

PARTNERS IN TIME

by

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**EXT. RURAL COTTAGE - DAY**

A quaint cottage sits alone, as if spat from the end of a dirt road where the hints of a small town lie.

If houses could talk, this one would have a southern accent.

The well-worn porch shows its grain in the afternoon sun. A tire swing sways in the merciful breeze, completing an almost perfectly period tableau. Almost.

In the cottage's shadow is parked a shiny car with no wheels, floating a few feet off the unpaved ground.

This is the future.

Not a loud future. Quiet in its neglected advancements. Unassuming. Near.

Next to the car is space for another in the driveway. A trail of magnetically smoothed dirt leads into the road, as if pressed by a roller.

The breeze's whisper dies down, leaving an unnerving silence. The nothingness is cut by a barely audible TICKING.

Closer to the house, a small mailbox on a wooden post is visible. The ticking grows LOUDER.

Closer to the mailbox, lovingly painted letters in pastel colors read:

Mrs. & Mrs. Tilly

The ticking grows to a DEAFENING level. Ambient sounds echo into a vacuum of silence.

Closer on the painted names, the ticking STOPS.

Terrifying silence, closer on the brush strokes of just their titles:

Mrs. & Mrs.

BOOM.

CUT TO BLACK.

**TITLE:**

"PARTNERS IN TIME"

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SUNRISE**

The blasting ROAR of an engine.

A time-worn and boldly emblazoned SHERIFF'S CRUISER floats down a quintessential small-town main street.

"Mom and pop" shops line the paved thoroughfare, rattled out of their stillness by the thundering engine noise.

A quaint view of a boulevard still sleeping is bisected by an early morning commute.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - SUNRISE**

The driver is SHERIFF HARVE BARROW, 50s, side-lit by the rising sun. His cragged face is framed by "salt and pepper" temples and a short-brimmed Stetson.

Aviators mask his eyes, leaving only a grimace below.

One callused mitt clenched to steering wheel, he dispassionately breathes in vapor from his morning coffee.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING**

Barrow SLAMS the door of his cruiser, parked out front of the unassuming, brick-front Sheriff's Station. He walks stiffly, back cracking with a stretch.

He ratchets out his keys as the grip of his other hand pushes the Station's front door open, already unlocked.

His perpetually frowning face cracks ever more downward.

BARROW

(sotto)

What the ...

His knees pop as he crouches to set the coffee cup on the ground. He stands up quietly, fist strangling his holstered pistol's grip.

He breathes in crisply and holds it.

A beat before he loudly PUNCHES the door open, declaring his entrance. He struts though the doorway in a commanding pose: hands on belt with elbows outward.

The silhouette suits him.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow struts into the station with imposing steps. He looks to the single holding cell to his left. Empty. Nobody in the armory just past. Small place; not many spots to hide.

A leather SQUEAK. Barrow spins more quickly than he should toward his desk, directly across from the holding cell.

Chair back facing him, the Sheriff can see a pair of shiny boots propped up on the windowsill behind the desk. He draws his pistol, cocking the hammer with a threatening CLICK.

LEE

Sheriff Barrow, I presume?

The chair spins around and there sits the smiling visage of: DEPUTY FRED LEE, late 20s, mustachioed and well-groomed. Smile from ear to ear. Barrow does not return the favor.

BARROW

Who in the hell are you?  
 (looking him over)  
 Where'd you get that uniform?

Lee clears his throat.

LEE

My name's Fred Lee, and I'm your new Deputy.

BARROW

(sotto, growling)  
 I hate that that rhymes.  
 (louder)  
 Never had an old Deputy. So how can I have a new one?

Barrow uncocks his gun, reholstering it. Lee's smile wavers.

LEE

Wait, you weren't ribbing? You're actually not expecting me?

Lee flips open a leather-sleeved tablet on the desk.

BARROW

Hey, that's mine ...

Lee taps rapidly on the tablet screen.

LEE

Yeah, and judging by the dust, I'll wager you didn't see my transfer.

BARROW

... and get out of my damn chair.

Barrow takes off his hat and jacket. Throws them on the rack next to the door, which he kicks closed.

LEE

Transfer announcement. Unread.  
Confirmation. Unread. Follow up --

BARROW

Can only bring myself to fire that thing up once a month. Tops.

Barrow walks up to the front of his desk. Lee's gaze is locked to the tablet screen.

LEE

Guess solar hasn't made it's way out here --

WHAM. Barrow slams the tablet cover closed. Lee pulls out his wedged fingers.

BARROW

You're off the beaten path now, son. We only just closed our Post Office last year.

On the desk, Barrow's cell RINGS its default tone. Lee picks it up, but the Sheriff swats it out of his hand, answering.

BARROW

Sheriff Barrow. Calm down. Where? Out past -- Okay. Okay.

Click. He shoves the cell in his pocket and grabs the tablet off of his desk.

LEE

We got a call, partner?! Let's --

Barrow takes his sunglasses off, silencing Lee with a stare.

BARROW

I'm only going to say this once, so listen up, fancy. This ain't your parish. It's mine. You ain't my deputy. What you are ... is gone. If your ass is here when I get back, you won't have a hole to shit out of. I'm not "ribbin'" and ...

(beat)

You. Ain't. My. Partner.

**EXT. RURAL COTTAGE - DAY**

The Sheriff's cruiser is parked along the dirt road, lights flashing. Remains of the decimated mailbox smoke out front. The splintered post stands charred.

Barrow knocks on the front door.

Muffled sounds of a series of locks hurriedly unlatching issue from behind the door. The brass knocker shakes.

The door opens to reveal a distressed EM TILLY, 40s, crying into a tissue.

EM TILLY  
Sheriff, thank God.

Barrow makes no greeting from behind his sunglasses.

**INT. RURAL COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

She shows him in. Daintily furnished in yellows and blues, the house displays the evidence of a loving marriage. Twin armchairs. Shared bookshelves. Dining room table for two.

Conspicuously absent are any family photos or portraits. Framed art and rustic artifacts cover the walls.

The Sheriff is painfully out of place, his gun hand habitually propped up on his holster. He firmly clenches his tablet in his free hand, squeaking against its leather case.

BARROW  
Can't say I was in the  
neighborhood. None out here.

JO TILLY  
And I do thank you, Sheriff.

He makes no move to console the weeping woman as she closes the door and moves toward the kitchen. She blows her nose.

BARROW  
If your pourin', I'll take a tea.

Barrow catches her off guard. He barks more than speaks.

EM TILLY  
Yes, uh, I was just about to --  
sweet?

BARROW  
No.

He sits awkwardly on a small floral couch in the living room. A squatting giant, his knees jut up too high.

She pulls a pitcher out of the refrigerator and pours him a glass. The ice cubes clank against the glass with her jittering hands.

She sets the sweating glass on a coaster in front of him.

EM TILLY  
(sniffling)  
Lemon?

He ignores her.

BARROW  
Why don't you tell me what happened here today, Miss ... ?

She sits down in the armchair across from him.

EM TILLY  
Tilly. Em. Uh, Emily, that is. Missus.

He looks over the top of his sunglasses and notices she isn't wearing a wedding ring. His brow scrunches. He taps into a memo on his tablet.

BARROW  
Go on then, Missus Tilly.

EM TILLY  
I was waiting for Jo to get home, and I heard a ... it sounded like a gunshot, but I guess it was an --

She turns to look out the front window. A car pulls into the driveway. It powers down and hurried feet rush to the door.

Em stands as JO TILLY, 30s, rushes into the living room and embraces her tightly. The crying women kiss.

They pull apart to reveal a grimacing Sheriff. He's taken his sunglasses off and glares at the couple.

BARROW  
I think I have everything I need.

He violently grips his tablet shut with a loud SLAP.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION**

Lee rocks back and forth in Barrow's chair. His eyes scan the room. Barrow lives here. Documents are unattended to, but the floors are polished. Holding cell cot neatly tucked.

His eyes lock on gleaming gunmetal in the armory. Swinging himself up, he crosses to lean on the armory's door frame. It's dark. Polished receivers are a glint in his eye.

LEE

(sotto)

Cleanliness is next to godliness...

He runs a hand over the barrel of a shotgun; one in a line. He plucks it off its rack, spins the rifle. Ends in faux aim.

Click. Fires off an invisible round.

LEE

Nope.

He focuses past the barrel at an evidence locker at the end of the room. Thinking, he spins the rifle back into the rack.

**BACK AT THE DESK:** Lee looks through drawers. He finds an old ring of keys. Grinning, he tosses them up and catches them with a snap.

**IN THE ARMORY:** Lee tries each key until CLICK. The evidence locker opens. Shelves of almost nothing. Bagged remnants of old crimes.

A bag stuffed behind boxes catches his eye. He grabs it, unzips and pulls out a rumpled ball of black fabric. He smooths it out to reveal a tattered black hood with a mesh eye-and-nose opening in the shape of a cross.

His brow furrows and he replaces it, bothered.

Spinning the key ring in his hand, he considers the empty station and walks over to the holding cell. Fingers across the bars, he unlocks and swings open the well-oiled door.

He leans on the opening, looking inside.

LEE

Why's a Sheriff like him need a holding cell?

A shift of his head and Sheriff Barrow is revealed STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.



BARROW

For this.

Barrow KICKS Lee into the cell, closes and locks it in one move. Lee falls to the floor, catches himself on his palms and rolls over with a squeal.

LEE

Crazy old bastard --

Barrow casually takes off his hat and jacket and tosses them onto the rack. He takes his sweet time crossing to the desk before sitting down and reclining in his chair.

BARROW

I told you.

Lee stands up, brushing his hands off on his pants.

LEE

You might play renegade out here,  
but this isn't up to you --

BARROW

Yes it is.

LEE

I am --

BARROW

No you're not.

LEE

-- your deputy.

LEE

YOU NEED ME.

A beat. Barrow removes his sunglasses and leans forward.

BARROW

Try that again.

Lee presses his face to the bars, as close as he can be.

LEE

You've played the game. A long  
time. Best there is, you figure,  
and you'd probably figure right.

(gulp)

But the game has changed.

(beat)

You can feel it. You've spent your  
life looking the ugliest side of it  
in the face, but now ... there's  
something else. There's something  
worse growing out there.

**EXT. WOODS - DUSK**

Bright red sneakers are dragged through muddy grass by two flanking sets of worn, high-lace workbooks.

The sneakers belong to a TERRIFIED TEEN boy, gagged. The two meaty hands gripping his arms belong to BRUTES dressed in tattered suit jackets.

One is BEARDED and the other is SMILEY.

BEARDED BRUTE  
Don't lie to him.

SMILEY BRUTE  
Everyone knows.

The teen raises his beaten head as best he can.

BEARDED BRUTE  
The whole Clan, by now.

They drag him deeper through the woods, toward a clearing ahead. The trees get farther apart leading toward an ABANDONED MAIL SORTING FACILITY.

The teen's eyes widen as he sees the dilapidated building. He tries to speak through his gag, unsuccessfully.

SMILEY BRUTE  
Hush. You knew what was coming.

They drag him across the clearing and his protestations grow louder. Smiley shrugs at Beard, who promptly lays a silencing PUNCH across the teen's jaw.

The teen falls limp as they enter the facility.

**INT. SORTING FACILITY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

The teen's feet scrape through layers of dirt and debris. Patterns of light spot the floor through eroded holes in the wall and ceiling. Planks cover the already sparse windows.

They drop him on a couch, one of many out-of-place pieces of furniture filling the room. A cobbled-together gathering space. Curious looks from hiding CHILDREN peek over the backs of armchairs and sidetables.

The Brutes pop their heads through a set of towering, ornately-carved doors -- mismatched and bolted to a wall.

Beard turns back to the Teen and gestures him come.

**INT. LAIR - DUSK**

The last streaks of daylight dance across the large room filled with makeshift pews, leading to an elevated platform.

On the platform is a wooden THRONE, constructed in a fashion more akin to a rocking chair. On the throne sits an imposing figure, left mostly in shadow. This is LOUIS HELLMAN.

At his feet are two conservatively dressed MAIDS. A few other CLAN MEMBERS spread throughout the benches, observing.

HELLMAN

Come.

His voice is deep and practiced, reaching across the room.

At the door, the Smiley Brute cuts the Teen's tied hands free, pushing him down the center aisle toward Hellman. He resists, turning back. Beard produces a shotgun.

The Teen inches like a death-row inmate. He kneels before the platform, trembling. Tears run down into his mouth gag.

Hellman stands, coming closer the light.

His three-piece suit is threadbare and muted, drawing the eye directly to the black hood topping off his figure. It's the hood from the evidence locker, piercing eyes and flaring nose visible through the mesh cross. He holds up a Bible.

HELLMAN

You know Leviticus. And yet ...

He descends stairs and leans down to the Teen.

HELLMAN

You were seen with the Reeves boy.  
Did you think your fellow Clansmen  
would stay silent?

He beckons the brutes with a single wave. They hurry.

HELLMAN

Since you seem to have a liking for  
that sting ...

Hellman grabs the Brute's shotgun as they push the Teen to the ground, turning him over. Without hesitation, Hellman places the barrel at the backside of the teen's pants.

HELLMAN

"Thou shalt not lie with mankind,  
as with womankind."

The Teen screams through his gag.

HELLMAN  
"It is abomination."

BLAM.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - MORNING**

Barrow drives. Lee is in the passenger seat. Awkward silence.

LEE  
So, lay of the land today?

No response from Barrow. Gulp.

LEE  
I aught to get to know the county.

BARROW  
Parish.

LEE  
Whoa there, Sheriff. You let me out of the cell.

BARROW  
No. "Parish." St. Joan is a Parish. No "counties" in Louisiana.

LEE  
Got it.

BARROW  
And don't take me letting you out of that cell the wrong way. This is a ... probationary period.

Long beat. Lee looks out the window.

LEE  
You're a merciful human being.

BARROW  
I've been called worse.

Lee links his hands, knuckles cracking with a bend.

LEE  
Can I ask you about something?  
(beat)  
The black hood?

BARROW  
Went through my evidence locker?

LEE  
Is it what I think it is?

BARROW  
Should have kept you locked up.

LEE  
The Clan?

Barrow takes a moment to phrase before responding.

BARROW  
I don't make it my business.

Lee shifts his weight toward Barrow, interested.

LEE  
Is it true? Are they back? You hear things in the city, Barrow.

