

THE OUTSIDER PILOT

FIRST DRAFT, SECOND PASS

JULY 30, 2018

Written by

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OPEN ON - NEWSREEL STYLE FOOTAGE OF FLINT CITY, OKLAHOMA

*Archival footage of important civic rites over the course of the year; **SUCH AS** - a Memorial day parade, a high school graduation, Pioneer Days Festival, Osage Nation annual Pow Wow; **SUCH AS** - A police department charity event[senior detective **RALPH ANDERSON** front and center] **SUCH AS** - the local Little League team posing with a trophy cup [coach **Terry Maitland** front and center]*

Welcome to the archetypal all-American small city [pop. 50,000.] If you lived here you'd be home by now.

BLACK SCREEN

THE FRAGMENTED OPENING CHORDS OF A FEW 1980'S MAINSTREAM POP HITS - A stuttering medley, as if someone is speed scrolling through a play list featuring Cyndi Lauper, Lionel Ritchie, Hall and Oates, etc; until the scroller finally settles on...

EXT. BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY, OKLAHOMA - 6:15 PM JULY 10TH.

HERBERT RITZ, 54, wearing earbuds as he walks his dog **Lulu** towards a public park while murmur-singing along on *Karma Chameleon*. As they pass a parking lot, Lulu drags him towards the lone vehicle there. She sniffs the tires then pisses on a hubcap before they move on.

EXT. FIGGIS PARK, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Bushes and trees flanking the foot paths. Lulu catches the scent of something unseen and bolts into the underbrush.

At first Herb tries to restrain her but then relents. As Lulu drags him along, he notices a drop of blood on a leaf.

As the dog continues to pull him deeper into the green he begins to see more and more blood on the bushes and grass, each spatter more copious than the one before.

He tries to dig in his heels, not wanting to go any further, but the dog is hellbent on getting to the source of it all.

CULTURE CLUB [OS]

[through his headphones]

*I'm a man without conviction/I'm a
man who doesn't know/How to sell a
contradiction/You come and go, you
come and go..*

ON HERB - The breezy lightness of Boy George's voice perversely enhancing his sense of dread.

EXT. FIGGIS PARK - JULY 10TH, 7:00 PM [ONE HOUR LATER]

Crime scene activity obscured by the foliage; present are Flint City uniformed police, State Police Crime Scene Unit techs, and a mobile crime scene van; everyone coming and going through the bushes like ants at a picnic.

ANGLE - UNMARKED CAR, pulling up, FLINT CITY SENIOR DETECTIVE **RALPH ANDERSON**, 43, [even-keeled, sturdy build, face aged by the job] stepping out to join the others.

Moving towards the scene he notices Herb Ritz, sitting dazed by himself on a tree stump, his dog huddled between his legs.

ANGLE - Flint City Detective **TOMIKA COLLINS** 35, [Af-American, six months pregnant] emerging from the brush, so shaken by what Ralph has yet to see, that she nearly walks into him.

RALPH

I was held up in court. Central said it was a child?

TOMIKA

[ashen]
Fred and Alma Peterson's son.

RALPH

[wincing]
Ollie?

TOMIKA

No. The younger one. Fred.
[her hand on her belly, Ralph noticing that]
I never saw...It's bad Ralph, it's really...

RALPH

[re: Ritz]
Is that the guy who called it in?
[off her nod, then, protectively, wanting to get her out of here]
He shouldn't be here. Take him to the house [police station] and keep him happy until I get back.

Ralph finally parts the foliage and what he sees - the eviscerated remains of 11 year old **FRANK PETERSON**, rocks him.

The boy lies on his side, his jeans and underwear pulled down to his ankles. The body has been savaged; throat torn, multiple ragged gouges scoring the upper torso. And as a final atrocity, what at first Ralph was unable [refused] to see - a bark-stripped branch, still *in situ*, with which the boy had been sodomized.

ON RALPH, struggling to get a grip.

The **CSU TECHS** are everywhere; photographing, collecting blood samples and lifting prints - some pressed into the drying blood itself, some on the boy and some on the tree branch.

RALPH (CONT'D)

[shaken, addressing the city cops]
All right, start looking for any security cameras around the area. Shops, homes, traffic lights, street lights.
And lets get a door to door canvass going for possible wits.

RALPH'S POV - State Police Lieutenant **YUNIS SABLO**, 36, [Mexican-American, imposing but laid back straight shooter]

SABLO

[offering his hand]
Detective Anderson? Yunis Sablo, OSBI [Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation, branch of State Police.]

RALPH

Hey Loot, thanks for coming so fast.

SABLO

We can help you with the canvass, anything else you need.

RALPH

Appreciated. I'm down to one detective right now and shes..[pregnant..]

SABLO

Yeah, we met.
[hesitating, then..]
It's worse than it looks. If that's possible.

KNEELING TECH

Got semen on the legs.

SABLO

The coroner said those tissue tears on the upper torso? There's teeth impressions around the edges.

RALPH

An animal?

SABLO

[human]
No.

ON RALPH, registering that..

KNEELING TECH

[to a co-worker]
Jizz, blood, saliva, bite marks, I tell you one thing, bro. This kid's a forensic fiesta.

RALPH

[squatting to be on eye level]
What the hell did you just say?

KNEELING TECH

Sorry, sir. Gallows humor.

RALPH

Don't give me that shit. You treat this child with *respect* or I'll park you behind a desk until you retire.

ON RALPH - Struggling for self-control.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM [AKA 'THE BOX'] DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM,
FLINT CITY MUNICIPAL BUILDING - THREE HOURS LATER [10:00 PM]

Ralph sitting across a table from Herbert Ritz in a room the size of a walk-in closet, the walls lined with acoustic tiles.

Ritz is descending into a post-traumatic fugue state.

RITZ

[tape recorder running]
I was walking the dog...

RALPH

Starting from where.

RITZ

From my house. 246 Mulberry Street.

RALPH

Do you remember the time?

RITZ

Six, like always. Walked her down the hill then turned onto Barnum Street heading for the park. We go that way so often she could take herself.

RALPH

Did you stop anywhere?

RITZ

No sir.

RALPH

Got to the park..

RITZ

Six fifteen or so.

RALPH

Did you see anybody along the way?

RITZ

No.

RALPH

Did anything catch your eye? Maybe something out of the ordinary, something...

RITZ

[beat, then...]

As we were passing that lot near the park entrance, there was a van...

I only noticed it because that lot always empties out after five and it was the only vehicle still there.

RALPH

Can you describe it for me?

RITZ

White, no windows, double doors in the back, like for deliveries.

RALPH

Notice any words written on the sides? Any numbers?

RITZ

No.

RALPH

How about the license plate.

RITZ

I'm sorry.

RALPH

When you saw...When you saw the boy. Did you touch him? Maybe to see if the boy was still alive?

RITZ

Still *alive*? [off Ralph's silence]
Who would do that to a child. To another human being...

RALPH

Mister Ritz, do you want to take a break? I can get you some water, juice, a soda..

RITZ

I just want to be done here.

RALPH

What did you do next.

RITZ

I wanted to get out of there, get some help...I heard an engine turning over a little ways away, then I heard it coming in my direction...
I started to run to flag it down...

EXT. FIGGIS PARK - 6:30 PM [THREE HOURS EARLIER]

Ritz rushing towards the park entrance but before he can make himself visible, it comes to a dead stop.

RITZ [V.O.]

[as he ducks down in the bushes]
Just stopped on it's own right where I would've come out ...Like he knew I was there...And I got...
I thought it could be the person who...
[ashamed]
So I hid. I'm sorry.

INT. THE "BOX", DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM, FLINT CITY PD -
CONTINUOUS

RALPH

Don't be. You did the smart thing.
[beat] Did you get a look at him?
[off Ritz's downcast head shake]
How about the vehicle..

RITZ

I'm pretty sure it was that same
van from the lot. [beat, then...]
Could I ask you a question?

RALPH

Of course.

RITZ

How did the police get there so
fast?

RALPH

[gently]
Mister Ritz, you called us.

RITZ

[dazed, traumatised]
I did?

INT. DINING ROOM, MAITLAND FAMILY HOME, FLINT CITY - SATURDAY
MORNING, JULY 14TH [FOUR DAYS AFTER THE MURDER]

MERCY MAITLAND, 36, [attractive, lively, part-time realtor]
pours juice for her two daughters, **SARAH**, 8, and **GRACE**, 6.
The girls are wearing matching baseball jerseys, *GOLDEN
DRAGONS* scripted across the front.

TERRY MAITLAND, 38, [steady hand, cool head, energetic in a
low key way] wearing his own Dragons jersey, enters from the
kitchen bearing a large platter of *red and green* pancakes.

TERRY

Game day breakfast special. Get 'em
while they're weird.

As Terry passes the platter around..

SARAH

[excited, but..]
Dad, you said you were going to
make purple today!

