

REPENTANCE

Written by

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EXT. BEACH - MORNING

This is not the ocean, instead it's a great lake. The surrounding landscape is wooded and today is the day after a major storm.

The sky is blue but leaves, branches, and other debris are everywhere. There is also the eroded remains of land slides from inside the woods. In short, it's a mess.

A LABRADOR RETRIEVER runs along the beach without a leash. About twenty feet behind him a WOMAN (50s, winter coat) strolls along as she takes in the damage.

Something catches the Dog's attention and he tries to dig it out. His owner catches up and bend down to look. There is a human skull, half buried in the sand.

She stumbles back in shock.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The deserted beach is now a crime scene where a COUPLE DOZEN COPS comb the area for evidence. A FORENSIC TEAM examines the skull.

THREE LOCAL NEWS TEAMS (3 Anchors and 6 Crew) are on location as well. We focus on Channel 5 where the anchor is KRISTEN CHANG.

KRISTEN CHANG

And police have confirmed the discovery of one set of human remains while an initial search of the area revealed that there might be more.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

FRANK DALLOW (30, white, jacked) sits alone at a table watching the report.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PJ BOTTOMS - NIGHT

A Younger Frank walks out of a crowded college bar with ERIN (white, 20, pretty). They pass a group of FIVE PREPPY COLLEGE STUDENTS who are smoking.

One of them, JORDAN (white, 21, muscular) WHISTLES at Erin. She glances back but her and Frank ignore them.

Jordan, motions to his friends and they follow the young couple.

RETURN TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kristen Chang wears different clothes as she reports. Her winter clothes are more heavy duty this time.

KRISTEN CHANG

And yesterday the governor announced that there were a total of eleven bodies found in this area. They're still working on trying to identify who these people were but detectives are telling us that it might be the work of one killer.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

Frank sits alone and watches the report with his full attention devoted to it.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Frank and Erin walk, both aware that they are being followed. There are shops and multi-story buildings on both sides of the street with sky scrapers in the distance. But the street is deserted of people since it's late at night.

Jordan, stumbles a little as he walks because he is drunk. He picks up a discarded glass beer bottle from a trash can and throws it at Frank. It misses him and hits Erin.

Frank grabs her. He tries to run with her but Jordan and his group catch up to them.

JORDAN

Where you taking such a sweet piece like this, white trash?

Jordan and his group circle Frank. Frank positions himself between Erin and the men.

RETURN TO:

INT. FRANK'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Frank lays on his bunk and looks at the wall above his desk. Taped to it is a photo booth strip of photos of a younger Frank with Erin. They look happy together.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Jordan and his crew descend on Frank. Frank takes a few blows and keeps swinging. He hits one of them directly in the face and the guy falls down.

FOUR YOUNG GUYS turn the corner. Frank keeps swinging, but he is overwhelmed with the punches from the men outnumbering him.

YOUNG GUY 1

Hey, that's Frank.

They run over to the fight in progress. Jordan's crew sees them running over and they take off.

Jordan sees them coming. He turned to the dazed and bruised Frank. He looks at a terrified Erin and smirks.

Jordan winds his fist back and swings for what will be a brutal punch.

Erin pushes Jordan.

Jordan loses his balance and falls.

He hits his head on a city flower planter and it makes a SICKENING CRACK.

Frank looks at him as he hits the ground, not fully comprehending what has happened.

Jordan lays on the sidewalk with his eyes wide open, staring into emptiness. The Four Young Guys arrive and look on in horror.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

Frank watches Kristen Chang on the TV. She is alone at the beach and it's now springtime.

KRISTEN CHANG

Thanks, Tucker. As you can see, the area behind me now seems pristine and peaceful but just six months ago it was revealed to be the dumping ground of a serial killer or possibly killers. While the case has been slow the police assure me that they have been working tirelessly and have identified three of the victims.

Frank leans forward with interest.

KRISTEN CHANG (CONT'D)

All three are believed to have been sex workers. Twenty-four year old Andrea Day disappeared in July of 2016.

Andrea Day's photo appears on the screen. She smiles while holding a TODDLER.

KRISTEN CHANG (CONT'D)

Twenty-eight-year-old Erin McCarthy disappeared in August 2017.

Erin's photo appears on the screen. She sits at a kitchen table and smiles next to her mother her mother.

Frank's eyes go wide and he instantly throws up on the floor.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

There are three police cars and an ambulance on the scene. Where Jordan was laying is now a chalk outline.

The Four Preppy College Students talk to POLICE OFFICERS while The Four Young Guys and Erin stand off to the side.

They watch as a handcuffed Frank is placed into the back of a police car.

INT. FRANK'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Frank lays on his bed and holds the photo strip of him with Erin. She is the same Erin that was mentioned on the news.

FLASHBACK TO:

MONTAGE:

1. Young Frank watches Young Erin walk down the school hallway.
2. The Two Teens watch a movie in a theater and hold hands.
3. The Teenage Couple stand under a crumbling railroad bridge and kiss.
4. They walk through the bust downtown section of town.
5. They lay in bed together with their clothes off.
6. Frank sits at the defense table in a court room. He glances back and sees Erin sitting in the audience.

RETURN TO:

INT. FRANK'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

It would be nice if Frank could cry to let out his grief but prison is not the place to do it.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kristen Chang is back in her winter clothes for a windy fall day.

KRISTEN CHANG

Today marks the one year anniversary since the discovery of eleven bodies was made in the aftermath of Superstorm Helen. The police are urging the public to come forward with any tips they could offer. We also now have sketches of the unidentified victims.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

Frank sits there and watches the report. There is a silent rage on his face.

FADE TO:

EXT. CLINTON STATE PRISON - DAY

This imposing and very old fortress is located in the middle of nowhere. The only sign of civilization near it are corn fields that are not ready for harvest and a two-lane road.

Frank walks out of the entrance. He wears a suit that barely fits because he has become very muscular during his sentence. He takes a moment to enjoy the early summer air.

TITLE: Six Years Later

An old, beat up Honda Civic pulls over and blocks the Woman from Frank's view for a few seconds. Frank turns to look at her again but she is gone. Frank shakes it off and turns his attention to the Honda.

Frank is happy to see this shitty car. An elderly man steps out of the vehicle. This is BIG JOHN DALLOW (70, overweight, was once a force of nature but his muscles have turned into fat).

Frank and Big John hug.

BIG JOHN  
Welcome back.

FRANK  
Thanks, Dad.

From the car window of a parked car, we watch over someone's shoulder as the father and son walk away.

INT. BIG JOHN'S CAR - DAY

Frank sits in the passenger seat as Big John drives. The landscape around them is monotonous fields. Frank loves it.

BIG JOHN  
I never seen someone so happy to see corn.

FRANK  
Just imagine how I'll look when I see a woman in real life.

BIG JOHN  
Fifteen years since you've been  
laid, huh?

FRANK  
Something like that.

BIG JOHN  
Unless you count guys?

FRANK  
Nothing to count there.

BIG JOHN  
Relax, Franky. I'm just fucking  
around with you.

FRANK  
Yeah, I know.

Frank turns and looks back out the window.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
How much has changed?

BIG JOHN  
Your room looks the same. I used it  
for storage but I moved that shit  
out last week when I knew you were  
coming back.

FRANK  
And the neighborhood?

BIG JOHN  
Eh. A lot of Mexican or some other  
types of spics moved in. If it was  
rough before it's rougher now.

FRANK  
That's because Jimmy used to hold  
the line.

BIG JOHN  
Jimmy? God, I have thought about  
that Mick in years. Things used to  
be different then.

FRANK  
They ever catch the guys who shot  
him?

BIG JOHN

The cops choose to let some crimes remain unsolved. They say it was a home invasion when everyone knew it was an execution. But who am I to speculate?

FRANK

I guess.

BIG JOHN

Besides, he wasn't able to help you out when you had your jam.

FRANK

Jimmy was a big fish and he tried. Except I had a whale going against me.

BIG JOHN

More like a shark. And he doesn't seem like the forgiving type so let's just hope it's been so long that he forgot you.

FRANK

I wouldn't if that were my son.

BIG JOHN

If that was your son he would not have been such a dumb ass in the first place.

FRANK

Erin's family still live nearby?

BIG JOHN

Just her mom. Her other kids, Debbie and Jason, both passed away not too recently.

FRANK

How?

BIG JOHN

That fucking fentanyl is in everything these days. I'm pretty sure her mom is on drugs too. Can't blame the woman when three of her kids are in the ground.

Frank processes this.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)

That woman ought to go to the casino because from what I hear, anything you buy these days is a probably laced and it's basically Russian roulette.

FRANK

What about Amanda?

Big John tries to think but he is drawing a blank.

BIG JOHN

I don't know. Hope she's well.

EXT. EAST SIDE - DAY

1920s era houses line the streets. In the distance, we see the sky scrapers of the downtown section. This is a midwestern city that has sprawled out greatly from its early 19th century origins.

You can tell immediately that this used to be a nice area with 'used to' being key. Now it looks rough, somewhere you don't want to walk through at night, let alone live.

Big John's car drives through as Frank looks out the window. He expected this but is still somewhat shocked.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Big John's car pulls into the driveway and stops.

They get out of the car and walk to the side door. Frank has nothing except the clothes on his back.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

They enter the kitchen from the side door. The table and chairs are plastic and while they're not filthy, they could use a good cleaning.

A large German Shepard runs into the kitchen and Big John pets it. This is BOWSER. Bowser sees Frank and starts to growl.

Big John grabs the dog and pets it hard.

BIG JOHN

(to Bowser)

No.

Bowser turns to Big John and stops.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)

No.

The dog calms down and runs away.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)

That was Bowser.

FRANK

How long have you had him for?

BIG JOHN

Three years. He's more reliable than an alarm system.

FRANK

Is he mean?

BIG JOHN

He's a trained guard dog but he's disciplined. He'll warm up to you after a couple days.

FRANK

Hope so.

Big John opens the fridge and takes out two beers. He offers one to Frank.

Frank declines.

BIG JOHN

Come on. I waited fifteen years for this moment.

Frank relents and takes the beer. They both twist the tops off and cheers.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)

It's good to have you back.

Frank looks around the old place. The longer you look, the more you realize how much Big John hates cleaning.

FRANK

Good to be back.

BIG JOHN

Let me show you your old room.

Big John Leads Frank down the hallway and opens a door.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter Frank's old bedroom. The walls are bare. There is a small twin sized bed and a desk with a plastic Verizon bag on top.

BIG JOHN

We were using it for storage before mom passed. I cleaned it out a couple of weeks ago. Some of your old stuff is still in the closet.

Big John opens the closet door and pulls out a shoe box. He hands it to Frank.

Frank opens it. There are a few photos inside of Frank when he was younger. There's also a signed baseball, some baseball cards, and a few comic books in bags with boards.

FRANK

I haven't thought about this stuff in a while.

He puts the box on the bed and looks through the photos. There are a lot of Frank with other people drinking. Big John is in one drinking as well.

Frank sees a photo of him and Erin together with his arm around her. They look like teens. He pauses and looks at it nostalgically.

Big John notices the change in Frank and tries to change the subject.

BIG JOHN

I got you something.

He picks up the Verizon bag and offers it to Frank. Frank puts the photos down and takes the bag.

FRANK

An iPhone?

BIG JOHN

It's already set up with unlimited data and talk.

Frank takes the phone out of the box.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)

You remember those, huh?

FRANK

I do. Thank you.

They hug. Frank offers his beer back to Big John.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You take it.

Big John doesn't protest.

BIG JOHN

You're going dry on me?

FRANK

I got something I want to do today.  
Been thinking about it for years.

BIG JOHN

Where do you think you're going to  
go? This place isn't the same-

FRANK

I want to see Erin.

Big John becomes serious for the first time. He's concerned.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She's buried about three miles away  
at Pine Ridge.

Big John doesn't say anything at first. Frank waits for a  
reaction. Any reaction.

