

Capital Offense

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

HAYLEY (8) marches at a determined pace. A young lady with places to be. Puffy winter coat. Matching pink cap. Gold curls spilling everywhere. Cute as a doll. Her eyes clear, blue and bright as the crisp November sky.

A man's HAND reaches over her mouth.

Hayley GASPS.

Muffled TERROR.

She's SWEPT away--

An empty sidewalk.

Rumble of distant traffic.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Rapid-fire clicking echoes down a granite corridor.

In heels and a pencil skirt, a YOUNG WOMAN sprints away.

A COFFEE CUP in her hand. Spills most of it. Tosses the cup.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

In front of a cabinet filled with blue-spined law books, defense attorney EDEN DAWES (70) sits. Head down. Calm as a pipe bomb ready to blow. A matter-of-fact mercenary in a tailored suit.

Lifts his head...

DAWES

Your Honor... there's no easy way to say this. My client knows who took your granddaughter. We're willing to give you a name and a physical description, as well as the address where she's being held. In exchange, my client will go free.

SNAP TO BLACK

Title: "Capital Offense"

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

With flair, a red grease pencil circles the word "anonymous" next to "stranger" in a newspaper. Slashes an X through it.

Title: "Six Hours Earlier"

COLT GRANGER (62) continues marking up the paper.

Sips coffee.

Moves to the next article.

Colt's in charge of every room he enters. Plain-spoken without a hint of dialect or pretense. His world... clear. Settled.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
We have the reception Friday...

No response.

His high-school sweetheart, ELIZABETH (60), slides scrambled eggs onto two plates.

She's bright. Strong. Attractive. In her day, a stunner. Her kitchen, large enough for the whole family to gather. It's spotless. Modern.

ELIZABETH
... and the thing at the rectory
tomorrow.

She arrives with two plates.

He knows the drill. Slides the newspaper across the table.

COLT
(nods at the newspaper)
We pay for that, y'know.

ELIZABETH
We have the girls this weekend.

A smile tugs at his lips.

COLT
Uh-huh.

Elizabeth sets a plate in front of him.

Scrambled eggs. Bacon. Toast. A single ball of cantaloupe.

The world STOPS.

Colt looks at her. His plate. Her.

Elizabeth looks at him. His plate... and breaks.

A fork stabs the offending cantaloupe ball.

She drops it on her plate.

COLT
(apologizing)
I love you.

ELIZABETH
(quietly threatening)
Don't start.

They eat.

ELIZABETH
It's your birthday.

COLT
It was orange.

ELIZABETH
I bought you a suit.

His chewing slows.

ELIZABETH
You dress like a hobo.

Colt stands. Wipes his mouth. He's fit. Thin. His suit hangs nicely. But it's clearly beyond its expiration date.

COLT
And when I get home, I better not see
a single person jumping out from
behind the sofa. Or banners...

ELIZABETH
(sarcastic)
Banners?

COLT
Just the cake. You know the one.

She stretches for the newspaper...

ELIZABETH
Did you finish the crossword?

He pockets the toast. Pecks the top of her head.

COLT

I have court.

She touches his arm before he leaves.

She bites a cantaloupe ball.

Scratches a word into the crossword puzzle.

ELIZABETH

No banners.

INT. JEREMIAH TOBIN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Framed diplomas on the walls. Dark wood paneling.
Bookshelves. Rows of green-spined law books.

Steam curls from a brimming coffee mug.

JUDGE JEREMIAH TOBIN (40) lectures Judge Granger from behind an immaculate desk. African-American. Brilliant. Fearless in the face of a dessert tray. And Colt's closest friend at the courthouse. He smiles.

TOBIN

... And after that, every Roman
Emperor insisted on a Hungarian chef.

COLT

--So you're leaving.

TOBIN

Both of us are learning Hungarian.

COLT

--Giving up.

TOBIN

I can't remember my last vacation.

COLT

--Never pegged you as a quitter.

TOBIN

Teaching is a noble profession.

COLT

Who am I supposed to talk to?

TOBIN

After we get back, I'm gonna be right
down the road at the university.

COLT
A waste of talent.

TOBIN
I could be shaping the mind of the
next Thurgood Marshall.

Colt studies the ceiling.

TOBIN
The courtesy I believe you're grasping
for is the word... "congratulations."
You fighting with Elizabeth again?

COLT
It's my birthday.

TOBIN
Well, congratulations. Happy birthday.

COLT
Say it in Hungarian.

TOBIN
Gratulálunk (GRAT-ahnoon-lunk)

COLT
Show-off.

They smile.

COLT
And I see a single balloon...

TOBIN
Perish the thought.

Colt pulls out the big guns. An unyielding stare.

TOBIN
What? It's my life.

COLT
But is it the best version of your
life?

TOBIN
Colt.

COLT
Jeremiah.

TOBIN
Have you seen my backlog?

COLT

It's astounding how many have been placed far beyond the reach of reason.

TOBIN

These lives are squandered.

COLT

Agreed.

TOBIN

Then what's the point? And I was referring to our lives.

COLT

The point's the Hatfields and McCoys. Leave it to the aggrieved or a mob, the daddy of a slain child? No. The state, us and twelve jurors, say what is just. And it is settled.

Pushes his finger into Judge Tobin's desk.

COLT

Jeremiah, you're better than anyone I could name on the bench. It... It'd be a sin to lose you.

TOBIN

See, you can be charming when you try.

His next argument comes fast and furious.

COLT

Okay, here's another. A homeowner shoots a burglar, home-invasion robbery gone deadly wrong.

TOBIN

--Colt.

COLT

The accomplice shoots the homeowner. He's already the trigger man for Murder One, so when two young boys come running out of their bedroom--

TOBIN

I don't wanna get into this.

COLT

Imagine that mother's last memory of this wicked world before being dispatched by shotgun, watching each boy's head explode off his shoulders.

Judge Tobin bows his head.

TOBIN
Next time go with your pep talk.

COLT
That man's execution will elevate his
misspent life to something of value to
society. Far more valuable--

TOBIN
Capital punishment?--

COLT
Far more valuable than it ever was in
life.

TOBIN
As a deterrent?

COLT
No. No. His life will finally have
value when the state demonstrates that
We The People uphold our written laws
and unspoken social covenants.

TOBIN
Life as allegory...

COLT
Their lives have meaning again--

TOBIN
... By inducing ventricular
fibrillation?

COLT
We equal the scales. We settle it.

TOBIN
I am going to miss our little chats.

COLT
Would you deny that mother justice?

TOBIN
We see justice differently.

COLT
It's not your fault. We see life
differently.

TOBIN
Counsel?

COLT
Eden Dawes.

Judge Tobin grunts a warning.

COLT
Like it matters.

TOBIN
The defense?

COLT
We unbox that turd today.

Slowly, Colt rises.

COLT
But before you leave--

TOBIN
It's settled.

COLT
Before you leave, consider this. What
if you're supposed to be the next
Thurgood Marshall? Hmm?

His smile moves to Judge Tobin.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The mirror image of Judge Tobin's chambers, with one notable exception...

Framed autographs of famous criminals adorn the walls.

The senior clerk, WYATT (30) carries two COFFEE CUPS. He's amiable. Middling. Nebbish. And cursed with a need to please. Pauses at the framed signature of JESSE JAMES.

WYATT
I looked this one up. It's worth more
than I made last year.

A freshly-minted clerk out of South Carolina, DYLAN (25) joins him. She points.

DYLAN
That?

Dylan's the speedy Young Woman in heels and a pencil skirt. Tousled hair. White blouse. Top button open. Kennels her drawl to sound smarter, but takes it for a walk when she sees a tactical advantage.

Her sleeve hikes up her arm as she points. Reveals a TATTOO.

WYATT
Jesus, if he sees a tattoo...

Every item on the judge's desk is perfectly aligned.

Wyatt leaves one coffee cup on a coaster.

DYLAN
(her only words in a South
Carolina lilt)
But cha ya'll gonna be cool?

WYATT
Sure. What is it?

DYLAN
Whaddaya think it is?

WYATT
Twenty Questions.

DYLAN
Seven.

Wyatt realizes they're negotiating.

WYATT
Fifteen.

DYLAN
Ten.

WYATT
Done!

DYLAN
You're gonna make a terrible public
defender. The game is literally called
Twenty Questions. You gave me equity
for nothing. Twenty bucks.

WYATT
Ten. I know wha'cha make.

DYLAN
Smart counter for the reduced equity.
And a salty insult to boot. Nice.

Colt BLOWS into his chambers like a November squall...

Points to Dylan.

COLT

Button up. This isn't a brothel.

She grabs her top button. Works it tight.

Wyatt tails him to the closet...

WYATT

How are you, sir?

COLT

Too busy for ass-kissing.

That one stung.

Colt snatches a black gown. Quickly robes.

COLT

Wyatt, you've gotta learn when I'm kidding. Good manners never go out of style. That's why you'll go far in this life.

WYATT

Thank you, sir.

Wyatt starts for the doorway.

Colt shakes his head at Dylan.

DYLAN

Everything's ready.

He ZIPS up. She hands him a file.

COLT

Better be. We're expected in court--

Looks down to check his watch. Slowly moves his arm aside.

Colt bends over his desk. Inspects his coffee.

He looks up at Wyatt.

Wyatt looks at Dylan.

Dylan looks at the judge.

COLT

It's brown.

WYATT

Yes, sir.

COLT
Light brown.

WYATT
Yes, sir.

COLT
As if in the presence of cream.

Wyatt deflates.

COLT
(sotto)
Young lady, do you understand the
concept of black coffee?

She shares a moment with Wyatt. Disaster.

DYLAN
Yes, Your Honor.

COLT
After careful reflection, you are
hereby promoted to coffee.

PRE-LAP -- The CLACK of a gavel pounding a striking block.

INT. DISTRICT COURTROOM - DAY

White and green marble walls. Wooden benches. Spindled courtroom dividers. Towering stacks of paper on a table before the bench. A jury box filled with somber faces.

COLT (O.S.)
You may be seated.

The courtroom settles in.

COLT
(to the jury)
When last we convened, the state
finished presenting its case.

Prosecuting attorney PEPPER SHAY (35) crouches out of her chair. She brags about a 98 percent conviction rate, but if anyone checked, it's closer to 94. Didn't graduate top of her class, but she could see it from where she finished. Red hair. Black suit. All business.

SHAY
The People rest, Your Honor.

COLT
 (to the jury)
 And now we move to the part of the
 trial when we hear from the defense.
 (to Eden Dawes)
 Is the defense ready?

Attorney Eden Dawes stands.

DAWES
 Yes, Your Honor.

Seated next to him, THE DEFENDANT wears a borrowed suit. A
 fake smile. Nothing convincing hangs off his bones.

More about him later.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - SAME

Dylan SPRINTS around the corner and BURSTS through a door--

INT. DISTRICT COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

--that explodes open behind the bench.

Colt SNAPS his head around--

She can't catch her breath. Dread.

DYLAN
 (winded)
 You have a call. Something's happened.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Dawes sits in front of rows of blue-spined law books.

Colt leans across his desk.

COLT
 You think you're walkin' out that door
 alive? That was your plan? You... you
 come in here and threaten me--

DAWES
 No one's threatening anyone--

COLT
 You kidnapped my granddaughter!

DAWES
 My client's been incarcerated the
 entire time.

Colt spins out of his chair. Paces.

DAWES

And if you go to the authorities, my client will seal this information in amber for all of time.

COLT

... Had her kidnapped. Don't you fuck with me. You hear?

DAWES

We had no connection to the abduction.

That only slows him down a tick.

COLT

This is a mistrial--

DAWES

No.

COLT

Oh, this is the textbook definition...

DAWES

All charges dropped, or a full pardon.

COLT

Ya have to be convicted for a pardon.

DAWES

That seems inevitable.

COLT

Doesn't seem like the best position to be making demands.

DAWES

This is more of a negotiation.

Colt sits. Burns holes through Dawes with his eyes.

COLT

Let's say for a minute I believe you, which I sure as hell do not. This is a mistrial.

DAWES

Very well, I'm making one demand. There will be no mistrial.

COLT

I don't have the authority if I wanted to.

DAWES
One call to the governor--

COLT
No.

DAWES
One call from you--

COLT
I'd be disbarred.

DAWES
You put her in Olympia.

COLT
Your client'll answer for his crimes.

Dawes waits him out.

DAWES
Take all the time you need. There are other girls too. Well documented on every newscast, twenty-four/seven.

That thought eases Colt back in his chair.

COLT
How do I know the information's real?

DAWES
You have my word.

COLT
Bullshit. He could be playing you. You could be playing me. How do I know she's even alive?

DAWES
Given the circumstances as I know them, we make no guarantees. She might consider killing herself.

Colt SWEEPS his chair across the room. Rounds the desk.

DAWES
This gives me no pleasure.

COLT
Gimme proof. We'll talk.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

A "MISSING CAT" poster stapled to a telephone pole.

Middle-class homes behind wintering lawns line the street.

Late-model cars parked neatly alongside the curb.

A rumped, flabby detective ISSA (I-suh) GRADY (38) SWINGS at detective SAMUEL ZANE (30).

