

WILDFIRE

a screenplay by

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WOMAN'S VOICE
Hold your breath now...

FADE IN:

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

Autumn colors, mucky footprints, dead leaves. A ribbon of smoke from a chimney above bare trees, sky overcast.

BO LOWERY, early-40s, lives off the land and looks it. She stands behind CALEB, a raggedy 10 year old in hand-me-downs, an old scar on his cheek. She lays a hand on his shoulder.

The boy gulps in a breath and holds it.

BO
Flatten that thumb. Make sure your
arrow's resting on it, you know that.

Caleb holds it to his thumb. Glances up for her approval.

BO (CONT'D)
Good. Now spot your target.

He closes his left eye. Draws the string, fingers quivering. Parallel to his neck, he tilts the bow on its side.

Bo glances down the shaft, the tip aimed at a COOING GROUSE.

BO (CONT'D)
All right, now when you let that
sucker fly, then you let out that
breath. Not before. Not after.

Caleb nods, his face going red from holding his breath.

BO (CONT'D)
Whenever you're ready.

Caleb waits a beat. He exhales as he lets go.

FSSSSSSHHHHHHH!

The arrow cuts the air, misses the grouse. The bird FLAPS into the sky with a SQUAWK. Loose feathers scatter.

Caleb slumps as he lowers the bow. Bo pats his shoulder.

BO (CONT'D)
Don't sweat it. That was close. You
got your form down, anyway. And a
couple of feathers to motivate you
for next time.

CALEB

I guess.

Bo throws the .22 strap over her shoulder and ushers Caleb over to collect feathers. Bo tucks one behind her ear.

CALEB (CONT'D)

(giggles)

Pretty.

BO

Why thank you, young sir. C'mon.
Let's head back home for supper.
I'll make pancakes.

Exited, Caleb hurries on ahead. Bo saunters behind him.

INT./EXT. BO'S PICKUP, MOVING - DAY

Bo drives with a smile in silence. Caleb, wearing baggy shorts, plays with an old Transformer action figure.

The beaten-up PICKUP TRUCK rumbles along macadam cut through a barren landscape. A wolf's paw, spattered with blood, pokes out from under the tarp in the truck bed.

In the distance, a WILDFIRE scours the mountains, the sky above black with smoke.

They pass a road sign: FORT GARRISON, Pop. 132

The pickup takes a small rise overlooking Fort Gary's sprawling, run-down Main Street.

Bo grips the wheel tighter, eyes narrowing, pressing a hand against her abdomen with a wince.

Caleb gives her a worried look. Bo smiles to comfort him. He returns a weary smile as they turn onto Main Street.

CALEB

What's that, Momma?

Bo squints through the cracked, bug- and bird crap-streaked windshield into the bright summer haze.

A HUGE CROWD congregates out front of Town Hall, a one-story white stucco building, raising placards. A protest.

BO

Looks like the whole dang population
of Fort Gary...

Bo slows to a crawl, approaching the center of town.

VEHICLES line the street. Out-of-towners. Two NEWS VANS idle near the crowd. CAMERAMEN buzz around like flies on a corpse.

Bo pulls up to the curb a safe distance away.

BO (CONT'D)

Stay in the truck.

Caleb looks up from his toy as Bo steps out to vague CHANTS from the protest.

Bo peeks under the tarp on the truck bed, revealing a tuft of bloody fur. She sidesteps a HIPPIE COUPLE sauntering toward the crowd. Shaking her head, she enters -

INT. DAN'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

The bell DINGS above the door.

A blonde girl (17) with tattoos and a half-shaved head, dressed in Daisy Dukes, a crop top and fuzzy boots, lowers her pink sunglasses to take Bo in before disregarding her and smirking at the postcards. This is RAINEY LAYNE.

Behind the counter, DAN GOOSE watches a game show, his long gray hair tied in a horsetail over a plaid flannel shirt.

BO

Hey, Dan Goose.

DAN GOOSE

Hey, Bo Diddley. How goes?

BO

Good, good.

Bo eyes Rainey a moment, then leans in to the counter.

BO (CONT'D)

Any idea what's going on out there?

Dan Goose peers through the storefront window and shrugs.

DAN GOOSE

Protest. Wolf cull, I think. Seen some of them protest signs, seems to be that's what it's about.

BO

Wolf cull, huh?

DAN GOOSE

Yup. Them wildfires haven't spread out your way, have they?

BO
 Nope, and I don't expect 'em to. But
 I guess you never know what a
 wildfire's gonna do.

She squints in the direction of Rainey.

DAN GOOSE
 That's the truth.

BO
 Maybe we should do business tomorrow,
 once this - whatever it is - dies
 down.

DAN GOOSE
 Got cash out the machine to pay you
 now. Drive around back, we'll avoid
 them pryin' eyes.

Rainey sashays past Bo outside, her ass hanging out of the
 back of her shorts. The bell DINGS above the door.

Dan's narrow-eyed gaze follows Rainey's long legs until
 they're out of sight, then he snaps his attention to Bo.

BO
 There's a wildfire waitin' to happen.

DAN GOOSE
 I'll say. She look familiar to you?

BO
 I don't read men's magazines, Dan.
 (winks)
 Meet ya round the back.

Bo heads out the door. She squints at the harsh sunlight.
 Sees Rainey standing by the truck, pecking away at her phone.

BO (CONT'D)
 Can I help you, little miss?

Rainey holds up finger, tapping the keys with her other hand.

RAINEY
Send.

She tucks the phone into the back pocket of her shorts.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
 Bitch, what the fuck is this? Explain
 this to me.

Bo notices how close Rainey stands to Caleb's open window.

BO

First of all, I don't answer to that word. Never have, not even when my ex-husband was sayin' it.

CALEB

(awed)

Momma, that's -

BO

Roll up your window, Caleb!

While Caleb rolls up his window, Rainey reaches into the truck bed to raise the tarp.

BO (CONT'D)

Don't touch my truck.

BLONDE GIRL

Touch your truck? You're a *murderer, bitch. Killing animals is, like, a jailable offense.*

(jabs a finger at her)

You could go to jail. You *should go to jail. Orange is the New Buttblast, bitch. Prison rape citayyy.*

Despite the filth, she has a PRETTY, SOULFUL VOICE.

BO

All right, I don't got time for this.

Restraining herself, Bo pushes Rainey aside with two fingers. Rainey staggers back as if she's been slapped.

RAINEY

Oh no, bitch, you did not even!

Bo heads for her door. Rainey scowls off down the street. When she spots him, she barks a single LAUGH.

Bo follows her gaze to a HEAVYSET BLACK MAN in a dark suit, PANTING up the hill. A small dog sashays along behind him.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Darius!

Rainey SLAMS her palms down on the hood. Bo flinches.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Here she is! Citizen's arrest her, or something.

DARIUS DAWSON (early-50s) squints as he approaches, the longhaired Chihuahua wearing a diamond stud collar, its claws painted in rainbow colors, tucked under his arm.

DARIUS
What seems to be the problem, ma'am?

BO
You talking to me?

RAINEY
Do I look like a *ma'am to you, bitch?*

The little dog GROWLS as Bo advances toward Rainey.

BO
You call me that one more time...

Darius holds Rainey and Bo back from a fight. The DOG YAPS. Caleb stares through the windshield.

DARIUS
You don't wanna do that. I know Rainey can be... Hell, the girl's practically unstable, but she's also paid me good money to protect her, and if you raise your hand to her, well...

RAINEY
Shit's about to get *rull*.

DARIUS
I don't want to strike a lady -

RAINEY
(snorts laughter)
"Lady"!

DARIUS
- but I will subdue you if you leave me with no other choice.

Bo backs off a step, sizing up the situation.

BO
I just want to get this delivery finished, and your - whatever the heck she is - is standing in my way.

DARIUS
Rainey, move for the nice lady.

Rainey crosses her arms. Darius SIGHS in defeat.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Rainey, will you *please move and let the lady go?*

RAINEY

How you just gonna ignore the dead bodies in the back of her truck, Darius?

Rainey kisses the trembling dog its nose.

Annoyed, Darius goes to the back of the truck. He raises the plastic, nods, then turned to Bo.

DARIUS

I'm sorry to have wasted your time, ma'am. Wolves, uh... well, she says they're her spirit animal.

Darius spots Caleb in the window and smiles.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

What's up, little man?

RAINEY

You're my spirit animal, Darius.

(to her dog)

And you're my wittle piddle spiwit animaw.

The dog looks up, bewildered.

BO

Isn't that cute. Now if you'll excuse me, I got a living to make. Unlike *some people...*

RAINEY

What the fuck's that mean, huh?

Rainey hands the dog to Darius and stomps around to the front of the truck.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

You don't know me, bitch! I made, like, a billion dollars yesterday, and I'll make another million while you're sittin' watching reruns of fuckin' *Hee Haw* or some shit.

BO

Oh yeah, how's that? Peddlin' your tight little tush on the street?

Bo SLAMS the door behind her as Rainey throws herself on the hood, BEATING HER FISTS on the battered metal, SHRIEKING.

The dog YAPS as Darius reaches out to grab Rainey, but she TEARS AWAY and rushes around to Bo's window.

Bo locks the door as Rainey thrusts her chest at the window.

RAINEY
And what! And what!

Bo puts the truck in reverse and PEELS RUBBER.

Rainey leaps back, eyes wide in surprise and anger.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
We ain't done here!
(singing:)
We ain't even close to done,
biiiiiitch!

Caleb, the toy forgotten in his lap, watches Rainey step out the road and hoist up both middle fingers.

CALEB
Momma, you know who that lady is?

BO
That is not a lady, Cal. That is
what we politely call a whore.

Caleb's shoulders sink and he watches Rainey in the rearview as Bo pulls a U-turn. He knows when to not press an issue.

EXT. DAN'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

Dan Goose counts out twenty dollar bills into Bo's hand. He adds a few ones.

The bed littered with straw and blood, Caleb and Bo load in paper sacks of groceries. Bo straps them in with a bungee.

She folds the tarp and tosses it behind Caleb's seat. Caleb plucks up the toy from the floor.

CALEB
Look, Momma. The man turns into a
gun.

He points the small gray plastic Luger Transformer at her and makes a GUNSHOT sound effect.

Bo raises her eyebrows, faking interest.

INT./EXT. BO'S PICKUP, MOVING - DAY

Smirking as she pulls out of the laneway, a CROWD swarms the truck. Bo SLAMS both feet on the brakes.

BO
Christ on a bike!

Caleb's eyes go wide from the swear.

Fists HAMMER on the hood and windows. PROTESTORS of all ages shake signs: **#STOPTHECULL, BE A VOICE OF THE VOICELESS,** and **GET OUR WOLVES OUT OF THE CROSSHAIRS!** Along with graphic images of dead wolves caught in traps and furs drying on racks meant to shock.

PROTESTORS
SAVE OUR WOLVES! SAVE OUR WOLVES!

Rainey Layne stands in the midst of this with the dog in her arms, her tongue stuck out, one knee cocked inward in a pose of schoolgirl innocence.

Caleb turns his fearful eyes toward his mother.

Bo POUNDS on the HORN, snarling.

Fists BEAT on the hood. Placards CLATTER on the windshield. Their CHANT rises in pitch.

BO
Buckle your safety belt, Caleb.

Caleb buckles up. Bo REVS the engine.

The crowd startles, backing away from the truck.

Rainey grins, loving it.

Sneering, Bo FLOORS the accelerator.

The truck VAULTS OFF THE CURB and SLAMS down onto the road.

Placards CLATTER onto the sidewalk. Righteous anger vanishes from their faces, replaced by surprise and fear.

Rainey stays put, playing chicken.

Bo grips the wheel tightly.

Rainey's eyes flash with terror. She bolts out of the way.

Bo grins, swings the truck into a lane, and accelerates up the hill out of town.

As she relaxes, she turns to Caleb. He's squinting at the door mirror. She pats his leg.

BO (CONT'D)

You good?

CALEB

How come them people hate us, Momma?

BO

Same reason people hate anybody, I guess. 'Cause they ain't like us. They come from privilege. They don't know what it's like to live off the land like we do. They got no concept of what it's like to live in the dirt. Y'understand?

Caleb thinks it over for a beat, then nods. Smiling, she tussles his hair. He frowns and smooths it back.

Bo looks in the rear view at the receding town. She rolls the window down, and spits into the wind.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Their two-rut drive stretches through the woods, a single black wire connecting the ramshackle cabin to civilization.

FLASHBACK: ROY, a mid-40s Mississippi man with a trucker hat and checkered shirt, smiles by a NEW PICKUP TRUCK, arm in a sling, a hand on Bo's back, Bo noticeably pregnant.

ROY

What d'ya think of our little slice of the American Dream?

BO

Sure is in the middle of nowhere.

Roy smiles at her.

ROY

That's the best part. Less chance of unwanted guests.

Bo smiles, looking up at the old cabin.

BACK TO SCENE

Her jaw tightens. Caleb's DOOR SLAMS, startling her. She goes to the back of the truck and scoops up a grocery bag.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

The spring on the screen door GROANS as Bo and Caleb bring the groceries into the house. It CLATTERS shut behind them.

The front door leads to an open kitchen, dining room, living room. Ugly yellow countertop, ratty furniture in front of a stone fireplace covered in cobwebs. Guitar against the mantle.

Caleb sits on his haunches, unloading cold goods into the propane fridge, while Bo looks out the kitchen window.

BO

Dang it.
 (off Caleb's look)
 Somethin' got in the coop again.

CALEB

Coyote?

BO

Dang possum, maybe. You okay to finish putting these away? I'm gonna see if I can't find that chicken.

Caleb nods, placing things in the fridge double-time.

Bo heads to the tall broom closet. Grabs the .22 rimfire inside. Tucks a box of ammo into her vest and heads out.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

The screen door CLATTERS. Bo strides across the brown grass.

Black feathers glisten with blood on the dirt floor of the coop. Chickens peck around a pile of feathers and viscera, oblivious. Bo hunkers down to study the mess.

Small paw prints circle the area - five long toes with claws.

Bo follows the tracks to the OUTHOUSE, made from salvaged lumber in various colors.

FLASHBACK: Roy sits on an outhouse toilet reading *Uncle John's Bathroom Reader*. Bo comes out of the woods with a bucket.

BO

You know, the possum uses that toilet just about as often as you do.

ROY

That possum knows a good thing when he sees it.

BO
You love this place so much you might
as well live in it.

ROY
Maybe I will. Sure beats listenin'
to you nag.

BACK TO SCENE

Scattered feathers bypass the outhouse, trailing into the woods along the two-rut road leading into the forest.

Bo follows the trail, loading a magazine into the .22. The trail ends cold at an outcrop of mossy bedrock. Circling, she finds it again, spotting fresh blood on a hollow stump.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The high drone of CICADAS. The whine of MOSQUITOES. Bald gray spruces sway, CREAKING high up where their spindly tops seem to touch the scudding clouds.

Bo looks back toward the house. Only the mossy shingle roof of Roy's outhouse visible now.

BO
There he is.

The possum tears a strip of flesh off a dead chicken.

Bo opens the breech, checks for a round, then pushes the bolt forward, wincing at the METALLIC CLICK.

The possum chews. Bones peek through muscle and flesh.

Bo peers through the scope. Lines up the shot between his beady black eyes.

She FLICKS off the safety.

A deep breath in, and out...

Bo gently squeezes the trigger.

The possum lets go of its prey and falls onto its back, hind legs pinwheeling, tail squirming.

Bo squeezes off another shot. The legs stops moving.

She sets the rifle against a stump. Wraps the chicken in a strip of butcher paper, and tucks it into a vest pocket.

Down on her haunches, she plunges her knife into the possum's sternum.

Pulls out steaming loops of intestine and organs with bare hands. SPLATS them onto the stump for scavengers.

She wipes blood on the underbrush and stands holding the possum by its tail. Slings the rifle over her shoulder, letting it hang by the strap as she heads back.