BIG JOHN

You know what she was doing after  
you broke off the engagement?

FRANK

I followed the news.

BIG JOHN

And you're still hung up on her?

FRANK

Even if I am, there's no point. But  
I need to tell her goodbye.

BIG JOHN

You need to?

FRANK

I need to. Not want. Need to.

Big John offers Frank his car keys.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thanks but my license is expired  
and I don't want to go back in on  
the day I got out.

BIG JOHN

I can drive you.

FRANK

I appreciate it, Dad, but I want to  
do this alone.

Big John nods. Frank moves to the door.

BIG JOHN

Just be careful out there.

FRANK

I don't have any cash so anyone who  
tries something is just going to be  
disappointed.

Frank nods back to him and leaves.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks out of the house and turns down the street. We  
are looking over the shoulder of SOMEONE watching him but we  
can't make out their features.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

Frank walks down a paved path. He is among rows and rows of  
tombstones without another soul in sight. In the background  
we can see the full skyline of the city, making this green  
space a sanctuary from the concrete jungle.

In Frank's hand he holds a small scrap of paper with the  
words IG-29 written on it.

He checks each row he passes. He arrives at row IG and leaves  
the path. He checks each grave as he walks past it.

He arrives at a small block of concrete with the name Erin  
McCarthy written on it. January 15, 1989- August 10, 2017.

Frank processes her grave. He has known about her sad fate  
for years but now the tombstone gives it a sense that her  
untimely death was very real.

Frank's eyes get watery. He can finally mourn her without appearing weak to a bunch of violent felons that look for any chance to put you down.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLINTON STATE PRISON VISITING AREA - DAY

Erin sits behind a large piece of glass. She looks stressed. A door opens on the other side and a ten years younger Frank is led to the opposite side of the glass by a guard.

Frank picks up the phone next to him and Erin does the same. She places her hand on the glass to get as close as she can to physically touch him. He doesn't move.

FRANK

I told you not to come anymore.

ERIN

I couldn't do that.

Frank sighs.

FRANK

It's what is going to be best for you, Erin. The state supreme court denied a hearing. My appeals are exhausted.

ERIN

And in three years you're going to be eligible for parole.

FRANK

They're not going to let me out. And I still got another decade on this sentence. When that's over, they'll find something else to charge me with to keep me in.

ERIN

You don't know that!

FRANK

It's the only thing I'm sure of.

He looks away from her as he searches for the right words to express himself.

ERIN

I wish I never pushed him that night. Then you wouldn't be here.

FRANK

Maybe then I would have been the one to hit that planter. You saved my life.

ERIN

And you took the fall for me.

FRANK

No one should have been in trouble for that. It was an accident and he started the trouble. But he was a rich asshole and well, neither of us are.

She puts her hand on the glass. He does the same.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I wish none of this had happened but it did. I'm fucked but you still have your life ahead of you.

Tears fill Erin's eyes and she shakes her head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This will be best for you. Go make something of yourself. Do it for me.

She cries.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but I'm only holding you back.

He stands up and walks back to the door he came out of. The Guard opens it.

Frank wants to leave and end this but he can't help himself from stopping and takes on last look at the love of his life.

She looks back at him. His eyes get watery and he steps into the other room. The door shuts, leaving Erin alone.

RETURN TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Frank wipes away a tear as he stands over her tombstone.

FRANK

I wish things worked out better for both of us, babe.

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
They're about to get worse,  
pendejo.

Frank looks up and sees that he is surrounded by MIGUEL, JOSE, and RAMON (all hispanic and in their 20s. Jose is fat). Miguel holds a butterfly knife while Jose has a bat. Ramon has a length of chain.

Frank looks them over. They seem mean.

FRANK  
Things are getting so bad that you  
guys can't afford guns now?

MIGUEL  
Give me your wallet so I can buy  
one.

Frank chuckles to himself.

FRANK  
You see the date of death for this  
lady?

He points to Erin's grave.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's an estimate from when her cell  
phone last pinged a tower. She  
could have died days after the 10th  
for all I know.

MIGUEL  
So?

FRANK  
So I guess what I'm trying to get  
at is this is supposed to be  
hallowed ground and here you are  
doing your bullshit.

MIGUEL  
Yeah, well, the living got to eat.

FRANK  
(referring to Jose)  
I think he has had more than  
enough.

Jose doesn't appreciate his joke. He SWINGS the bat at Frank. Frank ducks it. Miguel and Ramon move in as well.

Frank DODGES an attack from the three of them at once. It's a little bit of a struggle. He avoids Miguel's SLASHES and barely gets away from Ramon's SWINGS. Jose's bat HITS him.

Frank CATCHES the bat the second time Jose swings it and rips it out of his hands. Frank is stronger than he looks and these thugs have bitten off more than they can chew. This only makes them more vicious.

Ramon's chain CATCHES the bat. Frank manages to get it free. Jose sneaks behind him and HOLDS Frank still. Frank STRUGGLES. Miguel moves in with his knife to stab him.

Frank breaks free. Miguel accidentally STABS Jose. He realizes his mistake and panics for a split second. Frank HITS him in the head with the bat and he falls down.

Ramon and Frank SWING at each other. Ramon gets hit in the head and falls as well.

Frank stands over the three men that tried to rob him. Jose screams. Frank checks on him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You'll be okay. That fat protected your organs.

Miguel and Ramon crawl on the ground. Frank points the bat at each would-be-mugger.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's complete the turning of the tables on your little robbery attempt. I want all of your wallets.

The three thugs look at each other, knowing they've been beat.

Frank looks at them with disgust.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This fucking city, huh?

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

About a DOZEN PEOPLE sit on chairs, waiting to be seen. It's busy in here and not for good reasons.

Frank enters and walks up to the STAFF SERGEANT at the desk.

STAFF SERGEANT

You need something?

FRANK  
I need to speak with Detective  
Edgar please

The Staff Sergeant eyes Frank and can see that he won't easily go away. He picks up the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - LATER

Frank sits in a chair and scrolls through his phone. He read about Erin and the case on the internet.

DETECTIVE EDGAR (50s, tired) enters the lobby and the Staff Sergeant points him to Frank.

EDGAR  
I'm Detective Edgar.

Frank looks up.

FRANK  
Frank Dallow.

He extends his hand and they shake.

EDGAR  
You wanted to talk to me about a  
case I'm working on?

FRANK  
Erin McCarthy.

EDGAR  
I'm sorry but you need to refresh  
my memory.

FRANK  
Harrison Beach serial killer.

Edgar bites his lip.

EDGAR  
That was mine but it's out of my  
hands now.

FRANK  
Who's in charge of it?

EDGAR  
Cold cases. We haven't had any new  
leads on it in about five years I'm  
sorry to say. Who was Erin to you?

FRANK  
(disappointed)  
My fiancée.

EDGAR  
This is news to me. Why don't we go somewhere and talk? Maybe something you say today can help.

FRANK  
It won't. I was in prison for the past fifteen years. Just got out today. We were engaged but after my last appeal fell apart I called it off, not wanting to tie her down.

Edgar nods. He's sympathetic but also busy and overworked.

EDGAR  
I'm sorry, Frank. I really am. None of those women deserved what happened to them.

FRANK  
Do you have any leads or suspects?

EDGAR  
It was a long list that we couldn't narrow down. I wish I could tell you more but the truth was that we didn't have much to work with.

Edgar takes out his business card.

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
But now that you're here. Maybe you can make a difference. Talk to people that knew her and see if any new information comes up. And if it does then call me.

Frank takes the business card and nods. Edgar disappears back into the chaotic station.

INT. POLICE STATION 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Frank steps off an elevator onto a dark floor. There is a gate with a desk. A UNIFORM COP (tall, fat) sits while he eats doughnuts and watches his phone.

Frank walks up to him.

FRANK  
Is this the cold case department?

UNIFORM COP  
(annoyed)  
Yeah.

FRANK  
Do any detectives actually work here?

UNIFORM COP  
There are two guys that come in for day shift. What do you need?

FRANK  
I'd like to see the case file for the Harrison Beach Serial killer.

The Uniform Cop looks up at him suspiciously.

UNIFORM COP  
I just need your badge so I can put in who is requesting it.

FRANK  
I don't have it with me.

UNIFORM COP  
Badge number?

FRANK  
I'll come back later when the detectives are here.

UNIFORM COP  
You know, these files are for the police only. And impersonating an officer is a crime.

Frank walks away.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? Not a real cop? Get an honest job, jerky.

Frank walks back to the elevator and pushes the button.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)  
(shaking his head)  
Fucking journalist piece of shit.

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

It's an upscale Irish bar whose clientele is cops. It's fairly crowded with a few patrons still in uniform.

Frank enters and almost no one pays him any mind at first. But as he walks to the bar, he does get some looks. Is it because they can smell the prison on him or is it because he's just a new face that they don't recognize? He can't tell but he tries not to let it bother him.

He gets to the bar and flags the BARTENDER (50S).

FRANK

Let me get a Sierra Nevada.

Frank takes out a ten dollar bill and looks around the room. He sees a familiar face. KENNY DONOVAN (40s, black, life of the party) is with TWO OTHER DETECTIVES telling a story. We can't hear his words but the Two Other Detectives seem captivated.

Frank gets his beer and leaves the money on the counter. He walks across the room towards Donovan.

Donovan's back is turned to Frank. The Two Other Detectives notice him first.

DONOVAN

So then I says to the guy-

Donovan feels that something is wrong. He turns around and sees Frank. Frank grins.

FRANK

Remember me?

The Other Two Detectives aren't sure if Frank is hostile or friendly.

Donovan breaks into a smile and hugs Frank.

DONOVAN

Look at this blast from the past.

Frank smiles and returns the hug.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

When did they let you out?

FRANK

This morning.

Donovan pulls Frank over to the Other Two Detectives.

DONOVAN  
This is my old friend, Frank  
Dallow.

They shake hands with Frank.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
Poor guy is the only person I know  
that went away to prison for  
something he didn't do.

DETECTIVE 1  
What was it?

DONOVAN  
You want to explain it to them?

FRANK  
You probably tell it better.

Donovan pats him on the back.

DONOVAN  
About fifteen ago, our local boy  
Frank took his girlfriend out to  
that college bar PJ Bottoms. You  
guys remember it?

DETECTIVE 1  
Jimmy Sullivan used to own it?

DONOVAN  
Yeah. So this student from  
downstate is there with his eye on  
his girl and him and his boys  
follow them out.

Frank's not entirely comfortable with this story being retold  
again but he lets Donovan speak.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
A fight break out and this main guy  
is wasted. He loses his balance,  
falls, and hits his head on a  
concrete planter. Died instantly.

The Other Two Detectives are taken back.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
They convicted Frank on  
manslaughter.

DETECTIVE 1

Bullshit. No one would prosecute that.

FRANK

The guy's father was Senator Byrd.

That suddenly makes perfect sense.

DONOVAN

And he was just a poor kid from the east side that couldn't afford a lawyer.

FRANK

I still am. Only difference now is that I'm older.

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - LATER

The crowd has thinned out. Frank and Donovan sit at the bar. There are a few empty glasses next to each of them.

DONOVAN

Things changed a lot after Jimmy died. He wasn't the same after you went away.

FRANK

I wasn't the same either.

DONOVAN

That neighborhood has only gotten worse. You need to get your father out of there. We left ten years ago to Tonawanda.

FRANK

I need to get the money first, but we'll see. He can be a real stubborn bastard.

Donovan waves to the Bartender for another round.

DONOVAN

This bar is a long way from the old neighborhood. I find it hard to believe you came here just to see me on the off chance.

FRANK

It was an after thought. I had some other business out here.

DONOVAN  
Mind if I ask?

FRANK  
I wanted to find out what happened  
to Erin.

Donovan closes his eyes. This is a painful emotional memory  
that he tried his best to bury.

DONOVAN  
What did you learn?

They get their beers.

FRANK  
Nothing because I don't have a  
badge. But maybe you could help.

