

**THE DESCENDANTS**

Written

by

Aaron Guzikowski

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## TEASER

### **EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY**

A Ramapo Indian girl (mix of African American, Dutch and Lenape Indian) flapping shawl wings -- writing in the air with smoke -- there's no sound, and then the pulse of drums fade up, a small crowd clapping --

A face in the crowd -- PHILIP KOPUS (40) -- cropped hair, mocha skin -- his sparkly blue eyes scanning faces -- looking for someone. He's at a POW WOW for the local RAMAPO INDIAN TRIBE, of which you could say he's a member.

Kopus notices people noticing him -- he smiles. They don't smile back. He starts walking -- his ex-con body all springs and levers. There's a wholesome atmosphere to the event, wheelchairs and strollers; feels like a family picnic.

Kopus notices a COP across the way (who we'll soon meet) handing out photos, looks to recognize him -- keeps moving --

Kopus's POV as he moves to the outskirts of the gathering, the sound of drums fading...swallowed by an ominous quiet as he walks up on the woods, the colored leaves like a wall of fire...

### **EXT. WOODS - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

We follow three running Ramapo boys who have strayed from the Pow Wow. PAUL (11), leads the way, wears a taped up pair of glasses and a NY Jets windbreaker that's way to big for him.

Paul spots a grown over wood fence -- thinks fast -- grabs a 2x4 with some bent rusty nails spiking the end.

Rocks start flying from out of the woods, thudding all around. Paul and his two friends take cover, giggling --

Paul looks down at his sneakers, planted in bright blue paint sludge. Spongy, cake-like, dumped here before he was born. He puts his finger in it -- starts to smear blue lines on his face -- shows the other two. War paint. They follow suit, striping their faces when --

Three more boys burst from the woods -- the rock throwers -- laughing madly. Paul stands up to meet them, swinging the spiked 2x4 -- whoosh -- whoosh --

The three boys are stopped, scared by Paul's weapon --

PAUL  
You surrender?

The boys step back, laughing nervously, one of them poised to throw another rock when he sees something. His demeanor goes serious -- he drops the rock.

BOY  
Somebody's coming.

All of the boys turn to look as Kopus walks out of a jumble of yellow leaves -- greets them with a salute and a wink.... The other two rock throwers drop their rocks. Paul keeps hold of his spiked 2x4....

Kopus walks to Paul...takes the weapon away from him... noticing the war paint --

KOPUS  
You playing war? Cowboys and Indians?  
(motions to Paul and co.)  
You're pretending to be the Indians, huh.

PAUL  
Ain't pretending. I am an Indian.

KOPUS  
My mom told me that too, but that's what old people around here say to make themselves feel important.  
You come from slaves and whores same as me.

Paul shakes his head defiantly --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
They was hiding up in these mountains after the Revolutionary War -- making babies together.  
That's what you come from.  
Fugitives.

Paul's expression doesn't waver, but the others seem confused, bothered -- more by Kopus' aura than his words.

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
Nothing to get down about. What do you want to be from Indians for?  
It's good coming from rejects -- nobody expects nothing from you.  
That's how you win. So wipe that stupid paint off your face.

Paul's two cohorts wipe their paint off real quick -- but not Paul, he just stares back at Kopus through his crooked paint smudged glasses.

Kopus shoots Paul a don't fuck with me look -- but Paul doesn't flinch -- the kid is hard. Kopus looks at the two who wiped the paint off their face --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
You do everything people tell you  
to do?

Kopus gives Paul his signature wink, then starts off walking into the woods. Paul and the others watch him carrying that spiked 2x4 over his shoulder like some mad Paul Bunyan.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY**

A police truck parked in front of a house in the wooded mountains. A police officer for the Suffern PD (the cop Kopus recognized at the Pow Wow) HAROLD JENSEN -- stands at the front door talking to an OLD RAMAPO WOMAN.

Harold hands her a little photograph -- he's got a small stack of them. Harold's a former high school football star, still pretty imposing in his middle age.

HAROLD  
--he was last seen over on Deer  
Hill Road -- NYU student --

The old woman looks at the photo, three small children moving around behind her trying to get a look at it. The photo is of a doughy looking premed student named DENIS BRADLEY.

The Old Woman gives Harold a cold stare while she tears the photo into pieces -- handing the scraps out to the children --

OLD WOMAN  
I called the police last year about  
a break-in. Took two days for them  
to send somebody. But some rich  
boy gets lost in the woods, you all  
don't waste a damn second.

Harold gives her a polite nod -- turns and starts back for his truck -- eyeing the motley assortment of lawn ornaments peeking out through the tall grass --

HAROLD  
Have a nice evening.

Harold heads for his police truck, hears her slam the door --

**EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DUSK**

Kopus pulls up in front of a big old house -- the lone structure on this dirt mountain road.

He gets out, reaches into his truck's flatbed and grabs that spiked 2x4 he took from Paul. He walks up on the house with it, glances at --

A big plastic bear standing sentry in front -- stolen from the roof of a muffler shop -- riddled with bullet holes. Kopus gives it a nod...

**EXT. DIRT MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

A group of five Ramapo teens sitting on ATV's, Harold is in his truck, pulled up beside them --

HAROLD

Helmets guys -- come on. Next time  
it's gonna be a ticket.

They nod along. He hands one of them the photo --

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Seen him around?

They pass the photo around, shaking their heads -- hand it back --

RAMAPO TEEN

Nope.

**EXT. FIRST FLOOR - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus steps inside, gripping the spiked 2x4...the walls have been knocked down; the ground floor is just one big room --

Kopus spots four people in sleeping bags by the flickering TV, their snoring intermingling with Sponge Bob sounds -- Kopus walks to them, his boots crunching on grit and glass --

**EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

We hear yelling and screaming coming from inside the house. The four sleepers -- RAMAPO MEN (20's) -- come running beat-up and bloody out the front door.

**INT. STAIRS - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus calmly moves up the creaking stairs, the now bloodied spiked 2x4 over his shoulder, casual as can be...

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus peers inside a bathroom, the shower is stacked high with blackened meth making equipment; beakers and jugs.

**INT. BEDROOM - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus kicks open the door -- a Ramapo man named MIKE PARKER (40's) in bed with a LARGE RAMAPO GIRL (18). The girl takes one look at Kopus, jumps naked out of bed and runs past him out the door...

Mike sits up, scared shitless...he's skinny, kind of sickly looking --

MIKE

Kopus?

Kopus doesn't answer, looks like he's about to take Mike's head off with the spiked 2x4, Mike about to shit himself...

KOPUS

Where is he?

Mike doesn't answer, freezing up he's so scared --

KOPUS (CONT'D)

Where is he I said?

MIKE

I sunk him in the lake. No one's gonna find him. They ain't looking over there.

KOPUS

Can they trace him back to you?

MIKE

No, he'd never been here before.  
He didn't even know my name.

Mike's POV as Kopus considers that...THEN SUDDENLY SWINGS THE 2X4 AT MIKE -- Mike closes his eyes -- hears a THUNK...opens his eyes back up to see Kopus sunk the spikes into the wall -- the 2x4 hanging there, Kopus chuckling, shaking his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ --

Kopus looks Mike over -- grabs his head -- forces his mouth open, looks at his blackened teeth --

KOPUS  
Looks like you been getting on the burns, buddy.

Kopus tosses Mike to the floor --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
You ain't gonna be making meth no more -- it's gonna be something else -- something better.  
(beat)  
Cops been here?