Grady's slow.

Hits air.

This isn't a fair fight.

Zane's tall. Lean. Built. Nearly handsome. Black leather jacket, too light to keep him warm, but stylish.

Grady's bundled in a heavy winter coat. Everything he owns, a size too small. Army-Navy surplus chic. Gin on his breath. Rage in his eyes. A mope in his gait.

Zane pushes Grady off-balance.

Grady SWINGS again...

Zane steps back, unconcerned.

ZANE

Had enough, big boy?

GRADY

(winded)

Aw, fuck you.

Grady moves past him. Zane doesn't flinch.

ZANE

Fuck you, Grady--

GRADY

Fuck you!

ZANE

I'm sick of this.

GRADY

I'm sick of you.

ZANE

I'm out.

Grady works back to Zane.

ZANE

I'm requesting reassignment when we--

GRADY
Shit, I boil eggs longer than you
lasted.

ZANE
I know you.

Zane eyeballs Grady up and down.

ZANE
I ain't turnin' into you, man.

GRADY
I never wanted to be your partner--

ZANE
No shit.

GRADY
No one wants to be your partner.

Two hands to Grady's chest... KNOCKS him back a step.

ZANE
You pissed off?--

GRADY
Everyone knows you're a pussy--

ZANE
You wanna fight someone?--

GRADY
Yeah!

ZANE
Yeah. Go fucking punch your wife
again. You alcoholic bitch.

Grady THROWS a fist...

Effortlessly, Zane leans back. Grady WHIFFS.

Zane PUSHES him to the ground this time.

GRADY
Aw, fuck you, then. Leave.

On the ground, Grady stews.

Walking away, Zane YELLS at the neighborhood...

ZANE

No one knows shit! How the fuck does a little girl get snatched in broad daylight and no one sees shit?

GRADY

Zane!

A SENIOR WOMAN (80's) barks from her porch.

SENIOR WOMAN

I'm calling the police.

Zane forces a smile.

ZANE

(shouts back)

We are the police.

Grady struggles to his feet.

GRADY

(flashes his badge)

Ma'am? Have you been here all day?

Mopes to her porch. They talk.

EXT. HIGH OVER SEATTLE - DAY

Skyscrapers cut a jagged silhouette over the Olympic Range.

A clear purple-and-amber sky.

The sun slowly hides behind the mountains.

EXT. THE GRANGER HOME - NIGHT

A motionless American flag mounted on the front porch.

A SENIOR COUPLE rings the doorbell.

Crawling down the street, a minivan... stops.

INSIDE THE MINIVAN

MASON (32) and his wife HANNAH (35) spot several cars, including a police cruiser, parked in front of the house.

Mason's impudent. Impetuous. Hannah fights a hopeless battle to fit into Mason's family.

MASON

Told ya everyone'd be here.

HANNAH
The police?

MASON
He's a judge.

OUTSIDE THE MINIVAN

Two boys, DUNCAN (6) and AUSTIN (5) pop out the side door.

HANNAH
Then why weren't we invited?

MASON
It's his birthday, for Christ's sake.
We're expected.

PORCH

Two STERN POLICE OFFICERS leave. Pass Mason and his family.

Elizabeth and Colt wait at the front door.

Mason shakes a colorfully-wrapped present--

MASON
(cheerful)
Happy Birthday, Dad!--

COLT
Jesus Christ.

Colt SLAMS the door shut.

Hannah lobs looks at Mason.

HANNAH
You were saying...

Elizabeth WHIPS the door open.

She scoops Mason into a hug.

Colt's gone.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry. I thought Annie told you.

MASON
Told me what?

Elizabeth glances at her grandchildren.

ELIZABETH
 (to Mason and Hannah)
 Come inside.

Elizabeth leads them through...

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dour faces. Polite conversation. Warm, dim lights. A full house. No children. A small stack of plates next to a buffet.

MASON
 Mom, what's goin' on?

ELIZABETH
 Your brother's on his way.
 (to Colt in the kitchen)
 Rondo and Nell are coming!

No response.

KITCHEN

Fewer people. Same mood.

Colt rummages through flavored liqueurs in the cupboard.

Elizabeth lifts a handful of plates off the counter.

ELIZABETH
 Colt, take the boys to the basement.
 (apologizing to Mason)
 I thought Annie called you.

MASON
 You said that.

HANNAH
 (surprised)
 Is Annie coming?

Hannah just stepped in it. So says Colt's face.

Bracing for the backlash, Mason cups Hannah's hand.

Elizabeth gestures at the basement door...

ELIZABETH
 Colt.

COLT
 (to Duncan and Austin)
 Come on, guys. We're gettin' kicked out.

ELIZABETH
 (to Hannah)
 No, Annie isn't coming.

The basement door creaks closed.

MASON
 Mom...

BASEMENT

A home office. Antique chestnut executive desk. Awards.
 Hardcover books. A dozen framed autographs on the walls.

Colt stands alongside one of them...

COLT
 Hey, you guys know who this one is?

Duncan shakes his head. Austin gnaws his fingernails.

COLT
 Benjamin Franklin, one of the
 forefathers of our country. Also
 involved in a lot of shady shenanigans
 people forget about...

The loud muffled voice of Mason upstairs.

Colt talks over the ruckus.

COLT
 (points to another autograph)
 D'ya know this one?

Nope.

COLT
 Winston Churchill. He was English. And
 pretty much full of himself.

He wrinkles his nose.

The kids chuckle.

Austin points at a 60" television screen on the wall.

AUSTIN
 Ya got any games?

COLT
 You bet.

The boys spark to life.

COLT

But first... write your names on a piece of paper for me.

Both scrawl their names on desk stationery.

COLT

Fifty years ago, old Winston Churchill scribbled his John Hancock on this work order. And every year it becomes more valuable.

Colt holds their signatures next to Churchill's.

COLT

Now, who can tell me which one is worth more?

The boys trade puzzled glances.

COLT

It's not a trick question.

Both point to Churchill.

COLT

To me, yours are more precious than anything in this house.

Duncan throws Colt a smile.

COLT

But why do you think people still pay so much for Winston Churchill?

DUNCAN

Grandpa, I'm six and a half.

Colt grins.

COLT

These are people who faced great challenges. Lives well lived.

Blank stares.

DUNCAN

How much for that?

The only framed autograph mounted on the far wall.

COLT

Oh, that's my favorite, Louis Brandeis. A Supreme Court judge they called incorruptible.

Colt's image reflects in the frame glass.

AUSTIN
So what games d'ya have?

COLT
Well, let's find out.

Colt lifts a remote. The television winks to life.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
(muffled)
Colt. Can you come upstairs please?

COLT
You gentlemen will excuse me.

A video game starts.

Wooden steps creak and groan as Colt climbs the stairs.

COLT
We always do what Grandma says.

KITCHEN

Elizabeth holds the basement door open.

ELIZABETH
(under her breath)
Your son would like a word.

COLT
We're passing notes?

ELIZABETH
In private. He's upset.

COLT
(mutters)
It's like homeroom all over again.

ELIZABETH
Have you heard something about Hayley?

Masterfully, he parses his answers...

COLT
I know as much as you do.

ELIZABETH
Something at work...? Because you'd
tell me.

She lets the moment pass. Puts a hand on his lapel.

ELIZABETH

And I don't want to referee you two.
Not now. Not tonight.

COLT

(respectfully)
Yes, ma'am.

She rolls her eyes toward the...

PANTRY

MASON

(loud whisper)
I know what's going on.

As Colt approaches...

COLT

(loud whisper)
I didn't tell the kids anything.

MASON

I know what's going on with Hayley.

COLT

Y'know something?

MASON

I know ya know who took her... or ya
know the people who know.

More comfortable lying to his son...

COLT

No, I don't.

MASON

Yes, you do--

COLT

You don't know anything--

MASON

Oh, I know--

COLT

How?

MASON

But what I really wanna know is what
yer gonna do about it.--

COLT
 (mutters as he starts away)
 I'm not talking to you about this.

Mason blocks him.

MASON
 Why can't ya just, for once in your
 life, be honest with us?

COLT
 You're rambling--

MASON
 You're dodging the question.

COLT
 What question? Who did you talk to?

MASON
 No one--

COLT
 No one?

Elizabeth turns. Disappointed. Walks over.

MASON
 Look you can fool the rest of 'em, but
 I know you. I know you. There's
 something you're not telling us.

Colt shakes his head. Pushes past Mason--

COLT
 Get out of my way, you imbecile.

MASON
 So what are ya gonna do?!

Elizabeth slows Mason for a moment.

ELIZABETH
 (to Mason)
 Everyone is doing everything they can.

COLT
 I'm not explaining myself to you.

MASON
 Yes, you are...

He chases his father into the--

KITCHEN

Hannah ushers Mason toward the living room.

MASON
No, they tell 'im more. He's a judge.

HANNAH
(under her breath)
Let's not do Christmas again.

FATHER BRODY (50) enters with a bottle of beer. Usually soft-spoken. Moral and devout pillar of the community. Temples gray. In uniform. And oblivious to what's coming.

In the doorway, Mason bumps into Father Brody.

MASON
Oh, sorry.

FATHER BRODY
(overlapping)
Forgive me.

Recognizes Mason.

FATHER BRODY
Aren't you one of the boys?

Mason sighs. Glares at Colt. Shakes his head. Retreats.

COLT
Father Brody! I'm glad you're here.

Colt waves him over to the kitchen table.

FATHER BRODY
How ya holdin' up, Colt?

COLT
Don't we have anything stronger than a cordial around here? Uh, Elizabeth, get Father Brody another beer.

FATHER BRODY
Oh, I'm fine.

COLT
The beer's for me, Padre. Watch.

Unamused, she sets two bottles of beer on the table.

Colt clinks Father Brody's beer.

COLT
Believe it or not, tomorrow, I might need to spare my first murderer.

FATHER BRODY

Doesn't sound like the Judge Granger I know.

COLT

Yeah, well, if what his counsel claims has merit, I'd move mountains. We're waiting on proof...

Colt checks his phone. No messages.

COLT

(mutters)

... which usually ends up being some sorta middling vagary.

FATHER BRODY

--Colt, we'd love t'getcha more involved in the church.

COLT

There every Sunday with Elizabeth. But right now, I need your help--

FATHER BRODY

--I think you know what I mean.

COLT

I'd like ya to convince me I'm doing the right thing.

FATHER BRODY

... By sparing this man's life?

COLT

Right up your alley, wouldn'tcha say?

Father Brody steals a sip of beer.

COLT

An eye for an eye.

FATHER BRODY

We're doing this right now?

COLT

Bravo, you didn't take the bait. --And yes, we've already started.

FATHER BRODY

Very well. As you know, the Church is opposed to capital punishment.

COLT

But hasn't always.

FATHER BRODY

Only if the Holy Father was
assassinated, and that--

COLT

Ahh! Straight to my point. All life is
not valued equally. Even a bunch of
crotchety old fuddy-duddies like the
Catholic Church says so.

FATHER BRODY

It's not that simple.

COLT

No, it's exactly that simple.

FATHER BRODY

The Fifth Commandment--

COLT

Thou shalt not kill. Yeah, and whoever
sheds the blood of man, by man shall
his blood be shed. Genesis nine-six.

FATHER BRODY

Romans twelve-nineteen, and the Lord
said, Vengeance is mine.

COLT

Father, I can swap bible verses all
night. The fact is, we only roll out
the big sleep for truly heinous
crimes. Justice is equality. The
punishment must be proportionate to
the seriousness of the offense.

FATHER BRODY

The fifth prefect of Judaea thought
the same thing when he sentenced Jesus
to crucifixion.

COLT

Should have had better representation.

Slightly shocked, Father Brody regroups.

FATHER BRODY

I don't think you understand... Christ
died for you, Colt. He died for your
sins. A sacrifice that's echoed
through time... for thousands of
years.

COLT

Another great point. You ever see a man strapped to a table like Christ hanging on the cross? And watch the third plunger steal the life dust from his body? At that moment, the culmination of all the hate and ugliness of his life miraculously transforms into a majestic symbol of moral order... a proportionate reaction by society--

FATHER BRODY

--You're drawing a moral equivalent between Our Savior dying on the cross and a murderer being executed?

Colt pulls a breath.

COLT

Then let me boil it down like this. Life is fair.

FATHER BRODY

Life is not fair.

COLT

It is in my courtroom.

FATHER BRODY

Execution has never brought anyone back.

COLT

Don't try to rechristen this argument as something it's not.

FATHER BRODY

If Jesus Christ were sitting right here... at this very table--

COLT

You mean the one who did come back?

FATHER BRODY

.. what do you think Jesus would say?

COLT

Wouldn't presume to speak for the man. Father, I've enjoyed our spirited little joust, but I need you to dig deep and bring me your very best argument.

FATHER BRODY

The only true measure of our lives is how we value the lives of others. There is no, no moral argument for taking life.

COLT

Then why does God allow it? Maybe because good is the opposite side of the same coin? Evil is simply a deviation from good. Therefore good is inextricably linked to and complicit in evil's existence--

FATHER BRODY

That's ridiculous!

