THE DESCENDANTS

Written

by

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EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS NJ/NY BORDER - DAY

A police truck driving up a winding mountain road. It's October, leaves all fiery reds and yellows -- the mountains a miasma of dying color...

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY

The police truck, now parked in front of a little house in the wooded mountains. A police officer for the Suffern PD -- HAROLD JENSEN -- stands at the front door talking to an OLD WOMAN. She's a Ramapo Indian. A mix of African American, Dutch and Lenape Indian blood.

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

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

The Old woman's POV as she looks at the photo: a doughy looking premed student named DENIS BRADLEY.

EXT. YARD OF ANOTHER MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY

Fish heads are being laid down over garden soil -- angle widens to reveal a RAMAPO MAN, sleeves rolled up -- assisted by his YOUNG SON -- the two of them fertilizing a big vegetable garden. Harold is talking to them while they work--

HAROLD
--if you see or hear anything --

EXT. DIRT MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A group of five Ramapo teens sitting on ATV's, Harold's truck is pulled up beside them, he's talking to them, hands one of them a copy of the photo. They watch him drive off --

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY

Work boots striding over green grass -- the sound of a small crowd clapping, banging drums -- angle widens --

PHILIP KOPUS (40) -- cropped hair, sparkly blue eyes, mocha skin -- his ex-con body all springs and levers. He's strolling through a POW WOW for the local RAMAPO INDIAN TRIBE, of which you could say he's a member.

Kopus notices people noticing him -- he smiles. They don't smile back. Kopus walks past a small crowd watching a Ramapo girl flapping shawl wings -- writing in the air with smoke. There's a wholesome atmosphere to the event, wheelchairs and strollers, feels like a family picnic. In terms of the tribe's appearance, the Ramapos are a mixed bag; black, brown, white and everything inbetween.

Kopus notices Harold across the way handing out photos -- *looks to recognize him* -- keeps moving --

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

EXT. WOODS - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAUL
You surrender?

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

BOY
Somebody's coming.

All of the boys turn to look as Kopus walks out of a jumble of yellow leaves -- greets them with a salute and a wink....

The other two rock throwers drop their rocks. Paul keeps hold of his spiked 2x4....

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

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

PAUL
Ain't pretending. I am an Indian.

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

Paul shakes his head defiantly --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

A framed family photo: Deputy Harold Jensen, his wife Jean and his two teenage daughters -- who we'll meet in a bit.

JEAN JENSEN sits on the edge of the bed, still dressed for her job at the department store. The TV is on. Jean has this severe beauty -- impossibly perfect posture --

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

Jean is stopped -- watches as they cut to footage of people searching the woods. She looks horribly disturbed all of a sudden, like the blood is draining out of her...

EXT. OLD HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Harold, looking beat, pitch black out now -- he knocks on the door of a big old house -- the lone structure on this dirt mountain road.

He peers around as he waits for someone to answer...a big plastic bear stands sentry in front -- stolen from the roof of a muffler shop -- riddled with bullet holes.

Harold shakes his head, slides the photo of Denis Bradley under the door. The sound of his phone ringing jolts him. He picks up --

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jean on the phone with Harold --

JEAN JENSEN
I'm watching the news...

EXT. OLD HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Harold walks back to his truck as he talks on the phone --

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

JEAN JENSEN
Come home.

HAROLD
Soon. I love you. Don't watch the news, OK?

She's gone. Harold hangs up --

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Harold gets in his truck -- doesn't start it -- just stares out the windshield into the wooded black, thinking...

Finally he starts the truck up --

INT. HAROLD'S TRUCK - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Harold drives slowly down a dirt road -- he's eyeing the telephone poles that line the road -- looking for something...

He spots a telephone pole leaning at an angle. He stops the truck -- throws it in reverse -- backs up to the leaning pole...

EXT. WOODS - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Harold gets out of the truck, clicks on his flashlight. We get the feeling he's been here before. He steps past the leaning telephone pole, out into the woods a few paces...

He keeps stealing glances at the road -- but there's no cars coming. He shines the flashlight at the leaf covered ground -- lots of ancient looking beer bottles. He gets on his knees, searching the ground --

Whatever he's looking for -- he's not finding it. A vague panic starts buzzing in his eyes, his hands searching the dirt and the layers of muddied leaves --

INT. HAROLD'S TRUCK - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Harold gets in the truck empty handed, closes the door. He's filthy, breathing heavy -- his dirty hands hovering over the steering wheel...

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

A quiet street in the village of Suffern, NY. Harold's mud splattered police truck pulls in next to Jean's SUV.

Angle widens as Harold walks up to his house -- nice suburban homes, green lawns, shiny cars...the Ramapo mountains visible in the moonlit distance...

INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Harold walks down the hallway, past the closed door to his teenage daughters' room, hushed talking inside -- he doesn't stop to listen -- walks on to...

Framed photos on the wall, Jean as a teenager, standing with her twin brother BRIAN. Brian wears a Suffern High School Track Team jacket. Harold stares at the photo.

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

INT. BATHROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. GUEST ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

Jean appears in the doorway, she looks severely upset.

JEAN JENSEN
Hi.

Harold stands up, puts his hands on her, bracing her --

HAROLD
Hi.

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

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

HAROLD (CONT'D)
You thinking about your brother?

Beat.

JEAN JENSEN
Yeah.

HAROLD
You want me to sleep in our room tonight?

JEAN JENSEN
Can I sleep in here?

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

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

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE - MORNING

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

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

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

INT. BEDROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

JEAN JENSEN
I found this in Rachel's jeans.

INT. JEAN'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - MORNING

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

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

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

MARIE
You coming with me on my rounds today? You're not on vacation you know -- this is supposed to be a punishment.

JUNIOR
I can't today -- got plans.

MARIE
Who with?

Junior doesn't answer, turns back to his work.

MARIE (CONT'D)
You take a look at how things have been going since you started seeing her?

JUNIOR
Not that much different than when I wasn't.

MARIE
It's all well and good for her, she didn't get suspended --

JUNIOR
Guy I hit didn't either.

MARIE
And you know why.

JUNIOR
Yep.
(beat)
You slept late again. How come?

MARIE
Well, Junior...I'm tired.
(beat)
You really like her?

Junior looks her in the eye and gives a definitive nod, his face serious as can be.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Well that is candy sweet, but very God damn unfortunate --

They stop, something's coming, a pick-up truck making its way down the rutted cul-de-sac...

JUNIOR
Who's this?

MARIE
Don't know.

The truck stops...the driver gets out. It's Kopus, all smiles as he takes in the sight of Marie... Her face drops -- she knows him and from the looks of it, knows him well. To Junior he's just a stranger. Kopus walks up to Marie, stops about a foot away --

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

KOPUS
Alright I hug you?

She doesn't answer at first, Junior looking at her questioningly --

KOPUS (CONT'D)
It's OK if it's not --

Marie finally nods, Kopus moves in, gives her a hug. She stays rigid, then after a moment gently pulls away.

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

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

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

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

MARIE
What you been doing all this time?

KOPUS
Nothing much, seeing the world, kicking around.

MARIE
You can't stay here.

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

MARIE
Just me and Junior right now.

KOPUS
Wanted you to know I'm back, that's all. Not expecting anything.

MARIE
What are you doing for work?

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

KOPUS
Considering my options, Momma.
(to Junior)
Used to live in this house.

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

MARIE
Well, I got to get going.

KOPUS
See you around.

Marie nods, walks to her car and gets inside --

INT. MARIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

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

HAROLD
Anybody find anything last night?

The Chief shakes his head --

CHIEF WARREN
Just paint sludge. You get any questions about that, the answer's, "What paint sludge?" Now I want you to head over to Chestnut, Woodbridge -- any of them streets that border the woods. And be real out in the open -- want people to see you looking around.

Harold looks rightly confused by the order.

CHIEF WARREN (CONT'D)
Ramapos are complaining -- saying we're only checking their property. I know it's a waste of time -- but it beats driving up in them mountains all day. Know it's not your favorite place.

Chief Warren gives Harold a slap on the arm --

CHIEF WARREN (CONT'D)
You gonna come over this weekend -- watch the Giants get killed with me?

Harold nods vaguely, looking anxious as he watches the searchers move into the woods. He looks down the road -- can see that leaning telephone pole from here...

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

Two beds, remnants of girl-hood mixed with edgier fare.

The sound of footsteps patting down the hallway, Jean appears in the doorway...

She surveys the room, seems agitated...she walks inside and starts rifling through Rachel's stuff --

INT. CAFETERIA - SUFFERN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

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

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

RAMAPO GIRL
Can we help you with something?

RACHEL
Just want to eat my lunch.

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

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

MR. ARMSTRONG
You going somewhere, Miss Jensen?

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

Fuck this place!! Save me!!

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - MORNING

Kopus pulls up in front of that big old house Harold visited last night...

Kopus gets out, reaches into his truck's flatbed and grabs that spiked 2x4 he took from Paul. He walks up on the house with it, glances at the big plastic bear standing out front -- gives it a nod -- then tries the door... It's open...

EXT. FIRST FLOOR - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kopus steps inside, notices something on the floor. The photo of Denis Bradley that Harold slipped under the door. Kopus picks up the photo, looks at it briefly, pockets it.

He moves in quiet...the walls have been knocked down; the ground floor is just one big room -- the sound of a TV, Sponge Bob...

