

DOE... as in 'John'

Episode #101

"Chapter 1:  
Meat-Cute"

Written by

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A black screen.

A quote:

*"Ugly people kill people all the time. But when pretty people did, it got attention."*

*- I don't know... I think that was Chelsea Cain?*

Over this, the scattered sounds of a bar. Shitty TV's, all playing unwanted ads. For example:

TOM THORTNEY (V.O.)

"Like the Godfather himself said: I believe in America. I believe in our greatness. I believe in god, the good ol' holy ghost. And I, above all, believe in the Tom Thortney campaign to make change in this country."

INT. BAR - SOUTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

A bright red, white, & blue campaign ad crackles on the bar's main TV:

TOM THORTNEY

"And if you believe, like me, you can be a disciple in the constitutionally-sound congregation that will make that change, right here from the great state of South Dakota."

Fronting a terrible green screen with rolling hills, eagles, and American flags is the man himself, TOM THORTNEY: a guy I can only describe as a fratboy who'd figured out how to pay a mortgage.

Over the ad, the sound of a tape recorder CLICKS.

TOM THORTNEY (CONT'D)

"So, with grace, I ask for your senatorial vote. But also, I ask you the real question on my mind: "are you ready to make a change for greatness?"

CLICK, ringing over the ad again.

The Thortney Campaign logo covers the screen, with:

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"I'm Tom Thortney and I approve this message."

Finally, we pull from the TV and onto the bar itself.

BARTENDER

LAST CALL!

CLICK, once again, coming from...

...a man at the end of the bar. It's **DOE** (50s), our hero: the epitome of a silver fox who's still got it. Think Rob Lowe (because, frankly, he should be played by Rob Lowe... like, c'mon).

He wears jeans and a tropical shirt, loose and unbuttoned, just enough to show he's still in shape. In his hand, a handheld tape recorder. He listens to it on repeat through a pair of old, walkman headphones. When...

HAZEL (V.O.)

(muffled)

See that?

Barely hearing her. Doe removes his headphones.

DOE

Hm? I'm sorry?

HAZEL (V.O.)

(to Doe)

That? That is called a missed opportunity.

Doe lifts his head from his drink and tape-recorder. He sees her: **HAZEL** (Early 30s), our other hero.

DOE

I'm sorry, was that to me?

She's been watching him for a while, sipping at a beer. She's pretty made up for a good night. Oddly, she's alone...

HAZEL

Your chance, you missed it.

DOE

That's a bit of a weak pick-up line.

She scoffs. Doe stuffs the tape recorder into his pocket.

HAZEL

Oh, please...

DOE

Okay... lots of venom towards pick-up lines?

HAZEL

I'm a believer that "pick-up lines" are a man thing... respectfully-

DOE

I'm a believer that they're a boy thing... disrespectfully...

Beat. Hazel sips her drink and smiles. That was smooth..?

Doe thinks it was. He sips his drink as well.

DOE (CONT'D)

It was incoherent, too: your line. No offense, Miss..?

HAZEL

(sarcastic)

Anyone ever call you a flirt?

DOE

Yeah. They have. Watch.

(to bartender)

Can she get one of these please?

Doe points to his drink: an unrecognizable, bright red concoction in a scotch glass.

Hazel smiles at Doe's confidence.

HAZEL

My friends call men who pull things like that "gross."

DOE

Where are they?

HAZEL

Being hypocrites and fucking them anyway, why?

DOE

And as for you?

HAZEL

I don't think it's snobbish to have higher standards for myself.

DOE

Is that why your pick up lines are so convoluted? Y'think one day a Harvard boy will come around and figure it out enough to buy you a drink?

HAZEL

(laughing)

Wow. Wanna get off my dick?!

DOE

"Last" call? Doesn't mean I missed anything. Time is only of the essence. It's more exciting, y'know? Miss..?

He sips his drink.

HAZEL

Hazel.

(re: his drink)

What is it?

DOE

Called a "red lady."

HAZEL

Isn't it a "pink lady?"