VOICES perk up her ears as she steps out of the trees behind the outhouse. A deep MALE voice. A shrill FEMALE's. Caleb speaking excitedly.

DARIUS (O.S.)

...little man?

BO

Oh no...

Rainey's dog BARKS.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Bo hangs back in the woods, unsure.

Caleb says something Bo can't hear. Rainey LAUGHS.

Bo clenches her jaw and steps out of the woods, hands bloody, dead animal held by the tail.

Caleb, Rainey and Darius stand between the pickup and a SHINY BLACK ESCALADE. Caleb sees Bo as he's petting the dog. His smile alerts Darius, who attempts a smile of his own.

A moment later, Rainey clues in. Her smile freezes at the sight of the dead animal.

RAINEY

Fuck me...

Bo strides toward them.

BO

I'm gonna give ya'll five seconds to tell me what you're doing on my land. After that, I'm gonna let my rifle here do the talking. Caleb, get in the house.

CALEB

But Momma -

BO

Now.

Caleb looks down at his boots, kicking up dirt on his way to the house. The screen door CLAPS shut. The dog YAPS.

Darius slips his hand over his belly toward his inner jacket.

BO (CONT'D)

Don't move that hand another inch.

Darius runs the hand over his bald head with an innocent look, as if it had been his intention all along.

BO (CONT'D)

Now talk, girl, 'fore I get angry.

RAINEY

Well, shit, lady. I ain't here to cause shit. My rep saw my tweets, all right? Said I let it get out of hand and I should make things right.

BO

I don't know about reps or tweets, or whatever the heck you're blatherin' on about -

RAINEY

(rolls her eyes)

I came here to apologize. You're not makin' it easy.

BO

You want to apologize, I ain't gon' stop you.

Rainey SIGHS heavily.

RAINEY

Look, I'm sorry, okay? I still think it's fucking disgusting what you do.
(re: the dead possum)
But it doesn't make it right to beat on your truck and scare your kid.

DARIUS

And?

RAINEY

And putting you on blast to my thirty million tweeps.

Darius clears his throat. Rainey growls.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

And for throwing shade on Snapchat.

BO

Am I supposed to know what these words mean?

Rainey STOMPS a boot in the dirt.

RAINEY

I'm apologizing! Can't you just say "apology accepted" or some shit, so I can go back to the hotel?

Bo narrows her eyes, considering it.

BO

Apology accepted then. That all?

RAINEY

Yeah, that's all. *Thank you.*

Bo turns for the house.

BO

Don't mess up the grass on your way out the drive.

RAINEY

Hey, what'd that animal ever do to you?

Bo turns back at the door.

BO

'Scuse me?

RAINEY

That beautiful animal. Why'd you murder it?

BO

(nods toward the coop)
Killed one of my chickens.

RAINEY

Eye for an eye, huh?

BO

(patient)
If I don't kill it, it's just gonna come back. Kill another hen, or the rooster. Take the eggs next time, too. I let it go, it's gonna think my coop's a grocery store, and me and Caleb'll go hungry.

Rainey considers it. Darius ushers her toward the car.

DARIUS

Let's go, baby girl.

Rainey narrows her eyes, then allows him to pull her along.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Bo toes open the door and steps into the house.

She stands the rifle up in front of the broom closet, and brings the possum to the sink.

The ESCALADE STARTS and CRACKLES down the stony drive.

Bo hears the CLACK of Caleb's toys in the back bedroom.

BO

Do your homework, Caleb!

Caleb grumbles and STOMPS out across the house. He SLAMS his math book shut and STOMPS back with it under his arm.

Bo uses the hand pump's rod with her elbow, and rinses her hands under the stream of clear water. Lathers with a bar of soap, repeats until they're clean.

With a boning knife, she cuts the fur along the base of the possum's legs and around the tail. Cuts around the paws, then jerks upward, stripping hide from belly and chest, using the blade lightly where the skin catches on the meat, on the ears and over the eyes.

The CRUNCH of gravel disturbs her. Through the window she sees a WHITE TRUCK pulled up out front, the **Fort Garrison Sheriff's Dept.** logo emblazoned in blue and gold.

She rinses her hands under the pump.

DEPUTY HEWSON, a slender man in a khaki shirt and blue vest, steps down off the truck. He straightens his navy blue **DEPUTY** ball cap, smoothes his goatee, and strides toward the house.

Bo dries her hands on a towel, meets him at the door.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

The Deputy shoves his hands in his pockets, trying for casual.

BO

Problem, Deputy?

DEPUTY HEWSON

No problem. Just canvassing the area, making sure residents are aware of the forest fire.

Bo nods toward the WALL OF BLACK SMOKE in the distance.

BO

Tough not to notice it.

He follows her nod.

DEPUTY HEWSON

Ha ha yep. Just making sure. So you're aware, if it sweeps out your way I'll be back here again. Fire Chief's telling us we may have to evacuate the area if it gets too bad.

BO

I'm not leaving my home, Billy.

The Deputy squints off toward the woods.

DEPUTY HEWSON

Can't put out a wildfire, Bo. All you can do is try and contain it, and pray like hell it don't burn up every damn thing it touches.

They stare each other down a beat.

DEPUTY HEWSON (CONT'D)

We all saw what happened in Willow last summer. Saved all them sled dogs but most of the residences burned to the ground.

He squints to impress upon her the severity. Bo shrugs.

BO

If I see the law out this way, we'll get right in the truck. That good?

DEPUTY HEWSON

That'd be appreciated, Bo.

He nods. Bo nods back, supposing their business done.

DEPUTY HEWSON (CONT'D)

Heard you had a run-in with that pop singer this morning down at Dan Goose's.

BO

That what she was?

DEPUTY HEWSON

Oh yeah. Pretty famous, they say.

BO

I don't listen to that crap.

DEPUTY HEWSON

Me either. It's all automated these days. Anyway, I should be going. Got a few more houses to hit before end of watch. You have a good one.

BO

Same to you.

Bo heads back inside.

The Deputy starts his truck. "I Shot the Sheriff" blasts out of the speakers. He backs up and heads off down the drive.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Bo and Caleb eat a hearty stew in silence.

CALEB

Momma, can we play poker after supper?

BO

Finish up your math assignment and we'll see.

Caleb smiles and shovels food into his mouth.

Later: they PLAY CARDS. Penny ante poker. Caleb SLAPS down a flush and scoops the pile of pennies over to his side.

CALEB

This is much better than math.

BO

Remind me not to teach you how to count cards.

CALEB

(excited)

You know how to do that?

Bo grins, gathering up the cards.

BO

Your daddy taught me. He was somethin' when we were young. A real wild card.

Caleb smiles, stacking his pennies.

Later still: Bo washes dishes in a large aluminum tub set on the wood stove. Caleb dries with an old stained dish towel. His stomach makes a long, RUMBLING GROWL.

CALEB

My tummy hurts, Momma.

BO
Caleb, don't use baby talk.

He winces as a GURGLE runs through his guts.

BO (CONT'D)
Well, go on to the bathroom then.
Have a cupful of Milk of Magnesia
and I'll brew up some tea.

Caleb lopes toward the back. The bathroom door SLAMS.

Bo puts a log in the fire, blows on the coals, and sets the kettle on the stove. She looks out at the pitch black night.

High beams swish through the trees - a vehicle turning into their long drive.

The kettle RATTLES as she narrows her eyes.

The ENGINE ROARS, and the vehicle bounds over a washout. The headlights illuminate the kitchen, making Bo shade her eyes before the lights jerk suddenly to the left -

CRASH!

The Escalade crumples around a tree.

The engine idles. Exhaust visible in the taillights.

The kettle SHRIEKS. Bo realizes she's been gripping the counter, and flexes the ache out of her fingers.

Outside, the headlights wink out.

As the driver door opens, the interior light comes on.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Rainey slips out from behind the deflating airbag, dressed in a pink bikini top and frayed blue jeans, a streak of bright red marking the center of her face.

She blinks into the side mirror, shakes her head, then leans in to get her cell phone. She blinks at it and stumbles out, sneakers weaving in the dirt.

Bo takes the kettle off the stove, ending its WHISTLE.

On her way to the front she glances at the crack of light under the bathroom door.

BO (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Stay in there, Caleb...

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Bo steps out into the chill night air.

Behind Rainey, the Escalade's dome light winks out. Her nose looks broken, leaking blood down her bare chest.

RAINEY

There she is. Now I got a bone to pick with you--

(giggles)

"Bone." You get it? I didn't even say that on purpose.

BO

Li'l girl, your nose is spread halfway across your face.

Rainey licks blood from her top lip.

RAINEY

I love the way you talk. It's so...
Honey Boo-Boo.

Bo scowls until the girl snorts LAUGHTER.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Relax, girl! Chill. I'm just messin with you, all right?

BO

You just crashed into my tree. You're drunk as a danged skunk.

RAINEY

Me? Hell no. I had like one wine cooler and a bit of weed, that's like not even anywhere near my limit.

She BURPS, swallows hard, and grimaces.

BO

You're drunk. You been driving on windy country roads with your brights on. You know that's a recipe for disaster, don't you? I mean, you *proved it right there crashing into my goldarn tree.*

RAINEY

It's not your tree. You can't own nature.

Bo absently spits in the dirt.

BO

All right, come on inside. I'll brew some coffee, sober you up some.

RAINEY

Mmm, coffee...

Rainey staggers toward the house. A heel turns inward and she lurches forward. Bo catches her, catching a whiff of something strong.

BO

All right. Get back on your feet, girl. I ain't carryin' ya.

Rainey stands up drunkenly.

RAINEY

You're a nice lady.

BO

I ain't nice. I'm a fool.

She opens the door. Rainey stumbles in.

Caleb stands against the table, looking sickly. His eyes go wide when he sees Rainey.

CALEB

Holy crap!

BO

Caleb, fetch that big sweater from your closet.

He hurries off. Rainey giggles.

RAINEY

Ain't he a cutie?

Bo helps her into a chair. Rainey sets her phone on the table.

BO

Stay there while I get a towel for your nose.

RAINEY

Why? Is it running? If it is, you better go catch it!

Bo opens a drawer while the girl LAUGHS uproariously. She rummages and finds a stained tea towel.

Rainey just blinks at it, so Bo presses it against her nose.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Ow! Hey, that hurts.

BO

Hold it there and keep quiet a minute.

RAINEY

(re: the towel)

Dang - who's blood is that?

BO

It's yours, ya ninny. You been in a car accident.

Rainey peers around while Bo puts the kettle back on.

RAINEY

This is a nice place.

She BURPS again and pulls a sour face.

BO

Thanks.

Caleb comes out of his room with the sweater. He goes straight to Rainey, holding it out. Bo snatches it from him, then drapes it over Rainey's shoulders.

BO (CONT'D)

Go on and zip that up, would you?

RAINEY

It's too hot.

Rainey tugs it off and tosses it onto the floor.

BO

Bed time, Caleb!

CALEB

It's not even eight-thirty!

BO

Caleb, look at you...

She touches his forehead. His cheeks flush. He looks over her shoulder at Rainey, embarrassed.

BO (CONT'D)

You're sick as a dog. You want to feel better tomorrow, you ought to be in bed.

She licks her thumb and wipes something only she can see from his cheek.

CALEB

All right, all right!

Caleb gets an eyeful of Rainey's bikini top, then stomps to his bedroom. A moment later, the door SLAMS.

RAINEY

Bet you wish he could stay that age forever.

BO

Not likely.

The kettle WHISTLES. Bo returns to the kitchen, pours out a cup of instant. The spoon CLINKS as she stirs.

Rainey removes towel from her nose, revealing bruising, as Bo places the mug in front of her.

RAINEY

That smells like drywall.

BO

How do you know what drywall smells like?

She drapes the sweater over the girl's shoulders.

RAINEY

My dad's a contractor. Used to be a jack of all trades, 'til I got famous.

BO

Famous for what?

RAINEY

(sings:)

"Girl, you don't need to rock the right shaaaades, wear expensive clothes, hit the scene readymade. All you gotta do is be real, be real. All you gotta do is be real!"

BO

Never heard that one.

Bo snatches the towel, crosses the kitchen, and drops it in the sink.

RAINEY

You mean, you really don't know who I am? Hell, girl, you really are off the grid!

CALEB (O.S.)
You're Rainey Layne.

Both women turn to see Caleb approach in his bright red PJs.

RAINEY
Your kid's got good taste.

CALEB
Momma, she's famous. Like, *really*
famous. I tried to tell you...

BO
So how is it you come to know about
her?

CALEB
Sometimes I listen to the radio when
you leave me in the truck.
(shrugs)
I like her songs the best.

RAINEY
The best, huh? You see that? Me and
Cal, we're kindred spirits.

BO
His name's Caleb.

RAINEY
He told me he likes "Cal." Don't
you, sugar?

Bo rounds on him. Caleb looks at his socks.

BO
(mutters)
Tells perfect strangers things he
won't tell his mother.

RAINEY
He's what? Ten? Eleven? You're lucky
he tells you *anything*.

BO
Back to bed now, Caleb.

CALEB
Momma, we got a real live celebrity
in our house, and you want me to
sleep? You gotta be kidding me!

BO
Go to bed, Caleb. I'm not gonna tell
you again.

RAINEY
 (poking the bear)
 Aw, c'mon, Momma! Let him stay up.

BO
 You're not the one who'll have to
 deal with his whining when he's stuck
 on the toilet all night with diarrhea.

Mortified, Caleb turns and bolts to his room.

BO (CONT'D)
 And I ain't your Momma so don't you
 call me that.

RAINEY
 Can't call you Momma, can't call you
 bitch. Jeez, what can I call you?

Bo takes a menacing step toward her. Rainey throws up her
 hands, palms stained red from her own blood.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
 I'm kidding, I'm kidding! Jeez, can't
 you take a joke?

BO
 Finish your coffee.

RAINEY
 It tastes like shit. Don't you got
 any Starbucks or anything?

BO
 Fresh out.

The girl grins. Like she knows something.

RAINEY
 You know, I used to be like you.

BO
Like me?

RAINEY
 Uh-huh, yep. Used to be poor. Too
 proud to ask for help. Cal's a smart
 kid. But you keep him on a leash. I
 bet you never let him out of your
 sight. There's a name for chicks
 like you where I live. We call them
 Helicopter Mommas. Drone Parents.

BO
 How old are you?

RAINEY

Old enough to know your kid's gonna rebel if you don't start treatin' him like a person instead of a pet. He get bullied a lot in school?

BO

He's home-schooled.

RAINEY

Then I guess that's a yes.

Rainey grins, teeth pink from blood.

BO

It's time for you to leave.

Bo stands and takes away Rainey's coffee.

RAINEY

I thought you said I was too drunk to drive.

BO

Looks like you've sobered up some. I'll give your car a nudge off that tree if -

Rainey's eyes twinkle.

RAINEY

Darius got me thinking. When I was a little older than Cal, I already got emancipated.

BO

Caleb.

RAINEY

(ignores her)

Good God almighty, I was free at last! My daddy used to take all my royalties. Used 'em to gamble. Drink. Whores. All kinds of bad shit. I didn't like that too much. So my agent said I should get emancipated. 'Cause Daddy was treating me like a slave. My agent, she was savage as fuck. Course, she was taking fifteen percent herself. Now I run my own company. I make my own music - not for the record companies, not for the producers, and sure as hell not for my daddy.

Rainey looks around her feet, searching for something.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

You can't trust anyone in this world.
Not your parents. Not your friends.
Only people you can trust are animals -
where's Hottie?

BO

Excuse me?

RAINEY

Hottie - my dog.

Rainey gets to her feet. Her eyes go unfocused, and she grasps the chair to stop from falling over.

BO

You named your dog 'Hottie'?

Rainey crouches to look under the table.

RAINEY

Short for Hotlanta. Hottie?
(whistles)
Hottie-baby, where are you, you bad
wittle girl?

BO

You didn't have her when I brought
you up to the house.

