; the motor catches; black smoke coughs from the exhaust; engine dies.

At that exact moment the CONVOY drives past again, right through the plume of dark, oily smoke.

The entire CONVOY turns into the AMC factory. Dutch watches as a SWARM OF ENGINEERS approach the DRIVERLESS AUTO as it comes to a halt in the centre of the tech area.

EVERYBODY stands aside as Dr. Kurt Thor approaches the scene.

AGNES

Saw on the news that black kid shot
by the police in Flint, at the
weekend, weren't a black kid.

(then)

Turns out it was a white boy, made
up like he was black. On his way to
a frat party. So they're sayin'.

AMY

Police gonna have to take more care
in the future. Certainly.

Dutch stares pointedly at Amy.

AGNES

What?

DUTCH

If you're askin' "what", Agnes
Butterworth, you know what.

Dutch looks away from the sisters; tries the engine again - no catch this time, just the ignition turning: VEH-VEH-VEH.

AGNES

What kind of fight was it? Between you and JP. Was it guns or knives... or what?

SMASH CUT:

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

By the front porch, Dutch and JP NYBERG (40), in a brutal, bloody fight. The weapon of choice: ICE HOCKEY STICKS.

JP is taller and broader than Dutch - and he easily SMASHES Dutch to the ground, her stick flying from her hands.

JP lifts his hockey stick over his head -

FREEZE FRAME:

DUTCH (VO)

Idiot brother number two: JP. JP didn't need no snake bite to get stupid. JP was idiot born.

EXT. POLICE STATION - TWELFTH - DAY

CELL FOOTAGE taken by JP and CONRAD FELIX (25). Conrad sporting a ginger jowl beard and camo dungarees.

They're RECORDING the scene outside the police station on their CELLPHONES as they prepare to enter the building. JP wearing an assistant manager's Taco Bell uniform.

Behind them, a police vehicle marked: "CANINE UNIT". As they converse, a DOG intermittently WHINES from inside the van.

JP

JP Nyberg here, chief warden of the Michigan chapter of the 4th Amendment, Citizens Audit, Action Committee. Hello brothers.

CONRAD

And bitches, aye!

Conrad is white, but talks like a Latino gang-banger.

JP

Hey! Respect! Don't make me call your Momma. Tell tales and shit.

CONRAD

Shoot, ese. She never answers her cell when she's napping.

JP

Can we just fucking do this?!

CONRAD

OK dawg, chill. Now we know our channel been soft. We haven't been posting regular - and that's on us. But we're up in this bitch now. 4th Amendment, America. Whooooooo!

JP and Conrad make their way inside the Police Station.

DUTCH (VO)

JP is a neighborhood activist with a hard on for the 4th Amendment. The part of the Constitution that demands probable cause for a police stop and search. Only, that's hard to test when you're on your lunch break. So, JP zeroes in on a right implied by the 4th. That can be tested. On your lunch break. For the edification of your 39 YouTube subscribers. Every other Friday.

JP and Conrad now at RECEPTION; JP rings the desk BELL.

JP

Excuse me! I'm an independent journalist. I am here today to make an anonymous records request.

Sitting at a Desk at the back of the office: SHERIFF TAYLOR (50), an old school, seen-it-all county veteran.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Good afternoon, JP; Conrad.

CONRAD

4th Amendment violation right there! Anonymous records request denied by the Gestap-oh, five-oh!

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Your names won't be on the paperwork, boys. That's what makes it anonymous. Now, if y'all want to make an anonymous request, where you gentlemen are also UNKNOWN to the Sheriff's department... you need to find one that DON'T have a Sheriff up in there who's daughter went to middle school with y'all.

JP

No need to get so antsy, Officer!
Day comes, you're on the wrong side
of the law, you'll be thanking us
for this work. I guarantee you!

SHERIFF TAYLOR

What do you want... this time?

JP

General orders for the station -
and the vehicle numbers to which
all deputies are assigned in the
current shift cycle.

Sheriff Taylor shouts out to a back office.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Carol, what car you in today?

DEPUTY CAROL VAGLE (25), pops her head through the door.

DEPUTY VAGLE

The 4x4.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

General orders are on the bulletin
board by the front door. You can
read 'em - on your way out.

JP

I also need copies all body cam
footage from the past 48 hours. It
being my human right to request -

DEPUTY VAGLE

Conrad, your momma doing OK?

CONRAD

She's sleeping a lot, but - wait,
nah, ese! We're journalists here,
demanding to be dealt with as
anonymous, motherless citizens!

DEPUTY VAGLE

Can you tell her, anonymously, I
was asking after her?

JP

Hey! You want to suck on a \$100
million law suit for denial of our
civil liberties - go ahead! We are
failing freedom!

(MORE)

JP (CONT'D)

The civil rights of every US
citizen are now under attack from
the same elites that -

SMASH TO BLACK:

JP (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!

CONRAD

What?

JP

Goddamn battery died. FUCK!

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

THE FREEZE FRAME of JP with the hockey stick over his head.

DUTCH (VO)

Daddy didn't leave a will. JP was
stuck on assistant manager at the
drive-thru Taco Bell on I-75, goin'
on seven years. Daddy's truck was
JP's ticket out of that bullshit.
So... hockey sticks at sundown.

RESUME REAL TIME:

JP beats on Dutch hard with his hockey stick; Dutch rolls to
the side - grabs her stick; gets back to her feet.

JP immediately knocks Dutch back on her ass - CRUNCH!

Dutch spits blood onto the ground; out of the corner of her
eye she clocks the bottom step off the porch stoop.

JP

Say "mercy", sister.

Dutch crawls towards the porch. JP kicks Dutch in the ribs -
she rolls over onto her back, gasping for air.

JP (CONT'D)

Say it!

DUTCH

Aaaaaah!

Twisting her body through the pain, Dutch gets back to her
knees - crawls again for the porch step.

Clearly exhausted and beaten, Dutch collapses next to the
edge of the stoop. Looks up at her brother with contempt.

JP points his hockey stick at Dutch's head.

JP

Don't make me do what I don't wanna
do... but I swear to God I will.

DUTCH

Fuck you. Dumbass motherfucker.

JP raises his hockey stick like a battle axe; charges Dutch.

JP

Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Dutch surreptitiously jams the blade of her stick against the porch step. Just as JP is about to smash her skull open, she suddenly raises the shaft of the stick right up -

Too late to alter course, JP runs right into the rigid stick - CRUNCH! Deep, deep in his crotch.

JP's face creases. He collapses to his knees. Balls in hands.

Dutch stands. Grabs JP's hair, so lifting his chin higher. Dutch takes careful aim - then SMACK! Dutch PUNCHES JP - right on the edge of his chin. JP falls unconscious.

MORT NYBERG (28), giggles inanely from the house stoop. Sitting next to Mort: a beautiful, BLACK LABRADOR.

DUTCH (VO)

Rascal broke Mort's heart, twice.
Once for his passing. Second, for
how he blamed himself for it.

(then)

My brother hadn't smiled - not once
- in 19 years. But then he found
Chancer, the black lab. A stray...
just like Mort. By giving Chancer a
home, Mort found his way back to
happiness. Maybe even peace.

RAIF NYBERG (35), impossibly handsome even in a grubby muscle shirt, tosses the KEYS OF THE TRUCK to Dutch. She catches them first time - despite her hands being wet with blood.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Raif. A boy too pretty to be smart.
There is such a thing. Even out
here. No need to work hard, at all,
if you be Raif. Just... turn up.

Pre-lap: thrash metal, live cover of "Ring of Fire".

INT. RUSTY'S LOUNGE - RURAL MICHIGAN - NIGHT

The room is heaving - all eyes fixed on stage. The CROWD is disproportionately made up of red-faced YOUNG WOMEN, who have been moshing their very sweaty backs all night. Hard.

Raif at the mic, in front of his BAND: "The Ungrateful Dead", who are smashing a shred-metal cover of "Ring of Fire".

RAIF

CUT IT!

The Band stop abruptly. The CROWD go BERSERK.

RAIF (CONT'D)

Let me remind you why we're here tonight. Listen, now.

Constant "Whooooo" and "Yeaaaah" hollers from the CROWD.

Raif sees DEIRDRE KANE (21), in the audience. He's in full Rasputin mode, and knows it. Deirdre stares at Raif. He feels the power of looking right into her soul...

RAIF (CONT'D)

The show is the animal. I am the animal. No one is the animal. YOU can never be the animal. YOU can only ever BE THE ANIMAL.

(then)

Y'see it, now? How could you see? How could you not see? How could you ever know? It's the ONLY thing you've ever known. That the animal can only be: THE FUCKING ANIMAL!!!

Raif drops his arm - the Band immediately hit the chorus:

RAIF/CROWD (SINGING)

I fell into a burnin' ring of fire!

SMASH CUT:

INT. RUSTY'S LOUNGE - MALE RESTROOM - NIGHT

Deirdre straddled around Raif as he fucks her against the wall of a doorless stall. CUSTOMERS come and go like this is the 1,000th time they've seen this bullshit in Rusty's.

DEIRDRE

Fuck me, Raif. Cum inside me.

Behind them - CONOR KANE (25), comes into the restroom.

CONOR
Jesus, Raif. That's my wife.

Raif carries on fucking Deirdre; glances around.

RAIF
I know, man.
(then)
I just need another minute.

A CUSTOMER bumps Conor's shoulder as he walks out of the restroom. Conor just stands there, numb and confused.

DEIRDRE
Fuck me right, daddy. C'mon!!!

Conor steels himself; heads back into the bar.

DUTCH (VO)
Some people don't know they got a glow about 'em. Like God be shining a golden spotlight, right down on them. Only, Raif weren't one of those. He knew all about the glow.

HIT SLOW MO: CLOSE ON - Raif's translucent, blue eyes.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
When a girl got with Raif, crazy as this sounds... he knew he made her feel... like she was famous.

RESUME REAL TIME:

DEIRDRE
I'm cumming, Daddy. I'm cumming. Oh
Fuck, you got me. I'm cumming!

Conor bursts back into the restroom; SMASHES a bar stool over Raif's head; Raif falls; CRACKS his head off the bowl.

Raif is out cold; blood dripping from his ear.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)
Motherfucker!

Deirdre jumps to her feet; kicks and punches Conor.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)
If you could make me cum - shit
like this wouldn't happen!!!

Deirdre pulls down her mini-skirt; storms out. Conor unzips; takes a piss on Raif's chest.

DUTCH (VO)

Raif is deaf in his left ear. Not from ten years of playing his God-awful music in shithole bars. But for raw fucking chicken heads, in Rusty's bathroom. In plain sight of their meth-head menfolk... first Thursday of every month.

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Raif smiling at Dutch; shaking his head with a mixture of shock and admiration.

DUTCH (VO)

Raif could have been somebody. He had that on all of us. No doubt.

RAIF

Goddamn, girl. You something else! You really are... a force.

Dutch looks from Raif to the front stoop, sees MOMMA NYBERG (60). Momma Nyberg looks at Dutch with cool contempt.

DUTCH (VO)

Momma Nyberg. Dog slayer. Snake killer. Burner of little dolls. It was she, if you're askin', who came up with the idea of HOW the issue of Daddy's truck was to be settled.

(then)

What she wanted, really, was to watch me catch a Bertuzzi beating from the comfort of her front stoop. You're welcome, Momma.

Dutch removes from her pocket a raggedy ass, charred DOLL and two cable ties. She looks right at her Mother, then attaches the DOLL to the front grill of the truck.

Momma Nyberg tosses her cigarette into the road; turns and goes back into the house.

Mort approaches Dutch, followed devotedly by the Black Lab.

MORT

I need to go into town, tonight. Um, can I borrow your truck?

Dutch looks from Mort to the Black Lab; the Lab WHINES.

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - RURAL ROAD #2 - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch driving; Amy and Agnes sharing the passenger seat.

AMY
Did he live?

DUTCH
What?

AMY
JP. Did he live?

DUTCH
Amy Butterworth, you asking me if I
killed my own brother?

AGNES
I ain't seen him 'round.

AMY
You live out by the woods. Could
bury whoever you liked, whenever.
Never be found. Not never.

AGNES
And there's Edison Lake, if you
didn't have time to dig a hole. I
mean, you got it all up your way.

EXT. RURAL SHACK - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch's tow truck pulls up outside Agnes & Amy's ramshackle
cabin. Half a dozen CATS wandering about the property.

AMY
How much we owe you?

DUTCH
You didn't call me out. No charge.

Agnes opens a small cloth purse; takes out what paper money
she has; hands it to Dutch.

AGNES
\$8. Gas money.

DUTCH
Agnes, I ain't taking -

AMY
You can take the money - or take a
ladies' pride. What's it to be?

Dutch hesitates; takes the \$8. Dutch pulls a 2000 era Nokia 3310 from her pocket - starts a text message...

DUTCH

Just seein' if Jeb can come out;
take a look at your Chevy.

AMY

Just an estimate, I think, for now.

DUTCH

Nothing to think on. Man owes me a
favour. I'm callin' it in. End of.

AMY

Bless you, Dutch. Your Momma must
be right proud of you.

Dutch clearly doesn't have an answer to that remark, so she just nods at Amy as she makes to get out of the truck.

AGNES

You'll be going again, soon? Back
into the army?

DUTCH

No. I'm done with that.

AGNES

You come back to look after your
Daddy, at the end, I heard.

DUTCH

I did.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DICK NYBERG (65), in his dying bed. Drip in his arm.

Dutch sitting next to her Father, reading from a dog-eared
copy of Charles Portis' "True Grit".

Dick's eyes brighten as he listens; he smiles and shakes his
head. Dutch smiles back at him; continues reading.

AGNES (VO)

He's gone, must be six months? Why
you still abiding, child?

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - DAY

Dutch flips down the sun visor; hands Agnes a postcard for
Chesterman Beach on Vancouver Island, showing a sunset TRAIL
RIDE of around ten HORSES and RIDERS.

DUTCH
Friday coming - that's me.

AGNES
Trail riding vacation?

DUTCH
Taking a stake in a ranch. Been
savin' up a long time.

Dutch smiles as she fingers the edges of the postcard.

AGNES
Well, there's something I ain't
seen in a long while.
(then)
A smile on your face.
(then)
Good luck, Dutch.