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

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. STAIRS - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

He keeps on walking, spots a closed door...

INT. BEDROOM - MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MIKE
Kopus?

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

KOPUS
Where is he?

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

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Where is he I said?

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

KOPUS
Can they trace him back to you?

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

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

MIKE (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ --

KOPUS
My Dad sent me. I'm gonna be staying here awhile -- whip this sad fucking operation into shape.

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

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Looks like you been getting on the burns, buddy.

Kopus tosses Mike to the floor --

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

Kopus takes the photo out of his pocket, flings it at Mike --

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Cops been here?

MIKE
I didn't open up for'em. They going around to all the Ramapo houses -- they don't know.

KOPUS
You kill him in the house?

MIKE
It was an accident, I --

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

Mike nods.

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Go to the store and buy some bleach -- you gotta scrub this place down in case they come back.

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

INT. HAROLD'S TRUCK - TRAVELING - DAY

Harold drives down Suffern's Main Street, past an old fashioned movie marquee, quaint shops, restaurants -- American flags -- has a little bit of a "It's A Wonderful Life" feel to it. People wave to him -- he waves back --

EXT. BACK YARD - ROGERS' HOUSE - DAY

DAVID ROGERS (60's) -- a tall, almost dapper looking man walks with Harold across the extensive property, a huge house in the periphery. Beyond the high fence is the woods, the mountains looming over. The Rogers' white German Shepherd keeps pace with them -- Harold plays with it -- throwing a ball for it as he walks --

DAVID
Sylvia's been trying to reach Jean all morning. She thinks it's Brian all over again.

HAROLD
It's not. We don't even think this kid's really out there. Just being thorough.

DAVID
Next week makes six months sober for Jeanie --

HAROLD
I'm aware of that --

DAVID
I don't want this to set her back.

HAROLD
Neither do I.

DAVID
I know you take pretty good care of my daughter and the girls, Harold.

Harold nods along, annoyed --

DAVID (CONT'D)
Addiction's a tricky thing. And I know Rachel's been getting into some trouble at school -- want to make sure --

HAROLD
Thanks, Senator. I got it under control.

David gives Harold a wry smile. They have a prickly rapport.

DAVID
So you're out here to appease the natives, huh?

HAROLD
I'm just appeasing the Chief -- he's appeasing the natives.

DAVID
Don't know if you heard, but I've recently been appointed head of the committee for Indian Affairs.

Harold gives David a questioning look, almost laughs --

HAROLD
Excuse me?

DAVID
A few of us put our heads together and decided the best way to make sure this recognition bid gets nixed, is to pick up the cause of trying to get it passed. And then see that it's handled in a way that makes sense for everybody.

Harold shakes his head, throws the ball for the dog. They reach the gate in the tall fence. David opens it, revealing a grown over path that leads off into the woods --

DAVID (CONT'D)
Brian used to run this trail every day. Running was the one thing he did well.

It starts to rain. David peers out at the path for a moment, a glimmer of emotion, then starts heading back to the house.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Lock the gate when you're done.

Harold breathes out -- scoffs. He turns, starts walking the trail, the dog following after...

EXT. HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. BACK YARD - HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

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

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

PAIGE (CONT'D)
You think it's bad for the baby -- even covered up like this?

Ryan looks at Marie, they exchange a look --

INT. KITCHEN - MARIE'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

MARIE
Billy's gonna have to kiss my ass.

Marie switches on the TV --

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

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

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

Paige watches Mac gesticulating dramatically on TV --

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

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

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

PAIGE
You OK?

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

MARIE
Hello.

Nothing. Marie huffs a little --

MARIE (CONT'D)
Hello I said --

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

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

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

Jean is sitting on the floor on the phone, she's completely ransacked the room searching out this phone number --

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

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

JEAN JENSEN
Don't talk -- don't you fucking talk --

Jean hangs up the phone. She looks around at what she did to the room...toppled furniture, drawers pulled out, clothes dumped --

She hears something outside the window, a strange popping sound, the sunlight seems brighter for a moment --

RACHEL (O.S.)
Mom?

Jean doesn't turn around, eyes fixed on the window --

RACHEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom, what did you do to my fucking room?!

Jean turns around -- flustered -- she stops, confused. There's no one there.

INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jean walks out of Rachel's room --

JEAN JENSEN
Rachel?

The empty hallway. She checks each room, then rushes down the stairs as if she were chasing something --

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jean rushes into the living room. No one there. There's no one in the house. No one but her.

Jean sits on the floor, her head down, the sound of her breathing getting louder as she tries to calm herself -- louder and louder --

EXT. SUFFERN HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The sound of Jean's breathing becomes the ENGINE SOUND of Junior's ATV, Rachel gets on the back. Students watching, some shaking their heads, others conferring, some rule is obviously being broken -- they pull away. Kate walks out of the school just in time to see her sister go --

INT. CLOSED FORD PLANT - DAY

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

RACHEL
This is insane.