RAINEY

Bullshit. I don't go anywhere without
my dog.

BO

What reason would I have to lie?

Rainey looks up with narrow-eyed suspicion.

RAINEY

You probably kidnapped him. Kidnapped
him and killed him and ate him for
dinner, you sick bitch.

Bo massages a pain in her temples.

BO

Your bodyguard was right. You are
unstable.

RAINEY

Darius would never say that, Darius
loves me.

BO
 Nobody loves you, they just tolerate
 you because you're rich.

RAINEY
 Bullshit.

BO
 Get. Out. Of my. House.

RAINEY
 I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY
 FUCKING DOG, BITCH!

Bo SLAPS her hard enough the blood flows from her nose again. Rainey stares at her, struck sober. She brings a hand to her already flushing cheek.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
 Oh, no you did *not*.

BO
 You're goddamn right, I did. And
 I'll do again if you don't shut your
 filthy whore mouth.

RAINEY
 Bitch.

She flinches, awaiting the blow.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
Ugly bitch.
 (steps closer)
Cunt.

Bo SLAPS her again. Rainey's head snaps back, blood streaking the yellow countertop. She turns, fire in her eyes, blood streaming down her face from both nostrils, and lashes out.

Bo catches her wrist and jerks it down.

Rainey's free hand comes up in a fist. Bo catches it an inch from her face and fights the girl's sudden burst of strength to shove it down to her side.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
 Let me go, you crazy bitch!

CALEB
 Momma...?

BO
 Go back to bed, Caleb!

Caleb's door SLAMS.

Twisting Rainey's skinny arms behind her back, Bo shoves her to the door. She kicks it open, then BOOTS her ass outside.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Rainey goes sprawling in the dirt. She crawls around on all fours until she's facing the house. She spits blood on Bo's boot and LAUGHS maniacally.

BO

You got a strange idea of funny.

Rainey shows her bloody teeth in a snarl.

RAINEY

I will fucking *destroy* you. You just flushed your whole fucking life down the shitter, you crazy bitch.

FLASHBACK: Roy lurches up from his armchair, nose bloody, fists raised.

ROY

- CRAZY BITCH!

BACK TO SCENE

Bo CHUCKLES bitterly.

BO

You can't touch me, girl. You came to my house. Twice. Drove here drunk. You crashed into my tree.

RAINEY

IT'S NOT YOUR TREE!

Bo gives her a patient smile.

BO

You threatened me, and my son. I did what I had to do to defend myself from your crazy ass.

RAINEY

Bitch, I am gonna call -
(spits blood)
- social services. They'll take Cal away, and you'll never see him again -

Bo's kick to the side of Rainey's head shuts her up. Rainey sprawls face-first in the dirt, unconscious.

BO
You don't get to threaten my boy.
You don't get to *ever do that*.

Bo stands over her, controlling her breathing. She looks down at Rainey. At the Escalade wrapped around the tree. She KICKS at the dirt.

BO (CONT'D)
Cocksucker!

FLASHBACK: Dressed in black, Roy turns in the passenger seat. Arm bleeding from a bullet wound, he grins through the pain.

ROY
You said a mouthful, sugar.

Bo turns to him, eyes frantic. She TAKES A CORNER FAST.

BO
What now?

ROY
We gon' drive across that border,
that's what now. Straight on through
Canada. Find ourselves a piece of
untamed forest in the Great Land of
Alaska. The Last Frontier!

Bo's unconvinced. Looking ahead, she floors the gas.

BACK TO SCENE

Bo grabs Rainey by the wrists, drags her through the dirt, and over the scuffed threshold.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Bo rights the chair and sits Rainey up in it.

She gets a loop of yellow nylon rope from the broom closet and ties Rainey's hands and feet to the wooden legs. Tests the knots for strength. No give.

Satisfied, Bo guzzles the lukewarm cup of coffee.

A LOUD BUZZ startles her as she sets the mug down on the edge of the table. The mug slips and SHATTERS in splinters on the floor.

That BUZZ again, rattling the oil lamp.

Bo peers down at Rainey's cell phone screen, showing a photo of Darius, grinning wide.

Her mind races.

The phone BUZZES. The oil lamp flame flickers.

She stuffs a cloth in Rainey's mouth and seals it with duct tape. The girl breathes raggedly through her nose, making bubbles with snot and blood.

Buzzzzzz!

Bo drapes the sweater over Rainey's head, then pads over to Caleb's door. She draws the lock ever so gently.

Then she heads back out into the dark.

The phone BUZZES once more behind her, and goes silent.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

A sliver of moon illuminates the canopy of jagged black pines. Sky so clear you can see the entire universe.

Bo climbs into the truck, pulls the door gently shut, and turns the key. The ENGINE ROARS.

Bo looks in the rear view at Caleb's window.

A minute passes on the dashboard clock. No movement in his window. She backs the truck down the drive. Passes Rainey's Escalade, door still open, airbag still inflated.

At the bur oak, she turns the truck around and backs up until it's a few feet from the rear of the SUV.

She climbs out, grabs the tow chain, and hooks it to the hitches of both vehicles.

Reaching through the driver door, past the deflated, blood-encrusted airbag, she throws the Escalade into Neutral with her sleeve pulled up over her hand.

Blood on both front seats. Not good.

She shuts the door, hand in sleeve.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Bo snatches the cell phone off the table.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - NIGHT

Back in the truck, Bo grips the wheel, psyching herself up.

BO

You got this, Bo. You got this.

Easing her foot down on the gas, the truck zips forward the length of the chain, then stops with a jerky CLANK.

The FRONT WHEELS SPIN in the dirt. METAL SQUEALS. The Escalade won't budge off the tree.

BO (CONT'D)

Shit.

Bo frantically pumps the gas.

Suddenly the wheels catch. The truck lurches forward, tearing the Escalade off the tree with a SHRIEK OF METAL.

INT./EXT. BO'S PICKUP, MOVING - NIGHT

Bo drives slowly, gripping the wheel tight, glancing often in the rear view at Rainey's vehicle.

The headlights cut through pure black, illuminating trees on either side of a gravel road.

She turns left. The headlights shine on a "FORT GARRISON 5 MI" sign as she passes.

In the passenger seat, Rainey's phone BUZZES. Darius's image smiles up at her from the screen.

Bo lets it BUZZ.

In the rearview she looks hellish. Red from the taillights. Eyes haggard. Hair frazzled. Mouth set in a grimace.

Headlights overtake the next rise, scintillas so small they could be mistaken for stars if they weren't below the trees.

BO

Shit! Shit shit shit!

Bo rolls down the window. She BREATHES in deeply through her nose. Out slowly through her mouth.

She pulls the truck in behind an outcropping of rock. Flicks off the running lights.

Time crawls in the pitch darkness. Finally, headlights catch the rock in silhouette.

BO (CONT'D)

Keep going...

Ten seconds pass. The cold white halogens swish past with a flurry of CRUNCHING GRAVEL.

Bo waits until the taillights are pinpricks in the rearview, then flicks on the lights and pulls out onto the road.

EXT. LIMESTONE THROUGH CUT - MINUTES LATER

The truck stops between two high straight walls of rugged limestone. Bo gets out, unhooks the tow chain.

Shirt covering her fingers, she opens the Escalade's driver door. Sets the transmission to Drive.

Back in the truck, she makes a three-point turn, easing the truck close so the left headlight lines up with the Escalade's right rear light.

With a silent prayer, she slowly reverses until the bumper TAPS the other side of the rock cut.

Then she floors it. The TIRE SQUEAL.

The bumper STRIKES the Escalade. The SUV lurches toward the left as Bo brakes, pitches forward into the ditch, and SLAMS into the solid black limestone.

Bo LAUGHS, triumphant.

She jumps out of the truck and approaches the crash.

Kneels down, and rubs away a few flecks of red paint where the truck hit the Escalade, leaving a minor ding.

She climbs down the steep ditch. Pushes aside brambles to open the passenger door. Grabs the keys with her shirt sleeve, and tosses them a ways down the ditch.

With the door left open behind her, she kicks away footprints in dust and weeds.

Back on the road, she kicks away tracks in the gravel.

From the road, she can't see the Escalade. Bo SIGHS, allows herself a small smile.

BO

Don't get cocky now. Still got a few
hurdles to jump just yet.

INT. CALEB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Caleb wakes to MUFFLED SCREAMS.

Lying in the dark bedroom, everything gray and fuzzy, his eyes widen in fear.

CALEB

Momma...?

He listens. The house CREAKS.

Another SCREAM fills the silence. Wood THUMPS against wood.

Caleb peels back the sheet. Reaches blindly in the dark for his FLASHLIGHT on the bedside table. Picks up his watch, and flicks on the flashlight briefly.

Almost eleven.

A floorboard CREAKS as he steps out of bed. He pauses, nervous, listening to FROGS CHIRP outside. No sound from inside the house.

Caleb lowers his full weight onto the floor. Gingerly, he navigates the minefield of toys, creeps to the door. He twists the knob and pulls.

The door sticks. The lock RATTLES.

That MUFFLED SCREAM again. High-pitched and guttural. Sounds like it hurts her throat.

CALEB (CONT'D)

That ain't Momma...

Caleb RATTLES the door.

He weaves over the mess to the window. Unlatches it, gently raises the pane.

Then he slips out into the cool night air in his pajamas.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Winching with every step over stones and pine needles in his bare feet, Caleb keeps his eyes on the main window. The oil lamp gives the room a warm orange glow.

He creeps up to the big window, grasps the frame, and slowly rises on his toes to peer through the dingy glass.

A FIGURE sits facing away from the window. Head slumped, draped in his sweater.

Frightened, Caleb ducks down behind the wall.

Front yard empty. No sign of either vehicle.

He peeks through the window again. The figure shakes. The chair THUMPS against the floorboards.

Startled, Caleb falls back on his butt in the dirt.

Out in the dark, Rainey's SCREAM curdles his blood.

Curiosity gets him to his feet and to the front door. He thumbs the latch and pulls, but finds it locked too.

CALEB

Pisspot!

Lights flash through the trees.

He squints into the dark woods, down the two-rut drive.

Two lights, moving in tandem. Truck lights.

Caleb scurries back to his open window, inhaling sharply with each painful step.

INT. CALEB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He climbs through headfirst. His palms press down on hard plastic toys and he GRUNTS, holding back the pain. His feet come down with two loud CREAKS.

The truck lurches passed the oak - seconds from the house.

Caleb jerks the window down and ducks a split second before the headlights illuminate him.

He scurries back into bed and draws up the covers.

For a moment he lies there, eyes on the brightened window.

CALEB

God, Momma... What did you *do*?

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bo leaps down from the cab and strides to the front door with a satisfied smile.

She shines the flashlight in short bursts, checking the dirt for signs of a struggle. Blood. Footprints.

In the third flash she catches sight of SMALL PRINTS - bare feet moving toward the front door. She holds the light on for several seconds, blocking the beam from spreading.

A small butt print by the big window, bracketed by two hands.

Bo rushes to the door, uses her key. The hinges CREAK as she slowly draws it open.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bo steps in and closes the door gently behind her.

Rainey MOANS into her gag, sound like a dying animal.

Bo pulls Caleb's sweater from her head. Rainey looks up at her with blackened, tear-streaked eyes, nose obliterated, covered in crusted blood from her nose down, like a mask.

She shakes the chair, raising all four legs off the floor repeatedly. The floorboards THUMP hollowly like a drum.

Bo grabs her shoulders.

BO
Stop it, girl. Stop it. *Stop.*

Rainey's struggles subside. She merely weeps up at Bo.

Bo tightens her jaw and checks the knots. Secure enough. She bends in close, studying the girl's eyes.

BO (CONT'D)
You been out of the house?

Rainey looks at Bo as if she's lost her mind.

BO (CONT'D)
No. You been a good girl, haven't you? You stay bein' a good girl and maybe I'll let you go.

Rainey's wet eyes fills with hope.

BO (CONT'D)
You gon' stay quiet?
(off Rainey's nod)
All right, then. I'm gonna go back outside a minute. Don't you start bouncing around again. This ain't one of your jiggly butt music videos.

Bo leaves her. Grabs the heavy broom from the closet.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Bo stands the broom against the door and flicks on the flashlight, cupping the beam. She illuminates the trail of bare footprints toward Caleb's window.

BO
Yup.

Bo pushes the broom through dirt and stones and pine needles, sweeping away the evidence in a Zen state.

Above her, the half moon glows brightly. Frogs CHIRP.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bo steps in. Returns the broom to the closet, and walks right by Rainey Layne - who locks eyes with her - to Caleb's door.

She stands outside the door a moment. Takes a DEEP BREATH.

Finally, she unlocks and opens it.

A triangle of lamplight illuminates the room. Caleb lies in bed, eyes closed but not sleeping. Breathing fast, as if she'd almost caught him.

Standing in the doorway, Bo waits for him to open his eyes.

A long beat. He doesn't dare.

BO

We'll talk in the morning.

She closes the door and draws the bolt.

Back at the table, Rainey watches with wide-eyed suspicion as Bo drags a chair in close.

Bo lays the .22 on the table, out of Rainey's reach. Rainey stares at the rifle as Bo sits facing her.

BO (CONT'D)

You've probably sobered up some and wondered why the hell I've got you tied to a chair. Tomorrow, you and I are going to have a chat about that. But for now, I want to establish something: I am not your enemy. If you play straight with me, we can make this right.

She scooches in closer.

BO (CONT'D)

But if you play games, if you threaten me or my boy again... Well, we've got a problem. Do you understand? Nod and show me you understand.

Begrudgingly, Rainey nods.

BO (CONT'D)

Okay then. Let's get some sleep.

Bo moves the chair back so she's next to the rifle and crosses her arms. She sits, listening to the FROGS SING and the BUGS CHIRP outside the window.

Her eyes grow heavy. She tries to keep them from shutting, but it's a losing battle.

Rainey's terrified eyes are the last thing Bo sees before she drifts off.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - MORNING

Bo snaps awake to the sound of CRACKLING GRAVEL.

Rainey's awake, staring at her with a mix of hope and terror.

Bo snatches the rifle and leaps to her feet. A bolt of pain seizes her leg muscle, cramped from sleeping in the chair. She staggers to the window.

The CRUNCH OF GRAVEL as a vehicle approaches. BRAKES SQUEAL.

The sun shines devil rays into Bo's eyes. She blinks hard, wipes away sleep dust, and squints out into the front yard.

A dirty, wide-cab SEDAN idles beside her truck. Windows tinted. The left front end lower than the rest, as if the driver's weighing it down.

CALEB (O.S.)

Momma?

BO

Stay where you are, Caleb. And stay away from the windows.

Bo returns to Rainey, raising the .22 in one hand.

BO (CONT'D)

If you scream, if you struggle, I will put this between your eyes and pull the trigger. Now it might not kill you, but I have a feeling maybe that's worse than death.

Rainey draws back, eyes wide.

BO (CONT'D)

You gonna struggle?

Rainey shakes her head.

BO (CONT'D)

Good.

Bo grabs the back of the chair and drags it off of the TRAP DOOR. Pulls a loose board aside and raises the hatch, revealing a dank root cellar.

Rainey shakes her head violently.

BO (CONT'D)

You promised me, Rainey. I'm gonna untie you now, but you gotta be quiet.

The girl motions with her head - a plea.

BO (CONT'D)

What? You scared?

(off Rainey's nod)

Nothing to be scared about down there, just some canned goods and cobwebs.

Bo begins to untie her.

Outside, the car door sensor DINGS. As Bo loosens the knot tying Rainey's hands to her feet, the car door SLAMS.

Bo scrambles to untie Rainey's ankles from the chair.

Still tied at the wrists, the girl SQUEAKS as Bo hoists her up onto her shoulder.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

She steps down onto the steep stairs, legs threatening to buckle. Rainey's head THUDS against the edge of the hatch. She lets out a MOAN.