As Agnes gets out of the truck, Dutch reaches back to the control panel over her shoulder. She pulls a RED LEVER, releasing the 15 lb hook on the tow arm, thus gently lowering the Station Wagon. Dutch watches Agnes and Amy as they approach their cabin; the cats running out to greet them.

DUTCH (VO)
America is a promise, no doubt.
Only, a promise less often kept.
(then)
Who is in the market for a saviour?
Poor, old, white women?
(then)
You're Goddamn right.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - EVENING

Dutch parks up next to her trailer; takes a large bag of groceries from the passenger seat; steps out.

Dutch puts the grocery bag on a camping table, next to a large bowl, a weighing scales and a stack of tupperware. She makes to open the door - when she sees a peculiar sight:

Dr. Kurt Thor cycling a white bicycle through the trailer park, with a second bicycle controlled by his left hand.

One man: two snow-white bicycles. A very neat trick.

Dr. Thor stops outside a DISTANT TRAILER; knocks on the door.

Dutch walks into her trailer; comes back out with a beer.

From the grocery bag, Dutch removes a 7 lb sack of peanuts, five boxes of Honey Smacks and eight cans of hog fat.

From her vantage point she can now see a BOY (11), taking the second bicycle from Dr. Thor.

BOY
(excitedly)
Can I Mom?! Can I?

Dutch can't hear what MOM (30), says - but there's no need -

BOY (CONT'D)
ALRIGHT! Cool! Thanks Mr. Thor.

The Boy jumps on the bike and cycles past Dutch.

BOY (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah!

Dutch puts on a pair of disposable gloves; starts mixing the peanuts, Honey Smacks and hog fat in the large bowl.

Dutch observes as Mom shakes Dr. Thor's hand; Dr. Thor gets on his bike and cycles off. When he sees Dutch he pulls up.

KURT THOR
Hello there.

DUTCH
Evening.

The Boy cycles past - makes to high-5 Dr. Thor. Dr. Thor high-5's the Boy as he cycles away.

BOY
Boom, Mr. Thor! Alright!!!

As the Boy cycles off, Dr. Thor looks at Dutch.

KURT THOR
Outreach. His father's a security guard, up at the old AMC plant.

DUTCH
Uh-huh.

KURT THOR
Mind if I join you?

DUTCH
Cold one inside.

Dr. Thor leans his bike against Dutch's truck; goes into -

INT. DUTCH'S TRAILER - EVENING

Dr. Thor absorbs Dutch's Spartan existence: laundry folded in small, neat piles; her .308 Winchester on a wall rack; cans of Tannerite Targets; a framed picture of Dutch in UNIFORM riding a HORSE from her days in the Army's CAISSON PLATOON; a beautifully maintained saddle on a custom wall stand.

Two dog-eared books behind the photo: Charles Portis' "True Grit" and a translation of de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif".

Thor picks up Boule de Suif; looks back to the trailer door - clearly unsure how Dutch and de Maupassant go together.

EXT. OUTSIDE DUTCH'S TRAILER - EVENING

Dr. Thor comes down the steps, beer in hand.

KURT THOR
Opener there?

DUTCH
Twist top.

Kurt opens the bottle with his hand; sits opposite Dutch, who continues to mix the bowl in silence.

KURT THOR
Michelin star cuisine, no doubt.

DUTCH
Michigan Farm Bureau pay \$4 a pound. Badger cake.

KURT THOR
Costs you?

DUTCH
21 cents a pound.

KURT THOR
Good return. Not exactly scalable.

DUTCH
They test wild badgers for TB, year round. Humane traps. Scale don't come into it. Guaranteed is what matters round here.

KURT THOR
You were in the service.
(then)
Didn't have to come back, here,
after you got out.

DUTCH
No.

KURT THOR
Why then?

DUTCH
Same reason as you... it ain't
Sacramento.

Dr. Thor and Dutch look fearlessly at one another.

KURT THOR
You left the town hall early the
other night. Without saying a word.
First one out.

DUTCH
I know a song half sung.

Dutch places the Badger Cake in the tupperware; weighs the
contents; when measuring just over 1 lb, she closes the lids.

KURT THOR
You're a Nyberg. Your family has
been in these parts over a hundred
years. You're "old" Twelfth. Word
carries weight.

DUTCH
I'm sorry, does that mean I get a
bicycle, or not?

KURT THOR
You don't get a bicycle.

DUTCH
How's that?

KURT THOR
You're in Dr. Sandberg's town
residents file, as "unreachable".

DUTCH
Am I now?

KURT THOR
However, I believe you also have
the singular quality that will save
you, in the world that's coming.

DUTCH
Being?

KURT THOR

An absolute lack of self pity.

DUTCH

Careful, doctor. What plays for flattery in one parish, don't always flatter in another.

KURT THOR

This town can THRIVE, Dutch. It has a unique opportunity here. Won't get another. I know you know that.

DUTCH

What do you want from me, Dr. Thor?

KURT THOR

I want you to use your voice.

DUTCH

Do you now... ?

KURT THOR

I need to get back into towns and cities. To do that I first need to succeed here, in Twelfth. I need the people of this town to tell the DoT that what we did here wasn't just safe... but necessary.

DUTCH

Four and a half million Americans drive for a living, Dr. Thor. Cabs, teamsters, bus drivers - and the rest. How necessary is it to steal their jobs away? Do tell...

KURT THOR

You root for Wall Street types, Dutch? Bankers and the like...

DUTCH

Heart bleeds for them.

KURT THOR

In 2020, for the first time in the history of Wall Street, the volume of passive equity assets managed by computer algorithms was greater than those managed by human traders across a \$4.3trn spread. Gordon Gekko is dead, Dutch. Only, the SEC didn't get him.

(MORE)

KURT THOR (CONT'D)

It was a crew of 19 year old
freelance coders, from Nairobi.
Making \$2.38 an hour.

(then)

Wall Street or WalMart checkout -
there's no difference. If you can
be replaced by a machine, this
Century, you will. It's not
personal. Just, a matter of time.

DUTCH

A race between tech billionaires,
for the wages of America. And I bet
you sleep like a fucking baby.

Dutch tosses the mixing gloves; lights a cigarette.

This is the first time Dr. Thor has seen Dutch's hands - the
raw, burn scars across her fingers and palms. Dr. Thor stares
at her wounds; Dutch sees him seeing...

KURT THOR

Workplace accident?

DUTCH

No.

KURT THOR

In the service, then?

DUTCH

No.

KURT THOR

Sorry. Didn't mean to pry.

DUTCH

It ain't that, doctor. See... it
weren't no accident.

Dr. Thor takes a moment to let this sink in...

KURT THOR

Help me to help your people help
themselves. A Thor factory in
Twelfth - it could totally happen.
I ain't lying about that, Dutch.

DUTCH

Lie to me or don't. Makes no
difference. No defeat without
surprise. Nothing is certain.

(then)

I will not speak for you.

(MORE)

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Or spy for you. 'Cause that's what you REALLY want. Ask me to be your Benedict Arnold, ever again... and we'll see what happens, doctor.

Dr. Thor stands; gets on his bicycle.

KURT THOR

104 people die on America's roads every day. When autonomous autos, pro rata, hit 103 deaths, a day... overnight, insurance firms will price human driven vehicles out of the market. That is certain.

(then)

As to necessary? How many jobs are worth a single human life, Dutch? My vehicles are going to save lives over time. Thousands of them.

DUTCH

Only a man who believed in the safety of his driverless autos would personally give bicycles to kids, to ride the self same roads. Nice story for the DoT. You tell the boy's Mother that's the real reason he has a new mountain bike?

KURT THOR

Help me to win, here. I guarantee you'll never have to drive that Iron Age tank, ever again.

Dutch looks at her Father's tow truck; her DOLL in the grill. She puts her gloves back on; starts mixing the cake again.

DUTCH

You're offering me what YOU would want, if our roles were flipped.

KURT THOR

What's that?

DUTCH

Money. What you should be offering is what I want...

KURT THOR

Being?

DUTCH

Respect. Motherfucker.

KURT THOR
Thanks for the beer.

Dutch pointedly says nothing; Dr. Thor cycles away.

As he goes he's caught up to by the Boy with the new bicycle.
They cycle together into the distance...

EXT. FORD AVENUE - NIGHT

A MAN rides a white bicycle down the trafficless, lamplit
road. Alongside him: a second bicycle in parallel motion.

CRACK! CRACK!

Two quick pistol shots from the woods.

Only one bicycle emerges from the darkness; hits the kerb;
flips over into the gravel; front wheel spinning.

Dutch's headlights find the Man lying in the road.

DUTCH (VO)
Grow up poor you grow up respecting
bad luck. But, it's more than that.

Dutch stops; turns off the engine; steps out of the cab, .33
in hand. She sweeps her flashlight along the road.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
You grow a sense for it. You know
it's here, without any telling.

She spies an abandoned cabin. All quiet there.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
When I saw that body in the road...
I knew my brothers had a hand in
this. No fucking doubt. None.

Dutch clocks the second bicycle, further along road.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Dr. Thor... Mr. Thor, is that you?

Dutch walks forward; kneels down; presses two fingers against
the Man's neck; holds for a moment; takes her hand back.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
It's like you know your own body.
When something is just - wrong.

A DOG BARKS AGGRESSIVELY, close to the edge of the road.

Dutch swings her flashlight/pistol towards the BARKING.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ...

Standing in the woods: Raif, JP and Mort.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
Who is in the market for a saviour?

Mort holding the leash for a POLICE DOG, whose hi-vi tabard reads: "POLICE K-9".

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)
Idiots. Idiots are in the market
for a saviour. Except they don't
know that... they're idiots.

Dutch sees a smoking REVOLVER in JP's hand.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Jesus Fucking Christ!

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Dutch KICKS in the door; pushes the two white bicycles inside; Raif and JP carry the body into the hall. Mort comes in after them with the Police Dog.

Raif and JP dump the Man's body on the ground.

Dutch slams the door closed. Moonlight shafting in through several large holes in the roof.

Dutch pacing; breathing hard. The brothers standing still; glancing helplessly at one another.

DUTCH
I have questions.
(then, to herself)
I have questions. Questions...

RAIF
Look - there's no need to panic
here, panic is the last -

DUTCH
This ain't panic, Raif. It's
despair. Not the same thing.
(then)
I have questions.

JP
I didn't mean to kill him - I -

DUTCH

Strange as it may seem... that
ain't one of them!

JP

It was an accident - I just wanted
to scare him. Have him fall on his -
(then)

It was the recoil - I swear, I
didn't even mean for there to be a
SECOND shot - I DIDN'T! I swear it.

(then)

But that won't matter to THEM.
People like us ain't allowed to
make mistakes. Not around the likes
of Dr. Thor. Mistakes of ANY kind.

Dutch kicks the body; it rolls into the moonlight.

DUTCH

It ain't Dr. Thor.

The Dead Man is Dr. Sandberg.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

If it was, I wouldn't be here
trying to figure shit. This...
maybe something can be done.

RAIF

No - that's Dr. Thor, for real.

DUTCH

It's Dr. Sandberg, the dude
profiling everyone in town.

JP

Motherfucker! Didn't I tell you all
of our civil rights was being -

DUTCH

YOU ARE NOT A GODDAMN HERO IN THIS,
JP. You are not... that.

(then)

Why do you have a police dog?!

RAIF

Didn't you hear?

DUTCH

That you stole a fucking police
dog? No. I did not hear that.

RAIF
No... about Chancer.

Dutch looks at Mort. At the tears welling in his eyes. A look of horrible realization crosses Dutch's face...

EXT. FIELD BORDERING WOODLAND - DAY

In the centre of the field: the cab of a 1988 AMC Eagle has been chopped, then mounted on 5-foot high stilts. Completing the DEER STAND, a ladder leads up to the drivers door.

Inside the DEER STAND: Mort and Chancer.

A DOE walks out of the woods.

Mort carefully aims his .308 Winchester through the wooden panel where the windshield used to be.

BANG!

The DOE shudders; drops down on her front knees; gets back to her feet; limps back into the woods.

Mort looks at Chancer.

MORT
Git.

Chancer jumps across Mort, then leaps clean out of the DEER STAND; runs across the field - disappearing into the woods.

Mort shoulders his Winchester; climbs down the ladder.

EXT. SOUTH LINDBERGH - ROAD THROUGH THE WOODS - DAY (AERIAL)

The DRIVERLESS AUTO blasts down the wide, straight road, followed by the CONVOY VEHICLES x 8.

INTERCUT SEVERAL TIMES WITH -

Chancer tearing headlong through the WOODS.

The DRIVERLESS AUTO accelerating down SOUTH LINDBERGH.

Chancer within sight of the DOE, who's now CROSSING THE ROAD.

EXT. WOODS - CLOSE ON SOUTH LINDBERGH - DAY

Mort jogging through the forest; eyes firm on the trail.

A SHARP HOWL in the near distance.

Mort stops dead in his tracks.

MORT
Chancer... ?

Mort SPRINTS in the direction of the HOWL; tosses his Winchester so he can run faster.

Mort bursts out of the woods: sees CHANCER LYING DEAD in the RIGHT LANE. In the SAME LANE, off to the South, he can see the DRIVERLESS AUTO CONVOY speeding away. To the North, a beat-up PICK UP driving in the opposite direction.

Mort falls on his knees next to Chancer. Picks up his body; holds it like it were child; weeps like a baby.

MORT (CONT'D)
Aaaaa... aaaaah... AAAAAAAH!!!!

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

A single tear rolls down Mort's face.

MORT
Cops didn't do nothing. NOTHING!
Didn't want to do... nothing.
(then)
Trouble the great Dr. Thor with a
run over a dog in the woods. I'll
tell you what's nothing in this.
We're NOTHING! Nothing.

Mort has a true and special bond with animals - and the Police Dog WHINES to see Mort so upset.

JP
It's why I - why when we saw him -
I thought - y'know! Get a little
something back off the bastard. He
was only supposed to fall over from
the FRIGHT of it. I swear.

DUTCH
I get that part. But - I'm sorry -
you decided to REPLACE Chancer with
a stolen fucking police dog?!

RAIF
No - no! We ain't fucking stupid,
sis. Replace nothing!
(then, proudly)
'Till they get us justice for
Chancer... we got their dog. We
reckoned that's more'n fair.

DUTCH
 You reckoned that's -
 (then)
 Please tell me they don't know YET
 you have their K-9.

RAIF
 Their what?