JUNIOR
It's big.

Rachel laughs. Junior does a handstand, falls over --

RACHEL
Why are you doing that?

Junior shrugs, laughs.

JUNIOR
Shut up.

Junior looks at Rachel, this anxiety creeping into her expression...

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Why do they hate me so much? Your parents.

RACHEL
I don't know. I liked it better when my mother was drinking. At least I could do what I wanted. Now that she's *cured* she's like obsessed with me.

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

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

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

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

RACHEL
My Dad once carried my mother all the way home from Suffern High. You think you can carry me that far?

Junior smiles, picks up Rachel, she's laughing hysterically as he starts running around the space with her in his arms, he trips they fall in a heap laughing -- making out --

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

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

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

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

KATE
Dad, can I come in?

HAROLD
Yeah. You don't have to ask me.

She looks around curiously --

KATE
You busy, want me to come back later?

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

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

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

HAROLD (CONT'D)
This is kind of an old picture, Kate.

KATE
You looked really cool back then.

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

KATE (CONT'D)
Is this, like, *your* room now? Mom got mad when I said it was your room. She said it's still the guest room.

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

KATE
You're not getting divorced?

HAROLD
No. That's never gonna happen.

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

KATE
Why do you watch this?

HAROLD
I like it.

KATE
Even though it broke your back?

HAROLD
Especially ‘cause it broke my back.

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

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

KATE
Who protects you?

HAROLD
Saint Christopher.

KATE
He’s not even a real saint.

HAROLD
Well who is, sweetie?

INT. KOPUS’ TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT

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

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

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

INT. FOYER - BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

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

FAYINA
He’s upstairs.

Kopus nods, annoyed beyond words...

KOPUS
He can't fucking come down here?

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

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

JACK KOPUS
Close the door.

Kopus closes the door.

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

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

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

JACK KOPUS
You're gonna turn it around.

KOPUS
I told you I would.

JACK KOPUS
What about Mike?

KOPUS
What about him?
(beat)
I'm not killing Mike.

Beat.

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

KOPUS
That's what I'm doing.
(beat)
Jesus, that fucking cologne -- you're not supposed to put so much on. Didn't nobody tell you that?

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

Kopus goes to exit --

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

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

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

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

INT. STAIRS - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

HAROLD
The hell is going on?

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

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

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

INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

HAROLD
What's going on?

Jean looks over at Harold with this strange blank look...

JEAN JENSEN
Go back to bed.

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

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

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

He's not sure, looking at her.

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)
It's OK.

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

INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Harold closes the door, sits on the guest bed...seems disturbed...

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

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

JEAN JENSEN (O.S.)
You don't know those people like I do. My brother drowning out there -- it was a Ramapo boy's fault, Rachel. You think about that.

Kate hears Jean walking out, Rachel getting up and closing the door behind her. Kate sits up, sees Rachel sitting on the floor now, crying. Kate gets out of bed and goes to her...

INT. KITCHEN - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MORNING

Harold, dressed for work, tossing out an old coffee filter when he notices something in the trash can...

He pulls off the lid, pulls out a baby book. He takes it to the table and starts cleaning off the coffee grounds -- it's Rachel's baby book...

Rachel and Kate walk through the kitchen, he shuts the book -- covers it with his arm, but they're not paying any attention, they move right through the kitchen without stopping --

HAROLD
Your Mom driving you today?

RACHEL
We're taking the bus -- bye --

KATE
Bye, Dad.

HAROLD
Bye.

Harold listens to them leaving the house, his eyes falling back on the baby book...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The closed door as Harold knocks on the other side...

Click, the door opens, Harold stands there backlit by the hallway, the baby book in his hand, staring inside...

Jean lies in bed, fell asleep with her clothes on. He looks around at the room. All is clean and orderly. A glass on the night stand. Half full of what looks like water, he picks it up and sniffs it...it's water.

He puts his hand on her shoulder, about to wake her... But then he decides against it, looks down at her sleeping face, his eyes full of questions. He sets the baby book down on the bedside table, turns and walks out --

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Harold gets in his truck, seems to have a bad feeling, sits in the truck while it idles, staring at his house, he puts it in gear --

EXT. SUFFERN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Suffern high school kids piling out of a yellow school bus -- Rachel and Kate step out --

Rachel starts casually veering off the current, moving away from the school across the parking lot --

KATE
What are you doing?

RACHEL
I'm skipping first period. See you later.

KATE
Are you serious?

Kate follows after Rachel, the two of them moving against the flow of kids --

KATE (CONT'D)
You're gonna get in trouble.