BARROW  
That why you're not up there now?  
Hear too much?

Lee shifts back.

LEE  
No.

BARROW  
I suggest you keep in the plugs if you ever want to get back there.

LEE  
You can't get rid of me that easily.

BARROW  
You'd be surprised.

Barrow tightens his fists on the steering wheel. Lee sighs.

LEE  
Well, you might not make it your business, but what happens when you can't hide out here anymore?  
(beat)  
What happens if you have to choose a side?

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

The cruiser coasts down a paved road toward town. Dark clouds on the horizon ominously exude guttural thunder.

A sign reads:

**"Welcome to St. Joan"**

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

At the far end of town, main street in the distance, the gas station has four surprisingly familiar pumps. At the end of the line is a single, neglected electrical charging station with a home-printed "OUT OF ORDER" sign taped to it.

The Sheriff's cruiser pulls up, jolting to a harsh stop. Lee rattles like a bobblehead in the passenger seat.

Barrow gets out, slamming the door as he walks around the back of the cruiser. He flips open the fuel cap and swipes a card in front of the pump's zeroed display.

Lee rolls down the passenger side window.

LEE

So, this a "one street" town?

BARROW

Pretty much.

LEE

I'll bet all the action out here is on the fringes, eh? Backwood stuff.

Barrow finishes, slaps the gas cap closed and gets back into the cruiser, firing it to life.

BARROW

Not much to see. Where to?

Lee's attention is distracted by they gas pump display: the numbers on the readout are zipping up and down rapidly, until finally landing back on the purchase price. Weird.

BARROW

Deputy.

His gaze is broken. He turns back to Barrow, mind foggy.

LEE

Sorry. You said something earlier about a Post Office?

**EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

The cruiser pulls up in front of the building. Weeds have taken over. Lee and Barrow get out.

BARROW

Why'd you want to come here?

Lee smiles, a little embarrassed.

LEE

I've never seen one.

Barrow shakes his head.

**INT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

The post office is abandoned. Empty. Picked-over. Natural growth of just over a year peppers the corners. Cracked light fixtures expose their lack of bulbs.

Light spills through the front glass door. Unlocked, Lee and Barrow enter.

BARROW

We were the last state in the union to accept the national fibernet.

LEE

Global at this point. After you guys, I think Antarctica was the last hold out. Not by choice.

BARROW

Kept this place going. Hrm. That was my P.O. box.

Barrow gives a reminiscing touch to a brass box on a wall of dozens. Pulls it open. Empty.

LEE

Don't mind marching against time?

Barrow closes the box.

BARROW

I don't march against anything.

Lee looks around, curiously turning a corner.

Barrow stays in the main room.

LEE  
So, that call the other day. The mailbox bomb.

BARROW  
What about it?

LEE  
Whoever did it, you think they hacked one of the parcel drones?

BARROW  
Yeah, it's called walking up to a mailbox and putting a bomb in it.

Something on a wall in the back room catches Lee's eye.

LEE  
Barrow, in here.

Barrow enters. Looks at the wall. Blank save for a large, spray-painted graffiti symbol: a skull with a cross covering its eyes and teeth, in same position as the Clan hood.

BARROW  
Yeah?

LEE  
You know what this is.

BARROW  
What, you want to hunt down every graffiti artist in the parish?

LEE  
Dammit, you know what I mean.

Barrow leans in to Lee.

BARROW  
Drop it.

LEE  
Is that all you do, Sheriff? If you're dropping everything, what do you pick up and DO?

BARROW  
When I'm not pickin' up and drivin' your car-less ass around, city boy ... I walk my beat.

LEE  
What, exactly, is your "beat?"



**INT. DINER - DAY**

Barrow and Lee sit at a booth in a classic diner. Chrome and leather. WAITRESSES in short skirts. One of them, DUSTY, sets a mug of coffee down in front of Barrow.

BARROW  
Thank you kindly, Dusty.

DUSTY  
Surely, Sheriff!

Dusty smiles and leaves. Lee looks at him incredulously.

LEE  
... hell of a beat.

Barrow lifts up his mug. Breathes in the vapors. Sips without blowing on it. Gulps.

BARROW  
Sure you should be casting stones?

LEE  
I can't be the first.

BARROW  
I'm not the one that got spit out.  
I chose to be here.

LEE  
That your way of asking a question?

BARROW  
Nah. I got a pretty solid notion  
why you're not up there anymore.

LEE  
And I figure you're down here  
because you've always been here.

BARROW  
Figure again. Startin' and endin'  
somewhere ain't "always been."

LEE  
Care to fill in the middle?

BARROW  
No.

Lee shakes his head. Someone sitting at the counter catches his eye. It's the Bearded Brute. His sleeve is rolled up, partially exposing a tattoo: the skull cross symbol.

Lee's eyes widen.

LEE

Check out the beard at the bar.

BARROW

I don't give a shit about your bear tastes. Don't ask don't tell, son.

LEE

(groans)

No. The tattoo.

BARROW

Yeah, I seen him around.

LEE

How would you like to do some actual work?

BARROW

Not like that. You wanna take on the Clan? Fine. You're goin' solo.

LEE

Keeping me around just to cut me loose?

BARROW

Honestly? I'm keepin' you around 'cause you got muscle and mine's dyin'. You might as well use it.

Lee squints. Not sure how to feel about that.

LEE

Now we're talking. Can I get a car?

BARROW

Don't push it.

Takes another sip of coffee.

LEE

Affirmative.

Lee gets out of the booth. Barrow grabs his wrist.

BARROW

I'm givin' you an inch, but don't expect me to back you up when shit goes south.

Lee leans down, returning Barrow's look.

LEE

No need to drag you into my shit.  
You already wallow in your own.

He pulls his wrist free, walking toward the counter. The Bearded Brute takes a big bite out of a hamburger, juices spilling down his beard onto the plate. Lee sits down at the counter next to him.

LEE

Nice tat.

He turns and sees Lee's uniform.

BEARDED BRUTE

(mouth full)

Thank ya ... Dep-you-tee.

LEE

You want to come out and tell me  
about it?

The Brute's eyes narrow. He begins to stand, Lee following. He towers over Lee, who instinctively moves his hand toward his holstered pistol. Silence in the diner.

The Brute SWINGS a fist at Lee, who blocks it with a quaking arm. Feeling the room tremble, Lee sees a rattling clock on the wall out of the corner of his eye.

He's distracted as he notices the hands are moving backwards.

Seizing the opportunity, the Brute PUNCHES Lee across the face, sending him spinning onto the floor, blood spouting.

Lee writhes on the floor. The Brute KICKS him in the stomach. Groaning, Lee curls down as the Brute STOMPS his face back. The boot's tread slices above Lee's eyebrow.

Dusty stands on top of the counter and shouts.

DUSTY

That's it, OUT!

BEARDED BRUTE

Keep him on a leash, Sheriff.

The Brute wipes crumbs off his mouth and tromps out the back. Barrow bends over, helping Lee up and out the door. Face bloodied, Lee looks back at the clock. It's ticking normally.

The door closes with a chime.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Lee sits on an examination table, his wounds being tended by DOCTOR KELLEY, 40s, brunette with streaks of gray in a bun. Her respectably aged hands move with precision.

Barrow leans next to the window facing them, arms crossed.

DR. KELLEY

Looks like you found yourself on the wrong end of a boot, Deputy.

She snips the clear thread from a stitch.

DR. KELLEY

Best try and keep those on the ground from now on.

BARROW

Sage advice, Doctor Kelley.

DR. KELLEY

You can keep the sweet talk, Harve.

She smiles and exits the room.

LEE

Did you see ...

BARROW

You get the mud kicked out of you?  
(a sniff of a laugh)  
Yeah, I saw that.

LEE

The clock?

Dr. Kelley comes back in with a bandage tape roll.

LEE

I felt the room shake, and then --

DR. KELLEY

There was a quake a bit ago, wasn't there? Thought it might've been a rig driving by.

BARROW

What else could it be, Lee?

LEE

I don't know.

Kelley finishes taping him up.

DR. KELLEY  
Be seein' you Sunday, Harve?

BARROW  
Yes, ma'am. Deputy Lee'll be  
joining us as well.

LEE  
Sunday?

DR. KELLEY  
Sunday service with Pastor Maria.

BARROW  
Though, Dolores, I must admit,  
you're a better lady Doctor than  
she is a lady Pastor.

DR. KELLEY  
After all these years, you still  
think that's a compliment.

She playfully pokes Barrow's chin and exits.

LEE  
Church?

Lee hops off the table, holding his tender gut.

LEE  
I don't think so, Barrow.

Barrow pushes himself off the wall, putting on his hat and  
heading for the door.

BARROW  
Stop thinkin', Lee.

Barrow puts on his sunglasses and looks back at Lee.

BARROW  
You THOUGHT you'd take on the Clan  
startin' at the bottom, and all you  
got was the bottom of a shoe.

LEE  
That just how you wanted it?

Barrow turns. Lee spots a barely perceptible smirk on him.

BARROW  
Come Sunday, we're goin' to church.

**EXT. CHURCH - SUNRISE**

The church is modest, with three small spires up front and thin stained glass windows lining each side. A single set of wooden doors greet the arriving CONGREGATION.

Thunder threatens from the horizon. Storm clouds loom just beyond the church, a contrast to the visibly rising sun.

Lee and Barrow walk down a line of cars parked in the dirt lot next to the church. The cruiser shrinks behind them as Lee is visibly impressed. Dozens of cars are packed in like piano keys. More than he'd expect for a town this size.

They turn to the front of the church where PASTOR MARIA, 30s, stands with a smile and a nod for each incoming townspeople. She's a petite lady with kind eyes and shortly worn platinum hair that matches her white clerical collar.

**INT. CHURCH - MORNING**

The sun casts patterns of color through the stained glass windows. A religious kaleidoscope is projected on the rows of pews stuffed with people.

Lee heads for an open seat in the back row, but Barrow keeps walking toward the front. Lee reluctantly follows.

Barrow takes a seat in the front row, patting the empty space next to him. Lee forces a smile and nods at those seated around him.

Lee leans over to whisper in Barrow's ear.

LEE

For a hermit, you don't seem to mind being front and center.

Barrow turns to him. Lee leans back.

BARROW

Hermit to the world maybe, but not here. I'm a public figure. Now so are you.

LEE

You can't hide from the other people in your hiding place. Cute.

BARROW

I do my duty. Do yours and shut up.

Pastor Maria closes the doors and makes her way to the front of the Church. She stands behind the pulpit, which is set simply on the same level as the rest of the church.

Lee looks around the room, taking note of the stained glass windows. Each represents the imagery of disparate faiths.

PASTOR MARIA  
Good Morning, St. Joan.

Mostly grumbles from the crowd. A few boisterous early risers.

PASTOR MARIA  
What was that? I said, "GOOD MORNING, ST. JOAN!"

An overlapping muddle of morning greetings answers back, louder this time. Barrow barks. Lee tries to hide laughter.

Pastor Maria smiles.

PASTOR MARIA  
That'll do. Welcome all. Before we begin today, I'd like to introduce a new member of our congregation: Deputy Fred Lee.

She gestures to Lee. Barrow nudges him. Lee stands slowly. Everyone claps. Awkward smile. He sits.

PASTOR MARIA  
Welcome him here as you will about town. He will be serving with Sheriff Barrow.

Barrow coughs, pipping up.

BARROW  
Ah, the Deputy is currently in a probationary period. To be clear.

Maria nods to show she understands, placating the Sheriff.

PASTOR MARIA  
It's a blessing to have you with us, Mister Lee.  
(to everyone)  
As you all have no doubt heard, an attack has recently befallen one of our recent neighbors. Though the Tillys do not actively attend service here, we must keep them in our thoughts and prayers.

Pastor Maria takes a minute before continuing, more gravely. The rising sun is obscured by moving clouds, muting colors.

PASTOR MARIA

And for those of you with kin that participated in this attack and others like it ... or perhaps those of you yourself involved ... think hard on today's message. Meditate or pray on it as you will.

(beat)

For those that judge others will not be judged here. But neither will they be welcome.

She gives a moment to let this sink into the room.

THUNDER RUMBLES, the room giving a slight tremble. Lee's brow furrows. He sits up at attention.

PASTOR MARIA

Let us begin. When --

CLASH. Thunder quakes the church, shattering the windows inward.

Multi-colored shards fly everywhere as Lee LEAPS up from his seat to block Pastor Maria with his body. He closes his eyes tightly and then ... silence.

He opens his eyes; sees Barrow looking at him incredulously. Lee looks up to see:

The shards of glass floating, suspended in mid-air.

The entire congregation is awestruck at the sight. Thunder sounds again, distorted this time. Drawn out. The rumble is almost ... reversed.

The shards begin to move slowly back toward the windows, reassembling themselves.

BARROW

Everybody OUT.

Shaken out of their shock, everyone flees to the doors. Almost half are able to stream out as the final pieces of broken glass lock themselves back in to form the windows.

An even more deafening BLAST of thunder and the windows repeat their explosion. People run faster out as the flying blades cut through clothes and slice flesh.

Chaos. Panic. Confusion.



**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY**

Barrow sits behind his desk. He's holding a bandage up to his cheek. Lee sits in a chair pulled up next to him, not looking any better. They're bloody messes.

BARROW  
What in the hell was that?

LEE  
I don't know.

BARROW  
Mass hallucination?

LEE  
We got some scrapes that would suggest otherwise.

Barrow nods in agreement.

BARROW  
Can't argue with that.

Barrow checks the bandage. Replaces it.

A painful beat of thinking.

LEE  
... magic -- ?

BARROW  
Shut the fuck up.

Barrow doesn't tolerate that shit.

LEE  
You got a better answer?

Barrow sits up in his chair. Looks authoritative.

BARROW  
This is obviously some kind of ...  
natural phenomenon.

Lee scoffs.

LEE  
Natural? Have you seen many  
naturally occurring glass windows  
that break and then put themselves  
back together? If anything was ever  
SUPERnatural --

BARROW  
 Cut that out. No speculation. We just need to figure out what in the hell it is. And how to stop it from happening again.

Barrow gets up out of his chair.

LEE  
 Do we?

BARROW  
 What do you mean? Of course we do.

Lee stands and faces him.

LEE  
 I mean, is this ... bigger than us?

Barrow isn't happy at this. Hands on belt.

BARROW  
 You wanna call in the Feds?