TERRY
[pouring syrup]
Ran out of blue food coloring.
[beat]
Red and blue make purple.

GRACE
Yellow and red make orange.

MERCY
What I'll never understand is how
blue and yellow make green. It just
doesn't make any sense.

TERRY
[as they eat, casually]
So who's going to win today?

GRACE
Dragons.

TERRY
Think so?

GRACE
Yah.

SARAH
If two teams both pray before a
game, who does God pick?

MERCY
He doesn't.

TERRY
Unless it's Oklahoma Nebraska. In
that case..
[off Marcy's warning look]

SARAH
Then why do they pray?

MERCY
[to her husband]
Your turn.

TERRY
Because it helps them want to play
at their very best no matter the
outcome.
[beat]
Pass the syrup?

INT. BEDROOM, ANDERSON HOME, FLINT CITY - SAME JULY 14TH

Ralph sits on the edge of the bed. His wife, **JEANNIE**, 40, stands in the doorway, her face drawn.

Despite its adolescent clutter, the room feels terribly empty. It's just how their 16 year old son **DEREK** had left it on the day he went into the hospital for the last time two years earlier.

RALPH'S POV - A framed photo of **DEREK** AT 12, sliding into home during a little league game, Ralph in the b.g; with his arms in the air.

RALPH

That monster had Derek under his wing for two years. And how many times did we let that kid get in a car with him? Half the time we even waved goodbye.

JEANNIE

Ralph. Derek had cancer. This man had nothing to do with it. You go arrest him for what he's done.

Ignoring that, Ralph rises, adjusts the Glock-19 on his hip. As he reaches for his sport jacket..

RALPH

[seething]
All I can say is I hope to God he resists.

EXT. BALLFIELD, FLINT CITY STADIUM - MID-MORNING

Capacity 1500 seats although the stands are empty.

Banner stretched on top of the scoreboard: **Flint County Little League Tournament of Champions. Go Dragons!**

On the field, the **FLINT CITY DRAGONS**, [ages 10 to 12] are going through a pre-game drill, **BOBBY GAVIN** 42, their Assistant Coach spraying sharp grounders around the infield.

GAVIN

[shouting to the shortstop]
What did I say about dropping a knee on those Eric?

ANGLE - THE DUGOUT - Head coach Terry Maitland working on his line up card.

INT. FLINT COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEYS OFFICE, - SAME [MORNING]

COUNTY D.A. **BILL SAMUELS**, 35, [young looking for the job, an aggressive, politically minded prosecutor] hands Ralph an arrest warrant.

SAMUELS

Go get 'em, cowboy.

ON RALPH - Doesn't care for the DA's flip cheerfulness..

INT/EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR, MUNICIPAL BLDG LOT- CONTINUOUS

Two uniformed cops, **TROY RAMAGE**, [37, seasoned vet] and **TOM YATES**, [28, three years on the job] sitting in the front, waiting for...

RALPH

[sliding in back]
Let's do it.

ANGLE - THE CAR - Rolling through the streets of the city.

FLASHBACK TO -

EXT. PETERSON HOME, BILLINGS STREET, FLINT CITY - JULY 10TH, EVENING OF THE MURDER

Ralph and Tomika Collins at the door taking a beat to brace themselves before delivering the catastrophic news to the family.

Frank's older brother **OLLIE**, 15, [*a moody stoner/ skateboarder/ landlocked surf bum*] answers the bell. He looks so much like his dead brother - *that same bright shock of red hair* - that the detectives reflexively take a step back.

OLLIE

[blaring into the house,]
Ma! It's the cops!

As **ARLENE PETERSON**, 44, [good-natured, obese] comes to the door, Ollie drifts away.

ARLENE

[wryly]
I sure hope this isn't about those overdue library books...

ON TOMIKA and RALPH - bracing to tell her.

ANGLE - BILLINGS STREET, sleepy residential, the hooting of quails in the redbud trees the only sounds to be heard.

Hold for a silent beat, then Arlene Peterson's [OS] *wail of grief* launches the roosting birds into the stratosphere.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOME OF MRS. LIBBY STANHOPE, FLINT CITY, JULY 11 - [DAY AFTER THE MURDER] - AFTERNOON

Ralph sits across from Libby Stanhope [64, J.H.S. teacher] at her dining table, a tape recorder between them.

STANHOPE

What would make someone do such a thing?

RALPH

Right now I don't know any better than you do, Libby. Just tell me what you saw on the afternoon of July 10th.

STANHOPE

I was coming out of Gerald's with my groceries..He's more expensive than Kroger's but he's close to me and after my last accident I gave up my driver's license..

RALPH

This was about three o'clock you said?

STANHOPE

Exactly three. I heard the clock tower chimes just as I was leaving. And, I saw the Peterson boy. You know, I had his older brother Ollie in my class three years ago... Frankie would've been my student too next year, if...

FLASH TO:

EXT. GERALD'S GROCERY STORE, FLINT CITY - 3:00 PM, JULY 10TH.

MRS STANHOPE'S POV - Frank Peterson, day of his murder, his floridly red hair peeking out from under his ball cap as he walks his gear-chain-dragging bike towards the store..

RALPH [V.O]

What was he wearing?

STANHOPE [V.O]
You know, just boy clothes. Blue
jeans, tee shirt, ball cap..

FLASH TO:

INT. STATE POLICE EVIDENCE LAB - SAME

CLOSE ON - THOSE SAME CLOTHES, now torn, stained and bloody
carefully bagged then placed in separate evidence bins.

RALPH [V.O]
What did you see next?

EXT. GERALD'S GROCERY STORE, - CONTINUOUS

MRS. STANHOPE POV - Frank Peterson walking his bike across
the small parking lot in front of Gerald's. Terry Maitland
hops out of a parked white commercial van.

TERRY
Hey there, Frankie...

FRANK
Hey, Mister Maitland.

TERRY
[hunkering down to inspect the
damage, punning]
Well that's a drag.

FRANK
Ollie'll fix it for me when I get
home.

Mrs. Stanhope absently watching as Terry opens the van's back
doors and slides the bike inside. He then hops back into the
drivers seat as Frankie jumps in on the passenger side.

MRS. STANHOPE'S POV - THE VAN rolling out of the lot.

INT. MRS STANHOPE'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MRS. STANHOPE
[anguished]
I just assumed he was taking the
boy home.

RALPH

Can you tell me anything about the van? Maybe some writing on the sides, license plate number...

MRS. STANHOPE

All I can tell you about the plate was that it was out of state. Wasn't Oklahoma colors. Yellow? White? I can't bring it up.

RALPH

When this individual...

MRS. STANHOPE

[agitated]
Terry Maitland. For God's sakes, Ralph, I've known him since he was a kid.

EXT. STANHOPE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ralph exiting, on his cell to Det. Tomika Collins.

RALPH

T, I need a copy of Terry Maitland's prints. [response]
Correct. Coach Terry. [response]
Reach out to the Board of Ed, they should have them on file.

BACK TO:

EXT. FLINT CITY STADIUM - NOON, JULY 14TH

Eighth inning of the game, Braves up 4-3. Braves batter hits a solo homer, 5-3. The fans either groan or cheer.

Coach Terry strolls to the mound to steady his pitcher.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT, FLINT CITY, JULY 14TH - SAME

The unmarked car pulling into the full-up lot.

INT/EXT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

TOM YATES

Houston, I think we have a problem.

RALPH
[re: handicapped space]
Pull in there.

TOM YATES
[hah-hah]
I don't know boss, that's a 200
dollar fine.

ON RALPH - Not in the mood.

ANGLE - ALL THREE COPS standing outside the parked car.

RALPH
Go in, read him his rights loud and
clear so everyone can hear, cuff
him in front so everybody can
see...

TROY
In front's against protocol, boss.

RALPH
[controlled fury, repeating]
Cuff him in *front* so everybody can
see and bring him out to me.

TOM YATES
You're not coming in?

RALPH
Just bring him out.

TOM YATES
[unsnapping his holster]
You got it.

RALPH
No guns.

TOM YATES
What if he runs?

TROY
Then we run after him. There's
fifteen hundred people in there.

ANGLE - RALPH watching Troy and Tom head for the entrance.

RALPH
[on cell]
T, you all set?

EXT. MAITLAND HOME, BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Modest house on a leafy residential street. Local cops and Oklahoma State Troopers mill on the lawn.

TOMIKA

[on cell]

Just waiting on the Statie with the paper [warrant.]

As she speaks, **LT. YUNIS SABLO**, steps out of his State Police SUV.

TOMIKA (CONT'D)

Hang on, he just pulled up.

RALPH

Is it Sablo?

TOMIKA

It is.

RALPH

Tell him I'll call as soon as I see Maitland in cuffs.

EXT. BALLFIELD FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Scoreboard reads bottom of the 9th, Braves 5, Dragons 4.