RACHEL
OK, whatever. Good-bye, Katie.

Rachel starts to pick up the pace, the din of teenage conversation receding, she's alone now, heading for the outskirts of the parking lot...

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

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

They're at Mike's house, looming tall -- that bullet ridden bear staring. Rachel looks to Junior --

JUNIOR
It's alright. He's my brother in a way. He'll help us.

RACHEL
You sure?

Junior pulls her along to the door -- knocks. They wait there awkwardly...Junior lets out a nervous laugh -- looks at Rachel --

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

The door opens, Junior and Rachel try to look tough -- Kopus squints back at them, bemused.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
You told me to stop by so --

Kopus makes a face of annoyance, fidgets with his hands --

KOPUS
No, no -- this is fine. This your girlfriend?

Junior nods.

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

Kopus looks Rachel over for a moment...

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

Rachel shrugs --

RACHEL
Don't look like anybody famous.

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

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

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

JUNIOR
You want to?

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

KOPUS
I'm his brother.

Junior smiles at that.

INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING - DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Harold weaves between the racks of woman's clothing -- sees a stout, no nonsense woman folding clothes --

SHIRLEY
Hey, Harold. How she doing?

HAROLD
Sorry?

SHIRLEY
How's Jean doing? We're all worried sick about her --

HAROLD
She's fine -- didn't her shift just start?

Shirley shakes her head, then, uncomfortabley:

SHIRLEY
They took her off the schedule last week. Told her to take some time. Found her crying in one of the dressing rooms...

Shirley looks around, gives Harold a strange pitying look.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
She was talking to herself.

Harold is completely embarrassed -- turns and walks --

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
Tell her we're thinking about her.

EXT. TRAIL - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

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

Junior looks over, smiles, musters up a look of calm --

JUNIOR
Kopus knows his way around.

Rachel peers up ahead, sees Kopus playing around with Mike --

RACHEL
It's pretty here.

JUNIOR
I'm used to it.

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

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

EXT. IRON MINE ENTRANCE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

Rachel looks around at remnants of old fires, old beer cans -- labels faded, decades of sun -- when she sees the entrance to the cave, she reacts like an excited kid --

RACHEL
Oh my God, are we going in there?

Kopus answers by doing just that. He's gone --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Is it gonna cave in?

Mike doesn't answer, follows Kopus into the darkness. Junior offers Rachel his hand -- she grabs his whole arm -- they move into the black...

INT. IRON MINE ENTRANCE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

KOPUS
This is where we keep the first shipment.

Mike nods.

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

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

MIKE
I'll pay attention on the way out.

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

KOPUS
Pay attention, Mike.
(beat)
I want you to live.

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

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

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

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

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas.

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

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

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

Kopus looks them over with theatrical incredulity --

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

RACHEL
Can I try it?

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

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

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

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

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

KOPUS
No idea why she's screaming --

Junior looks at Rachel, she confirms with a look --

RACHEL
Sorry, I just got scared --

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

MIKE
You're wound up, kid --

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

KOPUS
OK, kid, settle down.

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

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - DAY

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

EXT. THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

HAROLD
Jean.

She slowly turns to face him, holding her rake -- he barely maintains his composure --

JEAN JENSEN
What?

HAROLD
What happened at work? Why didn't you tell me?

She's not listening; in some kind of daze. He puts his hands on her, she snaps out of it a little...

JEAN JENSEN
They weren't treating me right. Forced me out.

HAROLD
What are you talking about? What did they do to you?

JEAN JENSEN
Things they said.

A beat. Then something occurs to Harold, he hesitates, then:

HAROLD
I found Rachel's baby book in the trash...

Jean doesn't answer, tears rolling down her cheek.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Jesus, Jean, I can't figure out what's happening with you two.
(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Maybe Rachel should go stay with your parents for a while.

Her face, crumbling, she starts sobbing, misery pulsing in her eyes. He goes to her, puts his arms around her --

HAROLD (CONT'D)
It's OK.

Jean whispers into his ear:

JEAN JENSEN
She could die. She could die up there, Harold.

He steadies her --

HAROLD
Our daughter is going to live to be old and gray.

Jean doesn't look comforted, looks off, discouraged it looks like, increasingly hopeless...

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Go inside, rest. We'll talk about it later.

She smiles absently nods, turns, walks to the house. Harold watches her disappear through the back door. He looks down at the ground where she was raking, she's been gouging out the grass, clawing it --

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

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Yeah...

CHIEF WARREN
Where the hell you been? They found something. Something of Brian's...

Harold's face drops --

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Laid out on a table with a myriad of random items recovered from the woods is a twenty year old backpack -- its contents bagged individually.