Donovan considers this.

DONOVAN  
I was there at the scene when they  
were found. Combing it for  
evidence.

FRANK  
I saw you on the news in the  
background.

Donovan raises his glass.

DONOVAN  
For Erin.

FRANK  
For Erin.

They toast.

DONOVAN  
(to the Bartender)  
Let me settle the tab, Charlie.

INT. POLICE STATION 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Donovan steps off the elevator. He is followed by Frank.  
Donovan flashes his badge to the Uniform Cop. The Uniform Cop  
opens the door to let him in.

DONOVAN  
(regarding Frank)  
He's with me.

Frank and the Uniform cop exchange dirty looks with each other.

INT. OFFICE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank sits at a table with his phone. Donovan enters with a thick file.

DONOVAN

This is the hard copy on everything they found. The evidence is somewhere in storage.

FRANK

No computer files?

DONOVAN

Everything you see there is digitized.

He hands Frank the file.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Take your time with it, but not too long. I need to stick around and leave with you so Mongo out there doesn't throw a shit fit.

FRANK

I'm a fast reader.

DONOVAN

You want a coffee? There's a vending machine down the hall.

FRANK

Sure man.

DONOVAN

I need to wake up a little after all those beers if I'm driving home.

Donovan walks out of the room.

Frank opens the file. There is a lot of information to go through. Too much for one session.

Frank takes out his phone and snaps a photo. He moves on to the next page and does the same thing. He gets through a few pages but stops when he arrives at a photo of Erin's remains.

An excavated skeleton in the woods. Just bones were all that was left. Frank's face becomes angry.

He takes a photo.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A Lexus Sedan pulls up to the house. Frank gets out of the passenger side.

FRANK  
Thanks for everything.

DONOVAN  
Just stay safe. This neighborhood  
has turned into a fucking jungle.

He drives off.

We are gain looking over the shoulder of the mysterious person watching Frank. Frank walks up to the house and opens the side door.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank enters. Bowser runs over and stares at Frank. He doesn't growl but he blocks Frank's path.

Big John walks in and pets the dog.

BIG JOHN  
It's okay.

He taps him with his hand and Bowser runs away.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)  
I was getting worried about you.

FRANK  
Sorry. I ran into an old friend.  
You remember Donovan?

BIG JOHN  
The cop?

FRANK  
Yeah. He made detective now.

BIG JOHN  
Good for him. I got you a cheese  
steak and some fries. I already ate  
mine though.

INT. BIG JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Big John sit on the couch. Frank eats as they watch TV. Bowser is lays on the floor. The 11 o'clock news is on.

BIG JOHN  
Fucking city is going to shit all over.

FRANK  
Once I get some work we should look into moving.

BIG JOHN  
I don't want to move.

FRANK  
You think this neighborhood has turned into a shit hole.

BIG JOHN  
But if I leave then I need to learn a new area again. I'm too old for that.

Frank breaks off a piece of his cheese steak sandwich and offers it to Bowser. Bowser comes over and eats it.

BIG JOHN (CONT'D)  
Besides, a real man takes a stand and does the right thing instead of running away from evil.

Big John returns his attention to the TV. Frank thinks about what he just said.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank lays on the twin sized bed as he looks through his phone, unable to sleep.

He goes through the photos of the case file that he took, reading the details of the investigation.

We jump cut between happy memories of Frank and Erin's relationship juxtaposed against images from the case file.

1. Frank and Erin riding a ferris wheel together in the summer.
2. Frank plays a carnival game at the state fair and wins Erin a stuffed animal.

3. Frank and Erin cook together in the kitchen.

4. Frank and Erin cuddle together in his bed.

EXT. FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Frank walks away from his father's house.

Through the windshield of a parked car, we watch Frank as he heads down the street.

EXT. ERIN'S MOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank walks up to a small house that is in disrepair.

Frank tries the doorbell but it doesn't make a sound because it is broken. He KNOCKS on the door.

After a few seconds ERIN'S MOM (50s but looks older and missing some teeth) opens the door.

ERIN'S MOM

The fuck do you want?

FRANK

You don't remember me?

She looks at him and her demeanor drops when she recognizes him.

ERIN'S MOM

Frank Dallow? They finally let you out?

FRANK

How have you've been?

ERIN'S MOM

Shitty.

She steps out of the house and closes the door behind her to prevent him from looking in.

A Honda Accord pulls into the driveway. It makes Erin's Mom a little skittish. She gets close to Frank.

ERIN'S MOM (CONT'D)

I'm a little short on cash and was wondering if you can spot me? So I can get my water turned back on.

AMANDA (late 20s, white, dressed nicely) steps out of the Accord.

AMANDA  
We're not interested in whatever  
you're selling so leave before I  
call the cops.

Frank turns and looks at her.

Erin's Mom mutters "shit" under her breath. The fun police has arrived.

Amanda instantly recognizes him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Frank?

FRANK  
Hi Amanda.

AMANDA  
You've gotten old.

EXT. ERIN'S MOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Amanda stand near her car. Erin's Mom is not there.

AMANDA  
She started using after my sister  
disappeared.

FRANK  
Somehow things have gotten worse  
for everyone in these parts.

AMANDA  
Yeah, they have. A lot of people  
think that hope is dead.

FRANK  
You too?

Amanda shakes her head.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What happened to Erin before she  
disappeared?

AMANDA  
After you dumped her?

FRANK  
I'm not proud of that.

AMANDA  
She would have waited for you.

FRANK  
I wanted better for her.

AMANDA  
And that didn't work out.

FRANK  
No. It's my fault. I should have treated her better instead of pushing her away. But I didn't see myself ever getting out back then.

Amanda takes out her cigarettes and offers one to Frank. He accepts it. She lights them up.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I got fucked over and figured that they would make up some shit that I did in there to keep me longer.

AMANDA  
But they eventually forgot about you.

FRANK  
I hope they did.

AMANDA  
They forgot about Erin too.

FRANK  
I haven't. So tell me about her.

AMANDA  
A few months after you guys were done she moved out to the East Side on Ferry Street.

FRANK  
That seems like a step down from here.

AMANDA  
At least it's mostly white. Even if they're all trash.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I knew she was up to something because she couldn't find work but she suddenly had money. Especially on Christmas when she bought me an iPhone.

Amanda smiles a little at the happy memory before grim reality comes back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I think she still had hope for you then though, until your parole was denied. After that something in her seemed off too.

Amanda takes a long drag.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

We had plans on that Saturday to go to Brunch but she stopped answering her phone and after a day it just always went to voicemail. And that was it. She was gone.

Frank shakes his head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You did what you thought was best for her, Frank. Don't blame yourself. You guys just had lousy luck.

Frank doesn't respond.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I need to go check on my Mom. You take care of yourself.

FRANK

You too.

She stomps out her cigarette and walks up to the house. Frank watches her go in.

EXT. FERRY STREET - NIGHT

This neighborhood was built in the late 1800s and it doesn't seem like any redevelopment has happened since then. Like most of the city, this place also lies in the shadows of the downtown skyscrapers, closer to them than Big John's house.

Buildings are abandoned and decrepit with the only businesses being liquor stores and marijuana dispensaries. This place is full of people and they are all white trash.

Frank stands in the doorway of a boarded up building as he watches the lawlessness while seeming invisible to it.

On the street corner, TWO MEN (20s and heavily tattooed) sell drugs out in the open without a care that they are in public.

INT. BILLIARDS - NIGHT

This place looks old and outdated, like its peak was the 1970s but it has still somehow managed to stay open. Frank plays nine ball by himself in an empty pool hall. He's really good.

DING DING. The door opens and someone enters. Frank looks up and sees JACKSON (early 20s, white trash) enter and walk up to him. Frank puts down his stick.

JACKSON

They finally fucking paroled you,  
old man.

They hug.

FRANK

No parole. My sentence ran out.

JACKSON

Damn, dude. You did the full term.  
Someone must really hate you.

FRANK

I guess I'm a people person.

INT. BILLIARDS - LATER

Frank and Jackson play a game together. Frank takes a shot and misses.

JACKSON

The economy is fucking shit no  
matter how much people try to spin  
it. The factories are closed and  
the best jobs don't pay much so if  
you want to go legit then you need  
two of them. Maybe three.

FRANK

That's what you're doing?

JACKSON

Fuck no, man. That ain't no way to live. Work 80 hours a week just to survive and then live off the government when I'm too old?

Jackson lifts up his sleeve, revealing a tattoo that says 'The Lords'. Frank is not surprised.

FRANK

You went all in?

JACKSON

Hell yeah. It's good money and there is no ceiling if you're creative.

He rolls his sleeve back down.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You got that option too. I'll speak up for you and so will others that are in and out of Clinton. You paid your dues already, Frank.

FRANK

Jackson, I appreciate the offer. I do, bro. But I just got out and really have no desire to go back in.

JACKSON

I get that. I get that. I was the same way my first couple of months out until I realized how hard it is on this side.

Jackson leans down and takes a shot. He sinks the 3 ball.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

But if you change your mind, the door is always open.

FRANK

Thanks, man. But right now, the way I figure it. I did what I did in there to survive. Now that I'm out I need to play a different game to get by.

JACKSON

Then why did you reach out? I know that you must have heard I got my button while you were still in Clinton.

FRANK

I'm doing a favor for a family friend. You remember six years ago they found those bodies on Harrison Beach?

JACKSON

The hookers?

Jackson lines up for another shot as Frank speaks. Frank notices that Jackson has a handgun in his waistband.

FRANK

Yeah. One of them grew up down the street from me and her mother asked me if I knew any people on Ferry Street because that's where she was living at the time.

Jackson takes the shot and misses.

JACKSON

What's this got to do with me? I was locked up with you when that all happened.

Frank lines up for a shot. This one should be easy.

FRANK

The Lords has a large presence there. Maybe you could ask around if any one remembers the girls that disappeared from back then.

JACKSON

Girls in that business are always disappearing and reappearing. Sometimes they go because they get their shit together and sometimes they come back because it fell apart.

Frank takes his shot and misses. Was it on purpose?

JACKSON (CONT'D)

But I can ask around and see what any one knows.

FRANK  
Much appreciated.

Jackson lines up a shot.

JACKSON  
Just remember. If you ever want to  
come back to the group, you do it  
through me.

He takes the shot and sinks the 4 ball.

EXT. BILLIARDS - NIGHT

From over the shoulder of the mystery person, we watch as Frank walks out of the billiards by himself. The person steps forward to approach him

Frank gets blindsided by OFFICER MENENDEZ (30s, latino, male, uniform cop, the guy who has been watching Frank) and is shoved against the wall with more force than necessary.

MENENDEZ  
Hey Frank. How you doing? Get your  
fucking hands up!

He pins Frank against the wall. Frank knows he is about to be arrested and offers no resistance.

OFFICER HARRINGTON (40s, black, male, uniform cop) calmly walks over to them.

HARRINGTON  
Senator Byrd has a message for you.

They grab Frank and pull him into the alley.

EXT. BILLIARDS ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Harrington hits Frank in the stomach with this baton.

MENENDEZ  
Welcome home, asshole.

They both beat him. Frank drops to the ground and curls into a ball. He blocks the blows as best he could with his arms but it only makes the cops angrier.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
Hey what the fuck is this?

Harrington and Menendez stop the assault and look at Jackson who stands at the alley's entrance.

MENENDEZ  
Back the fuck off, peckerwood.

JACKSON  
Fuck that. This is our neighborhood  
and he is with me.

Menendez marches up to Jackson while Harrington keeps his eyes on Frank.

MENENDEZ  
Just watch it, son. This dispute is  
above your pay grade.

Menendez gets in Jackson's face. Jackson doesn't flinch or back down.

JACKSON  
That's what Topher says?

MENENDEZ  
Above his too.

Harrington walks away from Frank and joins his partner. He pats him on the back.

HARRINGTON  
It's cool man.