Bo sets her down in the cool dirt. Rainey watches her with pure terror as Bo backs up the stairs.

Bo snatches the rifle off the floor. Aims it down the hole.

BO

Not a peep, you hear?

Nodding, a tear spills down Rainey's cheek.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bo lowers the hatch as someone KNOCKS on the door.

She leans the rifle against the table, replaces the loose board, puts the chair back over the hatch.

Her eyes alight in a eureka moment. She takes the lid off the penny jar, scoops out a handful and places them on the table in front of the chair above the cellar. Another scoop in front of her own.

She opens the pack of cards and deals out five cards each.
Another more impatient KNOCK.

BO
(faux-cheerily)
Coming!

She hurries across the living room to Caleb's door. Draws the bolt back and opens it.

Caleb steps back from the door, fully dressed, with a look of weary-eyed confusion.

CALEB
Momma, what's - ?

She grasps his arm and draws him across the room.

BO
No time to explain. I need you to pretend we've been playing cards. Poker face, okay? What you saw last night, I'll explain everything as soon as he's gone.

She sits Caleb in the chair. Reluctantly, he picks up the cards. Registers disappointment by the hand he's been dealt.

Bo hurries to the door.

Darius stands at the window, face against the dirty glass, a hand cupped around his eyes to peer inside. In his other arm, he holds Rainey's dog.

DARIUS
Ms. Lowery? I need a word, if you have a minute.

Bo glances at Caleb as he draws a handful of pennies across the table to his pile.

BO
Poker face.

Caleb gives her a serious nod in reply.

Bo opens the door and peers out, blinking at the bright sun.

BO (CONT'D)
Mornin. What can I do for you today...
Darius, was it?

DARIUS

Yes, ma'am.
(squints at her)
Rough night?

Bo swipes hair out of her face.

BO

Out huntin' early this morning.

DARIUS

Ah.

Darius peers inside, the dog shivering against his belly. He sees Caleb and blusters in. Bo takes a surprised step back.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Hey, little man! How you doin'?

CALEB

Hi, Mr. Dawson.

DARIUS

Call me Darius, everyone does.

Bo forces a smile.

BO

Caleb and I were playing five-card stud. Care to join us for a hand?

DARIUS

(eyeballing the house)
Afraid I don't have time for that, Ms Lowery. Reason I'm here is because Rainey Layne - the girl who accosted you in town the other day? She went missing late last night.

BO

Oh, that's terrible.

Darius meets her eye. A tight smile.

DARIUS

Thank you for saying so, ma'am, but you don't have to lie on my account. I know she offended you, and I don't expect you to care... But I'm paid to keep an eye on her, so maybe you understand the bind I'm in now that she's run off.

BO

Run off?

DARIUS

Drove off in the Escalade. Took my keys while I was sleeping -

BO

Oh, heck. You think she - ? I mean, do you think she got in an accident, or...?

DARIUS

(a flash of concern)

That thought hadn't occurred to me, but now that you mention it...

BO

God forbid... But the roads are pretty windy out in these parts. Lot of accidents. Especially at night. Do you have any idea what time she left?

Darius glances at his watch.

DARIUS

Must've been about eight or nine -

BO

Early to bed, early to rise, huh?

DARIUS

'Scuse me?

BO

You said you were sleeping...

His whole body deflates in an exhausted SIGH.

DARIUS

Nice detective work, Ms. Lowery.

(re: the dog)

Do you mind if I set her down? She always gets anxious when she's being held.

BO

Oh. We were about to head out again, weren't we, Caleb?

Caleb nods a little too enthusiastically.

BO (CONT'D)

I'm teaching him how to hunt.

DARIUS

I thought you were playing poker.

BO
I'm also teaching him how to play
poker.

DARIUS
And how to bluff?
(cocks an eyebrow)
You always play stud with a rifle at
your side?

He nods toward the .22 by her empty chair.

BO
That's how the outlaws played it in
the Wild West.

DARIUS
(grins)
I hate to break it to you, ma'am,
but this isn't the O.K Corral.

BO
(sly smile)
And I am not Calamity Jane.

CALEB
Can I be Billy the Kid?

DARIUS
Little man, you can be anything you
want when you grow up, but Mamma,
don't you let your baby grow up to
be a cowboy.

He winks at Bo.

BO
You a Willie Nelson fan, Darius?

DARIUS
Big fan of Country and Western in
general, ma'am. I'm a Texas boy.
Truth be told, that Top 40 shit Rainey
plays doesn't appeal to me.
(off her look)
Pardon my French. And here I am
jabbering on when I've got a pop
star to find.

Darius struggles to reach for his back pocket with the dog
tucked in his arm. Hottie bares his teeth and GROWLS softly.

Bo's gaze falls on Rainey's blood streaking the yellow
counter. Startled, she motions with her eyebrows to Caleb.

Caleb scowls at her, then follows her look. His eyes widen. He grabs the oversized sweater from the table and tosses it over the stain.

Bo keeps her eyes on Darius, who hasn't noticed the exchange.

Darius's suit jacket falls open as he wriggles, revealing the handle of a .9MM PISTOL. Finally, he manages to remove his large leather wallet.

He flips it open with the hand cradling the dog, and pulls out a business card.

Bo takes it. **DARIUS DAWSON, PRIVATE SECURITY**, the number an L.A. area code.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

You'll let me know if you hear or see anything?

BO

Will do. Hope you find her.

DARIUS

So do I.

Darius tucks his wallet in a jacket pocket and makes for the door, where he pauses and turns back, Columbo-style.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Listen, the dog and I are going to be on the road again -

(grins)

- for a little while at least. Got to inform the local authorities. I was wondering if I could ask a favor.

BO

Shoot.

DARIUS

If you wouldn't mind, he could use a bowl of water. He was panting a lot in the car, so I let him hang out the window... You know how it is.

BO

Sure. Just let me get a dish.

Bo heads into the kitchen, shitting bricks. She moves the sweater so it covers the entire blood stain as she passes.

Darius bends, lowering the dog to the floor. Hottie's collar JINGLES and his claws CLACK on the floor.

At the sink, Bo closes her eyes in silent prayer.

The dog SNIFFS around Caleb's feet.

CALEB

Can I pet him?

Bo glances back over her shoulder. She takes down an old bowl and hand-pumps it full of water.

DARIUS

He likes when you scratch him on the butt.

(off Caleb's giggle)

I know, it's funny.

The dog kicks a back leg spasmodically as Caleb scratches him just above the tail.

Bo brings the bowl back and sets it on the floor a good distance away from the hatch.

BO

Here you go.

DARIUS

Thank you kindly. Hottie - water, boy. Get your dish.

The dog looks up at Darius and cocks his head. Then he starts sniffing the edge of the hatch. Scratching at it.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Got the scent of something...

BO

We got a bit of a rat problem.

The dog YAPS.

DARIUS

That explains the .22. We used to have feral hogs where I grew up. Made a helluva mess of the yard. Tasty, though.

YARK! YARK!

BO

I bet.

A loud THUMP and CLATTER OF CANS from below has them all looking at the floor.

Caleb looks up at his mother, poker face forgotten.

Bo snatches for the oil lamp as Darius slips a hand into his jacket, ready for action.

The HOLSTER UNSNAPS and he grabs the pistol grip -

Bo lifts the lamp off the table.

Darius draws the .9mm in the same instant Bo swings the lamp at his face.

Caleb leaps back. The dog YELPS, skittering out of his way. His chair topples, striking the hatch with a hollow THUMP.

Darius raises the .9mm, moving into an Isosceles Stance.

The ceramic lamp HITS him square in the jaw, his cheeks rippling with the impact. He squeezes his eyes shut as the smoked glass chimney SHATTERS against his head.

His fingers loosen.

The pistol drops.

CLATTERS along the floor.

His shoulder SLAMS into Bo's solar plexus, knocking the breath out of her.

The two of them land on a chair, SNAPPING it like kindling before his weight drives Bo into the floor.

His thick forearm presses against her throat.

Bo's eyes bulge as she struggles under Darius's girth.

Cool kerosene oozes from the shattered lamp, dampening the legs of her jeans.

In her peripherals, Bo sees Caleb leaning against the counter, knees drawn up to his chest - Darius's sidearm too far for her to reach, but just inches from Caleb's feet.

The dog stands between them, barking incessantly.

The .22 lies under the table. She reaches with her left foot, can't manage to reach it.

DARIUS
Stop resisting, ma'am!

Her neck muscles strain, face purpling from lack of oxygen.

Bo thrusts a knee weakly upward, connecting with his thigh.

Darius realizes what she meant to do and sneers.

YARK! YARK! YARK!

CALEB
LEAVE MY MOMMA ALONE!

Darius whips around, sees the boy bracing the .9mm with both hands. His initial surprise turns to amusement.

DARIUS
Little man, put that thing down.

CALEB
I mean it!

Darius shifts his weight. His forearm moves from Bo's throat to her sternum, and she GASPS in a deep breath.

DARIUS
What're you gonna do? Shoot me?
(chuckles)
Nah, you aren't gonna shoot me. Are you, boy?

The gun RATTLES in Caleb's jittery grip.

CALEB
(weakly)
You get off my Momma...

DARIUS
Go on, little man. Put the gun down.

Darius raises a hand, palm out. Placating.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Put it down and we'll forget this ever happened when I talk to the police.

Bo watches Caleb squeeze his eyes shut.

FLASHBACK: Bo over his shoulder in the woods, reassuring.

BO
Whenever you're ready.

BACK TO SCENE

Caleb's eyes spring open. He breathes out forcefully.

BLAM!

Gunpowder escapes the muzzle in a blue-gray cloud and the shell ejects, the recoil throwing Caleb back against the pantry, toppling cans and boxes of dry goods.

Bo startles, not expecting him to shoot.

Blood DRIP-DRIP-DRIPS on her forehead as she blinks up into Darius's dazed eyes, his mouth hanging open. The bullet hole an inch above his left eyebrow, the exit wound a fist-sized hole in the back of his head. Scalp, bone and brains drip from the underside of the table.

BO (CONT'D)

Christ...!

Darius slumps over her, his chin tucking into the crook of her shoulder as if in an embrace. Torn flaps of sticky flesh and scraps of bone press against her cheek.

The PROLONGED SILENCE that follows is broken by the sound of the DOG DRINKING from the bowl.

Caleb drops the gun and crawls over.

CALEB

Momma!

BO

Help get this big bastard offa me!

Bo throws her weight against him.

Caleb pushes against Darius's shoulder. They GRUNT and strain until they manage to roll Darius onto his side.

Bo sits up, still struggling to breathe, rubbing her raw throat. Caleb throws his arms around her, and she hugs him.

CALEB

I thought he was gonna kill you.

BO

(lying)

It's okay. You did good.

She hugs him harder, rocking him gently. Calming him until his shivers subside. When she lets go, he looks up at her with wet, red eyes filled with relief. She tries to smile. It feels wrong.

She stands and helps Caleb to his feet.

Below, several cans THUD in the dirt. Glass SHATTERS.

Bo drops to her knees on the hatch, in a rage.

BO (CONT'D)

YOU JUST GOT YOUR MAN KILLED! YOU
HAPPY? YOU STUPID LITTLE BITCH!

Silence.

Caleb watches her, his pupils big and black as bullet holes.

BO (CONT'D)

You can stay down there and rot for all I care! Any ideas you might have had of me lettin' you go - you just tossed them out the goddamn window! You're mine now. *Mine. You understand?*

Nothing.

BO (CONT'D)

Oh, now she's quiet.

A MUFFLED SCREAM rises from below.

Bo spits on the floorboards.

Caleb watches his mother, terrified.

EXT. SCENE OF THE "ACCIDENT" - DAY

SHERIFF ED BOISE - old, white, and cantankerous - sits against the hood of his CRUISER, turret lights flashing as a BLACK SEDAN pulls up alongside.

DETECTIVE OKALIK steps out, mid-30s, black pantsuit, dark hair in a tight ponytail. Boise registers surprise that a) she's a woman, and b) she's a Native woman. He tries feebly to cover, sticking out his hand with a corny grin.

SHERIFF BOISE

Howdy. Sheriff Ed Boise.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Detective Okalik. When did you find the vehicle?

Boise looks down in the ditch, smoothing his mustache.

SHERIFF BOISE

Oh, Jim Grady called 'er in around eight in the A.M....

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Eight. Sheriff Boise, it's past ten.

SHERIFF BOISE

I have a watch.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Do you know who this vehicle is
registered to? Did you call in the
plate?

SHERIFF BOISE
I did.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
And?

SHERIFF BOISE
Fella by the name of Dawson. Name's
on the registration in the glove
box, too.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Darius Dawson is a retired Dallas
detective. Shot in the line of duty.
Moved on to private security.

SHERIFF BOISE
Okay...

DETECTIVE OKALIK
The car was purchased under his name
because the girl in his charge is an
emancipated youth, not old enough to
have insurance. A girl I've been
assigned to find, since it appears
she didn't check in for a morning
Skype meeting with her PR rep. Mr.
Dawson has since been unreachable.

Boise gives the closed passenger door a thoughtful study.

SHERIFF BOISE
Well, are we going to be mysterious
all morning, or are you planning to
tell me who the girl is?

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Tell me you know Rainey Layne was in
town. Tell me you know that much.

SHERIFF BOISE
Right, the uh... "international teen
sensation." Protesting the wolf cull,
if I recall. Didn't she have a meeting
with that Injun group this morning?

Detective Okalik ignores the slur.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Missed it, according to her rep.

Boise nods toward the vehicle.

SHERIFF BOISE
There's blood on the airbag. And the
passenger seat.

Okalik instead looks up the road. Boise follows her gaze.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
What's up that way?

SHERIFF BOISE
Not a whole heckuva lot. Couple
private residences. A clear-cut or
two. Passenger door was open, too,
by the way.

Okalik looks at him with keen interest. She heads down into
the ditch, approaching the vehicle from the side. Looks up
once she reaches the door, squinting into the sun.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
You closed it?

SHERIFF BOISE
Didn't think it mattered, so long as
I remembered it'd been open.

Okalik briefly scowls. Boise hides a grin.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Is it possible she stumbled off?

SHERIFF BOISE
That was my contention. Is this an
official missing persons case?

Okalik puts on a latex glove and opens the door.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
It is now. Radio it in to the DOC.
We need to put out an AMBER Alert.

SHERIFF BOISE
You got it, Chief.

Okalik pauses leaning into the car - long enough for Boise
to kick himself over the "Chief" comment - then continues.

Blood on the airbag, just like he said.

She looks off down the road, toward an endless green expanse,
and the BLACK SMOKE OF THE WILDFIRES beyond.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Bo pushes a WHEELBARROW over the threshold and toward the sedan, struggling to keep hold of the handles, the wheel wobbling under Darius as his weight shifts from side to side.

Caleb follows a little ways behind, wary. He picks up a long stick and swishes it back and forth.

CALEB

This don't feel right, Momma.

Bo lowers the wheelbarrow. She peers up at a woodpecker TAPPING a warning in a nearby spruce.

BO

This ain't been right since the get-go. The girl, she forced my hand. Then she forced yours. We're innocent in this. You see that, don't you?

Caleb starts drawing in the dirt. Bo goes to him, grasps him gently by the shoulders.

BO (CONT'D)

Caleb, she threatened to have you taken away from me. Do you know how that feels? The thought of you... with someone else. I just couldn't bear it.

CALEB

I don't want no other Momma.

He draws straight lines in the square he's scratched in the dirt until it looks like prison bars.

BO

Well, good.
(hugs him fiercely)
You're a good boy, Caleb. What happened just now don't change that.

CALEB

I know.

He shuffles on his feet, afraid to say something.

BO

You got something on your mind?

CALEB

We just - we oughta bury him, not burn him up. It ain't Christian.

BO

(considers it)

No. This is the way. We bury him, and they come lookin' for these two with sniffer dogs, they'll find a grave. Ain't no way we can explain that.

Caleb seems unconvinced.