A SUFFERN TRACK TEAM jacket, an unlabeled cassette tape, some little squares of tin foil, a busted flashlight. Angle widens to reveal Harold and Chief Warren staring down at it. The Chief sipping from his trusty Jersey Devil's thermos...

CHIEF WARREN
Couple detectives from the NYPD saw it already. Told'em it's from a closed case. Don't think they're interested.

HAROLD
You tell the Rogers you found it?

The Chief shakes his head. Harold picks up the old cassette tape...looks at it...

CHIEF WARREN
Soon as the whole world's not up my ass about this kid -- we'll see it gets lost, OK? I know you don't want Jeanie being reminded.

The Chief clocks the stress in Harold's eyes.

CHIEF WARREN (CONT'D)
I got your back, kid.

After a moment Harold nods, puts the bagged tape down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

JEAN JENSEN
Hello?

VOICE
Miss Jensen?

Jean takes a moment to answer...

JEAN JENSEN
Yes.

VOICE
It's Peter Sanders from the high school. It's school policy to confirm absences with parents...

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

JEAN JENSEN
Rachel was out today?

EXT. LAKE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - DUSK

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

KOPUS
I am the night tripper!

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

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

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

KOPUS
What are you waiting for?

Mike breathes out and starts stripping down --

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Hope you put him out deep. Kids always swimming here. I see him you're in trouble.
(beat)
You first.

Mike looks disturbed, cycling bad memories -- hesitating. Kopus shoves him into the water -- then jumps in after him. Both of them burst up, Kopus screaming and laughing -- the water's cold.

Junior turns to Rachel.

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

Rachel thinks for a moment, seems more amused the more she watches Kopus and Mike splashing around. She starts stripping down to her underwear -- walking out to the lake --

Junior is not happy, but he follows, picking up the pace as she splashes into the water --

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Wait up.

Rachel's POV under the dark water, the whooshing sound, undulating shadows...she bursts to the surface, laughing, shivering, sees Junior standing in the waist high water --

Kopus whispers something to Mike. Mike nods, dives down, swimming underwater towards Rachel. She backs away, can't see him in the murk. He bursts up, lifts her by the waist --

MIKE
Gotcha --

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

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

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

JUNIOR
Put her down, NOW.

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

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

RACHEL
Stop! Let him up! Let him up!

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

KOPUS
Alright, let him up.

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

Rachel recoils as Kopus walks up on them -- she gets a good look at his torso for the first time, he's got a big old dog bite scar on his side, real ugly, reminiscent of a shark attack victim. He catches her looking, smiles -- puts his arm around Junior, laughing --

KOPUS (CONT'D)
We're just teasin.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

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

HAROLD
How you doing?

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

JEAN JENSEN
I'm OK.

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

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

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

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

HAROLD (CONT'D)
How about I sleep in our room tonight.

She doesn't look at him, after a moment.

JEAN JENSEN
Not tonight.

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

INT. STAIRS - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

His holster hanging on the door knob. It's empty -- his gun is gone --

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

Kate listens to the sound of her father bounding up the stairs, she braces herself, he opens her door, out of breath -

HAROLD
Did your mother tell you where she was going?

Kate shakes her head --

HAROLD (CONT'D)
What about your sister? She's not back from the movies yet?

KATE
The movies?

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

Kate looks at her father, shakes her head --

KATE
She doesn't talk to Laura anymore. She skipped school. I think she's with Junior.

Harold is coming apart at the seams -- pulls out his phone, dials...

RACHEL (O.S.)
This is Rachel, say what you want to say -- BEEP --

HAROLD
Rachel, it's Dad -- call me as soon as you get this.

Harold hangs up the phone. He looks at Kate...

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Where did they go?

KATE
I don't know.

Harold keeps waiting, knows she knows --

KATE (CONT'D)
He took her to the old Ford plant yesterday.

HAROLD
Did she take anything from my room? Did you?

KATE
She stole money?

Harold sees she has no idea -- he considers...dials JEAN. Kate watches him pacing, she hears something coming from downstairs -- a sound --

KATE (CONT'D)
Dad --

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JENSEN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jean's ringing phone sits on the couch. Harold picks it up, he looks paralyzed.

INT. JEAN'S SUV - TRAVELING - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. JEAN'S SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

MARIE
Jesus Christ, what the hell --

Paige comes running to the window --

PAIGE
What was that?!

They see Jean getting out of her SUV. Marie grabs her cell phone, dials...

MARIE
Mac -- someone's in my driveway!

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

JEAN JENSEN
Rachel! Rachel, come out! RACHEL!

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

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

MARIE
(into the phone)
It's that girl's mother -- just get over here --
(yelling through door to Jean)
Rachel's not here!

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

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

INT. JEAN'S SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There's something about twenty feet back, a black lump, too dark to tell what it is. She considers, a mania wrangling her expressions...