COLT

Without good, there would be no evil. But that's not my real problem.

Colt leans closer.

COLT

Why does good always have to be evil's bitch?

That phrase hangs in the air like an exploding Kamuro--

ELIZABETH

That's enough. Not another word. Either one of you. There will be no talk of death in this house until my baby's back.

No one dares speak.

RONDO (60) and NELL (55) file in behind Elizabeth. Nell's her best friend. Cambodian. Married to Rondo since the war.

Rondo's African-American. Quick with a smile. Served as a Marine with Colt in Cambodia. Slightly over his playing weight. Still strong as a bull.

COLT

Nell.

Nell nods.

COLT

Rondo, I'm sorry to say there ain't a fit bottle in the house.

RONDO
 (to Nell)
 We're making a liquor run.

Colt claps Rondo's back.

COLT
 Sure as hell not doing this sober.

Relieved, Father Brody stands.

COLT
 Father Brody, am I God?

FATHER BRODY
 What?

COLT
 Am I the all-seeing, all-knowing God?
 --It's not a trick question.

Father Brody shifts his weight a little.

FATHER BRODY
 No. Of course not.

COLT
 Please enlighten my idiot son to that
 unquestionable fact.

INT. RONDO'S SEDAN - NIGHT

A lightly fogged corner of the windshield.

Rondo drives.

Colt peeks at his phone. No messages.

RONDO
 Colt--

Colt shoots him a look.

Rondo's eyes move back to the road.

Upper-middle-class homes whiz by.

Rondo dials up the window defroster.

Reaches for the radio.

Colt stares at the radio. Then Rondo.

His hand wilts away from the radio.

Rondo drives.

Colt watches out the side window...

House...

After house...

After house...

It's all a blur.

A couple of blocks go by without a word.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - VISITING AREA - NIGHT

Folding money sucks inside a vending machine.

A FINGER punches the button B4.

Inside the vending machine, a microwavable cheeseburger rattles forward. Dangles in front of a row of cheeseburgers.

The defendant from the courtroom, ANTOINE "FEVER" DUBOIS (26), ROCKS the vending machine back and forth. Frees his cheeseburger. Fishes it out. Raises it like a trophy.

FEVER
(Southern drawl)
Got it.

His hair, slicked back. Orange jumpsuit. Complexion like a cinder block. Conniving. Charismatic. And rambles like someone's charging double for periods.

In the corridor, a GUARD scowls through the window.

Dawes taps notes on a laptop.

They have the place to themselves.

DAWES
... So how... Tell me how you decided
to rob this particular house?

Fever studies his cheeseburger spinning inside a microwave.

FEVER
Boogie found it. Big house. Middle o'
nowhere. He was rich. A big pussy. A
big, rich pussy. No family. No dog.
Thing was all teed up.

A muted television mounted on the wall captures his attention. Non-stop news coverage of Hayley

DAWES

Let's skip the part where I ask you what happened next, and you just tell me.

FEVER

Cleaned the place out. Easiest gig we ever did. He was quiet. Just sat there like a lump. And there ain't no fucking way he was ever gonna report it. Ever.

DAWES

You're sure.

FEVER

Well, see, we were leavin' and I caught these two beady eyes starin' back at me, from what I'd say was a basement or sumthin'. Kinda freaked me out, 'cause I thought were alone. Didn't figure it 'til later.

A microwave DING.

Fever snaps his fingers. Points at Dawes.

FEVER

Hold that thought.

Fever plates a steaming burger.

DAWES

(calm)
If you do it again... do I really have to finish that sentence?

FEVER

Jesus, how many times I gotta 'pologize?

DAWES

Have you ever apologized for anything?

Fever offers a sweeping bow. Almost genuflecting.

FEVER

All apologies.

DAWES

Apology accepted.

FEVER

Besides, I wasn't snappin' at ya. I was snappin' in yer general direction. And finger-snappin' comes standard with this model. Just a figure of expression.

DAWES

May I ask if you have any evidence of the girls... other than your story?

FEVER

That's what I'm tryin' to tell ya.

Bites down. Burns his mouth--

FEVER

(muffled)
Fuck.

DAWES

Let it cool down.

FEVER

I got pictures.

Jackpot.

DAWES

Excuse me?

FEVER

Snagged his laptop. There're pictures of him, the girls, him with the girls, girls with girls--

DAWES

--I get the idea.

FEVER

Some of 'em were older. But they were still pretty young.

DAWES

And where's the laptop now?

FEVER

We always planned on going back--

DAWES

Fever...

FEVER

I mean, hell. It was so easy.

DAWES
(overlapping)
Fever...

FEVER
But then he upgraded all his security
shit--

DAWES
Where's the computer now?

Oozing confidence, Fever chews his burger. Swallows.

FEVER
I'm gettin' outta here, ain't I?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Shelves of bottles... Harsh florescent overhead lights.

A HAND lifts a fifth of bourbon. Nothing random about it.

A cashier with a sunny personality, KAMEKO (22), tugs out her earbuds. Stands ready for her only two customers.

Colt hands Rondo the bourbon. Makes a call.

COLT
Get another.

RONDO
Got another.

Shakes a second bottle.

At the counter...

Kameko scans each bottle. Lifts them into a brown paper bag.

COLT
(into the phone)
Eden Dawes... Judge Granger.

Colt reaches for his wallet. Rondo waves him off.

RONDO
(to Kameko)
How ya doin' tonight?

KAMEKO
Is he really a judge?

COLT
 (into phone)
 Did you get proof?

Kameko and Rondo quickly finish the transaction.

DAWES (V.O.)
 Yes. I was going to email you in the morning, pictures of the other girls at the house. --Check your phone. Now, don't share these with anyone. Don't talk to anyone--

Colt removes a bottle from the bag.

COLT
 (into the phone)
 Sure, they can all share a cell with us for obstruction.

KAMEKO
 Hey, you guys can't drink in here.

Kameko shifts her gaze to Rondo for support.

RONDO
 It's okay. He's a judge.

She re-bags the bottle.

Colt's phone SLOWLY loads the first image.

Dawes chatters away.

Colt considers the moment. Covers the speaker.

COLT
 You still talk to your dad?

KAMEKO
 Sure. Yeah, sometimes.

COLT
 He loves you more than you'll ever know. --You know that?

KAMEKO
 I know.

COLT
 We don't say that enough.

KAMEKO
 (edges between them)
 Is something wrong?

COLT
My granddaughter's missing.

KAMEKO
Oh, I'm so sorry.

RONDO
We don't know who took her.

Colt knows the one who does. Briefly listens to his phone.

DAWES (V.O.)
... And then if we could meet in the
morning--

His finger presses the END button.

COLT
And after I find the son-of-a-bitch,
all of heaven and hell won't be able
to save him.

Sees the first image. We don't.

Recognizes the girls.

CHEWS through emotions.

His face falls.

Slowly, he closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DIM BASEMENT WITH NO WINDOWS - NIGHT

Gray concrete walls. Bare. Cobwebs stretch across exposed cross beams in the ceiling. Three young ladies on a cot. Groomed. Second-hand store T-shirts and sweatpants.

Hayley sobs. To her right, CASSIDY (14), the leader. On her left, MIKA only 10-years old, and grew up way too fast.

The entire conversation takes place in whispers.

CASSIDY
We don't talk. We don't cry. Don't let
him hear you.

Cassidy rests her hand on Hayley's lap.

CASSIDY
Now, when he comes in--

HAYLEY
 (startled - pants)
 He's coming?

CASSIDY
 Don't move. Just sit on the bed.

MIKA
 And do whatever he says.

CASSIDY
Whatever he says. Those are the rules.

MIKA
 Or I'll fucking kill you.

Mika leaves.

Cassidy whisks Hayley away.

Empty cot.

Hushed voices of other young girls inside the room becomes...

PRE-LAP -- Freeway traffic hums alongside another prison...

INT. TRAVEL ON INN - ROOM 332 - NIGHT

From the doorway, a TEENAGE DELIVERY GUY trades cash for a brown paper bag. Receipt stapled to the side.

Traffic rushes behind him.

He glances into Grady's room. A heavy nylon floral print bedspread. Utilitarian furniture. Fast food wrappers. Beer and empty liquor bottles everywhere.

TEENAGE DELIVERY GUY
 See ya tomorrow.

Grady closes the door. Returns to a call.

GRADY
 You still there?

WIFE (V.O.)
 Yeah. So whadda ya think?

GRADY
 It's probably the safest time for 'em to be in school. He takes months between girls.

Closes a laptop filled with mugshots.

WIFE (V.O.)
Uhhh... you're sure?

GRADY
Hey, this is what I do.

Splashes a life-threatening pour of gin into a red Solo cup.

WIFE (V.O.)
It's all ya do.

GRADY
That's right.

WIFE (V.O.)
Have ya ever thought about whatcha gonna do... y'know, after you catch this guy?

GRADY
You mean after I kill him?

Takes a swallow.

GRADY
You mean try and get back together?

WIFE (V.O.)
Y'know we're never getting back together, right?

An awkward beat.

WIFE (V.O.)
Are ya still in that shitty motel?

GRADY
No.

WIFE (V.O.)
Mm-hm. Still drinking?

Downs another gulp.

GRADY
Nope.

WIFE (V.O.)
Right.

GRADY
Zane asked for a new partner.

WIFE (V.O.)
Sounds like everyone's leaving ya.

No response.

Pictures of MISSING GIRLS scattered on the bed.

WIFE (V.O.)
Was it really worth it?

GRADY (O.S.)
I gotta go.

We find a picture of Hayley. Smiling.

GRADY (O.S.)
Kiss the girls for me.

INT. RONDO'S SEDAN - NIGHT

KNOCK-KNOCK outside the car window.

DUNCAN
Phone call.

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The crowd, thinned a bit. Father Brody missing. Mason and his family, hanging in there. A thick pall settles over the room. Colt and Rondo double-time it to the phone.

Elizabeth cradles a handset with two hands.

ELIZABETH
(into the phone)
... He's right here.

She lifts the phone to Colt's ear...

Their oldest son, SPENCER (35), moves into a rocking hug with his mother. He wears a suit and relaxed tie. Married, but came alone for Mom. Rapt attention on his father.

COLT
(into the phone)
Judge Granger.

GRADY (V.O.)
Judge, I'm sorry to disturb you so late...

INT. TRAVEL ON INN - ROOM 332 - SAME

Grady shuffles photos on the bed.

GRADY
 (into the phone)
 Detective Issa Grady with the Seattle
 Police Department. I'm working with
 the task force investigating the
 series of girls abducted in our area.

COLT (V.O.)
 Yes...

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Everyone's listening. Colt runs his eyes through the room.

GRADY
 Well, sir, we know you have a special
 connection to the case, so... as a
 courtesy, we'd like to keep you
 updated.

COLT
 Uh-huh. To your point, son.

GRADY
 I'm sorry to inform you... I'm adding
 your granddaughter Hayley to the list
 of suspected victims.

COLT
 (resigned)
 I understand.

Elizabeth reads his face. Blinks back tears. Hugs Spencer.

Everyone bows their head.

GRADY
 He has a type he's looking for.

COLT
 Yeah.

GRADY
 She matches the profile.

COLT
 Yeah.

GRADY
 Again. I'm sorry for the hour.

COLT
 Hold on. That's it?

GRADY
 (apologizing)
 I'm sorry.

COLT
 (rambling)
 I know that. How many people are on
 the case? What are your best leads?
 You probably already have a list of
 suspects. It's been ten years. I wanna
 know what the hell's going on.

GRADY
 (overlapping)
 I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SLAMS down the phone.

RONDO
 What'd they say?

COLT
 They didn't say anything.

ELIZABETH
 They said something.

COLT
 They don't know anything.
 (to Spencer)
 What the hell's he doing here?

SPENCER
 Whadda I do this time?

COLT
 Why aren't ya with Annie?
 (to everyone)
 Why is everybody here? Who's with
 Annie? Everybody. Everybody out!

ELIZABETH
 (to Spencer quietly)
 I'll call you in the morning.

Everyone leaves without a word...

Quietly, Colt PROCESSES...

Elizabeth pours four fingers of bourbon in a tumbler...

ELIZABETH
We're failing her.

COLT
The police, sure as hell, aren't gonna make this happen.

ELIZABETH
Right now, the most important thing is to come together as a family.

COLT
They came for you. Not for me.

ELIZABETH
And the more you keep riding those boys--

COLT
They don't listen to me.

ELIZABETH
They hear every word you say--

COLT
Y'know what I mean.

ELIZABETH
You've abandoned them for the grandchildren.

COLT
Is that what they told you?

ELIZABETH
They need their father.

COLT
I question their commitment to this family--

ELIZABETH
You mean to you.

That one lands like a right cross.

ELIZABETH
Spencer worships you.

COLT
His feigning apathy's a dodge... a mind-numbing delusion he's traded for what he doesn't have the balls to change. He's a coward--

ELIZABETH

Around you.

COLT

And Mason. I'm sure he's adopted.

ELIZABETH

Mason stands up to you because it's the only way he can get your attention.