LEE  
 Why not?

BARROW  
 This is OUR parish --

LEE  
 (surprised)  
 Our?

BARROW  
 Don't even. This is MY parish. I don't want BIGGER. This won't get BIGGER. Not if we don't let it.

Lee nods it off. Doesn't want to argue it anymore.

LEE  
 You're the boss, Sheriff. I doubt this was an isolated incident. Surprised we haven't gotten calls.

BARROW  
 Turned the cell off.

Lee shakes his head, frustrated. He swats the cell off the desk and powers it up. They both watch as the "missed call" notification tacks up. And up. And up.

They look at each other. Time to get to work.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

A small park rests a few blocks off the main street. Lined by trees, residential streets can be seen beyond.

Barrow and Lee exit the cruiser, slamming their doors at the sight of a group of TOWNSFOLK circled around something. The air is still upon their approach, but a sharp wind picks up as they reach the outer circle of the group.

Everyone's chatting frantically. Most in the front row of the circle are using their phones to take video of something below. Barrow doesn't look happy.

BARROW

Where's the Liddell girl?

No response from the crowd. Barrow and Lee give each other a frustrated glance.

LEE

HEY!

Nothing. Barrow's had enough. He whips out his pistol and FIRES a shot in the air. The crowd disperses, revealing:

A dog, running in a circle. Backwards.

The wind is strongest around the point the dog circles. The Sheriff kneels down, examining the dog's path. Lee looks up at the spottily stormy sky.

A young girl, ALICE, 9, walks up to the Sheriff.

ALICE

I'm here, Sheriff.

Barrow turns to her. Lee removes the crowd from the park.

BARROW

You called this in. That was a good thing to do. Sorry about everyone else. Tell me what happened?

She's clearly upset, stuttering over her words.

ALICE

It was nice out, so Walker and I were playin'. Then it got all stormy and he started running around. Then he just stopped. Like, frozen.

BARROW  
That when he started doin' this?

ALICE  
Yeah. Can you help him?

Lee rejoins them.

BARROW  
We're going to do our best.

Barrow stands.

LEE  
Not sure that's the best idea,  
Sheriff.

BARROW  
Why the hell not? I'm getting her  
dog back.

LEE  
We don't know enough. What if --

BARROW  
"What if" can wait.

Barrow rolls up his sleeves and starts picking up sticks from ground. He kneels down again, following the path of the dog with his eyes.

He tosses a twig in front of it. Nothing. Tosses a twig behind it. Nothing. Tramples over, unphased. He thinks.

LEE  
Wait with her.

Barrow goes to the cruiser and pops the trunk. He ruffles around and pulls out a small sack. He slams the trunk shut and hurries back over.

Lee is curious. From the sack, Barrow produces an worn-out baseball. He smiles. Lee shakes his head.

BARROW  
Your dog like baseballs?

She shrugs. Barrow grips the ball, lining his fingers carefully up with the stitches. He pitches it past the dog. The dog TWITCHES, instinctively leaping out of its loop to bite the ball it its mouth.

The girl runs and embraces her dog. Barrow takes out his phone, scrolling to the next call. Back to the cruiser.

LEE

At least it was just a dog.

Barrow grunts.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOME - DAY**

A worried couple, MR. AND MRS. GALE, late 40s, sit on their porch, waiting. The cruiser parks on the street in front of their house, and they stand to greet Barrow and Lee.

Mrs. Gale is a wreck. Tear-swollen eyes. Mr. Gale has his arm around her.

Barrow tips his hat.

BARROW

Mister and Misses Gale.

MR. GALE

Sheriff.

They shake.

BARROW

This is Deputy Lee.

Nods.

MRS. GALE

Thank you both for coming. I didn't know who else I could call.

BARROW

Everyone's in a bit of a fuss today, Misses Gale.

LEE

Where is she?

Mr. and Mrs. Gale look at each other.

MR. GALE

We'll take you around back.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOME - BACK YARD - DAY**

Their backyard is huge. A hill with no fence behind.

As they walk around the side of the house, they can see on top of the hill is a magnificent old tree. As they circle it, they are slowly able to see:

The largest branch of the tree has a plank swing attached. Their daughter, DOROTHY, 6, is swinging. She swings back and forth once before JUMPING out of the swing.

Mid jump, she FREEZES, suspended in the air. She then REVERSES, back into the swing.

She's caught in a never-ending loop.

They feel the same cut of the wind as they approach her. They look up and note similarly isolated darkness above.

Mrs. Gale bursts into tears at the sight.

MRS. GALE  
What's happening to her?

BARROW  
We saw something similar at the park earlier today.

LEE  
Not exactly similar. That was a dog.

MR. GALE  
Is there anything we can do?

LEE  
We're just investigating, Mr. Gale. It would be too --

BARROW  
Like hell.

Barrow starts rolling up his sleeves. He backs down the hill, readying himself to charge. Lee stands in his way.

LEE  
We have no idea what we're dealing with. You could --

BARROW  
I could save her.

Barrow's death stare. Lee lowers his head and backs down.

The Gale's step back to give Barrow room. He breathes, readying himself. CHARGING up the hill, he JUMPS as the girl LEAPS off the swing, catching her in his arms.

THUNDER CRACKS and then dissipates. The parents rush to their shaking daughter. Hugs and kisses and thanks.

**INT. LIBRARY - DAY**

Barrow and Lee enter the medium-sized library. A dozen or so geometrically arranged rows of bookshelves. Empty and quiet. Barrow waves at the Librarian, MS. ISAAC, 60s.

MS. ISAAC  
Afternoon Sheriff.

BARROW  
Afternoon. Got anything on meteorology, weather patterns, things like that?

MS. ISAAC  
Your Deputy couldn't Google it for you, Harve?

LEE  
You might've noticed we're having some signal disruptions and other weather ... anomalies.

MS. ISAAC  
I hadn't. Down past Fiction. Third shelf up, on the right.

Barrow nods thanks. He stomps down to the aisle, scanning the shelf quickly, grabbing a handful of books. He takes a seat in a study cubicle. Starts reading.

Lee peruses the aisles. Finds himself in Fiction.

Stops on the Sci-fi shelf. Thinks a moment. Moves his finger alphabetically along the authors until he reaches "W." Slows as he reaches "Wells, H.G."

His eyes widen with a thought.

Lee plants himself in the study cubicle next to Barrow.

LEE  
I know you said we shouldn't speculate --

BARROW  
We shouldn't. Gettin' some facts will be quite enough.

LEE  
If you're going to keep endangering people's lives, don't you think we should at least talk about what might be going on?

BARROW  
Keep your magic to yourself, Lee.

LEE  
Not that. Not exactly.

Barrow is curious. He leans back past the cubicle divider.

BARROW  
That the stench of a thought I  
smell?

LEE  
If you could travel back ...

BARROW  
Back? Shit, Lee. No.

LEE  
Hear me out. If you could go back  
in time ... wouldn't you want to  
stop someone responsible for  
starting a war?

Barrow thinks.

BARROW  
Sure, I might've fantasized about  
killing Hitler when I was a kid.  
Who hasn't?

LEE  
Exactly.

BARROW  
Exactly nothing. Even if I  
entertained your piss-ant notion,  
this "traveler," no matter how  
noble his intentions, is tearing  
this town apart.

LEE  
Think it's going to come to that?

BARROW  
If we don't figure out what's  
causing it. And it ain't no time  
traveler. One little hole in your  
theory: we ain't in no civil war.

Lee looks Barrow straight in the eye.

LEE  
How do you think they start?



**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - SUNSET**

The cruiser ZOOMS past the station.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Lee looks out the window, confused.

LEE

Are we not going back to the station?

BARROW

No.

**EXT. BARROW'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Barrow's house is a squat, single story with a four-car wide garage. An untended, overgrown garden covers its face.

The cruiser pulls into the driveway. Parks.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow looks straight forward. Lee looks at him.

BARROW

I saw you jump in front of the Pastor. No time to think. Just on instinct. I noticed.

LEE

Thank you?

Barrow looks into his lap.

BARROW

You want to go after the Clan? Fine. You're young. Start there. Clan starts 'em young.

LEE

You're not coming?

BARROW

You're on your own with this one. I'm NOT takin' on the Clan, and I don't buy your crazy-ass theory. St. Joan needs savin'. I plan to.

LEE

Well, I appreciate your permission.

Barrow sighs.

BARROW

I'm not just giving you my permission.

Barrow clicks the garage door opener on the sun flap.

**EXT. BARROW'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The garage door opens to reveal a covered car.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Lee's jaw literally drops.

BARROW

It's a loaner.

Lee jumps out of the cruiser.

**EXT. BARROW'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow follows Lee to the car. He pulls off the cover, revealing: a classic 2014 Mustang. Wheels and everything. Sleek and charcoal gray.

LEE

You don't even have to say it. Not a scratch, fill up the tank, all that Jazz.

Barrow tosses him the keys.

BARROW

Yeah, you know what happens if you don't take care of her.

LEE

She got a name?

BARROW

Pearl.

Lee smiles.

LEE

Thanks, Barrow.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SUNRISE**

Lee drives the 'Stang down main street. All smiles behind the wheel. Gets some judgemental looks from passers-by.

**INT. BAR - SUNRISE**

The bar is a long, over-cluttered hallway. Not a lot of room to move. Lee takes a seat at the bar. A few barflies passed out at the far end.

JESS THE BARTENDER, 20s, greets Lee. She's got the look of having been here all night.

JESS THE BARTENDER  
What can I get you, Deputy?

He leans in toward her.

LEE  
I'm on duty. Pour me something that looks like whiskey.

She nods.

JESS THE BARTENDER  
(loudly)  
One iced tea, coming up!

LEE  
Yeah, thanks a lot.

She slaps down the tea, in a tall glass with a lemon slice and tiny pink umbrella. He plucks out the umbrella and crushes it in his hand. Tosses it aside.

A young punk, WHITNEY, late teens, sidles up next to Lee. Her face has the same look of having been here all night.

WHITNEY  
Hey there.

Lee sips his tea.

WHITNEY  
You're a cop.

LEE  
You're observant.

WHITNEY  
Sweet talker!

LEE  
Not your type.

She reseats herself. Hungover.

WHITNEY  
Don't be so sure.

LEE  
I am. You from around here?

WHITNEY  
Yep.

LEE  
Ever run in with the wrong sort?

WHITNEY  
I AM the wrong sort. Who do you mean?

LEE  
The Clan.

WHITNEY  
Oh. Yeah.

She's uncomfortable.

LEE  
Any around here?

She looks around.

WHITNEY  
Nah. You can always tell. Wanna see some tonight?

He nods. She sticks her hand in his pant pocket and pulls out his phone. She taps in her number and sets in on the bar.

WHITNEY  
Ditch the threads.

She pushes herself up and turns to leave.

LEE  
I was wrong.

She stops. Looks confused.

LEE  
You're just what I was looking for.

**EXT. LOCAL NEWS STATION - DAY**

A dated, square box of a building. "CHANNEL 4 NEWS" painted in big, eroded letters.

**INT. LOCAL NEWS STATION - LOBBY - DAY**

Barrow stands at the front desk, ditsy SECRETARY behind.

SECRETARY

Who are you looking for?

BARROW

You've got to have some kind of meteorologist on staff.

Blank stare.

BARROW

A weather man. You've got a weatherman?

SECRETARY

Oh! One moment please.

She clicks an intercom. Barrow sits and cracks open one of his books from the library.

SECRETARY

Sandy, Sheriff Barrow is here to see you.

EILEEN (V.O.)

(muffled)

Send him in.

**INT. LOCAL NEWS STATION - OFFICE - DAY**

The "weatherman," SANDY, 30s, stands behind her desk. She's facing a projection wall, manipulating information on a map.

SANDY

Excuse my mess, Sheriff. Busy day.

BARROW

No doubt. What've you heard?

SANDY

Lot of rumors floating around.

BARROW

Can I ask your expert opinion?

She stops playing with her map and turns to him.

SANDY

I'm afraid I'm not an expert in mass hysteria, Sheriff.

BARROW

Your amateur opinion then?

She sits down across from him.

SANDY

What are you asking me, Sheriff?

BARROW

Forget rumor. Things are happening. I want to know why.

SANDY

I'm sorry, I don't know why.

Barrow is getting annoyed. He sits forward.

BARROW

There's got to be something. Something I can FOLLOW. Something I can TRACK.

SANDY

I can track storms. I don't chase 'em, but I can track 'em. But you're not trying to track a storm. It's what came after.

BARROW

Which is WHAT?

SANDY

We're getting into fringe sciences, Sheriff. Not popular in my field.

BARROW

I'm not in your field.

SANDY

If I were you ... I'd try to find a way to track Tachyon particles. That's your problem.

BARROW

Why is that a problem?

SANDY

Nobody knows if they exist.

**INT. LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Small hotel room. Lee sits on the edge of the bed. A closet is in front of him. He runs his hands through his hair. He stands and looks down, considering his uniform.

He opens the closet in front of him: an extra uniform and ... nothing else. Empty.

Thinking, he goes over to the room phone and dials the front desk. Waits for a greeting.

LEE

Hi. How far is the nearest  
department store?

He checks his watch.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Lee is dressed in an awkward selection of clothes that betrays an identity crisis.

He stands in a crowded line of teens and twenty-somethings waiting to gain entry to the warehouse. Colored lights and a pulsing beat seep from a rolled up delivery gate.

A glowing buzz in the pocket of his too-tight pants. He checks his phone. A text:

**Knock, knock.**

A tap on his shoulder. He turns. Whitney. Hair brighter and clothes punkier than her wilted appearance in the bar.

WHITNEY

I half expected you to show up in  
your blues and browns.

LEE

I can play.

WHITNEY

We'll see. Nice pants. Where you  
hiding your badge?

LEE

No spoilers.

She laughs.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A full-on RAVE. The intensity of which could only come from a packed group of repressed southerners.

The floor is a seething wave of humanity. On the stage, a MASKED HOUSE DUO mixes. Redneck Daft Punk.

Lee and Whitney wade into the chaos.

She starts looking around. She spots a group of serious looking guys in black tee shirts. She gets Lee's attention and gestures to them with her head. Lee looks.

He leans down to her, yelling over the crowd.

LEE

Not my type.

WHITNEY

No. Look.

She points out their visible tatoos. Clansmen. They stick out of the crowd. Most of them have about as much rhythm as they do hair.