He looks back at Frank. Frank stays on the ground.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
We'll catch up with Frank again  
when he's not with his friends.

Jackson stares down the cops. They walk away. Once they are out of sight he walks to Frank.

He helps Frank get back on his feet.

JACKSON  
You all right?

FRANK  
Yeah. I let them think they got me  
worse than they did.

JACKSON  
That looked personal. What did you  
do to them?

FRANK

Them? Nothing. But someone else really hates me.

JACKSON

We need to go. I made a couple of calls when you were out and got us a meeting.

INT. CROWN ROYAL AUTO BODY REPAIR - NIGHT

Jackson leads Frank through an auto body repair shop floor. It's busy with a diverse crew of MECHANICS at work.

They arrive at the office. It has a glass window but the blinds are down. Jackson KNOCKS on it.

JACKSON

Topher?

TOPHER (O.C.)

It's open!

Jackson opens the door and they enter.

INT. TOPHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's a medium sized office with two desks. One for the manager and the other for the owner which is empty. There are shelves full of binders on one of the walls along with a couch and coffee table plus a small fridge stocked with drinks.

TOPHER (30s, skinny but toned muscles, shaved head, nice clothes) sits at the desktop computer on his desk, focused on his work right now.

TOPHER

Give me one minute.

Frank and Jackson stand patiently and wait. Topher types and looks up.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

Close the door, Jackson.

Jackson does as he is told.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

So you're Frank Dallow?

FRANK

I am.

TOPHER

I asked around about you and people spoke up. But Jackson is telling me that you have no desire to join up with us now that you're out.

FRANK

I'm just trying to get back on my feet and adapt to life on the outside is all.

TOPHER

Everyone needs an adjustment period. But I got this feeling that you just think you're too good for us.

FRANK

That's not it.

Frank realizes that Jackson directly behind him. Between him and the door. Topher notices Frank's eyes darting around.

TOPHER

Don't worry, Frank. It's loud out there and they can't hear us.

Topher stands up.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

We took care of you while you were away. And that wasn't easy given that you were a high profile inmate because you killed a senator's son.

Topher gets close to Frank.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

And now that you're out, you just want to take more from us. With no consideration of how you can give back.

FRANK

What can I give back?

Topher laughs.

TOPHER

It needs to be genuine. You have to want to give back, Frank. Not be forced to.

Topher walks back to his desk.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

Guys like you, stuck up guys like you, always come crawling back after they get themselves locked up again. Recidivism can be a real bitch.

FRANK

I'm not looking to go back in. There was nasty stuff I did for the eighty-eights when I was there so don't talk to me like I'm some kind of ungrateful freeloader.

Topher laughs again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Forget it. This was a waste of time.

Frank turns to leave but Jackson blocks him. Topher opens a drawer and takes out a handgun.

TOPHER

You're only allowed to leave once you have my permission, Frank.

Frank turns back to face him.

FRANK

You're going to shoot me in here with all those people outside that could hear it?

TOPHER

It can get loud enough out there to muffle the sound.

Frank and Topher stare at each other.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

Killing you in here wouldn't be my first barbecue, Frank. So shut the fuck up and sit down. I'm about to give you your orders.

Topher and Jackson exchange glances. Frank notices Topher's eyes dart away and he moves with lightning speed.

Frank grabs Topher's wrist and slams it on the desk. Topher reacts in pain and drops the gun. Frank's free hand quickly takes the gun.

Jackson charges forward but stops when Frank points the gun at him.

Topher looks at him incredulously.

TOPHER (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Frank. You passed  
my test.

Frank violently hits Topher with the bottom of the gun.

Topher stumbles back. His forehead is now bleeding.

FRANK  
It's been a while since I used one  
of these. But it's got to be like  
riding a bike. Especially at such  
close range.

Jackson inches forward.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Let's respect each others personal  
space, shall we?

Frank grabs the hand gun from Jackson's waist.

JACKSON  
Come on, Frank. We're all friends  
here.

FRANK  
Friends don't pull guns on each  
other, Jackson.

All three men stare at each other for a few seconds.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I might not be wearing my emotions  
on my sleeve, but right now I am  
pretty pissed off that you both  
wasted my time. And you're not  
going to want me walking out of  
that door pissed off.

TOPHER  
You should be feeling fear.

Frank SHOOTS the floor right next to Jackson's feet.

JACKSON  
Jesus Christ, Frank.

FRANK  
Just testing out his claim.

Frank pauses to listen. The background noises in the garage goes on uninterrupted.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I guess he wasn't lying.

Frank points the gun at Topher.

JACKSON  
No, he's wasn't and he's not  
wasting your time either. Tell him.

TOPHER  
We ran Ferry Street in 2017.

FRANK  
You personally?

TOPHER  
No. A guy named Crispy took care of  
our girls. Real name is Martin  
Pulaski.

FRANK  
I want to talk to him.

TOPHER  
You can only do that during  
visiting hours.

Frank is confused.

JACKSON  
He's in Elmira, Frank.

TOPHER  
Guy is a tweaker. He ran a lab that  
blew up and killed a kid. You can  
go talk to him if you like but last  
I heard, he was pretty fucked up.

Frank considers this.

FRANK  
That all?

Topher nods.

Frank takes the magazine out of Jackson's gun and pulls the bullet from the chamber. He puts the gun on the desk.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm keeping your gun as a tax.

TOPHER

Watch yourself, Frank. The world's gotten more dangerous since you left it.

Frank acknowledges the threat with a grin and leaves.

Topher turns around and slaps Jackson.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

What the fuck were you thinking bringing him here?

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank walks home. There are a few people on the streets with some NEIGHBORS sitting on their front porch.

A POLICE CAR pulls up and stops in front of Frank. Menendez and Harrington get out.

HARRINGTON

Good evening, Frank.

Frank eyes them suspiciously. Nervous because he is carrying an illegal handgun.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

This is where you're staying, correct?

Frank doesn't answer. Menendez lunges forward but stops short of connecting with Frank to intimidate him.

FRANK

What's the problem, officers?

HARRINGTON

There was a robbery in this neighborhood and given that you are a felon with a record, you're on our list of suspects.

FRANK

I didn't do it.

MENENDEZ

Then be a good boy and let us in so  
we can double check that there  
isn't anything stolen inside.

Frank can see that the neighbors are watching.

FRANK

You got a warrant?

HARRINGTON

You got something to hide?

MENENDEZ

Innocent people don't hide things.

FRANK

You guys want to do this again?  
With all these people watching?

Menendez itches to get at Frank again. Harrington's eyes dart  
around. There are too many witnesses.

HARRINGTON

Menendez. Let's go get our warrant.

Menendez stares Frank down.

MENENDEZ

When we come back, it's going to be  
too late for you.

FRANK

Have a good evening, officers.

They get back in their car and speed away. Frank pats his  
back where Topher's gun is in his waist. He breathes a sigh  
of relief.

The neighbors go back to their business and Frank walks to  
the house.

EXT. ELMIRA PRISON - DAY

A bus pulls over and DOZENS OF PEOPLE step off. Frank is  
among them.

Frank looks up at the massive complex, uncomfortable to be  
going to a prison voluntarily.

INT. PRISON VISIT ROOM - DAY

Frank sits and waits at booth number 23. The room is exactly like the one where he last saw Erin when she came to visit him.

Frank is uncomfortable. He's been in a room like this many times, but never on this side.

CRISPY (30s, long hair, beard, skinny, black eye) sits down across from Frank. He has no idea of what to make of his new visitor. Both men pick up their phones.

CRISPY  
I don't know you.

FRANK  
Yeah, I know. I'm Frank.

Crispy tries to size him up.

CRISPY  
Look man, if you're here about that kid. It was an accident and I'm really sorry-

FRANK  
I'm not here about that.

Frank notices his black eye.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Peckerwoods are letting someone rough up one of their own?

CRISPY  
I'm not with that life anymore, sir. I'm trying to use this time to actually reform and try to make a difference to hopefully balance out all the bad shit I've done.

FRANK  
Good for you.

CRISPY  
But I'm not a rat either. So you wasted your time, detective.

FRANK  
I'm not a cop either.

CRISPY  
Then who are you?

FRANK

You and me have a lot in common. I just did fifteen in Clinton. Got out last week.

CRISPY

Good for you. So the guys from the outside sent you here or something?

FRANK

I'm not with them either.

He takes out his photo of Erin and presses it on the glass.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This woman used to be my fiancée. I called it off after my appeal was denied to spare her and it had the opposite effect.

Crispy looks at the photo and tries to remember.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She was living on Ferry Street in 2017 when she disappeared. I heard that you were running some business down there back then.

CRISPY

You know these conversations are recorded, right?

Frank nods.

CRISPY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but I don't remember her.

FRANK

You're sure?

Crispy shakes his head. Frank is disappointed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time--

CRISPY

Did they find her on Harrison Beach?

FRANK

Yeah. What do you know about that?

CRISPY

Another girl I used to know was found there too. Candy. Her real name was Jessica Turner. Got into a car with a John in 2016 and never came back.

FRANK

You saw her get in?

CRISPY

Yeah. I told the cops too after she was found. Don't think it helped though.

FRANK

What kind of car was it?

CRISPY

An F-150. Looked new back then.

FRANK

Color?

CRISPY

Black maybe. At least dark because it was night.

FRANK

Did you see the John?

CRISPY

He was a white guy. Big. Dark hair. Looked like a human Shrek.

FRANK

Could you identify him now?

CRISPY

It was years ago. I only remember these details because she didn't come back.

Frank writes down some notes.

FRANK

This is good.

CRISPY

If you're not a cop then what are you going to do about it?

FRANK  
I don't know yet. But I can't let  
it go.

Crispy nods.

CRISPY  
That's all I got.

FRANK  
Take care of yourself, Crispy.

CRISPY  
I go by Martin now.

FRANK  
Then you be good, Martin.

Frank hangs up his phone.

EXT. ELMIRA PRISON - DAY

Frank steps out of the main entrance and heads away. He is alone. Yellow tape blocks the path away from the building. A GUARD (30s, black) points him away.

GUARD  
Slight detour. Turn right, left,  
then right again.

Frank checks his watch.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. You'll make the return  
bus on time.

Frank eyes the guard with suspicion but what else can he do?

EXT. PRISON ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks down a dark passage. He is alone. Suddenly TWO LORDS MEMBERS appear in front of him. They are in street clothes and are not prisoners.

Frank turns around to find TWO MORE LORDS MEMBERS behind him. No where to retreat to.

Jackson appears behind the first two Lords Members.

FRANK  
I think I might have gone the wrong  
way.

JACKSON  
Topher sends his regards.

FRANK  
Give him my best.

All Five Guys have box cutters. They all ATTACK Frank at the same time.

While these guys are tough, Frank is slippery. He weaves in and out of their SLASHES.

He manages to GRAB the wrist of Lord Member 1 and uses his momentum to smash the guy's head into the wall. He is a bloody mess.

SLASH. Frank gets cut on the arm. He bobs down and HITS his attacker as hard as he can. Lord Member 2 stumbles and Frank pushes him into the other three men.

Frank effortlessly picks up the box cutter that the first guy dropped.

JACKSON  
Come one, Frank. Make this easier  
on yourself.

They lunge at Frank again. Frank delivers a powerful ROUND HOUSE KICK to the already dazed Lord Member 2. He's out for the fight.

Frank can run away if he wants, but the adrenaline won't let him. The choice of fight or flight was made by these guys and he wants to take out his rage on Jackson.

Jackson hangs back and lets the remaining Two Lord Members do the heavy work.

Frank goes BERSERK on them. He SLASHES Lord Member 3's arm and kicks him and dodges Lord Member 4's attack.

Jackson tries to stab Frank but misses.

Frank throws Lord Member 3 into Member 4. He PUNCHES Member 3 in the face with such force that his head inadvertently head butts Member 4. Both Men are out.

It's just Frank and Jackson now. Jackson ATTACKS Frank. They slash at each other and miss. Both men are an almost even match.