COLT

Not because he has a point.

She glares.

COLT

Do not throw Annie at me. That wasn't my fault.

ELIZABETH

This family needs a father. I expect you to meet them more than half-way.

COLT

They should have been lions.

ELIZABETH

Then teach them to be lions, Colt Granger. Show them how to lead. Show them how it's done.

Elizabeth melts his resolve with a gentle unwavering stare.

COLT

Every time I think I can't love you more... There you go.

She touches his hand. Kisses his forehead. Rises.

He reaches for the tumbler. She gets there first.

SNAP TO BLACK:

Title: "Day 2"

China and silverware clatter. Quiet conversations.

INT. WORLD FAMOUS DONUTS - DAY

A pink-glazed donut with sprinkles. Plated with a napkin.

DAWES (O.S.)
A bit of a sweet tooth.

Colt and Dawes huddle in private nook.

DAWES
It's my only vice.

COLT
We might be working with different definitions of the word.

DAWES
Thus endeth the wooing.

COLT
Plead guilty, I'll take the death penalty off the table. I can do that at sentencing on my own.

DAWES
All charges dropped--

COLT
The District Attorney's hell-bent on seeing this through. They have your man on home surveillance doing the whole thing.

DAWES
Then call the governor.

COLT
This isn't the type of conversation one has over the phone. And hell, if you know anything about Governor Delano, she's a bigger advocate for capital punishment than I am. What's that conversation sound like?

DAWES
--A full pardon.

COLT
That's a real question. Look, I'm gonna do whatever it takes to get my granddaughter back. But think of the governor as a very remote backup plan B. The more people know about this, the more likely the whole thing blows back on both of us.

DAWES
It would be cleaner.

COLT
Let's keep the circle tight.

DAWES
Have you told anyone?

COLT
No. Have you told anyone?

DAWES
What about your family?

COLT
I'm gonna keep my family as far away
from this as possible. Sell him on
life. You're a persuasive man.

Dawes points to Colt's old-fashioned. Untouched.

DAWES
Would you like yours to go?

EXT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAY

A black TOWN CAR glides to a stop.

Dawes behind the wheel.

As Colt climbs out...

COLT
In the meantime, I'll try to come up
with some reason for clemency that
isn't laughable. Why, for the very
first time in my career, I'm keen on
granting mercy to a child-killer.

Lingers in the open door...

DAWES
I'm sure you'll come up with
something. You're a persuasive man.

COLT
Sell him.

The car door SLAMS--

Turns Pepper Shay's head as she approached the courthouse.

Colt heads up the court steps alone.

The judge has a new friend. Pepper wasn't invited to play.

INT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAY

ATTORNEYS shuffle forward in a line...

Wait to pass through the frame of a metal detector.

A laptop glides atop a conveyor belt...

It disappears into an X-ray machine.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Colt enters without breaking stride...

Dylan and Wyatt try to slow him down with words.

COLT
Wyatt, clear the rest of my day--

WYATT
Everything?

COLT
Dylan, I need to talk to the Chief
Magistrate--

DYLAN
She's in your chambers.

COLT
What's the governor's first available?

DYLAN
They're talking next week--

COLT
Tell 'em to expect me this afternoon.

DYLAN
She won't even be there until two.

The slightest pause at his door.

COLT
Okay, we have until then to develop a
compelling argument against lethal
injection.

WYATT
Because it's wrong?

COLT
More compelling... that sounds like it
would come from my lips.

The door to Colt's chambers closes.

DYLAN
Another slow morning around here.

INT. JUDGE TOBIN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Tobin hands Colt a cup of coffee.

TOBIN
If there's anything I can do...

COLT
Thanks. There is.

TOBIN
Anything.

COLT
I wanna play out an argument, right now. No holds barred. Forget it's me. Bring your best.

TOBIN
I always do.

COLT
No. Sometimes I win. And I need you to be truthful.

TOBIN
Okay, you look like shit. Did you get any sleep at all last night?

COLT
Thanks Mom, I'm fine.

TOBIN
You have my full attention.

COLT
What's the value of a human life?

TOBIN
Jesus, Colt, I have court in less than an hour--

COLT
Stop stalling. I'll begin. Do you think Cortez valued the life of the average Incan as much as a Spaniard?

TOBIN
No.

COLT

Do you think William Henry Harrison valued the life of the average Shawnee as much as a white settler?

TOBIN

--We're on a deadline. Get to your point.

COLT

Aw! I like it. You be the judge. Court is now in session.

POUNDS his fist on Judge Tobin's desk.

COLT

My point is that throughout the continuing saga of the human experience, there is one undeniable fact. We assign a value to human life.

TOBIN

So conceded. But your sweeping conjecture averages all of human history. We evolve.

COLT

In Washington state, juries are three times more likely to recommend capital punishment for a black man versus a white man.

TOBIN

(annoyed)
Foundation.

COLT

Overruled. This isn't a real trial. Sit there and tell me it isn't true. Juries do not see them as equal. We aren't so evolved.

TOBIN

Summation.

COLT

I follow the law. I avoid "this one should live and that one should die." If the law, the prosecution and twelve jurors say that is your fate, who am I to intercede? I'm standing on foreign soil here. How do you make that case?

TOBIN

Compassion doesn't require a quadratic equation.

COLT

And who are we to decide who lives and who dies?

TOBIN

I'm pretty sure that's in our job description.

COLT

Okay... Well, I dunno... maybe that's the wrong point.

TOBIN

That might be the stupidest thing I've ever heard you say.

Colt switches into high gear.

COLT

All right, how about compassion for an abhorrent, blood-thirsty murderer, convicted in the first degree--

TOBIN

Antoine Fever--

COLT

For example!

TOBIN

Okay, that's what this is really about. It's not some existential Darwinian crisis--

COLT

That was your argument--

TOBIN

You want me to absolve you of your guilt for putting him to death--

COLT

No...

TOBIN

You're wavering in your convictions because of what might have happened to Hayley--

COLT

No...

TOBIN

Then what are we doing here?

Judge Tobin digests that for a moment.

TOBIN

Did the prosecution fuck this up?

Colt throws his hands in the air.

COLT

Aw, forget it. I'm thinking about a life sentence for Fever and I need someone to help get me there.

TOBIN

There's evolution right there.

COLT

But I need a solid argument why.

TOBIN

No, you really don't. It's the right thing to do.

Silence.

COLT

Something with a little more meat on the bone.

TOBIN

I'd love to get into it, but right now, I need you the hell out of my chambers. I'm gonna be late.

Colt checks his watch.

COLT

Oh, you're right.

TOBIN

Go yell at some clerks, or step on some kittens. That always makes you feel better.

COLT

They're all terrified of me.

TOBIN

They should be. Hey, you wanna polemic debate over capital punishment, you should pick a fight with McLoughlin's clerk, smarts and more sand than the Sinai.

COLT
Will I smell paste on his breath?

TOBIN
Her. Jocelyn. She's the clerk the other clerks go to when they get stuck. I'll warn her you're coming.

Picks up the phone...

TOBIN
And for the record: A wise man once said, "The arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice."

Before Colt walks out the door...

COLT
And for the record: That wasn't the stupidest thing I've said in the last twenty-four hours.

INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - DAY

A YOUNG CLERK skips past several enthusiastic clerks headed in the same direction. More follow.

A WOMAN'S HAND, nails painted red, adjusts a WATER BOTTLE one millimeter. Then back. A small crowd murmurs.

COLT (O.S.)
Yes, Furman versus Georgia. Gregg versus the State of Georgia. --Don't be nervous.

JOCELYN COLE (30) folds her hands. Bookish. Sassy. Gifted. Knows this is her opportunity to impress Judge Granger. Everyone knows. A throng of clerks gather to watch.

JOCELYN
I'm not.

CLERKS IN THE GALLERY (V.O.)
Jocelyn. Yeah, girl!

Colt turns to the GALLERY... instant silence.

COLT
(to Jocelyn)
This is not a debate. I need a single, well-reasoned argument against the death penalty.

JOCELYN

However you wanna play it, Your Honor.

That raises his eyebrow.

JOCELYN

And what's up with Georgia?

He smiles.

JOCELYN

(pulls figures out of the air)
Over one-hundred and sixty people on
Death Row have been exonerated.

COLT

Are you arguing the system works?

Her eyes roll. Arms cross.

JOCELYN

Federal death-penalty cases cost
taxpayers over six hundred thousand
dollars, eight times non-death-penalty
cases.

COLT

The left seems enchanted with that
argument.

GALLERY CLERK #1 (V.O.)

(mocking)

--Cite your footnotes!

The gallery snarls. Shushes the clerk.

Colt and Jocelyn are locked in. Ignore the sniping.

JOCELYN

You don't impress me as a free-
spending liberal.

COLT

Think bigger.

JOCELYN

After executing over eight thousand
people, reports say we've wrongfully
executed--

COLT

You make it sound like--

Colt inadvertently knocks over her water bottle.

JOCELYN

We The People of the state have
wrongfully executed--

Jocelyn mops the table with napkins.

COLT

Hold on. Hold on, I've read your
apocryphal reports, and they're older
than Moses. Doubt they ever traveled.

Colt helps clean up.

JOCELYN

(gobsmacked)

I-I don't know what to say if you're
going to dismiss facts.

COLT

This is a moral argument. I'm pretty
sure facts are useless here.

He gathers wet napkins. Strolls to a garbage can.

COLT

Look, I dunno if this was a good idea.

Sidearms the napkins into the trash.

JOCELYN

When they told me about you, I thought
they were kidding.

Her point lands with most of the gallery.

COLT

When they described you as an abacus,
I knew they weren't. Come on, kid,
the clock's ticking.

Colt reclines in the gallery of clerks.

She's rattled.

JOCELYN

I don't have figures in front of me--

COLT

(sarcastic)

--Because that'll make it true.

JOCELYN

But I think you'd agree the death
penalty is not a deterrent.

A FEMALE CLERK nods.

COLT
Only because we do it wrong.

CLERKS IN THE GALLERY
Huh? What?

JOCELYN
(overlapping)
Uhhh, excuse me?

COLT
Have you been to an execution, miss?

JOCELYN
No, Your Honor.

COLT
An execution is a well-orchestrated procession. Businesslike. Steeped in clinical precision. And we do it all wrong.

Uncomfortable. She adjusts her seat.

COLT
It should be done in public. Live from the town square. That would be a deterrent. Let the condemned see his mother crying. The shame on the man's face would be more powerful than the execution.

Colt rises. Hollers like a preacher in church.

COLT
I have no doubt.

In solidarity, some clerks stand with him.

COLT
And one last thought. When Americans are polled, they consistently and overwhelmingly favor capital punishment.

Checks his phone for messages. Nothing.

JOCELYN
Are you conceding?

Jocelyn sniffs, punctuating her defiant question.

COLT

Again, wasn't a debate. But for argument's sake, if it was... you lost.

He joins her at the table. Dragging a realization.

COLT

But ya know what? I ain't gonna find the reason in a legal brief.

JOCELYN

This is a moral argument. You said so yourself.

COLT

I need to talk it out with someone who knows something about horse-trading lives for the greater good.

JOCELYN

Like the District Attorney?

COLT

Like a decorated Marine with over a hundred confirmed kills in Cambodia.
(loud whisper)
A lot more off the books.

JOCELYN

And that would be another way to go.

INT. RONDO'S INDOOR GUN RANGE - FIRING LINE - DAY

To the rhythm of GUNSHOTS, three bullets RIP holes through a paper silhouette of a man. Tightly grouped in the chest.

A square-jawed MARKSMAN (45) wearing ear protection fires empty. Reloads his COLT .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC.

A handful of shooters FIRE assorted weapons in other lanes.

INT. RONDO'S INDOOR GUN RANGE - OFFICE - SAME

Bare walls. Except for a one-dollar bill thumbtacked to the wall. Spartan furnishings. Well-lit. Neat stacks of paper on the desk. Floor. Everywhere. No computer in sight.

Barely audible gunfire from the range next door.

Rondo stands as Colt enters.

COLT
This doesn't leave the room.

RONDO
Copy that.

COLT
I mean it, Rondo.

RONDO
Hey, it's me.

COLT
I have an offer on the table: release
a quadruple murderer and he'll lead us
to Hayley.

RONDO
What the hell?--

COLT
And a lot of other girls, too.

RONDO
Are you sure?

COLT
I'm sure.

RONDO
Do the cops know?

COLT
No.

RONDO
Did you tell Elizabeth?

COLT
No.

RONDO
No?

COLT
No one knows.

RONDO
But you're sure.

Colt points at Rondo's chair. They sit.

RONDO
Whaddaya need? I got some hard-case
motherfuckers shooting right now--

COLT
Rondo.

RONDO
I know a couple of SEALs--

COLT
No.

RONDO
We can be ready in an hour.

COLT
We're gonna leave it to the cops, but
I appreciate the enthusiasm.

RONDO
Okay. Then what's going on?

COLT
I wanna talk about the war.

RONDO
Our war?

COLT
Yeah.

RONDO
After forty fucking years, you wanna
talk about that shit?

COLT
Yeah.