Dragons are batting, two out with runners on second and third. Batter hits a Texas League blooper behind third. The Braves outfielder, rushing in as the ball drops, opts to hold the tying runner, **RIAZ CHOUDURY**, 11, on third. Now it's bases loaded, the crowd clapping and stamping.

The Braves pitcher is pulled and here comes the team's **CLOSER**, 12 years old but looking 15. His first few warm up pitches nearly detonate into the catchers mitt.

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - MORNING, JULY 12 [TWO DAYS AFTER THE MURDER]

Ralph sits at his desk facing **JUNE MOORE**, 7, and her anxious mother **DEE DEE**, 34.

RALPH

So you were walking from your house to your friend Amelia's...

JUNE

Uh huh. Can I have another soda?

DEE DEE
Juney, one's enough.

RALPH
Your mom's the boss.

JUNE
She says they'll rot my teeth but
they're baby teeth, they're falling
out anyhow.

RALPH
So you walked past the parking lot
by Figgis Park.
Do you know what time it was? [off
her shrug] Mom? Can you help us
out?

DEE DEE
She left at five, right after
'Ellen' so it couldn't have been
more than ten minutes after that.

RALPH
Let's say, between 5:10 and 5:20?

DEE DEE
[defensively apologetic]
I was trying to give her a little
independence. How could I know
that..

RALPH
There was no way you could know,
Dee Dee..

JUNE
[picking up the photo of Derek on
Ralph's desk]
Who's this?

DEE DEE
[knew Derek, blushing]
Honey, put it down.

RALPH
That's my son, Derek.

JUNE
How old is he?

DEE DEE
[mortified] Juney, please..

RALPH

So Juney, you were walking near the park. Tell me what you saw.

EXT. FIGGIS PARK CAR LOT - 5:20 PM, JUNE 10TH, DAY OF THE MURDER

June Moore, walking past the lot as Terry Maitland emerges from the abutting park, his hands, face and clothes drizzled with blood.

TERRY

Hey there, kiddo!

JUNE

You're all bloody.

TERRY

Yeah, I know. There was this big tree branch in my way so I pushed it ... [forward sweeping gesture] but then it pushed me right back [mimes getting nose whacked.]

JUNE

Does it hurt?

TERRY

[patting her head]
Nah. But you're a sweetie to ask.

JUNE [V.O.]

He said he got hit by a branch. but I think he was making it up.

INT. SQUADROOM - CONTINUOUS

RALPH

Why is that, hon?

JUNE

[delayed reaction to bloody Terry]
Am I in trouble?

RALPH

Of course not. Right mom?

ON DEE DEE - Horrified. He could've killed June next.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Why did you think..

JUNE

Because when I had a nose bleed
once? It was only under my nose but
Coach Terry had blood all over.

DEE DEE

Jesus...

JUNE

I think he was fighting with a bad
person in the park and he got beat
up.

DEE DEE

Are we done?

RALPH

Just about. So, what happened then?

DEE DEE

[pleading]
I'm the one who has to put her to
sleep tonight.

EXT. FIGGIS PARK, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

June watching as Terry hops into that white van. When he
pulls out he waves to her. She waves back.

EXT. BALLFIELD FLINT CITY - JULY 14TH

The last warm up pitch exploding into the catcher's mitt, the
Brave's closer stepping off the mound.

UMPIRE

Coach?

Terry signals for his next [and most likely last] batter -
TREVOR MICHEALS, 11, a peanut of a boy. The kid looks like
he's about to shit a pickle.

As Trevor steps to the plate, a few of his teammates hide
their faces in their gloves.

GAVIN

[down low, freaked]
Are you nuts?

TERRY

If I pull him I'll humiliate him.
If he strikes out, he strikes out.

GAVIN

And we get knocked out of the
tournament.

TERRY

But if he drives in a run he'll
tell it to his grandchildren.

ANGLE - In the stands, MERCY, GRACE and SARAH hold up linked
hands with crossed fingers.

The first pitch has Trevor back-skipping out of the box.

UMPIRE

Strike!

Second pitch rockets into the catcher's mitt before he can
even take the bat off his shoulder.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Two!

Trevor turns to Terry with apologetic eyes.. Terry winks at
him then turns to find his wife in the stands.

TERRY'S POV - MERCY, perplexed, looking elsewhere.

He tracks her gaze to see Troy Ramage and Tom Yates walking
onto the field then heading down towards home.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Time! Time!

GAVIN

[rushing to intercept them]
What the hell do think your doing?

As Gavin is firmly swung to the side by Tom Yates, Troy
continues towards the Dragon dugout.

The kids on the field, confused and distressed, start to go
slack. A low hum of disorientation emanates from the crowd.

TERRY

Hey Troy, what's going on?

TROY

[loudly, reaching for cuffs]
Terence Maitland, I'm arresting you
for the murder of Frank Peterson.

TERRY

[grinning in disbelief]
Wait... *What?*

TROY

Hold out your wrists, please?

As a frightened Trevor retreats to the dugout, the freaked out catcher jogs to the mound to stand with his pitcher. Riaz, the runner on third, starts to aimlessly wander toward second base.

TERRY

[as Troy cuffs him]
Wait a minute, wait a minute..

In the stands, MERCY shoots to her feet.

GAVIN

[stunned, barking to Riaz]
Get back to your base!

Riaz flinches at Gavin's harsh tone then bursts into tears.

TERRY

Is this a joke?

TROY

You have the right to [Mirandas]

ANGLE - MERCY struggling past others in the stands...

GAVIN

Get back to your bases!

TROY

Do you understand what I told you?

TERRY

[disoriented] Yes.
[to Gavin, reflexively] Take over please?

As Troy and Tom begin to frog march Terry towards the parking lot, MERCY breaks onto the field, losing a shoe as she runs.

MERCY

[from a distance]
Stop! What are you doing!

The low buzz of a thousand stunned fans rises to that of a gigantic beehive.

On the field, the players shakily wander back into position, but remain confused and upset. Trevor unsteadily returns the plate.

UMPIRE

Play ball!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. EMPLOYEES PARKING LOT, MISTER PEEPERS LOUNGE, FLINT CITY
- AFTERNOON, JULY 12, [TWO DAYS AFTER THE MURDER]

THE WHITE VAN - Parked in the small employee's lot, it's twin
back doors wide open to reveal Frank Peterson's damaged bike.

ANGLE - THE GORY FRONT SEATS, strobe lit by camera flashes as
State Police CSU's lift fingerprints and scrape blood samples
from the steering wheel, dashboard and interior door handles.

RALPH [V.O]

I have to ask you Claude, and don't
take offence...

INT. THE BOX, DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM, FLINT CITY MUNICIPAL
BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Ralph sitting across from **CLAUDE BOLTON**, 32, an ex-con with a
friendly face, meat-hook hands and a droll sense of humor.
*Not that we even notice it at first, but there's a small
bandage between his right thumb and forefinger.*

RALPH

...but how does it feel sitting
here for once without bracelets on?

CLAUDE BOLTON

Oh c'mon now Detective Anderson, in
the last three years I have been
Anonymoused to death. Alcohol,
Narcotics, Gamblers, Debtors, and
Sexaholics. If I was anymore
Anonymoused I'd be invisible.

RALPH

[small smile]
And gainfully employed too, I hear.

CLAUDE BOLTON

Can you imagine what Mister Peepers
would be like without security? I
consider myself and my fellow peers
to be the thin blue line between a
civilized man and his own worst
cootch-and-liquor fueled impulses.

RALPH
 What time did Terry Maitland come
 in to the club?

INT. MISTER PEEPERS LOUNGE, FLINT CITY - 7:55 PM JULY 10TH
 [EVENING OF THE MURDER]

A stripper/pole dancer [wearing an Indian headdress] is on stage, undulating lethargically as she tries to body interpret the stoned/drunk stylings of Procol Harem.

CLAUDE BOLTON [V.O]
 [as he patrols the club]
 I would say a minute or two before eight because *Nights in White Satin* was playing which is the last song of Princess White Eagle's set and the next girl always goes up there at the top of the hour so yeah, maybe a minute or two before eight.

RALPH [V.O]
 And how would you describe him.

INT. SQUADROOM

CLAUDE BOLTON
 As Terry Maitland.

ON RALPH..

CLAUDE BOLTON (CONT'D)
 Just messing with ya, boss.

INT. MISTER PEEPERS LOUNGE, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Terry entering the club carrying a small brown bag. The front of his shirt and pants are still spackled with dried blood.

CLAUDE BOLTON
 [re: Terry's upright rep]
 Hey Coach, you know where you are, right?

TERRY
 What?
 [looks at the strippers, disinterested] Oh no, no I just came in to use the men's to clean myself up.

CLAUDE BOLTON

[yeah right, but then seeing the blood stains..]
Jeez, I'd hate to see the other guy.