Lee gives her a peck on the cheek and leaves her alone. She watches him go, consumed by the crowd.

Approaching the group of Clansmen, Lee banks right, circling around them. As he curves through people, he can see that his old friend The Bearded Brute is among them. As their group sticks out from the crowd, he sticks out among them.

Beard spots him watching them. Beckons the group to follow him. They stalk toward Lee, who starts maneuvering toward the back door.

The Clansmen push people out of the way, clearing a path that allows them to catch up to Lee. He faced them. A dance-floor altercation ensues, knocking over nearby dancers.

Lee blocks an few hits, but takes more. Lands on the ground. A few kicks later, the Clansmen move on.

On the floor, Lee opens his eyes. He sees them exit through the back door. He smiles and hops up. He's fine.

Helping up other fallen dancers around him, Lee makes his way to the back door. He opens it, seeing the last of them mount their motorcycles and trail behind Beard's raised Truck.

Lee follows.



**EXT. DINER - NIGHT**

Barrow pulls the cruiser up to the Diner. He's about to shift into park. Through the window, he can see Dusty inside, serving a milkshake.

He thinks. Shifts into reverse.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Barrow sits where Lee had sat before. Jess behind the bar.

JESS THE BARTENDER  
Today must be a hard day for law enforcement.

BARROW  
Amen. Beer. Don't care which.

Jess fills him a glass. Cuts the foam with her finger and licks it off. Slides it to him.

A RAGGED BARFLY is slouched on the stool next to Barrow.

JESS THE BARTENDER  
Anything else I can get for you, Sheriff?

Barrow gulps his beer. He lets the foam mustache stay on him for a moment.

BARROW  
Not unless you know someone that can build me a device to track tachyon particles.

Wipes off the foam mustache.

JESS THE BARTENDER  
Not going to lie, Sheriff. I don't know what that means.

BARROW  
Theoretical physics, Jess. No one does.

RAGGED BARFLY  
You need Lightning.

Barrow is surprised.

BARROW  
Thought you were asleep.

RAGGED BARFLY

On and off. I'm either catchin' Zs  
or droppin' eves. Sounds like you  
need LIGHTNING.

BARROW

Tell me something I don't know.

RAGGED BARFLY

Nah, nah, you're not hearin' me.  
Lightning lives out on the edge of  
town. He can build anything.

BARROW

How would I find him?

RAGGED BARFLY

Just look for the big aluminum bus.

BARROW

That explains why he's called  
"Lightning."

RAGGED BARFLY

You'd think, but no. It's 'cause he  
moves really slow.

**EXT. LIGHTNING'S ALUMINUM BUS - NIGHT**

The bus sits in an overgrown field. The lights of the town  
can be seen in the distance. Barrow leaves the cruiser  
headlights on.

Where the bus's door should be is bolted a screen door that  
would be more appropriate on a trailer home.

Barrow knocks. Frame rattles.

He turns around to check the area and when he turns back,  
standing against the screen door is LIGHTNING: 50s, muscular  
for an older man, with a shiny bald head and round glasses.

BARROW

Whoa. Are you Lightning?

LIGHTNING

My. Name. Is. Lightning.

BARROW

Yeah, I'm gonna go.

Lightning opens the screen door and beckons him in. Barrow  
sighs and steps inside.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Lee drives the Mustang, following the Clansmen down a dirt road through the woods. He keeps the headlights off and the roaring of the Clansmen's bikes and Beard's truck sufficiently drown out any noise.

The Clansmen slow as they approach the clearing.

As the trees open up, their vehicles join DOZENS MORE, all parked in the clearing in front of the abandoned mail sorting facility.

Lee stops a safe distance away from the clearing and observes them dismount and enter the lair.

**INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS**

Lee takes a moment to himself. He breathes to calm his excited breathing. He takes one more look out the window before dashing out of the car.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Lee dashes, lightfooted, away from the car. He keeps to the edge of the trees around the clearing.

Moving to the edge of the facility, he runs out of the woods and sneaks along the side to the back of the building.

**INT. SORTING FACILITY - LAIR - NIGHT**

Pulling planks off of a back door, Lee makes his way into the lair. Immediately, he can hear the CLAPPING of a large group.

He takes in his surroundings: the back half of the large room, converted into a sort of back stage area behind the elevated platform.

He peeks into the main part of the room, taking in the full view of the crowd. The room is packed. HUNDREDS of people fill the pews, sit on the floor, and stand along the walls.

Hellman walks back and forth on the platform as he makes his proclamations. Gesticulating with bravado, his is larger than life. He's got everyone in that room enraptured.

Lee listens.

HELLMAN

Blessed Clansfolk. The time is almost upon us. Our preparations nearly complete.

(beat)

Our faith will soon be rewarded!

Clapping from the crowd. A couple "amen"s.

HELLMAN

The reign of The Suits is at an end. We stood up and showed this country that The Man could not abolish our right to bear arms --

(claps)

And now we will stand to protect them from sullyng the sanctity of our most sacred bond!

(amen)

Many States have betrayed us in this, including our own. All the more reason we must RISE and STAND AGAINST those that would besmirch the purity of our nation!

Hellman sits on his throne.

HELLMAN

The time for hiding in the shadows has expired! We shall languish in the whispers of legend no longer!

(beat)

Those who choose to not stand with us as brothers will fall. Justly. Town by town, this parish will fall. And the next. And the next.

(spittle)

THIS COUNTRY WILL BE OURS.

The crowd erupts in ovation. Hellman stands, hands to the sky, bathing in the glory of his followers.

They chant "HELLMAN." "HELLMAN." "HELLMAN."

Lee looks around the back room more completely: boxes of armament scattered among flammable barrels. Hellman can make good on his promise.

Hellman turns to exit and Lee skips toward the back door. Lowering himself in the doorway, he gets one good look at the maniac descending the stairs.

Lee breaks himself away, escaping into the night.

**EXT. LIGHTNING'S ALUMINUM BUS - NIGHT**

Crickets and quiet.

The moon hangs low, brightly outlining the reflective surface of the bus. Lights on inside.

**INT. LIGHTNING'S ALUMINUM BUS - NIGHT**

The gutted bus is littered with wires and mechanical parts. Lightning and Barrow sit in neighboring recliners.

LIGHTNING

An interesting proposition indeed,  
Mister Sheriff.

BARROW

Can you help me or not?

LIGHTNING

Tracking Tachyon particles presents  
a unique challenge in that they are  
inherently unobservable due to the  
greater-than-light speed at which  
they theoretically exist.

BARROW

Fanciest way I ever heard to say  
"no."

Barrow gets up to leave.

LIGHTNING

However ...

Barrow stops.

BARROW

Say it quick, Lightning.

LIGHTNING

Though the source evades, the  
residual energy spikes would be  
uniquely charged and therefore  
track-able.

BARROW

Could you rig me somethin' to do  
that?

LIGHTNING

That depends ... are you capable of  
dismissing property violations?

Barrow nods. Lightning nods back.

BARROW

You know how to reach me when it's done.

LIGHTNING

One more thing, Sheriff. The range of this device will be unavoidably limited. To narrow the field, I'd suggest you chart points of occurrence for each disturbance and attempt to discern a pattern.

BARROW

You mean, like on a map?

LEE

Precisely.

Barrow thinks.

**EXT. LOCAL NEWS STATION - NIGHT**

Barrow picks the lock on the front door.

BARROW

(sotto)

Apologies, Sandy.

**INT. LOCAL NEWS STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT**

Barrow enters Sandy's dark office. He powers up the projection wall. He's faced with a map of the parish.

He takes out his phone and scrolls through the addresses of the reported disturbances, inputting them into the map.

A red dot signifies each location.

He punches in the last one and steps back, looking at the pattern: a spiral of dots, of increasing severity, point to a plot of land on the eastern edge of the map.

Barrow looks grimly at the plot.

BARROW

What in the hell are you?

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING**

Barrow sits behind his desk with his hands linked in front of his face. The lights are off, only the morning sun shining through the half-open blinds behind him.

The ROARING engine of the Mustang parking outside.

Lee comes through the door, switches the light on.

LEE

We need to talk.

BARROW

Yes we do. I've found a way to track what's happening ... whatever it is. You're comin' with me 'case I need backup for what's found.

LEE

You're picking at the scab, Barrow. I found 'em. The Clan. Their lair.

BARROW

Good for you. Now get ready, we're heading to the East edge of town.

LEE

They're planning something.

BARROW

No surprise. Meanwhile, we've got a job to do.

LEE

They've got EXPLOSIVES. They're not some small-time hick militia. They're planning to take over St. Joan first, then everything. Led by some guy madman named "Hellman."

BARROW

Louis Hellman. Yeah.

LEE

You can't ignore it anymore ... this is BIGGER than us.

Barrow loses his cool.

BARROW

NO!

LEE

Why is this so hard for you,  
Barrow? Call the Feds! We need  
backup!

Barrow looks solemn.

BARROW

I left here for "bigger." Brother  
in law's a senator. "Bigger" killed  
the only person I ever loved. Left  
me alone.

(beat)

That's why I'm here. That's why  
this is my parish.

Lee quiets down.

LEE

It won't be if we don't stop him.

BARROW

If that's the tide, we float with  
it. Can't turn it.

LEE

That's just it: if someone's coming  
back, causing all this chaos, that  
means we CAN stop it.

BARROW

I don't give a shit about "can" or  
"can't." I won't. I won't stop a  
war if it's brewin'. Best ride the  
wave. And survive. 'Cause that's  
all that matters. Protect these  
people best we can.

LEE

I will. By taking down Hellman. And  
I need your help, Barrow.

BARROW

I guess my not choosin' a side  
somehow's got you confusin' me for  
someone with compassion.

Barrow looks him in the eye.

BARROW

I don't care what happens to  
someone like you.



**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING**

Out from the front doors, Lee and Barrow exit without looking at each other, turning in opposite directions.

**INT. LEE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Lee bursts in, slamming the door shut. He pulls off his uniform top, tossing it aside. Kicks off his boots.

In his uniform pants and white undershirt, he grabs the top of the door frame to the bathroom and starts doing pull-ups.

After ten reps, he immediately drops to the floor and starts doing pushups. Plants his arms, swings his feet under into sit-up position.

As he crunches, he catches a glimpse of his open closet. His ridiculous clothes from the rave hang side. He shuts the closet and continues with more intensity and focus.

**EXT. FIELDS - DAY**

Lee runs.

He chops himself a path through the dead foliage beneath his feet. Earbuds drown the sound of the world out.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Lee crosses the station to the armory. He carries an empty duffle bag.

He drops the duffle bag on a cabinet inside and unzips. He looks to the rifle rack and notices one missing. He takes the remaining five and loads each, placing them in the bag.

Grabbing another holster from the cabinet, he rigs it to sit on his opposite leg, a gun resting on each hip. He pulls out a double shoulder holster, looping it around his arms.

He covers everything with a longer field jacket. Vainly smooths it out.

Lee leaves, bulky with weapons.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Lee drops the duffle in the trunk of the Mustang. He hops in and revs it up. MUSIC SWELLS as he blasts into the night.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - NIGHT**

Barrow drives. Passing lights on his face. He looks grim.

FLASH. His attention is grabbed by the glowing screen of his phone below him.

**INT. LIGHTNING'S ALUMINUM BUS - NIGHT**

Lightning lets Barrow in. He's cleared a bit of space on his "kitchen" table. There's something covered by a white sheet.

BARROW

That it?

LIGHTNING

Yes. Did you take care of what we had arranged?

BARROW

Just give it to me and I won't turn you in.

Lightning frowns, pulling off the sheet. THE DEVICE is a cobbled mess. Exposed wires and circuits protrude everywhere. A cumbersome battery hangs off the back, with a small handle just above that.

An old iPhone LCD mounted above the handle flickers to life, beeping as Lightning switches the device on.

LIGHTNING

On. Off. Beeps faster as the readings spike.

Barrow picks it up, weighing it in his hand.

BARROW

Anything else I need to know?

LIGHTNING

Yeah. Don't hold it too close to your chest.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Barrow clicks the overhead light on as he drives. A map printout is unfolded on the passenger seat next to him.

He glances down at a red "X" on the eastern ridge.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

The Mustang pulls up to the clearing in front of the lair. Lee opens the door and stealthily slinks around to the trunk. He removes the duffle bag.

He checks the clearing. It's empty. He struts down the side of the building, entering as he did before.

**INT. SORTING FACILITY - LAIR - NIGHT**

Entering through the back door, Lee crouches behind a row of crates. He peeks over. A few BRUTES are unloading boxes and taking inventory.

Lee inches down the crates toward the elevated throne platform. A few more Brutes and other Clansmen are scattered throughout the pews.

Hellman sits casually on the throne, going over notes.

Lee quietly unzips his bag. He removes one of his longer, single-shot rifles. He looks over his shoulder at the smallest noise and gun rattle as he readies the shot.

He flips up the site. Hellman leans directly into view.

Lee breathes out half a breath. Finger tightens on the trigger just as ...

A meaty hand grabs his barrel, pushing it to the side. It's the Bearded Brute.

BEARDED BRUTE

Police!

The entire place comes to attention.

Two Clansmen hurry Hellman out of the facility, covering his head and chest with their hands like a Secret Service detail would a president. He escapes.

Dozens of Brutes circle Lee.

Beard recognizes him.

BEARDED BRUTE

You. Hadn't had enough, Deputy?  
Your gut getting used to my boot?

He looks down at Lee's bag of weapons.

BEARDED BRUTE

'Fraid I can't let you off that  
easy this time. Boys.

He backs up, gesturing with both hands extended toward Lee.

BEARDED BRUTE

Light'im up!

Before the Brutes can raise their weapons, Lee DRAWS the pistols on his hips with incredible speed. He BLAST both rounds into the Bearded Brute's knees.

He topples to the ground, screaming in pain.

Distracted, the Brutes behind watch him fall, giving Lee a split second to grab his bag and SLIDE behind the crates.

The Brutes RETURN FIRE, the crates splintering.

A MILITANT BRUTE shouts to the group, raising his hand.

MILITANT BRUTE

Wait. Watch what you're toasting.

The Brutes look at the crates now lined with holes. Inside: weapons that shouldn't be shot at.

The Militant Brute makes hand gestures for others to cover the doors. Lee crawls along the edge of the crates. Taking a moment to breathe, he chooses one door and LEAPS out from the crates. The Brutes begin shooting immediately.