INT. ABANDONED FORD PLANT - NIGHT

Someone is blasting heavy metal in the giant hanger-like portion of the factory. Harold emerges from another room, his eyes watching the floor -- glass, cigarettes -- screaming vocals echoing. He spots them, they didn't hear him entering over the music --

Five teenage Ramapo boys standing around a boom box, drinking beer -- they start scrambling to put their beers down, ready to book it out of there --

HAROLD
Don't you run --

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

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Stop --

Harold turns the kid around -- can hear the kid's buddies running out the back --

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

The boy shakes his head, mouth shut tight, eyes trying to get a read on this guy with the harried face, the stressed voice. Harold's phone rings -- he answers, keeps a grip on the kid --

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Katie --

KATE
Mom just pulled into the driveway.

Harold lets go of the Ramapo boy and takes off running -- the kid watches him go, the boom box still blaring --

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Mac, Marie's brother, we recognize from his appearance on C-SPAN earlier. He gets out of his SUV, starts for the door when Marie comes out --

MAC
You alright --

MARIE
Forget that -- Paul Milligan was hit by a car --

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT

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

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold jumps out of his truck --

HAROLD
Jean, my gun's missing --

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

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

He keeps trying to get her to look at him -- she won't -- he starts shaking her, losing it --

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Do you know how fucked I am if --

JEAN JENSEN
Get off me! Don't!

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

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

Harold looks over at the bumper...

HAROLD
An animal?

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

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

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

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

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

HAROLD
What are you talking about?

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

JEAN JENSEN
Rachel's not coming back.

She starts walking away from him down the driveway --

HAROLD
Do you know where she is? She could have my gun, Jean, do you understand how serious this is -

She turns around, raging -- eyes electric --

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

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

JEAN JENSEN (CONT'D)
You let her get away from us -- she's dead now!

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

EXT. DEER HILL ROAD - NIGHT

The headlights of an ambulance silhouette two paramedics hunched over an adolescent boy lying on the barely paved road. Two other boys stand off to the side with a small crowd of about ten Ramapos. Mac pulls up in his SUV, he gets out with Marie, they walk up on the paramedics --

MAC
Is he OK? I know his family.

One of the paramedics looks up, a little shocked by the amount of people who have gathered around --

PARAMEDIC
(to the other Paramedic)
Where did they all come from?

PARAMEDIC 2
He's not alright, sir -- can you call his parents, we're taking him to Good Samaritan.

We see the boy lying unconscious on the road now, the too-big Jets jacket, his crappy glasses lying smashed beside him -- it's Paul from the opening...

Paul is loaded into the ambulance, doors are slammed shut. The siren comes on as it takes off down the pitted road...

Mac takes in the faces of the Ramapos watching the ambulance: shock, disbelief, burgeoning rage. They start looking to him... This is his moment.

EXT. KOPUS' TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT

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

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - MOMENTS LATER

The truck's headlights go out, Kopus and Mike get out of the cab, start walking to the ledge...

Rachel walks with Junior up on Kopus and Mike -- Rachel's face lights up -- you can see the Manhattan skyline from here, twinkling beyond the forest top --

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

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

KATE
She just sent me this --

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

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT

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

Harold slowly drives through, slows his truck, rolls down the window...

HAROLD
What happened?

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

RAMAPO MAN
Kid got hit by a car.

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

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - NIGHT

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

Harold looks out at the faraway city...

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - PARKED - NIGHT

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

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAMAPO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Harold knocks on the door. Marie opens up --

HAROLD
Good evening, this Junior's house?

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

MARIE
What do you want?

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

MARIE
Your wife was here already, officer. Acting fucking crazy, making threats. You see my car out there? You know a boy was hit around the same time she was here -- hit and run -- she know anything about that? A lot of people around here are wondering.

Harold doesn't answer, reeling now, hears other womens' voices inside the house -- suddenly a hard looking Ramapo woman named CHRISTINE (20's) appears behind Marie --

CHRISTINE
Sick of you people bullying us -- fuck you!

MARIE
Good night --

Harold grabs the door as she's about to slam it -- grabs Marie, cuffs her and starts dragging her to his truck -- Christine, Paige and two other Ramapo women come running out of the house, screaming at him --

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

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

MARIE (CONT'D)
Take these handcuffs off me, please.