TERRY

No other guy. My nose just let go. It happens all the time. Hey, is there a doc in the box around these parts? I might need it cauterized again.

CLAUDE BOLTON

There's the Quick-Care right past the Waffle House about a mile down Burdick. You driving?

TERRY

I should call a cab. Hey listen I parked my van in that small lot out back, OK?

CLAUDE BOLTON

That's for the employees but you should be OK for a while.

TERRY

If you need to move it, I left my keys in the cup caddy just in case.

CLAUDE BOLTON

That's a good way to get it stole.

TERRY

[ignoring the warning, shaking his hand]
You're a lifesaver, buddy.

Claude jerks his hand back, eyes a small scratch between his thumb and forefinger. *[which should draw our attention to that small band aid when we return to the Box]*

CLAUDE BOLTON

The men's is right past the cigarette machine. Just follow the drunks.

RALPH [V.O]

He had a change of clothes with him?

CLAUDE BOLTON
 Came back out in fresh threads so
 I'm guessing yeah.

RALPH
 Can you describe them?

CLAUDE BOLTON
 Clean button down shirt, could've
 been white, pink or yellow, hard to
 tell with all the light gels we use
 in there, blue jeans and a belt
 with a big-ass horsehead buckle.
 Looked like something you'd buy in
 a dude ranch gift shop.

INT. SQUADROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON CLAUDE, sitting there absently rubbing that scratch, his
 expression distant and perturbed.

RALPH
 What.

CLAUDE BOLTON
 No I was just thinking... When he
 walked past me to the men's? I saw
 he had more bloodstains on the back
 of his shirt and the seat of his
 pants.
 [beat]
 OK, say I get a nosebleed like he
 said...How the hell does that get
 on the *back* of my clothes?

BACK TO -

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - JULY 14TH

Ralph sees Terry exiting the stadium bookended by Troy and
 Tom. Lagging behind is the now barefoot Mercy.

RALPH
 [on cell to Tomika at the house]
 T, tell Sablo he's good to go.

TERRY
 [with relief at seeing him]
 Ralph! Thank God! What *is* this?

MERCY
 [racing up, wild-eyed]
 What are you doing to him!

As she tries to pull her husband free, Ralph gently but firmly detaches her grip, walks her backwards.

MERCY (CONT'D)
 Ralph! Are you *crazy*?!
 You think he did *what*?

TERRY
 [randomly]
 Honey. Where's your shoes?

MERCY
 That *boy*?! How could you even think...What is *wrong* with you?

RALPH
 Mercy, you should go home. The police are already there.

MERCY
 What? For *what*?

TERRY
 [skull-steered into the back seat]
 Mercy! Get the girls and call Howie!

MERCY
 [to Ralph]
 I will *never* forgive you for this.

TERRY
 Call Howie!

The unmarked takes off, leaving her barefoot and out of her mind.

EXT. STADIUM - SAME

Game continues, puny Trevor resuming his at bat, two strikes and a ball on him, bases loaded, this next pitch could end the game.

The Closer unleashes another rocket...

And Trevor, swinging for his life and against all odds, belts one into the outfield. Going, going...

Caught. Game over.

The Braves win, but after witnessing Terry's arrest, the cheering and high fives are distracted and wan.

INT/EXT. UNMARKED - CONTINUOUS

Heading to the Municipal Building, Terry in the back with Troy Ramage, Tom driving, Ralph in the shotgun seat.

Tense silence then...

TERRY

Ralph...The *Peterson* boy? You *know* me.

Ralph stares straight ahead, his hands clenching and unclenching.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Wait...He was killed on Tuesday? I wasn't even in *town* on Tuesday.

Terry still sitting cuffed in the back seat, three rage-coiled cops yearning to beat the shit out of him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

[dully]
Did you even check to see where I was that day?

TROY

We know where you were.

RALPH

One question.
[turning from the front seat, murderous eyes]
Did you ever lay a hand on my son?

TERRY

Derek? In what way? [then..] Wait, you think...How *dare* you even *ask* me that.

TOM YATES

So just the *Peterson* boy? Or was there others?

TERRY

[to Ralph, as it all sinks in]
You just ruined our lives, you bastard...

TROY

I see you raise your hands from
your lap one more time, I will snap
them off at the wrists.

ON TERRY...

EXT. CVS PARKING LOT, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

MAITLAND FAMILY CAR sloppily parked, engine running.

INT/EXT. CAR

MERCY frantically scrolling through her cellphone directory.

In the back, SARAH, the older girl is fighting back tears.
GRACE, at six, too young to be aware of what's going on, is
singing *'Take Me Out to the Ballgame'*

MERCY dials...

INT. BULLDOG FITNESS, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Meet Criminal Defense Attorney **HOWARD GOLD**, 62, doing
crunches while holding a 50 pound dumbbell behind his head.
Howie is a short, white haired but physically fit Jewish
Oklahoman, ex-Golden Gloves, ex-Marine - the type of macho
bantamweight who loves to go toe to toe with the big boys.
But a charmer for all that.

HOWIE

[reaching into his gym bag for his
cell, always the joker] Dewey
Sue'em and Howe, attorneys at
law...

OS - We can faintly hear MERCY's panic stricken voice over
the line, rising and falling like a trapped insect.

HOWARD

[sitting up]
Hold on, hold on, they *what?*
Where'd they take him...

INT/EXT. CAR.

Grace singing louder to drown out her mother and sister's
freakouts.

MERCY

Can you help him?

HOWARD
 [heading for the lockers]
 Let me just throw some clothes on.

MERCY
 He wasn't even in town that day!

HOWARD
 [opening his locker]
 Trust me they screwed up big time.

MERCY
 Ralph Anderson said the police are
 at our house.

HOWARD
 [pulling on jeans]
 They probably have a search
 warrant. Where are the girls.

INT. CAR -CONTINUOUS

MERCY
 With me.
 [turning to the songbird]
 Grace! Quiet! Please!

SARAH
 Mom! Don't yell at her!

As Grace, [no longer able to drown them out] starts to cry...

HOWARD
 Mercy, you need to calm down. Deep
 breath..

MERCY
 I *am* calm!

HOWARD
 Where are you.

MERCY
 The CVS lot.

HOWARD
 Are you good to drive?

She nods in the affirmative as if he can see her.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
 Mercy?

MERCY

I said yes!

HOWARD

OK good.
First off, the girls don't need to see any see more cops today so drop them off at a friend's house. Do you know anyone who would...

MERCY

The Spencers.

HOWARD

Beautiful. After that, I want you to go straight home, see what they want to take. Do not let them take anything but what's listed on that warrant.

MERCY

[in one ear out the other]
OK.

HOWARD

Now, they might try to get you talking about Terry. So repeat after me...

MERCY

[repeating]
" On the advice of my lawyer I refuse to answer any of your questions."

HOWARD

Perfect. Now get going. But drive carefully...

MERCY REVERSES TOO QUICKLY OUT OF THE SLOT AND NEARLY GETS T-BONED BY A HUGE SUV COMING UP THE LANE.

ON HOWIE - WINCING at the sound of screeching tires/ angry car horns coming through the phone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

[palming his forehead]
...because you have precious cargo on board.

INT. BREAK ROOM, BIG SOONER CAB COMPANY, FLINT CITY - JULY 12TH [TWO DAYS AFTER THE MURDER]

Cramped and cluttered. Ralph interviewing **WILLOW RAINWATER**, 37, a large and voluble woman.

WILLOW

Yeah so, I get the call from my dispatcher there's a fare coming out of Mister Peepers but guess what. I'm already there, so lucky me.

EXT. MISTER PEEPERS LOUNGE, FLINT CITY - 8:15 PM, JULY 10TH,

Terry Maitland, changed into fresh clothes, his rodeo-style belt buckle, that oversized brass horse head, hard to miss.

He walks to Willow's cab directly in front, slides in back.

TERRY [V.O.]

Remember the time?

WILLOW [V.O.]

Eight thirty or so?
[to Terry in back]
Hey coach, your wife know where you are?

TERRY

[ignoring the question]
Ma'am, you should call in to your dispatcher, tell them you picked me up.

WILLOW

Yeah thanks, I wouldn't've known to do that..
So we heading home?

TERRY

No ma'am. The Amtrack station in Dubrow.

INT. CAB COMPANY BREAK ROOM.

RALPH

Not the walk-in clinic out on Burdick?

WILLOW

[huh?]
He said he needed to catch the
overnight to Dallas/Fort Worth.

RALPH

What else did he say?

WILLOW

Nada.

INT/EXT - WILLOW'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Heading for Dubrow.

WILLOW'S POV - Terry in the back, his body slumping to one side as if he's physically drained, but his eyes, like those of a wounded carnivore, are fiercely, luminously, alert.

WILLOW [V.O]

At first I thought maybe he had got
his load on in there, was halfway
to passin' out, but..

RALPH [V.O]

But..