Jackson SLASHES at Frank. Frank DUCKS and KICKS OUT Jackson's leg.

Jackson falls. Frank KNOCKS the boxcutter out of his hand and seamlessly positions himself behind Jackson. Frank holds his boxcutter to Jackson's throat.

Jackson is silent as he prepares to die.

FRANK

I got a message for Topher. You want to deliver it or should I do it myself?

JACKSON

Whatever you want, Frank.

FRANK

I got a bus to catch.

Frank KICKS Jackson in the head. He grabs Jackson's jacket, wraps it around his bloody arm, and runs away.

EXT. ELMIRA PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Frank runs into the parking lot. The bus is pulling away. He runs to it.

FRANK

Wait!

It actually stops. He continues running and gets on it.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We can hear the living room's LOUD TV in the bedroom. A Buffalo Bills football game is in progress.

Frank sits at his desk. On one side he has his phone with the photos of the case file. On the other side is a sharpie with index cards. Frank reads through the police paperwork, making notes of anything remotely interesting.

Bowser lays on the floor of his room. The dog is relaxed and now comfortable with Frank.

START MONTAGE:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - LATER

Frank slowly uses tape to attach his note cards to the wall.

He looks out the window and notices a police car parked outside with Menendez and Harrington in it.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frank sits at a public computer. He opens the files for some of the photos he took and prints them. He looks over his shoulder. Aware that some people would be uncomfortable if they saw what he had.

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank collects a stack of papers from the printer tray.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Frank walks through a crowd of people. He glances to the street and sees a parked police car.

Menendez and Harrington lean against it as they watch Frank.

Frank decides to ignore them and continue his walk. He looks over his shoulder to see if they are following him. They aren't.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Frank tapes the images he printed onto the wall. He rearranges his note cards to accommodate them.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank opens up a map of the city. He hangs it to the wall and starts to mark where the known victims disappeared from.

END MONTAGE

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank put his last note card on the wall: Erin McCarthy, August 10, 2017. Ferry Street?

He takes a step back and looks at it. Big John enters the room. He has a beer in his hand. He looks at what Frank has been up to.

BIG JOHN

You got too much free time and need a job.

Frank chuckles. Big John walks away. Frank looks at the map. In addition to Ferry Street. There is one other larger cluster for areas where women disappeared from.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank leaves the house. He sneaks past the cops and looks over his shoulder to make sure he is not being followed. He's in the clear.

EXT. THE FACTORY DISTRICT - NIGHT

This area was once state of the art in the 60s, declined in the 70s, collapsed in the 80s, and started to rust away in the 90s. It's only gotten worse since as every massive building here is abandoned.

Because of its isolation from the rest of society, it has become a lawless district, full of open drug use with HOOKERS huddled on the street in groups.

Frank walks among them. He ignores the DRUG ADDICTS and no one bothers him as there is something dangerous about the vibes he gives off.

He walks up to a group of Hookers. At first they are friendly but as Frank speaks, the women become serious and shake their heads, not wanting to hear what he says.

Frank moves on to another group and gets the same reaction.

He goes to a third group but it is more of the same. He shakes his head. Maybe this was just a waste of time.

ALICE (20, still somehow seems innocent) approaches Frank.

ALICE  
Hey mister.

Frank turns and looks at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
You the guy that's been asking  
around about the F150?

INT. DINER - NIGHT

This is an old school boxcar diner where the interior is preserved under a thick layer of grease that comes from decades of cooking.

Frank and Alice sit in a booth and drink coffee.

ALICE

She called herself Veronica. I'm sure that was not her real name.

FRANK

And this was about a month ago?

ALICE

Yeah. When it was still warm at night.

FRANK

And you're sure that it was an F-150?

ALICE

Those pick up trucks are fucking huge and the label is on the side so you couldn't miss it.

FRANK

What color was it?

ALICE

Dark green. It had a few dents too. Wasn't an old car but wasn't new either. There was a bumper sticker on the back but I forgot what it said.

FRANK

Did you see the driver?

Alice shakes her head.

ALICE

The windows were tinted.

She can sense Frank's disappointment.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Veronica said she met him on the internet and had been with him before.

FRANK

If she had known him from the internet then why pick her up from the factories. Why not meet up somewhere else?

ALICE

Because it wasn't planned. They just ran into each other.

FRANK

How did they meet on the internet?

Alice takes out her phone. She opens an app called 'Love Pages' and clicks on her profile. There is a photo of her in sexy lingerie.

ALICE

It's marketed as a dating app but anyone with a brain knows how its really used.

FRANK

You find clients through this?

ALICE

Not frequently because there is a lot of competition but yeah.

Frank writes down a few notes.

FRANK

Anyone else you know gone missing?

ALICE

People disappear from here all the time. All you can do is hope for a happy ending.

Frank writes down his phone number of a scrap of paper.

FRANK

Thank you for your time. Please call me if you see that truck again.

ALICE

Wow. Old school.

Frank nods. Alice calls his number right there. His phone RINGS.

ALICE (CONT'D)

And now you have my number.

EXT. RAIL ROAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

A CLUSTER OF HOOKERS hangs out under the bridge and waves to passing cars.

Frank watches them through the alley way. He now has the Love Pages app and scrolls through it.

There are a lot of women on here with nude photos. He clicks on a profile and goes to send a direct message.

He types: Do not get into dark green F-150 for customer. He is dangerous. Girls have disappeared

Frank sends it. He copies and pastes the warning he just sent. He goes to the next profile and sends that woman the same message. Then he moves on to the next one.

A hundred feet down the road, a dark green F-150 is parked. The driver sits in it but we can't see his face. He watches the activity unfolding down at the bridge. Frank is also in his view.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Frank places fresh flowers on Erin's tombstone.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Frank walks up to the house as the sun rises. He opens the side door and notices that Bowser is in the backyard alone. The dog BARKS like hell. Frank senses that something is wrong.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters.

FRANK

Dad?

No answer.

He walks to the hall and peeks in his dad's room but he's not there.

INT. BIG JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Big John lays on the floor.

FRANK

Dad!

Big John doesn't respond but he's breathing. Frank takes out his phone and calls 911.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM WAITING ROOM - DAY

Frank sits alone. He is exhausted and dazed. His warning has gotten some responses from women questioning who he is and he types back.

Menendez and Harrington enter and walk over to him.

HARRINGTON

Mister Dallow. I'm Sergeant Harrington and this is Officer Menendez.

Frank looks at them with astonishment.

FRANK

So we're going to pretend now?

MENENDEZ

Excuse me, sir?

HARRINGTON

Sir, I understand that your father was taken to the emergency room this morning for a head injury. We're concerned that the circumstances appear suspicious.

MENENDEZ

Like someone might have assaulted him.

FRANK

Maybe the department should send a real detective to look into it.

MENENDEZ

They glanced at the circumstances and thought we could run with it.

HARRINGTON

Your father could have a head injury and you were just for released from prison for manslaughter that came from a head injury you caused.

Frank stands up.

FRANK

I wasn't home last night.

Harrington smiles.

HARRINGTON

Where were you?

FRANK

Out.

Menendez looks at Harrington.

MENENDEZ

I think we should bring him in.

Frank runs. Menendez and Harrington chase after him.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Frank flies out the door. Menendez and Harrington are right on him.

Traffic blocks Frank's escape onto the street. He turns left and enters a parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Frank runs up the ramp. Menendez continues chasing after him while Harrington runs up into the stairwell.

Frank slides across the parked car to get over a slab of concrete that separates the levels.

Menendez is right on him. He is in great shape.

Harrington pops out of the stairwell. He sees Frank hurtling toward him.

HARRINGTON

Freeze!

He tries to raise his gun but Frank knocks into him and he falls.

Menendez continues pursuing Frank.

Donovan exits his car. He sees the familiar blur of a cop chase on foot and joins in.

Frank runs as fast as he can.

A Toyota Camry drives down the ramp. It almost hits Frank.

Frank dodges it and smacks into a parked car. He tries to regain his footing.

Menendez grabs him and smashes Frank's head into the side. He throws the now dazed Frank onto the ground.

Menendez stomps on him.

Donovan arrives just in time to see Menendez beating the shit out of his friend.

DONOVAN

Hey! Take it easy, officer!

Harrington appears behind him.

HARRINGTON

We have this, sir. It's okay.

DONOVAN

Bullshit.

Donovan flashes his badge and points to a security camera.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

This is police brutality, you stupid fucking morons.

Menendez lets up on Frank and marches to Donovan.

MENENDEZ

Fuck off, old man. This is part of the job.

DONOVAN

What the fuck did you just say to me?

He looks at Menendez's badge.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Officer Menendez.

Harrington positions himself between Donovan and Menendez.

HARRINGTON

We have suspicions that he hurt his father.

DONOVAN

Fuck you. I know this man. He's my friend and he called me right after he called 911. It's all accounted for.

Harrington backs off.

HARRINGTON

Entirely possible.

Harrington grabs Menendez.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Let's continue our investigation. If we need Mister Dallow then we know where to find him.

Donovan helps Frank get up.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Word of advice from one brother in blue to another: don't go around saying Dallow's a friend. He's got some enemies that are on a much higher pay grade than us.

Harrington and Menendez walk away.

DONOVAN

You all right?

Frank nods.

INT. BIG JOHN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Big John lays asleep in bed with a bandage wrapped around his head . Frank sits next to him in a chair as he struggles to stay awake.

DING. He gets a text message and opens his eyes. It's from Alice:

F-150 guy came tonight.

Frank is wide awake now.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up and Frank starts to get out. Before he can close the door, Alice shows up with MIKE (30s, muscular, tattoos on his face and neck).

Frank doesn't like the look of Mike. He pats his waist and feels the gun that he took from Topher. Mike eyeballs him.

Alice gets into the taxi.

FRANK  
Who are you?

MIKE  
Top security.

ALICE  
We got eyes on them now. You coming?

Mike stares at Frank.

MIKE  
I heard you could identify the guy.

FRANK  
Maybe.

MIKE  
Then you need to be on our team and get in.

Frank gets back in the taxi. Mike gets in the front.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The TAXI DRIVER (60s, Middle Eastern man). The mood inside the cab is tense. People who are out this late are usually up to no good.

Alice frantically text messages people on her phone. Mike is stone cold. Frank's eyes constantly dart between the people in the cab and outside of the window.

FRANK  
How far are they?

MIKE  
Let's not talk about it right now.

The car drives in silence. They enter an area of the city that is full of empty lots. What was once here was demolished a long time ago and all that's left are huge piles of rubble.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(to the Driver)  
Pull over here.

The driver does as told. A flash from Alice's phone goes off and everyone looks. She just took a photo of the Driver's cab license.

ALICE  
Mohammad Poursohi.

Mike takes out a hundred dollar bill.

MIKE  
I think it would be best to forget  
about this trip.

The driver silently nods and takes the money. They all get out of the cab.

EXT. ABANDONED LOTS - CONTINUOUS

Mike leads Alice and Frank.

MIKE  
Big guy in a dark green F-150.  
Looks like a 2015 model or  
somewhere around then.

FRANK  
That fits the description.

MIKE  
He picked up one of my girls and  
brought her here. We had them  
tailed.

ALICE  
I've seen him around here before.

Frank actually gets excited.

FRANK  
How are we going to do this?

MIKE  
We put him down. No cops.

FRANK  
If he's our guy.

MIKE  
It's him.

They approach a clearing and see the parked F-150.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
She needs to get him out of the  
car. We need to see him in the  
open.

Alice types a text message. After a few seconds. A WOMAN runs  
out of the car.

A MAN runs out after her.

Frank and Mike leap into action. They overtake the guy and  
Mike tackles him. Frank pulls out his gun.

Mike and the Man wrestle each other.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Shoot him!

Frank raises the gun. Happy to do it.

The Man is big and he pushes Mike off him.

Frank puts his finger on the trigger and pauses.

The Man has a baby face. He can't be older than twenty.