Bo opens the passenger door. She rolls the wheelbarrow up so Darius's shoes hang over the footwell.

BO (CONT'D)

Help me raise him up.

Caleb drops the stick and comes over.

The two of them hoist the wheelbarrow as high as they can, Caleb's wiry muscles quivering.

At first Darius doesn't move an inch. Then his pants hitch, revealing bare legs above red socks. His butt slides over the edge, and his head BANGS against the barrow.

Gravity drags the rest of him down, and he slumps into the seat with a heavy THUD. Bo and Caleb lower the wheelbarrow.

Bo drops the pistol at his feet. She leans in and hauls Darius up by his jacket, straightening him in the seat.

Taptaptaptaptap! goes the woodpecker.

When Bo turns, Caleb looks at her curiously.

BO (CONT'D)

All right, you go back in the house. Anyone comes by, you tell em I'm out huntin' that damn possum.

CALEB

We already ate the *dang possum*.

BO

They don't need to know that.

She smiles, kisses him on the forehead. Caleb looks up at her, unassured.

BO (CONT'D)

Don't interact with her, you hear?
I'll be back before you know it.

Caleb nods dutifully and shuffles back into the house.

A FLUTTER of wings shakes the branches as the woodpecker takes flight, a stark shadow against the summer sky.

Bo watches it fly toward the WALL OF BLACK SMOKE, then turns her gaze toward the sedan.

A sticker on the back bumper proclaims: **RENT-ME!**

She checks his pockets, finds a pack of smokes, a Zippo - monogrammed **D.D.** in flowery script - and a bill for the Snowcrest Lodge Bar & Grill: 6 Jack & Cokes at 9:20PM.

She checks the glovebox. A crumpled receipt, handwritten, for Fergus Redican's Wreck Rental.

She slips it into her pocket along with the bar tab.

The screen door CLAPS shut. She BANGS HER HEAD on the interior backing out of the car.

Caleb comes running out of the house, something held out.

BO (CONT'D)

Whatcha got there?

CALEB

Cell phone. It was on the floor.

BO

Musta fell outta my pocket during the scuffle.

CALEB

Musta. You should put it with him. They can track these things.

BO

How do you know that?

CALEB

I told you, I listen to the radio.

He gives her a thin smile.

BO

That's a good idea. It'll burn up in the fire.

Bo takes the phone and slips it into Darius's lapel pocket. She smiles down at Caleb until he looks away, uncomfortable.

CALEB

What?

BO
 Just wondering how you got to be so
 smart is all. Get back in the house.

Caleb grins and heads back.

BO (CONT'D)
 Don't forget -

CALEB
 (over his shoulder)
 Yeah yeah, huntin' the dang possum!

BO
 Good boy.

Bo smiles after him until he's back in the house. She feeds a length of plastic tube into the gas tank.

Sucks the end until her mouth fills with gas, and she spits in disgust. She pokes the spurting end into a Jerry can.

As it fills, she looks off at the black smoke above the trees.

She stops the flow and opens the back door. Then she lets it loose, spraying gas all over the back seat.

When the flow slows to a dribble, the fabric so drenched it DRIPS onto the floor, she closes the door.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR, MOVING - DAY

Bo gets in the driver's seat. She leans over Darius to buckle his seat belt, lift his gut, and unzip his fly. The silver steer skull buckle makes her grin as she unbuckles his belt.

She reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out his wallet.

Credit cards. A small wad of cash, big bills. Bo pockets a hundred and twenty dollars, leaves the rest. Personal business cards. A Sub Club card, one stamp short of a free footlong.

Her eyes light on a picture of a YOUNG BOY, maybe five, tucked in behind the ID flap. Big smile, buzz cut, Polo shirt.

Bo registers brief regret, and tucks the photo back into place. She slips the wallet back in Darius's pocket.

The STEREO BLASTS as she starts the car, making her jump - Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty singing "Louisiana Woman, Mississippi Man."

Bo hits the gas, driving past the outhouse, onto bumpy ruts, the front bumper pushing through tall ferns and brambles on its way deeper into the woods.

Bo sneers at the stereo and flicks it off.

ROY (O.S.)
I was listening to that.

She jumps. The seat belt jerks her roughly back into her seat. She glances at her dead husband, a gaping wound on the top of his head, matting down his hair.

BO
I shoulda known you'd come to gloat.

ROY
The hens sure have come home to roost,
ain't they?

BO
I am not talkin' to a dead man.

ROY
If you ain't gonna talk, at least
put the radio back on. They was
playin' our song.

BO
Your song. I don't like music.

ROY
I thought you wuddn't gon' talk?
(Bo clams up)
It don't matter a lick, you know.
Burn him, bury him, leave him for
the crows. Hell, toss him down the
shitter. They got your picture up on
the internets. Won't be long before
someone puts two and two together
and comes lookin' for you or the
little slut. You heard what the boy
said, they can track them cell phones
these days. Ain't like when we was
messin' around back in Louisiana.

BO
Shut the fuck up.

Roy LAUGHS uproariously. Bo grips the wheel, ignoring him.

ROY
Somebody's gonna figure you out, Bo
Lowery - or should I use your real
name? Why'd you decide on Bo, anyway -
I can't remember. Was it Bo Derek,
or that blond-haired fruit from *The
Dukes of Hazzard*?

BO
Bullshit. Nobody's gonna figure
anything out. Ten years and no one's
figured out shit. Ain't gonna happen.

ROY
What you think? You're untouchable?
(laughs)
Bless your heart, girl!

BO
SHUT UP!

She turns, awaiting his retort.

But it's Darius's corpse in the passenger seat, jostling as
the car goes over bumps through the maple trees.

EXT. MAPLE CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

The car climbs a hill. Bo parks. The valley beyond is nothing
but smoke and fire, heat rippling the horizon.

Bo gets out and heads for the cliff edge.

Fire reflects in her awe-widened eyes.

She steps closer to the edge, looking right down into the
pits of Hell. Treetops burn like torches, air thick with
choking black smoke.

Her eyes water. She backs away, leans inside the car, and
throws it into Drive.

She looks Darius in the eye as she unbuckles his seat belt.

BO
This is where you and me part ways,
partner. Catcha down the trail.

She SLAMS the door, goes around back, and pushes. The sedan
drags, something SCREECHING against the undercarriage.

Bo steps back and kneels to look under the car.

The front right axle has snagged on bedrock.

Bo pushes and pauses in short stints, rocking the car.

A RUMBLE startles her. She looks over the roof as a massive
yellow and red CL-215 BUZZES above the smoke, dumping a cloud
of water over the inferno.

Bo ducks. Scared shitless. Caught!

The plane veers, heading away from the car.

BO (CONT'D)

Come on, you son of a *bitch*...

She throws all of her weight behind it now. Tendons in her neck pulled taut. Legs straining.

With a final WARRIOR CRY, she tears the axle free and the car surges forward, pitching out over the cliff...

Bo runs to the edge and watches it soar, excitement swelling.

A moment later, flames swallow the sedan and Darius in it.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Bo bounds into the house.

BO

Who wants pancakes?

The dog SKITTERS across the floor, clamps a venison t-bone in his teeth, and returns to where Caleb sits on his butt on the floor, to drop the bone at his feet.

CALEB

Oh! Me, please!

Caleb tosses it again. The dog runs for it with a BARK.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Momma, can we get a dog?

BO

You know how I feel about that.

CALEB

Just 'cause Daisy bit me when I was little don't mean you gotta give up on all of 'em.

BO

That ain't why. 'Sides, a dog's just another mouth to feed. Come winter we'll have trouble keepin' just you and me fed, you know that. Now go wash up, and I'll get them pancakes on the stove.

Bo whips up a batch of pancakes and venison sausage.

She lays the food out on plates, and sets them on the table.

The dog gnaws the bone by Caleb's feet as he eats.

Bo eats with zero enthusiasm. Chewing without tasting.

She looks up at Caleb. The boy chews away, brow furrowed in a contemplative way.

BO (CONT'D)
More syrup?

He nods enthusiastically.

She pours syrup from a glass bottle onto Caleb's short stack. He reaches down and gives the dog a nibble of sausage.

BO (CONT'D)
Not at the table.

They chew in silence.

CALEB
D'you think Rainey's hungry?

BO
Ask me if I care.

Caleb pokes at his pancakes.

CALEB
We're gonna have to feed her sooner
or later, or she'll starve down there.

Bo drops the fork on her plate with a CLANG.

BO
*I told her to keep quiet, you
understand? I told her his life
depended on it. A man is dead because
of her selfishness. That girl don't
deserve your pity. You know who does?
Darius Dawson. The man whose life
she didn't think twice about throwing
away so she could get her ass outta
the goddamn cellar!*

Caleb's chair SQUAWKS as he stands. He runs to his bedroom and SLAMS the door. The dog follows him. BARKS at the door.

BO (CONT'D)
Everybody's pitchin' fits...

She halfheartedly eats a bite. Drops her fork again.

BO (CONT'D)
Fine.

She STOMPS over to the hatch and tears it open. It SMASHES down on the floorboards.

BO (CONT'D)
You want up?

Bruised and bloody, Rainey squints up at the light. Glistening with sweat, hair stringy. Cans and shattered glass all around her, pickles and preserves drying in the dirt. Her hesitant nod proves how broken she's become.

BO (CONT'D)
You made a helluva mess down here,
little girl.

Bo goes to the closet, returns with the broom and dustpan.

BO (CONT'D)
You ain't gonna fight me?

Rainey shakes her head.

BO (CONT'D)
All right then. I'm coming down.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - DAY

Bo descends the stairs.

BO
You understand why we done what we
done?

An almost imperceptible nod.

BO (CONT'D)
Now there are two ways this can play
out. In one, you come out of this a
hero. In the other you end up dead.

Fright evident in Rainey's bloodshot eyes, bruised black.

BO (CONT'D)
I'm guessin' you're interested in my
proposal. Well okay, here goes.

Bo sweeps up shards of glass. Carefully. Methodically.

BO (CONT'D)
Your man Darius went to the hotel
bar early last night, leaving you on
your lonesome. I found the bill.
(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

Now either he's a drinker and he went there alone, or he'd got himself a hot date. Good-looking fella like him'd have no trouble elsewhere I 'magine, but here in Fort Garrison, the pickins are slim.

She smiles, scooping up a pile of glass into the dustpan.

Rainey shifts uncomfortably, wriggling her arms behind her back. Not to escape. Just working out the kinks.

Bo removes the bar bill from her pocket.

BO (CONT'D)

But since it was only Jack and Cokes, and I doubt a Southern gentlemen like him would go Dutch, I figure he was alone. Maybe he drinks on his own a lot. And maybe *this time, he staggers back upstairs, drunk and randy, and tries to get himself a little piece of ass. But maybe you didn't like that much. You... I don't know, hoofed him in the nuts. Took his keys and run off.*

Rainey cocks her head, mouth moving under the duct tape.

Bo leans the broom against the stairs and sits second from the bottom. Folds her hands together, elbows on her knees.

BO (CONT'D)

You get in the Escalade thinkin' maybe you'll come out my way, since you know from earlier I got guns and I ain't afraid to use em. You figure I could offer you some protection. Only you've had a few yourself. Or maybe that Mary Jane of yours had a little something extra in it - you know, give it some *oomph*.

(a sly wink)

Just between us girls. We've all been there. Either way, you crash the car. Meanwhile, Darius calls on old Fergus Redican in the middle of the night, asking about a rental car. Fergus is mighty pissed - and a tad suspicious, I might add - but he's a Redican boy through and through, and he can't pass up a sale.

Bo unfolds the rental receipt for Rainey.

BO (CONT'D)

See there? Just past midnight.

Rainey blinks her puffy eyes. Breathes out deeply through stuffed nostrils.

BO (CONT'D)

Darius catches you up sometime after that. You've staggered off from the wreck and you're wandering down the road, half-conscious. He drives you out to the woods, and maybe he tries to fuck you again, now that you're in a daze. Pliable.

Rainey shakes her head weakly. A tear falls.

BO (CONT'D)

So, he tries again. Only this time he's pushed you too far. You bein' a streetwise girl, you make him take off his jacket. You take off your shirt, which is why you're wearin' the bikini top you sometimes wear as a shirt.

Rainey's eyes narrow. Like Bo knows her a little too well.

BO (CONT'D)

And while you were preparing him for the main event, you snatched his .9mm from out the holster and put a bullet right here, between his eyes.
(grins)
Paint a pretty picture, don't I?

Rainey sniffs up a wet string of bloody snot from one nostril.

BO (CONT'D)

Now, does sound like something that mighta happened?

The girl nods, shrugging.

BO (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take the tape off now. So you can tell me how it went down. The way you'd tell it to the police.

Bo approaches cautiously, reaching out slowly.

Rainey draws her head back as if Bo might strike her.

BO (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna hit you. I think I
done enough of that.

She grabs the duct tape on Rainey's cheek.

BO (CONT'D)
This'll sting a little.

Rainey squeezes her eyes shut.

Bo pulls. The tape RIPS away from Rainey's lips, and Rainey
CRIES OUT in pain.

BO (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

Bo crumples the strip of tape and tosses it in the corner,
where it lands in a muddy puddle of peaches.

Rainey licks her lips.

RAINEY
Why the black man gotta be a rapist,
you racist bitch?

This surprises a LAUGH out of Bo.

BO
You got punk, kiddo. I'll give you
that.

RAINEY
So what happens if I say yes to your
shitty fuckin' deal?

Bo squats near her.

BO
Well, there's a tricky part. See,
you were out of your mind with fear,
thought you had to get rid of the
body. So you drove him out to the
wildfire and run him off a cliff.

Rainey swallows hard.

RAINEY
*Jesus... You really fucked up here,
didn't you? I mean, you really shit
the fucking bed.*

BO
We shit the bed. You and me.
(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

You're the one crashed into a tree, driving drunk and high, talkin' about takin' away my kid. What did you expect? I was gonna take it lying down like a good girl would?

RAINEY

You really are fucking crazy, you know that?

Bo raises a hand. Rainey flinches, and Bo lowers it.

BO

It takes one to know one, don't it?

She stands, looking down on Rainey with something like pity.

BO (CONT'D)

You think on that deal, missy. Ain't gonna last long, and it's the best shot you got at getting out of here alive.

RAINEY

How's Cal gonna feel knowing his momma killed his favorite singer-songwriter?

Bo turns at the stairs.

BO

Caleb is young. He'll find someone else to admire.

RAINEY

Wait! I'm hungry. I want my dog. Please... let me at least have my dog! It so dark down here... I think I saw spiders...

BO

You think on that deal a bit, and I'll consider whether you deserve him. But you make any more racket and the next time I come down here I won't be feeding you food, it'll be a bullet.

Bo gives her a challenging look.

Rainey's shoulders slump in reply.

Satisfied, Bo rises to the main house and lowers the hatch, leaving Rainey in darkness.

Something heavy DRAGS over the hatch.

In the dim cracks of light from above, Rainey struggles with the knots at her wrists. No give. She slips her arms under her butt, rolls onto her side with a GRUNT. Wriggles until she gets her hands over her feet.

She stretches. Her shoulder POPS. She sighs relief.

Upstairs, Hottie BARKS happily.

RAINEY

I'll cut that bitch's throat if she
lays a fucking finger on my dog...

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sitting in bed, Caleb plays keep-away with the dog.

CALEB

You want it? You want it?

He holds up a stretchy rubber wrestling man. The dog gets up on his hind legs and turns around in a bouncy circle.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Too late.

Caleb snatches the toy away. The dog sits, watching as Caleb grabs something from the dresser. He sits back on the bed, twirling the FEATHER from the grouse he'd missed in the fall.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Something's wrong with my Momma.
Wronger than normal, I mean. Ever
since Daddy run off, she's been
getting weirder and weirder. You
think maybe she's going crazy? This
whole thing... it just ain't right.
I gotta do *somethin'*. I gotta... I
gotta *help your Momma get out of
here, before she makes it worse.*

The dog jumps off the bed and scurries over to the door. He scratches at it, wanting out.