RONDO
Not this thing with Hayley?

Rondo shakes his head.

RONDO
(resigned)
Okay.

COLT
Ever think about the people who died?

RONDO
Yeah. I sleep at night. Made my peace
with it a long time ago. Look, we did
what we were told. And when the
shooting started, it was me or him. --
You were there.

COLT

Yeah.

Both reflective. Unpleasant memories.

RONDO

We did what had to be done.

COLT

Ya always had my back.

RONDO

Saved your ass a couple times.

COLT

We were pretty tough to kill.

Both laugh.

RONDO

Come on. Why we talkin' about this shit, not Hayley?

COLT

Our guys died... for nothing.

RONDO

So true.

COLT

Last night, I dreamed about the four people this guy murdered.

RONDO

Yeah, but you're focused on the wrong thing. You don't know those people.

COLT

And I worry about the people this guy kills after I let him go. Because that shit's gonna be on me.

RONDO

You're looking for another way out.

COLT

Yeah.

RONDO

A way out that don't exist.

COLT

Yeah.

RONDO

And you want me to tell you the past is the past and our guys' lives didn't matter. But they did. They still do.

COLT

Yeah.

RONDO

You came for my advice. I'd waste the four dead people and another ten walking around to get that little girl back. Now, please take this the right way, Colt, but what the fuck are you doing?

COLT

Rondo--

RONDO

Go get yer girl!

Colt looks for answers on the floor. None there.

Rondo lets him simmer.

Muffled gunfire punctuates the silence.

Colt pulls a breath--

COLT

There's one more thing.

INT. EDEN DAWES' OFFICES - DAY

MAILROOM

A THUMB snaps a flash drive into a copy machine.

INSIDE COPY MACHINE

A glowing shaft of light wipes from side to side.

Sound of a handset scooped out of a landline cradle.

FEVER (V.O.)

Where we at?

MAILROOM

A fresh-faced MALE INTERN (22) checks the tray.

DAWES (V.O.)

You plead guilty and he's offering life. No lethal injection.

The repetitious bang, clank and knock of a copy machine.

It relentlessly spits out the same photo, a RED-HAIRED GIRL (8) with pigtails and freckles.

FEVER (V.O.)
Seriously? No. No way.

INTERN'S DESK

The intern shovels printed materials into BROWN BUBBLE-CUSHIONED MAILERS.

DAWES (V.O.)
 (sighs)
 The prosecution isn't going to budge.

FEVER (V.O.)
 No fuckin' way.

Beat.

FEVER (V.O.)
 I think "no fuckin' way" is fairly self-explanatory.

Beat.

DAWES (V.O.)
 My people say he's meeting with the governor this afternoon.

HALLWAY

FEVER (V.O.)
 Well, there ya go. So what the fuck ya talkin' about?

DAWES (V.O.)
 It shouldn't be much longer.

The intern walks the mailers to--

EDEN DAWES' DESK

Sets them down. Dawes nods.

DAWES
 (into the phone)
 Judge... we're going with plan B.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS - DAY

The reflection of a bright light flickers in Colt's eyes.

He pauses a black & white video of Fever's interrogation.

Without thinking, hangs up the phone.

Opens a card on his desk.

Inside, a field of red, hand-drawn hearts surround the words "Happy Birthday Grandpa," and Hayley's signature.

Colt rakes his hands over his face.

EXT. ANNIE'S HOME - DAY

Pink rubber boots beside a welcome mat at the door.

A tire swing gently rocks in the breeze.

Groomed front yard. Big porch. A Craftsman-style house.

INT. ANNIE'S HOME - DAY

A modest middle-class living room.

Pictures on the mantle. Annie with her husband and Hayley.
Annie with Elizabeth and Colt. Just Colt.

A mobile phone buzzes.

Elizabeth, eyes red from crying all morning, touches her nose with a tissue.

Spins for the phone.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Is that mine?

In bunny slippers, Hayley's sister Brooke (6) points to the phone buzzing on the mantle.

BROOKE
Grandma.

Elizabeth lifts the phone.

ELIZABETH
I think it's the news people. I'm sure
it's the news people again.

Elizabeth clicks a button on the phone.

ELIZABETH
I'm sending it to voicemail.

Fearing the worst, she catches feelings. Gasps. Tears up.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Thanks, Mom.

Brooke hugs Grandma.

Elizabeth composes herself.

ELIZABETH
(to Annie)
I'm going to the grocery store--

Doorbell.

BROOKE
I got it.

ELIZABETH
(gently)
No, dear.

Sniffs once. Dries her eyes. Walks across the room.

Brooke follows. She eases Brooke away from the door.

ELIZABETH
(smiles at Brooke)
I got it.

Tries to wipe the sadness off on her shirt.

Opens the door. RONDO. Concerned.

RONDO
You can't let Colt know I told ya.

INT. DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE - DAY

From the pavement, we see one high heel, then another step out of a black sedan. The car door THUMPS closed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

From behind, we follow a DETERMINED WOMAN in heels and a skirt as she walks out of a parking garage and down the sidewalk. We never quite catch her face.

The district courthouse in the distance.

EXT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Determined Woman hustles up marble stairs.

INT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The Determined Woman steps into an elevator. She spins.
The doors close before we see her face.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - DAY**OUTER OFFICE**

A dark button on an office phone GLOWS white.
The Determined Woman relieves Wyatt of the phone.

DETERMINED WOMAN (O.S.)
... No, he's not expecting me.

The Determined Woman, ANNIE (34), rests the handset back into the cradle. She's proud. Strong. As stubborn as Colt. They haven't spoken in years. Over what? Who remembers?

ANNIE
(a crack in her voice)
I'm his daughter.

PRIVATE CHAMBERS

Annie enters. Closes the door. Stares. DIGNIFIED.
Colt looks up. Immediately de-centered. An old wound.
She dips her head for a second. Chokes back a tear. Composes herself.
Businesslike, sets her purse on the floor. Sniffs once. Removes one high heel. Then the other.
Colt doesn't understand.
In a skirt, Annie struggle into a kneeling position on the floor. Lifts her head. Tears streaming.
A tear clouds his eye.
She slowly walks on her knees toward him.
Colt hangs his head. A tear rolls down his cheek.
She folds her hands. Collapses face-down. Sobs.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

An oil painting of George Washington hangs over the fireplace. Dark wooden furniture. Fancy chandelier. A mural of the Puget Sound covers an entire wall.

COLT (O.S.)
Yes, Madam Governor.

DELANO (O.S.)
Oh, stop all that Madam Governor crap
and ask me right.

With a glance, GOVERNOR MARGARET DELANO (50) dismisses the YOUNG LADY serving tea. Delano is a career politician. Cynical. Transactional. And owes everything to Colt for introducing her to the right people in Olympia.

COLT
Margaret, I need a favor.

DELANO
There you are. Anything that's not
illegal or keeps me from being re-
elected.

She ekes out a smile. He doesn't.

COLT
I need you to commute the sentence of
a young man who's about to be found
guilty.

DELANO
Guilty of what?

COLT
Murder. Two children. Both parents.

DELANO
Huh? I don't think I can do that. Are
we convicting the wrong man?

COLT
No.

DELANO
What extenuating circumstances are we
talking here?

COLT
It's complicated.

DELANO

Colt Granger, you're the most decent man alive. But if you can't give me a single reason why...

Recalculates his strategy.

COLT

It isn't an election year.

DELANO

Doesn't matter. We're constantly running now. Times have changed.

COLT

No one's tougher on crime.

DELANO

I ran on law and order. I'm a woman, for Christ's sake. They'll crucify me as weak on crime. Or a hypocrite.

COLT

You'll look compassionate.

DELANO

You told me he did it.

COLT

Yeah.

DELANO

Colt, I'm sorry. The answer's no.

For an instant, he's naked. Drenched in desperation.

COLT

It's for my granddaughter.

Their eyes meet for the longest time...

DELANO

You're gonna have to explain that one.

COLT

I'm... I'm trying a case. The defendant knows who kidnapped my granddaughter, and in exchange...

DELANO

(rambling)

Go to the District Attorney. Cut a deal. No, this is a mistrial. You have to recuse yourself.

(MORE)

DELANO (cont'd)
You'll be disbarred. I can't be within
a million miles of this.

COLT
The information's reliable.

DELANO
How long have you known?

COLT
Fourteen hours.

DELANO
Who knows about this?

COLT
Just you.

DELANO
This is a mistrial. And I'm not
getting involved in this.

COLT
Margaret.

An idea.

DELANO
But... but I know some people. They're
very professional. Very, very good at
what they do. Don't ask.

COLT
I'll do anything.

SECURITY OFFICERS lurk outside.

DELANO
If you ever speak a word of this--

COLT
I assume this entire conversation
never took place.

DELANO
I mean it. He's in county?

COLT
Yes.

DELANO
Call my guys... your guy tells us
anything we want to know.

COLT
(indigent)
Margaret.

DELANO
Trust me. You don't want to watch--

COLT
No.

She throws up her hands. Pulls back in her chair.

DELANO
That's it. That's all I got for you.

With one last card to play, Colt rolls back his chair...

DELANO
This is a mistrial. If that animal goes free, I'll have the Attorney General bring charges. I'll pick your bones clean.

He rests his hand on the table...

COLT
Governor...

DELANO
Don't give me that Madam Governor shit.

He sets one knee on the floor--

DELANO
Oh, no-no-no. Get up. Get up.

A proud man humbled, Colt lifts his head.

DELANO
(pleading)
Call my guys. Save your granddaughter.

He collapses back into his chair.

DELANO
Then you'll have to find another way.

EXT. PRIVATE PAVED ROAD - DAY

We move down the road. Crowded by high trees, thick brush.

DAWES (V.O.)
The governor isn't an option.

FEVER (V.O.)
Wha' does that mean?

DAWES (V.O.)
It means there'll be no pardon.

FEVER (V.O.)
Fucking cunt.

DAWES (V.O.)
The new offer is life...

FEVER (V.O.)
That shit again?

DAWES (V.O.)
... with parole after serving twenty
years.

A large TWO-STORY HOUSE at the end of the road comes up fast.

FEVER (V.O.)
Fuck that.

DAWES (V.O.)
He said he'd write a recommendation to
the parole board and appear.

FEVER (V.O.)
Fuck. That.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LARGE TWO-STORY HOME - DAY

We slowly move up carpeted stairs.

FEVER (V.O.)
You two gotta figure sumthin' better
'n puttin' me in a box for... what'd
ya say? Twenty years?

Light shines under a bedroom door at the end of the hall.

As we creep closer, the door opens...

FEVER (V.O.)
Boy, I got me a "get out of jail free"
card. And I expect him to honor it.
Now git on 'at shit.

DAWES (V.O.)
Antoine.

FEVER (V.O.)
Offer expires in 24 hours.

Hayley in a frilly frock and bonnet, ala Little Bo Peep, sits motionless at the end of the bed. Panting. Fear. Never a word. Never a tear.

Someone's in the bedroom with her. Her eyes follow him.

RODNEY (O.S.)
What a pretty dress. Come to the mirror, Charlotte.

Composes herself. She obeys.

At first glance, RODNEY WATKINS (52) looks like your neighbor. A tad shabby. Slightly overweight. Slacks. Collared shirt. Soft-spoken. Average in most every way. At first glance.

Gently, he cuddles Hayley in front of a full-length mirror. Proud of his new toy. Strokes her hair. Takes his time.

RODNEY
Raise your hand over your head.

She does.

RODNEY
Good. Put it down.

She does.

RODNEY
You're gonna be my favorite.

Terrified. Her eyes meet his in the mirror.

RODNEY
(snarls)
No.

Hayley snaps her eyes forward.

RODNEY
(gently)
Now, I want you to sit on the edge of the bed. I'm going to teach you a game I like to play.

She makes her way back to the bed. Tears. Over her shoulder, Rodney whips off his belt in one motion.

SNAPS it once--

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Black dress shoes lope across hardwood floors...

A dark-stained wooden door closes. "LIEUTENANT CASEY" etched on a translucent glass window.

CASEY (O.S.)
Please begin...

INT. LIEUTENANT CASEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lieutenant LOU CASEY (60) is a humorless man. Few words. His chair is purposely raised higher than those across from his desk. Zane and Grady are his first meal of the day.

CASEY
... by making words.

Zane hands the reins to Grady. Disheveled. Unshaven. His face carries the weight of his questionable progress.

GRADY
(clears his throat)
We're looking for a white male, forty to fifty years old. He's a local. Homeowner. He needs privacy to work. We got uniforms going door-to-door--

CASEY
So you're nowhere.

ZANE
We're nowhere. Without a break--

CASEY
I just got off the phone with the governor. Our governor. It was a short conversation. A conversation I don't ever want to have again.

ZANE
--I'm filing for reassignment.

GRADY
(to Zane)
Do you think I give a shit?

CASEY
Don't know. Don't care. Not listening. Work it out on the playground. Both of you. Yer off it.

Grady BOLTS to life. Stands.

ZANE

Thank God.

GRADY

And just like that--

CASEY

Yeah, just like that.

It's not a staring contest. But neither one blinks.