MIKE  
No.

KOPUS  
You kill him in the house?

MIKE  
It was an accident, I --

KOPUS  
I don't care what it was. You do it here in the house?

Mike nods.

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
Go to the store and buy some bleach -- you gotta scrub this place down. My Dad sent me. Gonna be staying here awhile -- whip this sad operation into shape.

Mike nods. Kopus helps him up, gives him a funny smile -- their old dynamic quickly reestablished; Kopus leads, Mike's happy to follow.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. JORDAN MARSH CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT**

Close on a woman's willowy hands as they attach security tags to returned clothes. The piped-in store music goes silent...

Angle widens to reveal JEAN JENSEN. Jean has this severe beauty; impossibly perfect posture. She moves through the just closed store, hears the TV going inside the breakroom...

**INT. BREAK ROOM - JORDAN MARSH CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Jean's POV -- two employees watching the TV as they get their coats on to leave; a Ramapo girl named EVELINE (18) and SHIRLEY, a stout women, who's the same age as Jean...

NEWS ANCHOR

--search for Denis Bradley, the NYU freshman who was reported missing six days ago. New York cab driver, Pedro Melendez, came forward this morning, claiming he drove Bradley to a stretch of road in the Ramapo mountains, where local police --

EVELINE

How'd he get lost? My baby brother can figure out those trails --

Eveline and Shirley notice Jean standing there -- she looks stricken by the images of police searching the mountains... Jean notices them looking at her, snaps back to herself, gets her coat --

JEAN JENSEN

Shirley, I'm gonna need you to do inventory tomorrow, OK?

Shirley nods. Jean exits, looking upset. Eveline gives Shirley a *what's with her* look.

**EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

Harold, looking beat, pitch black out now -- he knocks on Mike's door.

He peers around as he waits for someone to answer...clocks the bullet ridden bear, Kopus' truck... He looks up at the darkened windows...

Harold shakes his head, slides the photo of Denis Bradley under the door. His phone rings, jolts him -- he picks up --

**INT. SUV - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Jean on the phone, driving --

JEAN JENSEN

I saw the news.

HAROLD

I was waiting until I got home to tell you. You OK?

JEAN JENSEN

Yes, I just -- are we sure Rachel isn't going up there anymore?

**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Harold gets in his truck --

HAROLD

Yes. And even if she is -- there's nothing dangerous going on -- just a kid lost in the woods. I love you. Don't watch the news --

Harold hangs up, then stares out the windshield into the wooded black, looks like speaking with Jean has made him anxious about something... He starts the truck up --

**EXT. JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

A quiet street in the village of Suffern, NY. Harold's mud splattered police truck pulls in next to Jean's SUV. Nice suburban neighborhood, green lawns, shiny cars...the Ramapo mountains visible in the moonlit distance...

**INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold walks past his two teenage daughters' bedroom (who we'll meet in a bit), hears Jean inside talking to them. He's about to walk into the bathroom when his eyes land on something...he pauses, looking at...

Framed photos on the wall, Jean as a teenager with her twin brother BRIAN who's wearing a Suffern High Track jacket. Harold stares at the photo, something eating at him...

Brian seems to be smiling at him from out of the picture...

**INT. BATHROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold takes his filthy shirt off -- starts washing his hands in the sink -- has an ugly looking, ten inch, surgery scar on his upper back. Wears a little Saint Christopher medal around his neck -- its surface appears to have been purposely defaced with deep scratch marks...

**INT. GUEST ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold hangs his gun belt on the door knob. He sits down on the guest bed, getting his boots off, mind churning -- a little painting hanging across the room -- a forest path and an overgrown fence. There's a recliner, a little tv -- looks lived in -- he's spending a lot of time in here.

Jean appears in the doorway, she looks upset.

Harold sits her down on the guest bed -- sits down next to her. She wraps her arms around him, nuzzles her head against his shoulder...

HAROLD  
You thinking about your brother?

Beat.

JEAN JENSEN  
Yeah.

Harold stares off, looks like he's trying to dampen down his emotions -- some guilt in his eyes...

HAROLD  
You want me to sleep in our room  
tonight?

JEAN JENSEN  
Can I sleep in here?

He looks at her, nods. Radiates this palpable affection for her. She wraps her arms around him, starts kissing him. He looks surprised, but happy. She pauses, looking at the defaced Saint Christopher medal hanging around his neck. She rubs it between her fingers when --

He starts tenderly kissing her. They fall back on the guest bed, undressing each other...faces close, eyes locked...

**INT. GUEST ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold's bleary POV as he opens his eyes, waking up -- the little painting across the room...

Harold smiles -- turns over. Sees Jean's already gone... His smile fades.

**EXT. JENSEN HOUSE - MORNING**

Harold's house, as his two daughters come out the front door -- RACHEL (17) and KATE (15). Rachel wears a sweatshirt she's written on with black marker -- her hair is still wet from the shower, while Kate looks like something out of a JC Penny ad. Jean calls after them from inside the house:

JEAN JENSEN (O.S.)  
Go wait in the car! Go! Now!

Kate gets in the passenger seat of the SUV, Rachel gets in the back, practically shaking, she's so worked up -- she slams the door --

**INT. BEDROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold looking in the mirror, buttoning up his police uniform -- hears Jean coming up the stairs. She appears in the open doorway, holding something...

Harold turns and looks. She's holding an unopened condom.

JEAN JENSEN  
I found this in Rachel's jeans.

**INT. JEAN'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER**

Rachel sitting in the back, watches as Jean walks out of the house, Harold right behind her. Rachel shakes her head as Harold walks up to the window, motions for her to roll it down -- she doesn't. He opens the door --

HAROLD  
I find out you're still seeing that Indian kid, we're gonna have a problem -- you got me? You and me are gonna talk later. Hey -- you hear me?

Rachel doesn't look at him, nodding dismissively. Kate sits quiet up front in the passenger seat -- looks over as Jean gets behind the wheel -- this horrible strain on her face...

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel closes her door on Harold. He watches Jean back out of the driveway. Realizes he's still holding the condom in his hand...breathes out --

**EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - MORNING**

A squat old house on an unpaved cul-de-sac. A teenage Ramapo boy works on a mud splattered ATV sitting in the gravel driveway beside a beat-up compact. The boy goes by JUNIOR (17) stringy muscles, clothes a mix of emo and backwoods, a scar cuts a line on his left eyebrow...

Junior alternates between working on the ATV and sending texts with grease stained fingers, smiling to himself...

The door to the house opens with a squeal, Marie emerges lugging a beat-up leather satchel with a peace sign on it, it's overstuffed with legal papers.

MARIE

You're not on vacation you know --  
this is supposed to be a  
punishment.

Junior makes a goofy face -- acts as if he's about to hug Marie with his grease stained hands --

MARIE (CONT'D)

Don't you even --

Junior laughs -- turns back to his work...

JUNIOR

Guy I fought didn't get suspended.

MARIE

And you know why.  
(beat)  
You really like this girl?

Junior looks her in the eye and gives a definitive nod, his face serious as can be... Marie breathes out, shakes her head -- hears an engine coming. She turns to see a pick-up truck making its way down the rutted cul-de-sac...

MARIE (CONT'D)

Who's this?

The truck stops...the driver gets out. It's Kopus, all smiles as he takes in the sight of Marie... Her face drops -- she knows him and from the looks of it, knows him well.