Caleb gets up and opens it.

Immediately, Hottie scurries out, trots past the sofa to the table, and BARKS at the hatch.

INTERCUT: INT. LOWERY HOUSE/INT. ROOT CELLAR - DAY

The house otherwise empty, Caleb approaches the dog. The table leg holds the trap door shut.

Rainey squints up at the ceiling as a shadow moves above and a FLOORBOARD CREAKS.

RAINEY
Hottie? That you, honeybunch?

Caleb startles.

Hottie BARKS obediently. Caleb SHUSHES him.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
Cal? That's you, isn't it?

He says nothing. Peers out the window, but the back yard looks empty.

Rainey cocks an ear toward the ceiling, listening.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
Your mom around? Nah. If she was, she woulda told me to shut up by now.
(coughs)
Cal, you gotta get me outta here. I'll do anything, I swear to God, I'll -

She shakes her head in desperation.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
Whatever you want. Money. Cars. You want a girlfriend, I could like, hook you up with one of my friends' little sisters or some shit. Probably even get one of my groupies to jerk you off. Shit, I'll show you my tits, if that's what you want, Cal. Cal? I know you like what you saw...

Caleb says nothing, embarrassed into silence.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
Fine, you don't wanna help, *fuck you. Little shit. You know, that bitch of a mother ruined you for life and you don't even know it. When's the last time you talked to somebody that wasn't her, huh? And I ain't talkin about that old Native American dude down at the General Store.*

Caleb grabs the dog under his arm and crosses to his bedroom.

FLASHBACK: INT. BANK - DAY

A terrified BANK TELLER loads cash into a bag. Roy, a ski mask over his face, holds a .9mm on her.

ROY
Faster! All of it, goddammit!

BO
Roy?

He turns. Sees Bo with a similar ski mask and .9mm. Sees the OLD SECURITY GUARD rising and drawing his gun behind her.

ROY
Look out, Bo!

Bo turns as the Security Guard FIRES. EMPLOYEES and CUSTOMERS SCREAM and shield themselves from harm.

The BULLET STRIKES ROY in the shoulder, spinning him around.

Bo FIRES twice. The Security Guard drops.

Roy wheels and grabs the money. He rushes to Bo's side. She's already holding open the door, the ALARM even louder outside.

They run for the IDLING GETAWAY CAR. Dive in.

FLASHBACK: INT. GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Bo peels away from the curb, tearing off her ski mask.

BO
Jesus, I thought you were dead for sure. Cocksucker!

ROY
You said a mouthful, sugar.

Bo turns to him, eyes frantic. She TAKES A CORNER FAST.

BO
What now?

ROY
We gon' drive across that border, that's what now. Straight on through Canada. Find ourselves a piece of untamed forest in the Great Land of Alaska. The Last Frontier!

Unconvinced, she floors the gas. Then she plasters on a smile and leans over to kiss him on the lips.

BO
I fuckin' love you, Al.

ROY
I fuckin' love you, Daisy.
(re: the bag)
How much cash you think we got in
here...?

BACK TO SCENE

Bo GROANS and tears the rock from the earth, tossing it into a pile of dirt, a small wooden cross nearby with the words "RIP DAISY" carved into it. The skeleton of a dog beside the upturned grave marker.

BREATHING heavily, Bo looks up at the old outhouse. Then past it to the house. Dead quiet.

Suspicious, she climbs out of the hole.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Bo steps in cautiously.

BO
Caleb?

Caleb GROANS. Curious, Bo crosses the house, glancing at the trap door as she does. She stops at his door.

BO (CONT'D)
Caleb, you in there?

A MOAN in the affirmative. She opens the door.

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She steps in to find Caleb under his covers, a sheen of sweat on his forehead. The dog lies at his feet.

BO
What's the matter? You sick?

Caleb nods pathetically.

BO (CONT'D)
You take some Milk of Magnesia?

CALEB
It's all gone.

Bo gives him a suspicious look. She sits down beside him and touches his forehead. Winces, drawing back her hand.

BO
You're burning up.

CALEB (O.S.)
It hurts, Momma!

Bo gives him a sympathetic look, and leaves the room.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bo enters, sees the toilet lid up and peers into the bowl. She grimaces, flushes the vomit. Hunts through the cabinet. She shakes the Milk of Magnesia, opens it, and peers in.

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bo goes to Caleb's bedside. She reaches out to him. The dog's lips quiver, displaying his teeth.

Bo sneers at it, then puts on a smile for Caleb.

BO
You'll be all right. I'm gonna get
you something for your guts.

CALEB
No, don't leave me!

BO
I won't be long. You got your dog.
He'll protect you.

Caleb reaches out of the blanket to pat the dog's head.

BO (CONT'D)
I'll be back in a few, all right?

He nods weakly. His body wracks in a COUGHING fit.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bo closes the door behind her.

She makes to draw the bolt, then looks at the toilet through the bathroom door and thinks better of it.

The floor CREAKS as she strides over the trap door. She considers it, then shrugs.

BO
Let her scream herself hoarse.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bo climbs in the truck, starts it, and wheels around onto the two-rut drive.

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TRUCK PEELS out. Immediately Caleb leaps up, startling the dog off the bed.

He opens the door and rushes out.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

At the hatch, he pushes the heavy table aside.

RAINEY (O.S.)
Hey! Hey, Cal, is that you?

CALEB
Yeah, it's me. I'm gonna bring you some food.

RAINEY (O.S.)
Food? I don't want fucking *food*, I want *out*!

Caleb opens the hatch.

He staggers back in shock, her face a mask of bruises and blood, body and clothes covered in sweat-streaked dirt.

CALEB
Yeesh, what happened to you?

RAINEY
Your mother happened.

CALEB
Momma said you was in a car accident.

RAINEY
She's a liar. She did this to me. Kicked me in the head, that's all I remember before I woke up tied to this fucking chair.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Caleb descends the stairs, wary of her.

CALEB
Nuh-uh, I seen your car smashed up on the tree out front last night. She ain't lyin'.

Rainey squints, thinking back.

RAINEY

Okay well maybe I did crash the car, but why the fuck you think your momma tied me up down in the damn basement if she didn't do anything wrong, huh? She went nuts. She beat the shit outta me, tied me to a goddamn chair with a shirt over my head... your momma's *insane, honey. She's cray cray in the bray bray, ya feel me?*

Caleb shakes his head.

CALEB

This ain't like Momma. She's... she doesn't hurt people. She gets mad sometimes, sure. Everybody gets mad sometimes. But she's a good person.

Rainey holds out her tied hands, shaking them angrily.

RAINEY

Do good people do this?
(re: her face)
This? Honey, your momma went bananas. B-a-n-a-n-a-s. Now come on, untie me so we can go to the police.

Caleb hesitates. *

RAINEY (CONT'D)

It's gonna happen. You think you have to protect her, but she's the one who should been protecting you. That's *her job, not yours. She give you that scar? On your face?*

Caleb looks at his feet, embarrassed.

CALEB

Naw, that was Daisy.

RAINEY

Who's Daisy?

CALEB

We had a dog when I was little. I guess I was playin' too rough with her, so she bit a chunk outta my cheek. Wasn't her fault, I know. But Momma wouldn't have none of it.

(MORE)

CALEB (CONT'D)

Took her out back and shot her, just like that. That's how come she won't let me have a dog.

Rainey gives him a sympathetic look.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you something to eat -

RAINEY

I don't want food! Untie me, god - !
(calms herself)

Cal. Sweetie. Your momma's gonna come home soon, and she's gonna do very bad things to me. She already promised I'm gonna end up dead.

Caleb begins to backs slowly toward the steps.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

The fuck do you think, dude? She got me locked up in the basement like your retarded half-brother - me being who I am, looking like I do right now? You think she's gonna just *let me go*?

Caleb's ankles bump the bottom stair, and he startles.

CALEB

This ain't right. I knew this wasn't right...

RAINEY

No shit, Sherlock! Your momma shot my bodyguard and makes up this whole crazy fucking story about how he tried to - How I got in a accident, how I killed him in self-defense - It's totally fucking mental!

Caleb sits on the step. Slowly crab-walks up the stairs.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Where are you going? She's gonna *kill me! Don't you fucking get it?*

He turns and runs the rest of the way. Hears her SCREAM as he lowers the hatch.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He hurries to the pantry, grabs a can of pork and beans, and opens it with the rusty table-mounted can opener.

Grabs a spoon from the drawer, a glass of water splashing over the rim, and returns to the hatch.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Rainey stops feeling around on the dirt floor when the sun catches her like a searchlight.

In that split second, her eyes light on a SHIMMER OF BROKEN GLASS. A small smile greets her lips.

She turns with fury in her eyes as Caleb creeps down the stairs, holding out the can and a water glass.

RAINEY

I said I don't want your damn food.

CALEB

You need to eat. At least drink this.

RAINEY

Yeah, great, then I'll have to piss on the floor like a dog.

Caleb withdraws the offerings.

CALEB

I'm gonna get you out of here, okay? But you just gotta... you gotta play along with Momma for a bit 'til I figure it out. I'll work on her. Just play nice, all right?

RAINEY

Rainey Layne don't play nice.

CALEB

Then don't be Rainey Layne. *Be real.*

Rainey barks out a single LAUGH.

RAINEY

You gonna use my own lyrics against me?

CALEB

Rainey Layne ain't your real name, I heard that in an interview. So be real, okay? Whoever you are, be the real you. Not the girl you made up to sell records or whatever.

RAINEY

Jeez, way to tear me down, kid.

He offers the can again.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
I can't eat that.

CALEB
Can't? Why not?

RAINEY
It's meat. I'm a Vegan.

CALEB
Is that like a sex thing?

Rainey grins wide and sits down in front of him.

RAINEY
I'm an animal lover. I'm against
animal cruelty of any kind.

CALEB
(smiles affably)
Me too.

RAINEY
You ever shot one?

CALEB
Well, yeah...

RAINEY
Then doesn't that seem pretty cruel
to you?

CALEB
I guess... Ain't you never heard of
the circle of life?

RAINEY
That's just a stupid pop song.

CALEB
Says the pop singer. Well, what about
the food chain?

RAINEY
People stopped being part of the
food chain when they invented guns.

Caleb eats from the can, talking with his mouth full.

CALEB
You just want it to be fair then.
What if we give guns to the deer?

RAINEY

Ha ha.

CALEB

I mean it. Strap a gun on 'em and let 'em shoot back.

RAINEY

That would be pretty cool, though.

CALEB

Wouldn't it?

RAINEY

Gimme a sip, huh?

CALEB

I thought you didn't wanna pee on the floor?

RAINEY

Just gimme a sip, dumbass.

She reaches for the glass, her hands still tied. Caleb withdraws it.

CALEB

Let me do it.

RAINEY

You don't trust me?

CALEB

Not right now, no. Open.

Begrudgingly, she opens her mouth.

Tensing, Caleb places the glass against her lower lip and tips it. She swallows a mouthful. Two. Her eyelids flutter. He raises the glass.

CALEB (CONT'D)

That's enough for now.

She GASPS. His gaze lingers on her lips as she licks them.

RAINEY

Oh, it's good! I never had water that good before!

Caleb sits down on the stair, takes a large gulp of it.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

You ever buy meat from the store?

CALEB
Never.

RAINEY
Never?

CALEB
We eat what we kill.

FLASHBACK: Darius's brains splatter on the underside of the table. His eyes go vacant as he slumps over Bo.

BACK TO SCENE

Caleb swallows hard, the memory painful.

RAINEY
You eat what you kill.

He nods, sour on it now.

CALEB
That's right.

RAINEY
That opossum your momma shot yesterday...?

CALEB
Last night's stew.

Rainey grimaces.

RAINEY
The wolves, what about them?

CALEB
That's different -

RAINEY
Aha!

CALEB
There's a cull in effect. We get two hundred a piece.

RAINEY
But you don't eat 'em.

CALEB
Gotta bring 'em in whole or you don't get the bounty. Momma said we can make an exception 'cause we got bills to pay.

RAINEY

Oh, well if *Momma says...*
(rolls her eyes)
Don't you see how brainwashed she's
got you?

CALEB

I ain't brainwashed, I'm practical.
I wanna be self-sufficient when I
grow up and inherit this place.

Rainey flashes a smile.

RAINEY

Well, you better get learning. You're
gonna be on your own quicker than
you hoped.

CALEB

Can I ask you somethin'? If my momma
really was gonna kill you, why
wouldn't she have done it already? I
mean, why'd she bother keepin' you
tied up down here?

RAINEY

She wants me to *lie for her. To
protect her.*

CALEB

So why don't you?

RAINEY

It's crazy. She wants me to say things
I can't say. She wants me to lie
about Darius. I won't do it. I *can't.*

CALEB

Mr. Dawson? Well, like what?

RAINEY

She's *crazy, Cal. She killed my
friend, and you just expect me to
let her get away with it?*

Caleb pulls a face.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

What?

CALEB

Well... what if she didn't kill him?

RAINEY

What do you mean?

CALEB

If... if *I killed him instead. What if she wanted you to lie to protect me instead of her?*

RAINEY

Don't you lie for her...

He doesn't want to say it. He *has to*.

CALEB

"Put the gun down, little man." You didn't hear that?

RAINEY

I thought - I mean, I heard, I just thought your momma took the gun off you or something, I thought...

She trails off, shaking her head.

CALEB

It was me shot him, Rainey. I didn't want to. But I had no choice. He was gonna kill her if I didn't.

RAINEY

He wouldn't have.

CALEB

He was on top of her. *Choking her.*

RAINEY

She was resisting. I heard it.

CALEB

But he was gonna take her away from me. Have her arrested, just like you want.

RAINEY

Your mother's a sick woman.

CALEB

Maybe. That don't change the fact she's my momma, and I love her. And I want what's best for her.

Rainey leaps to her feet.

RAINEY

What's *best for her is to be in an insane asylum!*

Caleb matches her stance, jumping up from the stair.

CALEB

And what's best for me? Huh? What happens to me when they haul Momma off to prison? Eight years in a foster home with ten other kids, gettin' picked on every damn day, barely enough to eat?

RAINEY

Who told you that? Why would you *think that*?

CALEB

I'm not stupid. I listen to the radio. I hear the news. The world ain't all bottle service and throwin' your hands in the air like you don't care. Not for kids like me.

RAINEY

I was a kid like you.

CALEB

You got talent. That's different.

RAINEY

It takes a lot of work and good luck to get where I am, believe me. Well, not *here*. *You know what I mean*.

CALEB

I believe you. But I don't got that option. I'll be lucky if I can even go to college.

RAINEY

I'll pay for it.

CALEB

What?

RAINEY

College. I'll pay for it. Shit, Cal, you can come *live with me, if that's what it'll take for you to let me out of here*.

She approaches him, tied hands held out. Fingers splayed. Caleb steps back.

CALEB

I've gotta go.

RAINEY

No, don't - don't you leave me down here again!

Caleb hurries up the stairs. At the top, he looks down.

CALEB

She'll be home soon. I'll work on her, but you better think about her deal, okay? Right now it's the best chance you got.

With a pitying look, he lowers the hatch.

RAINEY

Nonononono--!

But the hatch GROANS back into place, plunging her into dark.

Rainey stays put for several seconds. CREAKS move across the floor, and the click-click-click of Hottie following.

She gets down on her hands and knees and scrambles to where she'd seen the shard of glass.

Pats the dirt floor, COUGHING from the raised cloud.

She finds it. Winces, cut on a sharp edge.

In the dim light, Rainey smiles darkly.

INT./EXT. BO'S PICKUP, MOVING - DAY

Bo drives the gravel road. Suddenly she sits up, alert.

Up ahead, Sheriff Boise and several POLICE OFFICERS mill around the Escalade. FLARES AND YELLOW TAPE mark the scene.