DOE

With enough grenadine, no.

The bartender slides the same drink in front of Hazel.

HAZEL

It's not gonna kill me, is it?

Doe laughs.

DOE

(playing)

Famous last words, miss.

HAZEL

(giggling)

That's not a no!

DOE

Wait, you're serious?

HAZEL

Yes!

DOE

No, you're not--!

HAZEL (CONT'D)

It's worth the question--!

DOE (CONT'D)

--of all possible causes for your death tonight, Tito's and cherry syrup? Really?

Hazel lifts the glass close to her face. She smiles.

HAZEL

That's not as reassuring as you think it is, but fuck it.

She drinks.

DOE

You a student nearby or...?

Hazel giggles, almost spilling her drink:

HAZEL

How old do you think I am?

DOE

Too young for me?

HAZEL

I like history lessons.

DOE

Wow... Holy shit.

He can't help but laugh at her. That was rough, but she sold it.

HAZEL

(laughing)  
That was good, right? Right--  
? What?! Come on--!

DOE (CONT'D)

(playing)  
--noooo! Rough! It wasn't--  
okay, fine! Just enough not  
to hurt. You're on a roll.

There's a pause. They look at each other smiling. It's only a little awkward. Hazel breaks it:

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(re: her drink)  
This is really sweet...

INT. BATHROOM - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel and Doe messily make-out in the bathroom. It's cramped and dirty as all hell, but they don't really care. It's that kind of night.

Hazel starts pushing him near a urinal, eyes closed. Doe clocks it and tries to avoid.

DOE  
We could go to my place.

HAZEL  
Your name would be nice.

DOE  
It's--

HAZEL  
No, no, no- I was kidding.

She teasingly pushes him off and turns on the sink.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
Let me clean up? Meet you at your car?

DOE  
I'm out back.

Doe leaves the bathroom...

INT. BAR - HALL - CONTINUOUS

...smiling to himself. He walks to the back exit of the bar and pushes himself through the door, where...

EXT. BAR - BACK EXIT - CONTINUOUS

...he reaches the back alley. Dumpsters and overflow trash-bags line the shadowed, concrete walls.

A few feet ahead stand two men. They're burly, but look a little strung out. One holds a lead pipe in his hand. The other, a crowbar.

Doe immediately clocks them. The door begins to close behind him.

DOE  
Shit.

He turns to dash back inside. It's too late.

Just as the door swings shut Doe sees something, almost in slow motion: HAZEL, fleeing in the other direction. They lock eyes as Hazel gives him a guilty look.

The door slams shut. Doe tries for it anyway: LOCKED.

DOE (CONT'D)  
No, no, no--

THWAM!

The lead pipe smacks into the side of Doe's face, slamming him into the door. Doe falls to the ground as the two goons rush him.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

Hazel makes her way to the front entrance of the bar, already over what she's done to her recent friend.

EXT. BAR - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

An older woman with a cigarette hanging from her chapped lips lingers by the door. She holds a wad of cash in her hand and passes it to Hazel.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. BAR - BACK EXIT - SAME TIME

We briefly hop back to Doe, still having the holy wrath of hell beaten out of him. One of the goons digs his foot into Doe's chest, the other keeps wailing on his ribs.

EXT. BAR - FRONT ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Hazel keeps moving, counting her take, when...

HAZEL

The fuck?! He looked rich. I don't get an up-charge for that?

OLDER WOMAN

What made him look rich?

HAZEL

(reaching)  
...he was old?

OLDER WOMAN

Flat rate and fuck off.

HAZEL

(to herself)  
Fuckin hag-

Suddenly, the older woman, backhands Hazel, palms her face and pushes her into the dirt.



Hazel, unfazed, rolls her eyes, picks herself up and begins to walk for the road. She halts for a moment, looking to the back of the bar and knowing what's right around the corner, out of view...

EXT. BAR - BACK EXIT - SAME TIME

...Doe, now bloody all over his face.

EXT. BAR - FRONT ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Hazel sighs it off and walks down the highway.