DUTCH
 Their dog. Their fucking dog you
 fucking brain bleed imbecile!

RAIF
 No... we just got her, not half an
 hour ago. We ain't sent the
 pictures yet - right?

JP
 What?

RAIF
 The pictures. You didn't send them?

JP
 No.

DUTCH
 Nobody saw you take her -

MORT
 We ain't giving her back!

DUTCH
 NOBODY SAW YOU TAKE HER! You're
 certain of that?

RAIF
 No. We HAD the combination for the
 LOCK on the kennel. So, we were
 super fast, like - in, out. Done!

DUTCH
 How in fuck did you have -
 (then)
 You have GOT to be kidding me?!

INT. TWELFTH POLICE STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sheriff Taylor slides a USB across the counter to JP and
 Conrad. JP picks it up, smiles sardonically; pockets it.

EXT. DOG KENNELS - DAY (POV BODY CAM FOOTAGE)

Deputy Vagle waking towards the KENNELS. Luna BARKS excitedly as Vagle approaches.

DEPUTY VAGLE
Hey Luna, breakfast time.

Deputy Vagle takes the large combination lock in her hand - spins the wheels: 7-9-4-3.

DUTCH (VO)
4th - fucking - Amendment.

PICTURE FREEZES as the PAUSE SYMBOL appears on-screen.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

JP falls onto his knees; WAILS like a lovesick teenager...

JP
I didn't mean to - Jesus Lord
please - you have to believe me I
didn't mean to -
(then)
I can't go to jail. I can not go to
JAIL! I mean - I really can't...

MORT
I ain't giving Luna up.

JP
I can't...

DUTCH
(to Raif)
And y'all wore blaze orange - to go
rob a police dog?

RAIF
If anybody come across us on the
way up there, we'd say we were
hunting. Smart, huh?

MORT
I ain't giving her up.

JP
I can't go to jail...

DUTCH
But you have the dog - and you
still left the hi-vi shit on?

RAIF

I... oh...

DUTCH

So I ask again - are you certain absolutely nobody saw -

RAIF

Fuck it, sis! Don't we have bigger problems right here. Right now.

DUTCH

Jesus, Raif - don't you get it?! If y'all were seen with Luna on the night Sandberg disappeared, Sheriff Taylor goes from no likely suspects - at all - to grilling your asses over every minute fucking detail of your whereabouts.

JP

I can not go to jail...

MORT

I ain't giving Luna up.

DUTCH

Both of you SHUT THE FUCK UP! I have a clear choice to make. Friday coming - I'm outta here. Gone! So my choice is that door and the I-75, tonight. Or... or gettin' mixed up in an idiot murder, with a bunch of Goddamn muppets, in hope one of you jackass clowns don't fuck up your slim to none hopes of getting out from under this uncommon mess.

MORT

I ain't giving up Luna!

DUTCH

Y'know what... fuck it. No! This time - y'all on your own.

Dutch makes for the exit.

RAIF

Daddy! He would have wanted to you to help us. REAL family sticks like shit. You know he said that!

Dutch's hand freezes on the door handle.

RAIF (CONT'D)

Are you Dick Nyberg's daughter, or not? He'd spin in his grave if you turned your back on us here, like this. You know he would!

Dutch hesitates, then pushes the door fully open -

RAIF (CONT'D)

Fuck Daddy - that it? And what he stood for? Fuck what he woulda done here - for his boys. To make damn sure they don't swing over one STUPID HORRIBLE MISTAKE.

(then)

Are you Dick Nyberg's daughter, or not? If not - who the fuck are you?

A beat. Dutch grimaces...

DUTCH

You will do as I say. Without question. No hesitation. Yes?

RAIF

Yes.

JP

100%

Everybody looks at Mort.

RAIF

Mort...

MORT

That depends.

JP

MORT! Quit!

Mort seethes silently, then NODS affirmatively.

Dutch looks at her watch.

DUTCH

Alright - it's 20 after midnight. First, we need to make sure that -

Distinct sound of brakes SQUEAKING out on the road.

Dutch pulls the door closed; everybody freezes.

A vehicle's engine is TURNED OFF. A beat...

SUDDENLY - a SPOTLIGHT BEAM bursts through the window.
 Everybody drops to their knees.
 Raif steals a glance out the window -
 Deputy Vagle's 4x4 is parked up next to Dutch's truck.

RAIF

5-0.

Vagle is using the CAB SPOTLIGHT to survey the scene.

JP

What the fuck do we do now? What
 the fuck do we do?

DUTCH

Shut up, JP.

Raif's confidence surges; he stands deliberately.

RAIF

I got this.

Raif places his hand on the door; Dutch grabs his arm.

DUTCH

Wait - do NOT go out there! Wait -

Raif pulls his arm from Dutch; goes boldly out the door.

RAIF

Hey, Carol.

Deputy Vagle sees Raif. She smiles like the sun coming out.

DEPUTY VAGLE

Hey, Raif. What'cha doing in there?

RAIF

Well, I was up in the woods -

Deputy Vagle sees the dead DEER in the back of the tow truck.

RAIF (CONT'D)

Got caught short. I swear, Deputy,
 you ever take one of those dumps
 that feels like you're saying
 goodbye to an old friend...

DEPUTY VAGLE

Best I don't go in there, huh?

This angle hadn't actually occurred to Raif...

RAIF

No! Absolutely not! That's a - a great idea. Don't do that. I mean, I wouldn't. Whooo-ee. No, mam.

DEPUTY VAGLE

Ain't that Dutch's work truck?

RAIF

Sure is. But that's Dutch: can never do enough for her family.

INSIDE THE CABIN:

Hearing Deputy Vagle's voice, Luna WHINES - and strains the lead towards the door.

JP

Shut that fucking dog up.

MORT

It's OK, I got her.

JP

One way... or the other.

Mort doesn't like the implication here, and there's real menace in his eyes/voice for the first time.

MORT

Lay a finger on Luna and it'll be the other way for you, brother.

DUTCH

Quit it - both of you.

Dutch looks out the window: sees Raif flirting with Vagle.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

That boy has a gift. No doubt.

(then)

Now - we got to -

Luna BARKS!

OUTSIDE THE CABIN:

Vagle hears the BARK, raises her torch at the open door -

DEPUTY VAGLE

You hear that?

RAIF

Hear what?

DEPUTY VAGLE

Why am I even askin' - you're deaf
in one ear.

RAIF

Shit, sorry Carol, can you say that
again - I'm deaf in my left ear.

INSIDE THE CABIN:

Mort sings "Duérmete Niño" softly, to Luna -

MORT

Duérmete niño, duérmete ya, que
viene el coco, y te llevará.

Luna is transfixed by Mort as he sings...

OUTSIDE THE CABIN:

Vagle moves towards the open cabin door -

DEPUTY VAGLE

You see a dog in there, Raif?

Raif slips a "snuff necklace" from beneath his shirt, at the
end of the chain is a small, metal vial.

RAIF

Girl, you're tripping. Only, I got
the antidote - right here...

Deputy Vagle looks at Raif, sees him tap a white powder onto
the crooked shaft of his wrist.

DEPUTY VAGLE

Raif Nyberg! Raif - what in the -

Raif snorts the coke off his wrist.

RAIF

Goddamn!

DEPUTY VAGLE

What the fuck, Raif! What in hell
you suppose I have to do here, now?

Raif offers Deputy Vagle his wrists in the "you can cuff me
now" gesture; smiles broadly.

RAIF
 Take me into custody.
 (then)
 Wanna take me in... Deputy?

Raif nods to the 4x4. Deputy Vagle visibly blushes.

INSIDE THE CABIN:

Mort still singing "Duérmete Niño" to Luna.

Dutch sees Deputy Vagle look around to make sure nobody's watching, then lead Raif into the 4x4.

In the light of the cab, Dutch sees Vagle snort a fat line of coke off the dashboard, then unbuckle Raif's pants.

Raif turns off the cab light.

DUTCH
 You can quit singing.

Mort stops singing. Dutch looks from Luna to Dr. Sandberg's body to JP, who is now hunched down, shivering. Then out to the 4x4 which is now creaking on its axle.

Dutch leans back against the wall. Sees a second door in the room; walks over to it; puts her hand on the latch.

Dutch opens the door - sees what is clearly the bolt hole of a homeless person.

EXT. TWELFTH - MAIN STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dutch raps the outside of her door - tosses a pack of cigarettes to Out of Town Brown; he catches the cigs.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Dutch closes the door; sees that Mort is looking at her.

MORT
 What's in there?

DUTCH
 Nothing.

Dutch hears the engine of the 4x4 - rushes to the window.

Sees Raif saluting to Deputy Vagle as he walks to Dutch's truck (buckling his pants as he goes).

Deputy Vagle drives off.

When her lights are gone, Raif gets immediately out of Dutch's truck - rushes back into the cabin.

RAIF
OK then. What's the plan?

The brothers look at Dutch.

Dutch looks at Luna, then the Body, then the bikes, then the door into Out of Town Brown's shelter, then at her brothers.

DUTCH
Lose the blaze orange. Luna's too.

The boys take off their vests; Mort removes Luna's lanyard.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
JP: your pistol - and your cell.

JP hands Dutch the murder weapon and his iPhone.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Pin?

JP
Hold on now, that's my private -

DUTCH
PIN!

JP
1787.

Dutch unlocks JP's phone; as she talks she scrolls through JP's pictures; deletes all the images/videos of Luna.

DUTCH
Go to Momma's. I'll meet you there in a couple of hours. We overnight there, together. Tonight, we're each other's alibi.

MORT
I ain't giving Luna up.

As Dutch scrolls through JP's media she notices a folder labelled "4th Amendment Audits - KEEP". Dutch sees that the files are GEO-TAGGED for the Twelfth Sheriff's Office.

A thought occurs to Dutch, and she looks as if she's going to issue another order to her brothers - but she hesitates...

MORT (CONT'D)
I said - I ain't giving -

DUTCH

JP is looking at min 15 years here, Mort. Manslaughter. Accessory after the fact - that's you, Raif and me. 5 years, each. Who's gonna look after Luna if you're in jail?

MORT

Momma can.

DUTCH

Momma...

(then)

OK, you can take Luna with you, for tonight. Good enough?

Mort nods affirmatively.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

OK. Now git, all of you. Here -

Dutch makes out to JP that she's placing his iPhone into his pocket - BUT SHE MAKES A SWITCH...

Instead she PLACES HER NOKIA 3310 INTO HIS JACKET POCKET - which she powers off as she does so.

JP

What are you going to do?

DUTCH

I'm going to wrap Dr. Sandberg's body in chicken wire, weigh it down, dump it in the Lake.

JP

Chicken wire?

DUTCH

Old Medellín trick. When the body bloats up - the chicken wire slices the flesh into little pieces. That way the corpse never floats up onto the surface. Fish do the rest.

Mort smiles darkly at this notion.

RAIF

What about the blood out on the road - I mean, they're gonna be looking for him come morning.

DUTCH

I got that.

Raif leans in with his right ear -

RAIF
What? I didn't catch that.

DUTCH
I said - I GOT IT.

JP
There'll be blood in here too.

DUTCH
Stick to the woods. No roads. Go.

Raif opens the door; scopes outside... all is quiet.

RAIF
Alright, c'mon.

Mort makes his way outside with Luna. JP now in a daze.

RAIF (CONT'D)
(to JP)
C'MON!

JP looks up; makes his way slowly out the door. As Raif goes after his brother he looks back at Dutch...

It appears as if he's going to say something - maybe "thank you" - but no words come out. Then he's gone.

Dutch watches her brothers disappear into the woods.

She looks at her watch: it's 12h38.

She looks at the two bicycles; one of them bloodstained.

SERIES OF SUPER-FAST - HARD CUTS AS:

Dutch grabs an angle grinder from the back of her truck.

Uses the angle grinder to chop up the bikes.

She finds what she's looking for: BLINKING tracking devices hidden inside the frames of the bikes.

DUTCH (VO)
GPS trackers. To tell Thor's auto where them bikes were, 24-7. Can't run over a kid you can see coming from miles away. Sly motherfucker.

She searches Dr. Sandberg - grabs his cell; sees his WATCH.

Dutch looks at the watch - her head clearly whirring.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
... that'll work.

Dutch places the GPS transmitters, Dr. Sandberg's cell and WATCH inside a red, metal toolbox; slams it shut; locks it.

She snatches a tarpaulin from Out of Town Brown's room.

Takes the shot DEER from the back of her truck.

Rolls Dr. Sandberg's body inside the tarpaulin. Places his body in the back of her truck.

Places the chopped bicycles over the body.

Places a second tarpaulin over the bikes.

Places the shot DEER over the bloodstain on the road (making it look like road kill).

She grabs two tupperware boxes of Badger Cake from the back of the truck - then smears the cake all over the shot DEER.

Soaks the hunting lanyards in gasoline; lights them.

Sets the cabin on fire.

Jumps in her truck; starts the engine...

THEN SHE SEES HIM. In her rear view mirror. Staring right at her from the side of the road. OUT OF TOWN BROWN.

Dutch turns off the engine; steps out of the truck slowly...

But Out of Town Brown is GONE. Nowhere to be seen. Dutch gets back in her truck; speeds away from the inferno.

EXT. EDISON LAKE - NIGHT

SUPER WIDE of a small rowing boat at the centre of the lake.

Sound of a HEAVY SPLASHDOWN.

ON THE ROWBOAT:

Dutch takes out JP's iPhone. Unlocks it. Scrolls through his contacts - finds CONRAD FELIX. Hits the CALL button.

INT. CONRAD FELIX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Conrad in a Gaming Chair, playing GTA5 on a huge screen. Conrad is wearing a head-mic/headphones combo.

CONRAD

I don't care if you're on your period, boy - land the fucking plane now before I smoke your ass.

Behind Conrad, his cell buzzes on the sofa - caller ID is JP.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Don't you know, cuz? I am the motherfucking shore patrol!

The call from JP's cell goes to voicemail.

EDISON LAKE:

CONRAD (OS) (CONT'D)

This is C-dawg. Co-warden, Citizens 4th Audit, Michigan Chapter. Fuck the Po-lice! Speak truth, biatch.

Dutch hears the BEEP - but instead of hanging up she places the phone by her feet; rows for the shore.

Dutch keeps an eye on JP's cell as she rows across the lake. When the duration of the call reaches 3 minutes she hangs up; makes for a wooded ISTHMUS stretching out into the lake.