It's a full-on FIRE FIGHT.

Lee dodges between boxes that are promptly torn to shreds around him. This give him a thought.

Crouching behind a pillar for cover, he reloads. Behind a group of Brutes he spots an arrangement of barrels. He finishes loading his pistols and holsters them.

Lee pulls out the rifles from his bag and slings them over his back, except for one that he readies in his grip.

A few more deep breaths and he DIVES out from behind the pillar, FIRING toward the Brutes. They dodge in every direction, returning fire.

One of Lee's shots finally lands, the barrels behind the Brutes EXPLODING into a fireball that engulfs half of the room. Lee dives, effectively evading the flames.

The dust settles and Lee pushes himself up off the ground.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - NIGHT**

The plantation grounds are overgrown and untended with years of abandonment. At the end of a tree-lined dirt road sits a glorious old mansion with columns out front.

It's "Gone with the Wind" plus decades of neglect.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - NIGHT**

Barrow drives down the tree-covered entry. Moonlight flits between the passing leaves.

He parks in front of the plantation, leaving his headlights shining through the now-doorless doorway. He folds up his map printout and puts it in his pocket.

He leans back, grabbing his rifle and the Tracker out of the back seat.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - NIGHT**

Stepping away from the cruiser toward the mansion, Barrow fiddles with the Tracker. Car headlights at his back.

After a moment, he manages to power it on. The LCD lights his face from below. The beeps are far apart. He holds it to either side of the house and it slows. Fastest pointing straight inside.

BARROW

Figures.

He holds up his rifle in one hand, Tracker in the other.

Slowly he proceeds. As the beeping slowly speeds up, Barrow feels the familiar wind. A glance at the sky confirms a bizarrely stormy zenith of clouds.

Barrow steps at a snail's pace into the mansion.

**INT. PLANTATION MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, plaster is rotted away to expose bricks underneath. Dead leaves rustle across the floor with the passing winds. Water drips from the ceiling. Vines hang in curling loops. The entire place is dank.

Painted portraits of the long-dead stare down at Barrow.

Barrow's shoes crunch on passing leaves. Each crunch echoes into the hollow drip noise.

BARROW  
Anybody home?

A piece of the ceiling FALLS right next to Barrow, exposing the second level above. The impact sends leaves swirling around Barrow in a peculiar vortex.

He shakes himself loose.

Considers the fallen ceiling piece. He then looks up at the hole it left. More water falls through. The wind grows in intensity as he continues forward, THUNDER now joining it. Each rumble shaking the creaky foundations.

Barrow looks down to his Tracker.

Turning it to the left, a living room, and to the right, a dining area, the beeps die down. Still fastest strait ahead: a staircase leads to the second level.

Barrow gulps.

BARROW  
(sotto)  
You've gotta be shittin' me.

The staircase is rickety, with the boards that aren't missing warped and uneven. Remaining sections of carpet are moldy. Grime dirties every crevice.

Barrow puts one foot out, testing the integrity of the first step. It creaks, but seems to hold. He tries the next. Fine. The beeping increases. He looks up with dread. The wind whistles with forboding.

Midway up the staircase, a plank gives way.

BARROW  
Shit!

He recovers, catching his balance on the next step. Looking up, satisfied with himself, he sees:

A shadowy figure runs past the hall at the top of the steps.

Instinctively, Barrow FIRES his rifle in the direction of the figure, the recoil sending him backwards. Falling into the broken board, he takes the neighboring boards with him.

Barrow PLUMMETS through the staircase ...

**INT. SORTING FACILITY - LAIR - NIGHT**

Most of the Brutes lie passed out from the blast. The few remaining -- including the Militant Brute -- shake it off and make their way through the lingering dust, guns raised.

Lee presses himself against the far wall of the room, moving toward the back door.

The Militant Brute spots him.

MILITANT BRUTE  
Over there!

They all FIRE, concrete fireworks behind Lee.

He makes it out the back door, managing to land a few shots that take out Brutes before he exits.

**EXT. SORTING FACILITY - LAIR - CONTINUOUS**

Running into the night, Lee winces at the BLINDING LIGHT of a truck heading straight for him.

His eyes focus and he can see the driver: the Bearded Brute, hands at the wheel, bloodied from crawling.

Lee attempts to dodge, but a squad of Clansmen on bikes flanks him. He's trapped. Beard stops his truck inches from Lee, pressing him up against the wall.

Beard speaks through a radio in his truck.

BEARDED BRUTE  
(amplified)  
Drop your weapons, Deputy Lee.  
You're ours now.

**INT. SORTING FACILITY - LAIR - NIGHT**

Lee has been stripped of his holsters. He's tied up in the throne on the elevated platform. The room is empty, the corners black with darkness.

HELLMAN (O.S.)  
Deputy Fred Lee.

Hellman steps out of the shadows.

HELLMAN  
What's a city boy like you doing down here? Punishment, no doubt.

Hellman walks the steps up the platform.

LEE  
(through his teeth)  
Something like that.

HELLMAN  
Good. Good. I'm glad you know  
something about punishment. What's  
coming won't be as much a surprise.

Hellman gets his hooded face inches from Lee's. Lee tries to look into the eyes beneath the mesh.

LEE  
But you like surprises. Got a big  
one planned.

HELLMAN  
I don't like your kind of surprise.  
When we rise, it should come as no  
surprise to the people of this  
nation.

LEE  
Don't be surprised if most don't  
bend over and take it.

HELLMAN  
Know much about that, Deputy?

Lee freezes.

HELLMAN  
Yes, Fred, I can see right through  
you. You might've been able to hide  
from yourself. Your whole life. But  
you can't hide from me. No one can.

Lee spits into the mesh eyehole of Hellman's hood.

LEE  
Which one of us is hiding?

Hellman reaches his hand under the hood and wipes off the spit. Flicks it way.

HELLMAN  
I'm going to make you the same  
offer I've made every officer of  
the law that's had the misfortune  
of discovering us: join The Royal  
Right ... or fall in service of our  
ascension. You choose your fate.



**INT. PLANTATION MANSION - NIGHT**

Barrow lumbers up out of the rubble of the staircase planks. He pushes himself up to his feet, cracking his back as he fully stands up.

He picks up his rifle and sees that his tracker has been crushed in the fall.

BARROW  
Just as well.

Barrow readies both hands on his rifle and walks around to the front of the staircase.

One mitt firmly grasped on the handrail, Barrow hugs the side as he inches up the staircase again.

Hand extended out as far as he can on the rail above the gaping hole he fell through, Barrow LEAPS over the gap. Landing with an UMPH, he catches his balance and quickly sprints the final few steps.

Barrow lands safely on the second floor.

He step forward, and the entire building starts to QUAKE. Thunder roars, wind sweeping the hallway. Barrow RUNS in the direction of the shadowy figure.

Finding himself at the end of the hall, barrow enters an empty room. Outside the windows, he can see the weather worsening. Something catches his eye.

Outside the window, rain has begun to fall. Most falls normally, but between the falling beams, many drops are discernibly traveling UPWARD.

Barrow turns back around. Tired of waiting.

BARROW  
Where are you?!

A CREAK from the room across the hall.

Barrow RUNS over. Empty again. Open door to a bathroom across the room. He approaches it, and finds that it is a shared bathroom, with a door leading to another adjacent room.

The door cracked, Barrow KICKS through it and catches his first real glimpse of the figure:

A long, flowing trench coat with a high collar and metallic sheen, fluttering out the room's main door.

Barrow pursues the figure out of the room.

As they run down the hall toward the staircase, Barrow can make out shoulder-length black hair whipping out from behind the collar.

The figure reaches the staircase and LEAPS down its entire length, crouching to absorb the force of the landing.

A few more boards fall off the stairs in the process and Barrow is faced with a hole even bigger than before.

Barrow shrugs, looking defeated.

BARROW  
Welp, I done it once.

Barrow LEAPS, arms above his head. He CRASHES into the heap of junk from the first fall, rolling into the back room where he TRIPS the passing figure.

The figure falls into the darkness of a side closet.

Barrow stands, wobbling, and FIRES his rifle. The muzzle flash illuminates the closet briefly, revealing the figure KICKING through the back wall.

Barrow turns into the darkness of a side hallway, intercepting the figure as they emerge.

Barrow FIRES and misses. Pulls the trigger again.

CLICK. Empty.

Barrow spins the riffle around, SMACKING the figure with the butt of its stock. The figure stumbles, slowing down.

Still faster than old-man Barrow, the figure turns a corner, leading them back to the main entryway. Facing the rear of the building, the cruiser's headlights leave the figure backlit in silhouette.

Barrow CHARGES the figure.

Wind picks up unnaturally again, sending both of them into separate vortexes of blown debris.

BARROW  
Stand down! You're under arrest!

The distraction of the wind tunnels give the figure sufficient time to dash out the back door.

Barrow shakes himself loose and follows.

**INT. SORTING FACILITY - LAIR - NIGHT**

Lee is still tied up on the throne. Hellman hovers above him.

HELLMAN

So, Deputy, what will it be?  
Tempted by divine glory?

LEE

I think I'll take the other thing.

HELLMAN

The best in life is satisfying and  
unexpected. I'm afraid you are  
neither, Deputy.

(beat)

Boys?

Brutes appear on either side of Lee.

HELLMAN

Burn him.

Hellman skips down the stairs and exits.

A TOOTHY BRUTE leaves and returns with a gas can. He holds  
as the other Brute unscrews the cap. Both tilt it and start  
to DOUSE Lee from head to toe in gasoline.

Once they've finished, Lee opens his eyes and stares them  
down, gasoline dripping from his mouth.

LEE

Pity to waist a throne.

The Toothy Brute leans down, smiling.

TOOTHY BRUTE

Like you, it's not the first.  
Unlike you, it won't be the last.

Lee looks to the other Brute.

LEE

Do you all talk like that?

Toothy produces a lighter from his pocket and FLICKS it on.

TOOTHY BRUTE

Any last words?

LEE

Yeah. Thanks for soaking the ropes.

The Brutes look at each other, confused.

With all his might, Lee PULLS his hands apart behind his back. They fold under the pressure, sliding through the knotted cuffs.

The Brutes fumble. Lee TRIPS Toothy, knocking him on his face. The other Brute raises his gun, which Lee deflects, poking the him in the eyes with two fingers.

Reeling back in pain, the Brute's grip loosens. Lee snatches his gun and blows out his ankles.

Lee wastes no time.

He HOPS off the elevated platform toward the back of the room. He starts pushing all of the crates and flammable barrels together into a heap in the middle of the room.

Grabbing his discarded rifle, he runs out the back door and plants himself at a safe distance. Aims at the heap.

LEE

Here's your "divine glory."

Lee FIRES. The cannisters explode, engulfing the entire building in flames. A series of mini-explosions occur as the crates are burnt and ammunition discharges.

**EXT. SORTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Lee watches the building burn. He turns and stops cold in his tracks when he sees:

Hellman, seated proudly atop a horse, lit only by the flames.

Behind him, an ARMY of motorcycles, trucks, and other horse-riding clansmen. Hellman trots his horse over to Lee.

HELLMAN

Your act of desperation in  
destroying this place has only  
accelerated the end. For it is only  
that: a place.

(beat)

And we ... The People ...  
will rise.

(beat)

Run, boy. Tell them. It begins.

Hellman turns and leads his army through the woods.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - NIGHT**

Barrow runs out into the backyard of the plantation mansion, the storm raging. He's soaked in seconds.

The figure runs into the woods beyond the yard. Barrow follows, the rain abruptly stopping as he enters.

The thunderous roar of the storm shakes the woods, wind twitching every visible leaf and twig. Barrow squints. Straight ahead he can see the figure.

He stops to take a SHOT.

It passes through a tree trunk, splintering on impact.

Barrow starts running again, but the figure is gone, no trace of which direction to go.

BARROW

God damnit.

He turns back and notices a sliver of silver dangling from a nearby branch. He moves closer to examine. A metallic thread ripped from his trench coat.

He rips it off. An idea.

Barrow starts looking for other threads, spots a few a distance away. Raises his rifle as he starts running again, full speed.

The trees start to open up and Barrow spots footsteps in the dirt ahead of him. The terrain starts to get more uneven.

He stops, finding himself facing an old mine opening.

Kneeling at the dirt, he sees the footsteps lead inside.

BARROW

Come on out of there. I've got you cornered.

He steps closer, peering into the darkness.

BARROW

Come. Out.

His voice echoes this time. It's a long shaft.

He fishes in his pocket and produces a flashlight. One hand gripping his gun, he sticks the flashlight in his mouth and screws it into the "on" position with his free hand.

**INT. MINE - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow's light sends a beam down the long stretch of the mine. The light drops off into black. No end.

He stops for a moment, pulling out his phone. He considers it, but decides against, placing it back in his pocket. He gulps and presses onward.

As the light from the entrance starts to become small behind him, Barrow slows.

He hears something in front of him and FIRES off a round. Nothing.

Barrow steps a few more feet forward, and hears something again. A scraping. He aims in the direction of the sound and FIRES another round. Nothing again.

He proceeds a few more steps and his foot runs into something alive. Immediately he fires off a third round. The muzzle flash illuminates in front of him and he can see:

The figure, slouched over, the shot clipping his shoulder.

He runs past Barrow, booking it for the exit. Barrow follows. He's got him now.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow chases the figure back through the woods toward the house. He fires off a few more shots, landing one in the figure's leg. He stumbles, grasping the bleeding wound.

Barrows starts to gain on him.

Just as the figure reaches the stormy backyard again, mansion looming behind, Barrow TACKLES him to the ground.

Barrow pulls out handcuffs from a pouch on his belt.

BARROW

You are under arrest, for ...  
inappropriate, uh ... disruption of  
tac -- You're under arrest.

Barrow spins the figure over to reveal: it's a woman. This is SEVEN, late 20s, with tousled black hair. She wears a tailor-fit jumpsuit underneath her metallic trench coat.

Barrow is surprised. He looks guilty for having shot and tackled a woman. He backs off and lifts her up, carrying her to the cruiser.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Barrow sits, with only his desk light illuminating the room. Lee bursts through the door, dirty, beaten, and dead tired.

BARROW

What in the hell happened to you?

LEE

I've been punched, kicked, shot at, and very nearly burned.

BARROW

That all?

Lee walks over to the desk and plops down in his chair next to it. He rubs his darkened eyes.