To Junior he's just a stranger. Kopus walks up to Marie, stops about a foot away --

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Your Uncle Mac said he'd seen you  
at the Pow Wow -- didn't believe  
him.

KOPUS  
Alright I hug you?

She doesn't answer at first, Junior looking at her questioningly. Finally she nods, Kopus moves in, gives her a hug. She stays rigid, then after a moment gently pulls away.

MARIE  
(to Kopus)  
This is Junior.  
(to Junior)  
This is Phillip Kopus. He's one of  
my boys.

Kopus gives Junior a once over, then offers his hand -- the hand of a hard life; scarred and strong, one of his fingernails smashed black. Junior wipes the grease on his jeans and shakes --

KOPUS  
I'm not one of her boys -- I'm her  
son. Only son.

Junior looks at Marie for confirmation. She nods vaguely, all this anxiety fighting behind her eyes.

MARIE  
What you been doing all this time?

KOPUS  
Nothing much, seeing the world,  
kicking around.

MARIE  
You can't stay here.

KOPUS  
I'm not looking to. Sure it's  
filled to capacity --

MARIE  
Just me and Junior right now.

Kopus looks off at the house, surveying the area, re-connecting memories...

KOPUS  
(to Junior)  
Used to live in this house.

Junior nods, seems a little infatuated with this larger than life man who displays an almost hypnotic confidence.

MARIE  
Well, I got to get going.

Kopus gives Marie a nod. She walks to her car, gets inside --

**INT. MARIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Marie starts the car up, watching Kopus, who's still talking to Junior. She looks uneasy, puts it in gear and starts backing out --

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

Lots of cars parked on the side of the road -- A SMALL SEARCH PARTY OF COPS AND VOLUNTEERS are getting ready to move into the woods. Harold stands by talking to CAPTAIN WARREN (50's), a grey haired mass of hypertension with an oddly hunched posture. He's a hung over mess -- sipping some alcoholic concoction from a Jersey Devils thermos. There's a bit of father son feeling between them...

CAPTAIN WARREN  
Ramapos are complaining we're only searching their property. Why don't you check out the woods by Chestnut, Woodbridge -- any of the nice streets.

HAROLD  
Shouldn't take me long. I'll head back up after, do another sweep.

Captain Warren gives Harold a slap on the arm. Harold starts for his truck --

CAPTAIN WARREN  
You gonna watch the Giants get killed with me this weekend?

Harold nods -- gets in his truck --

**INT. CAFETERIA - SUFFERN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

A mad cacophony of voices echo in the cafeteria -- Rachel pays for her tray of cafeteria food, then starts navigating between tables, nudging past clusters of cackling kids.

She comes up on a table of well dressed girls and milk-fed boys, regarding her quickly then turning away -- she's being blackballed. A FOOTBALL PLAYER at the table looks up as she walks past, his face is bruised yellow, eye is black -- Rachel's former best friend LAURA is all over him.

Rachel spots a table of Ramapo kids, they're joking with one another -- laughing -- one of them is telling a story. Rachel sits at the table, smiling at them -- the story teller stops talking, they all look at Rachel...

RAMAPO GIRL

Can we help you with something?

RACHEL

Just want to eat my lunch.

RAMAPO GIRL

You think 'cause Junior's banging  
you you get a free membership in  
the tribe? You're a poser -- go  
sit with the bitches.

Rachel gets up, mortified, throws her food away, tries to leave the cafeteria -- a teacher, MR. ARMSTRONG (50's) intercepts her --

MR. ARMSTRONG

You going somewhere, Miss Jensen?

Rachel gives him a hateful smile, then turns, finds a miscellaneous table and sits. She keeps her head down, gets her phone out and starts texting Junior:

*Hate this place!! Save me!!*

**EXT. BEHIND ROW OF NICE HOMES BORDERING WOODS - DAY**

Harold walks through the woods -- alongside fences that separate a row of fancy houses from the wild woods that border them. A WEALTHY RETIREE spots Harold through the bars of his wrought iron fence -- shoots him a questioning look...

HAROLD

Kid might of gotten lost out here.

WEALTHY MAN

I heard. I bet those Jackson  
Whites up on the mountain have seen  
him.

Harold gives the guy a placating nod and keeps moving --

**INT. RACHEL AND KATE'S ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - DAY**

Two beds, remnants of girl-hood mixed with edgier fare. The sound of footsteps padding down the hallway, Jean appears in the doorway... She surveys the room, seems agitated...she walks inside and starts rifling through Rachel's stuff --

**EXT. SUFFERN HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Suffern high school kids getting out for the day -- Rachel starts casually veering off the current, moving across the parking lot --

KATE

What are you doing?

Kate sees Junior riding up on his ATV -- she keeps after Rachel, the two of them moving against the flow of kids --

KATE (CONT'D)

You're gonna get in trouble.

RACHEL

OK, whatever. Good-bye, Katie.

Junior pulls up on his ATV, Rachel hops on the back. Kate shakes her head at Rachel, looking worried as they tear out of the parking lot --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY**

Rain pours down as Marie leads RYAN VERNON (40) to the front door of a paint peeling house. Ryan's conservative looking, wears glasses -- regarding the weathered dime store statues set up on the lawn. Marie knocks on the door while Ryan rubs the rain off his glasses...

A pregnant woman opens the door, she's barely twenty, sweet disposition, her name's PAIGE --

MARIE

Hi, Paige. This is Ryan --  
gentleman from the EPA I told you  
about.

**EXT. BACK YARD - HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY**

The back door opens, Paige leads Marie and Ryan out to the backyard. Paige registers their perplexed expressions -- we don't see what they're seeing yet.

PAIGE

I told Billy you wanted to get  
pictures -- but he was worried  
about the baby, so...

Angle widens to reveal the whole back yard is covered over in cinder blocks. Ryan walks out on to them, squats down, lifts one of them up, revealing blue paint sludge underneath...

PAIGE (CONT'D)

You think it's bad for the baby --  
even covered up like this?

Ryan looks at Marie, they exchange a look --

**INT. CLOSED FORD PLANT - DAY**

A big warehouse, football field size, one big room, Junior and Rachel sitting in the middle of it smoking a joint.

RACHEL

I liked it better when my mother  
was drinking. At least I could do  
what I wanted. Now that she's  
cured she's like obsessed with me.

Rachel stands up, starts walking, Junior catches up to her --

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You ever worry about turning into  
your parents?

JUNIOR  
Never met'em -- so wouldn't know it  
if I did.

Rachel stops, turns to Junior -- manic affection suddenly  
shining in her eyes. She kisses him...then:

RACHEL  
My Dad once carried my mother all  
the way home from Suffern High.

Junior considers that, smiling wryly.

JUNIOR  
Why?

RACHEL  
Shut up -- I don't know -- 'cause  
it's romantic. You think you could  
carry me that far?

Junior starts repeatedly trying to lift Rachel -- pretending  
she's too heavy -- as she laughs hysterically. Then he  
whisks her up, starts running around with her in his arms --  
until they fall in a heap, laughing -- making out --

**INT. KITCHEN - MARIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Marie sits down at the table, sets a plate down, she's made a  
sandwich for Paige, who's now sitting at her table, looking  
around the kitchen...there's so much stuff on the  
refrigerator, so many magnets, photos, colored paper --  
Marie's life has many players --

MARIE  
Now I don't take people in as much  
these days -- it's just me and  
Junior. This is only until Billy  
can get you out of there. You can  
help me out with this EPA thing.  
Junior was helping me -- but he's  
in love now, so...