CASEY

Do I sound like a man who enjoys repeating himself?

Slowly, Zane stands.

ZANE

Let's go.

GRADY

How many girls is this guy gonna grab before someone--

Zane pat's Grady's shoulder on his way to the door.

GRADY

Get off me.

Slaps Zane's hand away. A line you don't cross with Zane.

ZANE

You remember the last time you put hands on me?

GRADY

I guess I don't.

ZANE

Of course you don't. Because ya'd remember the ri-fucking-diculous beating that followed.

CASEY

Do I really have to be here for this?

ZANE

This ain't about the girls, man. You ain't that hard to figure out. It's about what he took from you. You gave it your best shot. Let it fuck up someone else's life.

The truth is hard to swallow. Grady chews slowly.

Casey buries his head in a legal pad. Jots notes.

CASEY
Hand over everything you got, which
doesn't sound like a lot.

ZANE
(overlapping)
Yes, sir.

Before Zane slips out the door...

ZANE
I'm still filing.

CASEY
(talks to the legal pad)
The new team'll interface with the
Feds as soon as--

GRADY
They don't have shit either. Look, if
it's all the same to you...

He's not breaking through...

GRADY
... and fuck if it's all the same to
you.

Fucking Grady. Casey finally lifts his head.

CASEY
(calm)
I got a whole city full of problems
out there, Grady. Pick a fresh one.
Hell, go nuts. Pick two.

GRADY
Go ahead, reassign the case.

CASEY
Thank you for your permission.

They're back to staring. Grady's never letting go.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

PRIVATE CHAMBERS

A sun-bleached wall of framed autographs. Some are missing.
Exposed rectangles of darker paint in the empty spaces.

WYATT (O.S.)
What happened to Jesse James?

DYLAN
Huh. Something's up.

Colt enters hot. Tense. Worn to the floorboards.

COLT
Get Eden Dawes down here immediately.
Tell him I got a new plan.

Points to Dylan.

COLT
Do not tell Shay about the meeting.

WYATT
--Sir, what happened to the...

Turns to the wall.

COLT
Oh, never mind about that. Nothing.

DYLAN
(Southern accent)
Judge, what's goin' on?

The world STOPS.

Wyatt knows they're doomed.

COLT
(pleasant)
My granddaughter's missing...

DYLAN
Yes--

COLT
There's this whole capital murder
thing we're doing...

DYLAN
Uh-huh--

Building to a boil.

COLT
I've been threatened, extorted,
coerced into committing a felony...
I'm having serious financial issues.
Oh, and the governor wants to disbar
me.

(MORE)

COLT (cont'd)
 All for a shifty little weasel
 suffering from the same vocal defect
 as your own. So whenever I hear your
 little swamp-speak...

(snaps)

I wanna shake the life right outta ya.

She's taken off guard. COWERS. He GLARES at Wyatt.

WYATT

Yes, sir.

They beat a hasty retreat to the--

OUTER OFFICE

The doorway frames the judge. Alone in his private chamber.

WYATT

(whispers)

Don't ever do that again.

She escapes into the hallway. Pre-tears.

Colt enters.

He's lost control of yet another woman in his life.

COLT

Where'd she go?

WYATT

South Carolina?

COLT

(calls out)

Dylan! Damn it.

(to Wyatt)

Get her back. Tell her I'm sorry.

WYATT

Yes, sir.

COLT

No, just get her back. Damn it!

Colt steps back in his office. SLAMS the door closed.

SLAMS it again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

Wyatt waits for the door storm to pass.

It's doesn't. He leaves.

LATER

PRIVATE CHAMBERS

Ready to fight. Squared off like opposing armies. Eden Dawes and Colt Granger study each other's face.

DAWES
... Yes, sir.

COLT
I trust you're not recording this?

DAWES
No, sir.

COLT
Should I search you?

DAWES
If you must.

COLT
No one can know about this deal.

DAWES
Of course. Please continue.

COLT
Tomorrow you'll ask for a direct verdict.

DAWES
The prosecution did not bring the weight of evidence--

COLT
No. The prosecution has an ironclad case. Your man should burn in hell. I'll set sentencing in one week. The decision could be appealed for months. I'll grant bail. He skips. We never hear from him again.

DAWES
He'll never go for it.

COLT
Why not?

DAWES

For one, he's awfully entitled for a man who's about to be found guilty of a quadruple murder. And two, he's never going to forfeit the deposit.

Several missing autographs on the wall.

COLT

I'll front his bail.

DAWES

Then how's he going to live on the run? With what? His questionable home-invasion skills?

COLT

Bail's gonna run me over a hundred and fifty grand. I'm not a rich man.

DAWES

Then go back to the governor.

COLT

That's off the table. And I want the information today.

DAWES

Our offer expires at midnight.

Colt tries to remain calm. He's failing.

COLT

And I only grant bail if the information pans out.

DAWES

He'll give you the exact address where they're being held.

COLT

This exposes me.

DAWES

I thought you could get this done.

COLT

I'm trying.

DAWES

Try harder. There's more at stake here than just your granddaughter.

COLT
You have an offer. Take it to your
client.

An uncomfortable silence. We hold on Colt's face...

COLT
Why are you still here?

SHAY (O.S.)
Tell me why.

It's later, though it appears no time has passed. The
prosecuting attorney, Pepper Shay, has joined him.

COLT
I don't have to justify my answer to
you.

SHAY
Of course not. Tell me why.

Slips her a charming smile.

SHAY
And what am I hearing about side
meetings without me? Is there a deal?
Because there is no deal.

COLT
Miss Shay. Pepper--

SHAY
I got DNA, motive, the guy on video
doing it, seven female jurors in the
box. There is no deal. Now I'd like an
explanation, Your Honor.

COLT
That's the wonderful thing about being
a judge. You do what I say.

SHAY
Why are you meeting with Dawes?

COLT
We're all looking for what's right.

Without thinking--

SHAY
--Fuck what's right. The People demand
justice.
(contrite)
Excuse me, Your Honor. I apologize.

COLT
We're all a bit on edge.

She nods. They both pause for a moment.

SHAY
If you don't mind me asking, how are
you doing, sir?

Words bubble from his mouth without thought to who's listening. Far away eyes.

COLT
I just met with Eden Dawes.

SHAY
Yes...

COLT
And... and I'm quite certain we do not
have an arrangement. Ya know I had a
full ride to Harvard?

SHAY
No, I didn't.

COLT
When my father found out, he drove me
straight to the recruiter's office.
Vietnam. Last time anyone had me by
the scruff of my neck. Came back and
finished top of my class.

SHAY
I don't understand.

COLT
Fine. --I'm doing fine. --Thank you.

She starts for the door.

The doorknob hangs loose. A splintered trench in the door jamb carved out by the throw bolt.

SHAY
I think someone broke your door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - FAST MOTION - DAY

Headlights. Taillights. Traffic zips out of the city.

Incandescent streetlights spark to life as day becomes night.

COLT (V.O.)
Tell him it's every nickel I got.

Gently tips it forward like he's pulling a lever.

Making a choice.

COLT (V.O.)
(defeated)
I'll get ya a number.

Dead silence into--

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

--a firing squad. Mason, Hannah, Spencer and Elizabeth converge on Colt. Pre-heated. Everyone ROARS at once.

COLT
Hold on. Hold on. Hold on!

Silence.

COLT
I can't hear myself think. Now, one at a time. You.

Points to Spencer.

SPENCER
Where's Hayley?

COLT
I have no idea.

SPENCER
(mocking)
Of course you have no idea.

MASON
--Jesus Christ. If you weren't an old man...

COLT
Anytime, boy!

Frustrated, Mason shakes his head. Backs off.

COLT
You're lucky. My old man wouldn't a warned you.

SPENCER
The one who dumped him in the Army.

COLT
--The Marines--

SPENCER
He walked away from you, like you
walked away from us--

COLT
He sent me there to die!

SPENCER
Isn't that exactly what you're doin'
to Hayley?

Elizabeth quietly judges them.

HANNAH
--What I wanna know--

Points to Mason.

COLT
--Not you. You.

HANNAH
Wait, why can't I talk?

MASON
Because he's got control issues.

COLT
Like hell I do...

SPENCER
(mutters overlapping)
Don't make it about him. That's what
he wants.

COLT
... I'm in control.

He works between Hannah and Colt.

MASON
And the longer we wait, the longer you
control the situation--

HANNAH
--This fucking family.

COLT
You got something to add?

HANNAH
 (seething)
 Not a thing.

MASON
 Can I finish my thought?

COLT
 (to Spencer)
 And where's your wife?

SPENCER
 You think I would bring her into this
 nightmare?

COLT
 Your brother seemed to think it was a
 good idea--

MASON
 Fuck you, Dad.

Arms crossed, Elizabeth leans against the wall.

SPENCER
 Yeah, fuck you. Y'know why she didn't
 come? She's afraid of you. We're all
 afraid. We've spent our entire lives
 being afraid.

COLT
 What the hell do you have to be afraid
 of? You're a grown man--

MASON
 --Afraid of what'll come out of yer
 mouth next.

SPENCER
 (to Mason)
 You don't think I can handle this?

MASON
 (to Spencer)
 You're not in charge.

ELIZABETH
 Boys.

Both turn to their mother.

MASON
 I'm the only one who calls 'im on his
 bullshit.

Turns to Spencer.

MASON
Rather than kissin' 'is ass.

SPENCER
Fuck you, too.

COLT
So much for your coordinated hit job.
You know, I expected a lot more from
both of you.

SPENCER
Like what?

COLT
I raised you to be... You could have
been a senator. You're fucking middle-
management. And, and you...

Turns to Mason.

MASON
Can I finish my thought?

COLT
Oh, please. Play the victim card--

SPENCER
What are you waiting for?

COLT
I dunno what you're talking about.

MASON
Dad, we know--

COLT
Who're you talking to?

Elizabeth dips her gaze.

MASON
Our mother!

COLT
Hearsay.

SPENCER
Does this look like your courtroom?

HANNAH
He's just gonna keep denying it.

MASON

I knew you knew something.

That did it.

COLT

You walked away from me.

SPENCER

What?

COLT

If you had the most rudimentary idea
of what's happening...

SPENCER

(pedantic)

Oh, it's all about you. It's always
about you and how much smarter you are
than everyone else in the room.

MASON

--You're selfish.

COLT

Just because you don't understand I'm
protecting your pathetic little lives.
The sacrifices I'm making for this
family...

MASON

Spare me. You're the most selfish man
I know.

Mason CROWDS his mother...

MASON

And you... You just sit there. And let
'im get away with it.

Elizabeth's eyes GLOW to life.

She sees Colt step behind Mason.

Her anger melts into FEAR--

Mason's confused. Doesn't see it coming.

From behind, Colt GRABS Mason in a headlock...

WRESTLES him to the floor.

The world goes sideways.

Elizabeth STOMPS her foot.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
Stop it. Stop it!

Spencer WRENCHES them apart.

HANNAH
(to Elizabeth)
Great family you have here.

Elizabeth SLAPS her sass a couple steps back.

Colt stumbles to his feet.

COLT
(winded)
You might not respect me, boy. But
you're sure as hell gonna respect my
wife. You hear?

SPENCER
I'm leaving.

Catching his breath, Colt fishes for an insult.

COLT
Of course you are.

MASON
(to Hannah)
Let's go.

Spencer, Mason and Hannah slip on heavy coats.

SPENCER
I'm never coming back.

MASON
We're goin' to Annie's.

COLT
She was always my favorite.

Spencer can't let it pass.

SPENCER
I never aspired to be your favorite.

COLT
Ah, how freeing to be untethered from
the truth.

MASON
(to Spencer - gently)
Come on.

COLT
You'll never gonna be half of my
Annie.

SPENCER
Sorry I don't meet your expectations.

HANNAH
Come on.

ELIZABETH
Get out, all of you.

She shoos them away.

EXT. THE GRANGER HOME - NIGHT

Hannah leads Mason and Spencer down the walkway.

Spencer and Mason turn. They linger. One last look at their
childhood home.

SPENCER
I'm never coming back here.

MASON
I'm gonna burn it down.

Elizabeth SHOUTS inside the house. CRASHES. More SHOUTS.

HANNAH
Should we go back?

SPENCER
I'm okay with letting her kill him.

They walk away.

A THUNDERCLAP as if they've offended God himself.

The pitter-patter of heavy raindrop pelt the sidewalk.

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - NIGHT

KITCHEN

Plate after plate EXPLODES at Colt's feet--

ELIZABETH
You're killing her. You're killing
Hayley.

COLT
 (overlapping)
 That's never gonna happen.

Elizabeth searches for something heavier.

ELIZABETH
 I hate you. I-I hate the lies.

COLT
 (overlapping)
 Rondo told you, didn't he?

ELIZABETH
 You're destroyed this family.

COLT
 What'd he tell you?

ELIZABETH
 He told me enough.

COLT
 And you believe him?

ELIZABETH
 He knew you weren't man enough to do
 what had to be done.

Her conviction unmoors him.

ELIZABETH
 I blame you, Colt Granger. Guilty.
 Guilty!