LEE

They're coming Barrow. The Clan. Thought I could stop them. Took out the lair ... but they're coming.

BARROW

So ... you were right.

LEE

Yeah. This Hellman ... he's a freak. You can smell it on his breath, Barrow. He's got a small army here, and who knows what elsewhere. I know you don't believe what I said before, but if someone was going to --

BARROW

Lee, you were right.

Lee is visibly confused.

Barrow points across the room to the holding cell. Seven sits on the cot inside. Hastily wrapped bandages cover her wounds.

Lee's eyes widen.

LEE

The traveller ... ?

BARROW

Let's find out together.

Lee and Barrow walk over to the cell. They leave it dark. Only the moon shining through the single cell window.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Seven's hands are bound behind her back. She sits upright on the edge of the cot. Despite being wrapped, her leg is bleeding onto the floor.

Barrow unlocks the cell. He and Lee enter. They face her.

BARROW

You're going to answer our questions.

She looks up at him. Silent.

LEE

Why are you here?

SEVEN

I'm afraid that's classified, Deputy Lee.

LEE

Your knowledge seems to have us at a disadvantage. Knowledge about many things, I would imagine.

BARROW

Who are you?

SEVEN

I'm sorry, Sheriff Barrow, but most of my answers are going to sound repetitive. My name is classified. My code designation is Seven.

LEE

Alright Seven, let's stop dancing around it: are you or aren't you from the future?

She smirks.

SEVEN

No. But you impress me Deputy.

BARROW

Doesn't take much to see what's going on around this town. Natural energy spikes leading straight to you. Explain that.

SEVEN

Something tells me this took a fair bit of convincing from Deputy Lee.



Lee looks at Barrow.

LEE

I like her.

BARROW

What a waste. What were you doing out there, Ms. Seven?

SEVEN

Just Seven. You found me there, Sheriff, because we were looking for the same thing.

BARROW

You want that leg to get fixed, you better start bein' less vague.

SEVEN

Oh, the leg will get fixed, Sheriff. Especially if I don't put in a call in the next hour.

(beat)

I'm a federal agent. I work for a classified department of the U.S. Government.

BARROW

A goddamn Fed.

SEVEN

That's all I'm at liberty to say, but seeing as you and your Deputy have stumbled onto something much bigger than this town --

Barrow winces.

SEVEN

I'll say this: The department I serve is responsible for the research and classification of temporal anomalies.

BARROW

So, time travel.

SEVEN

Potentially.

LEE

This isn't about the Clan?

SEVEN

I can assure you, Deputy, this temporal anomaly has been marked priority one. The federal government has no interest in a southern militia.

LEE

Why not?

SEVEN

We've got bigger things to worry about than civil rights.

LEE

Even if it leads to war? Is the death of Americans worth it?

She cocks her head.

SEVEN

Is the death of our reality?

BARROW

Has it come to that?

SEVEN

Yes, Sheriff. It's not just this town that's threatened. We've never seen a temporal event the size of the one approaching.

BARROW

Approaching?

She laughs.

SEVEN

I told you, I'm not your time traveller! Everything you've observed so far is the only the precursor. Our reality is anticipating a violent tear. Like the winds before a typhoon. Whatever -- whoever's coming ...

LEE

They haven't arrived yet.

Barrow and Lee look at each other. Sigh.

BARROW

Damn. I thought I was done.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - SUNRISE**

Barrow drives with Lee in the passenger seat. Seven is laying in the back seat.

BARROW

Time travel doesn't sound fun.

SEVEN

Theoretically, it's the most violent act the human body could be subjected to. We'd hoped future generations would be smart enough to stay away.

BARROW

Does not appear that they are. Or, will be? Eh, no surprise. People gettin' stupider every generation.

Lee gives him a look.

SEVEN

I appreciate you allowing me to call in, Sheriff. At my level, a slip-up like this is career-ending.

BARROW

Dolores'll fix you up nice. I'm not a man to let a lady bleed out.

LEE

That's as sweet as he gets.

BARROW

Any idea when our uninvited guest will be arriving?

Seven pulls out a sleek tablet device.

SEVEN

Judging by the weather activity, before the day is out.

Lee looks out the window.

LEE

Why today? Ever wonder why they're coming now?

SEVEN

No. We anticipate such a device, even under ideal circumstances, wouldn't offer much precision.

BARROW  
So, more like a shotgun than a  
sniper rifle?

Lee looks back at Seven.

LEE  
See what I'm dealing with down  
here?

SEVEN  
See this operation through, Deputy,  
and you just might find yourself  
back up with the big boys.

Lee contemplates this. Considers Barrow driving.

BARROW  
Music to my ears.

**EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Lee and Barrow help Seven out of the back of the cruiser and  
into Dr. Kelley's office.

The storm is spreading, dark clouds just beyond main street.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Seven sits at the examination table. Dr. Kelley examines her  
ankle. Lee and Barrow stand at opposite ends of the room.

Dr. Kelley moves away from Seven's ankle and looks at her.

DR. KELLEY  
Thankfully, your shoulder was just  
grazed. Unfortunately, there's  
still a bullet in your leg.

Seven nods.

Dr. Kelley grabs a long metal instrument and moves in to  
remove the bullet. Seven's expression remains neutral.

Barrow crosses to Lee.

BARROW  
Do you trust her?

LEE  
More than you.

A small GRUNT from Seven and then a PLINK of the bullet in a metal receptacle.

SEVEN

Thank you, Doctor.

BARROW

Lee, would you take Seven out to the car?

Lee holds Seven by the arm and helps her out.

Barrow turns to Dr. Kelley.

DR. KELLEY

Who is she?

BARROW

I need you to make sure none of this is on the books.

DR. KELLEY

To cover your ass?

BARROW

Hers.

DR. KELLEY

She's got something to do with everything that's happening, doesn't she?

BARROW

I'm handling it.

DR. KELLEY

I can see that.

Barrow looks legitimately concerned.

BARROW

Look, Dolores there's something else. You need to get out of town.

DR. KELLEY

What's happening?

BARROW

Depends on who you ask. Just, please. And warn as many others as you can. Lee and I can handle this.

DR. KELLEY

You've got a good one there. Don't  
let him get killed.

(beat)

Be careful, Harve.

She leans in to kiss him. He pulls away, pain on his face.

BARROW

I'm sorry.

Barrow leaves. She takes a few breathes, composing herself.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY**

Barrow drives. Seven is in the passenger seat this time,  
with Lee in the back.

BARROW

How long had you been out at the  
plantation when I found you?

SEVEN

When you chased me down? I'd been  
there almost three days.

LEE

You knew that early?

BARROW

That must be some fancy equipment  
you got there.

SEVEN

Headquarters detected suspicious  
readings last week. Close range,  
with a continuous feed, this does  
the trick ...

She pulls out her tablet tracking device.

BARROW

I had, uh, something like that.

SEVEN

I saw that. You make that thing  
yourself? Anyway, at the point you  
shot me down, I'd very nearly had  
enough data to pinpoint the exact  
location of convergence.

LEE

That'll tell us exactly where they'll arrive?

SEVEN

It would have. When the Sheriff here ... intercepted me, he broke the stream. We'll only have a general spot, at best.

LEE

We'll have to keep on our toes.

BARROW

If I was readin' the sky correctly, they won't be too hard to find.

SEVEN

When we do, I hope you brought your windbreakers. It's going to get ugly.

LEE

All this chaos ... someone would have to have a pretty good reason to come back.

SEVEN

Technically, we don't even know it will be a person.

LEE

It could be an object?

SEVEN

It could be anything.

BARROW

A weapon?

Lee and Seven look at Barrow.

BARROW

I'm not one to speculate, but if what Lee thinks is happenin' happens ... I'd not blame the future if they wanted to nuke the whole parish.

SEVEN

If we can't shut off their device in time, they won't need a nuke.

Barrow tightens his grip on the steering wheel.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - DAY**

The overcast sky outside the plantation grounds fades into a stormy cacophony as the cruiser enters the grounds. A light drizzle at the entrance becomes a downpour once they park in front of the mansion.

Lee, Barrow, and Seven hurry out of the cruiser to the relative safety of the mansion.

The wind nearly takes Seven away as she wobbles on her leg.

**INT. PLANTATION MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

It looks worse than before. More fallen ceiling tiles. More water pouring down. More creaks from shifting walls.

LEE

You were HERE for three days?

SEVEN

This is the place.

They all shake the rain off themselves as best they can. Lee walks over to staircase, looks at the gaping hole.

LEE

This where you broke your hip?

Lee lets out a chuckle, silenced by a gaze from Barrow.

SEVEN

As far as the convergence, the best we'll be able to get is about a hundred yard radius.

LEE

That's a big circle.

BARROW

Then we split up.

Seven and Lee look at Barrow.

LEE

Split up?

BARROW

Cover more ground.

LEE

You sure that's the best idea?



SEVEN

He's right. We don't know what room, and faster we can detain them, the better chance we'll have.

Barrow pulls out a spare pistol from his boot and offers it to Seven.

BARROW

Here.

SEVEN

No thanks.

Seven whips out an advanced Fed Blaster from her trench. Barrow's impressed. Seven smiles.

LEE

Guys ...

Barrow and Seven turn away from each other and see that the strewn debris is now FLOATING around the room, bouncing off fixtures in bizarre arcs that defy conventional physics.

Seven runs to the window, ripping down a dusty drape.

Outside the window: the storm has become torrential. Low hanging clouds circle the house carrying dirt and other refuse with it.

SEVEN

Split.

The three of the them split up.

Seven wastes no time, hopping up the steps with an angelic leap over the gaping hole. Barrow points Lee toward the dining room and he takes the living space to the left.

Barrow, gun at the ready, surveys the living space for oddities. Dust hangs in halos around the posh furniture.

Lee circles an old dining table. A glisten catches his attention and he looks closer: the weather-worn grain of the tabletop appears to be regaining its original luster.

#### **UPSTAIRS:**

Seven steps on dipping, soggy floorboards. The hallway sways with the screaming winds. As she approaches the window at the end of the hall, it CRASHES open, the shards sucked outward. Bit by bit, the wood frame around it follows.

Seven wearily starts retreating as:

The entire side of the building begins to tear apart.

The winds pour in, pulling free swarms of cracked paint chips from the walls. Seven squints, shielding her face with her arms. She yells over the sound.

SEVEN

Lee! Barrow! Get out!

**DOWNSTAIRS:**

Lee and Barrow reconvene in the Lobby. They can see the building pulling apart at the far wall.

BARROW

Come on, Lee!

LEE

We can't leave her.

BARROW

Did you see how she hopped up those stairs? She'll be fine.

Barrow grabs Lee's arm to pull him as:

The second floor and ceiling are ripped off, pulled into the swirling darkness above.

Just as the staircase begins to get pulled upward, Seven emerges from the void, leaping with feline grace. She lands in front of Lee and Barrow, who are frozen in awe.

SEVEN

Oh, come on.

She pulls them both by the arms. They run. Dodging falling bits of ceiling and shards of broken glass, they weave and duck out of harm's way. They take a few hits, splinters of wood sticking into their clothes and skin.

The walls behind them are decimated as they run past, leaving dust clouds in their wake.

The three of them dash out the back door just as:

The last remaining sections of the mansion are destroyed by the tornado-like vortex storm.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

They cross the yard behind where the mansion once stood. Seven whips out her tracking device.

Barrow yells over the wind.

BARROW

Don't think we'll be needing that.

He points up to the sky: all of the clouds are spiraling to a single point, not far, just past the woods to the East.

LEE

Eye of the storm?

BARROW

Always the safest.

Seven manipulates a few points on the screen of her tracker and pinches in on the eye of the storm.

SEVEN

The barn!

She points, and they all break into a run.

Into the woods, trees are torn apart by the perpetually worsening storm. Thorns whip around them in a blur, cuts appearing on their skin. Arms up to shield themselves.

As the trees behind them are eviscerated, the trees in front of them begin to part. A grassy clearing lies ahead.

**EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

The grass leading up to the barn flickers in the wind. The barn is simple, old-world construction. It looks as if, in better days, it would have been classic red and white.

Lee, Barrow, and Seven stop in the middle of the grass and gaze up in awe above the barn:

The storm curves down into a perfect funnel above the barn.

Veins of LIGHTNING travel down the funnel into the open skylight frame on top of the barn.

As the CRACKS of thunder mount with the worsening winds, the lightning brightens to blinding, unnatural levels.

BOOM.

**EXT. BARN - LATER**

Barrow, Lee, and Seven lie sprawled out on the grass. Their eyes FLASH open.

The sky above them is calm. Overcast with light gray clouds, but calm. No winds. No storm. Just gently moving waves of unintimidating gray.

They push themselves up and brush themselves off. Behind them, they see the woods have been leveled, clear view to the parked cruiser.

They turn to the barn.

It sits perfectly untouched.

BARROW  
Is it safe?

Seven looks down at her device. Taps a few buttons quickly. Her brow furrows.

SEVEN  
Perfectly. No readings.

They look to each other and begin to march forward.

Reaching the barn doors, Barrow reaches out his hand, feeling the roughness of the wood, then stops.

He turns to Seven.

BARROW  
Would you like to make history?

Seven smiles.

SEVEN  
Thank you, I will.

She jitters with excitement. Putting a hand on each rolling door, she PUSHES them apart.

A piteous look washes over her face.

At what she sees inside:

SEVEN  
Dear God ...

**INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

The barn is lit by the soft glow of the overcast sky flowing in through the open overhead skylight. Old shelves and benches pepper the space, with moldy bales of hay everywhere.

In the center of the barn, on top of a sweltering pile of rubble sits a TIME TRAVEL DEVICE. Broken and dead, it looks a cobbled mess of brass and wire. A protruding tesla coil produces its final blip of energy before falling silent.

Next to it, contorted in pain, lie the TRAVELERS:

Two BRIDES wearing Victorian wedding dresses, splattered in their own blood, lie in a terrified embrace.

Seven, Barrow, and Lee walk toward them, realization dawning on all of their faces. Seven kneels down to the brides.

SEVEN

They're still breathing.

She gently moves them apart, facing them both up. One is BLONDE, the other BRUNETTE, both covered in lacerations.

LEE

They're ...

BARROW

Definitely not from the future.

Seven and Lee look at Barrow. Obviously.

The Brunette Bride attempts to speak, coughing. Blood.