PAIGE  
I don't think Billy's gonna want to  
stay here.

MARIE  
Billy's gonna have to kiss my ass.

Marie switches on the TV --

MARIE (CONT'D)  
See if my brother's on yet --

The TV as Marie switches from a daytime talk show to C-SPAN: a large Ramapo man -- MAC (50s) -- testifying before a congressional committee. He has an air of self importance --

MARIE (CONT'D)  
He's not the best Chief we ever had  
-- but he's good on TV.

Paige watches Mac gesticulating dramatically on TV --

PAIGE  
He is. Think he'll ever get'em to  
recognize the tribe?

MARIE  
Future's got no cure for the past,  
honey. Least that's how I see it.

Marie grabs a bottle of Advil, dumps three pills in her hand, washes them down with some Mountain Dew. She sets down a sandwich for herself...picks it up...then sets it down, breathing out, looks a little sick.

PAIGE  
You OK?

Marie nods. The phone rings. Marie gets up, picks up the phone --

MARIE  
Hello.

Nothing. Marie huffs a little --

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Hello I said --

JEAN JENSEN  
Tell your son or whatever he is, to  
leave my daughter alone -- do you  
hear me?

Marie is shocked, knocked off guard by the force of Jean's voice --

**INT. RACHEL AND KATE'S ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jean sits on the floor on the phone, she's dumped out Rachel's desk drawer, holds a school notebook with Junior's home phone number scrawled on the back --

JEAN JENSEN

You understand that? Do you need me to put it simpler -- he's going to be in trouble. My husband is a police officer and will not --

MARIE

I'm sorry, I don't know who you are, or what you're --

JEAN JENSEN

Don't talk -- don't you talk --

Jean hangs up the phone, taking deep breaths, trying to calm herself as she shoves Rachel's stuff back in the drawer --

She hears a sound outside -- freezes. *A distant yelling.* She goes to the window. Doesn't see anyone out there. She turns, breathes out, lingering on something across the way...

Her reflection in mirrored surface letters adorning the wall:  
R A C H E L

**EXT. THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harold's truck pulls into the driveway. He gets out, looks beat from work...

**INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harold closes the door -- hangs his gun belt on the door knob. He sits down on the guest bed, grabs the remote and turns on the Jets game -- getting his boots off when there's a knock at his door...

HAROLD

Who's got some manners out there --  
can't be Rachel, can't be Jean --

The door opens, it's Kate with an open lap top in hand.

KATE

Dad, can I come in?

HAROLD

Yeah. You don't have to ask me.

She looks around curiously --

KATE  
You busy, want me to come back  
later?

HAROLD  
I'm your father -- you don't have  
to be so courteous, making me  
crazy.

She smiles excitedly, squats by his recliner, shows him the laptop screen. A Facebook page for HAROLD JENSEN.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
I don't need one of these, do I?

KATE  
Yes, Dad -- you do.

The picture shows a fresh faced 17 year old football player, Harold's high school senior picture.

HAROLD  
This is kind of an old picture,  
sweetie.

KATE  
You looked really cool back then.

He looks at the picture, seems to agree with her assessment. There was a palpable drive in his eyes back then, an assuredness now somewhat absent. Kate looks around...

KATE (CONT'D)  
You've been in here for, like,  
three weeks. Is this your room  
now? Mom said it's still the guest  
room.

HAROLD  
It is -- it's the guest room. We  
explained this to you; your mother  
was having trouble sleeping with me  
in there -- I'll be back in there  
soon.

KATE  
You're not getting divorced?

HAROLD  
No. That's never gonna happen.

Kate smiles at that -- looks over at the football game -- someone just scored a touchdown --

KATE  
Why do you watch this?

HAROLD  
I like it.

KATE  
Even though it broke your back?

HAROLD  
Especially 'cause it broke my back.

KATE  
Which do you like better, football or being a cop?

HAROLD  
I like protecting people. Used to protect the QB -- now I protect innocent people.

KATE  
Who protects you?

HAROLD  
Saint Christopher.

KATE  
He's not even a real saint.

HAROLD  
Well who is, sweetie?

Harold gives Kate a smile. Something occurs to him...

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Your sister home yet?

Kate shrugs, looks at the TV nonchalantly...

**INT. KOPUS' TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Kopus drives the New Jersey turnpike, heading for NYC...

**EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

Brooklyn, NY. Kopus pulls up in his truck, a street of broken down brownstones. He parks by the curb, gets out --

**INT. FOYER - BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus is shown inside by FAYINA, (36), his father's longtime Russian girlfriend. She regards Kopus wearily.

FAYINA  
He's upstairs.

Kopus nods, annoyed beyond words...

KOPUS  
He can't come down here?

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus walks past a closed door. He stops. Seems reminded of something, some past with this door and the room behind it... He opens the door...

A dog crate, a pit bull lying inside -- it appears it lost both its eyes in a fight. This breathing mass of muscle...

Kopus crouches next to it, looks in at the dog... JACK KOPUS, appears in the doorway (60's) -- he's buttoning a black shirt over his gut, has his son's eyes -- looks a little strung out.

KOPUS  
How come you didn't put it down?  
How many dogs have you murdered,  
the one you decide to spare can't  
see.

JACK KOPUS  
That's not my dog. Holding him for  
somebody. Come on out of here --  
you don't have the run of my house.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack walks in, sits on the edge of the bed. The place has a messy, sour look. Kopus stands in the middle of the room. There's some faded Indian prints from the 70s hanging.

JACK KOPUS  
Close the door.

Kopus closes the door.

KOPUS  
Mike sunk the body in the lake.  
They ain't looking over there.

Kopus removes some money wrapped in a brown paper bag, throws it on the bed --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
It's like you said -- he's made  
shit -- that's all he had.

JACK KOPUS  
You're gonna turn it around.

KOPUS  
I told you I would.

JACK KOPUS  
What about Mike?

Kopus looks back at his father...

KOPUS  
I'm not killing Mike.

JACK KOPUS  
Funny. The way your mind jumps  
right to killing.  
(beat)  
I meant keep him in line.

KOPUS  
That's what I'm doing. Soon as the  
cops give up looking for that kid --  
I'm gonna have you back in  
business.  
(beat)  
Jesus, that God damn cologne --  
you're not supposed to put so much  
on. Didn't nobody tell you that?

JACK KOPUS  
You could be a little more  
gracious. Remember last time they  
was looking for somebody in those  
woods? And the whole village of  
Suffern was ready to string you the  
hell up? Who helped you out? And  
now here I am again -- giving you a  
way to make some money when the  
rest of the world is trying to  
flush your ex-con ass down the  
toilet? You should be kissing my  
feet. You don't like my cologne,  
too damn bad. You gonna suck on my  
tit, you're gonna smell my cologne.

Kopus goes to exit --

JACK KOPUS (CONT'D)  
I didn't say nothing about the  
amount -- but you try passing off a  
wad that light again I'll find  
somebody else. Son or no son.  
Let Saint Marie do something for  
you.