EXT. WOODS BY EDISON LAKE - NIGHT

In a scene reminiscent of Dutch burying Abe Guttormson's terrier when she was 10 years old - Dutch is once again digging dirt by lamplight in the woods.

She places her red, metal toolbox in the ground; covers it with earth; places leaves on top.

Dutch climbs a tree above the hole. Nails something into a branch. Climbs down; picks up the lamp; exits the woods.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sound of the FRONT DOOR OPENING. Raif and JP stand anxiously.

Luna snaps out of sleep - looks at the kitchen door.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall...

Dutch enters the kitchen.

Luna jumps up - greets Dutch warmly.

DUTCH

Hey, Luna.

Raif pours Dutch a neat vodka; hands it to her; Dutch sits.
Silence. Dutch lights a cigarette; downs the vodka in one.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Just to let y'all know... dude had
a Rolex. Worth a couple thou, easy.
I buried it in the woods. When this
all blows over, if you want, you
can take the Sioux St. Marie. Sell
it over the border.

JP

Well... if we're crossing into
Canada, for, y'know, safety and
shit... why don't we sell it now?

DUTCH

No. Not now. Not yet.

JP

How long then?

DUTCH

When I say.

JP

You ain't the boss of me. We all
three are in this the same.

A beat as Dutch lets this land...

DUTCH

Don't you mean - all four, JP?

JP

I... you know what I meant! We
three were there, then you come
along. That's what I meant.

DUTCH

Nobody's selling shit 'till I say
so. And that's final.

A tense silence fills the room; the siblings look at each
other - no idea what to say, or do next...

Mort sings "Duérmete Niño" to Luna. Raif looks from Mort to
Luna, then at Dutch.

RAIF

Reckon it's all that immigration
shit. Must be.

DUTCH

What?

RAIF

Luna. Understanding Spanish.

Dutch's has no words.

JP bursts into tears.

Dutch puts her arm around JP. With her other hand she slips his cell back into his jacket pocket (which is hung on the back of his chair) - takes her cell back.

Happy no one has seen this, she continues to pat JP's back.

DUTCH

It's OK, JP. We got this. And...
I'm sorry for what happened, but -

MOMMA NYBERG

Why is the boy gurning?

Momma Nyberg has appeared at the kitchen door in her nightclothes; insulin shot bag in hand.

JP makes a concerted effort to steady himself.

Luna looks at Momma Nyberg, growls a little; Momma Nyberg stares at Luna, who immediately steps in behind Mort.

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

Well?

RAIF

Woman trouble.

Momma Nyberg walks behind Dutch to the iron stove. Opens the insulin shot bag. Seeing this, Mort stands - makes his way towards his Mother. Momma Nyberg sees him coming -

MOMMA NYBERG

No.

(then)

Dutch.

Dutch looks up to see Momma Nyberg handing her the syringe.

Dutch stands; takes the syringe. Draws from an insulin vial; taps the syringe. Looks her Mother straight in the eye.

Momma Nyberg lifts her shirt, exposing her belly. Dutch pinches her Mother's skin; jabs her. Pushes home the plunger. Extracts the needle; tosses it on the insulin bag; sits down.

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

Four in the morning. Your sister ain't set foot in this house in six months - then, here she be. At four in the morning. Well?

RAIF

Like I said, Momma, JP's girlfriend, well she only went -

MOMMA NYBERG

Only girlfriend that boy's had in 15 years is the pump of his own fist. Why is the boy gurning?

JP kicks his chair away; rushes out of the room.

Momma Nyberg watches him go; looks again at Luna.

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

That ain't Chancer. Something sorely wrong here.

(then)

She said, as I walked in, "SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED". What did she do that she's sorry for? What made a son of mine cry like a bitch.

(then)

What did she do? TELL ME!

RAIF

Look, Momma, there's -

MOMMA NYBERG

Out. Both of you.

Raif and Mort look at each other; stand; exit with Luna.

Momma Nyberg sits opposite Dutch; lights a cigarette.

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

You're embarrassed by your family.

(then)

Always have been. Too good for all this. For us. That's what put you in the army. Don't deny it. Both know it's true. I thought you'd never come back. That we'd seen the last of Dutch Nyberg. But, well...

(then)

Your Daddy's dead. You got no want to be here, in this house no more. Yet here you be. Sat deep in counsel with your brothers.

(MORE)

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

(then)

What you drag them into, Dutch?

DUTCH

I ain't ashamed of my family - or where I'm from. But let me be sincere, Momma. If wanting to see the world beyond Twelfth... if wanting that, is a sin, that ain't my church. Even if it's yours.

(then)

I'm tired of being the mistake.

MOMMA NYBERG

What did you do? WHAT?

DUTCH

A favour, to YOUR boys. Truth.

MOMMA NYBERG

Don't lie to me. I've always known when you lied to me, always. Even when you thought you were oh, so smart. Y'ain't never fooled me.

(then)

Your brothers... dumb as they are, stick together. They're covering for you. I can feel it. What did you do, Dutch? Tell Momma...

Dutch goes to a cabinet next to the stove; opens it; pockets a packet of Milk Bones.

DUTCH

What you really want... let me give you that instead. I'm leaving, now.

Dutch makes for the door -

MOMMA NYBERG

A loving mother, casting her own daughter from her home... what kinda person you think I am?

Dutch stops; looks back at her Mother.

DUTCH

Friday coming, I'm gone for good. Let's not part in anger, this time.

MOMMA NYBERG

Whatever you got my boys into tonight...

(MORE)

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

I'll see to it they do not go down
for YOU. Not now, not never. Just
so you know.

DUTCH

You've had a hard life. Take my
advice. Don't make it harder.

MOMMA NYBERG

Hah! Think I'm afraid - of YOU?

DUTCH

You can protect your boys on this,
or come for me. You can't do both.
Not on this. Not this. Trust me.

MOMMA NYBERG

What have you done? TELL ME!

DUTCH

Y'know... you been asking me that
question all my life.

(then)

I got one for you, Momma. What I
ever do to you?

MOMMA NYBERG

You don't have a child of your own.
That the Father loved more than
you... a child the father loved
more than the wife done give him
that baby child. It ain't right.

(then)

I wish THAT, for you. I do. In my
lifetime. So I can see you feel it.

Dutch thinks about this...

DUTCH

If you thought it'd win him back,
you'd have thrown me into the
range. So... just the doll.

MOMMA NYBERG

Just the doll...

Dutch nods; exits the kitchen.

MOMMA NYBERG (CONT'D)

You ain't better than us, Dutch.
Nobody's better than their family.

(then)

NOBODY!

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - FRONT STOOP - NIGHT

Dutch comes out of the house, passing Raif, Mort and Luna who are sitting on the bench Momma Nyberg sat on while watching the brutal hockey stick fight between JP and Dutch.

Dutch heads for her truck.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JP watches out the window as Raif goes after Dutch. Momma Nyberg comes into the bedroom; looks at JP.

EXT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - FRONT STOOP - NIGHT

Raif catches up to Dutch -

RAIF

Hey - hey! You said we need to stay together, tonight. C'mon now. We're all of us in this together, right?

Dutch looks up to the bedroom window. Sees JP and Momma Nyberg looking down at her.

DUTCH

Mort, bring Luna here. Now.

Mort looks darkly at Dutch.

MORT

You said I could have her for tonight. You PROMISED!

DUTCH

Mort, bring her now - or I'm coming up to take her. Don't make me.

Mort remains fast in his seat.

Dutch walks aggressively back to the stoop - but she catches herself when she sees the tears in Mort's eyes...

MORT

You promised. Promised.

DUTCH

(softly)

I promise you... she'll be OK.

(then)

You knew this had to happen. It's just... sooner is all.

MORT

What about Chancer? They'll do nothing about Chancer, now.

DUTCH

Mort - look at me, Mort. I'm going to see to that. You have my word.

MORT

If you take Luna, tonight. Your word don't mean nothing to me.

DUTCH

If my protecting you means your thinking less of me. So be it.

Dutch takes the lead from Mort - then makes her way back to her truck with Luna; gets in.

RAIF

What about your alibi?

Dutch starts the engine.

DUTCH

I got Luna. She'll vouch for me. In English and Spanish.

Dutch drives away.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER EDISON CREEK - DAWN (MOVING)

Dutch looks out over Edison Lake as Dawn breaks. She sees a BEAUTIFUL WHITE MARE running across a field by the lake.

She's taken by the beauty of the scene for a moment. Then her gaze falls back on the road; grim determination in her eyes.

EXT. POLICE KENNELS - DAWN (MOVING)

Dutch rolls past the kennels, closely observing the scene.

Seeing nobody's about, she pulls up; puts Luna's K-9 lanyard back on; feeds her a Milk Bone; gets out of the truck.

Dutch walks Luna into the (still open) kennel.

DUTCH

Good girl, Luna.

Dutch takes off her lead; gives Luna one last Milk Bone; steps out of the kennel; locks the gate.

DEPUTY VAGLE
Hey, Dutch.

Dutch freezes; turns slowly to see Deputy Vagle coming across the field towards her. Dutch pockets the lead.

DEPUTY VAGLE (CONT'D)
What'cha doin' there?

Dutch holds up the packet of Milk Bones.

DUTCH
You got me, Deputy.

DEPUTY VAGLE
What's that now?

DUTCH
Animals ain't allowed on the trailer park. So, sometimes when I'm passing. Can't help myself.

DEPUTY VAGLE
You shouldn't do that.

DUTCH
She don't mind.

DEPUTY VAGLE
No matter.

Dutch looks over Deputy Vagle's shoulder; sees the 4x4.

DUTCH
You sleep in the 4x4?
(then)
Didn't hear you roll up is all.

DEPUTY VAGLE
Interfering with a police dog will get you a year in County. Just so we understand each other.

Dutch SNIFFS rather theatrically.

DUTCH
We do, now.

Dutch walks back to her truck; Vagle looks at her with a mix of suspicion and trepidation. Luna barks to see Dutch go.

INT. NYBERG FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

DICK NYBERG (65), in his dying bed. Drip in his arm.

Dutch sitting next to her Father, reading him "True Grit".

DUTCH

"I know what they said even if they would not say it to my face. People love to talk. They love to slander you if you have any substance."

Dick's eyes open; he looks at Dutch.

Dutch glances up from the book, meeting her Father's gaze.

Dick says something inaudible. Dutch stands; leans in.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

What is it, Pappa?

PAPPA NYBERG

Everybody has to waste their life on something. Only...

(then)

Not on this. Not you. Please, Dutch. Go on now. Go... go!

Dutch takes her Father's hand.

DUTCH

Shhh, Pappa, settle now.

PAPPA NYBERG

Friday's coming... Friday's gone -

Exhausted, Pappa Nyberg leans back; immediately dozes off.

Dutch hears the SQUEAK of a floorboard; goes to the door.

Dutch looks down the LANDING. Sees Momma Nyberg standing at the top of the stairs - staring right at her.

Dutch looks back to her Father - who's now MUMBLING in his sleep - then back at her Mother, but she's no longer there.

Instead, sitting quietly, looking right at Dutch is Mort's favorite (long dead) dog, Rascal. Rascal BARKS at Dutch.

Dutch hears a RATTLING behind her.

Rascal WHINES - runs immediately down the stairs.

Dutch sees a knot of RATTLESNAKES slithering out of her copy of True Grit - falling onto the floor around her Father.

Dutch rushes back into the bedroom - RATTLESNAKES now swarming across the floorboards.

Dutch tries to lift her sleeping Father out of bed - but he's too heavy to shift.

DUTCH
C'mon, Daddy. C'MON! Help me. Help
me raise you up - C'MON!

A RATTLESNAKE bites Dutch's scarred hand -

INT. DUTCH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dutch's eyes pop open out of sleep.

She violently kicks the duvet from off her bed - as if expecting rattlesnakes to be under there.

DUTCH
Jesus! Fuck... fuck.

After a moment, she looks at the alarm clock: 11h30.

INT. ABANDONED AMC PLANT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dutch being led by an ARMED GUARD through the desolation of the rusting AMC plant towards -

INT. ABANDONED AMC PLANT - THE OLD ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Inside the cavernous, crumbling, Cathedral-like space is an anomaly: a snow-white, seed shaped office about the size of three shipping containers.

Close to this: a long rack of identical, white bicycles.

The Armed Guard walks up to the heavily secured office door, pushes a buzzer; responds to the answer tone -

ARMED GUARD
It's the Nyberg woman.

After a moment, Dr. Thor opens the door.

KURT THOR
Dutch, won't you come inside.

The Armed Guard walks away; Dutch ascends the steps into -

INT. DR. THOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

If the folks at APPLE designed a BOND VILLAIN'S LAIR - this would be it. All sleek, all white, absurdly shiny.

Dutch is shocked to see, sitting on a white leather couch: Mayor Gimble, Sheriff Taylor and Deputy Vagle.

KURT THOR (CONT'D)
 You know the Mayor, Sheriff Taylor
 and Deputy Vagle...

DUTCH
 I do.

A long, uncertain silence.

KURT THOR
 So, what can I do for you, Dutch?

DUTCH
 You look like you're busy, maybe
 another time...

KURT THOR
 No. Now's good.
 (then)
 Is it about the job?

DUTCH
 No.

KURT THOR
 What then?

Dutch knows full well this little gathering is to do with Dr.
 Sandberg's disappearance. Time to stay ice cool...

DUTCH
 It's about my brother.

SHERIFF TAYLOR
 Raif?

Dutch looks pointedly at Deputy Vagle.

DUTCH
 No. Mort.

KURT THOR
 What about him?

DUTCH
 You killed his dog.

KURT THOR
 Did I, now?

DUTCH
 He believes so.

MAYOR GIMBLE

What do you believe, Dutch?

DUTCH

I believe Chancer was run over, on South Lindbergh. I believe your driverless vehicle -

KURT THOR

The Phoenix-4F.

DUTCH

The Phoenix-4F... will no doubt have a bunch of cameras pointing out at a million different angles.

(then)

I believe if you gave a shit, you'll have someone check the tapes for Tuesday gone, South Lindbergh.

Kurt Thor looks over at a TECHNICIAN; nods. The Technician departs for the MEDIA CENTRE (behind the leather couch).

KURT THOR

You remember Dr. Sandberg, from the town hall? Sat up front; iPad.