FRANK  
Stop right there, asshole.

The Man registers the gun and freezes.

MIKE  
Fucking kill him!

FRANK  
Take out his wallet.

Mike takes the guys wallet out of his pocket.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
How old is he?

Mike finds his ID and reads it.

MIKE  
Nineteen.

FRANK  
It's not him.

Frank lowers his weapon.

MIKE  
What do you mean it's not him? He  
matches the description.

MAN  
What the hell is going on?

MIKE  
Shut the fuck up.

FRANK  
He's too young. The women started  
disappearing in 2010.

Mike gets up.

MIKE  
Fuck me.

He kicks the guy and then marches up to Frank.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
You almost had me kill the wrong  
guy.

Frank looks at the Man on the ground. The Man clenches his  
stomach in pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Fucking asshole.

He WHISTLES to people hiding in the darkness and walks away.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Don't let me see you again.

Alice follows Mike. She doesn't look back at Frank.

Frank stands there in the dark. Horrified at what he almost  
did.

FADE TO:

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - DUSK

There is a snow storm in progress. The house looks like it can barely hold on.

INT. BIG JOHN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

A wedding photo of a young Big John and Frank's Mother is on the night stand. The bed is sheet free and the room is empty.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Bowser sits on the floor. The bed is made. Frank's detective board is still on the wall but some cards and print outs have fallen. It's been a while since he touched this.

INT. BIG JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

All the furniture and things are still there. Only difference now is that the house is clean and no one is home.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

A bouquet of fresh flowers rests in front of Erin's grave. The wind blows them away as the sun sets.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

It snows pretty hard outside. The streets are desolate.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The place can hold a couple dozen people and features a pool table and an old TV. The walls have wood paneling and it looks like this place has been frozen in time since the 1970s.

Frank is the only person in here and he is behind the bar. He seems tired and less confident than before. This is a very slow night.

The door opens and Jackson walks in with Lords Member 1.

JACKSON

It's colder than a bitch's titty  
out there.

FRANK

I think it's witch's titty.

Jackson looks to his companion for help.

LORD MEMBER 1

Shut the fuck up, Frank. You speak when spoken to.

JACKSON

You got it ready for me?

Frank opens the register and takes out two \$100 bills. He puts them on the counter.

FRANK

How much longer is this going to go on for?

JACKSON

That's up to you. If you can find another way to add value for us then we don't need to do this.

The door opens. Donovan enters. Jackson and Lords Member 1 eye him and instantly know he's a cop.

Jackson takes the money off the counter.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Until we meet again, Frank.

They walk to the exit. Donovan eyes them as well. He waits until they are gone before he speaks.

DONOVAN

What did I just walk into?

FRANK

Payback for them not letting me get killed.

DONOVAN

Things don't get easier for you, do they Frank?

FRANK

They're hard for everyone.

DONOVAN

How's your dad these days?

FRANK

A shadow of himself.

DONOVAN  
Staying with you?

FRANK  
He requires round the clock care so  
he's over at the state hospital.

Donovan shakes his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's been a while, Donovan.

DONOVAN  
Too long.

FRANK  
I'm going to guess the reason why  
you walked through that door was  
because you were looking for me.

DONOVAN  
Yeah but you're not in any trouble  
so don't worry about that. I'm here  
on a long shot.

FRANK  
You want a beer?

Donovan looks around and sees how empty it is.

DONOVAN  
Sure.

Frank goes to pour one.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
This your place?

FRANK  
No. I just manage it. It belongs to  
one of my dad's friends.

Frank puts the beer down in front of Donovan.

DONOVAN  
I wanted to ask you about the file  
I let you look at a few months back  
about the serial killer.

FRANK  
What about it?

DONOVAN

Did anything stick out to you about what you read? Or even when you asked around about Erin?

FRANK

Why are you asking about this now all of a sudden?

DONOVAN

We believe that he is back.

FRANK

You found more bodies?

DONOVAN

One. Bound and strangled near a DWI checkpoint.

FRANK

Where?

DONOVAN

Hacketsville Road. We think he killed her somewhere else and was transporting the body but when he found out about the checkpoint, he panicked.

Frank takes this in. Another one dead.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

I got assigned to the task force. Anything you could help with I would appreciate. And maybe I could help you too like get those white trash thugs off your back.

FRANK

Them I can manage.

Frank thinks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

There was one lead and it came from them. When Erin died she was living on Ferry Street. I got the name of the pimp who ran it for them then. Guy named Crispy doing time at Elmira. He'll still be there.

DONOVAN

What did he say?

FRANK

He didn't know Erin but one of his girls that disappeared was found at that beach. The client she left with was a big white guy driving a dark colored F-150.

DONOVAN

And you didn't say anything?

FRANK

To who? No one was working it then and it was collecting dust. Besides, Crispy said he reported it at the time.

Donovan gets up.

DONOVAN

How much was the beer?

FRANK

On the house.

Donovan takes out a ten dollar bill and puts in on the counter.

DONOVAN

No. It's on me.

FRANK

You didn't touch it.

DONOVAN

I want you to have it.

He walks to the door.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Frank, this girl was sixteen. She was still a kid.

FRANK

I hope you catch him.

DONOVAN

You hear anything else call me right away.

Frank nods. Donovan is out the door. Frank takes a seat and goes over his thoughts.

He grabs the glass of beer off the counter and pounds it down.

EXT. BAR - DAY

The snow has stopped but the streets are still empty despite the pale blue sky.

INT. BAR - DAY

TWO BLACK MEN play pool as they drink. Frank sits behind the bar and watches the local news.

NEWS ANCHOR

And now we have Kristen Chang joining us with an update of the possible return of the Harrison Beach Killer.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kristen Chang stands in front of police headquarters.

KRISTEN CHANG

Thank you, Jenn. Police have yet to confirm if the body found Friday night is related to the crime but sources familiar with the investigation have not ruled it out. And we now have the identity of the victim. Sixteen-year-old Elizabeth Samuels.

A school photo of ELIZABETH appear on screen. She looks innocent and pure.

KRISTEN CHANG (CONT'D)

Her mother earlier spoke to us outside of her house.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

MARY SAMUELS (40s, distraught) stands outside of her stoop and speaks.

MARY SAMUELS

She came home from school on Friday and said she was going out with her friends. When I checked her phone, she was where she said she would be but after she missed her curfew, the phone was off. I was so mad at her but then when the police came on Saturday.

INT. BAR - DAY

Frank is overwhelmed with emotion. He looks at the Two Black Men at the pool table. They're also captivated by the news report.

Frank picks up his phone and calls Donovan.

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
Hey Frank.

FRANK  
I just saw the girl's mom on the news.

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
It's fucking terrible.

FRANK  
How did my lead pan out?

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
He died, Frank. Two months ago.

FRANK  
The Lords got to him?

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
The prison says it wasn't them but who knows if the guards were corrupt.

FRANK  
Jesus.

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
You hear or remember anything else?

FRANK  
Not right now.

DONOVAN (O.S.)  
All right. I got to go.

He hangs up. Frank looks up Alice's number and debates if he should call her.

EXT. THE FACTORY DISTRICT - NIGHT

It's desolate tonight with no one on the streets thanks to the winter weather. Frank walks alone on the side walk.

Alice gets out of a parked car and walks over to him. She looks like she aged a few years in a few months.

ALICE

I didn't think you would really come back here.

FRANK

I didn't want to. We almost killed someone innocent last time.

ALICE

No one that comes here is innocent, Frank.

FRANK

You know what I meant.

She nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But Jesus Christ. A sixteen year old.

ALICE

He picked her up from here.

FRANK

What? But her mom said--

ALICE

Her mom is either in denial or a liar. But you already knew that.

Frank is confused.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Mike and I got a theory. You're the killer.

FRANK

That's ridiculous.

ALICE

Not really.

Mike appears from behind the car with a metal pipe. He CRACKS Frank in the back. Frank goes down. Mike HITS him again.

MIKE

Fucking pervert psycho!

Frank grabs a chunk of snow and HURLS it in Mike's face. He gets blinded by it.

Frank leaps up and TACKLES Mike. They WRESTLE for the pipe.

A Police Car pulls up. Menendez and Harrington rush out of it.

Alice flees the scene.

HARRINGTON

Break it up.

Harrington and Menendez pull Frank off Mike. Mike gets up and runs.

They slam Frank against their car. Harrington recognizes him and smiles.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Look who it is.

Menendez also smiles. Harrington cuffs Mike.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Go find that pimp and see if he wants to press charges for assault.

Menendez breaks away.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I got you on solicitation of prostitution.

He slams Frank's face against the hood.

Frank notices a car parked down the street. Its lights turn on and it pulls away.

As it gets closer, Frank can see that it's an F-150 and its dark green.

As the car passes under a street light, he gets a glimpse of the driver. He's a big guy.

Harrington pulls him up as the F-150 passes. It's too dark to make out the license plate but there is a bumper sticker:

**My student is Honor Roll at Stone Ridge Middle School.**

FRANK  
Officer!

HARRINGTON  
Shut the fuck up.

He PUNCHES Frank hard in the stomach.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Frank sits in a small cell with about TWENTY PEOPLE who range from drunk college kids to hard looking gangsters.

A POLICE OFFICER comes and opens the door.

POLICE OFFICER  
Frank Dallow.

Frank stands up and walks over.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You're being let off with a  
warning.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Frank walks down the street. It's quiet and deserted. He constantly looks over his shoulder.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frank enters. Bowser runs up to him.

FRANK  
Sorry I'm late, Bowser.

Frank opens the cabinet and takes out a bag of dog food. He pours it into Bowser's bowl and refills the water.

He opens another cabinet and pours himself a glass of whiskey.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank looks up at his wall of clues. He takes out his phone and calls Donovan. It goes to voice mail and he hangs up.

Frank picks up the fallen note cards and hangs them back in their place. His eyes stay on the wall as the wheels turn in his head.

He takes out his phone and searches for Stone Ridge Elementary school.

He gets the address and goes to his map. He finds where it should be and he places a red pin on it.

He takes a green pin and places it where the recent victim's body was discovered. That location is between the middle school and the factory district.

The middle school is also closer to Harrison Beach than it is to the locations in the city where the hookers disappeared from.

Frank looks around at the map. A lot of the area near the middle school is developed but there is a large nature preserve a few miles away from it.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Frank grabs a leash for Bowser. He pets the dog as it eats.

FRANK

You want to go for a long walk,  
boy?

EXT. BANSHEE NATURE PRESERVE - DAY

Frank pulls his father's old car into a dirt parking lot. They are the only ones there. He gets out of the car and puts the leash on Bowser.

They walk to where the trails begin. This park has three choices for hikers; yellow, blue, and green. There is a thin layer of snow on the ground. There aren't any foot prints.

Frank looks over the map and chooses the blue one which is 6.2 miles. He opens a wooden box that is mounted at the entrance and signs in. These registries exist so authorities will know if someone is missing when they don't sign out.

EXT. BLUE TRAIL - DAY

Frank and Bowser walk. The woods are quiet.

EXT. BLUE TRAIL - LATER

They continue their walk. Frank's eyes constantly scan the landscape, as he searches for anything out of the ordinary.

EXT. BLUE TRAIL CLEARING - LATER

They arrive at a clearing. Frank stops. Through a break in the trees there is a beautiful view of the local mountains.

FRANK

I guess this day wasn't a total waste, Bowser.

Bowser is restless. He wants to keep moving. Frank lets the dog lead him toward the woods.

Frank notices sign that says "Private Property. No Trespassing."

Bowser wants to go deeper into the woods but Frank pulls back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We don't want to get lost.

He pulls harder but the dog is stubborn.

Suddenly Frank notices something that is out of place just beyond the No Trespassing signs. There is a piece of cloth tied to a tree.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Bowser walk over to the cloth. It's old and has been tied to the tree using multiple knots to secure it.

Frank scans the woods. In the near distance, he sees another piece of cloth. They go to that one and find another one about a hundred feet away.