Kopus bristles, but doesn't reply, walks out just as fast as  
he can --

**INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harold in the recliner, sleeping, the little TV on per usual  
-- a sound wakes him up. Screaming elsewhere in the house,  
the sound of breaking glass. He leaps up --

**INT. STAIRS - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold rushes down the stairs, the screaming now clearly Jean  
fighting with Rachel --

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold rushes into the room -- sees there's broken glass  
everywhere, a lamp was toppled. Rachel stands there, still  
has her coat on -- Jean standing across from her, both of  
them in a state.

HAROLD  
The hell is going on?

Rachel races past him, Jean goes after her...

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Hey, God damn it --

Harold starts to follow, steps on something, looks down --  
winces -- pulls a little piece of glass from his bare foot...

**INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold walks down the hall, it's quiet now. He sees the door  
to the girl's room is open, hears Jean inside talking to  
Rachel...

**INT. RACHEL AND KATE'S ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold appears in the open doorway. He sees Rachel sitting on her bed, her head down, Jean standing over her, going quiet as Harold moves inside --

HAROLD

What's going on?

Jean looks over at Harold, a fragile calm in her eyes...

JEAN JENSEN

Go back to bed.

He pauses for a moment, looks at Rachel. She doesn't look at him, staring at the floor. Across the room, Kate pretending to be asleep, listening. Harold puts his hand on Jean's arm.

HAROLD

Why don't we talk to her in the morning?

JEAN JENSEN

I'm talking to her now. It's OK, Harold. I'm handling it.

He's not sure, looking at her.

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)

It's OK.

After a moment Harold nods, turns and walks...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The broken lamp -- angle widens as Harold walks in looking a little disturbed. After a moment he starts picking up the pieces...

**INT. RACHEL AND KATE'S ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kate, pretending to be asleep, face turned to the wall -- upset as she listens to her mother talk to Rachel --

JEAN JENSEN

I want you to listen to me -- you need to understand something.

Kate, I know you're awake -- you need to hear this too...

(beat)

There was a boy I used to know who lived up there.

(MORE)

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)

He got my brother messed up on  
drugs... Then made him go swimming  
in the lake. Watched him drown...

(beat)

I want you to think about that...

Jean walks out. Kate sits up, sees Rachel is crying. Kate gets out of bed, closes the door and goes to her...

**EXT. WOODS - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY**

Harold moves through the woods, a ways ahead of a group of volunteer searchers. He spots something up ahead -- one of the search dogs, laying on its side, licking its paws.

Harold goes to the dog, *notices its paws and snout are stained red...* Harold squats down, checks him over...doesn't see any cuts...

Then Harold notices what his boots are planted in -- starts looking all around -- a little stunned... He's standing on a mattress-size amalgamation of what almost looks like volcanic rock. Red paint sludge...

Harold grabs the dog's snout -- stops it from licking any more paint sludge off its paws...

**EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Junior rides up on his ATV, Rachel on the back -- he stops with a show-offy skid. He helps Rachel off the back as she looks out at something, a little disturbed...

*They're at Mike's house, looming tall -- that bullet ridden bear staring.* Junior pulls her along to the door -- knocks. They wait there awkwardly...Junior lets out a nervous laugh -- looks at Rachel --

JUNIOR

Shit, why am I nervous right now?  
You're making us both nervous -- he  
told me to stop by --

The door opens, Junior and Rachel try to look tough. Kopus squints back at them, bemused, fidgeting with his hands, saying nothing -- watching Junior squirm until --

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Know this is something to ask, but  
we need someplace to stay for a  
couple days.

Kopus looks Rachel over for a moment...

KOPUS

Honey, you look all kinds of  
familiar to me -- who do you look  
like?

Rachel shrugs --

RACHEL

Don't look like anybody famous.

Kopus seems stuck on something, a thought he can't quite  
reconcile -- he looks off, looks back at Rachel...

KOPUS

Yeah, OK. You can stay here.  
Upstairs is off limits though. Me  
and my buddy are going on a hike.  
(beat)  
You want to come along, Junior?  
Show your girlfriend some trails.

Junior nods -- Rachel keeps a confident smile on -- trying to  
stay on top of this, keep her game up --

JUNIOR

You want to?

RACHEL

Yeah -- stop trying to act like I'm  
scared, trying to embarrass me in  
front of your uncle --

KOPUS

I'm his brother.

Junior smiles at that. Kopus ushers them inside and closes  
the door...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. TRAIL - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY**

Insect sounds, Rachel and Junior follow Mike who's following Kopus -- Kopus is greeting the scenery with familiar nods and smiles. Rachel's POV: looks down at her slipper shoes -- her feet are taking a beating --

RACHEL  
It's pretty here.

JUNIOR  
I'm used to it.

RACHEL  
So it's not pretty 'cause you're  
used to it?

He shrugs. She looks at the trees as she walks, big claws of colored leaves, sun blasting through...

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to Junior)  
You know where we're going? Didn't  
that guy get lost out here?

**INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING - DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Harold weaves between the racks of woman's clothing -- sees Shirley folding clothes --

SHIRLEY  
Hey, Harold. She left.

Then, with a vague hint of accusation in her eyes:

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)  
Found her crying in one of the  
dressing rooms...

Harold starts to say something, then doesn't -- breathes out.

HAROLD  
Shirley, did she uh -- did you  
notice --

SHIRLEY  
I didn't smell any alcohol on her --  
didn't seem like she was drunk.  
She was -- I don't know --  
confused... She didn't call you?

Harold shakes his head -- at a loss as he turns and walks --

**EXT. IRON MINE ENTRANCE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY**

It looks like the entrance to some naturally occurring cave, a fissure in the green rock, a black entrance... A bird sits atop, looks down as Kopus emerges from the brush and moves up on the cave, Mike, Junior and Rachel right behind him.

Rachel looks around at remnants of old fires, old beer cans -- labels faded, decades of sun -- the entrance to the cave...

KOPUS  
(to Rachel)  
Don't scream -- roof might cave in.

A pang of fear in Rachel's eyes, she stops -- Junior flashes her a *he's kidding* look. They watch Mike follow Kopus into the darkness. Junior offers Rachel his hand -- she grabs his whole arm -- they move into the black...

**INT. IRON MINE ENTRANCE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel with Junior. The mine itself has mostly caved in -- it's just a cave now. Kopus lights his lighter, illuminating the dank walls, trash and chunks of paint sludge everywhere.

Kopus grabs Mike and walks him out of Rachel and Junior's earshot.

KOPUS  
This is gonna be our storage  
warehouse.

Mike nods.

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
Could you get back here without me?

Mike doesn't answer...looks a little uncomfortable, finally manages:

MIKE  
I'll pay attention on the way out.

Kopus looks Mike in the eye, fixes him with this meditative stare, whispers to him...

KOPUS  
Pay attention, Mike. I got a  
future worked out -- you can't make  
problems. I want you to live.

Kopus turns from Mike's shocked expression to Rachel and Junior. He walks over to them, presents to them the cave --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
I used to come here when I was in  
high school. This was like my  
place. Had parties here.

He holds the lighter aloft, looking up at the upper half of the cave wall -- he reaches up and grabs something stashed in a hole dug into the wall, takes him a moment to dislodge it...Rachel watching him -- he catches her looking at him, smiles -- finally pulls down this old filthy garbage bag --

Kopus reaches into the bag and pulls out a bottle of vodka -- the label has been scratched off, he throws it to Junior --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
Merry Christmas.

Junior catches it, gives Kopus a nod of thanks. Kopus reaches back in the bag, smiles, dragging it out, relishing the look on Rachel's face...pulls out a pistol.