DUTCH

Ran chicken when Jeb Sandoe flung his chair at the Mayor...

Kurt Thor turns a monitor to Dutch - showing the GPS markers on a Google map for the two bicycles and Dr. Sandberg's cell.

KURT THOR

Well... Dr. Sandberg has a lady friend in town, Julie Cleverly. She has a 13 year old daughter, Eve.

(then)

Last night, around midnight, he left the office, here, to call in on Julie. I told him - why not bring a bike down, for Eve. He thought that was a fine idea.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

He never made it to Julie's. He had an 8.30 meeting this morning, only he didn't show. Cell's dead.

KURT THOR

Bikes have a GPS security tracker as standard. They both went dark - here, on Ford Avenue, at 12h58.

(MORE)

KURT THOR (CONT'D)

His cell too. Same time and place.
(then)

He'd been in and around that location for approximately 38 minutes. Then, at 01h43, fire department got a call out on a fire, at the exact same location.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

You know Out of Town Brown?

DUTCH

Sure.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

His private bolt hole, up on Ford. Abandoned logging cabin.

MAYOR GIMBLE

Last night, Deputy Vagle was rolling on Ford Avenue, little after midnight. She didn't see Dr. Sandberg. Or Mr. Brown. But she did see your brother, Raif. In your truck. Up by the cabin.

DUTCH

And?

KURT THOR

And, we were going to drive up there, now. Want to tag along?

DUTCH

Why would I do that?

KURT THOR

Same reason I'm looking for that footage for you. It's neighborly.

INT. PHOENIX-4F - FORD AVENUE - DAY (MOVING)

A slightly surreal scene as Dr. Thor sits in the driver's seat with his hands OFF THE WHEEL. Sitting next to him, Mayor Gimble. In the back: Sheriff Taylor, Deputy Vagle and Dutch.

Behind the driverless auto - the fleet of SUPPORT VEHICLES.

Practically the whole time, Dr. Thor staring at Dutch in the rear view mirror. Dutch looking back at him, fearlessly.

As the CONVOY approaches the CABIN - they are witness to a large section of the road being blocked off.

SEVERAL VANS marked MICHIGAN FARM BUREAU and US EPA parked up at the side of the road, as MEN IN BIOHAZARD SUITS x 15 POWER-SPRAY the road with DISINFECTANT.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

What the fuck?

The CONVOY pulls up at a barrier - beyond which is the section of road where Dutch dumped the SHOT DEER - which itself has been moved next to a van marked "INCINERATOR".

They exit the Phoenix-4F; Mayor Gimble approaches TODD OPPEGARD (50), who's clearly running the scene.

MAYOR GIMBLE

What in hell's going on here?

TODD OPPEGARD

Michigan Farm Bureau. Emergency deep-clean operation.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

You're going to have to stop all this. Right now! I order you to -

TODD OPPEGARD

This is a federally mandated scene, Sheriff. EPA got jurisdiction over local law enforcement. Biohazard.

MAYOR GIMBLE

Biohazard? What Biohazard?

Todd shows a picture of the scene on an iPad: the carcass of the SHOT DEER is being feasted upon by a DOZEN BADGERS.

TODD OPPEGARD

TB. Nothing infects the badger population faster than a road kill mass feeding event. From there, TB goes into the cattle population, from there, herd slaughter from Petoskey to Grand Rapids. That ain't happening on my watch.

Dr. Thor looks to the side of the road: a line of a DOZEN SHOT BADGERS is being bagged-up for the INCINERATOR van.

The entire stretch of road - including up to the ashes of the cabin - has been power-sprayed with DISINFECTANT.

Dutch can now see that the large blood stain where she placed the SHOT DEER has been completely washed away.

KURT THOR
Who called this in?

TODD OPPEGARD
Anonymous citizen. Sent us the
picture on the iPad I showed you.

Dr. Thor looks at Dutch. But her eyes are elsewhere, as she's just seen Out of Town Brown sitting on a tree stump.

Out of Town Brown looks at Dutch. After a moment he nods at her. Dutch nods back.

KURT THOR
Is it usual for that many badgers
to jump on a carcass like that?

TODD OPPEGARD
Why else you think we got here so
fast? Lucky it was called in.

Todd Oppegard walks towards EPA OFFICERS x 5 in the distance.

Dutch looks at Dr. Thor; sees him staring at her.

DUTCH
Hey, Carol?

DEPUTY VAGLE
What?

DUTCH
So... what did you and Raif talk
about... last night?

Deputy Vagle looks deeply uncomfortable at the question.

INT. DR. THOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Dutch sitting alone on the white couch. Outside the door she can see Dr. Thor, Mayor Gimble, Sheriff Taylor and Deputy Vagle in an intense conflagration...

TECHNICIAN #2 (25), approaches Dutch.

TECHNICIAN #2
We're ready for you.

Dutch follows Technician #2 into the MEDIA CENTRE.

Technician #2 sits at an EDIT BAY; rolls the footage from Tuesday on South Lindbergh.

TECHNICIAN #2 (CONT'D)
 Think I found what you're looking
 for. Take a look...

Technician #2 plays the footage from the cameras on-board the
 MOVING Phoenix-4F (and the support vehicles behind).

A WOUNDED DEER emerges from the woods ahead of the CONVOY.

The Phoenix-4F decelerates - allowing the limping DEER to
 cross in front of it...

TECHNICIAN #2 (CONT'D)
 See, it slows here.

The Phoenix-4F then accelerates down South Lindbergh, passing
 a beat-up Pick Up Truck going the opposite direction.

TECHNICIAN #2 (CONT'D)
 No canine. Case closed.

DUTCH
 Can you go back on that? Show me
 the pick up going the other way.

TECHNICIAN #2
 Sure.

Technician #2 rewinds the footage; freezes on the Pick Up.

DUTCH
 Well I'll be Goddamned.

TECHNICIAN #2
 What?

Inside the pick-up, Dutch recognizes the BEARDED DRIVER (60).

DUTCH
 Abe Guttormson.

TECHNICIAN #2
 Who's Abe Guttormson?

INT. MORT'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

DUTCH (10), and MORT (8), looking at the decapitated body of
 a small TERRIER on the floor.

DUTCH (VO)
 Best keep a secret than spin the
 wheel? No doubt. But is your secret
 truly a secret? How do you know
 it's THAT? For certain?

INT. DR. THOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MEDIA CENTRE - DAY

DUTCH
Man with a long memory.

TECHNICIAN #2
You think this Guttormson dude ran
over your brother's dog on purpose?

DUTCH
If it were an accident... he would
have stopped. Motherfuck bad luck.

EXT. ABANDONED AMC PLANT - DAY

Dutch walking past the sparkling SUPPORT VEHICLES. Her
battered truck is a sorry sight at the end of the line.

KURT THOR
I'm sorry for your loss.

Dutch turns to see Dr. Thor following her. Dr. Thor nods
towards the front of Dutch's truck.

KURT THOR (CONT'D)
Your doll. You've lost it.

Dutch looks at the grill: the DOLL is indeed missing.

DUTCH
Appears I have.

KURT THOR
Wonder where it'll turn up?

Dutch ignores Thor's clear insinuation; gets in her truck;
turns the ignition - but the engine doesn't catch. Dutch
keeps trying, but the motor won't start...

KURT THOR (CONT'D)
It's common for children with
disabilities to project their
condition onto their toys.
(then)
What's uncommon, is to find an able
bodied child who believed their
raggedy ass doll had a disability.
Due to polio, for example. I think
that child might have a weakness
for helping her kinfolk. No matter
what ingenious trouble they got
themselves into. I'm no shrink,
but... sounds about right. To me.

DUTCH

Whatever you were paying that Dr. Sandberg... it weren't enough.

KURT THOR

What you want me to tell his wife, Dutch? And his two kids. About what really happened to their Daddy, last night. Up by that cabin.

DUTCH

I don't know. Make something up. You're good at that.

KURT THOR

Badger cake, right? Smear'd all over the shot deer Deputy Vagle saw in the back of YOUR truck. EPA charge up there. Sterilize the crime scene. *Un paysan intelligent.*

(then)

Dr. Sandberg had an IQ of 167 - that's genius level, Dutch. And I'm smarter than him. How much smarter than you, you think that makes me?

DUTCH

Guess we're about to find out.

The motor catches; Dutch drives away.

EXT. TWELFTH - MAIN STREET - DAY

Out of Town Brown sitting on his drinking bench, holding the twine lead for his Jack Russell.

Dutch sits beside him; the Jack Russel greets her warmly.

DUTCH

Hey, Sparks. How you doing?

Dutch hands Out of Town Brown a billfold; he pockets it.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Thank you for being a friend, Out of Town Brown.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

You always been good to me, Dutch. Ain't gonna suddenly forget that.

(then)

Sorry I lit out, only, thought I heard your brothers coming back.

DUTCH

There's an old hunting lodge, up by Edison Lake, off Chaffee. Know it?

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

I do.

DUTCH

This morning, I provisioned it. For you. Sleeping blanket, gas burner, camp chair, lanterns, corned beef.

Dutch takes a burner cell from her pocket.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Call me soon as they start diving the lake. Number's saved in there.

Out of Town Brown takes the cell.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

I'm truly sorry for what happened to your cabin. That's on me.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

You didn't tell your brothers you seen me up there?

DUTCH

No.

(then)

I don't know what they'd do.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

Kinda, you do. Or you'd tell them. Why'd you risk your ass for 'em, Dutch, when you don't trust them?

DUTCH

Real family... sticks like shit.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

I don't believe that's the interpretation your Daddy had in mind when he said that.

DUTCH

Daddy would never have asked me to do what I did. But he would have wanted me to do it. Help them.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

Not everybody can be helped. And some that can be, should not.

DUTCH

Well... woman's got to waste her
life on something.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

You think they'll dive the lake?

DUTCH

I hope not. But, you'll call me
right away if they do?

Out of Town Brown nods; Dutch stands; makes to walk away.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

Now, on the one side you got the
smartest man in America coming for
you. On the other, three white
trash halfwits... which you think
is more dangerous?

Dutch ponders this for a moment.

DUTCH

See you round, Out of Town Brown.

Dutch walks away...

EXT. DUTCH'S TRAILER PARK - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch pulls up outside her trailer; finishing up a call -

DUTCH

(into cell)

... how many MORE immigrants you
want smuggled into Twelfth by
government employees? When I call
the FBI - I'll make sure and tell
'em you did nothing. NOTHING!

Dutch hangs up the call.

She looks at her trailer; seems to sense something.

Dutch opens her glove box - makes as if she's going for the
.33; hesitates; closes the glove box.

Dutch walks to her trailer door; takes the handle -

INSIDE DUTCH'S TRAILER:

Dutch steps inside to see, waiting for her: Raif, JP & Mort.

Dutch looks at her brothers; senses menace in the room.

JP
Hey, little sister.

Dutch walks to the fridge; takes a beer.

DUTCH
Went up to the old AMC factory.
They showed me the on-board footage
from Tuesday gone. Saw the doe you
were chasing limp across the road.
Then nothing. Weren't Thor's people
who did for Chancer, Mort.

MORT
They're lying.

DUTCH
I saw the footage.

MORT
Then you're lying. AGAIN.

DUTCH
They didn't kill your dog, Mort. If
you ain't in the market for the
truth, believe what you need.

MORT
Somebody ran over my Chancer. If
not them - who?

DUTCH
There was a pick up, but... I
couldn't make out the plate.
(then)
There's nothing to be done 'cause
nothing can be. I'm sorry.

Silence. Dutch waiting for the inevitable bomb...

JP
You said a couple thou. The dude's
watch. Out in the woods.

JP hands dutch his cell. On the screen: a picture of Dr.
Sandberg from the town hall.

DUTCH
(to Raif)
Cops are fixin' to bring you in, no
doubt, over you been seen up at the
cabin by Deputy Vagle last night.

RAIF

I was hunting. Nothing more to say.

DUTCH

Where? For how long? Who saw you leave; who saw you get back? What time you borrow my truck? What route you take going up there; which route coming back?

(then)

Then they're gonna ask you all that over. And over, and over. One mistake - one! And they'll know their bullshit from butter.

(then)

I told you NOT to go out there.

RAIF

Carol saw your truck, Dutch.

DUTCH

TWO people can be set against each other, Raif. Truck put me on the scene - no doubt - but ONLY me.

RAIF

I ain't gonna flip, Dutch - if that's what you're insinuating. If it is, by the way, fuck you!

DUTCH

(to JP)

Why am I looking at this?

JP

Zoom in on the watch.

Dutch zooms in on Dr. Sandberg's Rolex.

DUTCH

OK?

JP

It's a Rolex Daytona, rose gold, black dial. Looked it up on the Google. JZ has one.

JP starts picking at a thread on Dutch's saddle.

DUTCH

Don't touch that.

JP keeps picking at the thread. Dutch squares up to her brother. All eyes now on JP.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
I ain't fucking playing, JP.

JP smirks. Smooths the thread with his hand. Sits down.

JP
Ain't no "couple thou", sis. That's
a \$40,000 wristwatch right there.

Dutch looks at her brothers; sees the dumb hunger in them...

DUTCH
I'm going to say this once. Then...
rest is up to you.
(then)
If you ask me to go get that watch,
to dig it up, now. Just the fact
you ask the question is enough for
me to wonder if y'all can be
helped, in this, at all.

JP
What's that supposed to mean?

DUTCH
Do not ask me to get the watch.
Just, don't do it... don't.

The brothers look at one another.

JP
You told us you're lighting out,
Friday coming. We got a right to
ask - if not before then, when?

RAIF
We ain't askin', Dutch. We want our
share. Now. End of.

DUTCH
And if I say no?

JP
Best we all stick together on this.
Know what I mean? Especially since
we all got alibis for last night.
Well, all of us... 'cept you.

Dutch is about to say something when there's a sudden BANGING
on the trailer door -

SHERIFF TAYLOR (OS)
Dutch - Sheriff Taylor - open up.

Dutch opens the trailer door. Sees Sheriff Taylor and Deputy Vagle standing outside. In the middle distance: Dr. Thor and Mayor Gimble looking on...

SHERIFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Dutch Nyberg, I'm arresting you for
 the murder of Dr. Sandberg. You
 have the right to remain silent.

Sheriff Taylor cuffs Dutch.

SHERIFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 If you cannot afford a lawyer, one
 will be appointed for you -

JP
 Hey! I know the constitution. You
 don't have probable cause to make
 this arrest, Officer!

SHERIFF TAYLOR
 You don't need probable cause to
 make an arrest, jackass. Jesus!

As Dutch is led outside, Deputy Vagle steps forward.

DEPUTY VAGLE
 Raif Nyberg, you're under arrest
 for accessory after the fact.

RAIF
 What?!

DEPUTY VAGLE
 You have the right to remain
 silent. Anything you say can be
 used against you in court.

Deputy Vagle cuffs Raif. JP takes out his cell - starts to record the scene.

RAIF
 Don't make me tell tales on you,
 Carol. That won't be on me.

Sheriff Taylor shouts from outside the trailer.

SHERIFF TAYLOR (OS)
 CAROL! Get your shit together!

Deputy Vagle slaps the cell out of JP's hand.

DEPUTY VAGLE

(sotto voce)

Your brother rats me out - two things will happen, JP. One. No one will believe him. And two. I'll beat him to death in his cell.

(then)

COMING SHERIFF!

(then)

How you like them rights, asshole?

Vagle shoves Raif outside.

From the BACK OF THE SQUAD CAR, Dutch can see the Boy on his bicycle parked up next to Dr. Thor and Mayor Gimble. All three of them staring at her as she's DRIVEN AWAY.

INT. TWELFTH POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dutch sitting alone at a desk. Mayor Gimble comes in.

MAYOR GIMBLE

You're aware of the stakes here, Dutch. A very, very important man is missing. Presumed murdered. If you care at all about the future of this town, I know you'll do the right thing here.

(then)

Thor factory is on a knife edge - and it's all on you. What you do in the next ten minutes will decide -

DUTCH

I'd feel sorry for you, Mr. Mayor, if I thought you believed the lie. But you don't give a shit, either way, 'cause you already got your reward - Judas. So... shut the fuck up... or fuck off.

Dr. Thor, Sheriff Taylor and Deputy Vagle enter the room; Sheriff Taylor holding an iPad.

Dr. Thor, Mayor Gimble and Deputy Vagle sit at the back of the room; Sheriff Taylor sits opposite Dutch.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Want you to see something.

Sheriff Taylor plays footage from the dash-cam on Deputy Vagle's 4x4 as she drives up Ford Avenue.

Dutch's truck comes into view in the middle distance; Sheriff Taylor hits pause; points at the screen.

SHERIFF TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Y'see it? Look, Dutch. That's a fresh blood stain on the road, right there. Only - there ain't no deer, see. That's Dr. Sandberg's blood - before somebody staged the scene as roadkill. Way the blood has pooled, I reckon he was either stabbed or shot. I think shot.

(then)

Raif got an alibi for the rest of the night - he was with JP and Mort. Your Mother confirmed that. And over here, we got Deputy Vagle seeing you at the kennels at 5am. So, where were you, Dutch, between 12h58 when Dr. Sandberg vanished off the face of the earth and 5am?

(then)

Where's Dr. Sandberg's body, Dutch?

DUTCH

I see an oil stain on the road. Way it's pooled... cracked pan or a bad seal. Guess we'll never know, huh?

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Know what I think... I think you thought it was Dr. Thor riding them twin bikes up on Ford. Like we know you saw him do, earlier that day, by your trailer. We have a sworn witness claims you called Dr. Thor a "motherfucker" as he cycled away. You deny calling him that?

DUTCH

Where's the rest of the footage from the roller on Ford? And Deputy Vagle's body cam? I have the legal right to see that, I believe.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Dutch, that don't got nothing to -

DUTCH

She tell you her body cam wasn't on, or the file got corrupted or some battery died or something?

Sheriff Taylor looks at Deputy Vagle. Vagle tries to look calm but she's nervous, no question...

DEPUTY VAGLE

I heard a dog, barking inside that cabin. Hunting dog, right, Dutch? It was YOUR truck parked outside - with a shot deer in back. You were in the cabin - with Sandberg's body... the whole time. I know it.

DUTCH

Barking dogs? My being down at the kennels at 5am... what proof is there of that - other than the Deputy's word? Or did your battery problem fix itself in the night?

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Now, you listen here, Dutch -

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

Someone is aggressively ringing the desk BELL at reception.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

Mayor Gimble stands, opens the door.

MAYOR GIMBLE

Can I help you?

VOICE (OS)

Looking for a Deputy Carol Vagle.

Mayor Gimble looks back into the interrogation room, then back out to reception.

MAYOR GIMBLE

She's right here.

Horribly tense moment as the silhouettes of TWO MEN in uniform walk along the frosted glass corridor - then appear at the interrogation room door -

Being... two STATE TROOPERS.

STATE TROOPER #1

Deputy Vagle?

DEPUTY VAGLE

Yes.

STATE TROOPER #1

Sorry about this - we're like 100% sure this is a crank complaint. But it's been alleged that you're running a smuggling operation to bring illegals across from Canada.

DEPUTY VAGLE

What?!

SHERIFF TAYLOR

You're shitting me!?

STATE TROOPER #2

I'm sorry to say - no, we ain't. But we can clear it all right up with a super quick drug test.

MAYOR GIMBLE

Drugs test?

STATE TROOPER #1

Yeah, complainant says there's cocaine coming in with the illegals and that you've been at the supply.

Dr. Thor looks at Dutch; her eyes locked fast on the floor.

STATE TROOPER #1 (CONT'D)

So, Captain says, negative test: we call bullshit on the whole thing.

STATE TROOPER #2

Complainant said they was gonna take it to the FEDs if we didn't act on it. Fucking politics, right?

State Trooper #2 holds up a urine sample bottle.

DEPUTY VAGLE

You fucking bitch...

Deputy Vagle leaps at Dutch, starts beating on her -

DEPUTY VAGLE (CONT'D)

I'll fucking kill you - I'll fucking ruin you, bitch!

CHAOS as Sheriff Taylor and the Staties drag Deputy Vagle off Dutch. Vagle screaming and swinging all the time -

DEPUTY VAGLE (CONT'D)

I'll kill your whole fucking family, you sly fucking sly cunt!

SHERIFF TAYLOR
 Carol - Carol! What the fuck,
 Carol? Stop it now! CAROL!

Vagle is dragged outside by Sheriff Taylor and the Staties.

DEPUTY VAGLE (OS)
 I have a daughter! I have a
 daughter! Who's going to look after
 her, Dutch? Who? You fucking BITCH!

Sound of a door SLAMMING and the muffled sound of Vagle
 WEEPING and WAILING.

Dutch stands; wipes the blood from her mouth; sits.

Sheriff Taylor comes back into the interrogation room. All
 eyes now on Dutch...

DUTCH
 Will there be anything else?

EXT. TWELFTH POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - SUNSET

Dutch and Raif walking out of the station, watched by Sheriff
 Taylor, Mayor Gimble and Dr. Thor.

RAIF
 What the fuck is going on, Dutch?

DUTCH
 I do believe Deputy Vagle, just
 pissed away their timeline.

RAIF
 The fuck does that mean?

DUTCH
 Means they got more work to do
 before setting down charges. We'd
 already be in County otherwise.

RAIF
 You think they're going to charge
 us - for real? With what?

DUTCH
 Raif, what possible good you think
 might ever come out of JP raising a
 pistol on a dark night over the
 head of a moving target - who just
 so happened to be the town's only
 visiting billionaire?

RAIF

Wait... I thought you said it
wasn't Dr. Thor got shot.

Dutch stops; puts her hands up in exasperation.

DUTCH

JP thought it was Dr. Thor, Raif,
that's the fucking -

(then)

You boys spun a wheel you didn't
need to. From the moment that gun
fired - there was always a chance
that one, some or all of us would
have to pay a price. But you knew
that, right? You're not an idiot.

RAIF

I am not going down for something I
didn't do - no fucking way.

DUTCH

If you think you've not done
anything, Raif, then you are -

Dutch's cell rings; she takes it out of her pocket; sees the
caller ID - OUT OF TOWN BROWN; answers the call.

EXT. CABIN BY EDISON LAKE - SUNSET

Out of Town Brown looking out over the water. He can clearly
see DIVERS x 3 splashdown in the centre of the lake off a
diving boat, marked: MSP / Marine Services Team.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN

Guessing you know why I'm calling.
Boat marked Michigan State Police.

EXT. TWELFTH POLICE STATION CAR PARK - SUNSET

Dutch frozen to the spot -

RAIF

What is it?

DUTCH

(into cell)

Thanks, friend.

OUT OF TOWN BROWN (OS)

Good luck, Dutch.

Dutch hangs up the call.

RAIF

What?

Dutch falls into a reverie.

DUTCH (VO)

Who is in the market for a saviour?

(then)

Can you save yourself? That's the question. If the war's lost, your one shot don't matter... unless... unless it matters to YOU you took it. Unless fuck winning or losing. Fuck what's wise and fuck all civility. Fuck, more than anything: SURRENDER. Fuck surrender.

RAIF

Dutch - what was that call about?

DUTCH

You in the market for a saviour, brother?

RAIF

What?

Dutch slams Raif up against the CANINE UNIT van, causing Luna to BARK aggressively from inside.

DUTCH

You surrender, back in there?

Dutch slaps Raif across the face -

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Give me up for the deal they offered you? Queen for a day?

RAIF

Aow! What the fuck, Dutch?!

DUTCH

Did you?!

Dutch slaps Raif again - this time drawing blood.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Answer me!

RAIF

Have you lost your fucking mind?! I'm your brother! Your BROTHER!

Dutch slaps Raif; he shoves her back - then as she comes in again - he grabs her, slams her against the van.

Raif stares deeply into Dutch's eyes -

RAIF (CONT'D)

Whatever the fuck is going on and
whatever the fuck you think I did,
I didn't! Look at me, Dutch, I
didn't. You're my sister. I didn't.

Dutch stares back at Raif, then smiles. Raif takes a moment, then releases Dutch from his grip.

DUTCH

I feel you, brother. I do.

RAIF

Alright then.

Dutch looks back at the police station, sees they're still being watched by Sheriff Taylor, et al.

DUTCH

It's time.

RAIF

For what.

DUTCH

The watch. \$40,000. Run money.

RAIF

OK. When?

DUTCH

Dawn. Tomorrow.

RAIF

Why not NOW? Tonight?

DUTCH

Tomorrow's Friday.

Raif thinks about this...

RAIF

Sure... OK. You need to pack, got
it. Sure, OK. Tomorrow.

DUTCH

Momma's, 6.30.

RAIF

Alright.

Dutch walks away.

RAIF (CONT'D)

Yeah - I'll tell the others. Good call. We got this, sis. We got it.

INT. DUTCH'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Dutch stuffing a rucksack with cans of Tannerite Targets.

REVEAL: the label on the side of the cans reads - "BINARY EXPLODING RIMFIRE TARGETS... Includes FREE Earplugs".

Dutch's cell rings; she answers.

DUTCH

Dutch Nyberg.

(then)

Thanks for calling me back on this.

(then)

I'm gonna need a lawyer. 100%.

(then)

You read the email I sent?

(then)

That'll do it.

Dutch hangs up; looks around her trailer as if for the last time. Grabs her Winchester, exits to -

OUTSIDE DUTCH'S TRAILER:

Dutch places the rucksack and the rifle in her truck. Looks to see if she's being observed; jumps in; speeds off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHESTERMAN BEACH - VANCOUVER ISLAND - SUNSET

Dutch galloping on a BEAUTIFUL WHITE MARE, like the one she saw in the field by Edison Lake. Dutch pulls the MARE up, and they both look out over the ocean. A beautiful moment.

BANG!

The MARE rears - throwing Dutch onto the sand. The MARE falls back onto Dutch, trapping her left leg.

Dutch sees Raif, JP and Mort looking at her. In JP's hand a smoking revolver. Luna stands next to Mort; BARKS aggressively at Dutch; strains on her lead.

Dutch pulls herself desperately from under the MARE. Just as she frees herself the MARE has TRANSFORMED into the SHOT DEER Dutch placed on Ford Avenue. Dutch stares into the DEER'S black, dead eye as she stands on unsteady feet.

Mort releases Luna - who runs in attack mode towards Dutch. Dutch turns to see Dr. Thor and Dr. Sandberg are behind her, blocking her exit.

Dutch is trapped. She runs towards the waves; dives into the sea; is suddenly sinking into the black depths of the ocean.

EXT. REMOTE WOODLAND ROAD - DAWN

Dutch's truck parked up; Dutch inside, sleeping.

Dutch's cell rings. She starts out of sleep. Answers.

DUTCH

Why there? Why not Momma's?

(then)

OK.

(then)

On my way.

Dutch starts the truck; drives through the woods.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD LEADING TO A FIELD - DAWN (MOVING)

Dutch driving towards Mort's DEER STAND.

Dutch stops where the towpath ends; gets out of her truck; looks at the DEER STAND - around 500 feet away.

This is some no-man's-land bullshit, as Dutch is now forced to walk 500 feet from her truck, unarmed, towards a Deer Stand with clear line of sight at her walking.

Dutch can see her brothers in the DEER STAND; all three of them have their Winchesters on their laps.

DUTCH (VO)

Trust is very simple. It's a bunch of statements you believe to be 100% true. I believe my brothers would never lie to me. I believe 100% they would never steal from me. I believe my brothers would never betray me. Not even to keep their guilty asses out of jail. The more such statements you 100% believe, the more you trust. Less you believe... the less you trust.

(then)

(MORE)

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

I believe my brothers ain't dumb
enough to shoot me in the head
before they get their \$40,000.

(then)

That's what I got.

Dutch takes a deep breath; walks forward.

These are unbearably tense moments as Dutch edges across no-man's-land towards the DEER STAND.

SEVERAL CUTS BETWEEN the brothers observing their sister come closer, and Dutch crossing the field.

At one point Dutch stumbles - as if her knees have given way.

She steadies herself; carries on.

As Dutch gets to the edge of the Deer Stand the brothers no longer have line of sight on her; she breathes a sigh of relief as she makes it to the bottom of the DEER STAND.

RAIF

Come on up.

Dutch climbs up the 5-foot ladder; looks inside. Sees Raif, Mort and JP... THEN SHE SEES THEY'RE ALL WEARING EARPLUGS -

DUTCH

Fuck -

A FOURTH FIGURE, hidden behind the boys reveals herself: it's MOMMA NYBERG - shotgun in hand.