COLT
 This man killed two children with a
 shotgun. The parents too. They were
 making cookies. The investigator
 testified he could still smell the
 cookie dough on their little fingers.

ELIZABETH
 You're making unilateral decisions
 about this family--

COLT
 And I'm setting him free.

ELIZABETH
 What?!

COLT
 Congratulations, you're now a co-
 conspirator to obstruction of justice.

The wind howls outside.

ELIZABETH
Like I care about that.

She marches into the--

LIVING ROOM

Wrestles on her coat.

COLT
But he won't take the deal.

ELIZABETH
What's the problem?

COLT
I can't get him to take the deal--

ELIZABETH
Then make a better deal!

COLT
What are you willing to sacrifice?

ELIZABETH
Everything.

COLT
Well, I've already offered that and it
doesn't appear to be good enough.

Snatches her purse.

ELIZABETH
You listen to me, Colt Granger. If you
ever wanna see me again, you get on
that phone and make him take the deal.

He ponders... no words come.

Time's up. Elizabeth leaves. Still in a state.

COLT
Where're you going?

SLAMS the door on her way out.

COLT
We're all going to hell.

The window EXPLODES--

A large stone rocks to a stop on the hardwood floor.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
 (faint from outside)
 I'm sleeping at Annie's.

A cold wind rustles through the curtains.

Colt rakes his face with his hands.

Places a call.

COLT
 (into the phone)
 Half-million.

The wind blows harder.

DAWES (V.O.)
 Sounds impressive.

Colt pockets his phone.

Off a gust SWEEPING across his face--

SNAP TO BLACK

Title: "Day 3"

The wind whistles.

INT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

The nose of a vacuum pushes closer. Retreats. Then closer.

A JANITOR finishes vacuuming the carpet.

From twenty feet away, yanks the cord out of the socket.

INT. DISTRICT COURTROOM - DAY

A gavel BANGS a striking block. It hops.

COLT (O.S.)
 Please be seated.

The jury drops into their seats.

COLT
 My apologies to members of the jury. I
 was attending to personal matters.

Jurors nod.

COLT
Today, we hear from the defense. Mr.
Dawes, is the defense ready?

He rises...

DAWES
We are, Your Honor.

Dawes waits.

Colt waits.

Shay waits.

Fever smiles.

COLT
Well?

DAWES
May we begin, Your Honor?

Confused jurors.

A titter through the courtroom. Standing room only.

Frustrated. Stupefied. Colt checks left, then right.

COLT
I understand you'll be filing a
motion. Is that correct?

SHAY
(pops to her feet)
Your Honor...

COLT
(shows her the hand)
It's their turn.

Holding a folded piece of paper in his hand, Dawes waits...

DAWES
Yes, Your Honor.

Colt **MELTS** back into his chair.

SHAY
Approach?

COLT
(to Shay)
Hold your water.
(MORE)

COLT (cont'd)
 (to Dawes)
 Proceed.

DAWES
 We move for a direct verdict.

SHAY
 What?

Mumbles to the ASSOCIATE seated next to her--

SHAY
 (thrilled)
 You've got to be kidding.

She spins to Dawes--

SHAY
 There is no deal. Everything's off the
 table.

FEVER
 Fuck you, lady.

A little too much muttering. Colt GAVELS the room quiet.

COLT
 (to the jury)
 The defense is asking to end the trial
 now and move directly to sentencing.
 (to Dawes)
 Is that correct?

DAWES
 That is correct, Your Honor.

COLT
 The state?

SHAY
 The state has no objection.

COLT
 Glad to see you've stopped throwing
 your toys, Miss Shay.

Fever whispers to Dawes.

COLT
 Very well. Sentencing one week from
 today.

The gavel drops...

BANG!

... Colt turns to the jury.

COLT
And the jury is dismissed. Thank you
for your service.

The BAILIFF (50) stands and proclaims...

BAILIFF
All rise.

The jury files out.

COLT
That'll give the prosecution time to
file an appeal, if they so wish.

SHAY
No appeal, Your Honor.

COLT
Well, it'll give you time to think it
over.

SHAY
The state has no intention--

COLT
You might want to go ask someone.

The jurors gone...

BAILIFF
You may be seated.

DAWES
Your Honor, we ask that my client be
released on bail until--

Shay SPRINGS out of her chair. The word "pissed" seems
inadequate.

SHAY
Absolutely not. Your Honor, approach!

COLT
The jury's gone, do it from there.

SHAY
No bail. Hazard. He's an obvious
flight risk. A grave threat to the
community. He checks all the boxes.
The state strongly recommends no bail
at any amount.

Something's not right. She takes Fever's temperature.
He's all good.

COLT
I'll allow it. One million dollars.

Murmurs grow in the gallery.

SHAY
Your Honor!

Colt drops the gavel again...

BANG!

... The courtroom CRACKLES to life.

SHAY
You've got to be kidding!

She ventures a glance at Fever.

Colt POUNDS his gavel.

The courtroom BOILS OVER.

SHAY
Your Honor! Chambers?!

COLT
We're adjourned.

Once more with the gavel...

BANG!

... and he rushes for the side door.

BAILIFF (O.S.)
All rise.

BEDLAM in the courtroom.

INT. COLT GRANGER'S CHAMBERS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Colt enters reeling. Unzips. Shay chases.

SHAY
Was that completely necessary?

COLT
I thought it woulda gone smoother.

WYATT

--The governor's on hold.

Steps out of his robe.

COLT

That didn't take long.

SHAY

Consider an ankle bracelet, take his passport... uh, protective custody.

COLT

Protection from who? He murdered the whole damn family.

SHAY

From me.

Colt stops her at his door--

COLT

I'm sorry, but I think the governor wants to yell at me first.

SHAY

May I sit?--

COLT

Please don't.

He slips inside. Closes the door.

Shay turns to Dylan. She has a guest. Jocelyn.

SHAY

What the hell is going on?

Shay storms into--

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jocelyn chases her down.

JOCELYN

There's some stuff you should know.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

On a crowded sidewalk a HOMELESS MAN shakes a cardboard sign. Hat at his feet. Pedestrians streams past.

Fever emerges from the crowd. Bites a cheeseburger.

We hear a call from moments ago between Dawes and Fever.

 DAWES (V.O.)
So you're out.

 FEVER (V.O.)
Yeah.

 DAWES (V.O.)
I'm coming over.

Fever spins to admire an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

INT. SUPER SAVER MOTEL - ROOM 127 - DAY

Tacky wood paneling. Cheap furniture. High-stakes poker on the TV. Burger wrapper on the table. A cheap .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC next to half-eaten waffle fries on the nightstand.

 DAWES (O.S.)
I've been getting some odd calls.

 FEVER (O.S.)
From the creep?

Fever reclines on the bed like it's a throne. Chain-smoking. Tight sleeveless T-shirt. A crisp white shirt. Open. Collar popped.

 DAWES (O.S.)
You were extorting him. Weren't you?

 FEVER
Maybe. How ya think I'm affordin' you?

Dawes, impeccably suited, peeks out the window.

 FEVER
Say, how much ya think a judge makes?

 DAWES
We already have a deal.

 FEVER
No reason this can't be fun. Besides, runnin', that's gonna be expensive.

 DAWES
The police already have the computer--

 FEVER
Betcha coulda got him up to a mil. Ya think? Hell, bet I coulda got two.

DAWES
I'll check on final payment. Just keep
out of sight.

FEVER
(clocks his gun)
Oh, I can handle myself.

Dawes starts for the door...

FEVER (O.S.)
Hey, one more thing...

Fever fires up a new smoke.

FEVER
... Y'all can't never say anything
about this. Right?

DAWES
Of course, not.

FEVER
Or the judge, neither?

DAWES
I'm sure he wants to forget all about
this.

FEVER
But don'tcha think that's a powerful
card to play?

DAWES
I don't know what you mean.

FEVER
I mean for y'all. I get a suitcase
full of cash and I'm sayonara forever,
played out. But you, I know you.
You'll have that judge wrapped around
yer little finger the rest of his
days. Figure that's worth something.

The silence between the notes rings louder and louder.

DAWES
(chortles)
My professional advice: Take the deal
and never look back.

FEVER
We can make it an installment
situation.

While they stare...

High-stakes poker plays at low volume on the television.

FEVER

You ain't got nothing on me I ain't
got on you. Plus, you got plenty more
to lose.

The loaded .45 on the nightstand appears awfully tempting.

He meanders toward Fever.

Fever stretches for the gun.

DAWES

You're an easy man to dislike.

Dawes steals a waffle fry. Chews it.

FEVER

Okay! I 'as just thinkin' out loud.
Sometimes my mouth gets ahead of my
head. But cha'll owe me. Definitely,
owe me. You remember that.

Dawes makes a business decision. Heavy sigh.

DAWES

You know my favorite sonnet by John
Milton?

FEVER

Can't say we've walked that tract.

DAWES

He slowly went blind, dictating his
later work to his daughters.

FEVER

--Fuck, that'd suck.

DAWES

"When I Consider How My Light is
Spent."

FEVER

Hmm, put me down for Mai Tais and lap
dances. And don't spare the horses.

DAWES

I'm not a man to stand and wait.

No standing. No waiting. Dawes heads for the door before
another thought pops into Fever's head. Too late--

FEVER
On second thought...

Dawes never turns to face him.

FEVER
... tell him two million. He's gotta
lot more to lose than both of us. Uh?

DAWES
I don't think he has it.

FEVER
I don't care. Now skip along. Scat.

Off the back of Dawes' head--

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A burly FBI AGENT (30's) opens a BROWN BUBBLE-CUSHION MAILER.
Cheap suit. A lanyard dangles from his neck.

He removes multiple pictures of Rodney Watkins.

He teeters between curious and puzzled.

SERIES OF SHOTS: EVERYONE GETS THE NEWS

-- An active crime scene. Grady and Zane sprint through
POLICE OFFICERS and yellow tape.

-- A men's locker room. FBI agents don BULLETPROOF VESTS.

-- A SWAT van loaded with Seattle Police officers. Each
carries a rifle. The rear door SLAMS closed.

-- Resting on an end table, Delano's cellphone vibrates.

-- Outside the courthouse, Shay climbs the steps to the main
entrance with a phone pinned to her ear...

SHAY
This is she...

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A brown bubble-cushion mailer lands on the coffee table--

DAWES (O.S.)
A similar packet was delivered to the
authorities.

Elizabeth considers for a moment...

Colt dives right in.

DAWES

Inside you'll find pictures
identifying Rodney Watkins, fifty-two,
and his home address.

Dawes hands Colt a BUILD-A-DOLL CATALOG.

DAWES

He was very specific about the girls
he abducted, matching them to this
catalog.

Pictures of dolls. Photos of girls taped alongside them.

Colts eyes scan down the page...

DAWES (O.S.)

They're his doll collection.

Elizabeth shuffles through photos. Drops one. The picture of
the Red-Haired Girl with pigtails and freckles.

EXT. LARGE TWO-STORY HOME - SAME

Everything is wet. Washed clean by the storm.

An army of FBI, SWAT, PARAMEDICS and SEATTLE POLICE
DEPARTMENT begin their investigation of the crime scene.

Lights strobe. Uniforms everywhere. Radio chatter.

Confused, Watkins is led away in handcuffs.

DAWES (V.O.)

Rodney Watkins lives alone in a
secluded area. My client discovered
his secret while robbing his home.

INT. DIM BASEMENT WITH NO WINDOWS - SAME

A FIRST RESPONDER reaches out.

The Red-Haired Girl refuses to be touched.

Hayley rides out in the arms of the burly FBI Agent.

DAWES (V.O.)
 The authorities are now in possession
 of his laptop, replete with other
 photos I chose not to include.

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

COLT
 How soon before he's in custody?

DAWES
 It's happening right now.

Elizabeth SCRAMBLES for her phone. Dials.

DAWES
 They should have her.

EXT. LARGE TWO-STORY HOME - SAME

Grady spots Watkins in the backseat of a cruiser.

The cruiser surrounded by Police Officers.

Quiet RAGE.

Grady unsnaps his holster.

Zane realizes what's about to happen.

Hand over his holster, Grady SPRINTS toward the cruiser--

ZANE
 No. Grady!

He chases--

Grady points his GLOCK at the cruiser as he runs--

Police Officers see Grady. WHIP OUT their weapons--

EVERYONE
 PUT THE GUN DOWN. PUT IT DOWN NOW.

Grady STOPS. Steadies a shot--

GRADY
 Get out of the way!

Watkins cowers inside the cruiser.

FBI and SWAT agents SCRAMBLE for cover--

Every gun on Grady.

In the arms of the FBI Agent--

HAYLEY
(fearful)
No...

The FBI Agent SPINS to protect her with his body.

Stick still and locked into his shot, Grady mentally catches up to the situation.

ZANE (O.S.)
Put it down, man. Be smart.

Hayley closes her eyes...

Slowly, Grady lowers his gun to the ground.

Locks his hands behind his head.

EJECTS a primal howl--

GRADY
Ahhhhhhh!

Frustrated, he walks away.

Considers retrieving his weapon--

Zane wraps him in a bear hug.