Rachel and Junior both freeze up as Kopus looks over at Mike, Mike's face drops as Kopus fires -- pop pop -- Rachel screams -- Mike is still standing there, holding his chest, but there's no blood. Kopus starts laughing --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
It's just an air gun.

Kopus looks them over with theatrical incredulity --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
You all must think I'm a killer.  
Think I'd just turn, give it to old  
Mike right here.

RACHEL  
Can I try it?

Kopus ignores her, gives Mike a look. Mike looks over at an old mattress on the sodden floor, Rachel catches this, turns to Junior --

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
OK -- I want to go.

Junior follows as she starts for the exit -- Kopus lets the lighter go out and the mine entrance goes practically black --

We don't know what's happening -- Rachel screams -- Kopus and Mike laughing -- then after a moment Kopus lights the lighter.

Junior stands there horrified, adrenaline flooding, ready to fight -- Rachel looks stunned -- Kopus and Mike standing with their hands in the air --

KOPUS

Sorry, lighter crapped out --

Junior looks at Rachel --

RACHEL

Sorry, I just got scared --

Junior sees Kopus and Mike suppressing laughter now. They start out of the cave --

JUNIOR

Cut the shit, I know what you're doing -- don't do it with me.

Kopus and Mike look highly amused by Junior's mounting anger.

**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - DAY**

Harold pulls into his driveway, puts it in park --

**EXT. THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold comes out the back door of the house. He stands there for a moment watching...

Harold's POV -- he's watching Jean, who's across the backyard raking leaves. She seems to be in deep concentration...

Harold starts walking towards her now. She doesn't seem to hear him coming despite the crunchy leaf strewn lawn...

HAROLD

Jean.

She turns to face him, holding the rake --

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I went to your work...

She shakes her head, her expression off.

JEAN JENSEN

I just needed to come home.

HAROLD  
Is it this thing with Rachel?

Jean drops the rake -- gives Harold an almost contemptible look -- her expression odd.

JEAN JENSEN  
She's doing what I did -- it's all the same. I just want it to stop.

Her face, crumbling, she starts sobbing, misery pulsing in her eyes.

HAROLD  
Jesus, Jean, I can't figure out what's happening with you two.

He goes to her, starts to put his arms around her -- she shrugs him off -- turns, walks to the house. Harold watches her disappear through the back door. He looks down at the ground where she was raking, she's been gouging out the grass, clawing it --

Harold's cell phone rings -- for a moment he doesn't answer it, looks out at those mountains in the distance...finally he picks up --

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Yeah...  
(listens...his face drops)  
I'll be right there --

**INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Laid out on a table with a myriad of random items recovered from the woods is a twenty year old backpack -- its contents bagged individually. An unlabeled cassette tape, some little squares of tin foil and a Suffern High Track jacket with the name BRIAN stitched on the arm. Angle widens to reveal Harold and Captain Warren staring down at it. The Captain sipping from his trusty Jersey Devil's thermos...

CAPTAIN WARREN  
It's Jean's brother's?

Harold nods...

CAPTAIN WARREN (CONT'D)  
Couple detectives from the NYPD saw it already. Told'em they're old items -- nothing to do with the case.

HAROLD  
This is gonna upset Jean...

The Captain clocks the stress in Harold's eyes.

CAPTAIN WARREN  
Lot of eyes on us right now. But before long -- you know as well as I do this boy's gonna turn up on spring break somewhere. Don't need to figure this out now. I got your back, kid.

The Captain walks off. Harold picks up the old cassette tape and looks at it...something about it looks to be racking his mind....

He sets it down, frozen -- can't take his eyes off it...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A ringing phone as Jean picks it up. She's repairing the lamp she broke...

JEAN JENSEN  
Hello?  
(listens)  
Yes.

Jean takes a breath, looks a little thrown...

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)  
Rachel wasn't in school today?

**EXT. KOPUS' TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Junior and Rachel, laughing, lying on their backs in the flatbed of Kopus' truck as he speeds up a mountain road. They're passing the bottle of vodka back and forth, staring up at the spindly branches blurring overhead.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harold walks into the house, sees Jean sitting on the couch, gluing the broken lamp back together.

HAROLD  
How you doing?

She gives him a smile, it seems fake though...

JEAN JENSEN  
I'm OK.

HAROLD  
Rachel called me, she's going to  
the movies with Laura.

She nods absently. Goes back to work on the lamp...

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Fixed the lamp, huh.

She doesn't answer, applying glue with grim concentration...

He starts to say something, then doesn't. She's silent,  
acting like he's not there. After a moment he walks out...

**INT. STAIRS - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold walks up the stairs, leaves behind red footprints, has  
some of that paint sludge on the soles of his boots.

**INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Harold walks into his room, shuts the door quietly, exhales.  
He takes off his gun belt, hangs it on the door knob --  
exhausted...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PAINTING ON HAROLD'S WALL...THE FLASHING LIGHT OF THE TV.

Harold wakes up -- looking at that painting, he looks like he  
might have had a nightmare, or maybe he's just not feeling  
well, he gets up, on his way to the door when he notices  
something that jolts him --

His holster hanging on the door knob...

It's empty -- his gun is gone.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The empty room -- the sound of Harold rushing through the  
house --

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Jean? JEAN!?

Harold runs into the room, frenzied -- sees the tv is on but no one's watching it, its light strobing the couch, pictures on the wall -- he rushes to the window, looks out...

Jean's SUV is gone from the driveway...

**INT. RACHEL AND KATE'S ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kate has headphones on, doing homework on her laptop -- the sound of Harold bounding up the stairs, he opens her door, out of breath. She takes the headphones off -- jolted by his panicked expression --

HAROLD  
Did your mother tell you where she  
was going?

Kate shakes her head.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Is Rachel back from the movies?

KATE  
The movies?

HAROLD  
She said she was going to the  
movies with Laura.

Kate looks at her father, conflicted, then --

KATE  
She's with Junior. Probably at the  
old Ford plant.

Harold is coming apart at the seams --

HAROLD  
And you don't know where your  
mother is?

Kate shakes her head. Harold dials JEAN. Kate watches him pacing -- hears something coming from downstairs -- a sound --

KATE  
Dad --

He shooes her away, listening intently to the ring tones -- then he hears it too -- Jean's phone ringing downstairs --

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jean's ringing phone sits on the couch. Harold stares down at it, dread in his eyes...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. JEAN'S SUV - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Jean is driving up the main mountain road -- a semi-truck blasts by her. She's staring out at the road with this strained, concentrated gaze...

She hits a bump -- *Harold's pistol jumps a little -- it's sitting there on the passenger seat...*

**EXT. JEAN'S SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

Her SUV is running hard over holes and crumbled stretches of concrete -- nothing but forest all around --

**EXT. LAKE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DUSK**

The lake as Kopus yells across its surface, echoing out --

KOPUS  
I am the night tripper!

Angle widens, Rachel and Junior watching as Kopus and Mike head for the water -- talking out of their earshot --

MIKE  
Been coming back every day since I put him in here -- make sure he don't wash up. He's gone.

Kopus doesn't answer, looking out at the hauntingly still water...meditating on it. He looks at Mike, gives him a strange smile, starts getting undressed.

KOPUS  
I see him you're in trouble.

Mike breathes out and starts stripping down -- disturbed.

Junior turns to Rachel.

JUNIOR  
I ain't going in there. Cold out here. Not freezing my ass off.