BOOM!

Momma Nyberg shoots Dutch in the chest.

Dutch literally flies through the air, landing in a crumbling heap in the field below.

JP, Mort, Raif and Momma Nyberg climb down. Raif, JP and Mort toss their earplugs on the ground as they approach Dutch, who's now GROANING incoherently.

Mort kneels down so he can talk right in Dutch's face.

MORT

You shouldn't have lied to me.
Shouldn'ta ever done that.

Momma Nyberg approaches; points the shotgun at Dutch's chest -

BOOM!

The boy's jerk their hands to their ears - now ringing from the surprise, second shotgun blast.

JP
Jesus!

RAIF
Fuck!

MORT
Aaaaaow!

Raif presses both his hands against his right ear -

RAIF
Jesus, Momma?! Was that really necessary?

MOMMA NYBERG
Only rock salt. Just making sure.

Now brutally winded, Dutch rolls over - howls for breath.

JP
Think you got her good first time!

MOMMA NYBERG
Want her to get up - beat your ass a second time? Believe the words you're looking for are "thank you".
(then)
Pat her down.

Mort steps forward; checks Dutch; finds a .33 in her jacket pocket and her cell; hands them to Raif.

RAIF
Good job, brother.

Dutch coughs up some blood; gasps for air; passes out.

EXT. WOODS BY EDISON LAKE - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

A small stream in the woods gurgles towards the lake; mist filling the spaces between the trees, blurring the distance.

REVEAL: Dutch wearing a blaze orange lanyard; Winchester in hand, gazing intently into the fog.

DUTCH (VO)
Prey animal's sense of smell ain't like ours. Their smelling something is like a slap across the face to you or me. Truth.
(MORE)

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Why else would a Doe snap jump,
three feet to her right, at just a
hint of something in the air she
don't trust. Like she been slapped
in the mouth.

A DOE appears in the middle distance. Dutch doesn't move.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Scent travels on the air. Air's
fluid. Can be pressured, like a
fluid; drawn along, like a fluid.

Very slowly and quietly, Dutch takes aim at the DOE.

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

Come dawn, if there ain't too much
wind about, you can guarantee being
downwind of your mark, by hunting
upstream. As the flowing water
touches the cool, moist air above,
it draws it downstream. Laws of
fluid dynamics. Long as the water's
coming towards you, so's the wind.
Impossible for any animal to get
even the slightest scent off your -

SUDDENLY, the DOE leaps backwards; sprints into the distance.

Dutch is clearly baffled by this turn; walks to the fallen
Red Oak where the Doe was standing before it bolted...

DUTCH (VO) (CONT'D)

What slapped that Doe across the
face? Terrified her so? 'Cause it
sure as shit weren't me...

Dutch sees a DEEP HOLE in the ground where the roots of the
fallen Oak ripped out the earth when it crashed down.

EXT. SECLUDED WOODLAND - DAY

Dutch unconscious, being dragged by Mort through the woods.

MOMMA NYBERG (OS)

Set her down.

Mort props Dutch up against a tree.

MOMMA NYBERG (OS) (CONT'D)

Wake her up.

A liquid is splashed over Dutch's face; she comes to
immediately - starts to spit out the noxious liquid.

REVEAL: Raif is dousing Dutch from a gasoline can.

DUTCH
 Jesus Christ - what the fuck!?
 (then)
 WHAT THE FUCK?

Dutch sees Momma Nyberg, JP, Raif & Mort all staring at her.

MOMMA NYBERG
 What's that you said to me... "if I
 thought it'd win him back, I'd have
 thrown you into the range".
 (then)
 Don't have to worry no more 'bout
 how that might've played. Do I?

Momma Nyberg nods at Raif; he shakes a box of matches.

DUTCH
 What do you want?

RAIF
 They want the body, Dutch. We give
 'em that, we walk. You're fucked
 either way. See, Thor got a real
 hard on for you. Mayor got a hard
 on for Thor. Sheriff Taylor, well,
 you get the gist... Thor wants you
 as the shooter. Period. He is, I'm
 told, "unreachable" on that point.
 So, give us the body - or we start
 lighting matches. Your Choice.

JP
 The body. Where?

DUTCH
 In the lake.

RAIF
 Nah, Dutch... it ain't.
 (then)
 Wanna know who figured that?

Dutch looks at Momma Nyberg.

RAIF (CONT'D)
 That's right.

JP
 When Raif told the Sheriff about
 Edison Lake, "old Medellín trick;
 chicken wire", he ate that shit up.
 (MORE)

JP (CONT'D)

Had to be true! All that graphic detail. Sandberg's body was in the lake. No doubt! Only, when we told Momma the same story, last night, she said... "that ain't Dutch".

RAIF

Dutch, making the job harder than it needed be? Weights, chicken wire, stealing a boat. No. "That ain't Dutch", Momma said. Dutch buried his ass... in the woods.

MORT

You shouldn't have lied to us. Shouldn'ta done that, Dutch.

MOMMA NYBERG

Body's for the law. But FIRST - the watch! My boys rightly deserve something out of this, after all what they've been through.

(then)

Or... you burn.

Raif lights a match - holds it over Dutch.

DUTCH

Do not fucking do that - get that the FUCK away from me!

Dutch's terror is palpable; Mort seems to enjoy this, and he LAUGHS darkly at her squirming.

RAIF

Where's the body - where's the body? Where's the body, Dutch?

DUTCH

Alright - alright. I'll take you to the fucking body. Just get that the fuck away from me - get it AWAY!

Raif has let the match burn down too close to his fingers -

RAIF

Aaow!

Raif flicks his wrist; the still burning match accidentally falls towards Dutch - who has to dive out of the way -

DUTCH

What the fuck! You fucking idiot!

RAIF

HEY! Do not call me that! Do not
call me that or my brothers that!
Not ever again - you hear me, not -

MOMMA NYBERG

ALRIGHT! Enough!

Momma Nyberg nods at Mort. He throws a shovel to Dutch.

EXT. WOODS NEAR EDISON LAKE - DAY (WALKING)

Dutch carrying the shovel as she makes her way through the forest. She looks back to see JP, Mort, Raif and Momma Nyberg all staring at her. The brothers with their rifles in hand.

Mort sings "Duérmete Niño"; this time there's a creeping, malevolent edge to his voice -

MORT

Duérmete niño, duérmete ya, que
viene el coco, y te llevará.

Dutch looks to the path ahead; for a moment, closes her eyes; lets the wind cool her brow. Then her eyes are fierce again.

30 yards further on, Dutch sticks the spade in the ground.

JP

How we know this is the spot - that
you ain't playing for time?

Dutch nods up towards the tree; JP sees Dutch's raggedy ass DOLL nailed high up on a branch.

RAIF

This the body or the watch?

DUTCH

As Momma intimated... I was always,
an indolent child.

JP

What the fuck that mean?

MOMMA NYBERG

They're in the same hole, idiot.

JP

So, dig.

Dutch wields the spade like a pro. The others watch hungrily as she makes steady progress - deeper down.

Then - CLANK!

She's hit something metallic.

Dutch pulls the red, metal toolbox from the ground; takes a key from her pocket; rushes to open the lock -

DUTCH

This the watch right here, you'll see - just hold on now while I -

BANG!

JP has fired his rifle into the canopy.

JP

You leave that be.

JP looks at Mort, nods. Mort approaches Dutch; snatches the keys from her hand; shoves her aside.

JP (CONT'D)

You took my revolver offa me, that night. Where's it at, Dutch? I ain't no fool. Nah. I ain't that.

Mort makes to open the lock, but he can't figure which key...

Dutch looks to her left, sees a fallen tree. The roots have torn out the soil as the tree fell, creating a LARGE VOID.

It's clearly the same hole Dutch saw before, while hunting.

DUTCH (VO)

What slaps a Doe across the face harder than the scent of man...

Mort opens the toolbox -

Only the top tray is visible - and yes, JP was correct, his revolver is indeed there, within easy reach.

RAIF

You sly, fucking, bitch.

Dutch looks utterly defeated.

JP, Raif and Momma Nyberg huddle around Mort.

JP

The watch? Where is it? Find it!

As Mort tosses screwdrivers and wrenches from the toolbox - he sees something... GAFFER TAPE... securing a thin strip of cardboard to the inside of the lid.

Mort pulls away the cardboard: revealing that an expensive looking CELLPHONE has been taped to the lid, behind the cardboard, along with two BLINKING GPS TRACKING DEVICES.

MORT

Wait - what'r -

Before Mort can finish his question, JP shoves past him, taking hold of the top tray -

JP

It's gotta be under here -

TRACKING SHOT - leading up to the hole in the ground by the roots of the fallen Oak tree...

DUTCH (VO)

Only thing slaps a Doe across the face harder than the scent of man... is the sound of -

REVEAL: the hole under the tree is a RATTLESNAKE den.

JP pulls the top lid off the toolbox to expose -

THREE COILED, THREE-FOOT TIMBER RATTLESNAKES -

They immediately strike the air - HISSSS! HISSSS! HISSSS!

MORT

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

This is an existential terror moment for Mort, who immediately flees the scene as if he was the one on fire.

JP, Raif and Momma Nyberg jump back -

Too late for Momma Nyberg! Who's already been bitten twice - once on the chin - and once on the arm.

Dutch bolts from the scene, disappearing into the woods just as Raif gets a shot off - BANG - missing her head by inches.

Momma Nyberg holds her bitten, bloody arm; collapses backwards into a childlike state...

JP shoots the RATTLEERS - BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

JP

Motherfuckers - MOTHERFUCKERS!

MOMMA NYBERG

No - no - no. Diabetes! Jesus no!
 Don't you know!? Snake venom kills
 diabetics - faster. They'll have to
 take my arm off - even if I live.
 Jesus please, not this! Not this!

Raif drops to his knees; holds his Mother -

RAIF

It's alright Momma, I'm here, Momma
 - I got you - I got you.
 (then, to JP)
 GET HER! GET THE WATCH!!! NOW!

JP runs hells bells into the woods.

EXT. NARROW ISTHMUS - WOODS BY EDISON LAKE - DAY

Dutch runs onto the isthmus, thereby forcing anyone who comes
 after her to approach along a narrow stretch of forest that
 extends out, 200 feet into the lake.

Dutch reaches into the shrubs behind a White Oak, takes out
 her .308 Winchester; cracks the bolt.

Dutch hides in the bushes; eyes locked on the isthmus path.

WOODS BY LAKE EDISON:

Mort still sprinting through the woods like a madman.

MORT

Aaaaah! Aaaaah! Aaaaah!

He looks back - then runs THUMP - right into the trunk of a
 tree - is knocked immediately unconscious.

NARROW ISTHMUS BY EDISON LAKE:

Dutch sees JP coming through the woods. He's now in hunting
 mode - taking short, slow steps. He sees how narrow the path
 ahead becomes; realizing it's too dangerous to continue, he
 disappears behind a deep thicket. Shouts out to Dutch -

JP

You think I'm dumb enough to come
 down there? You're the fool here,
 Dutch. You're trapped! I'm the one
 got you right where I want you!

Dutch takes aim...

JP (CONT'D)
 Who's the dumb idiot now, Dutch? I
 can't believe you'd do such a fool -

THROUGH HER SCOPE: Dutch isn't aiming at JP, she's aiming at
 a cluster of TANNERITE TARGETS on a branch above the thicket.

BANG! - BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

The Tannerite Targets explode in a massive fireball.

From his hidden position, JP is blasted backwards, his
 Winchester spinning out of his hands into the lake.

Dutch stands; walks towards her brother. Puts one in the
 chamber as she goes.

When Dutch gets to JP she says something - but he can't hear
 a word from the ringing in his ears.

JP (CONT'D)
 What?

Again Dutch speaks but JP can't hear her.

JP (CONT'D)
 What?

DUTCH
 Say "mercy", brother.

JP
 Wha-

Dutch shoots her brother in the head.

Dutch gathers up JP's Winchester from the lake; walks back to
 her brother's position; aims it to where she had been in the
 bushes. Fires off three quick rounds. Drops his rifle.

Walks back in the direction of Raif and Momma Nyberg.

EXT. WOODS CLOSE TO THE RATTLESNAKE DEN - DAY

Dutch sees Raif on his knees, trying to comfort the clearly
 fading Momma Nyberg.

A branch SNAPS under Dutch's foot - but she's on Raif's left
 side, so he doesn't hear. Momma Nyberg however, she DOES hear
 - and can now clearly see Dutch in the near distance.

She lifts her hand, makes to point at Dutch, but she's lost
 the power of speech, just MUMBLES nonsense.

RAIF

It's alright, Momma, it's alright,
When JP gets back we'll get you
right out to Dr. Sloan, I promise.
Soon as he gets back with the watch
- then we'll go. OK! I promise you.

Being on his left side, Dutch doesn't have to creep up on her brother; so walks almost casually through the brush...

When she has him absolutely cold, she picks up a stick - throws it onto his right side.

Raif immediately grabs his Winchester from the forest floor - cracks the bolt: but he's aiming his rifle away from Dutch.

It seems to dawn on him that Dutch is behind him, and he cranes his neck, back to his left; sees Dutch, rifle raised.

Dutch nods "no"; Raif drops his Winchester.

Momma Nyberg looks at Dutch with palpable rage.

DUTCH

(to Raif)

See the lid of the toolbox. The
cellphone and the trackers.

Raif looks to the toolbox; looks back at Dutch; nods "yes".

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Dr. Sandberg's cell. GPS trackers
from the bikes. They couldn't talk
to the towers because the toolbox
is metal. But, soon as it opened...

(then)

They're coming. No doubt.

(then)

Last favour, brother... run.

RAIF

You won't shoot me?

Raif looks at his Mother. Then back at Dutch.

DUTCH

Had all the time I needed for that.
Coming up on your left side.

Raif looks at his Mother -

RAIF

I... DAMN! Only... sorry, Momma.

Raif sprints immediately into the woods.

When he's gone, Dutch approaches her Mother; kneels down.

DUTCH

Schooling your boys in betrayal,
like that... you never guessed, did
you, day'd come when they'd maybe
turn that schooling right back on
you? No way your boys would ever
betray you. Abandon you. Well, here
it is, Momma. Here you are, out in
the woods. Left by your boys to die
like a dog. Never saw that coming,
huh? "No defeat without surprise".
Ain't that what Daddy used to say?