INT. CAB DISPATCH OFFICE

WILLOW

I didn't smell any alcohol coming
off him. And his eyes? They
were...
Let me tell you something about me.
I was the first and last girl to
make my high school football team
and I was a starter.
I can snatch 160, clean and jerk
220. So if it ever came it? I could
probably break that man in half,
OK?
But those eyes of his that night?
They had me shaking in my boots.

RALPH

You said he called you 'ma'am?'

WILLOW

You have a problem with that?

RALPH

But he knows you, right?

WILLOW

For years. So?

RALPH

I'm just wondering why he didn't call you by your name.

WILLOW

My experience? Guys coming out of a poon palace, they see a lady driver waiting for them, especially a big ballbuster like me? They tend to start acting all dignified and polite.

RALPH

Why is that?

WILLOW

I imagine it helps them think that I don't know who they really are.

INT. RALPH'S DESK IN THE DETECTIVES SQUADROOM, MUNICIPAL BUILDING - JULY 13TH

RALPH and SABLO watching the Mister Peepers security tape on Ralph's desk monitor.

CLOSE ON - Grainy footage of Terry entering with bloody clothes, talking to Claude Bolton, heading to the bathroom.

Tape then shifts to the bathroom, just as grainy, Terry changing into fresh clothes, stuffing the bloody ones into a paper bag, smoothing his hair in the mirror then exiting.

NEXT TAPE - VOGEL TRANSPORTATION CENTER, DUBROW,

Terry exiting Willow's taxi.

A second camera inside the terminal catches Terry entering, then walking halfway across the esplanade before coming to a stop and looking up at the camera. Sablo freezes the frame.

RALPH

Like he wanted to make sure that he was caught on tape.

SABLO

Keep watching..

A third camera picks up Terry walking towards the ticket machines then right past them.

A fourth camera catches him ducking out of the building via an employees-only side entrance/exit.

SABLO (CONT'D)

There's no record of him buying a ticket for the Amtrack overnight or any other train by cash or credit card and there's no footage of him re-entering the station.

RALPH

So this whole taxi to the train station drama was what.. Some half-assed dodge to throw us off his trail? [beat, then..]
Stay with me on this. The man has just murdered a child. He wants to avoid arrest. But everything he does afterwards, is idiotic...
Walks into a strip club covered in blood in front of a dozen witnesses. Parks his van in the employees lot with the key in the cup caddy. Calls for a cab when there's one right out front, tells the driver to call her dispatcher to register the pickup. And now this.
It's like he's begging us to catch him. What kind of criminal does that?

SABLO

The kind who wants to be punished for what he did.

ON RALPH - Doesn't quite buy that.

SABLO (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't buy it either.

BACK TO:

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM, - AFTERNOON, JULY 14TH

Ralph, standing outside The Box observing Terry [still in his Dragon's uniform] through the one way mirror.

DA SAMUELS

[sidling up to Ralph]
A child killer in a little league uniform.

(MORE)

DA SAMUELS (CONT'D)

That's gotta trump [John Wayne]
Gacey in a clown suit.
[off Ralph's silence]
Well in other news, the pathology
lab sent over the blood work from
the scene and from the van.
Overwhelmingly O Neg from both
which is a match for the boy, and a
small amount of AB Positive, on the
branch and on the steering wheel.
Guess what percentage of people are
AB Positive.

RALPH

Three.

DA SAMUELS

[not listening]
Try three percent.

RALPH

You still need the DNA.

DA SAMUELS

Actually, five wits and a ton of
prints says we don't.
[off Ralph's unease]
Look, the Staties'll get that from
the house anyways.

RALPH

A stray hair off a comb doesn't
mean jack until we match it to a
swab we take here.

DA SAMUELS

[taking in Ralph's new leeriness]
You OK there, sport?

INT. THE "BOX", DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Samuels and Ralph enter and sit facing Terry.

SAMUELS

Mister Maitland, I'm Bill Samuels,
and I work in the county DA's
office.

TERRY

I'm not talking to you or anybody
else until my lawyer gets here.

SAMUELS

[ignoring that]
I understand you told Detective Anderson that you were out of town the afternoon of the murder? Is that true?

TERRY

I am not..

SAMUELS

...talking until your lawyer gets here. I heard you the first time.
[long silence, then..]
Which would you say is your good side? [off Terry's confusion]

Samuels turns his head right profile then left profile.

SAMUELS (CONT'D)

Because in this state we can hold you for 48 hours before charging you, and if you can't help us clear this up by then, we'll take you over to the courthouse to be arraigned.

It'll be major news by then which means there'll be a ton of media monkeys waiting with cameras.

So.

[profiling]
Right side or left?

TERRY

I am not [talking]..

RALPH

Do you want to help yourself out?
Let us take a cheek swab.

TERRY

Lawyer.

SAMUELS

Honestly? If I was an innocent man? I'd even demand it. Because if your DNA's not a match with the killer's?

RALPH

Understand, DA Samuels here is up for re-election so he can't afford to lose a high profile case like this.

TERRY

Lawyer.

RALPH

Time after time, whenever I think I've built a good enough case for him to prosecute, you know the first thing he always says to me?

SAMUELS

[quoting himself]
'How am I going to lose.'

TERRY

Lawyer.

A beat, then Samuels rises followed by Ralph.

SAMUELS

[at the door]
Last question, and feel free not to answer. Do you happen to know your blood type?
[off Terry's silence]
AB Positive, right?

Terry's startled face tells Samuels all he wants to know.

As Ralph opens the door he nearly walks into Howard Gold, dressed now in weekend grunge -scuffed Tony Lama boots, faded jeans and a Texas A&M tee shirt. A monogrammed ostrich leather briefcase hangs at his side.

HOWARD

[over their shoulders]
How you doing in there, kid?

TERRY

Howie! Thank God...

HOWARD

Hang in, I'll be right back.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE BOX - CONTINUOUS.

HOWARD

Fellas. Is this just a massive mistake that we can straighten out right here and now? Or have you both lost your fucking minds?

SAMUELS

Nothing wrong with my fucking mind.

HOWARD

What did he tell you.

SAMUELS

I won't talk without my lawyer.

HOWARD

I assume that. I mean when you first brought him in for questioning. If you don't tell me he will.

RALPH

There was no initial interview.

HOWARD

Hold on. You mean you arrested him in front of over a thousand people without giving him a chance to explain himself? Without even attempting to verify his story?

SAMUELS

With the evidence we had, we didn't want to risk him running.

HOWARD

Arrested him in front of his family and his neighbors when you could have just as easily posted cops around the stadium, waited for the game to be over then pick him up at his home.
Ralph, I know you. You're a decent guy. *Why?*

RALPH

[boiling]
First off, Howard, I wasn't the one who arrested him, I had Troy Ramage and Tom Yates do that for me. Reason being that if I had to put my hands on him before anyone else, I don't think I could've trusted myself not to beat him half to death. Which would've given you a little too much to work with at trial.

HOWARD

Unbelievable.

RALPH

[going into his case folder and pulling out the crime scene photos]
Do you want to see what he did to Frank Peterson?

HOWARD

[going pale, then recovering]
What *someone* did.

ANGLE - RALPH and SAMUEL's POV - HOWARD re-entering the Box, embracing Terry, then turning to the one way mirror and pointing to the wall mounted camera, it's red light pulsing.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

[thru the one way]
Turn it off. Audio too and close the damn curtain.

ON TERRY and HOWARD as the remote controlled curtain begins to block them from view.

EXT. MAITLAND HOME, BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY - SAME

Mercy pulling up to see an army of cops either milling on her lawn, or carrying boxes of personal items out of the house.

Across the street, her neighbors stand in clusters nearly all of them recording the action on their cell phones.

**[Including - almost subliminally - a man in a hooded sweatshirt, his face bearing what looks like burn scars which make his features seem to be drooping.]*

ANGLE - As Mercy parks on the street and begins to approach, Yunis Sablo intercepts her on the lawn, Det. Tomika Collins joining him.

YUNIS SABLO

[offering her the warrant]
Mrs Maitland? I'm Lieutenant Sablo of the Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation. We have a warrant to search these premises and remove any items belonging to your husband, Terence John Maitland.

MERCY

[scanning]
Wait... there's nothing listed here. My lawyer told me... Does this mean you can take *anything*?

YUNIS SABLO

Given the nature of the crime, it's
at our discretion.

As a state trooper exits the house carrying her daughter's
brightly colored laptops...

MERCY

Wait! Those are my girl's, not his!
You can't just...

TOMIKA'S POV - A crawling procession of news vans and Sat
trucks just now turning onto the street.

TOMIKA

[taking her by the arm]
You don't want to be out here right
now.

INT. MAITLAND HOME, BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Tomika steering Mercy inside as the cops continue to carry
out boxes.

TOMIKA

I know this is tough for you.

MERCY

[numbly]
I need to use the bathroom.

TOMIKA

Hey Yunis? Any of the bathroom's
good to go?

YUNIS SABLO

[asking a passing trooper, then..]
The one outside the kid's room.

ANGLE - TOMIKA escorting Mercy up the stairs.

ANGLE - Second floor hallway

Mercy passing the master bathroom, sees..

A TROOPER collecting toothbrushes, razors, hairbrushes.

Then passing the master bedroom, where one TROOPER removes
then bags the dirty clothes out of a laundry hamper as
another TROOPER carefully tweezers up head hairs from the
pillow cases. *That unmistakable horse head belt goes too.*

Then passing the girl's room - Also being forensically defiled.

MERCY

[outraged, to pregnant Tomika]
You're having a baby and you have
no problem doing this to children?

TOMIKA

[angered by that, icily]
I always wonder about the wives of
child molesters, child killers. Did
they know all along but pretended
they didn't because they couldn't
live with the truth?
Or were they just plain stupid.

INT. SQUADROOM - CONTINUOUS

Howie Gold coming out of the Box.

GOLD

He agrees to the cheek swab. But
make it quick and don't speak to
him.

As Samuels steps away, Gold snags Ralph's arm.

GOLD (CONT'D)

Ralph. Just between us. You've
known him as long as I have.

RALPH

Well, Howard, fact is, I don't
think either of us knew him at all.

INT. BOX - CONTINUOUS

VIDEO CAMERA POV - Recording as Tomika Collins takes the DNA swabs from Terry's mouth, one swipe of a Q-Tip on each inner cheek. She then holds them up to the camera before putting each into separate vials then into separate evidence bags. Holds the bags up as she seals them with red evidence stickers..

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE SQUADROOM - SAME

GOLD

[on his cell to Marcy]
He's doing great, honey.
(MORE)

GOLD (CONT'D)
I promise you, once the smoke
clears? We're suing everybody.

ANGLE - RALPH overhearing this.

ANGLE - GOLD making another call...

GOLD (CONT'D)
Alec, it's Howie. I need you to do
a few things for me.

INT. APARTMENT, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Meet **ALEC PELLY**, 46, retired State trooper, now a freelance
investigator for defense attorneys including Howard Gold.

ALEC
[writing down his instructions]
Howie, one dumb question. Did he do
it?

HOWARD
[tentatively] I can't imagine it.

INT. BOX - MOMENTS LATER

Ralph, Samuels, Terry, Gold around the table.

SAMUELS
[baiting him]
So you like little boys, Coach?

GOLD
OK stop. Just tell us why Terry's
here. Lay it all out or ill go
right to the press and say you've
arrested a leading citizen, ruined
his reputation, terrified his wife
and children but wont tell us why.

SAMUELS
For starters, fingerprints.

TERRY
My fingerprints?

SAMUELS
On Frank Peterson's body, in the
van..

TERRY
What van?

SAMUELS

The van you abducted him in.

TERRY

That I *what*?

SAMUELS

On his bike, which we found in the back of the van....And on the branch you used to sodomize him.

TERRY

[turning to Gold]

Did *what*?

ON RALPH - Studying Terry's body language, facial expressions, tone of voice, looking for tells.

GOLD

[rattled but hiding it]
Wouldn't be the first time fingerprints were planted.

SAMUELS

A few maybe? But seventy, eighty?
And in blood, on the weapon itself?

RALPH

And a chain of witnesses. Each one picked him out of a photo array without hesitation.

GOLD

You know the definition of a witness? A person who *thought* they saw something...
Maybe you should go with the AB Positive match. Population of Oklahoma's four million. Three percent of 4 mil gives you a hundred and twenty thousand suspects right in state. Assuming the killer isn't from Texas or...

TERRY

This is a nightmare.

SAMUELS

So *end* it. Tell us why you did it. Tell us in any way you want in order to put yourself in the best light you can. Were you on new meds? Were you hallucinating?

(MORE)

SAMUELS (CONT'D)

Did you black out? Are you a
paranoid schizophrenic? Bipolar?

GOLD

[dryly]
Help us help you..

SAMUELS

But tell us *something* before the
DNA swabs come back and you might
avoid the needle.

TERRY

The *needle*?

GOLD

You wanted to know where he was on
Tuesday?
[to Terry] OK, tell them.

TERRY

Jesus Christ, *finally!* I was in
Cap City.

RALPH

From when to when.

TERRY

I left my house at nine AM, got
back around noon on Wednesday.

RALPH

Anybody with you?

TERRY

Bob Barry and Jerry Frost.

RALPH

What was in Cap City.

TERRY

A Modern Language Association
conference for secondary school
English teachers.

SAMUELS

Conference on what.

TERRY

Censorship. Book banning. It was at
the Downtown Sheraton. We got there
in time for the guest lunch, then
went to the afternoon panel
session.

RALPH

What time was that.

TERRY

Started at two went about an hour then they took questions for another 45 minutes or so.

SAMUELS

[re: estimated time of murder]
How convenient..

GOLD

Not for you it isn't.

TERRY

[volunteering the info]
After that we wandered around the hotel for a bit, watched a few innings of the Rangers game at the bar, then went to another panel at five thirty.
After that we had dinner in the hotel restaurant, had a beer at the bar then lights out. We stayed in room 1621. Got up around seven on Wednesday went down to the breakfast buffet, paid the hotel bill and drove straight back.

GOLD

[marvelling]
I can't believe you're first asking all of this now.

SAMUELS

I explained to you why.

GOLD

Right. He might've hopped on a tramp steamer and fled to Madagascar.
You've made a very bad mistake here.

SAMUELS

No mistake. And soon we'll have the DNA to clinch it.

GOLD

Or bury you.

ON RALPH - Thrown by Terry's crisp and eager demeanor.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE, BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY - CONTINUOUS

Pelly rings the bell. **ROY SPENCER**, 45, peers out at him through the gap between the security chain and the door. Alec slips his State Investigator's license through the gap. Roy takes it, closes the door on him for a beat, then opens the door wide, returning his ID.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PELLEY'S POV - Sarah and Grace sitting together watching cartoons, Mrs. Spencer keeping an eye on them from the sofa.

When the girls turn to see Pelley - yet another strange man today - they both recoil.

PELLEY
(hunkering down, kindly)
Anybody here want to go see their
mom?

INT. SQUADROOM - SAME

Terry, in cuffs, stands before **two State Troopers** and **two Flint County Corrections Officers**.

GOLD
You're really going through with
this.

SAMUELS
What did you expect?

Ralph unlocks Terry's Flint City PD handcuffs, after which one of the C.O's claps on a pair from County Corrections.

GOLD
[muttering]
Fucking ridiculous...
[touching Terry's arm]
I promise you..

C.O
Sir. Do not touch the prisoner.

GOLD
[to Samuels and Ralph]
One lousy sitdown. After that you
could have had him watched.

ON RALPH - Troubled.

INT. RECEPTION DESK, MUNICIPAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

With her surviving son Ollie standing mutely behind her, Arlene Peterson is arguing/yelling with the DUTY SERGEANT.

ARLENE

[re: Frank]
You've had him for four days! I
want him back!

DUTY SERGEANT

[gently]
Mrs Peterson, I understand but
that's the coroner's decision. He
needs to make sure...

As Terry and the arresting party makes its way down the stairs..

ARLENE

Let me bury my son!
[then seeing Ralph]
Ralph! They wont give him back to
me!

RALPH

Arlene..

ARLENE'S POV - The cuffs on Terry, the uniformed phalanx...

ARLENE

[with snatched breath]
Who's this?

RALPH

Arlene, not now, just...

ARLENE

Is this him? Is he the one?

ON OLLIE - Saucer-eyed as he takes in Terry.

As the phalanx heads towards the door, Arlene races parallel.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Did he kill my son? Did you kill my
son! *Look at me!*

ON TERRY - Arlene's blazing presence, her accusing eyes and voice; it's far more terrible to him than anything he's endured since his arrest.

As the desk sergeant and another cop move to restrain her, the phalanx exits the building.

ON OLLIE...

INT/EXT. PELLELY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Approaching the Maitland house and the media crowd on the sidewalk.

PELLEY

Shit..

ANGLE - Peering out, Mercy sees the car pull up. She impulsively opens the front door, her arms outstretched, which propels the reporters and shooters towards her, their backs to the car.

Seizing his opportunity, Pelly hustles the girls right through the unseeing scrum. Pushing Mercy backwards into the house before him, he gets everyone safely inside.

INT. INTAKE AREA, FLINT COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - SAME

Terry, naked now, submitting to a body search as the other freshly arrived intakes await their turn. The C.O points to two foot-shaped stencils painted on the floor.

C.O.

A foot on each and squat.

(As Terry does..)

Deeper. I want your ass eighteen inches from the floor no more no less.

INMATE

[re: Terry]

That's the dude that..Oh, shit!

ON TERRY as the news starts to spread.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, BILLINGS STREET - 5:00 PM

Arlene Peterson and her husband **FRED**, 44, sit numbly on the living room couch as various neighbors mill about among the casseroles, cheese platters and other silver-foiled dishes that they brought with them for this informal memorial visit.

In contrast to his parents, Frank's older brother Ollie seems utterly transformed; no longer the sullen skateboarder but hyper-focused and energetic as he busses dirty dishes, cleans up the occasional mishap and refills guest's glasses.

INT/EXT. PELLEYS CAR, OKLAHOMA STATE HIGHWAY - 5:00 PM

Pelley driving to Cap City, on his cell phone.

OPERATOR [V.O.]
Sheraton, how may I direct your
call?

PELLEY
Ed Macy in Security.
[connect, then...]

ED MACY
Security.

PELLEY
Eddie. Alec Pelley.

ED MACY
Hey! How the hell are you, buddy?

PELLEY
Good. Listen, I'm about an hour out
from you and I was hoping you could
help me with something...

INT. INTAKE CENTER, COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - 5:00 PM

Terry is being steered towards a large bullpen where the new
inmates are parked until their processing is complete.

The word on him is all over the prison now and as he
approaches, the dozen or so men already inside go silent,
staring at him through the bars with feral eyes.

TERRY
[trying to stay calm]
Sir, I can't go in there.

C.O. [LARRY]
Shit, I'd say you were *born* to go
in there.

SUPERVISING C.O.
[from behind the intake desk]
Hey Larry..

The supervisor nods to a one man holding cell.

SUPERVISING C.O. (CONT'D)
Let's not lose another one, OK by
you?

INT. SAMUEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ralph and Samuels.

SAMUELS

We need to interview the two teachers who he said went with him to Cap City.

RALPH

Tomika has one in the Box as we speak.

SAMUELS

And?

RALPH

And so far he backs up everything Maitland told us. The other one's been calling all morning, pissed off no one's reached out to him.

SAMUELS

Shit. We need to send someone to the Sheraton. If we don't, Gold's investigator's probably going to beat us to the security tapes.

RALPH

He probably already has. So what. It's not like he can tuck it under his arm and toss it in his trunk.

SAMUELS

Right. And even if he sees a guy on there who looks like Maitland it's inconclusive. Going up against what we've got?

RALPH

[worried]
Right.

INT. SECURITY CENTER, DOWNTOWN SHERATON, CAP CITY - SAME

Alec Pelley, holding a photo of Terry, is watching four day old footage with **EDDIE MACY**, 46, head of security.

CLOSE ON - FOOTAGE - Grainy shot of people pouring into the hotel lobby from the concluded afternoon panel event.

PELLEY [OS]
[possibly spotting him]
Whoa. Freeze it?
[on frame]
Zoom out?

MACY
That's your guy?

PELLEY
It could be.

The tape continues, 'Could Be' Terry momentarily turning more fully to the camera.

PELLEY (CONT'D)
Freeze it?
[then showing Macy Terry's photo]
What do you think?

MACY
Maybe.

The tape continues to roll, tracking 'Could Be' Terry as he crosses the lobby and enters the hotel's gift shop.

PELLEY
Got anything from inside the shop?

MACY
We don't surveil in there.

PELLEY
Any other footage from the conference?

MACY
That's it.

PELLEY
The restaurant, the bar, the hallway outside the room..

MACY
You saw it all.

PELLEY
[rising, frustrated]
Alright, brother...

MACY

I mean that's all we have.
There was a Public Access TV crew
covering the conference that day.
Maybe...

ON PELLEY...

INT. PETERSON HOUSE, BILLINGS STREET - EVENING

Last of the neighbors leaving. Arlene and Fred still on the couch, their eyes vacant with grief as Ollie, still moving like a tornado, carries dirty glasses/ dishes into the kitchen then starts in on vacuuming the living room rug.

ON OLLIE- His back to the kitchen, barely hearing his mother who's suddenly standing by the sink, over the vacuum.

ARLENE [OS]

[to no one]
What are we going to do with all
this food?

OLLIE

[his back to her]
Mom, don't worry about, OK?

ARLENE [OS]

We're just four people, not an
army.

Ollie and Fred exchange an anxious glance - They're three now, Arlene's still counting in Frankie.

FRED

[from the couch]
Honey, come sit with me..

ARLENE

And all these dirty plates and
platters...

OLLIE

Mom, I'll clean up everything...Go
sit with..

ARLENE

You should get Frankie to help you
because...

And then she catches herself, her face turning shock-red as her son's death truly sinks in. At first, none of them can even draw a breath, until...

Arlene explodes - Shrieking like a banshee as she starts flinging dirty dishes against the walls, smears fistfuls of food in her hair...

Ollie and Fred rush in to restrain her, but after a brief struggle, she starts to hyperventilate, then sweat-slides to the floor, gasping for air.

The vacuum continues to roar.

INT. MAITLAND HOME, BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY - EVENING

MERCY, eyes wide open, is lying in bed, passing car headlights running across the walls and ceiling.

The stillness is abruptly shattered by O.S. screams from the girl's room.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Mercy appears in the doorway she sees Grace, seemingly still asleep, sitting up and screaming in terror. Sarah, frightened by her sisters shrieks, huddles in the farthest corner of her bed.

MARCY
[gently, carefully]
Baby, wake up, it's mommy..

GRACE
[groggy trance]
He was on my bed!

MARCY
Who was.

GRACE
The man!

MARCY
It was just a bad dream..

GRACE
No! He was here! He was saying bad things to me!

Marcy looks to Sarah...

SARAH
She just started screaming.

GRACE
No! He was here!

INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcy wide-eyed awake, a sleeping daughter curled under each arm.

INT. BEDROOM, HOWARD GOLD RESIDENCE - EARLY MORNING

Gold sleeping next to his wife. His cell rings.

GOLD
What.

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK, SHERATON HOTEL, CAP CITY.

Pelley seated at a two-top, as dozens of guests [many of them still in their pyjamas] load up at the all-you-can-eat buffet.

PELLEY
I just sent you a link. Look at it
and tell me what you think.

INT. EMPTY LIVING ROOM, GOLD RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Hold on the silence, then, from the bedroom..

GOLD [O.S.]
[elated shout]
Bingo baby!

INT. MAITLAND HOME, BARNUM STREET, FLINT CITY - 8:00 AM

MERCY on her land line with Howie as she watches the same link on her cell phone [the only device not confiscated.]

MERCY
Oh my God...
[then..]
Girls! Come see this!
[then, tearing up]
Howie... I love you.

INT. DA SAMUELS OFFICE - 10:00 AM

CLOSE ON - COMPUTER MONITOR

Cap City Public Access Channel 35 footage of the censorship conference. A hand reaches out to the keyboard fast forwarding the tape to...

MODERATOR

Anyone else?

Camera pans to the audience, as 'Could-Be' Terry stands up.

TERRY

[that horse head buckle shining]
I don't understand. Slaughter House Five is banned in part because of it's unsparing take on war. But the *Iliad*, which is infinitely more bloody and graphic, remains required reading. Could any of you respond to that?

GO WIDE - TO SEE, Gold, Samuels, Ralph.

GOLD

[gloating]
Comments? Thoughts? Suggestions?

SAMUELS

It's just an image, not..

GOLD

Ralph? Is that, or is that not, Terry Maitland, on the same day and roughly the same time as Frank Peterson was murdered seventy miles away?

Ralph's troubled silence says it all.

GOLD (CONT'D)

[to Samuels, re: the case]
Poof.

INT. VISITOR'S LOUNGE, SAME HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Ollie and his father Fred. They've been here since last night and they're so exhausted that it takes them a moment to realize that Arlene's surgeon is standing in the doorway. They shoot to their feet but the sorrowful look on the man's haggard face knocks them right back down into their chairs.

Fred starts bawling into his hands. Ollie, on the other hand, turns to stone.

INT. DA SAMUEL'S OFFICE - MID-MORNING

Samuels, Ralph and Yunis.

SAMUELS

The painful fact is, juries rarely convict on fingerprint evidence alone.

SABLO

What about your witnesses?

SAMUELS

A small child, a senior citizen who lost her drivers license because of poor eyesight, a strip club bouncer with a rap sheet longer than his leg. Once Gold gets a shot at them on cross...

RALPH

But they saw him. Every interview every I.D. rang true.

SAMUELS

[sighing]
The hell of it is, we're in too deep to back down.

SABLO

I guess it'll all come down to the DNA, won't it.

SAMUELS

And I'm starting to have my doubts about that.

Ralph gets up heads for the door.

SAMUELS (CONT'D)

We're still talking.

RALPH

Talk to Yunis. I'm going to Cap City, take a look at those hotel tapes.

INT. INTERVIEW BOOTH, FLINT COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - SAME

Through a scuffed Plexiglas barrier, Mercy and Gold watch Terry trembling with relief.

TERRY

So it's over? The charge is withdrawn?

GOLD

Not quite. The problem is, once they arrest you, you get put on the justice train, and that train has no brain. All it knows is to stop at every station.

So. At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you have your arraignment with Judge Landy...

But I promise you this. By the time you get to that courthouse, I will make damn sure that every reporter and every TV station in the state has a copy of that video so there's no way Landy's denying you bail. Now, the DA's going to quack like a duck about it because he's got a heap of forensic evidence that he's very proud of... but I can tell you right now that what we've got trumps what they've got and once you post bail you're out of here.

MERCY

Then what.

GOLD

Then I tell Samuels that it would be a bad idea to convene a grand jury. He'll agree because he knows his case is a dog and he won't want to wind up with even more egg on his face if they fail to indict. And at *that* point, you will truly be free.

Finally feeling like the nightmare will soon come to an end Terry allows himself to let go, his body wracked with sobs.. Seeing her husband fall apart, MERCY follows suit.

GOLD (CONT'D)

As I said, they love their forensic evidence although the DNA's still pending.

TERRY

That can't come back a match. It's not possible.

GOLD

I would've said that about the fingerprints.

MERCY

Maybe someone set him up. Maybe someone..

GOLD

But why? Who would go to such insane lengths to do that to you? Can you think of anyone?
[off his silence]
So, OK. We have a video and we have witnesses. But I want more.

MERCY

More what?

GOLD

I want physical evidence to match theirs.

MERCY

From the Sheraton? He was there five days ago.

GOLD

A boy can dream, can't he?

TERRY

Hold on. There might be something.

INT. SECURITY CENTER, DOWNTOWN SHERATON, CAP CITY - SAME

Ralph reviewing the same tapes that Alec Pelley had the day before.

CLOSE ON - MONITOR

'Could Be' Terry once again exiting the afternoon panel event along with the others, briefly turning in the direction of the security camera before entering the gift shop.

ON RALPH - Perplexed, unsure.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Ralph showing Terry's photo to the manager and waiters. No one can remember him.

ANGLE - HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ralph drawing the same nonplussed reaction. Then from across the lobby seeing that gift shop.

INT. GIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ralph approaching the proprietor/sole worker, **SHIRLEY JACKSON**, 44, feisty, droll.

RALPH

How are you today, Ma'am?

SHIRLEY

Holdin' my own, some of theirs.

RALPH

Well, that's good to hear.
[showing his police I.D.]
Were you working here last Tuesday?
That was the day of the teachers
conference.

SHIRLEY

I'm here everyday. It's my shop.

RALPH

[showing her a printed out blow up
from the security tape]
Would you happen to remember if you
saw this man coming into your store
that day?

SHIRLEY

That guy? Maybe. Well I don't
know. It's kind of grainy so...
[then bringing it closer]
No, no, yeah, he was in here.

RALPH

So, five days past, a ton of
customers since then..

SHIRLEY

I wish.

RALPH

But you definitely remember him.

SHIRLEY

[gesturing to a high shelf]
See those books? You know why they're up there? Because nobody buys them. They're too expensive. This guy was the first one to get up on my step ladder and take one down in months. Didn't buy it, but I remember him doing that.

RALPH

Which?

SHIRLEY

"*Tribes of Oklahoma*" up there with the red spine.

RALPH

Anyone look at it since?

SHIRLEY

Are you kidding?

ANGLE - RALPH on the step ladder taking the book down, but gingerly, holding it with his palms pressed into the top and bottom of the cover in order to not compromise any fingerprints that might be present on the shrink wrap.

RALPH

How much?

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ralph exiting the gift shop, the book in a shopping bag.

PELLEY[OS]

God damn it, Ralph.

RALPH

Hey Alec, long time no see.

PELLEY

[re: book]
How the hell did you know?

RALPH

I didn't. Just followed a hunch.

PELLEY

Well, I'll tell you...You find Maitland's prints on that book you'll be doing us a service.

RALPH
I'm hoping I don't.

PELLEY
You can't convict on absence of
evidence.

RALPH
[holding up the grainy blow up]
The owner in there I.D'ed *this* guy
as the last customer handling the
book. But if the prints are someone
else's then that discredits the
whole tape.

PELLEY
So fine. Get the tape tossed. I
wasn't even sure it was him myself.
But that TV footage, brother...How
are you gonna negate that?

RALPH
You never know.

PELLEY
[re: the book]
So how much did it set you back?

RALPH
About a dinner for two with drinks?
I'm banking on getting reimbursed.

INT. FINGERPRINT STATION, FLINT CITY PD - NIGHT

Ralph lifting the prints from the book cover via clear tape,
then pressing the tape onto a contrasting surface and
photographing the image, which he then uploads into a
fingerprint match scanner alongside prints taken from the
crime scene and from Terry's booking.

ON THE SCREEN - A rolling build up of ridges and whorls from
the book...

ON RALPH - As the process comes to it's conclusion.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DA SAMUELS HOME, FLINT CITY - NIGHT

Ralph is there with Samuels and Yunis Sablo. Laying before
them on a coffee table are three sets of fingerprint cards.

RALPH

These are from the the book, these are from the crime scene, these are from Maitland's booking.

SAMUELS

Drum roll please?

RALPH

They all match.

SAMUELS

Impossible. He can't have been in two places at the same time.

SABLO

I would have to agree.

SAMUELS

You logged these into evidence?

RALPH

I had to.

SAMUELS

Well then that means Howie Gold gets his mitts on them in discovery.
[off Ralph's steady-eyed silence]
You know, back in the 90's a Columbian soccer player scored a goal in his own net during the World Cup and, as a result, his team was eliminated.
You remind me of that guy.

RALPH

If Terry Maitland is innocent...

SAMUELS

Which he is *not*.

RALPH

If he *is*...That means whoever butchered that kid is still out there and the odds are he'll do it again.
Bill. How badly do you want to win this?

SAMUELS

How badly do you want to lose?

INT. DETECTIVES SQUAD ROOM, MUNICIPAL BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Ralph at his desk, poring over conflicting tapes. Terry on Public Access TV. Terry entering Mister Peepers with bloody clothes. Terry caught on the Sheraton's security tape before entering the book store. And lastly, Terry inside the train station purposely looking directly into camera. Ralph zooms in, magnifying Terry's image from head to toe.

RALPH
[to Tomika, passing by]
T, take a look. What do you see.

TOMIKA
Terry Maitland.

RALPH
Look closer.

TOMIKA
Is that bastard giving us the
finger?

CLOSE ON - THE BLOWN UP IMAGE

Terry furtively doing just that, the slightest smirk playing across his mouth.

EXT. CEMETERY, FLINT CITY - EARLY MORNING

Ralph and Jeannie kneeling before Derek's grave; Jeannie placing flowers, Ralph brushing cut grass from the stone.

JEANNIE
[softly to Derek]
Happy birthday baby...

RALPH
Happy... [then hoarsely] God I
miss him. I would do anything...

JEANNIE
He knows.

RALPH
[uncynical]
Does he?

JEANNIE
I couldn't bear to think otherwise.

RALPH

[long beat, then...]
Jeannie...I have been a lawman for
over twenty years. And it just
kills me...

JEANNIE

...that you can't ever get justice
for Derek. I know it does, baby...

RALPH

Sometimes, on the job... I feel
like it colors everything I do,
every judgement...
[struggling]
Like with Terry Maitland... At
first, I just wanted so bad to put
him away, but..

JEANNIE

Ralph. If for one minute, you can
stop thinking about Derek. And then
if you can put aside all the
contradicting evidence on both
sides, all of it, and answer me
this...
From your grieving father's
heart... Do you think Terry
Maitland killed that boy?

Taking a long moment to collect himself, Ralph returns to
almost lovingly tending to Derek's headstone, then..

RALPH

No.

LATE NIGHT MONTAGE -

THE MAITLAND GIRLS - sleeping in their parent's bed as Marcy
packs Terry's suit shirt and tie for the arraignment, as...

BILL SAMUELS - sleepless, sits in his den reviewing his no-
bail argument for the arraignment, as...

HOWIE GOLD - also sleepless, watches an old gangster movie on
his bedroom TV, as..

RALPH - Unable to sleep quietly swings his legs over the side
of the bed and begins to rise.

Jeannie, a light sleeper, whispers his name.

Drifting back down he buries his face in her hair, lays an arm across her body as...

A DOZEN INMATES - huddle around an air duct vent along the baseboards of the Intake Center's bullpen. One by one, they put their lips to the vent and softly whisper as...

TERRY, hunched over on the edge of his cot hearing those disembodied whispers floating up from a connecting air duct vent in his single man cell.

MULTIPLE HISSING VOICES[OS]
*Hey child killer/You ain't out of
here yet/ Blood cries for blood,
you hear me?/Blood cries for
blood..*

ON TERRY...