SEVEN

We need to get them out of here.

Lee and Barrow each take a bride gently in their arms.

BARROW

Should we bring the device?

LEE

What if it still poses a threat?

Seven pulls out her tablet. Scans the device.

SEVEN

It's totally inert. Safe for now.

She picks up the device, putting it under her arm. They move across the wasteland that was the woods toward the cruiser.

**EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - DAY**

Lee and Barrow careful load the brides into the back seat of the cruiser. They join Seven at the open trunk. She's staring at the device resting inside.

BARROW

Don't beat yourself up. With time travellers you got a fifty/fifty chance, in either direction.

SEVEN

It's not that.

BARROW

I guess workin' with the Feds, you must get used to bein' wrong.

SEVEN

No. It's just ...

(beat)

Can you imagine what they must've gone through? Just to get here?

A moment considering this.

LEE

Yes.

Seven closes the trunk. Joins the Brides in the back seat.

Barrow looks to Lee, who keeps staring at the trunk.

BARROW

You're wondering if the reasons brought them here are the same as those what brought you.

LEE

You don't know anything, Barrow.

BARROW

No, I get it. You couldn't "be yourself" so they spat your ass in my lap.

Lee lets out the closest thing he can to a laugh right now.

LEE

You wish. It wasn't that I couldn't.

(beat)

I didn't know how.

Lee looks up, locking eyes with Barrow.

LEE  
 You're hiding out here. From  
 something "bigger." And I was sent  
 here. From something "bigger."  
 Hiding from myself. No more.

Seven taps on the back window.

BARROW  
 Let's go.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY**

The cruiser pulls up in front of the station.

From the steps in front, all the way down main street,  
 almost the ENTIRE TOWN is lined up to meet them.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow looks at the crowd. He looks back to Seven.

BARROW  
 Stay with them.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS**

They park. Lee and Barrow get out of the car. Dr. Kelley  
 steps out of the group and greets them.

DR. KELLEY  
 Nobody wanted to leave. You did it!

Barrow shakes his head. Lee faces the crowd.

LEE  
 Everyone return to your homes. And  
 stay there.

DR. KELLEY  
 But everything stopped. What's  
 happening?

LEE  
 St. Joan is about to --

BARROW  
 We are ... still assessing the  
 situation.

Dr. Kelley pulls away from Barrow.

DR. KELLEY  
Whatever happens, remember, these  
people want to help.

She turns to leave. Over her shoulder:

DR. KELLEY  
Even if you don't.

He grabs her hand.

BARROW  
Dolores, wait. I could use yours.

They watch the last of the townsfolk disappear, leaving main street empty.

Barrow unlocks the station doors while Lee helps Seven move the brides out of the cruiser. They carry them up the stairs and into the station. Barrow checks for observers before ducking inside with Dr. Kelley and slamming the door.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Seven and Lee place the brides down on the holding cell cot. Barrow locks the door. He and Dr. Kelley join them.

DR. KELLEY  
Oh my God, what happened to them?

BARROW  
You wouldn't believe us --

SEVEN  
-- even if we were permitted to  
tell you.

Seven gives Barrow a look.

DR. KELLEY  
Get them some water. Wrap these  
lacerations as best you can.  
(thinking)  
I need my medkit.

Lee goes to the other room to retrieve water and bandages.

A KNOCK at the door. Barrow crosses, frowning. He unlatches the locks and opens the door. Collapsing into his arms is:

Dusty, in a frenzy. She jitters, panicked and terrified.



Barrow carries Dusty over to his desk and sits her down in his chair. Dr. Kelley crosses to him.

DR. KELLEY  
I'll be back with supplies.

BARROW  
Wait.  
(to Dusty)  
What happened, Dusty?

Breathing heavily, she turns her wide eyes to the Sheriff.

DUSTY  
They're coming ... I saw them ...  
on horses ... the flames were ...  
he tried to stop them, but ... they  
took city hall ...  
(crying)  
They're coming NOW!

Barrow's face sinks, grimmer than ever before.

BARROW  
Dolores. Take Dusty to your office  
and lock the door.

DR. KELLEY  
What about the --

BARROW  
Just do it.

Dr. Kelley helps the shaken Dusty out of the station. Barrow crosses back over to the cell. Lee and Seven are helping the brides drink water.

BARROW  
Well, Deputy, looks like you were  
right. It's zero hour. Time to get  
out of the blast zone.

SEVEN  
What is it?

LEE  
The Clan. They're taking the  
parish.

BARROW  
And we're getting out of here. But  
first ...

Barrow pulls a chair across from the cot. Sits.

BARROW

I want some answers.

SEVEN

Sheriff, I know you'd prefer this be the Wild West, but if that's what St. Joan is about to become, we need to get them to safety.

Barrow ignores her. Leans into the brides.

BARROW

Why you here? Why you leave your time for ours?

The Brunette Bride looks up to him with tired eyes.

BRUNETTE BRIDE

To be wed.

Barrow looks down. Frustrated.

SEVEN

You couldn't do that from ... whence you come?

The brides shake their heads slowly.

BLONDE BRIDE

Tell us, can we be together now?

Silence.

BRUNETTE BRIDE

Have we come far enough?

Barrow looks the dying women pitifully in the eye. Lee interjects before he can respond.

LEE

Yes.

Seven and Barrow look at Lee.

LEE

We just need to get you to the chapel, and find the pastor.

SEVEN

Rest now.

The two Brides smile and close their eyes. Barrow leaves the cell in a huff. Lee follows him outside the station.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - SUNSET**

Barrow and Lee face each other on the empty street.

BARROW

What in the hell are you doing?

LEE

What's right. What would you suggest we do with them?

BARROW

Lock 'em up. Wait till the Clan blows through.

LEE

They're dying, Barrow. And I'm going to grant their dying wish.

Barrow shakes his head.

BARROW

You know what this war's about. You know what's about to happen.

LEE

Not if we stop it here.

BARROW

I told you, there's no stoppin' it. This conflict doesn't just end. I've stayed out of it my entire, long-ass life. The laws change as much as the politicians. Trust me.

LEE

That's what this is about. The senator. Your brother --

BARROW

In law only. Big man, big times, and big enemies that get families SLAUGHTERED.

Lee takes a deep breath.

LEE

Running won't keep families from getting killed.

(beat)

Especially not one's like yours that are already dead.

Barrow explodes.

Barrow GRABS Lee's collar and threatens with a fist. Lee swings around to free himself from Barrow's grip, elbowing his gut in the process.

Barrow reels over, but doesn't let go. The two men wrestle each other to the sidewalk pavement.

Lee lands underneath Barrow, who struggles to land a punch. Lee effectively blocks each incoming blow, writhing beneath Barrow's attack.

They both give in to the heat of the moment.

Abandoning the defensive, Lee steadies himself and then THRUSTS Barrow off of him. Barrow falls backward and Lee kicks him while he's down.

Moving quickly to a crouching position, Barrow LUNGES at Lee, knocking the wind out of him.

Having gained the upper-hand, Barrow pins Lee down with one hand and raises his other fist in the air.

BRUNETTE BRIDE

Stop!

Barrow and Lee freeze, looking over. Both of the brides are at the front door, weakly propping themselves up on the frame. Their faces look weary and desperate. Like children not wanting parents to fight.

BRUNETTE BRIDE

Please, stop.

Pushing himself up, furious, Barrow wipes himself off.

He steps in close to Lee's face. Spitting distance.

BARROW

You and the rest of the freaks can stay. You think your new friend is going to stand with you? The Feds won't take a stand.

(through his teeth)

Why should I?

Barrow gets in his cruiser and fires it up. He spins the car in a sharp U-turn that screeches and skids up dust behind him. Booking it out of the turn, he speeds away.

Lee watches him go.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - SUNSET**

Lee enters the station, dejected. The brides are back on the cot, asleep.

Across from him, Seven has her boot on Barrow's desk, tightening the laces.

LEE  
Going somewhere?

SEVEN  
Just called in my pickup. We've got to get them out of here.

Lee shakes his head.

LEE  
Barrow was right.

SEVEN  
About what?

LEE  
You. You're no better than him. You believe me enough to run but not enough to stay.

Seven steps closer to him.

SEVEN  
Stay and get killed? They are more important than any of this.

LEE  
Yes. And they're dying. They deserve better than this. They're not making any trip.

SEVEN  
We will do our best for them. I've got a med team on standby --

LEE  
You're not hearing me.

Lee unholsters his pistol and aims it at her.

LEE  
They're not going anywhere. I'm not going to let them get poked and prodded and die for nothing.  
(cocks the pistol)  
Now get the hell out of my parish.

**EXT. FIELDS - SUNSET**

The Clan rides through the fields.

Hellman leads them, his horse galloping ahead. Behind him, a group of other horsemen. Behind them, the rest of the fleet.

TORCHES are lit, hand-held with flames streaking behind them as they ride. Tails of fire.

As the army reaches a dirt road, Hellman raises a fist to stop. It takes a moment for them all to brake.

Hellman turns his horse to face them.

**HELLMAN**

Let us take a moment for prayer,  
Clansmen, as we look upon our first  
crusade! May the Lord guide our  
hands and all extensions of them.  
May we enforce the Word as it has  
been spoken to us by God. May we  
cleanse this nation of its abundant  
sins and bring her people to glory.

("amen"s)

St. Joan is only the beginning ...  
so LET US BEGIN!

They CHEER and CHARGE.

It's a terrifying assembly, trampling up the dirt road as they make their way to town, visible on the horizon ahead of them as the last streak of sunlight expires.

**INT./EXT. - MAIN STREET - VARIOUS - NIGHT**

MONTAGE as:

- Shop owners shut their window gates.
- Townsfolk lock their doors.
- Lights are switched off.
- Dusty and Dr. Kelley secure her office.
- Pastor Maria lights candles in a solemn vigil.
- The streets lie empty.

Deathly quiet all around. The town waits.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Lee sits behind the desk. Seven is gone. The brides are asleep in the holding cell.

He reaches down, grabs a bottle of water and crosses the station. He leans on the cell's open gate. After a moment, he sits in the chair across from them.

The CREAK of his weight in the chair wakes the Blonde Bride.

LEE

How are you feeling?

She doesn't look great. Dried blood caked on her face. He offers her the water. She gulps it down. It's a peculiar sight. A Victorian lady holding a plastic water bottle.

BLONDE BRIDE

Alive. Thank you.

LEE

We should leave soon.

BLONDE BRIDE

May I let her sleep a few more minutes?

She brushes the other bride's dark hair.

LEE

Of course. If I can ask you a question.

BLONDE BRIDE

You've been so kind to us. Anything.

Lee thinks for a moment, phrasing his question.

LEE

What did it feel like?

BLONDE BRIDE

Like I was being torn apart from the inside. It was quick, but --

LEE

No, I'm sorry, not that. I'm sure that was terrible, but I meant to ask: being ... in love. In your time. How did you --

BLONDE BRIDE

I see. It was like ... being under water. The moment I saw her, I held my breath and dived in. It felt so perfect down there with her. But we could not stay. After a time, everything we were surrounded by would not let us survive together.

LEE

Like suffocating.

BLONDE BRIDE

Drowning. Yes. You understand.

LEE

I do.

BLONDE BRIDE

Then I am so glad you found us.

Lee leans back in his chair and looks out the cell window.

LEE

The more I think about it ... and everything that brought me here ... all that had to come to pass ... I feel like it was you that found me.

Lee looks to her with a weary smile.

BLAM.

A gunshot. The Brunette Bride wakes.

Lee sits up at attention. He crosses into the main room and looks out the window.

BRUNETTE BRIDE

Is it time to leave?

BLONDE BRIDE

Yes, my love.

They help each other up.

LEE

We're not safe here anymore. I had hoped we'd have more time. We'll have to go quietly on foot.

Lee opens the door and ushers the brides out.



**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

Hellman on his horse trots down main street. He's holding a torch and his Bible in the same hand. In the other, he holds a voice amplifier to his hood.

Behind him, his main assembly of horse-mounted Clansmen.

HELLMAN

(amplified)

Greetings, good people of St. Joan!  
Today is the first of this great  
nation's future. Your leaders have  
failed you. We will not. They have  
compromised. We will not. They have  
relinquished their responsibility  
to moral choice. We. Will. Not.

(beat)

Who will come out from hiding and  
take their place among us? Stand  
and protect our shared heritage,  
and we will protect you.

(pause for effect)

Refuse, and we make no guarantees.

The amplifier lets out a loud HISS as he shuts it off.

From the adjacent church, Pastor Maria appears, walking toward Hellman.

HELLMAN

Our first volunteer! A woman of the  
cloth, no less.

Pastor Maria give him a look of utter contempt.

PASTOR MARIA

You bear the symbol, but you are no  
holy man, Hellman. You misread and  
deface the Word of --

BLAM.

Hellman whips out a revolver and BLASTS a shot into Pastor Maria's chest, tossing her limp body onto the pavement.

Hellman holsters the pistol and raises the amplifier again.

HELLMAN

Not a promising start. A sign of  
what's to come, I'd wager. Unless  
another would care to speak?

(waits)

Very well. Cleanse this place.

From behind them, a squad of Clansmen on motorcycles ROARS to life, moving down either side of the street. Beginning at the far end, they light their torches and TOSS them through the windows of buildings lining the street.

Infernos consume the end block of main street, plumes of smoke issuing into the air.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Lee supports the brides, grasping their arms on both sides of him. He brings them around the back of the station.

He stops for a moment. Allows them to rest on the back wall.

Lee peeks around the next corner. He can hear the chaos at the opposite end of the street. Wanting a peek of the action, he sprints down the alley and peeks around the corner.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

Still standing at the end of the street, Hellman turns his horse to face his people.

HELLMAN

It is time to ignite more than these buildings. Let our symbol emblazon these streets and the fallen souls of those who walk them.

(louder)

Bring in the trucks!

Two trucks back into the street. Clansmen riding in the truck beds hop out, lowering the gates. From the trucks they slide out large wooden crosses.

Groups of them carry the crosses, setting them upright around the street every few feet.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Lee rejoins the brides, acting again as their crutch.

He hurries them across the alley behind the neighboring building. He looks down the back street. The church steeple still several blocks away.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

Hellman takes in the sight of the street lined with wooden crosses. He raises his arms above his head, Bible in hand.

HELLMAN  
Let there be light.

On cue, the Clansman IGNITE the flaming crosses.