Rachel thinks for a moment, seems more amused the more she watches Kopus and Mike splashing around laughing. She strips down to her underwear -- wades out -- takes a breath and dives under --

Rachel's POV under the dark water...undulating shadows. She bursts to the surface, laughing, shivering, sees Junior wading out to her. She turns, spots Mike swimming underwater towards her... He bursts up, lifts her by the waist --

MIKE  
Gotcha --

She keeps her game face on, doesn't show any fear.

RACHEL  
Yeah, that's great, put me down now, asshole.

He dunks her, lifts her back up, she's coughing water. Junior moves in, angry --

JUNIOR  
Put her down, NOW.

Kopus sort of hangs back, curiously watching this play out. Mike drops Rachel, then pushes Junior. Junior punches Mike in the side of the head -- they start going at it --

Mike manages to get the upper hand, holds Junior under the water, Rachel beating on him trying to get him to stop --

RACHEL  
Stop! Let him up! Let him up!

Mike does no such thing, his muscles popping as he struggles to keep Junior under -- Rachel starts beating on Mike --

KOPUS  
Alright, let him up.

Mike lets Junior up, then angrily shoves Rachel. Junior is looking around, not sure what's what, gasping, coughing up water -- Rachel goes to him, helps him stand --

Rachel recoils as Kopus walks up on them -- she gets a good look at his torso for the first time, he's got a big old dog bite scar on his side, real ugly, reminiscent of a shark attack victim. He catches her looking, smiles -- then gives Mike a hard smack across the face --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
He's sorry.

Mike is stunned, face smarting. Kopus gives him a smile as he puts his arm around Junior -- starts laughing --

**EXT. BOTTOM OF THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Moving through the murky water, away from the muffled sounds of Kopus laughing -- we come up on Denis Bradley's bloated corpse, his jeans stuffed with rocks, tied at the ankles -- his unweighted torso upright, arms waving above his head...

**INT. KITCHEN - MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

Marie cuts a chicken on a cutting board, Paige is watching TV in the next room -- then SMASH -- outside -- an engine throttling, the SQUEALING OF METAL. Marie rushes to the window, sees Jean just rear ended her car with her SUV --

MARIE

Jesus Christ, what the hell --

Paige comes running to the window --

PAIGE

What was that?!

They see Jean getting out of her SUV -- but the darkness and the cuff of Jean's coat obscure the gun in her hand. Marie grabs her cell phone, dials...

MARIE

Mac -- someone's in my driveway!

**EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Jean walks from her still idling SUV gun in hand, stops, faces off with the house...

She walks to the front door, starts beating on it with the gun handle --

JEAN JENSEN

Rachel! Rachel, come out! RACHEL!

**INT. FRONT DOOR - MARIE'S HOUSE - MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Marie, still has Mac on the line -- Paige looks scared out of her mind. Marie realizing who this person is...

MARIE

(into the phone)

Rachel's mother -- I think it's  
Jean Rogers. Just get over here --  
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
(yelling through door to  
Jean)  
Rachel's not here!

No answer. Marie and Paige stand there frozen, listening to Jean muttering to herself on the other side, scratching the gun barrel against the door... Then silence.

Marie goes to the window, sees Jean backing out of the driveway --

**INT. ABANDONED FORD PLANT - NIGHT**

Someone is blasting heavy metal in the giant hanger-like portion of the factory. Harold emerges from another room, sees five teenage Ramapo boys standing around a boom box, drinking beer -- they scramble to put their beers down --

HAROLD  
Don't you run --

They run anyway -- split into two groups -- Harold runs after them, grabs one by the back of his shirt --

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Stop --

Harold turns the kid around --

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for Rachel Jensen.  
She hangs out with Junior Van Der  
Veen -- you know him?

The boy shakes his head, mouth shut tight, eyes trying to get a read on this guy with the harried face, the stressed voice.

**INT. JEAN'S SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

Jean drives -- blasting over the chewed up road, bouncing in her seat -- looks like she's in shock. Angle widens -- the passenger seat -- the gun's not there...

She keeps taking turns, tree branches smacking her windshield. She's on a straightaway now, getting darker -- ends up in a cul-de-sac --

JEAN JENSEN  
No -- come on God damn it -- let me  
out, let me out --

She turns the SUV around, it gets stuck, she stomps on the gas until the wheels free and shoot her back into the road --

After a moment lights start coming up behind her. She checks the rearview -- three ATV'S weaving, trying to pass her --

Jean freaks -- speeds up -- the scenery outside blurring into confusion, faster and faster. She takes a hard turn to get away from them, she's alone on the road now, accelerating --

A shape darts out in front of her, she doesn't react in time, THA-THUMP --

She stops the SUV. Her eyes go wide, blasted with horror -- the engine starting to rev down, a quiet coming on as she turns slowly in her seat...peers back at the road...

There's something about twenty feet back, a black lump, too dark to tell what it is.

She considers, losing her breath... Then she gently lays on the gas, starts driving away...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Harold drives up to his house, sees Jean's SUV in the driveway, she's standing there spraying down the grill with the garden hose...

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harold jumps out of his truck --

HAROLD  
Jean, my gun's missing --

She doesn't look at him, keeps spraying the grill down. He rushes up, grabs her.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Jean!? Did you hear me!? My god  
dam gun's missing --

JEAN JENSEN  
Get off me! Don't!

She pulls away from him, drops the hose. The two of them go silent for a moment...water gurgling over the driveway, the porch light barely illuminating them...

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)  
An animal ran in front of me.

Harold looks over at the bumper...

HAROLD  
An animal?

A big ugly indentation in the chrome, specks of red, his own shadowy reflection.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
What do you mean an animal?

Harold touches the indentation in the bumper -- his face, like he can almost feel this transference of energy coming off it...

JEAN JENSEN  
My mother said he was going home,  
that Jesus was rocking him in his  
arms...

Harold stares at her, she's wearing this broken expression --

HAROLD  
What are you talking about?

She looks down at the water pooling over the driveway...

JEAN JENSEN  
Rachel's not coming back.

HAROLD  
Do you know where she is? Jean?

JEAN JENSEN  
(screaming)  
I told you -- why didn't you do  
something!? I told you and I told  
you!

Harold grabs her, starts dragging her back to the house  
screaming --

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)  
You let her get away from us -- she  
could be dead! She could be dead,  
Harold!

Harold sees some neighbors taking notice, faces peeking  
between curtains -- he forces Jean through the front door --

**EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - MOMENTS LATER**

Rachel and Junior walk up on Kopus and Mike who are standing  
on a bluff, looking out at something. Rachel's face lights  
up. You can see the Manhattan skyline beyond the mountains.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kate's POV as she walks slowly into the living room, sees  
Harold sitting her mother down on the couch, trying to calm  
her down. Harold notices Kate standing there --

KATE  
She just sent me this --

Kate holds up her cell phone. Harold grabs it from her --  
sees the photograph Rachel just texted Kate -- the view of  
the Manhattan skyline: Jealous?

**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Harold drives hard and fast -- taking the same winding forest road Jean did. He sees lights ahead -- the scene of the hit and run -- ambulance is gone, a few Ramapos standing around by the side of the road, roadside flares still sparking --

Harold slows his truck, rolls down the window...

HAROLD  
What happened?

The Ramapos regard Harold suspiciously, don't answer for a moment, then:

RAMAPO MAN  
Kid got hit by a car.