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

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

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold's truck pulls up in front of Mike's house. Harold gets out -- his face drops as he realizes where he is -- the familiar plastic bear leering at him. Marie follows as Harold charges up on the front door, manic --

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

Rachel lies passed out on the couch, Junior sitting on one side, Mike on the other, watching TV. The now empty bottle of vodka sits on a crate coffee table. THE SOUND OF HAROLD KICKING THE FRONT DOOR IN --

MIKE
Shit --

Mike springs up as Harold storms into the living room, sees Rachel -- looks like he's about to explode -- rushes to her, almost cries as he checks her out, picks her up off the couch -- Marie moves in behind him, watching on as he screams at Mike and Junior:

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

Harold carries Rachel out -- noticing the garbage bags, the cleaning supplies, some emptied-out packets of cold medicine -- meth house...

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

Kopus, who has kept out of sight upstairs, watches out the window as Harold carries Rachel to his truck... Something's becoming clear to Kopus -- he can't believe it --

INT. LIVING ROOM - MIKE'S HOUSE - MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Kopus walks in, sees Marie standing there yelling at Junior, Mike is back on the couch. Marie gives Kopus the evil eye then storms out --

MARIE (O.S.)
Let's go, Junior --

KOPUS
What, you gonna walk home? Just hold on a sec and I'll drive ya.

Junior starts after her when Kopus grabs him --

KOPUS (CONT'D)
You didn't say her father was a fucking cop.

JUNIOR
Sorry, I --

MARIE (O.S.)
Junior! Now!

Kopus breathes out, motions for Junior to go. Junior exits. Kopus turns to Mike.

KOPUS
Knew I recognized that girl. She's Jean Jensen's kid.

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Rachel slumped over in the passenger seat, starting to wake up -- she looks groggily over at her father, driving the truck -- he looks utterly broken...

RACHEL
I'm sorry.

HAROLD
Did you take my gun?

RACHEL
No.

He steals a look at her face, sees she's telling the truth...his mind whirring, eyes wheels of confusion --

HAROLD
Everything's going to be OK.

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

RACHEL
Dad?

HAROLD
When we get home, I want you to stay away from your mother -- just go up to your room and stay there, OK?

Her eyes flood with guilt and fear, she nods --

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

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

KOPUS
She did a number on it...

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

INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold walks with Rachel past the master bedroom. The door is closed... Kate appears in the doorway of the girl's room -- looks at Rachel. Rachel walks past her inside the room...

Kate looks at Harold. She can see the anxiety racking his face -- he can feel her reading him -- turns away and walks off down the hall --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - THE JENSEN HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

HAROLD
Hello?

KOPUS
This Harold Jensen?

HAROLD
Yeah. Who's asking?

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

HAROLD
I remember you.

Harold is seething...

KOPUS
Well that's good. I remember you too. I know what happened tonight with Jean.

Harold is stopped, stunned --

KOPUS (CONT'D)
Wanted to talk to you before I talked to anybody else. You know where the old goat farm is, right off the main road? Can you be there in an hour?

HAROLD
Yeah.

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

INT. GARAGE - THE JENSEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. HAROLD'S POLICE TRUCK - TRAVELING - LATER

The clock on the dash says 4:23am. Harold looks completely burnt -- running on adrenaline and fear. Outside is all darkness -- he's on a mountain road, truck bouncing over the rutted terrain --

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

Harold's truck pulls up by the stone ruins of some old structure...

He gets out, leaves the hunting rifle in the truck. The sound of bugs and trees rustling.

There's a broken down wooden fence...looks a little like the one in the little painting hanging in his room. Kopus is nowhere to be found. Harold looks around, completely out of his element.

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

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

HAROLD
Hello.

KOPUS
Been a long time.

HAROLD
Yeah.

KOPUS
Jean was up here earlier -- got into it with my Mom. Somebody hit a boy on the road around the same time, just took off afterwards. Kid's in bad shape --

HAROLD
I'm aware.

KOPUS
I talked to the kids who seen it happen and they told me a man was driving -- but you also got a lot of people saying it had to be your wife -- 'cause she sure made an impression when she was up here and I guess she seemed a little drunk -- nobody given any statements yet -- but those kids are gonna say whatever --

HAROLD
She wasn't drunk. She was upset, looking for our daughter.

KOPUS
I figured it was something like that.
(beat)
(MORE)

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

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

KOPUS (CONT'D)
I know you know what happened with me and Jean.

KOPUS (CONT'D)
I really did like her brother -- fucked me up when people tried to blame me for what happened to him.

Harold just stares.

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

Kopus just smiles, seems amused.

KOPUS
Listen, I know Jean --

Harold shakes his head, almost laughs --

HAROLD
No, you don't --

KOPUS
Know she would never hit a kid and then just leave him to die in the road. Just saying -- believe it or not -- you got an ally in me. And you're gonna need one -- 'cause people up here are pretty damn fed up -- they're gonna dump a hundred years of bad shit back on your wife, nail her to the cross. I'm gonna make sure those kids give the right kind of statements in the morning -- make sure this doesn't turn into something.

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

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

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

Harold takes it, dumbfounded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.