HELLMAN  
Baptism by fire!

Hellman leads the army slowly forward, overtaking the next block of main street.

**EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

Lee and the brides are only a block from the church. It looms over them. The chaos on main street sounds nearer.

Their steps are strained.

The brides collapse in Lees arms. He bends back to support their weight.

LEE  
No! Not now.

BRUNETTE BRIDE  
I'm not sure we can make it.

Both of their breathing is labored.

LEE  
Yes you can, we're almost there.

Lee pushes the brides into an embrace and LIFTS them both in his arms. Veins protrude from his neck and forehead.

Lumbering forward under their weight, he stomps the last few blocks step by painful step. His knees quake and his ankles wobble, but he presses on.

He can see the flickering candlelight through the stained glass windows. Almost there.

Facing the back door of the church, he raises his foot and KICKS through.

**INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

With a CRACK, the door swings open. He goes as fast as he can past the pulpit and sets them down in the first pew.

He checks their breathing.

BLONDE BRIDE

Thank you. Thank you so much.

LEE

I've got to find the Pastor.

The Brunette Bride attempts to raise her hand to him.

BRUNETTE BRIDE

You've gotten us this far. Don't make the same mistake we did.

He leans in.

LEE

What's that?

BRUNETTE BRIDE

Getting yourself killed to get somewhere you're desperate to go.  
(coughs)  
If we had known ...

BLONDE BRIDE

No.

She grabs her brides hand.

BLONDE BRIDE

A moment wed is worth more than a lifetime apart.

Lee steps away from them, fighting back tears. He slips out the back door of the church from which they came.

**EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

Sliding along the back wall of the church, Lee listens. The army's roar still seems far enough away.

He turns the corner and heads toward the far end of main street down the parallel back road.

**EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT**

Lee keeps to the shadows.

He peeks around corners, making sure no Clansmen are occupying the gap to main street, then dashes across.

The noise of the group grows nearer.

Lee finds himself behind the buildings of the block the Clan are currently sacking. Walking more quietly, he inches down the back of three connected stores.

A few jeering voices threaten from around the alley.

Lee dives into a dumpster just as they turn the corner. He peeks over the edge. Three CLANSMEN, the center of them carrying a flaming torch.

He ducks down and pulls out his pistol slowly.

Raising it next to his head, he takes a few deep breaths and LEAPS out of the dumpster. He FIRES a shot, taking out the center Clansman.

The torch hits the ground, bottom-lighting the tussle to monstrous effect.

Lee takes on the two remaining Clansmen hand-to-hand.

He manages to drop-kick one in the gut while using the momentum from the kick to swing out for a shot at the other. The muzzle flashes but the shot doesn't land.

Lee falls to the ground, giving the last Clansman enough time to grab his wrists and wring the gun from his hand.

Chest on the ground, Lee SWINGS his legs up from behind, KICKING the Clansman in his face. He reels back, giving Lee enough time to grab his gun and get back on his feet.

He aims his gun at him. The Clansman raises his hands.

Lee hesitates.

Frustrated, he steps toward the Clansman and uses his gun to WHACK him across the face. He falls to the ground, unconscious.

Lee holsters his gun and continues down main street in the opposite direction the Clan is traveling.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

The tail end of the clan's parade moves past a dark alleyway. Lee pokes his head out of the darkness.

In the distance he can see a fallen body:

Pastor Maria.

Checking both ways, he runs out of the alleyway and grabs Pastor Maria, dragging her behind a trash bin for cover. Her legs still poke out.

LEE  
Pastor Maria.

He shakes her.

LEE  
Pastor, please.

Her eyes open slightly. She cracks a small smile.

PASTOR MARIA  
Deputy Lee. Nice to see a friendly face, before --

LEE  
Don't talk like that. I need a marriage performed.

PASTOR MARIA  
Found somebody, have you?

LEE  
It's not for me. They've come a very long way and they don't have much time.

PASTOR MARIA  
Neither do I, I'm afraid. Only thing about to be performed is a eulogy. Go with God, Deputy.

She blesses him, hand quivering as it crosses.

LEE  
Please, let me take you to the church.

He moves in to cradle her. She falls dead in his arms. Lee winces in defeat.

Click. A barrel behind his head.

Lee puts his hands up. Turns to see:

The Bearded Brute, aiming a revolver down at him.

BEARDED BRUTE  
Should'a stayed in your closet.

LEE  
You know what? I'm getting tired of  
lookin' at your beard.

Beard gestures his gun upward.

BEARDED BRUTE  
Get up. Hellman's gonna want you  
for himself.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT**

Hellman and his men have reached the far end of the street, most of it in flames. The crosses create a path all the way down. He breathes in the cold night air through his hood.

He trots his horse up to the front of the station and bends down to peer through the window. Empty.

HELLMAN  
Nobody's home. What a shame. I  
guess justice does sleep.

He snaps, and two clansmen KICK open the front doors and begin dousing the station with gasoline.

BEARDED BRUTE (O.S.)  
WAIT!

The Bearded Brute pushes Lee through the crowd at gunpoint.

Hellman turns his horse to face them, back to the blackness of the dirt road beyond.

HELLMAN  
What have we here?

BEARDED BRUTE  
No sign of the Sheriff, but I got  
his fag Deputy.

Beard kicks Lee to his knees.

BEARDED BRUTE  
Thought you'd want the pleasure.

HELLMAN

Indeed I do.

Hellman dismounts his horse. Walks up to Lee.

HELLMAN

You're braver than the people of this town. I'll give you that. But you come from rougher terrain. Don't you?

Hellman kneels down, face to hood.

HELLMAN

Do you like it rough, Deputy?

LEE

Something you need to tell your congregation, Louis?

Hellman stands.

HELLMAN

Turn him over.

The Bearded Brute flips Lee over, pinning him to the ground, face down.

Hellman extends his hand. A shotgun is placed in it.

LEE

Should've seen this coming.

HELLMAN

Oh, no, Deputy, I take no pleasure in your beloved sodomy.

Hellman places the barrel of the shotgun against the backside of Lee's pants.

HELLMAN

I simply prefer to dispense of your kind with a familiar sensation.

Hellman tightens his finger on the trigger and ...

BANG.

Hellman is BLOWN to the side by the force of an unseen shot. The shotgun skids along the pavement and his horse bucks, trampling over him. He screams, his Bible-hand arm broken.

The horse runs past, revealing in the road behind it:



Sheriff Barrow, standing with his smoking pistol!

Behind him, Seven drives his Sheriff's cruiser at the head of a FLEET of advanced federal cruisers.

Obscured in the dark, Barrow signals them and they all switch on their headlights, shining directly at the opposing Clan, who shudders back a few steps at the sight.

Barrow approaches the group, the fleet following him.

He reaches down and picks up Lee, who brushes himself off. Barrow sees the Bearded Brute trying to go for his gun on the sly. Barrow BLASTS the gun out of his hand.

BARROW

Merciful to a fault, I am going to make this offer once: retreat and surrender yourselves to the law. We can all walk away from this.

The Clan members all look at each other, whispering.

HELLMAN

NO.

Hellman hoists himself up from the ground, cradling his dead hand. He backs into his crowd for cover.

HELLMAN

The revolution has only begun.  
(to his people)  
Kill them!

The Clansmen CHARGE the fleet.

BARROW

Fine.

Barrow FIRES his pistol in the air and the fleet ROARS to life, charging back. The first few rows of people topple over under Seven's cruiser.

Barrow pulls Lee aside, out of the charge, into the station.

**INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY**

The Clan and the Feds do battle outside.

LEE

Thank you.

BARROW  
Where are they?

Lee looks doubtful of him still.

LEE  
Seven convince you they were too  
important to the history of  
scientific research?

Barrow shakes his head.

BARROW  
No time for this, Lee. Tell me  
where they are.

LEE  
I've got them at the church. I came  
to find Pastor Maria. She's dead.  
They might be dead too, by this  
point, I don't know.

BARROW  
Let's go.

LEE  
It'll take a miracle to cross that  
street.

Barrow reloads his gun.

BARROW  
Oh, we'll cross the street.

CRASH.

A torch flies through the window and IGNITES the gasoline  
inside the station. Walls of flame erupt around them.

Lee PUSHES Barrow at the door, narrowly missing the snaking  
expansion of exploding gas puddles.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Barrow and Lee land outside. Lee lands on his feet. He helps  
up the fallen Barrow.

LEE  
We even?

BARROW  
You wish. C'mon, they're moving  
down the block.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

The battle rages on.

The burning crosses lining the street add an even more hellacious landscape to the carnage.

Clansmen's horses buck onto the hoods of charging cruisers. Their hooves dent the metal.

Motorcycles isolate one of the cruisers by circling it. Another Clansmen, on foot, pulls the FEDERAL AGENT out from the drivers seat and TORCHES the car.

Dusty and Dr. Kelley toss medicinal Molotov cocktails out the window of her fortified office, scorching Clansmen.

The sound of gunfire claps like fireworks.

The group has migrated down the main street just far enough to obscure the side street that leads to the church.

Barrow and Lee enter the madness.

They cover each other, standing back to back, with their pistols outstretched.

Twisting through the undulating battle, Clansmen ATTACK them, and they FIRE shots, deflecting their approach.

Just as they cross the halfway point to their destination, a large obstacle steps into their view: The Bearded Brute. He spins his revolver and cracks the knuckles of his free hand.

Lee faces him. Barrow covering.

LEE

What'd I say?

Beard tries to think back to the taunt. Distracted, Lee SHOOTs the gun out of his hand, BLASTING out his knees again. Lee grips the fall brute's facial hair, TEARING the beard-flesh from his face. Lee tosses it aside.

BARROW

No time. Let's move.

Barrow and Lee begin to BLAST their way through the rest of the crowd. From above, they're a twirling pinwheel of muzzle flashes in every direction.

The battle moves along, shrinking as it continues forward. Lee and Barrow make their way to the entrance of the side street, the Church directly before them.

**EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Both sides of the entrance to the street are marked with flaming crosses. Barrow and Lee begin their march toward the church. A loud CRASH behind them.

HELLMAN  
Sheriff Barrow!

They both turn and see Hellman, holding Seven at gunpoint. Barrows' cruiser sits crashed behind them, totalled.

HELLMAN  
You may have gained the upper hand today, but the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom. Tell your men to stand down.

Hellman tightens his grip on Seven, shoving his gun deeper into her neck.

BARROW  
They're not my men. I look like a Fed to you? Shoot her or don't, makes no difference to me.

Barrow looks at Seven. He winks at her. She looks regretful.

HELLMAN  
That wink. What was that?

BARROW  
Oh, nothing. We just know what's in the trunk of my car.

Hellman turns to the cruiser. Seven taps a button on her watch and RUNS. Barrow covers her.

**INSIDE THE TRUNK:**

The Time Travel Device. Rigged with a remote detonator. Red light flashes.

BOOM.

**BACK ON THE STREET:**

The cruiser EXPLODES in a mushroom cloud, the surface covered in a web-pattern of lightning bolts. The beautifully anomalous electro-fire belch issues into the sky, expanding and churning the clouds above.

The blast pushes Hellman to the ground.

Barrow walks up to him. Hellman writhes on the floor. Barrow kicks him over. Hellman firmly clenches his singed Bible.

BARROW

I know the bit about prying a gun  
from you cold-dead-hand, but does  
that also apply to the good book?

HELLMAN

Don't you dare!

Barrow leans down and snatches the Bible out of Hellman's hand. Leafs through it.

Hellman groans.

BARROW

I need to borrow this.

Barrow begins to walk down the street toward the church.

Seven watches Barrow leave as Lee turns to Hellman. Lee walks over to him with a purposeful step. Hellman twitches.

Lee grabs him firmly by the collar, wringing him up.

HELLMAN

Please ...  
(gulps)  
Please don't remove my hood. Leave  
me that, I beg you.

He pulls him closer.

LEE

I've seen your soul, Hellman. Don't  
give a shit what you look like.

Lee PUSHES Hellman into the flaming cross.

His entire body erupts. The flames travel up his neck and his hood catches fire.

He SCREAMS from beneath his hood, the fibers of which melt into his face. His screams fall silent as the fabric burns away to reveal a pulpy skull beneath.

Lee spits and it sizzles. He makes his way to the church. Seven glares at the scorched corpse at the foot of the cross.

A gentle rain begins to fall, extinguishing Main Street.

**INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

The brides stand at the front of the church. Barrow is behind them, Bible open. Lee joins him to the right.

The brides join hands, both sets trembling.

BARROW

Do you take this woman to be your  
lawfully wedded wife?

BLONDE BRIDE

I do.

BARROW

And you?

BRUNETTE BRIDE

I do.

BARROW

By the power vested in me by St.  
Joan Parish, I now pronounce you  
... partners for life.  
(lowers Bible)  
The brides may kiss.

Tears streaming down their faces, the brides lean in toward each other slowly, their bloody bodies quaking in pain.

Their lips lock and their eyes close.

In full embrace, they fall into Barrow's arms.

Dead.

Barrow lowers them gently into the pews. Wipes something out of his eye. Lee comes up to him.

LEE

Sheriff, you know you can't legally  
perform a marriage.

Barrow looks down at the brides.

BARROW

They didn't know that.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SUNRISE**

Lee and Barrow join Seven over Hellman's body. The smoking aftermath of battle lies behind them. Dusty serves water to fallen federal agents. Dr. Kelley tends to their wounds.

Barrow locks eyes with Dr. Kelley as she wraps an agent's arm. They share a thankful expression.

Seven puts her hand on Barrow's shoulder.

SEVEN

Sorry to tell you, Sheriff, but you successfully curtailed a civil war.

BARROW

We've done far better today.

SEVEN

Yes, but we'd be fools to think Hellman acted alone. What's next?

Barrow looks at Lee.

LEE

After what we've been through, I think we could offer a lot to someone fighting the good fight.  
(to Barrow)  
Maybe time for a family reunion?

Barrow looks uneasy.

BARROW

Don't get ahead of yourself, Deputy.

LEE

Can I assume that means my probationary period is over?

BARROW

Keep making suggestions like that, and you're on an indefinite probationary period, partner.

Lee smiles.

LEE

Partner? About time.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNRISE**

Barrow drives the cruiser down the highway, Lee at his side.

As the sun rises on a new day, their vehicle floats past the state line and toward something ...

... bigger.

**THE END.**