Harold's face goes hard, manages a nod, the man turns away, Harold looks as if he could hyperventilate, starts driving, heading further up the mountain...

**EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - NIGHT**

Harold's truck pulls up, he gets out, rushes up to the ledge where Rachel took the picture... They're long gone.

Harold looks out at the faraway city...

**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - PARKED - NIGHT**

Harold, stopped on a forest road, leaning out, talking to a Ramapo man who's pointing up the way, begrudgingly giving him directions...

**EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

Harold knocks on the door. Marie opens up --

HAROLD  
Good evening, this Junior's house?

Marie regards him as if he were the devil himself --

MARIE  
What do you want?

HAROLD  
I need your help -- looking for my daughter.

MARIE

Your wife was here already, officer. Acting crazy, making threats. You people are always talking about how dangerous it is up here -- you're the damn psychos.

HAROLD

Is your son here?

Marie starts trying to close the door, Harold puts his foot in it --

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna talk to your son.

MARIE

He's not here. You need to go --

Marie starts trying to push Harold out of the doorway -- Harold grabs her, cuffs her and starts dragging her to his truck -- Paige and two other Ramapo women come running out of the house, screaming at him --

PAIGE

You can't do this! She didn't do nothing!

**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Harold gets Marie in the passenger side of the truck, slams the door. She sits there, watches him walk around to the driver side while Paige screams at him -- he gets in -- starts backing out of the driveway --

MARIE

Just what in the hell do you think you're arresting me for?

Harold doesn't answer, drives for a bit...then pulls over...

Marie looks at him, he looks utterly lost, staring out the windshield... Her expression softens a little, a sucker for the beaten down...

MARIE (CONT'D)

Take these handcuffs off me, please.

Harold breathes out, after a moment he leans over and uncuffs Marie.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
There's one place we can look.  
If she's not there, I can't help  
you.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

The now empty vodka bottle on a crate. Rachel lies passed out on the couch, Junior sitting on one side, Mike on the other, watching TV -- THEY HEAR SOMEONE BEATING ON THE DOOR --

MIKE  
Shit --

THE SOUND OF THE DOOR BEING KICKED IN. Mike springs up as Harold storms into the living room, sees Rachel -- looks like he's about to explode -- picks her up off the couch as Marie moves in behind him --

HAROLD  
Don't you ever go near her again --  
I'll kill you. I'll kill you, you  
understand?

Harold carries Rachel out -- noticing the garbage bags, the cleaning supplies --

**INT. BEDROOM - MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Kopus watches out the window as Harold carries Rachel to his truck...something's becoming clear to him he can't believe.

**INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

Rachel slumped over in the passenger seat, starting to wake up. She looks over at her father, driving, utterly broken...

HAROLD  
You can't do this to your mother  
anymore.

The way he says it stops her, she senses something is very wrong -- looks at him guiltily...

RACHEL  
I didn't mean to mess her up.

Harold shakes his head, guilt creasing his face...

HAROLD  
You didn't mess her up.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

Kopus' truck is idling in the driveway, he's dropping Marie and Junior off -- gets out of his truck and inspects the damage to Marie's car --

KOPUS

She did a number on it...

Then he sees something on the ground. His eyes light up...

**INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's the middle of the night now. Harold looks in -- Rachel is passed out on her bed, Kate sleeping. Harold moves inside, pulls the covers over Rachel. He walks from the room, down the hall. He peers inside at Jean, lying in the darkness, facing away from him -- hard to tell if she's asleep or if she's just laying still...

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harold sits on the driveway in front of Jean's SUV, staring at that dented bumper, anxiety coursing through him...

His phone rings -- almost gives him a heart attack. He doesn't recognize the number, picks up --

HAROLD

Hello?

KOPUS

This Harold Jensen?

HAROLD

Yeah. Who's asking?

KOPUS

This is Phillip Kopus. Not sure if you remember me, we went to high school --

HAROLD

I remember you.

Harold is seething...

KOPUS

I know what happened tonight with Jean. You know where the old goat farm is, right off the main road? Be there in an hour.

Kopus hangs up. Harold considers, can't believe this -- is he fucking dreaming or is this really his life. He goes to his truck, about to get in, instinctively fingering his holster -- empty -- he forgot about his missing sidearm...

**INT. GARAGE - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold walks into the garage, there's a hunting rifle on the wall, he grabs it down --

**EXT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold's truck pulls up by the stone ruins of some old structure... He gets out, leaves the hunting rifle in the truck. There's a broken down wooden fence...looks a little like the one in the little painting hanging in his room.

Harold hears a motor -- looks over and sees a light -- Kopus riding up on an ATV...

Kopus gets off, walks up on Harold, the two of them sizing each other up.

KOPUS  
Been a long time.

HAROLD  
Yeah.

KOPUS  
Somebody hit a kid with their car,  
just took off afterwards.

Harold just stares...

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
Couple kids saw it happen -- said  
it was a white lady in an SUV.  
(beat)  
Heard Jean was up here around the  
same time... My mom said she  
seemed a little drunk.

HAROLD  
She was upset, looking for our  
daughter.

KOPUS  
You know I had a lot of respect for  
you back in high school. Watched  
you play ball a couple times. You  
were gonna go to Notre Dame, right?

Harold struggles to control himself, rage bubbling up behind his eyes...

KOPUS (CONT'D)

I know you know what happened with me and Jean back then. I liked her brother -- knew him better than you did. Messed me up when people tried to blame me for what happened. Forced me out of my own state.

HAROLD

Don't think anybody forced you. But I guess running is the thing to do when you're *innocent*.

Kopus almost starts to laugh --

KOPUS

When you're a Jackson White it is.

Harold just stares.

HAROLD

I get the feeling looking at you, that you done some time since you left here. You're not talking to a guy you crossed paths with in high school. You're an ex-con talking to a police officer. And I'm not really clear on why you called me out here? Maybe you're looking to get sent back up?

KOPUS

Listen, I know Jean --

Harold shakes his head, almost laughs --

HAROLD

No, you don't --

KOPUS

Know she would never hit a kid and then just leave him to die in the road. Just saying -- believe it or not -- you got an ally in me. And you're gonna need one -- 'cause people up here are pretty damn fed up -- they're gonna dump a hundred years of bad shit back on your wife, nail her to the cross.

(MORE)

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
I could make sure any witnesses  
give the right kind of statements  
in the morning -- make sure this  
doesn't turn into something.

Harold looks a little dubious. He gives Kopus a look, then heads back for his truck, opens the door --

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
Oh, wait, almost forgot --

Harold turns around... Kopus hands Harold his sidearm.

Harold takes it, dumbfounded.

KOPUS (CONT'D)  
You're gonna need that.

Kopus gives him a little salute and a wink, starts walking back to his ATV...

Harold watches him, his face quivering with rage as Kopus swings his leg over the ATV and kick starts the engine --

Harold pops the clip out of his gun, checks it, slams it back in -- racks the gun. Holds it at his side, ready...

Kopus looks over, holds Harold's stare for a moment... Something formidable in the deputy's eyes, a strength that seems to catch Kopus just a little off guard...

After a moment Kopus hits the throttle, goes tearing off down some hidden trail...

Harold stands there, still gripping his gun as the sound of the ATV's engine fades to quiet. The rustling trees seem to whisper in the wind, while a thousand thoughts storm behind his weary eyes...

FADE TO BLACK.