She nods as Boise squints at her through the windshield. Drives by slowly, catching the eye of Okalik, who stands in the ditch.

Okalik squints at her. Bo nods.

INT. DAN'S GENERAL STORE - LATER

The bell JINGLES as Bo steps in, the counter vacant, TV on.

DAN GOOSE (O.S.)

Be there in a second.

Bo looks out the storefront window, expecting the law.

The TOILET FLUSHES. A moment later Dan Goose comes out, drying his hands on his jean overalls.

DAN GOOSE (CONT'D)
Hey-hey, Mrs. Bojangles. Twice in
two days. Hope you don't got more
wolves already. Ain't made of money.

BO
Not today, Dan. Got any Milk of
Magnesia?

While she heads for the aisles, Dan Goose shakes his head.

DAN GOOSE
Run out. Got Pepto. Works the same.

BO
I'm not a pink type of gal.

DAN GOOSE
All I got. Take it or leave it.

BO
You know, there's something to be
said for customer satisfaction.

Bo reaches the medicine section. All kinds of headache pills
and stomach pills, a few natural herb remedies.

DAN GOOSE
You know of a better store around
here, you be sure and tell me.

Bo finds the Pepto and sets it on the counter with a smirk.

DAN GOOSE (CONT'D)
That'll be six-fifty.

BO
Six-fifty? Dangit, Dan! That's highway
robbery.

DAN GOOSE
Shipping markup. I gotta make some
profit, don't I?

Bo glances at the window. Dan Goose follows her look.

BO
Yup, I guess you do.

She hands him a bill.

Dan Goose opens the till. Stops with the bill in his hand.

DAN GOOSE
Blood on this Jackson.

BO
 (nervous)
 Blood?

Dan Goose holds it up to her. Flakes off a few rust brown speckles with a long thumbnail.

BO (CONT'D)
 Huh. Prob'ly from cleanin' that possum the other day.

Dan Goose nods. Puts the bill in with a few others, and hands her the change.

DAN GOOSE
 You see the accident?

BO
 Accident?

DAN GOOSE
 Out on Tackle Box Road.

BO
 Oh, right. Yep, drove past it. Looks like old Ed's got his hands full. Think I saw Major Crimes out there. That can't be right, can it?

DAN GOOSE
 You remember that girl come in the other day? Wearing them short shorts? Turns out she's famous or somethin'. Doc Hemphill says she went missing. Says he saw it on the TV.

BO
 Oh... that's a shame.

DAN GOOSE
 You and her got into it yesterday, didn'tcha?

BO
 We had a run-in, of sorts. Protestors shook my truck so I goosed the accelerator a little. No big deal.

DAN GOOSE
 (grins mischievously)
 Heard you nearly run her off the road.

Bo laughs. Glances out the window again. Can't help herself.

BO
That's a bit of an exaggeration.

DAN GOOSE
You know what they say about rumors.

BO
Spread like legs in a whorehouse?

DAN GOOSE
(chuckling)
Somethin' like that. You take care
now, Bo Jackson.

BO
You too, Dan.

The door JINGLES as she exits.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Grimacing, Bo unscrews the cap off the Pepto and takes a swig of the pink liquid.

She looks warily up and down Main Street. Nothing out of the ordinary. She gets in the truck, starts it and pulls out.

EXT. SNOWCREST LODGE - DAY

Detective Okalik pulls up in front of the Snowcrest Lodge, a sprawling, luxuriant log cabin the size of a mini-mall at the foot of the Yellow Ridge mountains. Two giant totem poles hold up the portico, topped with a massive carved-wood wolf head. The roof dusted with a fresh snow from the mountains.

She parks between a Maserati with vanity plates and a Hummer. POP MUSIC plays on the sound system while she scrolls through Rainey's Twitter on her phone:

A selfie of Rainey kneeling in front of a WOLF PACK. She's flashing a peace sign, *GIVE #PEACE A CHANCE* typed below.

The next: *"2 and a half yrs since I gave daddy the boot! #LoveIsThickerThanBlood"*

A selfie of Rainey flashing devil's horns in the bathroom mirror, drinking a mini bottle of tequila, with *#minibar #tequila #crunk #YOLO*.

Okalik picks up the CD case on the passenger seat while the music continues: Rainey Layne's *B REAL*.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Girl's got pipes.

She gets out, looking up at the hotel with a resigned SIGH.

INT. SNOWCREST LODGE - DAY

The inside looks like a Native American Chuck-E Cheese. Creek-smooth stone pillars, heavily lacquered wood furniture, and rust brown and forest green patterned carpets. Canoe paddles and Tsimshian tribe totems adorn the walls: beaver and codfish and eagle and bear.

KIDS chase each other around a fake waterfall, and play on a tube slide made to look like a snake. PARENTS in ski attire sip cocoa out of mugs stamped with the Snowcrest's logo, a shaman's feather fan.

Okalik SIGHS again, and weaves through vacationing families and huddled lovers to the front desk. The HOTEL CLERK, a young, rosy-cheeked bleached blonde, smiles.

HOTEL CLERK

Welcome to the Snowcrest Lodge,
Officer. How may I assist you today?

INT. SNOWCREST LODGE, ROOM 201 - DAY

The door opens with a GASP of air conditioning.

Okalik scans the room. Signs of disarray everywhere: emptied miniature liquor bottles on the dresser, a suitcase spilled all over the king bed, the covers a mess.

TV on mute, an R&B video with a man dressed in a tailored suit running his hands up and down a model in a G-string.

The door to the bathroom wide open. She crosses to it.

INT. ROOM 201, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Okalik steps in. The counter littered with products. Hairdryer hung from its springy cord. More liquor bottles. Cotton balls blotted with dark makeup.

Pills spilled out of a small prescription jar. Okalik picks one up: green, imprinted with dollar signs. Likely ecstasy.

The toilet lid up, crusted vomit on the inner bowl, spit and toilet paper on the surface. Bloody tissues in the trash.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Someone had one helluva party.

Okalik crosses to the adjoining room door, open a crack. She toes it open all the way and peers inside.

INT. ROOM 203 - CONTINUOUS

Suitcase unzipped on the bed, clothes in precise folds inside. The Bible beside it. A couple of crumpled sweets wrappers on the dresser, a handful of coins.

A vague picture begins to formulate in Okalik's mind.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Bo enters, looking around at the quiet house. She nods, acknowledging the table still standing over the trap door.

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Caleb's eyes move rapidly under the lids when Bo steps in.

The dog shows his teeth as Bo approaches with the Pepto.

BO

Caleb?

(nothing)

Hon, I got some medicine for your stomach.

Caleb wakes, eyes lucid, lids half closed. She brushes the dog off the bed. Hottie whimpers when he falls to the floor. He stays by her feet, GROWLING, while she sits beside Caleb.

BO (CONT'D)

Sit up for me, okay?

Caleb does. She pours pink liquid in the lid, and holds it to his lips.

BO (CONT'D)

Were you sleepin'?

CALEB

I had a nightmare.

BO

Oh?

He nods weakly.

CALEB

They come to take you away from me.

BO

Who did?

CALEB

The police. They said you was bad, and you had to go to jail.

BO

That's not gonna happen, Caleb.

CALEB

Momma, we kidnapped Rainey Layne!
Somebody's gonna come lookin'! We
gotta let her go!

BO

It's just not that simple. We killed
a man. If we let her go now, I'll
stand trial for murder.

CALEB

But it was me who...

He swallows, not wanting to say. His gaze falls on Hottie.

BO

I'm not gonna let you go to prison.
This is my mess and I've got to take
responsibility for it. Now she's
close to making a deal that'll get
us all off the hook. In a few hours,
we'll go to the police ourselves.

Caleb shakes his head.

BO (CONT'D)

What do you mean 'no'?

CALEB

What makes you think she's gonna go
along with anything you say, Momma?
*You got her locked up in the goddamn
cellar!*

Bo's hand shoots out. SLAP! across his cheek. She brings the
hand to her lips, shocked at her own action.

BO

Honey, I am so sorry, I didn't mean -

Caleb's eyes well with tears.

CALEB

You didn't mean nothin'! Nothin's
ever your fault, Momma! Heck, this
was probably an act of God! Or maybe
it was Daddy's fault, he seems to
get most of the blame when things go
wrong, and he ain't even been around
for two years!

Cut to the core, Bo stands. She backs away from the bed.

The dog SNARLS. Bo raises her foot to kick it. Lowers it again. Crosses to the door.

BO
Take your medicine.

INTERCUT: INT. LOWERY HOUSE/INT. ROOT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Bo strides across the house. She picks up her guitar on the way to the table. Sits down. Starts randomly plucking strings. It becomes a familiar tune: Fleetwood Mac's "Landslide."

Down in the dark, Rainey looks up at the ceiling with hope.

Bo SINGS the first verse quietly, voice clear and bright. In the next verse she gets into it, singing louder.

Rainey joins her in the chorus, SINGING HARMONY.

Bo hits the strings with a DISCORDANT JANGLE and sets the guitar down. She pushes the table aside and opens the hatch.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Rainey sits back down in the dirt, slipping her arms back behind her back as light from the hatch illuminates her.

Bo gazes down from the square of sunlight above.

BO
Have you thought about my deal?

RAINEY
I'll do whatever you want. But I can't lie about Darius. Maybe we can figure out something else. A different lie. He was a good man, even though he could be a real stubborn son of a bitch sometimes. He's got a kid. A boy, just like yours. Six years old. If I say what you want me to, he'll grow up thinking his father was a rapist. A scar like that takes a long time to heal, if ever. I can't do that to Elon. He thinks his daddy's Superman.

BO
I understand.

RAINEY
(wriggling her legs)
I gotta piss something fierce, Miss Lowery.

BO
 All right. I'll untie your legs, for
 now. If you kick me, if you run...
 the deal's off.

The stairs CREAK as she descends. She kneels down in front
 of Rainey, begins to untie the knot around her ankles.

RAINEY
 Where's Cal's daddy, huh? He run off
 with another woman, or something?

BO
 Let's take care of one thing at a
 time, missy.

It loosens and Rainey slips out of it, rolls her sore ankles,
 thankful to be free.

Bo stands and steps back.

Rainey pushes herself eagerly to her feet, wincing in pain.

BO (CONT'D)
 You first.

Rainey takes the stairs.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rainey peers around at the empty house. All the doors at the
 back closed.

Bo ascends behind her.

Rainey grinds her teeth, letting Bo step out safely.

RAINEY
 Where are we going?

BO
 Out.

Bo holds open the door.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Rainey steps out, squinting from the sun.

RAINEY
 Don't you have a toilet inside?

BO
 Inside toilet's for family. Go on.
 Around back.

Rainey eyes the surroundings as they head to the side of the house. Pine needles litter the small clearing out back. A beaten, rusted TIN SHED. An old rundown WOODSHED, the HATCHET set in a chopping block.

BO (CONT'D)

So how come you got such a love for animals? What makes them so special?

Rainey doesn't turn, only trudges ahead of Bo.

RAINEY

Animals aren't capable of evil.

BO

Y'oughta tell that to Caleb. Probably thought the same thing as you, 'til his damn dog bit him on the face.

RAINEY

Maybe he was playing too rough.

BO

He was three. If an animal can't distinguish between a baby pawin' at her playfully and an adult beatin' on her, well then that animal's gotta be put down.

(beat)

What you got against people, anyhow? Seems like you animal lovers don't got much love for your fellow human beings.

RAINEY

People can't be trusted. They're violent, for no reason. For the fuck of it.

She throws a sly grin over her shoulder.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

I think you proved that last night.

Bo stops in front of her.

BO

"No reason"... Look at this - you see this?

Rainey turns reluctantly to see Bo raising her flannel shirt, revealing a ragged scar along her abdomen.

RAINEY

Yeah? So?

BO

Momma moose attacked me last autumn,
 protectin' her calf. Now I don't
 blame her for that. I don't hold a
 grudge. *She was protecting what she
 loved. You see how that's different?*

Rainey doesn't respond for a moment. Long enough for Bo to
 think she's gotten to the girl.

RAINEY

Whatever.

BO

Yeah yeah, whatever. Dismiss anything
 you don't wanna understand. Doesn't
 make a difference to me.

She prods Rainey forward. Reluctantly, Rainey continues.

BO (CONT'D)

But just so you know, any sane woman
 would've beat the ever-lovin' crap
 outta you for threatenin' to take
 away her son the way you did.

(beat)

You see that outhouse?

The old outhouse stands at the edge of the woods.

RAINEY

Looks like shit.

BO

That's where we're headed.

RAINEY

I'm not sittin' my bare ass on a
 spider's web.

BO

You never piss in the woods?

RAINEY

'Course I have.

BO

Then you know how to hover.

Rainey moves toward it, squeezing her legs together. She
 shuffles around the front and tears open the screen door.

Cobwebs drape the interior, a scrap of toilet paper hangs on
 an ancient roll from a bent wire hanger.

RAINEY
I can't take off my pants.

BO
Turn around.

Rainey does.

RAINEY
Hey, if you'd untied my hands you
wouldn't have to baby me.

Bo's eyes remains on Rainey's as she bends to unsnap the
difficult button on her jeans and unzips her fly.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
You ever take off a girl's jeans
before?

BO
You wanna be a wise-ass, I'm happy
to let you piss your pants.

The grin drops from Rainey's face.

Bo jerks the skintight jeans off Rainey' bony hips, and slips
them down past her knees.

BO (CONT'D)
Jeez, girl, how do these things not
fall apart with so many holes?

RAINEY
Way to sound like an annoying suburban
mom.

They look at each other for an awkward moment.

BO
Can you shake those off, or do you
need me to pull em down for you too?

RAINEY
(ashamed)
Pull them down. Please.

Bo gives her a professional nod, then bends again, holding
her gaze, and slips the thong off Rainey's hips.

With her panties below her knees, Rainey scurries to the
toilet, raises the seat with a foot and flops down. She SIGHS
with pleasure as urine strikes the wood.

Smelling something rotten, she makes a face.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Jeez. Did somethin' die in here?

Her back to the door, Bo grins.

BO

You asked me about Caleb's daddy?
Sounds to me like his and yours mighta
been kindred spirits. This was Roy's
outhouse. Built it by hand.

Rainey bends, trying to pull up her jeans. Can't reach. But she manages to slip them down over her shoes with her feet.

BO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Note the craftsmanship. The attention
to detail. That was Roy, through and
through. He wasn't what you might
call a vanguard, or a renaissance
man. He was a lazy prick. Always
wanted to do things the easy way.
When things got tough, Roy got going.

While Bo speaks Rainey slowly raises her feet. She holds them close to the door, and when Bo stops talking, Rainey hauls back and KICKS.

The door STRIKES Bo on the back, sending her sprawling. Rainey SCREAMS, lunging out, launching into a full bare-ass run.

Bo rises to her knees, palms skinned and bleeding.

BO (CONT'D)

You little bitch!

She tears after Rainey.

Rainey CRASHES into the woods. Looks around wildly. Runs through brambles that slash and scrape her bare legs.

Bo stops. Listens. BRANCHES RUSTLE. She heads for the sound.

Rainey crouches behind a tree, PANTING. She sees Bo emerge from the trees nearby, and she bolts.

Bo breaks into a run.

Rainey sees the house up ahead. Dashes for it. She FALLS INTO A HOLE, sprawling face-first over the edge.

SCREAMING, she claws at the dirt piled up beside it, trying to climb out. The cross marked "RIP DAISY." The large dog skeleton beside it, bones picked clean.

BO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Roy's real name was Alfred Tunney.

Rainey YELPS and whirls around madly as Bo approaches.

BO (CONT'D)
 The two of us robbed a bank together ten years ago. Made off with a little over fifty grand. Couple years back, Roy threatened to run off with Caleb. Swore we was close to being caught, which we weren't. So... *I hit him with the hatchet. Right in the head. Big mess. Huge. Thank God Caleb was at Sunday school. Gave me time to clean up, and to bury his daddy out here with the dog.*

Rainey spots the shovel. Frantic, she scrabbles for it, just out of her reach. Bo kicks it further out of the way.