EXT. BAR - BACK EXIT - SAME TIME

Doe covers his head, struggling to prevent critical hits. The goon with the lead pipe seems to enjoy this. He's careless, not seeing he left his legs wide open, knees locked, when...

CRACK

Doe kicks the goon's knee in the opposite direction.

PIPE GOON

FUCK!

He collapses to the ground, holding his knee in pain. The other, briefly frozen from his friend's injury, moves for another kick to Doe's stomach.

Doe clasps his arms around the swinging leg and tackles him to the ground. The crowbar flies from the goon's hand as Doe wrestles his way on top of him.

Though pinned to the ground, the crowbar goon goes for a swing at Doe's head. Doe manages to catch it, wrapping his body around the goon's arm, now with leverage to...

SNAP

The crowbar goon screams and thrashes his body around as Doe pushes the dislocated arm deeper into his socket, when--

--SUDDENLY the LEAD PIPE GOON APPEARS BEHIND DOE. HE SWINGS--

--smacking right into Doe's back. Doe falls off the crowbar goon and back into the dirt.

Doe suddenly scampers for the abandoned crowbar. Pipe goon notices, trying to cut him off with another swing to his back, when...

Doe manages the crowbar in time and lands a swing right onto the goon's striking hand. Pipe goon cries out in pain, dropping his weapon. His hand, is it broken..?

Doe moves for another swing and...

CRACK

Now it is.

The two goons whimper on the ground. The battle is won. Doe, our hero, is victorious! He slowly stands as the goons helplessly secede to him. Doe can now heroically leave with his head held--

--THWAP--

--suddenly, Doe strikes the crowbar to the side of Pipe Goon's head! He falls unconscious, blood violently falls from his temple. This doesn't stop Doe...

He swings to the lifeless head again... and again... and again.

The pipe goon's partner watches, eyes wide in shock. He turns his body around to scamper away.

CROWBAR GOON

No, no, no, no, no...

Right before he can manage to his feet, it's too late. Doe's already caught up. Pulling his feet back to the ground

CROWBAR GOON (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait--!

THWAP

Blood pours. Doe drops the crowbar into the red pool.

He takes a breath and collapses to the ground, exhausted. He looks at his mess, a sight that would send most into hysteria... but not him.

He sighs, annoyed the same way you would if you'd tracked mud on your carpet.

DOE  
(sighing)  
Jesus...

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doe drags the two bodies, now wrapped in blood soaked bedsheets, to the back of his car: an old, 70s Charger that's not as nice you'd imagine...

We pan around to see the sweaty, beaten face of our "hero." He pops the trunk and lugs the two corpses in as we move back to his POV, revealing...

Two other bodies already sitting there! They look recent. Younger and female, likely college girls...

Doe moves them around like luggage as he begins to stuff his most recent victims in the compartment. He looks behind for any watchers. He's safe. He slams the trunk.

I/E. CAR - HIGHWAY - LATER

Doe taps on his steering wheel, driving to the tune of Jim Croce on his old stereo. He softly hums, when--

BUMP, BUMP, BUMP

Doe quickly pulls off the empty highway and turns off the car. The bumping gets louder. It's from the trunk.

Doe looks for any incoming traffic before he removes a large hunting knife from his glove compartment. He exits the car and pops the trunk. We hear the weak, rugged voice of one of the goons again, still alive. He pleads, gargling on his own blood:

PIPE GOON (O.S.)  
Wait, wait, wait-! Please-! Wh- wha-  
what... who are you-?!

Doe jams his knife into the man, finishing him off. We're in silence, then only hearing the sound of the knife exiting a body.

Doe returns to the driver's seat and slams the door behind him. He's still calm, using a handkerchief to wipe the knife clean and the bloodspots remaining on his face.

He takes a moment for himself and sighs. He looks out into the night. Just down the road he notices something: a light. Another bar.

DOE

Let's try this again...

He starts the car and turns up the volume to his stereo:

"Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" by Jim Croce begins to blast over the screen.

He drives off as we cut into...