ZANE
It's over, man. We got him.

Police Officers surround them.

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Cardboard taped over the broken window. An uneven breeze bounces a corner of the cardboard open.

GRADY (V.O.)
Ahh! Ahhhhh!

The curtains dance.

DAWES (O.S.)
Is she safe?

Elizabeth on the phone. Cries. Smiles. Nods at Colt.

Everyone gathers a breath of lighter air.

DAWES
Good.

She composes herself. Grabs her purse.

ELIZABETH
I'm going to see my granddaughter.

DAWES
There's one final detail we very much
need to discuss.

COLT
The money.

DAWES
Yes.

COLT
And hereon, I never want to know from
you or your client ever again.

DAWES
That's where it gets complicated.

Dawes zeroes in on Colt.

Elizabeth edges between both of them.

ELIZABETH
How complicated?

COLT
Five hundred thousand dollars.

She covers her mouth.

ELIZABETH
Colt. We don't have that.

COLT
Our savings, and the rest of my
collection.
(to Dawes)
Look, it's gonna take a few days...

Elizabeth nods imperceptibly.

ELIZABETH
(resigned)
Okay.

Colt zeroes in on Dawes' dead eyes.

COLT
... but I get the feeling... someone
wants to renegotiate.

DAWES
He's peddling the notion of two
million dollars.

Elizabeth blanches.

ELIZABETH
Tell him no.

COLT
We don't have it.

DAWES
And after all the bread and circuses,
that's only where the complications
begin.

ELIZABETH
(closes her eyes)
Please leave my house. Please leave my
house now.

DAWES
I doubt he'll stop at two million.
He'll just keep coming back for more
and more--

COLT
Well, he's not getting two. We gotta
talk to him and work this out.

DAWES
I'm sure that's futile. As they say,
character is destiny.

Elizabeth quietly fumes.

COLT
Where is he?

DAWES
Holed up in a local motel until he
gets his money.

COLT
So you... you can contact him.

DAWES
Yes, but I won't. This is a much more
complicated problem than I'm prepared
to deal with.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry. What's your name again?

DAWES
Eden. Eden Dawes.

She spits in his face.

ELIZABETH
Eden Dawes, you disgust me.

Warm spit dribbles down his cheek...

DAWES
As I was saying, more complicated than
I'm prepared to deal with.

Slides a note across the coffee table.

DAWES
However, I'm confident... you know
certain people who are.

Colt glances at the note. Reacts. HOLY SHIT.

An address: "1900 Corson Ave S. Room 127"

DAWES
(to Elizabeth)
You see, I'm a grandfather, too.

EXT. LARGE TWO-STORY HOME - SAME

Cassidy and Mika file out the front door. Wrapped in blankets. Surrounded by First Responders.

A FEMALE PARAMEDIC tries to pry Hayley from the FBI Agent--
Hayley ain't letting go. The Female Paramedic stops trying.

Annie sprints through the front yard.

Good luck slowing her down.

INT. THE GRANGER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A RIFLE BAG zips tight--

Doorbell.

Dressed in black from head to toe, Colt answers the door.

Two prehistoric beasts, Seattle Police Officers CHICO JUÁREZ (28) and JAKE SHAY (32) stand shoulder to shoulder. They're as tall as a dumpster is long. Both well-acquainted with the weight room.

Colt isn't impressed.

JUÁREZ
Judge Granger?

COLT
Yes, officers. How can I be of assistance?

JUÁREZ
We need to talk, sir.

COLT
(dismissive)
Yes, of course. But I have pressing business right now for the court. I'm sure you understand.

Pepper Shay breezes out from behind the man-wall.

SHAY
(smiling)
Me, too.

MOMENTS LATER

Rifle bag at his side, Colt sits alone on the couch...
Silently, he evaluates Shay and the officers.

SHAY
Where ya going, judge?

COLT
That's privileged.

She smiles. He doesn't.

COLT
I'm not answering any questions.

SHAY
We know about the conspiracy, the obstruction, the lies...

COLT
(overlapping)
I want my attorney.

SHAY
Do you know the whereabouts of Eden Dawes or Antoine Fever? Have you spoken to either recently?

He refuses to look at her.

SHAY

Well, we can go on, me asking questions and you not answering 'em, or we can do this the hard way.

Glances over her shoulders. The officers. STOIC.

SHAY

When I saw that self-aggrandizing prick Eden Dawes on the docket, everyone knew there would be some shady shit. But Fever? He's a straight-up menace to society. And you set him free. Do you understand the gravity of what's happening here?

COLT

Yes, I do, ma'am.

A blank stare from Colt.

SHAY

Okay, you're leaving me no choice--

COLT

You always have a choice.

SHAY

You, of all people, should know there are consequences to your actions.

Slides official documents out of her blazer.

SHAY

I think we're all just looking for what's right.

She'd been waiting a while to unfurl that one.

SHAY

Now, this is a warrant... for the arrest...

She opens the papers.

Slowly, Colt closes his eyes.

SHAY

... of Mr. Antoine "Fever" Dubois .

SHOCKED.

SHAY

We believe he's complicit in an attempt to obstruct justice.

(MORE)

SHAY (cont'd)
 He tried to manipulate the court, and
 I believe you've been an unwitting
 part of it. Do you understand?

COLT
 (reeling)
 Yes, ma'am.

Colt spots the officer's nametag: "Shay"

Moves to the other nametag: "Juárez"

SHAY (O.S.)
 In the meantime, my cousin Jake and
 his partner will provide any
 assistance you might need. Any
 assistance.

Huh? Colt's confused.

SHAY
 If he's thought to be, I dunno,
 resisting...

That clears it up.

SHAY
 I can personally vouch for these men.
 They come highly recommended by me...
 and the governor.

And that catches his ear.

SHAY
 Most people are tourists in this
 world, Your Honor. The People demand
 justice. Do you understand?

With a firm nod, he duly stamps his agreement.

SHAY
 These men are available twenty-
 four/seven--

COLT
 Got all the help I need.

Pats his rifle bag.

COLT
 (to the officers)
 Thank you.

Shay stands.

Everyone stands.

SHAY

Goes without saying, but let's say it
anyway. We were never here.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Ambulances. Police cruisers. News vans.

Medical teams swarm. Anxious PARENTS demand answers.

It's not chaos. But it's close.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Swollen to capacity.

Parents of the young girls. Faces riven with questions.

A DOCTOR tries to leave Annie and her HUSBAND. Other parents
corner the doctor. He narrowly escapes.

Annie gets up. Greets her mother with a lingering hug.

Spencer rubs Elizabeth's arm. Falls into a hug with his WIFE.

The family hangs on Elizabeth's every word.

ELIZABETH

Can I see her?

SPENCER

They're running some tests.

Spencer' TEENAGE SON stands alone with Brooke. She slips her
hand into his. She smiles.

Hannah grabs Mason's hand tight.

ELIZABETH

Okay. Okay, we'll wait.

Elizabeth and Annie sit. They cry.

Duncan and Austin aren't sure what's happening, but they know
it's serious. Austin takes Duncan's hand.

ANNIE

Where's Daddy?

Elizabeth takes a moment. Addresses her family.

ELIZABETH

I want you all to know... your father... He did this. He's the one who got Hayley back...

Loud enough for the entire room to hear.

ELIZABETH

... all of them back. Colt Granger gave up everything: his career, our future...

(to Spencer, then Mason)

Everything for his family.

ANNIE

What?

Spencer shocked. Confused. Quiet.

Grateful strangers. Tear-stained faces.

Mason sees the emotional impact on the other families.

ELIZABETH

You make sure you tell everyone that. Just like that. And when you take an honest measure of the man... that's your father.

Annie cries hard.

Spencer rests his hand on Mason's shoulder.

MASON

(relieved)

Well, where the hell is he?

Elizabeth wells up. Pats Annie's hand.

ELIZABETH

Oh, I'm with your father on this one.

INT. SUPER SAVER MOTEL - ROOM 127 - DAY

TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY: A salmon leaps out of the water. A grizzly bear SWIPES at it.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR

Pacific salmon live for many years in the ocean before migrating to the upper reaches of the rivers where they were born, to spawn on gravel beds.

BEDROOM

Fever shovels a spoon in his mouth.
 Digs out another bite from a pint of cookie-dough ice cream.
 He's engrossed in the documentary. Until he's not.
 Walks to the bathroom. Pulls a drag off his cigarette.
 Gun down the back of his pants.

BATHROOM

Places his smoke and .45 on the edge of the sink.
 No need for privacy. The door's open.
 Drops trou. Parks on the commode.
 The documentary drones in the background.

BEDROOM

CRACK! The front door SPLINTERS open--
 A gigantic combat boot hangs mid-air...
 Followed closely by Rondo's BENELLI M4 SEMI-AUTOMATIC
 SHOTGUN. On his heels, Colt waves a MOSSBERG PUMP ACTION 12-
 GAUGE SHOTGUN.

BATHROOM

Fever hikes up his pants. Reaches for his gun.

BEDROOM

Rondo nods to the bathroom.
 Cigarette smoke wafts out the open door.
 They both draw a bead on it. Determined faces.
 A beat on their motionless backs.
 Fever jumps out BLASTING--
 One round bites Rondo in the leg. Another finds his arm.
 Colt's first shot...
 BOOM!
 ... buckshot almost tears Fever in half at the waist.
 Rondo's first shot...

BOOM!

... almost blows off his thigh.

Fever turns around.

Colt pumps. Advances. Fires again.

BOOM!

Blood sprays through the back of his white shirt.

Fever's chest HITS the bathroom wall.

He loses his gun.

From one knee, Rondo fires again...

BOOM!

... blows a chunk out of the wall. The door jamb, kindling.

Fever slides down the bone-white wall. Blood smears.

He crumbles deep inside the bathroom, face-up.

A wet THUD.

Colt keeps coming. Pumps again.

Fever's leg shakes. Spasms. Blood pools on cheap vinyl.

Colt enters the bathroom. Kicks the .45 away.

Stands over Fever. Aims down at his head...

FEVER (O.S.)
(weak)
You? Fuck y--

BOOM!

BATHROOM

A couple drops of blood catch Colt's face.

He pants--

COLT
Clear!

BEDROOM

Rondo checks his arm and leg wounds.

Colt helps him to his feet.

The back wall peppered with bullet holes.

TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY: A dead salmon floats in the river.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR

After spawning, all Pacific salmon
die, and the life cycle starts again.

A stiff breeze cracks the front door open.

Outside, they hustle away arm in arm. Rondo limps.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK

TITLE: "The Next Day"

INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - DAY

Clutching four COFFEE CUPS, Colt weaves through a crowd.
Sports a spiffy new suit. And a smile.

Joins Dylan, Wyatt and Jocelyn at a table for four.

COLT

It recently has been brought to my
attention that I may, or may not, have
been inordinately difficult... on many
of the women in my life.

DYLAN

(disagreeing)
Oh, no...

JOCELYN

By who?

COLT

Every woman in my life.

Which starts them all laughing.

WYATT

And the men?

COLT

I think they found some bark.

JOCELYN

And you're okay with that?

COLT

Yeah. I think I am.

Dylan reaches for a cup of coffee. Exposes her tattoo.

COLT
I'm sure that's a story.

She checks Wyatt first. Then Jocelyn.

DYLAN
My father learned Morse code in the Navy and taught us kids. When he was alive, there was no way he was ever gonna let any of us get a tattoo.

Dylan rolls up her sleeve. Tattoo in full view.

DYLAN
But when he died, me and my brothers all got this one...

A series of dots and dashes -.. .- -.. on her arm.

WYATT
What's it say?

DYLAN
(lovingly at Colt)
Dad.

Colt beams. Looks like he might cry.

Jocelyn squeezes Dylan's hand.

COLT
I think he would've liked your tattoo.

Dylan beams.

DYLAN
I think he would have liked you.

Jocelyn might cry.

COLT
He raised a fine daughter.

A COCKTAIL of emotions swirls.

A fleeting moment of peace between them before--

ZANE (O.S.)
Judge Granger...

Somber UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS beside Zane.

ZANE
... could we have a word?

Colt lingers. Smiles. Nods to his work family. Stands.
 They escort him through the cafeteria.
 Pass Judge Tobin, entering.

COLT
 (to Judge Tobin)
 We'll talk soon.

Judge Tobin senses something's wrong.
 Colt moves off, proud.
 Slowly closes his eyes...

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: "Six Months Later"

INT. MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

LOBBY

A PRISON GUARD escorts a handful of VISITORS through a security gate.

They stop. Wait.

A loud BUZZ.

A heavy door pops open.

One at a time, each walks into a...

VISITING AREA

Dozens of tables teeming with INMATES in jumpsuits. Visitors in street clothes. Some chat. Some play board games.

The mood, friendly and light.

From a window, a CHERRY TREE blooms outside. Petals flit in a gentle spring breeze.

Elizabeth, Mason, Spencer and Annie sit together laughing. Rondo and Nell one table over.

They all have eyes on another table...

Inmate Colt Granger plays checkers with Hayley. She's letting him win again.

FADE OUT.