BO (CONT'D)
 But Ed Boise, the law around here, he'll be sniffin' around soon, no doubt. He was always certain Roy'd come crawlin' back, tail between his legs, all apologies. But that was before you came 'round to fuck up the life I made. Threatenin' to take away my boy. Makin' him into a *murderer.*

RAINEY
You did that, you bitch - !

Bo grabs her roughly by the shoulders. Rainey tries to shake her off, but Bo's fingers dig into the jugular notches, and Rainey falls to her hands and knees with a CRY OF PAIN.

Then she sees it: the ribs, the finger bones, the grinning skull. She SHRIEKS in terror, weeping now.

BO
 Ain't smart to leave a dead man's bones so close to the scene of the crime now, is it? Figured I'd better get 'em moved while them wildfires are still burnin'.

RAINEY
 You won't get away with this...

BO
I have gotten away with it.
 (MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

Two years, and nobody's come callin', wonderin' where in the heck Roy Lowery got to. We set down roots, goddammit! This is our home! And he wanted to throw it all away 'cause he couldn't stand the heat. But you don't just up and leave when things get tough.

RAINEY

(through tears)

Why are you telling me this?

BO

I'm just trying to impress upon you the lengths to which I'll go to protect my boy. I killed the only man I ever loved for him. And if you don't play along... Them bones of his could use some company.

Rainey looks up at Bo. Bo's eyes reflect the SWIRLING BLACK SMOKE in the sky.

EXT. SCENE OF THE "ACCIDENT" - DAY

Detective Okalik sits in her sedan at the scene of the accident, looking at something on her swivel-mount laptop.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Through the windshield, she watches the tow truck winch the Escalade out of the ditch. Up the road, several OFFICERS sweep the ditches.

A KNOCK on her window startles her. She turns, zips it down.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Deputy?

Deputy Hewson smiles grimly.

DEPUTY HEWSON

Detective, we found traces of bark on the front bumper.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Bark?

DEPUTY HEWSON

Tree bark.

Okalik looks at the accident scene, up and down the road - all rock cut, not a tree in sight.

DEPUTY HEWSON (CONT'D)
Our wildlife troopers say it looks
like some kind of oak. Bur oak, maybe.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Is that good or bad?

DEPUTY HEWSON
Well, mostly we've got black spruce
and white pine in this area. Oaks
are rare, he says.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Prior accident, maybe? She's had a
couple, by the look.

DEPUTY HEWSON
Could be. Looks like she dinged the
rear bumper recently.

Okalik thinks.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
(re: the laptop)
You see this yet?

DEPUTY HEWSON
What is it?

In the YouTube window Bo's rage is frozen, captured forever
for the world to see. Caleb terrified in the passenger seat
as the wolf cull protestors shake their truck.

DEPUTY HEWSON (CONT'D)
That's Bo Lowery. She -

DETECTIVE OKALIK
(nodding)
Lives just up the road. Boise told
me already.

DEPUTY HEWSON
Yup. Went out there yesterday, warn
her about the wildfire -

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Oh, she met a wildfire all right.

Okalik presses Play on the SHAKY CELL PHONE FOOTAGE.

Bo REVS the engine. The PROTESTORS fall back with FRIGHTENED
CRIES. Rainey holds her ground, then leaps out of the way.

As the truck PEELS off, Rainey rushes out into the road again,
throwing up middle fingers.

RAINEY
I'm gonna get you, bitch! This ain't
over! You hear me?!

Rainey turns her rage on the camera.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
You see that? These are the kinda
people we're dealing with here. You
redneck bitch!

Okalik freezes the video on Rainey's scowl.

DEPUTY HEWSON
That'd be a helluva showdown. Those
two... I mean, you could lay money
on that fight.

Okalik's CELL RINGS.

DETECTIVE OKALIK
Would you excuse me?

Deputy Hewson nods and wanders back off to search.

Okalik picks up the call.

DETECTIVE OKALIK (CONT'D)
Okalik.
(beat)
Oh really? That's great. Sure, send
it right over. Thanks, Jaycee.

She looks out over the road. Officers shuffle along like
zombies, not really doing much of anything. Okalik shakes
her head at their incompetence.

A moment later the computer TWIDDLES an alert. She switches
to her email. Opens one from Jaycee McMann, **Re: GPS Data**

Okalik scans it.

The complex data shows Rainey had stayed in one place three
times, the longest from 18:12 to 20:35. Okalik points at it.

DETECTIVE OKALIK (CONT'D)
That's gotta be the hotel.

Okalik traces her finger down the data. The GPS coordinates
change frequently from there, moving north. Hold again just
after 21:00, about thirty miles north of the Snowcrest.

DETECTIVE OKALIK (CONT'D)
Could be here... but what's this?

After the hold, the coordinates move southeast a few miles.

DETECTIVE OKALIK (CONT'D)

That's back toward town.

Okalik turns on her own GPS, lets it find the satellite. The latitude and longitude don't correlate to the final co-ords.

DETECTIVE OKALIK (CONT'D)

Where the hell is that phone?

The tow truck RUMBLES off toward town, Rainey's Escalade rolling behind it.

Okalik gets out of the car. She marches up to the Sheriff's cruiser, TAPS on the window.

Boise moves his feet off the passenger seat, shuffling a newspaper in his lap. He zips down the window.

SHERIFF BOISE

Howdy, Detective. Anything new?

DETECTIVE OKALIK

I'm going to head up the road a bit.

Boise narrows his eyes.

SHERIFF BOISE

Something I can assist you with?

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Nope, just following a hunch. I'll call if I find anything.

Boise grins darkly.

SHERIFF BOISE

You be sure and do that.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Any word on that helicopter?

BO

Should be here any minute now.

Boise zips up the window, returns his feet to the passenger seat, and flamboyantly flaps open the paper.

INT. /EXT. DETECTIVE OKALIK'S SEDAN, MOVING - DAY

Okalik starts the engine and turns the car around, driving by Deputy Hewson, who tips her a nod as she passes.

She punches the co-ords into her GPS. The road she's on isn't even marked, the destination in the middle of nowhere.

She follows the directions, twisting the wheel back and forth, glancing between the GPS and the road.

BLACK SMOKE looms above her apparent destination.

A moment later she passes a darkened entrance to the woods. She slows the car and backs up.

Two ruts trail off into the wood under a canopy of evergreens.

A little ways into the woods a paint-flecked wooden sign says **PRIVATE PROPERTY** in worn letters. Behind it stands another sign, impossible to read from the road.

Okalik looks at the flashing arrow on her GPS, very near the center of the screen. She gets out.

Approaching the entrance to the woods, she stops when she's able to read the second sign:

LOWERY

Beyond it, the ruts continue into the woods before they disappear behind a thick copse of trees.

Something CRUNCHES underfoot.

Okalik raises her boot. She scowls down at the cracked seed or nut on the ground. They're scattered all over the road, some in the ditch.

She picks one up. Studies it. It's an ACORN. She looks up at the tree above her. Forms a grim smile.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Oak.

INT. LOWERY HOUSE - DAY

Tied back up to the chair, Rainey struggles with the ropes.

Bo storms to the back of the house. KNOCKS on Caleb's door.

CALEB (O.S.)

Go away!

She tears the door open.

Frantic, Rainey works her wrists apart. The ropes loosen. She reaches for her back pockets, where the SHARD OF GLASS pokes out through a tear in her jeans.

Scrabbling fingers so close, but not close enough...

CALEB (CONT'D)
No, Momma! Don't! Leave him!

Rainey wrenches her head around as Hottie BARKS.

RAINEY
Hottie? Leave my dog alone, you bitch!

Bo SLAMS Caleb's door and draws the lock.

BO
You want your dog, you can have him.

Bo returns to Rainey, holding Hottie by the scruff, the dog stunned, all four legs dangling.

RAINEY
Give him to me, *please*...!

The boning knife SCRAPES against the counter as Bo picks it up. She holds the blade edge to the dog's throat.

RAINEY (CONT'D)
Oh my God, please don't hurt him - !

BO
You want me to let him go? You talk to the police, tell em exactly what I told you.

She puts the knife down and snatches the PHONE off the wall. Holds it out for Rainey with the cord dangling.

RAINEY
What! Tell them what!

BO
(annoyed)
That he tried to rape you. That you shot him. That you came here for my help.

Knife poised at her dog's throat. Rainey frantic.

RAINEY
Okay, I'll do it! Anything, just pleaseeease don't hurt him!

Bo tucks Hottie under her arm. He stays there, shivering, as she DIALS the phone.

She holds the phone out to Rainey as it RINGS. Rainey nestles it against her ear, Bo still holding it.

She holds Bo's gaze as it RINGS once more. CLICK!

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)

(cheery)

Fort Gary Sheriff's Department, how
may I direct your call?

RAINEY

BO LOWERY'S HOLDING ME HOSTAGE, PLEASE
COME QUICK - !

Bo SMASHES the receiver into Rainey's face. Rainey recoils
as the phone springs back on the wire, blood spraying.

BO

Say goodbye to your widdle piddle.

Bo picks up the knife.

RAINEY

Please, don't! *Pleeeeeease!*

Bo draws the knife across Hottie's furry throat. A FOUNTAIN
OF BLOOD GUSHES as his legs pinwheel, splashing down Bo's
hands and over Rainey's face and chest.

The dog stops kicking, slumping in Bo's grip.

Rainey cries out, trying to spring up from the chair.

Bo tosses Hottie aside. She regards his corpse on the floor,
unmoved by its death.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

(singing:)

"Amazing Grace..."

Startled, Bo turns to Rainey. Tears stream down the girl's
face as she continues her song:

RAINEY (CONT'D)

"...how sweet, the sound. That saved,
a wretch, like meeee. I once was
lost, but now, am found. Was lost,
but now, I seeee."

Behind Rainey's back, the ropes loosen further.

CALEB (O.S.)

MOMMA!

POUNING on the window.

Rainey turns. Sees Caleb outside with his face and fists
pressed against the glass.

Bo looks. Sees Detective Okalik approaching behind him.

Rainey whips around to see Bo drop the knife. She makes to scream -

- but Bo kicks her in the chest. The chair topples, and for a few seconds she's in freefall.

Her chair hits the floor, her head striking hard.

Bo hurries past to the closet. Grabs the rifle. Racks it.

She drops to her knees in front of Rainey.

BO

You make one peep and I'm putting
you down like I did your dog. No
more warnings now.

Bo stands and presses herself against the doorjamb, rifle at the ready against her left shoulder.

She peers around the window frame. Sees Caleb approaching the Detective. Okalik says something unheard, flashing her badge. Caleb points to the house, face twisted in fear.

The Detective ushers Caleb behind her, drawing her sidearm.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Mrs. Lowery, I'm a police officer!
Come out slowly with your hands up!

BO

(to herself)
Like hell.
(louder:)
Caleb?

Caleb squints at the grimy window.

CALEB

Momma?

BO

Run, honey!

Caleb doesn't hesitate, bolting off toward the back woods.

The cop keeps her sidearm steady on the door.

Bo opens it a crack.

BO (CONT'D)

All right, I'm coming out!

RAINEY (O.S.)

Wait!

Bo rounds on her. No more fury now. Just exhaustion.

BO

It's over. You won.

RAINEY

Please. I need to tell you something.

Outside, the cop's cell phone RINGS.

BO

I don't want to hear it. Can't you see I'm trying to end this?

DETECTIVE OKALIK (O.S.)

(into phone)

Detective Okalik.

RAINEY

My daddy raped me...

Bo attempts to process the information.

BO

Why are you saying this? Why now?

RAINEY

If I'm gonna die, I need to tell somebody. You asked me why I don't like people, why I won't lie about Darius - well, that's why. 'Cause of what that fucker did to me.

Bo holds an open hand through the crack in the door.

BO

(to Okalik)

Hang on one minute. I'm gonna untie the girl and let her go.

DETECTIVE OKALIK

Sixty seconds, Mrs. Lowery!

Okalik tucks her phone in her lapel pocket.

Bo gets down on her haunches in front of the girl.

BO

All right, girl. You heard her. You got sixty seconds before she comes in here guns a-blazin'. Say what you gotta say.

Rainey nods somberly. Swallows a hard lump. A tear trickles down over the bridge of her nose.

RAINEY

Soon as I started to bleed, my daddy
was on me whenever he got a chance.
I never told anyone.

As she speaks, her voice grows quieter. Bo has to move in closer to hear.

Meanwhile, Rainey holds her shoulders perfectly straight as she works at the knots behind her back. Holding Bo's gaze.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

Not even Darius.
(beat)
I need to whisper this part.

BO

It's just you and me here.

RAINEY

Please?

Behind Rainey's back, her hands finally slip free of the rope. She reaches into her pocket, digs the glass shard out.

Bo moves in closer.

RAINEY (CONT'D)

YOU KILLED MY DOG, YOU BITCH!

Rainey slashes out. The shard HITS BO IN THE THROAT before Bo's even aware of it's existence.

Bo springs to her feet, staggering back as a GOUT OF BLOOD pulses from the hole in her throat.

She brings a hand up to stop the flow, but it oozes through her fingers, the rifle forgotten in her other hand.

Okalik launches herself against the door.

Bo turns to it with a STRANGLED GURGLE. Blood pours from her open mouth.

Covered in Bo's blood, Rainey LAUGHS maniacally.

Bo falls back against the counter, toppling the boxes and cans off the shelf.

She drops her hand from her throat and raises the rifle, streaking it with blood as she points it at Rainey.

The LAUGHTER DIES in Rainey's throat.

Okalik kicks the door in. It SLAMS back against the jam.

Rainey closes her eyes.

Okalik FIRES.

As the BULLET HITS BO in the chest, she FIRES the rifle.

The BULLET STRIKES RAINEY in her open mouth, splinters the back of the chair, splashed by the insides of her skull.

Rainey's head THUDS against the floor. Her eyes go vacant. Hottie lies dead at her feet.

Bo slides down the counter, hands on her throat, a fresh wound in her heart.

Detective Okalik slumps against the doorjamb. She takes a long, calming breath, then steps over the dead dog to take a knee beside Rainey.

Her lips downturn. She draws Layne's eyes closed.

Okalik turns her attention to Bo, noting the bloody shard of glass on the floor between them.

She kicks aside a few cans of sweet corn and stoops to check Bo's vitals.

Bo's chest hitches. She's breathing raggedly, shallow. Her hard blue eyes stare straight at Okalik.

BO

She was gonna take my boy.

Bo GROANS. She breathes once more, then falls still.

Okalik takes her pulse at the wrist, looking over the scene in anger, frustration. The open trap door. The dead dog.

She prises the rifle from Bo's hand, sets it against the wall, and stands.

Okalik turns at the DRUM OF HELICOPTER BLADES, the sound of SIRENS.

Caleb stands in the doorway, face twisted in grief. His hands ball into fists and he runs at her, GROWLING.

Caleb's forehead SLAMS into her stomach. His small fists BEAT against her chest and arms.

CALEB

You killed my momma! You killed my
momma!

Detective Okalik lets him hit her, her face tightening with guilt and despair.

Once he tires himself out, he collapses against her. Okalik hugs him to her. His frail bones shake from WEeping.

She holds him, staring blankly out the window as the first POLICE CARS tear up the driveway.

Finally, Caleb breaks the embrace. He SNIFFLES. Okalik lets him go, looks down at him as he rummages in his jeans pocket.

He goes to Bo. Leans over her. Tucks something in her hair.

Okalik watches him, curious.

Caleb steps back, wiping his tears. The GROUSE FEATHER pokes out from behind his mother's ear.

Through his tears, Caleb almost smiles.

EXT. LOWERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the POLICE CARS and HELICOPTER draw near, and the wildfire continues to burn. But for a brief moment, the sun appears from a gap in the endless wall of black smoke.

FADE OUT.