Dutch looks from her Mother to the burn scars on her hands.
Momma Nyberg's eyes no longer afraid... just hateful.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

My choice was to help my brothers,
or not. Their choice was to leave
me be, after, or not.

(then)

I did it for Daddy. But I ain't
listening to him anymore, Momma.
Not because I don't respect his
memory. I just need to respect
myself more, is all.

(then)

So you know, there's no pleasure in
being right about your family.
None. Just the time before you say:
"I'm done". And the time after.
Guess what time it is... Momma?

Dutch stands; walks to the tree; climbs it; retrieves her
DOLL. As she climbs down, she places the DOLL in her pocket.

Dutch takes a cigarette pack and a lighter from her jacket.
Places a cigarette in her mouth - is about to light it when
she gets the sharp scent of gasoline from her clothes.

Dutch sees the longing in her Mother's eyes - the hope in
them that Dutch would have forgotten...

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Nah, Momma. See, I'm the child of
yours... that ain't an idiot.

Dutch tosses the cigarette and the lighter; places her hands
behind her head, ready for the police to arrive.

In the distance, the sounds of POLICE SHOUTING and GUNFIRE.

INT. TWELFTH POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dutch sitting alone. She's now dressed in a blaze orange, prison issue jumpsuit, smoking a cigarette.

Enter Dr. Kurt Thor and Sheriff Taylor. Dr. Thor sits opposite Dutch; Sheriff Taylor sits at the back of the room.

Dr. Thor pushes a cell tower, GEO-TAG map across the table.

KURT THOR

Checked the tower data. You were right. JP was out on the lake that night. At the gravesite too. JP's revolver is a match to the bullet in Dr. Sandberg's back. He's the shooter. Ballistics confirm he got a couple off before you fired back - today that is. Only... why, Dutch? Why would your brother, of all people, want to kill you?

DUTCH

Guess when he found out I knew what he'd done... lost his tiny mind.

KURT THOR

Right. Only... what I don't get is, why didn't JP just bury the bikes in the woods, with the body? Why dump the bikes out on the lake? And why were there explosive targets strapped to that tree? Almost like... somebody had arranged the scene, beforehand.

DUTCH

This how it's gonna be, Sheriff? Dr. Thor the real, actual law in town? Like the Guttormson's were in the 60's and 70's 'cause they owned that giant lumber mill. Like AMC was the law in the 80's. So got away with having those goons break my Daddy's hip. For just talking about maybe, starting up a union?

(then)

Your father and father before him, that ran this office, what you come from, Sheriff Taylor, is a long line of pimps.

(MORE)

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Saving the town of Twelfth? Shit!
You just flipping the mattress
over, is all.

SHERIFF TAYLOR

Sorry as I am for your Momma's
tragic passing... you are doing
time for your part in this, Dutch.
Accessory after the fact, wasting
police time, pissing in the holy
water - I don't give a shit. Your
brothers, Mort and Raif, the tales
they're telling... my, oh my.

DUTCH

You mean the coke head cop fucker
and the one ain't stopped screaming
these past 12 hours -

Dutch holds her finger up - and almost on que, can distinctly
hear the sound of Mort PANIC SCREAMING from the cells.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Good luck with that on the stand.
(then)
I ain't saying shit 'till my lawyer
gets here.

KURT THOR

Look at you. Not knowing if you're
the candle or the flame. If you're
the one burning or being burned.
(then)

Humour me, Dutch. Speculate. Why
did JP go out on the lake... when
he didn't need to? Why do that?

DUTCH

I guess... in case Raif followed
JP, down to the lake. So, JP threw
the bikes in there to make a
splashing sound, like a body goin'
in the water. But better still,
there WAS no body in the lake. If
Raif flipped, his entire story goes
to shit. And, if the police dived
the lake JP would KNOW for sure
Raif was a rat. JP wasn't smart -
but he was paranoid. 4th Amendment
shit speaks to that. What... you
ain't seen his YouTube channel?

Mayor Gimble knocks; opens the door.

MAYOR GIMBLE
Nyberg lawyer's here.

KURT THOR
OK. Send him in.

DUTCH
Oh - Mr. Mayor, you'll wanna step
in, I think, once SHE arrives.

Mayor Gimble exits; Kurt Thor stares at Dutch, but her eyes are locked on the floor; giving nothing away.

Dr. Thor looks at the frosted glass - sees Mayor Gimble approaching... and what appears (through the glass) to be a very short person...

Mayor Gimble enters the interrogation room, followed by a WOMAN IN A WHEELCHAIR (31).

The Woman wheels her chair to Dutch's side of the desk; places a folder on the table.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Dr. Thor, actually - I believe you
know my attorney.

KURT THOR
No, sorry. Can't say that I do.

DUTCH
Dhalia Rugina. Originally from
London, England.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CCTV FOOTAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A JOGGER runs toward the intersection.

Dhalia looks to her right; crosses onto the intersection.

SMASH!

Dhalia has been run over by a Phoenix-4F, driverless auto.

INT. TWELFTH POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Thor is absolutely aghast.

DUTCH
Lately of Sacramento.

SHERIFF TAYLOR
Mother... fucker...

DUTCH

Just thought if I am to be charged with anything and there's to be a lengthy, public trial... might be an idea to get in someone with media experience. Y'know, to talk to the TV news people. Coast to coast. Long as the trial lasts.

(then)

Dhalia here, I mean she practically bit my fucking hand off. Guess some people... just like being on TV.

Dr. Thor's mouth literally drops open.

DHALIA RUGINA

Mayor Gimble, this is for you.

Dhalia removes a document from the folder on the table, hands it over to Mayor Gimble, who's still too stunned to speak.

DHALIA RUGINA (CONT'D)

I took the liberty of drawing up some papers. Miss Nyberg's idea.

Mayor Gimble looks suspiciously at Dutch as Dhalia slides the same document across the table to Dr. Thor.

MAYOR GIMBLE

What papers?

DHALIA RUGINA

Contract, between Thor Industries and the town of Twelfth. Binding Dr. Thor to build his Phoenix-4F factory, here in your town. Set against a bond of \$350 million.

(then)

Only, he won't sign. His Phoenix-4F factory was bound for Tijuana from the start. We all know that.

(then)

Dr. Thor, I want you to imagine yourself on the courtroom steps. Explaining to the media why exactly you refused to sign such a deal? One negotiated by a woman who will never walk again - because of your driverless tech. News-cycle after news-cycle. You think any town in America will let you test your car, after that? On the streets where their children ride their bikes. Every day.

(MORE)

DHALIA RUGINA (CONT'D)

(then)

Or - we could all imagine this: no charges. No trial. No MEDIA. Nobody finds out you never in a million years were going to build your factory, in a town like Twelfth. Because people like Dutch Nyberg are too expensive to employ. But as roadkill... a bargain at the price.

(then)

Dutch walks, tonight. Or, a public trial that'll crush your stock price like balls in a vice.

Stunned silence in the room.

DUTCH

Well, what's it to be, boys?

EXT. DUTCH'S TRAILER - MORNING

Dutch throws a suitcase into the back of her truck. Carefully places her saddle next to it.

Locks the front door - then hesitates when she sees the 22-250 Winchester, brass bullet key ring in her hand.

Dutch thinks about this for a moment; then jumps in her truck; starts her up; drives away.

REVEAL: Dutch's charred, raggedy ass DOLL is again cable tied to the front grill of her truck.

EXT. TWELFTH - MAIN STREET - DAY

Dutch pulls up next to Out of Town Brown's drinking seat.

Dutch knocks the outside of the driver's door.

Out Of Town Brown looks up. Dutch tosses him the key to her trailer; he catches it; looks at Dutch, utterly perplexed.

Dutch nods at Out of Town Brown; he nods back - clearly overwhelmed at this act of generosity.

Dutch raps the outside of the drivers door; drives away.

EXT. POLICE KENNELS - DAY

Luna barking excitedly as Dutch bolt-cuts the heavy lock.

As Dutch opens the kennel, Luna runs out into the field for a quick play, then straight back to Dutch.

Dutch kneels down; pets Luna.

DUTCH

Good girl, Luna. You're coming with me because your old Mother is a coke head. Yes she is. Yes she is. She's a coke head. Yes she is.

EXT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - SOUTH LINDBERGH - DAY (MOVING)

Being flat Michigan, the roads go only in dead straight lines through deep, wilderness woods. Fine hunting country.

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - SOUTH LINDBERGH - DAY (MOVING)

MUSIC (REPRISE): Joan Blondell, "My Forgotten Man".

Dutch driving; Luna's head out the open passenger window - ears flapping in the breeze.

Dutch absentmindedly singing the words as she takes in the beauty of the forest drive...

DUTCH

He walked behind the plow, the sweat fell from his brow, but look at him right now...

THEN - in the distance, Dutch sees it: the PHOENIX-4F, followed by the TECH CONVOY, coming down the road.

INT. 2ND SUPPORT VEHICLE - DAY (MOVING)

Dr. Thor on a laptop, monitoring data from the Phoenix-4F.

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

As the CONVOY gets closer Dutch's eyes get darker. She deliberately puts on her seat belt. Turns off the music.

INT. 2ND SUPPORT VEHICLE - DAY (MOVING)

Dr. Thor glances up from his laptop, then right back at the screen. Something twigs in his mind. He looks up the road again, clearly recognizing Dutch's truck.

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch points at the passenger footwell -

DUTCH

Jump down there, girl, go on now.

Luna hops off the seat; sits into the footwell. Dutch locks her eyes on the road; accelerates hard.

INT. 2ND SUPPORT VEHICLE - DAY (MOVING)

Dr. Thor sees that Dutch is speeding up -

KURT THOR
You have got to be kidding me.

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch reaches back to the control panel over her shoulder. Aggressively pulls down the RED LEVER.

EXT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - REAR OF VEHICLE - DAY (MOVING)

The 15 lb tow hook falls onto the asphalt, dragging a quarter inch metal cable behind it.

As the hook bounces across the lanes it causes the metal cable to flip from side to side, like a snake.

INT. 2ND SUPPORT VEHICLE - DAY (MOVING)

Dr. Thor grabs a mic-handset from the dash.

KURT THOR
Shut it down. Shut it down!

VOICE THROUGH RADIO
Shut what down, sir?

KURT THOR
All of it! Everything! Right now!

VOICE THROUGH RADIO
Sir, I don't see any anomalies on the data on our side -

Then Dr. Thor sees it - the FLAILING METAL CABLE & HOOK - whipping across the road behind Dutch's truck.

KURT THOR
You have got to be fucking kidding.

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch pulls a second lever on the control panel - causing the hydraulic arm to pitch out to the left.

This causes the FLAILING METAL CABLE to lash across the road.

The 15 lb hook, flips up - smashes through the windscreen of the PHOENIX-4F - which engages its emergency brakes -

CAUSING A MASSIVE, VIOLENT PILE UP between the PHOENIX-4F and the SUPPORT CONVOY vehicles.

The PHOENIX-4F is shunted into the woods - where it is violently mangled into the trunk of a tree.

The 15 lb hook is still inside the PHOENIX-4F - meaning when the METAL CABLE runs out of slack - the drivers door of the PHOENIX-4F is ripped off the vehicle.

The flying door SHATTERS THE WINDSCREEN of Kurt Thor's car, causing the airbag to deploy in his face.

Dutch's Truck is violently shunted to the left by the force of the door being pulled off the PHOENIX-4F, but Dutch easily rides the drift. Then brings the truck to a gentle stop.

Dutch pets Luna - who doesn't seem at all bothered.

DUTCH

Good girl.

Dutch steps out of her truck - sees the SMOKING CARNAGE no more than 100 yards down the road behind her.

Dr. Thor has a bloody scalp from glass becoming stuck under the AIRBAG as it deployed. Dazed, he steps out of his car.

Dutch walks to the back of her truck; hits a red button - causing the METAL CABLE to be recalled along its spool - dragging the door of the PHOENIX-4F along the road towards the rear of Dutch's truck.

Dr. Thor sees this; shouts up the road to Dutch -

KURT THOR

YOU THINK THIS CHANGES ANYTHING?
YOU THINK THIS STOPS ANYTHING? YOU
FUCKING IDIOT! STUPID FUCKING -
WOMAN! NOTHING IS CHANGED BY THIS.

TECHNICIAN #3 (20), takes Dr. Thor's arm -

TECHNICIAN

You OK, sir?

Dr. Thor violently shoves Technician #3 away -

KURT THOR

Get the fuck away from me!

The cable has now fully retracted - meaning Dutch now has the mangled door from the PHOENIX-4F (replete with the Thor Industries logo) pinned to the back of her truck.

Dutch stares fearlessly at Dr. Thor.

DUTCH
(to herself)
*Un paysan intelligent. Got one
thing right... motherfucker.*

Dutch gets back in her truck; drives away.

Dr. Thor looks back at the wrecked convoy; TECHNICIANS x 10 now fighting multiple fires with CO₂ extinguishers.

KURT THOR
FUCK!

INT. DUTCH'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Dutch driving; Luna asleep on the passenger seat.

They're approaching the SIOUX ST. MARIE, Canada / US border toll station, along I-75.

A BORDER GUARD (30), waves Dutch into the INSPECTION LANE.

EXT. BORDER POST - INSPECTION LANE - DAY

Dutch and Luna sitting on the grass verge as BORDER GUARDS x 5 make a thorough, deep inspection of Dutch's pick up.

One of the GUARDS gives Dutch a bemused look when he sees the door to the PHOENIX-4F on the back end of the 15 lb hook.

The SUN IS GOING DOWN before Dutch is waved back to her vehicle by a pissed off looking BORDER GUARD.

Dutch gets back in her truck with Luna; drives away.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SOUTHERN ONTARIO - SUNSET (MOVING)

Dutch pulls over to the side of the road.

Gets out of the truck; walks to the front grill.

Dutch cuts the cable ties on the raggedy ass DOLL.

She looks up and down the road. No one watching.

Dutch tears the head off the DOLL, revealing inside - a \$40,000 Rolex Daytona... rose gold, black dial.

Dutch pockets the watch; winks at Luna through the
windscreen. Luna BARKS at Dutch.

Dutch tosses the DOLL by the side of the road; gets back in
her truck; drives off into the sunset...

FADE OUT: