

"CRYSTAL"

Written by
Charles Johnston

FADE IN:

EXT. PRAIRIE COUNTRYSIDE / OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY (SPRING)

An open highway unrolls towards snow capped mountains as an '83 Triumph Thunderbird motorbike drifts slowly into frame.

We follow the rider - CRYSTAL - in a sleek black and pink racing jacket -- her beautiful, long dark hair flowing out the back of a gleaming helmet with a tinted visor.

Cows graze on grassy farmland as Crystal makes a wide turn past a long fence topped with dew covered razor wire. A cow glances up to follow the sound, then returns to grazing.

Crystal's indicator blinks as she turns off onto an exit road. She passes a welcome sign as a perched crow flies away:

WHITE FOX CREEK, HAVE A NICE DAY

WIPE TO:

EXT. MIDDLE OF TOWN / BACK OF SUPERMARKET - SAME TIME

A blue Ford 350 pickup IDLES at the back door of a grocery store. Nickelback POUNDS on the radio.

INT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

CURTIS sits at the wheel behind polarized sports sunglasses, picking his nails with a Swiss army knife.

Beside him, WOODY - peach fuzz mustache, emaciated, stained rock shirt - eats baby food out of a jar with his finger.

CURTIS

How can you fuckin' eat right now?

WOODY

Got gypped last night.

(eating beat)

If I'da stopped when I was full, woulda cost 30 dollars. Woulda taken home leftovers. But I had to puke. Didn't cost me nothin', but I ended up with sweet frick all.

CURTIS

Sounds like the story of your life, Woody boy.

Woody scoffs and looks out the window, taking a sip from a can of beer.

WOODY

Just look at it out there. Can you frickin' *believe* it?

Curtis looks impatiently at the back door of the store.

CURTIS

Can I frickin' believe what? Where is that little prick?

WOODY

Curtis. Bro. Right out there, man.

CURTIS

Said he'd be here. I'll kill the little fuck til he's dead if he doesn't show...

WOODY (IN TOTAL AWE)

Seriously. Like. *Wowwww*.

CURTIS

Fuck's sake, Woody, is this about dinosaurs again?

WOODY

T-rexes, bro. All over the place. Huge, scary, adorable forearms hangin' down... runnin' round right where we frickin' are right now!

Woody gives Curtis his best T-Rex impression.

Curtis just looks at him.

CURTIS

You're gettin' baby food all over my cab, you fuckin' tard.

WOODY

Whatever, guess you had to be there.

Woody tries to get one last morsel out of the jar when the back door of the store opens. A scruffy TEEN BOY steps out with a dolly full of flats of BABY FOOD. He lights a smoke.

CURTIS

Finally. Princess decides to grace us with his fuckin' presence.

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Ok, big wheel, food break's over.
Load them bitches up.

Woody steps out to load flats.

Curtis TURNS UP the radio and uses his Swiss army knife to dig out some chew. He neatly tucks it into his lower lip.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK / GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Woody stacks the food into the back of the pickup, pausing to open a jar. He makes sure Curtis isn't looking, then scoops some mush into his mouth with a satisfied smile as:

CRYSTAL

Pulls up to a gas station across the street.

WOODY

Notices after a couple bites, then stops to stare.

CRYSTAL

Lifts her visor, gets off her motorbike and fills up.

CLOSE: on world weary eyes, taking everything in. She spots the truck across the street. Notices Woody's stare.

As the tank fills, she pulls out a compact and casually checks her long eyelashes, puckering her bright red lips together. She glances up again.

PICKUP TRUCK

Woody stares back like a beast marking a wounded animal.

PAN OVER -- Curtis looks out the driver's side window with a similar intensity.

Crystal closes her compact and shoots them both an amused, friendly smile.

She replaces the nozzle, then struts towards the door of the kiosk, her knee high boots giving her walk a seductive sway.

She glances up at a billboard behind the gas station with an imposing B & W picture of a military figure on it beside a flag.

He seems to be looking down at her with a friendly grin. The sign reads: 'General Joe Williams Wants You' at the top, and 'To Vote' at the bottom.

She smiles up at the sign, then hears a growl at her feet. She looks down and notices an old mangy DOG. It lifts its head and bares its fangs.

CRYSTAL

Is that any way to say hi?

The dog sniffs the air... then wags its tail.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Crystal pulls some jerky pellets out of a pouch on her utility belt. She flicks them down. The dog scarfs them.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Live and let live.

She scratches the dog behind the ears, then heads inside.

Across the street, Curtis rolls down his window, spits some tobacco juice, and yells back:

CURTIS (TO WOODY)

You makin' a fuckin' career out of that? Let's roll, jerk off.

Crystal emerges. She hops back on her bike and pulls out.

Curtis HONKS. Woody hurls the last flat on back, stuffs another stray baby food jar in his pocket, then jumps in.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY / OUTSKIRTS - A MINUTE LATER

Crystal turns off her blinking indicator as she merges back onto the open road again, helmet visor back down.

Behind her --

A familiar pickup truck appears.

It closes the distance fast.

CRYSTAL'S SIDE MIRROR

The pickup truck looms --

The engine REVS.

Crystal notices the pickup lurch into the passing lane and ROAR up beside her.

WOODY

at the open window, big crazy eyes, baby food covered grin, eyebrows waggling.

CLOSE ON CRYSTAL'S VISOR, revealing nothing. She leans forward and speeds up.

The truck drifts back briefly, then speeds back up until they're neck and neck again.

AHEAD --

An RV pops up, heads their way. Curtis stays in the passing lane.

He suddenly swerves, forcing Crystal over onto the gravelly shoulder.

The RV RIPS past. Crystal slides back over as Curtis does.

Woody rolls his window down, puts his fingers up into a V and licks in between. He laughs maniacally, makes a blow job motion, then sticks his head out and yells:

WOODY

I'll suck your pussy 'til your head
caves in...

(beat, louder)

Then fuck ya 'til it pops back
out!!

Beside him, Curtis throws his head back and laughs.

Crystal finally responds... with a middle finger.

Woody frowns and looks to Curtis. They both shake their heads, disappointed.

Curtis sneers and flicks the steering wheel. The pickup HITS Crystal's bike hard.

She tries to correct it, but the motorbike jerks left, then right, as she loses control --

The bike shoots off the road, TOWARD A FENCE.

The front wheel hits a post with a loud SMASH -- she pitches forward through the air--

Over the fence--

Crashing into a pounding roll on the grass on the other side.

She loses her helmet and comes to a painful stop, hitting her head on the ground with a deep wince.

Just ahead, the pickup truck pulls over inside a screeching cloud of gravel.

PICKUP TRUCK

Curtis looks at Crystal in the rear view. His phone RINGS. He answers.

CURTIS

Yeah, course we're coming, we're just takin' the scenic route. Don't pop a hemorrhoid, I said we'll be right there.

Curtis hangs up, looks back at Crystal again, then turns to Woody and shakes his head.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Cheer up. There's plenty of other fish in the sea to fuck with.

Woody looks back forlornly.

WOODY

Aww...

OUTSIDE

The truck speeds off down the highway, kicking back another choking cloud of dust and gravel.

CLOSE ON

CRYSTAL

She can't move. She opens her mouth, but can't breathe.

A tear runs out of one eye and slowly burns down her cheek.

She watches a wind turbine in the distance. It turns, turns, turns.

She finally manages to take A DEEP BREATH, like being reborn. She lays there in the blazing sun as her breathing pattern slowly returns to normal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARM - A LITTLE LATER

VIOLET (7), stands on the hood of an old rusty station wagon with foliage growing right through. The windshield is still intact but cracked. She studies her reflection.

She has a fur stole around her neck and wears a silky red wrap dress that's several sizes too big. She clutches a filthy STUFFED ANIMAL BIRD.

She suddenly looks up to see Crystal in the near distance, limping painfully, wheeling her motorbike along beside her.

Crystal travels the whole length of the fence, then turns into the farm property and limp-walks towards Violet. Violet looks suspicious and turns to the house:

VIOLET
UNCLE BLAKE!!!

Crystal kick-stands her bike and limps the rest of the way, taking in the farm with familiarity. She turns to Violet.

CRYSTAL
I come in peace.

She holds up a peace sign, then passes a HORSE tied up to the front fence. She pats it on the mane carefully as she passes, keeping a careful eye on Violet, noticing what she's wearing.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
I remember that dress.

Violet frowns, then softens. She squints suspiciously at the blood dripping from one of Crystal's eyebrows.

VIOLET
What's wrong with your voice? - And
your leg? - And your eyebrow?

Crystal gets closer. She stops.

CRYSTAL
Hmm. Maybe you should just call
your uncle again.

Violet frowns again at Crystal. Then:

VIOLET
UNCLE BLAKE!!!!

Crystal winces at the volume, then smiles. A couple footsteps inside, then the front door swings open with a loud CREAK.

BLAKE (33) stands shirtless and barefoot in jeans and a flour covered apron. He takes in the beauty of Crystal for a moment, mouth slightly agape, then glances over to her motorbike, parts of it very obviously bent out of shape.

BLAKE
Hey. What's goin' on?
(turns to Violet)
Violet, whatcha doin' in them
clothes again?

VIOLET
Wearin' 'em.

Blake half smiles, then looks back at Crystal with an air of deep suspicion. She wipes at the blood on her forehead.

BLAKE
(to Violet)
Good answer, munchkin.
(to Crystal)
You okay there? What happened?

CRYSTAL
I'm in one piece, don't worry. My
bike needs a fix though. Couple
asswipes drove me off the road.

BLAKE
That sucks. Wanna come in for some
pie? Lane question, but I can get
you some bandages, too.

VIOLET
PIE!!!

Violet does a 'pie dance'.

Meanwhile Crystal scans the whole farm again, then points to Violet's dress.

CRYSTAL
I'm actually looking for the owner
of that dress. Is Liz around?

Blake sighs. He glances at Violet, then away.

VIOLET
My Mom died.

CRYSTAL
(awkward)
Ohhh, I'm so... sorry, I-

Crystal can't hide the shock. It hits her like a ton of bricks. She actually has to turn away.

BLAKE
You knew her?

CRYSTAL
I was stationed nearby 8 years ago.

Violet flies her stuffed animal bird around, off in her own little world again.

BLAKE
I thought you looked familiar. I
never forget a face.

Blake opens the screen door and gives her a smile.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
You better come in.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - SOMETIME LATER

Crystal sits at a kitchen table in a T-shirt, both elbows bandaged, a large bandage on her eyebrow. She picks at the last bite of pie on her plate.

Violet sits at the table too, back in a regular kid's outfit. She watches Crystal closely, mimicking her.

Blake starts dishes, still in his apron.

BLAKE
They never did find anything. The
car was nothin' but ash and metal
by the time the fire was out.

Crystal blinks tears away. She brings a napkin up and coughs into it, covering.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
More pie?

CRYSTAL
No. Although I've never had peanut
butter and chocolate pie before.

BLAKE
Pretty killer, right? It's good as
a cake flavour too.

Blake gets up and microwaves two coffees as Violet flies her stuffed animal bird around, landing on Crystal's shoulder.

VIOLET
Tweet tweet!

BLAKE
I shoulda served coffee with the pie.

VIOLET
Stupid.

BLAKE
Violet... We basically never have guests. Should I be getting you into town? Get your bike repaired?

CRYSTAL
I can fix it myself. Just need a little time. Do you mind i-

BLAKE
God no. Stay as long as you like.

VIOLET
Can I help?

Blake rolls his eyes.

BLAKE
You leave Crystal alone now.

Violet makes an overly dramatic sulk gesture. Blake pulls the coffees out and hands one to Crystal.

VIOLET
But I wanna help. What happened?

Crystal pats Violet on the head.

CRYSTAL
Some rabid chipmunk and his lizard buddy thought it'd be fun to knock me around. It's Ok. I'm a big girl.

Crystal takes her coffee and heads to the door.

BLAKE
That rabid chipmunk. He happen to have an ugly ass mullet?

CRYSTAL
Unfortunately.

BLAKE
Curtis and Woody. Shit.

Violet smiles. Blake suddenly looks very concerned.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I figured if it was someone else,
maybe it was an accident. - We have
a small detachment here. I'll call
it in.
(beat)
Good luck out there. Holler if you
need anything.

Crystal nods and heads outside. Blake picks up the cordless
phone with a look of concern.

Violet sneaks out after Crystal, being quiet with the screen
door. Blake notices as he dials, but pretends he doesn't.

EXT. TERRY'S OFFICE / FARM - INTERCUT

SHERIFF TERRY sits behind a desk, shuffling paperwork with
his massive arms.

A Sheriff's badge gleams above the breast pocket (containing
two perfectly placed pens) of a neatly pressed shirt covered
in badges and pins. Even his wedding ring and watch have an
extra polished twinkle to them.

Behind him, an autographed baseball bat is mounted proudly on
the wall, flanked by framed photos of him shaking hands with
various affluent people around town.

On his desk, a plastic pickle dressed up like a Sheriff.

His phone rings. He looks up as he answers, revealing a flat-
top haircut and piercing eyes.

TERRY
Sheriff Terry.

BLAKE
Hiya Sheriff, it's Blake.

TERRY
Blake? Didn't see you in church
this morning.

BLAKE
Sheriff... I got a lady here,
Crystal?

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Curtis and Woody ran her off the road, banged her up pretty bad.

TERRY

I appreciate you letting me know. I assume she wants to press charges?

BLAKE

I think she's just passing through, but those guys... they can't keep getting away with stuff like this.

TERRY

In that case she should drop by the office for an affidavit, before she heads out.

BLAKE

I'll let her know.

TERRY

Meanwhile, I'll head over and have a slap n' chat with Curtis and Woody.

BLAKE

I'd appreciate it. Thanks.

TERRY

Doin' my job. So are you. You have a nice day.

Blake hangs up and looks out the window at Crystal working on her bike, and Violet playing with her stuffed bird nearby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE / FRONT YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Crystal bends an exhaust pipe back into shape, sweating in the blazing sunlight.

Behind her, Violet brushes the horse's mane with a little kid's brush, her stuffed animal always tucked under her arm.

CRYSTAL

Hey.

Violet stops.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Pass me that brush for a second.

Violet smiles shyly and passes it over. Crystal tries to 'brush' the engine of her motorcycle.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
That doesn't work. It sure does
look better, though, don't ya
think?

Violet laughs.

VIOLET
Brushes aren't for doing that.

CRYSTAL
Really? What are they for?

VIOLET
Brushin'.

CRYSTAL
Yeah?

Violet nods.

VIOLET
And... braiding, maybe.

CRYSTAL
I see.

VIOLET
You could braid my hair if you'd
like.

Crystal smiles.

CRYSTAL
Of course I could. But I only just
learned how myself, ya know.

Violet skips over to Crystal, who stands up with the brush.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Stand straight. Shoulders back.

Violet does. Crystal starts to brush. Violet closes her eyes.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
You've got thick hair, too.

The descending sun silhouettes them in glorious backlight as
Crystal begins to separate her hair and braid.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
So... what's your friend's name,
the one tucked under your arm?

VIOLET
Feather Fee Fee.

CRYSTAL
Nice name. Hello, Feather Fee Fee.

VIOLET
Do you know how to whistle?

CRYSTAL
Yep.

Crystal whistles distinctively, starting low and going high.

VIOLET
Didja really know my Mom?

CRYSTAL
I did.
(beat)
You look a lot like her. She was
gorgeous.

VIOLET
She used to tuck my hair behind my
ears. Like this.

Violet shows her.

CRYSTAL
I know that feeling.

VIOLET
My Mom drank beer when she worked
on her motorcycle.

CRYSTAL
Cool.

VIOLET
I can get you one if you want.

Before Crystal can respond, Violet turns to the house and
screams:

VIOLET (CONT'D)
UNCLE BLAKE!!!

CRYSTAL
Hey, c'mon. That's your Uncle, ya
know.

Blake steps out of the front door topless, with jeans, guitar
and reading glasses, as Crystal finishes Violet's braid.

VIOLET
Beer!

BLAKE
Aw man, we're out.
(looks at watch)
And the store's closed.

Crystal starts her motorbike, REVS it.

CRYSTAL
That's Ok. My bike's finally ready
to come back from the dead.

Violet grabs Crystal's hand. She looks nervous that Crystal
might leave. Crystal turns to Blake.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Any bars in town do off-sales?

BLAKE
The only bar in town is right
across from the gas station. If you
go you gotta make it quick.

Crystal gives him a look.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
After the day you've had? You just
don't need any more trouble. That
place, they call it the kick & stab
for a reason.

Crystal sighs and smiles.

CRYSTAL
I've seen enough trouble to last me
10 lifetimes, Blake. I'll be back.
With beer!

BLAKE
Bartender's name's Tony. - In and
out now. No detours.

Crystal takes her hand out of Violet's and pats her head.
Violet smiles at her.

Crystal salutes to Blake. He salutes back with an ironic smile and takes Violet into the house.

Crystal notices her right hand trembling. She opens a compartment on her bike and pulls out a joint and a lighter. She lights it, turns away, takes a few quick puffs.

She stubs it out and purrs off into the setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITE FOX CREEK / 'THE FOX HOLE' - SUNSET

Crystal drives down Main Street, only passing a couple cars along the way.

She turns left at the gas station, into a parking lot in front of a cheap looking dive called 'The Fox Hole'.

A BUZZING NEON SIGN of an animated female silhouette bends down to pick up bills of cash, then stands up again - over and over. Lights in her groin area and mouth are burnt out.

Under it, Crystal gets off her bike and stretches.

She looks up at the sign and shakes her head, then looks over at the name of the bar again with a dubious look.

She heads to the front doors. She takes a deep breath, then heads in --

INT. THE FOX HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal limps through the door and heads across the bar with as much confidence as she can, trying to hide the limp.

A juke box PLAYS Fleetwood Mac's 'Don't Stop'. The place is full of LOCALS. They all turn to watch her.

A STRIPPER with an eye-patch dances in the corner on a make-shift stage under a cheap red spotlight. An OLD MAN sits right at the very lip of the stage, clapping, off beat.

Crystal sees TONY THE BARTENDER. She heads towards him. He glances up and notices her too, an unfamiliar face.

He checks her out - up and down - as she approaches.

CRYSTAL

Tony? - I'm a friend of Blake's.
Can I get a couple 6ers of
whatever's cheapest?

TONY

Yep, gimme a sec.

CRYSTAL

Washroom?

He thumbs behind him. Crystal takes a peek around, then makes a beeline around the bar. She squints at the smudged washroom signs to see which one is for 'ladies', then heads in...

INT. LADIES ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Crystal strides up to the only stall in the room and kicks it open with her boot. The door falters, then falls right off its hinges.

HER POV - the toilet is a biohazard wasteland. The bowl is black. Old shit splatters speckle the porcelain, even in spots that don't make sense.

Piss incubates in little bubbly puddles all over the seat.

Crystal goes to grab some toilet paper. The roll is empty, just tiny scraps of stained paper that look like they're growing their own pubic hair. She gags and shakes her head.

CRYSTAL

No fucking way.

We see her from behind as she carefully lifts the seat up with the toe of one of her boots.

She unbuckles her belt and opens her pants. She pulls down the front of her underwear and relaxes as a steady streaming sound begins. She continues to pee standing up.

OUTSIDE THE STALL

Someone CLANKS into the washroom with metal braces on their legs.

Whoever it is spots two boots facing the toilet about a foot away as the urinating sound starts to dwindle.

One of the boots comes up and kicks the flush. It doesn't work.

We hear Crystal sigh deeply inside the stall, then buckle up and step out. She freezes as she looks up and spots someone in the room with her.

REVEAL LARS: long, stringy, gray hair, sideburns that connect to a moustache, a scraggly face right off a bottle of tartar sauce, dressed in cargo shorts to accommodate his braces. He stands at the door and leers at her.

LARS
(faint Dutch accent)
Wellllllll. What do we have here?

Crystal stares back at him accusingly.

CRYSTAL
We don't have anything. You've got
the wrong washroom.

Crystal heads towards the door. Lars stands in her way. He leans forward and sniffs.

LARS
Is that Mary Jane? You aware that
wacky tabacky is an illegal
substance (hick accent) 'round
these parts?

CRYSTAL
It's prescription. Now excuse me.

She tries to pass him but he doesn't move.

LARS
Ahh, and the voice! That voice! I'm
guessing you've been on hormone
injections, maybe...

He looks her up and down.

LARS (CONT'D)
... less than one year now, or so?

He glances down at her crotch.

LARS (CONT'D)
Had the 'surgery' yet?

Crystal starts to look really mad now.

CRYSTAL
I'm gonna ask you one more time.
Take a step back, let me pass.

They lock eyes. Lars takes a step back.

CLINK, CLINK, go his legs. Crystal shakes her head as a subtle warning, then heads through the door.

INT. THE FOX HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal heads to the bar as Tony slowly puts her order together.

Lars steps out of the washroom and watches her, amused.

POOL TABLE

Curtis is there. He looks up from a shot he's about to make. Woody, next to Curtis on a stool, notices too.

WOODY

Curtis! It's that frickin' chick we
knocked off the road.

Curtis slaps Woody in the back of the head.

CURTIS

Not everyone in the whole bar needs
to know our business, fuck head.

Woody rubs the back of his head, fuming.

WOODY

Stop hitting me, Curtis! I'm
serious, you stop doing that.

Lars approaches. Curtis and Woody go back to gaping at Crystal.

WOODY (CONT'D)

That sure is some big league chew.

Woody whistles. Curtis nods, then takes a shot. Lars stands next to them, taking in the view as Crystal pays for her order. He seems amused by their reaction to her.

LARS

For the love of all that is holy,
boys, you find THAT attractive?

WOODY

Uh, yeah. I believe I just said
so...

LARS

How about you, Curtis? Would you -
what are the kids saying these days
- tap on that action? Play a little
hide the sausage and toast perhaps?

CURTIS

I get the sausage part. What the fuck is the toast?

LARS

You Neanderthals only respond to the very cheapest of sensory cues.

Woody looks mad - he doesn't like to played with.

WOODY

What's he talkin' 'bout, Curtis?

CURTIS

Whatever Lars... I could take or leave her.

LARS

Leave *him*. Take or leave HIM.

Woody takes his shot. Curtis frowns as he considers what Lars is saying, then shakes his head.

CURTIS

You're fuckin' looney tunes.

WOODY

She was practically blowin' my cock kisses earlier. Right, Curtis? You were there.

Curtis frowns again as he looks over at Crystal. Something finally starts to dawn on him. Lars smiles.

CURTIS

Shut up, Woody.

ACROSS THE BAR

Crystal grabs her beer and heads to the front doors.

DAVE, a hairy, scary, tattoo covered biker with chopper shades that kind of looks kind like John Travolta walks in. Crystal walks right past him. He does a double take.

BACK ON

Curtis as he chalks his cue. Dave slowly approaches.

DAVE

Yo, am I high on Guadalupe or are you boys letting that sizzling piece just waltz on outta here?

LARS

Another contestant on 'What Exactly Are We Dealing With Here?'
Gentlemen. It's time to gather
'round.

(beat, condescending)

Prepare to be enlightened. That?
Was a MAN. Are you with me so far?
Dressed... as a WO-MAN. Maybe
chemically helped along a little
bit, but that's what chemicals do.
There are more details, but is
anyone getting my gist? Are you
smelling the mail I'm delivering,
are you walking my dogs and picking
up their shit, should I try
explaining it all again, but much
sloooowwwweeeerrr this time? You
tell me.

Shocked, angry faces. Lars sneers.

DAVE

No fucking way. THAT's a man?

LARS

That is / was / more or less still
is a man.

WOODY

Yeah, right...

Curtis holds a glare on Lars.

CURTIS

Lars is European. Everything's
extra complicated over there. He's
full of shit is basically what I'm
saying.

Lars clanks up to Curtis, trying to belittle him.

LARS

Oh, *really*, Curtis? How many women
do you know who piss **STANDING UP**? I
saw him, just now, with my own two
eyes, on his own two legs, pissing,
like he was holding on to a
swinging python.

Woody looks really pissed now. Curtis spits on the floor,
then throws his beer on the ground to shatter. Everyone else
in the bar turns to look, tensing up.

Curtis and Woody both look with fury at the door Crystal just went through. They nod to each other, then head that way fast. Curtis clutches his pool cue like a weapon.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOX HOLE - A MOMENT LATER

MOVE UP on the blinking neon sign as Crystal gets to her bike. Woody steps out.

WOODY

Hey! YOU!!!

Crystal stops, but doesn't turn. She stoops and stows the beer. As she stands back up, Curtis has exited the bar, pool cue raised. Woody's a few feet away from her now.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Turn around! What ARE you?!!

Crystal grabs her helmet.

CRYSTAL

Sounds like a trick question. One I don't really have time for, so...

WOODY

NO!!!

Woody forcibly turns Crystal and gets right in her face with flaring nostrils.

WOODY (CONT'D)

You tell me right now! Are you a chick? Or something else???

Crystal leans in towards Woody, eyes blazing.

CRYSTAL

What do you mean something else?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE YOU IGNORANT
PIECE OF SHIT?

The fury of her question makes Woody take a step back. Curtis steps into the face-off, white knuckling the pool cue.

CURTIS

Looks like you're about as confused
as we are. Maybe we can all help
you work through it.

A few of the locals start to file out. They hang out by the front door to watch.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

If everyone takes a turn maybe
someone will figure it out for you.

Crystal looks at the crowd, everyone in mob mentality mode.

CRYSTAL

I'm not looking for trouble. But I
warn you. If you fuck with me, I'm
gonna fuck back, *hard*.

CURTIS

Oh, I'm sure you will.

CRYSTAL

Don't try me, fucking loser.

Crystal makes a move to get on her motorbike. Woody reaches out for her arm.

WOODY

You ain't goin' nowhere.

Crystal seizes his hand. In one smooth motion she twists his arm effortlessly, as if it was made of clay, as she rips tendon and cracks cartilage.

His eyes pop wide at his impossibly twisting arm, as he flops and dances around like her puppet.

WOODY (CONT'D)

(gasp) AHHHHHH!

Curtis rushes her, swinging the pool cue sharply.

Crystal quickly moves Woody a few inches to the left -- the cue CRACKS him across the face, snapping in half.

WOODY (CONT'D)

AHH!!

Crystal pushes Woody at Curtis -- Woody actually attacks him, pummelling him with his fists.

WOODY (CONT'D)

I SAID TO STOP HITTING ME!

Woody, foaming at the mouth, throws punch after punch into Curtis' fleshy face as he tries helplessly to back up.

CURTIS

Woody! Stop! Fuckin' idiot!

Curtis finally manages to take a step back so he can push Woody off.

He turns and rushes Crystal aggressively.

She takes her helmet and swings, CRACKING Curtis across the cheek bone so hard the bruise spills right through his skin. His blood sprinkles all over Crystal's shirt.

Curtis staggers for a moment, holding his face.

Woody comes at Crystal again. She turns, leans back, and fires a kick to his jaw with her good leg. The heel punctures his cheek. He takes in a sharp inhale through his teeth.

She follows this with three lightning sharp jabs to Woody's throat and face, then a forearm smash that knocks him face flat onto the asphalt.

Crystal's supporting leg buckles and she drops to one knee, but she rises again quickly, holding Curtis back with a gesture. He holds his face in pain.

Woody opens his mouth, but dribbles out blood and gravel.

CRYSTAL

You two are treating someone who
served her country for TWO DECADES
very disrespectfully.

(beat)

Now pick yer sorry asses up, go
back inside, and DRINK IT OFF. And
you better hope our paths never
cross again.

Crystal mops blood off her helmet with the palm of her hand, then pulls it on. She gets on her bike and REVS off, shaking her head at the onlookers.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

And shame on all of you!

FRONT DOOR

Lars and Dave watch the show. Tony the bartender is right behind them. He watches in awe.

LARS

Bitch has some moves.

DAVE

Who has the balls to do that?

LARS

That chick looking dude. That chick looking dude has the balls to do that.

TONY

She introduced herself to me as a friend of Blake's.

DAVE

Well ain't you fuckin' special.

Tony backs away nervously.

LARS

That is actually helpful.

WOODY

gets to his feet. He looks confused. He turns to Curtis.

WOODY

A veteran? Curtis? Is it true? A frickin' war veteran?

CURTIS

It's too late to give a shit. Get in the truck. It's time to show that thing our dark side.

Curtis spits angrily.

He gets in the pickup.

Woody gets in the other side and they tear off after the motorcycle's tail light in the distance.

LARS AND DAVE

watch the pickup blast off down the road. They glance at each other and raise their eyebrows.

LARS

I bet our gender ambiguous specimen is taking that beer... to said friend Blake's place.

DAVE

And we weren't invited. Well now, that's just fuckin' rude.

Dave laughs really, really hard as he hops on his Harley.
Lars heads over to his gleaming black Cadillac Escalade.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - EVENING

Lars gets into his luxury SUV and starts it up. The A/C comes on with a hum.

The radio PLAYS Peter Gabriel's '*Games Without Frontiers*' as he carefully pulls out, whistling along with it.

Behind him the Harley follows, headlight piercing the dusk.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - INTERCUT

Curtis accelerates steadily, keeping a hawk eye on the motorbike ahead. Woody rocks back and forth.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Crystal blasts along down the road, oblivious to all the bad energy coming her way.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The dusty sky starts to darken as Crystal pulls up. She gets off, stretches again, then pats the tied off horse.

She pulls two 6 packs out of the bike's compartments and limps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE / KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Crystal hands Blake an open bottle as she puts the rest in the fridge. She opens one for herself with a shaky hand.

BLAKE

Dang. That was fast. Here's to you.

CRYSTAL

Sure.

BLAKE

All cool?

Crystal gives a non-comital head shake. They clink and swig. Crystal takes a glance down the hall, where Violet lays on her stomach in front of the TV with a bowl of ice cream.

A political ad COMES ON. B & W footage of GENERAL JOE WILLIAMS in his highly decorated military uniform, walking with a horse, big sky behind him.

NARRATOR (ON TV)
Integrity. Honour. Compassion.
These are the building blocks that
make a man. General Joe Williams
wants to be your next Governor.

BLAKE
Whatever.

CRYSTAL
I know that guy. He's actually one
of the good ones.

BLAKE
Oh. Sorry 'bout that.

CRYSTAL
He was my first platoon leader. In
my other life.

Blake looks awestruck. He starts to formulate a question, but before he can ask it, he looks outside through the window.

BLAKE
Who is that?

Through the window, they both notice a familiar blue pickup pull onto the property, splashing its headlights around.

CRYSTAL
They don't give up.

BLAKE
Crystal, I told you.

Blake glances down the hall protectively.

CRYSTAL
Hey. They're the ones messing with
me. Not the other way around.

Blake shakes his head. Violet comes in.

VIOLET
Who's here?

BLAKE
Nobody, sweetie. Stay inside.

CRYSTAL
(to Blake)
You wait inside, with Violet.
Whatever you do, don't come out.

Violet tries to look out the window. Blake holds her back.

BLAKE
Go back to the living room.

Violet doesn't. He squats down and shoots her a hard look.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Now.

Violet turns and heads off. Blake stands back up. He turns to Crystal.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Crystal. You're the one that needs
to wait inside. I got this.

Through the window the pickup truck moves forward and KNOCKS Crystal's motorbike over. Her face darkens with anger.

Blake catches her eye and shakes his head, 'don't worry about it'. He heads out, sipping casually from his beer bottle.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blake exits and takes a few steps to the edge of the porch. He sips at his beer, tensed up, trying to exude calm.

Woody gets out of the pickup. Curtis gets out the other side, taking a moment to reach behind his seat to pull out a baseball bat that's all dented, chipped, and bloody.

BLAKE
Curtis. Put that back.
(to Woody)
And you. That's far enough.

They both keep coming, their eyes devoid of humanity.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I said stop.

CURTIS
Blake. Don't get in the way. That'd
be a seriously stupid move.

BLAKE

You want me to call Terry again?
Take your bullshit elsewhere. Or
nowhere would be even better.

Curtis takes a step onto the porch.

CURTIS

You've been warned.

BLAKE

No, you've been warned. Crystal's
my guest. This is my property. Now
don't take another step. *You can't
push me around like everyone else.*

Curtis does. Blake looks disappointed.

He throws his beer bottle right at Curtis' face.

Curtis tries to duck, but the bottle glances off his
shoulder. He looks furiously indignant, but Blake has now
adopted a fighting stance. It's time to rumble.

Curtis takes a step back off the porch and sneers. He plants
a foot and swings the bat as hard as he can at Blake's head.

Blake holds a hand up but it's battered out of the way. The
bat connects with his head and a side of Blake's face seems
to crumple inwards like the hood of a car.

Blake's eyes roll back -- a creepy pause, as nothing appears
to happen -- then blood gushes out of his nostrils.

He drops to his knees. He side stumbles off the porch,
reaching out desperately for something to grab onto.

CURTIS

Try listening next time.

Crystal rages through the front screen door, ripping it right
off its hinges. She pulls off a Muay Thai move that trips
Woody up and hurtles him across the porch to smash-bounce
right off the door frame.

Crystal takes a quick step towards Woody and fires a fist
into one of his kidneys. He squeals and drops to the porch
floor, the front of his pants suddenly soaking wet.

Curtis turns and swings the bat again, this time at Crystal.
It slices through the air. Crystal ducks. The bat turns one
of the porch beams into splinters.

Curtis recovers quickly and goes for another home run, but Blake has managed to crawl forward and grab his ankle.

Curtis stops, almost tripping. He looks back over his shoulder at Blake with murder in his eyes.

Blake looks up at him with fierce, bleeding, pleading eyes.

Curtis turns and brings the bat down with a terrible crunch on the very top of Blake's head. In a flash, he's gone.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Nobody ever listens.

Crystal looks with horror at Blake. She looks back over to Curtis and narrows her eyes. He holds his bat like he's getting ready for a pitch.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Yeah, you know you want some. Come and get it.

The song 'Salisbury Hill' suddenly PULSES from an approaching vehicle at the edge of the property.

Crystal turns her head to see a monstrous luxury SUV lurch up towards the farmhouse and jerk to a massive halt. It's Lars.

Dave is next to rumble up, on top of his Harley. He pulls in behind Lars.

Crystal starts to back away from the front door towards the side of the house, instinctively trying to draw the heat away from Violet.

She watches closely as Lars steps out and opens his back hatch. He opens a secret compartment. He pulls out and UNSHEATHES a samurai sword.

CLOSE ON Crystal's eyes as they take in every tiny movement around her, trying to stay as calmly focused as she can.

Dave takes a gun out of a saddle bag.

Lars notices Dave's choice of weapon.

LARS

(disappointed)

Dave, we don't need nosey neighbor syndrome bumming us out and cramping our style. Now come on. Obtain a quieter weapon!

Dave shakes his head, then puts the gun back.

DAVE
How's this?

He pulls out a machete instead.

LARS
Much better. See? How hard was
that? Not hard at all.

Lars spots Crystal at the corner of the house. He heads towards her, legs CLINKING, motioning for Dave to go the other way around the house.

Violet, meanwhile, is at the screen, peering out at Blake's lifeless body on the porch.

VIOLET
Uncle Blake?

Curtis heads towards the front door with a smile. Violet looks up, sees the bat, and runs back towards the living room.

Curtis heads in. Woody quivers in a fetal position as Curtis passes, moaning. The screen door creaks shut.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

Crystal has made her way around to the back. She takes a moment to take weight off her sore leg. She cringes. She thinks to take the bandage off her forehead, to be less visible.

Lars follows, closing the distance, his eyes scanning the darkness.

He holds the sword up like a Samurai, listening for any tell-tale sounds to reveal Crystal's position.

OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Dave creeps forward through the dark with his raised machete.

PULL UP AND BACK --

to reveal that it's only a matter of time before Lars and Dave have Crystal trapped behind the house.

CRYSTAL

looks in the living room window and sees Violet hiding behind a couch. She spots Curtis walking down the hall towards Violet with the blood smeared bat.

Crystal looks to her left, spots the gleam of Dave's machete. She hears the CLANK of Lars' leg braces to her right.

Crystal slips up to a back porch window that's open, with a screen on the inside. She slides a knife out of a sheath on her belt and slits the screen, then slithers in.

INSIDE

Crystal somersaults to her feet and rushes to the living room where Curtis is on his way around the couch to seize Violet.

CURTIS

I ain't gonna hurt ya, squirt.

Violet looks up, scared, then flashes a tiny smile as she sees Crystal come up behind him.

Curtis turns and locks her with cold dead eyes.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Ooh I cannot wait to rip your head
off and shit down the hole.

He swings his bat. She actually catches it. He frowns, confused.

She yanks him towards the basement stairs, then jabs forward with as much strength as she can.

The bat cracks off Curtis' face and sends him cascading backwards down the stairs, the bat going with him.

He and it clang and bang off the walls down the stairs.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

(from below)

MOTHERFUCK!!!

Crystal rushes over and pulls Violet up into her arms.

She sprints down the hall, carrying her, stuffed animal flopping--

She runs out the front door.

She takes a glance down at Blake-- he's lifeless. She turns Violet away from the sight.

CRYSTAL

(whispering into her ear)

Violet, close your eyes, don't open
them again until I say so.

Violet puts one hand over her eyes, squeezes them shut, and clutches Crystal tightly with the other.

Crystal turns and sees Woody in the fetal position. He looks up at her, and stays where he is like a cowering dog.

Crystal looks ahead. She sees the horse tied up. She sprints towards it.

She unties it, puts Violet up first, climbs up behind. She turns the reins towards the front of the house--

As Lars and Dave run toward them with their shimmering blades.

LARS

Get them!

Crystal kicks the horses sides and heads right towards them.

CRYSTAL

H'YAW!!!

Lars and Dave dive in opposite directions -- Crystal steers the horse through them, carving a path towards the woods.

They gallop off. Violet continues to keep her eyes closed, white knuckling Feather Fee Fee.

Dave gets to his feet, furious.

Then he realizes he's fallen on his machete and cut himself open around one of his hips.

He wipes at the blood, then runs over to his motorbike.

DAVE

No WAY is she gettin' away with ANY
OF THIS!

He hops on and rips after the galloping horse, heading up a hill, headlight bobbing as his tires navigate the rocks.

He reaches into a saddlebag and pulls out his gun.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No guns, my ass!

AHEAD

Crystal and Violet, atop the horse, make it over the ridge and go from rocks to grass, hurtling towards a thick patch of trees.

CRYSTAL
Violet. Hold on tight!

Violet clutches tight as the horse enters the forest at the top of the hill, followed a beat later by the motorbike.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The horse jumps over a fallen tree and continues to gallop.

Crystal can hear the motorbike REV angrily behind them. She sees a branch up ahead. She makes a split second decision.

CRYSTAL
Take the reins. Make her whinny.
Real loud. And hang on!

Violet takes the reins and nods. Crystal tenses up, then leaps up at the branch. She grabs hold and scrambles up.

Violet, on the horse -- keeps going.

Crystal skitters upwards until she's about 10 feet higher.

A headlight looms -- an engine grows DEAFENING, as the cycle heads straight in the WHINNYING horse's direction.

Crystal times her jump perfectly. She soars through the air and lands right on Dave's back --

Both fall off the cycle as it continues, SMASHING, bouncing off a tree.

Crystal is on her feet, wincing from the pain in her leg. Fresh blood trickles down the side of her face.

Dave gets up, wobbly, grabs for the gun he dropped nearby.

He pulls it up to fire.

Crystal viciously kicks out at him, breaking a few bones in his hand. He drops the gun again.

He cringes as he makes another snatch for it with his good hand. He grabs it, but as he swings back around, Crystal encircles his arm with her arms like a snake.

He gives her a questioning look as she drops and BREAKS his arm on her hip. He screams. She throws him back hard against a tree.

He tries to step forward. She kicks him back into place with her good leg. He freezes.

She pauses. Looks closer...

A branch juts out of his eye, pushing the orb out slightly. She backs up, startled.

She then looks closer again. A sharp branch behind Dave's head has completely punctured the back of his skull.

She pulls him off with a slimy sound. He crumples to the ground. Crystal gets to her feet and turns around amongst the trees, searching for the direction of clicking horse hooves.

She moves away from the carnage of what's left of Dave and whistles loudly a few times, low to high.

The SOUND of hooves. A WHINNY. Violet and the horse emerge from the trees and approach. Crystal climbs back on.

VIOLET

I followed your whistle!

CRYSTAL

I know you did. And you did good.

VIOLET

Can we do it again?

Crystal allows a very bittersweet smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUTH OF FOREST - HILL RIDGE - A LITTLE LATER

Crystal and Violet sit on top of the horse and look down to see all the vehicles still parked in front of the farmhouse. There are lights on inside, and movement.

VIOLET

Can we go down and get Uncle Blake?

Crystal takes a deep breath.

CRYSTAL

No.

VIOLET

How come?

Crystal takes a moment to try to form her words correctly, then just goes for it.

CRYSTAL
Those men did a bad thing.
(long beat)
They killed your Uncle Blake.

At first Violet doesn't seem to get it. But then:

VIOLET
He's... dead? Like my Mom?

Crystal tries to speak. She can't. She just nods.

Violet cries into her stuffed animal. Crystal hugs her close.

CRYSTAL
You hug Fee Fee tight. As hard as
you can.

VIOLET
(through sobs)
Are you sure... he's dead?

Violet sobs.

CRYSTAL
Yeah. I'm sure.
(beat)
But we're gonna be Ok. You and me
are going to brave. We're going to
be together. And we're going to be
strong. And we're gonna be Ok.

Violet lets out another gasping sob that gets Crystal going herself. She steels herself and blinks tears away.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Ok, stop now. You know why? Because
we have to focus on making it
through the night.
(beat)
Cuz we can't go back down there.

Violet shakes her head, lower lip jutting.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
What we need to do is get to a
phone and call the police, and tell
them what happened.

VIOLET
There's a Sheriff in town. I know
where he lives.

CRYSTAL
That's great. Where is it?

VIOLET
On a map, it's up.

Violet holds up her hand and points to a spot in the air.

CRYSTAL
Straight up on a map is North. The
sun just set over there...

She points. Violet watches, fascinated.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
And there's the North Star.

She points up.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
So that means we go that way.

Crystal points North, straight ahead of them. Violet nods.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Cold?

Violet shakes her head.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
That's my girl.

They continue to trot. Violet cries softly, not wanting
Crystal to see.

EXT. FOREST - A LITTLE LATER

The moon strobes through the branches above as they move as
they continue to trot along.

Violet looks almost catatonic as she stares off into the
distance. Crystal seems to feel her sadness. She takes a
finger and curls Violet's hair behind her ears.

CRYSTAL
You know what?

VIOLET
What?

CRYSTAL

When I'm on horseback, at night, in
the forest, with pretty little
girls named Violet...

(beat)

You know what I like to do?

Violet shakes her head.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I like to sing a song. We'll sing
it quietly so we don't disturb all
the night creatures.

(sings)

*Happy trails to youuuu... until we
meet again. Happy trails to
youuuu... keep smilin' until
then...*

Violet hugs her stuffed animal bird tight.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(sings)

*Who cares about the clouds when
we're together? Just sing a song
and bring the sunny weather...*

Violet joins in wearily, knowing the song after all, and
gently going along with it.

CRYSTAL & VIOLET

(singing)

*...Happy trails to youuuu, until we
meet again...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST / TERRY'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

An owl turns to look at Crystal and Violet on horseback, then
looks away with a HOOT. Crystal smiles at Violet as they
share the sight. Violet almost smiles back, but doesn't.

A WHINE nearby. Crystal and Violet look around for it.

VIOLET

What is that?

CRYSTAL

Something in distress.

Violet points.

VIOLET
Over there.

They trot off west as the WHINING gets louder. TILT DOWN to the ground where a coyote's leg is trapped in a bear trap.

CRYSTAL

hops off and approaches.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
That dog's hurt real bad, huh?

CRYSTAL
It's a coyote. Stay up on the horse.

Crystal takes her shirt off and gingerly places it over the coyote's head. Blood has soaked through Crystal's shirt onto her bra.

She works fast. She pulls some jerky out of a pouch on her belt and puts it near the coyote's mouth, then unlaces one of her boots and rips the lace free.

The coyote's tongue sticks out from under the shirt and licks at the jerky.

She ties one end to a spring. She loops it around through the top and bottom, stands on the chain, and gives it a yank.

The spring is finally compressed enough that she can open it - CLICK.

She backs away slowly.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
You're free.

She and the coyote make fleeting eye contact, then the coyote darts off into the brush.

VIOLET

watches in awe as Crystal puts her lace back on, her shirt, limps back over, and jumps back up on the horse.

VIOLET
You saved it, Crystal.

CRYSTAL
WE saved him.

They head off, Crystal watching Violet from behind as she scratches the horse's ears as they ride.

Crystal watches the way she does this a beat longer.

She frowns. Something suddenly prompts her to ask:

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
How old are you anyway?

VIOLET
Seven and a half.

CLOSE ON Crystal as she nods.

CRYSTAL
Uh huh...

They pass through some trees.

Violet spots something and points.

VIOLET
Told ya!

Just down the hill is an extravagant house with a big flag proudly on display out front. They trot down and approach.

The horse steps onto the perfectly manicured lawn of Terry's house and bends down, chomps. Crystal turns her head and sees a Sheriff's car parked in the driveway.

The lights are on inside. There's some light and movement in the kitchen. A warm glow comes from the living room.

Crystal hops off and ties the horse up. Violet gets off too.

The front door opens. Sheriff Terry steps out with his gun raised. He eyes Crystal.

She smiles, then drops the smile as she realizes Terry is staring at her bloody shirt.

CRYSTAL
Evening. Sorry.

TERRY
Little late for a visit?

CRYSTAL
I can explain...

Violet runs up and hugs Terry's legs. He tenses up.

TERRY
Violet? I didn't see you there.

He turns to Crystal with a very accusatory look in his eyes.

TERRY (CONT'D)
What is this?

VIOLET
They killed my Uncle Blake! And now
he's killed!

TERRY
(to Crystal)
I asked you a question.

CRYSTAL
Sir, we were attacked, and-

ANGELA, Terry's wife, steps out, a heavy set woman in a red dress, straightened bob haircut, hipster glasses, clutching a glass of white wine.

ANGELA
Is there a polo game on my front
lawn? And if so why am I the last
to know about it?

TERRY
Angela. Violet and her friend here-

CRYSTAL
Crystal.

TERRY
-are in some kind of trouble.

ANGELA
As in put the kettle on for some
hot chocolate kind of trouble? Ooh.
My favourite kind. And I thought
tonight was gonna be *dull*.

Angela flashes Crystal an enigmatically friendly look.
Crystal smiles back, relieved.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Invite 'em in. Do I have to do
everything around here?
(to Crystal)
Come in.

She smiles and does a dramatic turn inside as they follow,
Crystal putting a relieved arm around Violet.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They shuffle into a living room right out of a magazine. The quirky personal touch is an overabundance of Christian art.

Terry puts his gun back into a holster by the door as his cell phone RINGS.

TERRY

I have to take this. Be right back.

Terry quickly steps into another room. Angela turns to Crystal and Violet. She looks them up and down as they enter.

ANGELA

Make yourselves at home.

Crystal and Violet look around a clean and orderly house, shelved knick knock collections everywhere.

An ornate dining room connects the living room to the kitchen. Angela turns on a chandelier and offers them a seat. Crystal and Violet sit at a table with a plate of cookies and a bowl of mints.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm going to put some water on to boil first. Don't go anywhere.

Angela steps into the kitchen. There's the sound of her OPENING and CLOSING a kitchen drawer, then she emerges with a first aid kit. She pulls up a chair next to them.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

There's some cookies there. Don't be shy. But the mints are mine.

Angela takes a wet wipe and goes to clean the clotted blood on Crystal's eyebrow while Violet has a cookie.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(before she touches
Crystal)

May I?

CRYSTAL

Thank you. I appreciate it.

Angela wipes gently at Crystal's eyebrow.

ANGELA

Beautiful hair.

CRYSTAL
It's mostly extensions.

ANGELA
Could've fooled me. So. What
happened tonight?

CRYSTAL
We should probably just tell the
story once, when your husband comes
back.

Angela's makes a 'fair enough' face, then notices Crystal's
dog tags. She pulls them out from her where they're tucked
inside her T-shirt delicately.

ANGELA
I should get you a new shirt.
What's this? Is this for real?
(reading dog tags)
Christian Towers?

Crystal looks proud but also blushes slightly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Your husband? Boyfriend? What?

Crystal looks around the room. She sees a crucifix on the
wall.

CRYSTAL
Just a friend.

Angela looks down at the dog tags, back to Crystal. The
kettle BOILS in the kitchen.

ANGELA
I'll go get that.
(neutral smile)
Don't go anywhere.

Angela heads into the kitchen through a swinging door. It
swings a couple times, then stops. Crystal grabs a cookie.

CRYSTAL
How are these?

Violet shakes her head and makes a disgusted face. Crystal
has a bite. CRUNCH. She makes a 'yuck' face. Violet smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Angela pours two hot chocolates into mugs on a tray. At the same time she refills her wine glass, then taps on a digital tablet on the counter.

She adjusts her hair and it shifts enough to reveal that she's wearing a wig.

ON SCREEN

A PICTURE of a highly decorated soldier of fortune. Christian Towers stands next to a flag, saluting.

ANGELA

You have got to be kidding me.

Angela takes her fingers and pinches out the picture, zooming in on the face.

It's Crystal, with short hair and a moustache... in her former life as an elite soldier of fortune.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh my. Juicy.

BACK OUT IN THE DINING ROOM

Terry enters, putting his phone away. He glances at Crystal and Violet.

TERRY

Hey.

He frowns as he looks back at Crystal, locking eyes with her.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Just got off the phone with the owner of the local bar. You were involved in a fight there tonight?

CRYSTAL

Lemme tell you the whole story. My side at least which would help with clarity.

TERRY

Why don't you take me back to the beginning.

Angela comes out of the kitchen with a tray and places a hot chocolate in front of Crystal and Violet. The kitchen door swings a couple times behind her, then stops.

ANGELA
Honey, want a hot chocolate?

TERRY
Better make mine a coffee.
Something tells me it's gonna be a
long night.

ANGELA
Aye aye, Cap'n.

Angela heads back into the kitchen.

TERRY
First question.

Terry sits down across from Crystal.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Did you see what actually happened
to Blake earlier?

CRYSTAL
It happened a little out of my
eyeline, but I saw the end result.
I was defending myself from being
next. And then...

Crystal glances at Violet, then averts her eyes.

TERRY
But you didn't see what happened.
(to Violet)
How about you? Did you see what
happened to your Uncle?

VIOLET
He got hit with a big old bat,
right here.

She shows where on her own face.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
He cried. Then he went to sleep and
then he died.

Crystal looks shocked to hear that Violet actually saw it
happen. She flashes a frown at Terry.

CRYSTAL
I thought we were going to start at
the beginning.

TERRY
We'll get there.

Crystal looks around the room, trying to focus. She stands up suddenly, instinctively knowing something's wrong, but it's happening too fast.

Crystal grabs the table for support, her fingers slipping.

CRYSTAL
No wait, Violet-

She takes a tumble, melts right into the floor. Out.

Terry calmly turns and looks at Violet. She's face first on the table, still clutching her stuffed animal bird.

Angela steps in with a satisfied smile. The kitchen door swings a couple times behind her, then stops.

TERRY
They barely even put their lips to it. How strong did you make it?

ANGELA
I don't fuck around.

TERRY
I was going to see if I could let them go, if they didn't actually see anything happen.

ANGELA
Yeah right, you think I was just gonna let an ABERRATION la-dee-da outta here and continue being disgusting all over the sweet place? Bitch, please.

Angela's voice is slightly slurred. Terry smiles.

TERRY
How much have you had to drink? And what are you talking about?

ANGELA
She? Is a fucking HE. And HE is a decorated war hero. You just better make sure you deal with this. This isn't another no name drifter.

TERRY
Yeah. Ok.

ANGELA
Yeah, well I'm just saying.

She pokes Terry hard in the chest. Terry looks down at Crystal sprawled on the floor.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Go ahead and check if you don't believe me.

TERRY
I'll pass. What about her?

He cocks his head towards Violet.

ANGELA
What, you wanna check what gender she is too?

Terry rolls his eyes.

TERRY
No, what do we do with her? And their fucking horse?

ANGELA
Don't get snippy. I'll deal with that. And that little girl is a golden goose.
(beat)
You just make sure your mentally handicapped friends don't try to cut her open and look for gold inside.

CLOSE ON Violet, then over to Crystal, sprawled out on the linoleum floor.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. QUONSET HUT - TIME UNKNOWN

CRYSTAL'S POV

Darkness. Bright white light. A fluorescent bulb in a metal cage.

TILT DOWN to Woody. He leans in and sneers.

Curtis holds up a red hot poker - it has a 'C' on it. It comes in close. We hear a SIZZLE.

A scream, far away, echoey. Smoke rises. The guys laugh. Woody guzzles from a bottle of whiskey.

JUMP CUT

Curtis and Woody sit down at a make-shift table and chairs, playing cards, a cloud of smoke above their heads.

Lars smokes some crack from a pipe and goes to a tool box. He picks up a pair of pliers.

The guys laugh and shake their heads.

Lars comes closer.

The POV turns to the shadows on the wall.

That far away, echoey scream again.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP again to see Curtis come at camera again and again, punching with a bloody fist.

JUMP CUT. Then again, with a bloody 2 by 4, hitting her body.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP to see Woody on his own in the room trying to masturbate, but he can't seem to get it up. He keeps trying to move around a floppy tiny dick.

He gets mad and picks up the bottle of whiskey.

He downs it, and shatters the bottle over Crystal.

INT. QUONSET HUT - SOMETIME LATER

The place is empty except for Crystal.

We see through her POV again.

We hear her awful, painful sounding BREATHS...

A DRIP SOUND as a drop of her blood hits what sounds like plastic sheeting below.

A crappy, tinny radio with smudged burns all over it PLAYS classic rock on a shelf in the corner.

A little mirror and some coke are on the make-shift table beside a credit card and a filthy rolled up bill.

Curtis' Swiss army knife is open and covered in powder.

CLOSE ON - Crystal's bruised eyes as she blinks.

Blood drips off her eyelashes.

WIDE

She's hung from the wrists by a padlock hooked to a chain that swings from the rafters.

Duct tape binds her ankles. Her toes barely touch a plastic square taped under her on the floor.

She's covered in crusty blood. She has burns all over her exposed torso. Staples. A nail through a cheek.

A door opens next to a mini fridge, exposing daylight for a moment. Sounds of QUAD ENGINES as they race around outside.

Woody enters and opens the mini fridge. He pulls a beer out with one hand, then changes hands because his arm hurts so much. He cracks it as he walks over to Crystal with a smirk.

WOODY

How ya holdin' up?

(laughs)

Get it?

(waits, nothing)

Then laugh.

Crystal looks at him with a pale, neutral expression, breathing slowly.

WOODY (CONT'D)

You hurt my arm real bad. And maybe you also don't think I'm funny.

Woody shrugs. He grabs the Swiss army knife off the make-shift table and holds it up as he comes closer.

WOODY (CONT'D)

You know what else ain't funny? Me cutting your dick off. I'm not scared like the others, ya know. You wanna be a girl, go ahead! What're ya waiting for? Let's go.

Woody grits his teeth, trying to be tougher than he is. He unzips Crystal's pants, yanks them down awkwardly. He looks down, brings the knife forward. He tries to steel himself.

WOODY (CONT'D)
I will do it. Yeah, I will. Try
laughing now.

Crystal closes her eyes. Surrenders.

Woody freezes.

He's noticed Terry, in his cop uniform, standing by the other
door at the back of the quonset.

TERRY
Nice show. Really. Absolutely
riveting.

Woody tries to hide the knife. Terry walks towards him.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Nobody's scared to cut his dick
off. They just happen to know that
if they did, he'd bleed out and
die. Because maybe they have more
than two brain cells to rub
together.

Woody looks upset but can't speak.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I told you, what? A million times?
(beat)
Anything that happens to ANYONE
happens in HERE, or in the
BASEMENT.

Terry gets closer.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Always keep the mess to a minimum,
keep it ON THE PLASTIC. And all
deaths happen at the drop-off
point. No exceptions. I can't have
murder scenes all over my town. Is
any of this sounding familiar? It
doesn't matter that Curtis is my
brother, moron. I will always look
after number one. And that's me.
Not you. Or anyone else.

He gets right in Woody's face.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Now. Who was it that killed someone
off-site last night?

WOODY
Curtis. He killed Blake.

TERRY
Snitch.
(disgusted beat)
This is a sacred place. And you're
banned from now on without adult
accompaniment. *Now get the fuck
out.*

WOODY
(about to sob)
I'm sorry, Terry.

TERRY
Just keep your head down.

Woody drops the Swiss army knife back on the make-shift table and leaves, sobbing, covering his eyes with a sleeve.

Terry turns to Crystal. She spits some blood through her teeth in his general direction. It lands on the cement instead of the plastic. Terry notices.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Now why would you have to go and do
a thing like that?

Terry takes a hanky from his pocket, spits on it, and drops it on the blood. He wipes, picks it back up, lights it, then slowly throws it in a burning barrel. He looks satisfied.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You're not really their usual M.O.
Wrong place. Wrong time. Don't you
hate that? Reading about it
happening to other people, then one
day, it's you? But you kinda went
out of your way to get hurt, didn't
you? What were you thinking?

A long pause. Then:

CRYSTAL
That the world was beautiful.

Crystal's voice is garbled as her mouth is swollen and some of her teeth are missing. Terry seems impressed.

TERRY
It speaks. I was beginning to think
they'd broken you for good.

Terry goes over and looks at the coke table. Tastes it.

TERRY (CONT'D)
So you're some highly decorated war
hero. Medal of honour? *Really?*

Crystal just stares at him.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Well you ain't much of a hero now.
(beat)
You had it. Then you decided to
throw it away. Was it all too much,
and one day you just went... snap?

Crystal just glares with an immense silent strength.

CRYSTAL
Where's Violet?

TERRY
She's close. Don't you worry. She's
gonna be very useful to us.

CLOSE ON Crystal's eyes as if a fire ignites deep inside.

CRYSTAL
You killed her mother.

Terry flashes an ambiguous smile.

TERRY
I'd love to stay and chat, but I
have to get to work. It's mostly
over now. They'll take you on their
traditional Monday morning fishing
trip and...

Terry shrugs, gets close. He pulls her pants back up and zips them. He slowly pulls the nail out of her cheek. She holds her breath and pretends it doesn't hurt.

He examines it. He makes a face like he doesn't approve.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Maybe next time around you can get
it right. Do you see that this is
what happens when you mess with the
natural order of things?

She manages to squint at him.

Curtis steps into the hut, sunlight backlighting him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Curtis. Keep an extra eye on our friend here. I think he might still have a shred of hope.

CURTIS

(laughs)

Trust me, that dude ain't going anywhere. And if you see Dave, tell him to call me.

Terry gets up close to Curtis. Curtis finally notices.

TERRY

One more fuck up.

Curtis looks defensive, then slowly nods.

TERRY (CONT'D)

We all have a good thing going here. Keep it that way. I'll keep an eye out for Dave. Have a nice day.

Terry leaves. Curtis grabs a beer. He glances at Crystal in a disinterested way.

CURTIS

No one even wanted a piece of you. Ha. Too bad. A real gal usually gets the full treatment in here.

He sneers at her, then leaves. Crystal looks around. Her eyes try to focus through a haze of pain.

She sees the Swiss army knife next to the coke mirror. She gets an idea...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

Violet moves through a dark room. She feels the walls, trying to figure out where she is.

She finds a door. It's locked.

Right next to it - a light switch - but it doesn't work.

She walks across the room and bumps into a string. She pulls it -- a single bare light bulb illuminates above her.

A basement room made of stained dry wall. Concrete floor. A cage in a corner with an elaborate feeding tube.

In the middle of the room is a frilly bed with stuffed animals all over it. It sits over a patch of floor tiles that make it appear like it could be a normal kid's bedroom.

In the middle of the bed is Violet's stuffed animal bird.

VIOLET

Fee fee!

Violet grabs it and hugs it tight. Looks around.

She sees a stained mirror on the wall and goes to it. She puts her hands up on it and leaves finger print smudges.

She looks in a corner and sees a couple flats of baby food. She heads over and opens one, sticks a finger in to taste it.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Let me out! HELP ME! HELP!!!!

Violet looks alarmed. She stops eating and jumps on the bed, hugging her stuffed bird close, curling up, frightened.

She looks at the mirror. ZOOM IN on it slowly. DISSOLVE to a video camera LENS, looking like an evil eye.

CUT TO:

INT. QUONSET HUT - SAME TIME

Crystal tip-toes to the coke table with her duct taped together ankles, wincing in pain with each strained movement, the rusty chain swinging and scraping above her.

She gets close enough to get her foot up on the table. She scoops for the knife. She knocks it off, onto the floor...

She blinks hard, backs up, comes in at a different angle...

She edges the knife closer, closer -- as she squeezes all her toes together so she can lift it right up. She's got it.

Now to get it from her feet to her hands.

She pauses. She takes a deep breath. She lets it out as she looks up at her wrists with dread.

A couple drops of blood go DAP on the plastic below.

She lets out a grunt of pain and effort as she jack-knives her whole body and brings her feet right up to her hands.

CRYSTAL

AHHHH!!!

Her right hand grasps for the Swiss army knife. Her whole body trembles in agony. She hyperventilates.

She drops her feet down and takes a few moments to recover, quivering in pain.

Then she quickly extracts the scissor tool from the knife with her hands. She uses the tiny scissors to expertly pick the padlock holding the chains around her wrists together.

It suddenly CLICKS open. She's abruptly released from above--

She falls forward, using her hands at the last moment to stop from smashing her face on the floor. The effort makes her gag with pain.

She hears boots on gravel outside, coming closer. She quickly uses the scissors to cut through the duct tape on her ankles.

She grabs a baggie of cocaine off the table and snorts some right out of the bag. Her focus instantly sharpens.

She squeezes the bag into a pouch on her belt, then crawls quickly along the concrete towards the back of the quonset.

She ducks behind some flats as Woody comes in the front door. He spots the chain on the floor right away.

WOODY

Hey! HEY!! HEY!!!

Woody scampers out the front door.

WOODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HEY!!!!

CRYSTAL

at the back door, crawls out desperately.

EXT. QUONSET HUT - CONTINUOUS

Crystal exits on hands and knees and hides behind a tarp.

She hears some distant SHOUTS, then a few BARKS.

WOODY (O.S.)
Get the dogs!

Crystal sees a fence 100 feet away. She limps towards it, low. She goes from bush to crate to tree, wincing.

Suddenly, two dogs' BARKS get closer... a vicious SNARL.

Crystal looks behind her --

Two dogs bound towards her.

She grabs some jerky from a pouch and drops it down.

One goes for it. The other doesn't take its eyes off Crystal as it runs, drool flying out of its flapping gums--

Crystal sprints as fast as she can towards the fence, but her limp is slowing her down.

The dog nips at her heels, sinking its teeth into her calf.

She kicks it off viciously and does a somersault over a wheelbarrow as the dog smashes into it.

The dog rolls over and is up and running again right away, gnashing its teeth.

CURTIS (O.S.)
OVER THERE!! Boys, we got the
fucker!

Crystal speeds up and makes a heroic leap towards the fence.

As soon as she hits it, she gets ZAPPED -- all her muscles seize up, hard.

She's on an electric fence. All the blood covering her body only helps conduct the electricity.

Her hair actually SIZZLES as her muscles continue to seize up as she falls backwards...

Onto her back. Out of breath.

The dog comes and gnashes at her neck. She can't move - her face frozen in an expression of shock.

Curtis rushes up and pulls the dog back. She's still frozen.

CRYSTAL'S POV - as Curtis steps in. He shakes his head disapprovingly.

His fist FILLS the FRAME as a hard punch he throws connects.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

A mist rises off the water.

A boat sits in the middle of all the gray.

In the boat, Curtis and Woody sit at one end. Woody fishes off the back.

Crystal wakes up, curled up at the other end of the boat, bruised and battered. Her wrists and ankles are bound with zap straps. She shivers.

Curtis has a tube of Styrofoam cups. He pulls a couple out and pours Irish Cream into them. He hands one to Woody.

CURTIS

You know Woody, it's mornings like
this that make me glad to be alive.

Curtis raises his cup.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Here's to the hole that never
heals, the more you rub it the
better it feels. And all the soap
this side of hell, won't wash away
that fishy smell. Wine, women,
song, and vice, syphyllis,
blueballs, crabs and lice. We've
had 'em all by Jesus Christ. To the
Queen!

Woody smiles huge. They tap cups and drink.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Ah. That'll rip the hair off your
feet. Eh, Woody?

Woody shrugs. Curtis puts the bottle to Crystal's lips, and pours a bunch into her mouth. She takes it gladly.

WOODY

Curtis?

CURTIS

Yeah? What? What is it, Woody?

WOODY

I've been wonderin'. Why do they
call it 'taking a shit'? I mean,
you're not taking anything, right?
You're leaving something behind.

CURTIS
Is this a round-about way of you
telling me you need to take a crap?

WOODY
Naw, I was just wondering. Can't a
man wonder?

Curtis takes the bottle away from Crystal, ignoring Woody,
and just finishes it himself.

CURTIS
(to Crystal)
Ok, Cinderfella. This is where we
drop you off. Say hi to everyone
down there, if you happen to feel
anything on the way to the bottom.

Curtis laughs. A loon CALLS OUT. We notice for the first time
that Blake is also in the boat as Curtis tries to roll his
lifeless body out, but gets a little stuck on the lip.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
Woody, help me out here. Come on!

WOODY
You always need my help when
they're alive, but he's dead.

CURTIS
They still weigh the same, dick
face. Get over here!

CRYSTAL
(croaky)
Wait. I have a dying wish...

Curtis looks shocked that Crystal can still speak. Woody sets
his rod aside.

He and Curtis scoop Blake up by the head and tail and toss
him off into the water. Crystal watches sadly.

SPLASH.

CURTIS
(to Woody)
This should be good.

CRYSTAL
Tell me what happened to Violet's
Mom...

CURTIS
(scoffs)
Liz?

Curtis shares a secret glance with Woody.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
You can take your dying wish and
shove it up your fucking ass since
you don't have a twat. You should
be makin' peace with your maker
right now. Not worrying about that
stupid cunt.

They grab Crystal by the head and tail.

They roll her off.

FROM ABOVE - another big SPLASH.

Two sets of ripples pan out for a while, then settle.

The loon CALLS again.

IN THE WATER

Crystal sinks fast, leaving a long frenzied trail of bubbles.

In the darkness, we can just make out Blake's lifeless body
as she lands on him. She brushes another BODY right beside
him.

Then, another BODY right underneath him.

She looks around, a bubble escaping one nostril. In the
murkiness it appears that there are bodies EVERYWHERE. She
thinks fast and starts going through the pockets of shirts
and pants she can grab with her bound hands.

Nothing. She moves to another. Another. Then she suddenly
realizes there's a WHOLE LOT MORE...

She pushes through all the dark objects closing in, to a
clearing just on the other side of a huge rock face,
revealing the rusty wreckage of--

A CAR.

She dolphin swims over to it. One of the car door windows is
mostly gone, but a few jagged shards remain. Inside, a
graying corpse.

Crystal puts her wrists on either side of the glass and grinds it back and forth. She cuts herself, but manages to cut the plastic too.

CLOSE ON the zap strap as it splits apart. She stays down for a few more moments as she manages to get her feet up to the same spot on the car window and drag the plastic binding her ankles back and forth.

She cuts her leg. Blood, like an inflating balloon, blooms around her. She forges on.

The zap strap on her ankles splits apart. She makes a deep groaning sound underwater. She needs air desperately but she can't go straight up as the boat is still there.

Crystal swims as far from the area as she can, her sinewy muscles propelling her through the water at a high speed, blood trailing behind her.

She finally heads up, closer to shore, against a patch of thick weeds --

Crystal's head breaks the surface, swollen, bruised. She opens her mouth and tries not to make too much noise as she gasps.

She looks out and sees the boat a few hundred yards away.

Curtis starts to row as Woody stands up, dancing.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Sit down! You don't stand in a boat! What are you doing?

WOODY

Dancing on her grave! I mean his.

CURTIS

Shut up and sit your ass down.

Crystal slips out of the water onto a bank and disappears into some bushes. She shivers and pants.

Woody finally sits down and the boat gets farther away.

Crystal looks around.

She spots a wind turbine in the distance. It turns, turns, turns.

She looks the other way to see which way the sun is rising.

She finally limps off, as quickly as she can.

FOREST

We watch her lurch, limp after painful limp.

She sits down on a stump for a moment, exhausted, closing her eyes.

She eats some jerky pellets from her pouch. She chases it with a little more cocaine.

She gets up and moves on.

PRAIRIE

Crystal continues to move through farmland, looking around for anybody noticing. Her shadow is long as the sun continues to rise.

She passes by a big huge billboard advertising General Joe Williams for Governor. She looks up at him as if begging him for help. A crow lands on his head, then changes its mind and flies away.

She forges on. We hear her breath rattle around through all her broken ribs.

CUT TO:

E/I. BLAKE AND VIOLET'S FARMHOUSE - A BIT LATER

Crystal limps towards the property.

It looks foreboding now.

She heads in.

INSIDE

She takes a shower in her clothes, slowly taking them off as she cleans herself.

Steam billows. We can just make out her breasts and penis. She holds the walls for support, head down.

CLOSE ON SHOWER DRAIN

Blood, dirt, and twigs swirl down and away.

BATHROOM SINK

Bandaged on the shoulder, rib area, and a few on the face and hands, she proceeds to sew a couple gashes on her legs shut.

She uses some of the cocaine on the deep gashes around her face as a pain killer.

She pulls her lower eyelids down. There's hardly any white in her eyes, it's all just blood red.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Crystal redresses, the sun backlighting her through the window.

She picks up a framed photo of Liz and Violet off a dresser.

She slowly strokes Liz's face with her index finger.

CRYSTAL

I came back too late. I'm sorry.

Her finger drifts over to Violet.

She places the picture back on the dresser and pulls a water proof zip-lock bag out of a zipper on her pants.

She unseals it and pulls out a thin book.

Above a desk in the bedroom is a map on the wall of the area and all the farm land / ownership designation.

She quickly figures out where everything is and points to the spot where Curtis' property is.

She looks closely, squints, then gets an address off the map. She picks up a phone, looks up a phone number in the little book still in her hand, and dials. Her hand trembles.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Good morning. May I speak to
General Joe Williams?

(beat)

Can you get him an urgent message?

(sounding nervous)

I need you to tell him Christian
Towers called... I served with him
in Iraq, Afghanistan, a few dozen
other missions. He'll remember me.

(beat)

We made a deal. If I ever needed
anything, I was to call right away.
I'm calling now.

(beat)

I need him. And I need everything
he's got... I'm going on ahead.

(MORE)

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
I'll meet him there. Here's the
address...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She pulls her hair back into a pony-tail. She takes out her compact as if she's going to apply make-up.

Then, very deliberately, she starts to apply a fierce war paint design to her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE / BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal limps towards her motorbike.

She rights her motorbike, gives it a once over, then drops the kickstand.

COMPARTMENT

She pulls out a DESERT EAGLE HANDGUN and checks it.

She pulls out A TRANQUILIZER DART GUN and also gives it the once over.

She straps on two shoulder holsters and slides the guns in.

FIVE GRENADES

get strapped to her belt.

A BLACK DUFFEL BAG

gets dragged along as she limps to the barn.

INSIDE THE BARN

She finds some alligator clips, some wire, a mallet, a stake.

Some big rubber gardening gloves. A big bottle of water.

All go in the bag.

OUTSIDE

She limps back to her motorbike and gets on, slipping the bag on as a backpack.

Crystal starts the bike, and looks around at the farm wistfully.

She rides off, coasting slowly until she's off the property.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Crystal rides faster and faster.

She accelerates even more as she WHIPS RIGHT PAST US.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CURTIS' HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Crystal pulls up outside the compound, a good distance from the fence.

She tilts the motorbike over, and puts branches and brush all over it. She then limp-walks towards the fence.

EXT. FENCE - A MOMENT LATER

She drops the bag, ZIPS it open.

She puts the gloves on and drives a stake into the ground, carefully, quietly, using the bag itself to muffle the sound.

She attaches a piece of the wire to the top of the stake.

She pours water from the bottle all over the area. She saves a gulp of liquid for herself.

She attaches the clips to some wire and clips one end to the wire on the stake, the other end to the fence.

She backs away, as she quickly makes the connection happen--

SPARKS, a POP, some smoke, as she shorts out the fence.

She spots a WARNING: ELECTRIC FENCE sign hidden behind an overgrown bush. She rips it off the fence and gives it a dismissive toss over her shoulder.

She then scrambles up the fence and peeks over.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

All seems quiet.

She pulls some jerky pellets out and gives a tiny WHISTLE.

She throws them below, then dips out of sight for a moment.

One dog comes around the corner and sniffs the air. It ventures over.

In a beat or two, the other dog shows up and follows.

Crystal pulls herself back up higher and aims her tranquilizer gun. She SHOOTs one.

It goes right on eating.

She PANS OVER and SHOOTs the other. Both dogs keep eating.

They look up at each other confused for a moment. One almost falls. Then they both suddenly keel over, one still licking and eating... right up to the moment where they both freeze.

Crystal holsters her tranquilizer gun. She climbs over the fence and drops down.

She stays low as she limps over to the dogs. They're both breathing, sleeping peacefully. She pats one on the head.

Then, she slips over and hides behind a stack of crates.

She looks in all directions. She limp runs to a car and uses it for cover as she gets closer to the house.

She stops when she spots movement. Ducks low. Woody walks out the back door. He sneaks some baby food.

Crystal looks to her right and sees one of the greenhouses. She spots two doors.

She picks up a rock and whips it at one of the glass panels closest to Woody. The rock CRACKs the glass in a star pattern. Woody pockets the jar he's eating from and heads into the greenhouse to take a closer look.

Crystal limp-runs quickly from the car to a crate beside the greenhouse.

She catches her breath. She steels herself for her next move. Then she stealthily slips in the other door.

INT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal sneaks in and hides behind a table. Sunlight blasts in. The whole place is filled with marijuana plants.

She sees Woody at the far end as he looks around.

WOODY

*I been workin' on the railroad, all
the ding dong day...*

(beat)

*I been workin' on the railroad,
dontcha take my booze away...*

Crystal picks up another tiny pebble and whips it at a can of pop that rests on a ledge between them.

There's a loud CRACK.

Woody turns, instantly paranoid.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Huh?

Crystal stays hidden behind a plant.

Woody heads towards the can, which is in Crystal's direction. He gets closer and peers at the dent on the side of the can.

WOODY (CONT'D)

What's happening right now?

He looks at it from all sides, like a gorilla at a computer. Crystal whips another pebble at the spot near the door he came in from - CRACK. He looks back and away from her.

She quickly circles around behind him, and grabs him in a choke-hold before he can turn back around. He almost yells out and she tightens her grip until he chokes.

CRYSTAL

Shh. You're going to tell me where
Violet is. And then you're going to
take me there. Are we clear?

Woody realizes who it is. He can't believe it. At first he looks terrified, like it's a ghost.

WOODY

Wha- how did y-

Crystal increases the pressure of the hold, cutting him off.

CRYSTAL

Don't talk. Just show me.

Crystal takes a moment to catch her breath and maintain her focus / strength. She then pushes him forward.

He tries to struggle out of her grasp. She takes the gun out of her holster and cocks it against his head.

They move. Before they can get out of the greenhouse, however, Curtis steps in through the main door.

He's got a double barrel shotgun aimed right in their direction.

CURTIS

Back from the dead I see. Not for long.

Crystal pushes Woody forward so it looks like he's charging Curtis.

At the same time, she dives out of the way--

As Curtis FIRES.

Woody's left hand is vaporized in a red mist blur. Behind him, a glass panel SHATTERS.

WOODY

AHHH!! FUUUUUUCK ME SIDEWAYS!!!!

Woody pinwheels his arm, screaming, he runs forward towards Curtis, spraying blood everywhere.

Curtis FIRES again, instinctively, and manages to aim it up and away from Woody at the last second.

It TAKES OUT glass panels above. Glass RAINS down on them.

CURTIS

Hells fuckin' bells! Look out!

Crystal, stomach on the ground, winces as glass rains down.

She peeks under a table. She spots Curtis as he grabs Woody and tries to deal with his profusely bleeding arm. He snatches a rag off a nearby table and hastily makes a tourniquet, pulling it tight with his teeth.

WOODY

Why'd you shoot me? Why'd you shoot me, Curtis?

CURTIS

Shut the fuck up, Woody. Obviously I didn't mean to. I'm savin' you now, aren't I?

WOODY

(whiny)
Curtissss... it hurts.

Crystal crawls slowly towards the closest door, trying to be ninja quiet.

Curtis slaps Woody across the face.

CURTIS

Cowboy the fuck up! Right now!

Crystal accidentally knocks a watering can off a shelf. She cringes.

Curtis drops Woody and spins to fire - CLICK. Out of bullets. He quickly reloads as Crystal continues to crawl.

He spots her. He aims. She looks back and sees him.

She rolls out of the way behind some stacks of plant pots just as he FIRES--

A huge dust cloud as the area explodes.

BEHIND THE PLANT POTS - Crystal winces in pain as she shifts. She catches her breath.

She spots the closest door - it's too far to get to.

She sees that Curtis is moving closer towards her, close enough for her now to attack.

Crystal grabs a pot and flings it into the air, away from the direction she wants to ambush Curtis from.

Curtis follows the pot and SHOOTS it, skeet style, dirt flying everywhere. He's out of bullets again.

Crystal gets up and limp-runs at him as his stubby fingers frantically try to reload. There's no way he can in time.

Crystal kicks out with her good leg.

The shotgun he's trying to load gets booted out of his hands and up into his face, cracking off bone.

He falls back against a work bench and slumps to the floor.

Crystal picks up the shot gun.

Curtis tries to roll over and get up.

She smashes him under the eye with the butt of the shotgun, pulverizing flesh and bone. He grunts. His face darkens as blood continues to spread out just under the skin.

It seems he might pass out. Suddenly, he's trying to get up.

CRYSTAL
Would you just stay down!?

Crystal raises the butt of the shotgun again, but he finally weakens on his own. He slumps.

CURTIS
(a feeble whisper)
Fuckin'...

He's out cold.

Crystal sighs and looks around to see a trail of blood. It heads out the back door.

Crystal quickly grabs some loose ratty rope from a shelf. She hastily ties Curtis' wrists to an irrigation pipe, then quickly limps to the door and out after Woody.

EXT. GREENHOUSE / DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The blood gets patchy on the grass behind the greenhouse. She follows it, each step a stabbing jolt of pain.

She follows through a row of trees and out into the open to see that Woody's now on a dock by the tied off fishing boat.

He's attempting to untie it, but with only one hand. The result is like some kind of grotesque slapstick.

Crystal approaches. He sees her and panics, trying to do what he's doing even faster, which only makes it even clumsier.

He suddenly loses his balance and falls right into the water.

WOODY
Ahh!!! I can't frickin' swim!

He splashes, then goes underwater, unable to keep himself above the surface. He's in full panic mode now.

Crystal can't help but look slightly amused.

Woody pulls himself up for a moment, enough time to yell:

WOODY (CONT'D)
(between water mouthfuls)
HELP ME!!!

Crystal makes a 'you gotta be kidding me' face. She stands and watches as he flails and shrieks.

He starts to cry.

WOODY (CONT'D)
PLEASE! I'm sorry!

He cries and chokes and starts puking water. He goes under. Water is filling his lungs.

He comes up, his eyes rolling back from all the effort.

Crystal limps over and holds out a reluctant hand. He eventually grabs it.

She pulls him up, wincing at the weight she has to put on her bad leg.

On the dock he coughs and pukes up lake water.

Crystal lets it happen, then grabs Woody by the back of the shirt and drags him along like a dog. He chokes and coughs.

CUT TO:

E/I. GREENHOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Crystal strides with fierce pride despite her dramatic limp as she continues to drag Woody by the back of the shirt.

Woody's starting to fade now though. His eyes aren't really focusing on anything. Crystal notices.

CRYSTAL
You're not gonna be of any use to
me now, are you?

She stops and grabs him by the face.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Where is Violet?!

Woody takes a long blink. His head lolls. She squeezes his face harder. He moves his lips. She leans in.

WOODY
(weakly)
In the main house.
(beat)
Downstairs.

Woody's eyes close. He's out.

Crystal drags an unconscious Woody into the greenhouse and over to where Curtis still lays.

She grabs more rope. She ties Woody to another irrigation pipe, far enough away from Curtis that they can't untie each other.

She limp-walks out the main door.

As the door shuts, Curtis opens his eyes. He wiggles his phone the rest of the way out of a pocket on his jeans and kicks it forward with a knee.

He leans down awkwardly and attempts to use his chin to press speed dial. It works.

On the phone's screen: 'Calling Terry'

Curtis smiles, as blood bubbles out his nose.

CUT TO:

EXT. CURTIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal limp walks around the whole perimeter of the house, peeking in windows as she passes them.

She hears a cel phone RINGING. It's Peter Gabriel's '*Shock the Monkey*' as a ring tone.

She sneaks up to the front of the house and looks through a thin vertical window beside the front door. She spots a phone plugged in on a little table in the front foyer.

When it stops ringing, and no one has come to answer it, Crystal scans the area and quickly tries the front door.

It's unlocked. She steps in.

INT. CURTIS' HOUSE - FOYER / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She passes the phone and heads through the foyer area, into the living room.

There are animal heads mounted on the walls. A huge digital projection screen hangs in front of a scratched up coffee table covered in drug paraphernalia, porn, and gun magazines.

She looks up at the screen.

Most of it is a football game, but there are 5 smaller squares in the corner. They all look like security footage of five separate dingy rooms.

One is currently lit up with a construction light and it appears that Lars is standing behind a WOMAN bound to a chair.

Crystal limps closer to the screen to get a better look.

ON SCREEN: Lars takes a big de-boning knife and holds it up next to the woman's head in a threatening way.

Crystal quickly scans the room. There's a kitchen off to the side, three old fashioned looking doors, a staircase leading upstairs, a big painting of Bruce Lee behind the couch.

She moves through the room, checking the doors. She steps in a pile of dog shit in the middle of everything. There are a few other big turds lying around, some with crossed boot prints tracked through them like they've been there forever.

One door leads to a filthy bathroom. Behind another door is a mini-arsenal of weapons and ammo. The door closest to the kitchen has a different design. There are several dead-bolt locks on it. They're all already unlatched.

As Crystal unseals the door, she notices it's been sound proofed with insulation and extra layers of wood.

As soon as it opens, she can hear Western Swing music from below.

She cautiously heads down, gun drawn.

INT. BASEMENT / INDIVIDUAL ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Crystal moves through a damp, stained basement with ugly, flickering fluorescent lighting.

She scans the space - quickly counts 5 doors.

There's a HUMMING deep freeze at the base of the stairs. She spots flats of baby food and bleach jugs.

Crystal waits and listens. She hears CRYING coming from the room closest to her.

She steps over to it. She tries it. It's locked. There's a couple slide locks in place.

She doesn't hear anything else, so she carefully slides both locks and opens the door a crack to peek in.

There's a FEMALE SILHOUETTE huddled in the corner. Crystal steps cautiously into the room. Once inside:

CRYSTAL
(whispers)
Violet?

The silhouette grows taller, as whoever it is suddenly stands up with a loud GASP.

Crystal backs up -- the figure turns towards her.

Crystal hold out her hand.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
(whispers)
It's Ok. I'm not here to hurt you.
I'm here to get you out of here.

The woman slowly, shakily, holds out her hand.

Crystal takes it gingerly. She leads her out of the room.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
I got ya.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - the SOUND OF ANOTHER DOOR OPENING at the far end of the room.

Crystal pulls the woman behind the deep freeze.

The flickering neon light splashes on the woman's face. Crystal looks over. Her jaw drops.

The woman looking back at her is Liz.

Emaciated and exhausted, but it's definitely her, tears covering her face. But she can also see Crystal. And if anything she's even more shocked.

Before she can elaborate, Lars exits a room with a blood covered smock. He rips it off and throws it into a rusty washing machine in the corner.

Crystal and Liz sink as low as they can as Lars turns and stops in his tracks... as he notices Liz's door is open.

He looks around the basement, then slowly unlocks and steps into the room right beside Liz's.

Crystal looks back. Liz stares at her.

LIZ
(whispers)
Christian?

CRYSTAL
(whispers)
Yeah.
(beat)
Your daughter's here.

Another deep gasp from Liz.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Don't worry, we are not leaving
without her.

Crystal steps over to the door that Lars went through.

Crystal opens the door. She peeks in. She spots Violet sitting on the edge of the bed, clutching her stuffed animal.

Crystal takes a step into the room. As she does, a gun barrel presses against her temple.

She turns ever so slightly and spots Lars behind the door.

LARS
You just can't get good help
nowadays, can you?
(beat)
Congratulations on getting this
far, but I'm not an imbecile like
those other fellas.

Violet drops her stuffed bird on the bed and rushes Lars.

VIOLET
Let her go! Crystal is my friend!

At the same moment, Liz shoulders the door and knocks Lars hard enough from behind that his gun falls out of his hand.

Violet gapes at Liz with her mouth wide open, big eyes.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
MOM?!!!

Liz smiles, tears running freely. Violet runs and leaps into Liz's arms with a desperate intake of breath.

As Lars rubs his injured hand, and tries to think of his next move, Crystal kicks the gun on the floor away, turns, and punts him hard in the balls. He doubles over and gags from the pain explosion.

Violet cries into her Mom's shoulder.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Mom. Uncle Blake is dead.

Liz hugs Violet tighter.

LIZ
Oh. No.

Liz turns to Lars like she wants to rip him to pieces.
Crystal places a hand on her shoulder and shakes her head.

CRYSTAL
Be with Violet. Just be with her.

Liz turns and takes a moment to tuck Violet's hair behind both ears.

Violet cries even harder. Liz cries too and hugs her tight.

Crystal limps to the mirror. She stares at it for a beat, then angrily grabs a chair from the corner and swings it, SMASHING the mirror to pieces.

Behind it is a video camera on a tripod. It's connected to a computer. Crystal turns to Lars, with a 'really?' expression.

Lars just leers back at her with contempt.

Crystal uses the chair to smash the camera, angrily. She uses the legs of the chair to destroy the computer. Glass and plastic shatters and splits. A couple of sparks.

Then, Crystal sets the chair upright on the floor. She lifts Lars up and drops him into it. She snatches some duct tape and roughly tapes him to the chair, circling.

Crystal turns to Liz and Violet, who watch in awe at the speed of her movements.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
We're not out of the woods yet.

Crystal heads to the door. Liz and Violet follow. Suddenly, Violet runs back and grabs Feather Fee Fee.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
(to Violet)
Ok?

Violet nods. Crystal shuts and locks the door.

LARS (O.S.)
Don't leave me in here!!

VIOLET

There's other people down here.

Crystal looks aghast.

LIZ

Yeah. 3 others, at least this week.

Crystal unlatches and opens another door. A SKINNY WOMAN steps into the light. She takes one look at Crystal and:

SKINNY WOMAN

Please. Please let this be the moment I've been praying for...

She sobs and hugs Crystal. Liz puts her arm around her.

LIZ

We're getting out of here. All of us. Come on.

Crystal opens another door. It seems empty. Then, a shadow in the corner.

TEENAGED GIRL

Please. Don't hurt me. I think I'm dying.

CRYSTAL

Come on out of there, hon.

A TEENAGED GIRL staggers into the light, confused. She looks dizzy. She holds her stomach.

TEENAGED GIRL

Something's wrong. I-

VIOLET

Don't worry, we'll take care of you! Follow us!

Liz touches her shoulder and encourages her to come out.

ACROSS THE BASEMENT -- Crystal leads a pack that now includes: Liz, Violet, the woman and the teen.

Crystal opens the last door that is still closed, where Lars emerged before he went in Violet's room. She limps in.

She immediately sees the body of a WOMAN bound to the chair (from the surveillance image earlier).

CRYSTAL
(calling outside)
Don't come in here.

Crystal gets close enough to check the woman's pulse.
Nothing. She raises her hand and slowly kisses her fingers.

Crystal places the hand down gently and heads out.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Head upstairs. Stay together.

They head up and push the door open, emerging into the light.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
You're free.

EXT. CURTIS' HOUSE - SAME TIME

A familiar Sheriff's car pulls up to the front gate. The gate doesn't open.

A beat or two later, the car REVERSES --

Then it LURCHES forward and SMASHES right on through.

I/E. CURTIS' HOUSE - UPSTAIRS / FOYER - SAME TIME

Everyone heads through the living room towards the front door. They all see their 'rooms' up on the big screen.

The square that was Violet's room is now off-line.

TEENAGED GIRL
Oh my God, that's us.

SKINNY WOMAN
Was us.

Crystal turns to Liz. She stares.

CRYSTAL
It's a long story. For now, just
call me Crystal.

As Liz continues to take it all in, Crystal turns and addresses the group as she picks up Lars' phone off the foyer table by the front door.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Everyone stay together. Head
outside for fresh air. I'll call
911.

Liz opens the front door and leads the charge, shielding her eyes from the light a bit.

OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR

Liz steps out and her hair gets suddenly blown up as the deafening sound of a chopper WHUP WHUP WHUPS its way down to an open field right behind the house.

Crystal steps out next, her face lit right up. She looks up and sees the chopper as it descends behind the house.

CLOSE ON Crystal - tears in her eyes as her hair gets whipped up and about. A proud smile spreads across her face.

Liz, meanwhile, shields her eyes from the sun, unaccustomed to so much light. She turns and suddenly spots the Sheriff's car in the driveway.

LIZ

Wait! You guys.

Crystal follows her eye-line and spots the car too. She immediately looks back towards the house and gestures for everyone to back up.

CRYSTAL

Back inside, quick!

Terry suddenly steps out from behind a hedge beside the porch and jams his gun right into the back of Liz's head.

TERRY

Come with me or I pull the trigger.

Terry immediately pans his gun towards Crystal as she turns back towards him.

Crystal doesn't have time to draw her gun.

CRYSTAL

DOWN!!!

Crystal leaps and pushes everyone back in the door and tries to shut it as Terry grits his teeth and FIRES. Liz struggles with him, throwing his aim off.

Wood and plaster EXPLODE as the slug devastates most of the front door area.

INSIDE

Crystal and company are safely out of the way, shielding themselves from all the stirred up debris.

OUTSIDE

Terry turns and whacks Liz in the head with the gun, then trains it on her once again.

TERRY
MOVE IT OR LOSE IT!

He points to the Sheriff's car as the chopper TURNS OFF its rotor in the field behind the house and starts a WHIR DOWN.

Terry FIRES another shot at the front door, then he and Liz enter the car. The vehicle kicks up grass and dirt and dust as it blasts off through the now broken open gate.

Crystal peeks out through the jagged, smouldering remains of the door and sees the Sheriff's car disappear from sight.

She has to move fast. She spots a dirt trail, seeing what direction the Sheriff's car is going in.

She turns to Violet.

CRYSTAL
Stay here. There's a man in that helicopter with badges all over his jacket. You tell him you're a friend of Christian's.

Crystal kisses her forehead.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
I'll be back with your Mom.

VIOLET
Promise?

Crystal nods.

CRYSTAL
Always.

Violet smiles. Crystal looks to the others.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
You guys listen to Violet. She's in charge!

Violet grins as Crystal limp-runs off with laser focus.

She keeps an eye on the disappearing dirt trail the Sheriff's car is still leaving behind as she makes it outside the gate to her bike.

She kicks the camo off, hops on, REVS it up, and takes off.

New dirt trails are in the air. As Crystal blasts out of the area, several SWAT type vehicles move in on Curtis' compound. We hear a constant buzz of SWAT CHATTER over the radios.

Crystal reaches into a pouch on her belt, pulls the last of the cocaine out and rubs it all over her gums. She speeds up.

WHIP PAN TO:

E/I. HIGHWAY / SHERIFF'S CAR / ANGELA'S BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

In the Sheriff's car, Liz is freaking out in the back.

LIZ

Stop the car! Where are you even
going?

Up front, Terry frowns and sweats, trying to stay calm. He jerks the steering wheel one way, then the other, knocking Liz around in the back. He then applies the brakes and she smashes into the dividing glass. She crumples onto the floor.

TERRY

Who do you think you're fucking
talking to? Nothing is over until I
say it is. Ever! You got me?

Terry grins as he watches Liz try to pick herself up off the floor of the car. He suddenly sees something in the rear view mirror. He straightens it. His eyes widen.

CLOSE - in the mirror. Crystal, on her bike, getting closer. Liz pulls herself up and notices too, flashing a huge smile.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Unacceptable! This chick is a
fucking *nightmare*.

He pulls out his cell phone and calls a number on speed dial.

TERRY (CONT'D)

'Make it so'. Not a drill. 2
minutes.

INSERT: we see Angela, completely bald without her wig on, in a dark bedroom holding up an old fashioned phone receiver.

ANGELA (INTO PHONE)
Aye aye, Cap'n.

BACK TO SCENE: Terry hangs up as Crystal's bike gets up on the car's tail. She swerves the bike and brings it up the driver's side.

Terry waits, then jerks the car over as hard as he can.

Liz screams in protest in the back.

Crystal is ready for it. She slows down perfectly, in control.

She speeds up, comes around the side again, locks eyes with Terry. She gives him a 'siren' gesture, then a 'pull over' gesture.

He doesn't appreciate it. He grits his teeth and mouths, 'fuck you', then takes another angry swerve at her.

She slows down and gets out of the way just as a car PASSES BY in the passing lane. Then she gets close again.

LIZ
Ha ha! GO CRYSTAL!

TERRY
Fuck Crystal.

Terry swerves the car again, sending Liz to the floor. He takes a moment to grin, then pulls right off the highway, onto a dirt road that cuts through the woods.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You wanna play, let's play. I'll show you what's what.

Crystal follows. Liz pulls herself back up and peeks out the back.

Crystal makes eye contact with her. Liz smiles. Crystal nods back reassuringly.

Terry pedals to the metal as the car climbs a sharp incline as the trees on either side get thicker.

Crystal speeds up and takes a run in front of the car, trying to drive it off the road.

Terry swerves back and speeds up.

Crystal pulls a grenade off her belt, pulls the pin, and throws it right in front of the car.

A huge EXPLOSION blows a hole right in the dirt road.

Terry seethes and swerves to avoid it, veering off-road, cutting through a thick patch of heavy trees.

Terry finds a thin trail and tries to stay on it, the back of the car fish-tailing.

The trees thin. Terry speeds up and tries to lose Crystal, looking from side to side, keeping an eye out for her.

Suddenly, a REV -- he looks up and sees Crystal racing her motorbike right along a ridge, a level above the car.

Another grenade. Another EXPLOSION.

The bike races down and in front, trying to cut them off.

Terry dekes and takes on a new patch of trees, swerving and snaking in and out of them.

Exiting the tree patch, Crystal races in on a ridge on Terry's other side this time, catching him off guard.

CRYSTAL

rips another grenade off her belt, pulls the pin out with her teeth, and tosses it in front of the car.

Another big EXPLOSION--

Followed by ripped apart trees bursting open in a massive cloud of dirt and bark.

Terry tries to stay in control, spinning the wheel as far as he can from one side all the way to the other.

Liz screams in the back as the car slides, and CRASHES, BOUNCING off a tree and finally CRUMPLING to a stop.

Terry leaps out of the car and rips open the back door, pulling Liz out by her hair, jamming the gun against the side of her head again.

She's unconscious. He tries to drag her, but she's dead weight.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

He leaves her, looking for Crystal as he makes his way down the hill. He can hear the REVS, but the sound is bouncing around the valley and confusing him.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Terry heads down the hill towards his house.

TERRY
Angela! ANGELA!!!

CRYSTAL

bursts out of the tree patch above with a RIPPING REV of the motor and soars down the hill toward Terry.

From the garage, the sound of a car trunk SLAMS SHUT.

Angela runs out frantically with a rifle, waving it around menacingly.

ANGELA
Car's packed!

She spots Crystal and points the rifle at her, her face filled with disgust.

Crystal looks back up the hill - too far to go now, and an open target the whole way.

Crystal looks back and makes a split decision to just throw her head down and REV that throttle as far back as it'll go.

The motorbike LURCHES forward, cascading down the hill at breakneck speed. The front wheel comes right off the ground.

TERRY
Angela! SHOOT! Pull the trigg-

Angela FIRES. The bullet skims and tears through the tip-top of Crystal's right shoulder. That side of her body takes the impact, but she stays up -- and riding on -- as blood sprays up into the air behind her.

Before Angela can do anything else, the motorbike hurtles into her. CRUNCH.

As Crystal applies the brakes and skids out, the impact from the bike batters Angela's broken bones and catapults her into the side of her house.

Her body slides off the house and she rolls into a pond.

She manages to pull her head out of the water and rest it on some rocks, sucking in air desperately, otherwise immobile.

Up the hill, Terry breaks into a run towards her.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Angela!

Crystal drops her bike on the grass and turns to face Terry, bike wheels screaming as they continue to turn. Terry pulls his gun out and tries to aim it with trembling hands.

She picks up the rifle Angela dropped and aims back. She's perfectly steady.

CRYSTAL

Drop the gun!

He keeps trying to aim, blinking sweat out of his eyes.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I'm aimed at your forehead. You're aimed at something on the roof of your house. Trust me.

He tries to correct it, then just gives up, dropping his gun.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Best call you've made all day. Now. Back up.

He slowly walks backwards.

TERRY

Oh come on. Now what?

CRYSTAL

Shut up and back up!

They walk all the way to the top of the hill. Terry looks down at the broken body of his wife and his eyes fill up.

TERRY

(pathetically)

How far are we going...?

CRYSTAL

Just a little bit farther. I think I saw it just up here.

He keeps going, starting to get worried now as something starts to dawn on him. He slows down now, trying to stop.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Don't stop. You're almost there. Keep going, don't look down again.

They step into the patch of trees.

TERRY
No, no, there's a-

CRYSTAL
I said keep going.

He cringes as he takes another step. Then another.

Then another step, another, and - CLICK!

Terry's face pales.

A bear trap SNAPS shut on his foot, claws digging into his ankle and foot, clamping him in place, the pressure never letting up. He screams.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Yep. There.

Terry makes all kinds of faces expressing the immense pain he's in. He looks at Crystal incredulously.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Hurts, huh? Of course. That's because it's about 90 pounds of constant agonizing pressure. You're lucky. Most animals get their faces caught in there. Imagine that?

Crystal gets up close to Terry.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
I know how to release you. But I'm not gonna.

Terry suddenly grabs Crystal by the hair. He yanks her down and holds her in place as he uses his other fist to smash her over and over in the face, hockey style.

TERRY
Ha! Regret the long hair now?

Crystal takes a moment to play possum, then rakes his face viciously with her long fingernails. He lets go and reaches for his bleeding lacerated face.

TERRY (CONT'D)
AHHH!! Bitch!!!

Crystal nods, then shrugs.

CRYSTAL
Has its privileges.

Terry falls back on the ground and screams. He has a total meltdown, screaming over and over and over. He finally stops to catch his breath. He shudders.

He looks up at Crystal with all hope extinguished.

TERRY
Just kill me.

Crystal squints at him.

CRYSTAL
That's the easy way out.

TERRY
You ruined my whole life coming here. The least you can do is kill me and get it over with.

CRYSTAL
Not when I can keep you alive and draw out the justice. Death would be a reward for someone like you.

Crystal pulls Terry's phone out of his pocket.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Lemme send in our coordinates.

Crystal does some typing, then drops the phone beside Terry.

TERRY
Fuck you!

Crystal drops all acknowledgement of him as she heads over to Liz, now sprawled outside the car.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Fuck. You!

Crystal tenderly checks her pulse. She's alive, but unconscious.

Crystal sits beside Liz and puts her back against the car. She has nothing left now.

Her eyes start to drift closed.

Terry fiddles with his trap, then lays back and whines like an animal in distress.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Fuck you...

Crystal stares at the mountains. She watches some birds fly overhead.

Then, she hears the distant WHUP WHUP WHUP of a chopper.

She looks up and sees it like a beautiful bird of prey on the horizon. She smiles faintly.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Crystal sits up in a hospital bed. She's connected to an IV and her bad leg is now in traction. She's bandaged up in several spots and has some stitches on her swollen face and arms. All of her bruises are now fully realized.

PULL BACK to see Violet curled up on her bed beside her, holding Feather Fee Fee close. Crystal has a hand on Violet's head. She plays with her hair.

Liz steps in. She's in a hospital gown. She wheels around a companion IV drip. She's bruised and bandaged up herself, with her arm in a cast and a sling.

LIZ

Hey.

Liz sits down and smiles at the sight of Violet all curled up in the bed with Crystal.

Crystal smiles back.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

(long beat)

I didn't get it all, ya know, back then.

CRYSTAL

Long time ago. Neither did I, by the way.

There's a long pause.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

But this place drew me back. To you.

She surreptitiously points at Violet. Liz seems to know exactly what she's asking.

Liz nods.

LIZ
I'm not the only thing you left
behind.

Crystal takes the confirmation in. She's definitely not
unhappy about it. She plays with Violet's hair some more.

CRYSTAL
I don't know what to say.

LIZ
You don't have to leave this time.
We can work something out. Figure
something out. Somehow.
(beat)
It'd be worth it. For her. For us.
I mean, don't you think?

Crystal smiles at the thought. She shares it with Liz, who
warmly smiles back.

Liz tears up.

A NURSE steps into the room.

NURSE
Crystal Towers? You have a visitor.

INT. HALL / HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL JOE WILLIAMS marches down the hall. His heavily
decorated uniform is perfectly pressed. His medals gleam.

He moves with such towering authority that not a single NURSE
or PATIENT can do anything but drop whatever they're doing to
watch in awe as he strides on by. One nurse's mouth is agape.

He carries a bouquet of flowers like an object of great
importance.

He passes the nurse who announced his arrival and nods to
her. She blushes and smiles.

He steps into the room, his shoes clacking on each definitive
step and turn.

He looks at Crystal. She looks back with a tentative smile.

JOE
You look different.

CRYSTAL

Well, I don't have my make-up on.
You're not exactly seeing me at my
best.

He smiles. Crystal's face changes. The soldier she used to be
flashes across her face briefly. An expression like a child
looking up to a father.

Joe steps forward to the edge of the bed. He looks around for
where to put the flowers. Liz takes them.

LIZ

I'll go get some water for those.

Joe nods at Liz as she leaves, then puts one of his enormous
hands on one of Crystal's. He squeezes.

He turns and sees Violet. He smiles at her. She turns shyly.

CRYSTAL

Why don't you watch some TV, hon.
Your show's almost on.

Violet goes and turns the TV on to cartoons.

General Joe turns to Crystal.

JOE

The first day I met you, ya know, I
knew you were going to be the best
soldier I'd ever train. You were
the best. Still are. Obviously.

He squeezes her hand again, tighter.

She nods.

Liz returns with a vase for the flowers. She sets them on a
sill and ruffles Violet's hair.

CRYSTAL

General Williams. I want you to
meet someone very important to me.
This is Liz. Liz, this is my
mentor. General Joe Williams.

The General snaps to attention and shakes Liz's hand.

JOE

Pleasure to meet you.

CRYSTAL
That's Violet. That's Feather Fee
Fee.

Violet holds up her bird as she continues watching TV.

VIOLET
Tweet tweet!

General Joe looks at Violet, then over to Crystal, then slowly over to Liz. He gets it. He smiles.

LIZ
Thank you. For everything.

JOE
It was an honour. Anything for
Christian.

CRYSTAL
I go by Crystal now.

JOE
Oh do you now?
(beat)
Well that might take a little
getting used to. But, hey. I'm sure
it'll seem perfectly natural when I
find myself opening a few more
doors for you than usual...

Crystal smiles. Joe nods at her and returns the smile.

The cartoons go to commercial. A news bulletin. AERIAL
FOOTAGE of Curtis' compound.

CRYSTAL
This is about us.

JOE
Turn it up.

Violet grabs the remote and turns UP the volume.

ON SCREEN: overhead SHOTS of the compound as the sky darkens.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
-with a dungeon in the main house
where most of the criminal activity
occurred, including the production
of pornography and snuff films
available on the internet through
the use of freenet software.

A SHOT of the REPORTER standing in front of the compound, now a mess of police tape, media trucks, SWAT vehicles, an animal protection services truck...

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

The town's only Sheriff was involved, and the horror may have even continued if it weren't for the heroic actions of retired mercenary Christian Towers, now recovering, and in stable condition, in a nearby hospital.

HOOTS and HOLLERS in the room as a PHOTO comes up on screen of Christian Towers in a moustache and a decorated uniform.

VIOLET (O.S.)

Who's that?

Crystal laughs faintly, O.S.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

When I get better, I promise I'll tell you exactly who that is.

The camera angle changes: Crystal's reflection is seen on the TV's screen, superimposed over the face on the photo.

The image on-screen blurs, the reflection of the hospital bed sharpens, and Crystal's face can be seen surrounded by Violet, Liz, and General Joe.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.