**OPENING TITLES**

Then...

DOE (V.O.)

Okay... I'll just say it. Fuck Ted Bundy!

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

A bright, beautiful morning, shining the perfect mid-western sun-beam on the eye soar of the American countryside... what others may call "a motel."

DOE (V.O.)

No. No, I'm serious. I mean, pardon me. I will try to be nice. I really will try...

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - SAME TIME

Inside the motel we follow a familiar pair of hands, now wearing a pair of maid's gloves. She dusts, vacuums, wipes, and, naturally, digs through bags of the guests.

DOE (V.O.)

...but I cannot explain the worlds fucked obsession with the more violent fucked, other than to say we've all been fucked and are fucked to begin with. Some of us are just more impulsive "go-getters" about it.

She tries the luggage first, only managing a couple pieces of cheap jewelry and assorted toiletries.

DOE (V.O.)

And leave it to the American-made, pretty boy, narcissist to make us feel okay with that. Only as long as we're entertained by it, not... not, like, seduced by it..? Isn't that the trend these days?

(MORE)

DOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Second-hand entertainment makes  
sociopathy passable in comfort of your  
own home. Like, what the fuck?!

She moves on to pairs of pants spread messily on the  
ground. Out of the pockets she can only find crumpled  
ones until...

Jackpot: a wallet. She removes everything from inside and  
moves to...

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

...the exit to the second floor walkway. She returns her  
cleaning equipment to her little cart, simultaneously  
stuffing the cash into her bra.

We move up from her stash, revealing:

Hazel. She looks left and right, making sure nobody saw.  
She moves on with her cart, knocking door to door.

We begin to glide down from the motel's second floor as  
the echoing voice continues:

DOE (O.S.)

And, see, that's my problem with him.  
It's not petty. Not bitter. Fuck that!

Suddenly, it begins to sound as if we're actually getting  
close to him. Because...

DOE (CONT'D)

He is just a snobby, moderate looking,  
little twerp with a unibrow and a paper  
thin ego that got him anywhere of note.  
Y'can't even say he was any good at what  
he did. He got caught!

...we are. Parked in his same, old Charger, right outside  
the motel: Doe. He speaks into his tape-recorder.

DOE (CONT'D)

So, if I have to see another "The Secrets  
of..." or "The Man Under the Evil of..."  
or "The Tapes I Found Under my Niece's-  
Futon of... Mr. Bundy," I'm gonna pull a  
rope from my trunk and hang myself. He's  
not any special kind of bat-shit when  
we're all bat-shit alike. He was only  
good at telling us that he was...  
conceited prick.

(MORE)

DOE (CONT'D)

So, say it with me folks, "Good bless America, and FUCK Ted Bundy!" Fate has a different plan for me... I know it...

(beat)

End of chapter one.

(slight pause.)

Note to self: too much cursing..?

Question mark.

CLICK! He ends his recording and removes the tape. He takes a sharpie sitting on his ear and labels the tape in his hand: BIO ~ CHAPTER ONE.

He shoves it in his glove compartment.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Doe gives a bright smile to the concierge behind the lobby desk: an old woman who doesn't want to be there.

DOE

Pleasure, ma'am! Vacancies available?

She has a thick country accent...

DESK LADY

20 dollars each. How many nights?

DOE

Just the one. Cash?

As he removes a bill from his pocket, she scans him up and down. He's still a little roughed up from the night.

DESK LADY

You don't have someone chasing you, do ya?

DOE

How's that?

DESK LADY

Cash is the currency of secrets these days...

DOE

(pause)

You write that down?

Silence. She doesn't humor him.

DOE (CONT'D)

No, ma'am. I can assure you, there isn't  
a soul that would dare follow...

He stops, giving a quick, fateful glance out the window.  
He sees her: Hazel, walking off after her shift.

DOE (CONT'D)

...me?

He can't believe it. He's caught in a trance.

DESK LADY

(rudely)

Sir.

DOE

Can you take the damn cash and leave it?