Someone has created their own personal trail.

Frank checks his phone and tries to open the map app so he can see where they exactly are but it won't load. He doesn't have a signal.

BANG.

Frank freezes where he is. That gun shot was loud and it didn't come from too far away.

BANG.

That one was closer. Frank looks around but can't see anyone.

FRANK  
Come on, let's go before a hunter  
accidentally shoots us.

BANG.

That time it was real close. He can see the wood splinter off from a tree in the near distance.

Frank and Bowser break into a run.

BANG.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Bowser run back onto the trail and don't look back.

EXT. BANSHEE NATURE PRESERVE - LATER

Frank and Bowser emerge out of the woods. Frank is sweaty despite the cold temperature.

They get to the car and disappointment overtakes Frank. The two tires on his driver's side have been slashed.

He looks around to see if there are any clues to who did this but the snow has melted and there aren't any footprints.

FRANK  
Son of a bitch.

He takes out his phone and makes a call.

FADE TO:

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank pulls Big John's car into the driveway. It's been a long day. He helps Bowser out of the car and they go inside.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Bowser enter. Bowser immediately starts to GROWL.

A MASKED MAN (large, ski mask, white) appears. Bowser LEAPS to attack him.

BANG. The Masked Man SHOOTs Bowser and the dog collapses.

Frank attacks the Masked Man and tries to pry the gun away from him. But the Masked Man is stronger.

The Masked Man THROWS Frank across the room and raises his gun.

Frank grabs the cast iron pan from the stove and holds it up instinctively in defense.

BANG. The bullet hits the pan and ricochets. It throws the Masked Man off for a second.

Frank CRACKS the Masked Man in the face with his pan. It has no effect.

The Masked Man raises his gun. Frank retreats into the hallway.

BANG.

Frank disappears into the small house. The Masked Man gets to his feet and chases.

INT. BIG JOHN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank SLIDES into the room and sticks his hand between the mattress and box spring. He pulls out the gun he stole from Topher.

The Masked Man appears in the doorway just in time to see that Frank now has a gun. He quickly darts away.

BANG. BANG.

Frank FIRES through the doorway. He stands up to better position himself.

BANG. BANG. The Masked Man shoots through the dry wall. His bullets hit the spot where Frank just was.

Frank slowly moves toward the doorway with his gun ready.

He gets to it and looks in the hallway. The Masked Man is gone.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank sweeps the house. The kitchen is clear. He heads to the living room.

INT. BIG JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank clears the living room. He lowers his guard.

He hears WHEELS SCREECHING outside and runs to the window.

A dark green Ford F-150 with a bumper sticker speeds away.

He looks around the place, only realizing now that the house is trashed.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks in and checks on Bowser. His dog is dead.

He goes back down the hallway.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank's room has been ripped apart. His wall of clues is gone. Not a trace of it left.

Frank still has the gun in his hand. He puts it on his desk and takes out his phone. He starts to dial 911 but stops himself.

He looks down at the gun. It's the one he stole from Topher. He picks it up again and looks at it.

FRANK

With my luck they'll send those two  
assholes.

He calls Donovan. It rings a few times and then goes to voicemail.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, it's Frank Dallow. Call me.  
It's important.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a fresh hole dug that is a few feet deep. Frank walks out of the house with Bowser's corpse in his arms. He gently places the dog in the hole.

Frank mutters a silent prayer. He grabs the shovel and starts to fill the hole in again.

FADE TO:

INT. BIG JOHN'S RETIREMENT HOME BEDROOM - DAY

It's a small room with old, dirty walls. Big John sits in his bed with a bathrobe on as he watches TV. The room feels cold.

Frank knocks on the door and enters. He has a winter coat on and a paper bag in his hand.

FRANK

What happened to the heat?

Big John shrugs.

Frank walks to the thermostat and plays around with it. He waits for it to turn on but nothing happens.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll talk to them before I leave.  
This isn't right.

BIG JOHN

Not much is right with this world  
nowadays, Frank.

Frank walks to Big John and kisses him on the head.

FRANK

What's on the TV?

BIG JOHN

F-Troop. You ever see it?

FRANK

I think I did a few times with you  
when I was a kid. It's like a  
western parody?

BIG JOHN

It's like hilarious. These are the  
Heckowie Indians. Reminds me of a  
joke I liked except in it they're  
the Fuckowie.

FRANK

Like where the fuck are we?

BIG JOHN

You know it?

Frank nods. This is a regular routine by now.

FRANK

I picked you up a sandwich from  
Jim's.

BIG JOHN  
Just put it on the end table.

Frank does as he is told.

FRANK  
I need to find a better job so I  
can hire a nurse and bring you back  
home. I can't stand seeing you like  
this.

Big John smiles.

BIG JOHN  
Don't worry about me, son. A young  
guy like you needs to focus on  
settling down to raise a family.

Frank chuckles.

FRANK  
Who knows if that will ever happen.

Big John's face contorts.

BIG JOHN  
What's the matter with you? You got  
a good thing going on with Erin.  
You'd be a dumb ass if you mess  
that up.

FRANK  
Dad?

BIG JOHN  
What?

Frank debates if he should tell the truth.

FRANK  
You're right. What was I thinking?

BIG JOHN  
You should bring her with you next  
time you visit. I miss her.

FRANK  
Me too, dad.

Big John turns his focus back to the TV. Frank turns and  
watches it as well as he is lost in his thoughts for a  
moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey Dad. I got to go.

BIG JOHN

Where you going?

FRANK

Something I got to do for Erin. If I don't do it now then it won't get done.

BIG JOHN

All right. Tell her I said hi.

FRANK

I will.

He stands up and kisses his dad on the head. He walks out of the room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME HALLWAY - DAY

Frank takes out his phone and calls Donovan. It rings and he doesn't pick up. Frank hangs up as the voicemail message plays.

He puts his phone in his pocket and walks out of the building with renewed determination.

EXT. BANSHEE NATURE PRESERVE - DUSK

A Taxi Cab pulls into the lot. Frank gives the driver money and gets out.

The cab pulls away. Frank removes the handgun from his waist and hold a flashlight with his left hand.

He walks past the registry and enters the woods.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

The sun has just set and it is twilight now. Frank arrives at the clearing and heads into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks to the first tree where he found the cloth. It's been removed but he can tell he is at the right one because the bark is wet while the place where the cloth was is dry.

Frank slowly walks through the woods, trying to be quiet. He can still see very little because of the darkness but he doesn't turn the flashlight on.

He arrives at the next tree and from memory, he makes his way to the third one. There is also a dry spot.

Now it will be trickier. He looks back at where he came from and sticks his hand out. It appears to be a straight line.

He turns around and continues the line with his hand. He walks into the woods and proceeds forward.

After about a hundred feet, he arrives at another tree that has a dry mark.

He looks forward but now it has gotten too dark to tell where the next one might be.

He looks at the flashlight and moves his finger to the button when he hears LEAVES RUSTLING and stops.

Frank quietly moves away from that tree. He sees the beam of a flashlight over the hill behind him.

Frank hides behind a large tree and waits.

A huge SHADOW comes to the tree with the dry mark. Frank can't make out his features but he can tell that the guy is big. Same build as the masked man who killed his dog.

The Shadow stops at the tree and scans his light across the woods. He stops at another tree with a dry mark.

Frank raises the gun. He can shoot him in the back if he wanted to. Instead he opts to follow the Shadow at a distance.

The Shadow walks to the next tree and Frank follows. Unfortunately there are a lot of leaves on the ground. Frank can try to stay quiet but there is not much he can really do.

The Shadow stops. He quickly turns around and shines his flashlight into the darkness. Frank ducks behind a tree.

The Shadow definitely heard something. But nothing is there. Could have been the wind or maybe an echo.

He turns back and returns to his task.

Frank continues to follow him. This time at a greater distance.

Frank looks up and sees an almost full moon. Hopefully it might help him see.

EXT. POND - NIGHT

The Shadow emerges out of the woods into a small clearing next to a large pond. It's a beautiful, hidden place.

The moon shines on his face and we can see some of his features. He is an older white man.

The Shadow walks in the clearing and appears to experience a trance. Frank is careful not to get too close.

The Shadow kicks leaves from the ground as he searches for something. He finds a flat red stone embedded there and smiles.

He moves around and repeats the process throughout the area. Frank has no idea of what this guy is up to.

The Shadow counts the places where he has found his special rocks. There are seven spots.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a stack of driver licenses. He walks around the area and places each one top of each stone. When he is done he still has more than a dozen left.

Frank takes out his phone and turns off the sound and the flash. He takes a photo but the distance and darkness makes it blurry. He puts the phone away and places his flashlight on the ground.

The Shadow takes the remaining licenses and puts them on the ground face up. One of them belonged to Erin McCarthy.

The Shadow looks up at the moon and raises his arms. This process is making him invigorated.

He drops his pants down and gets on his knees. His back is to Frank but it looks like he is masturbating.

Frank slowly moves forward with his gun raised.

The Shadow is in fact masturbating to his "collection" of licenses. His collection of women.

Frank tries to be as quiet as possible. The Shadow is not as cautious now as he was.

Frank puts one of his feet down and it crashes through the leaves. A hole opens up revealing a pit with sharpened wooden spikes.

Frank almost falls through it but catches himself.

The Shadow panics and pulls up his pants.

THE SHADOW

Oh shit.

He FUMBLES to grab his gun from the holster on his belt as he gets his pants back on.

Frank STRUGGLES to pull himself out of the hole.

The Shadow pulls out his thirty-eight caliber revolver.

BANG.

Frank ROLLS out of the way in time. He returns fire.

BANG. BANG.

The Shadow DIVES behind a tree for cover.

Frank gets to his feet and runs.

BANG. BANG. The Shadow misses.

Frank CHARGES at him. BANG. CLICK.

The Shadow raises his gun.

Frank TACKLES him as the Shadow tries to get off a shot.

BANG. It goes into the air.

Frank seizes the momentum and CRACKS the Shadow in the face with his empty gun. The Shadow takes it like it was nothing.

The Shadow tries to aim his loaded gun at Frank.

Frank uses his empty gun and SMASHES the Shadow's hand. The loaded gun flies into the woods.

Frank SWINGS for another hit. The Shadow blocks it. He GRABS Frank and THROWS him off.

Frank tries to regain his footing but the SHADOW attacks him again.

They WRESTLE and PUNCH each other. This guy is definitely stronger than Frank.

Frank is not that big of a guy and the size he does have comes from lifting weights while he was away. His fighting style also comes from the prison yard.

In short, Frank is like a rabid raccoon. And like an animal with rabies, he has no sense of fear and is relentless with his attacks and aggression.

The fight is brutal and these two guys beat the shit out of each other. Slamming each other into trees, punching, kicking. It's nasty.

In the end, Frank gets the upper hand. He gets on top of the Shadow and mercilessly PUNCHES him. At first the Shadow seems unfazed and has some fight left.

But each BLOW knocks him down slowly. Soon Frank is clearly victorious. But he won't stop his HITS. He has too much anger in him from over fifteen years of being fucked over and this sick fuck is the outlet for it. You would almost feel bad for the bastard if he wasn't a serial killer.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's enough!

Frank ignores whoever else is there. He is too focused on ripping this guy apart, piece by piece.

HARRINGTON (O.S.)

I said that's enough, Frank.

Frank snaps out of it slightly. Who the hell is there?

He turns and sees Menendez and Harrington, both cops are out of uniform but they have their guns drawn and pointed at Frank.

Frank looks at them and then back down at the Shadow.

FRANK

What the fuck?

HARRINGTON

Get off him and raise your hands.

FRANK

You guys are working together?

MENENDEZ

Shut the fuck up, Frank. And do as your told.

Frank gets up and backs away. Menendez keeps the gun pointed at him. Harrington goes to the Shadow.

HARRINGTON  
Holy shit.

MENENDEZ  
What?

HARRINGTON  
That's Eric Rupnick.

MENENDEZ  
From the cold cases?

HARRINGTON  
Yeah.

Harrington helps the Shadow sit up. Frank looks at The Shadow. This is the same cop that was working in the cold case unit when Donovan let Frank see the case file.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
You all right?

The Shadow shakes his head. He's out of it.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
What the fuck did he do to you?

FRANK  
I caught the Harrison Beach serial killer.

Menendez and Harrington look at him skeptically.

MENENDEZ  
Shut up.

FRANK  
Look at that stuff on the ground.

He points to the driver licenses that are all together. Harrington bends down for a look. He is interested in them and knows better than to pick one up.

MENENDEZ  
We should just shoot him right now for what he did to Rupnick.

THE SHADOW  
Kill him!

Harrington raises his hand for Menendez to stop.

Harrington takes out his phone and searches for the Harrison Beach killings. Results come up. He checks the names and closes his phone.

He turns and aims his gun at the Shadow.

HARRINGTON

Frank Dallow was right. These are the licenses from the victims. A lot more than was originally thought.

THE SHADOW

Those were his. I caught him here.

HARRINGTON

I doubt that. Frank Dallow just got out of prison a few months ago after a fifteen year stint.

Menendez keeps the gun pointed at Frank. Harrington gets close to the Shadow.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Only thing that doesn't make sense is how did Frank find you.

Harrington keeps his eyes on the Shadow.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

How Frank? We followed you here. But what about you?

FRANK

Spoke to a pimp of one of the girls he took and learned about his car. Staked out the factory area and saw his car with a bumper sticker about his kids being on honor roll. Checked a map, found this park, and eventually his dumping ground.

HARRINGTON

That simple and easy?

FRANK

Simple, but not easy.

MENENDEZ

Why were you playing amateur detective?

FRANK

Since I found him I don't think I'm  
an amateur.

Harrington laughs while Menendez is not amused.

HARRINGTON

You know what he meant.

Frank does know. He's not crazy about coming clean to these  
two assholes but has little choice.

FRANK

Those licenses there. You see one  
for Erin McCarthy?

The Shadow starts to sob. Harrington looks at him in disgust.  
He backs away and bend down to look at the licenses.

HARRINGTON

Yeah, Frank. She's there.

FRANK

That's why.

Harrington stands back up and heads to the Shadow.

HARRINGTON

It's funny how so many crimes are  
solved by luck. Not to demean what  
you did Frank but if he had picked  
a woman different from Erin, you  
would have never been up his ass.

FRANK

I wouldn't call it funny but I  
understand what you meant.

MENENDEZ

Holy shit. We have the Harrison  
Beach killer.

Harrington thinks about this situation.

HARRINGTON

We could be legends.

THE SHADOW

Kill him and you can turn me in for  
all the credit.

MENENDEZ

It's not a bad idea.

HARRINGTON  
I don't trust him.

MENENDEZ  
Then let's do it.

HARRINGTON  
I meant Rupnick.

MENENDEZ  
You want to kill another cop?

HARRINGTON  
This tub of shit is a monster with  
a badge. He's not one of us no  
more.

MENENDEZ  
Maybe not. But think of the photo  
of us giving him the perp walk.

Harrington shakes his head.

HARRINGTON  
The story of us catching won't work  
if Rupnick is able to say  
otherwise. Any half ass defense  
attorney will talk to him and then  
bring us down. It's better if he  
can't say anything.

THE SHADOW  
I can keep my mouth shut,  
Harrington.

Harrington ignores him and walks over to Frank.

HARRINGTON  
This was about revenge, right?  
Here's your chance.

Frank doesn't take the gun.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Even if it's not. He will continue  
to hurt people and kill them. He's  
sick and there is no cure.

Harrington moves closer and whispers.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
It will be our secret.

FRANK

And then you arrest me for murder?

HARRINGTON

This is my gun, Frank. I get the credit and you get what you want.

THE SHADOW

Wait a minute guys.

FRANK

Killing him isn't what I want. I want him to spend the rest of his miserable life in prison. They got a special way of treating lady killers in there. And when they find out he was also a cop.

HARRINGTON

That's not going to work, Frank. My partner and I are going to take the credit for catching him. We can only control the narrative if he's not talking.

THE SHADOW

I'll say whatever you guys want.

HARRINGTON

Make a choice, Frank. I can't wait all day.

Frank shakes his head. No.

Harrington retracts his gun and kneels down low. He looks at Shadow.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Stand him up.

THE SHADOW

Please, guys.

MENENDEZ

(to Frank)

Come on.

Menendez holsters his gun. Frank looks at the two crooked cops. He doesn't have much choice.

They lift the Shadow up. The serial killer's legs go out. They need to prop him up.

MENENDEZ (CONT'D)

Hurry up. He's fucking heavy.

Harrington steps forward and SHOOTs the Shadow in the heart. He lets out a weak YELP as he dies.

Menendez lets go of him. He almost crashes on top of Frank but Frank steps out of the way.

Menendez looks at Harrington with anticipation. Harrington lowers his gun. Menendez looks disappointed.

MENENDEZ (CONT'D)

Frank is also a loose end.

HARRINGTON

I don't think he is going to talk.

MENENDEZ

You don't know that.

HARRINGTON

We've been breaking his balls for months and he never made a complaint. I know his type. He's old school and won't talk.

Menendez and Frank glower at each other. Menendez reaches for his gun.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

You want to be a super cop, Menendez? Get a medal and make detective?

Menendez pauses.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Cracking this case will get us all the credit to be legends. And it wasn't us who did it. It was him.

MENENDEZ

So?

HARRINGTON

So when something doesn't add up later, we might need to go back to him and check the notes.

Menendez considers this.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

You can do that for us, right Frank?

Frank nods.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

And in exchange we won't bother you no more either. It's a win for everyone. You get your peace.

MENENDEZ

The old man is not going to like that.

HARRINGTON

Well, we can't speak for him. But we can bullshit him as much as possible to keep him off your back.

Frank looks to Menendez. His face appears neutral.

FRANK

So what do I do now?

HARRINGTON

Go home and keep your mouth shut.

Frank looks at them in disbelief. These guys still seem to be pretty fucking vicious.

Frank walks to the tree where he left his flashlight. He bends to pick it up, expecting to catch a bullet to the back of his head.

It doesn't happen. The two cops stand where they are and watch him walk away.

Frank disappears into the night.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Frank walks down the dark road with his flashlight on. He sees headlights coming in the distance and cuts off his light.

Frank steps away from the road and hides behind a tree.

A CARAVAN OF POLICE CARS speeds down the road with their lights flashing. Frank watches as they pass by.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - DAWN

A CAB pulls up. Frank gets out.

INT. BIG JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Frank enters the kitchen. The house is still trashed. Frank ignores it and goes to his room.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank goes right to his bed and collapses on it. He falls asleep with his shoes on.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar has about a DOZEN PEOPLE in it, all neighborhood locals. Frank pours two beers and hands them to the customers.

The door opens and he looks up. Donovan enters.

FRANK

I didn't do it, detective.

Donovan forces a laugh.

DONOVAN

You know how many times a day I hear that stupid joke?

FRANK

You mean I wasn't original?

Donovan takes a seat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What will it be?

DONOVAN

Any pale ale?

FRANK

Miller High Life. The champagne of beers.

DONOVAN

That can work.

Frank goes to the tap.

FRANK

Be thankful you at least have skim milk even though you really wanted cream.

DONOVAN

How you holding up?

FRANK

As good as can be I guess.

DONOVAN

I got your message but it got lost in a pile of other voicemails. It's been a crazy couple of weeks.

FRANK

That's okay.

DONOVAN

What did you want to tell me?

FRANK

Nothing. Was a false alarm.

Donovan nods.

DONOVAN

I came by to give you a heads up. We're having a press conference tomorrow. That cop that died in the woods was the Harrison Beach Killer.

FRANK

I had a feeling.

DONOVAN

What do you mean? You knew him?

FRANK

Nah, just from what I read and his photo. Guy gave off bad vibes.

DONOVAN

You met him before. That night when I showed you the case file.

Frank acts like he just realizes this now.

FRANK

Holy shit. That's creepy. Maybe he removed evidence from the file that could have gotten him caught.

DONOVAN

We're looking into it.

He leans closer to Frank

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

(low voice)

Guy kept their IDs as trophies. Twenty-two in all. That's a lot more victims than the found bodies.

Frank hands Donovan his beer.

FRANK

Well I guess the city can sleep safer now.

Donovan takes a sip.

DONOVAN

Those cops who caught him look familiar to you?

FRANK

All cops kind of look the same to me. Probably the uniforms.

DONOVAN

You caught a beating from them.

FRANK

That was the same guys?

Donovan shoots Frank a look. His bullshit detector is going off.

DONOVAN

Yeah. I'm surprised you didn't put that together.

FRANK

Just trying to look forward as I live this life. Looking backward doesn't offer me much.

DONOVAN

That's a good philosophy, Frank.

He takes another sip.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Their story is pretty crazy. Makes the rest of us look pretty dumb.

FRANK

What are they saying?

DONOVAN

They said they were investigating the case in their spare time as a hobby and learned about the old pimp on Ferry Street who tipped them off about the car.

FRANK

Interesting.

DONOVAN

It reminded me a lot about you.

They look at each other. Both of them know the other's thoughts.

FRANK

I just want to let it go, Donovan. I don't care who gets the credit as long as this bastard can't hurt anyone else.

Donovan thinks this over.

DONOVAN

You're a bigger man than myself, Frank.

He raises his glass to toast him.

The door opens. Jackson and Lords Member 1 enter. Donovan turns and glowers at them. They look back at him.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Go home. Frank is my guy and I will bring hell to the Lords if you try me.

Jackson looks at Frank. Frank stares back at him with defiance, it feels like his dangerous vibes have returned.

Jackson shakes his head. He pulls Lords Member 1 by the arm and they leave.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to watch that piece of shit for you.

EXT. FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Frank walks by himself. He passes Erin's Mom's house as Amanda pulls out of her driveway.

She is about to drive away when she notices Frank and rolls down her window.

AMANDA  
Hey Frank.

FRANK  
Hey Amanda.

AMANDA  
You want a ride?

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda drives through the neighborhood and Frank sits there.

FRANK  
How's your mom holding up?

AMANDA  
Still killing herself slowly. But she seems less hopeless.

FRANK  
You think she'll turn around?

AMANDA  
She used to be strong. What about you?

FRANK  
A lot better all things considered. You?

Amanda sighs.

AMANDA  
It's better than not knowing. I just wish it was really him and not some-

FRANK  
(interrupting)  
They got the right guy.

She looks at him skeptically.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I grew up with one of the  
detectives on the task force. He  
told me the guy kept driver  
licenses as trophies and had them  
when he was caught.

Amanda pulls up to Frank's house and processes this.

AMANDA

So it's really over?

FRANK

This one is.

Frank moves to open the door.

AMANDA

What have you've been doing with  
yourself these days?

FRANK

Working. Trying to stay busy. I  
want to get a second job but it's  
hard with my conviction.

AMANDA

I might be able to help you.

FRANK

Yeah?

AMANDA

Yeah.

She writes her phone number down on a piece of paper for him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Call me sometime.

FRANK

I will.

He opens the door.

AMANDA

There's not many of us left here  
from our generation. Most people  
moved away as soon as the could.

FRANK

Can you blame them?

AMANDA

No. But I wish I could.

They look at each other for a moment.

FRANK

I'll call you sometime.

He steps out of the car and closes the door.

EXT. BIG JOHN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda waves to Frank through the window. Frank waves back and she drives away.

He stands there and watches her headlights disappear.

He walks toward the house. His posture seems different, like a giant weight has been lifted off him.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Frank stands at Erin's grave, dressed in the same ill fitting suit he had on when he was released from prison. He places a bouquet of flowers on her tombstone and walks away.

FADE TO BLACK.