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Hazel, now out of her work clothes with a bag slung over  
her shoulder, walks down the road of a barren shopping  
district. Focused, she's unable to see Doe's car tailing  
her.

This continues on...

EXT. BANK - MONTAGE

...to the bank, as Hazel leaves with more cash from an  
ATM...

EXT. HOUSE - MONTAGE

...to a random house. Hazel exits it with a rather large,  
paper sack she stuffs into her bag...

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MONTAGE

...then to a burger joint, as Hazel perches herself on a  
trashcan, chewing on some bad fries...

EXT. BUS STATION - MONTAGE

...then finally to the nearest Bus Station. Hazel enters  
the building as Doe pulls into the parking lot outside.

INT. BUS STATION - TICKET BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel stands before the ticket booth with a wad of crumpled bills in her hand.

TICKET SELLER

Where to?

HAZEL

Rapid City to Pierre. Tomorrow morning.

The ticket seller takes her cash. Hazel lets out a sigh and looks out the main doors to the station. She notices something: Doe's car, parked and faced away from her.

I/E. CAR - BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Doe sticks his feet onto the dash, a little bored. He has his tape recorder back at his mouth as he begins to lose focus on Hazel in the building.

DOE

(into the recorder)

I don't want the talking about "my path," "my fate-" god, that sounds like the fuckin worst. Whatever-! I don't want it to have a sound of resentment or envy- no! Is my judgment towards his, or any of the other's, actions? The action itself..? No!

Over Doe's recording we see through the back windshield: Hazel, leaving the bus station and charging for Doe.

DOE (CONT'D)

What's the use of being a hypocrite about such... "things." My point is the *glamor* of it all...

She picks a rock up from the ground. Doe still pays no attention to her approach.

DOE (CONT'D)

You'd just think a normal minded person would be the one who found it-!

CRASH-- Suddenly, Hazel's rock shatters into Doe's right-side mirror. Doe jolts, falling into his seat!

Hazel, still unable to see him, grabs another rock from the ground. She calls to him.



HAZEL

I've seen you following me all the way  
back from the bank. Step out of the car  
or I take out your windshield next!

DOE

(to himself)

Shit...

He opens the door and slowly steps out. Then...

Doe turns around, hands up, revealing his face.

Hazel immediately recognizes Doe, almost dropping her  
rock at the sight of him.

DOE (CONT'D)

Listen... I-

HAZEL

Oh, fuuuuck-- no, no, no,  
no, no-- you can't- No! I'm  
not the one you got a  
problem with! They have  
your money, you talk to  
them.

DOE (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait- that  
isn't what I'm here to- I  
just wanted to talk, no  
harm done! Can you hear me  
out--?!

Hazel tightens her throwing stance with the rock.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

BACK OFF! Or I crack your fuckin face  
next!

Doe halts and holds his hands higher.

DOE

Nope! No need for that! No, no, no-!

HAZEL

What do you want from me?

Doe hesitates. He realizes he's been following her this  
whole time, not knowing why.

DOE

I, uh...

HAZEL

"Uh... uh..." what, you freak?!

DOE

...buy you a drink?

Hazel crashes her rock into Doe's back windshield!

DOE (CONT'D)

JESUS!

HAZEL

Now, I'm gonna go this way... and you're gonna go the other way. And we're going to make believe, like I never...

DOE

Stuck your tongue down my throat and fucked me worse than a sandpaper peg?

HAZEL

Classy.

DOE

Look at me! I had the worst walk of shame of my life last night! I think I'm inclined to be a bit of a prick.

Hazel raises the rock high, aiming for Doe's face. Small pieces of glass from the windshield fall off of it.

DOE (CONT'D)

Okay, FINE! Fine! Just go... I get it. Just... just go.

She slowly backs up further and further from Doe. Then, finally...

She makes a break for it. Still holding the rock.

Doe doesn't do a thing. Knowing where she's going, he watches her run off, letting out a long sigh.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Doe pulls his newly busted Charger back into the parking lot of the motel. He hops out the car and looks around for any sign of Hazel. She's nowhere in sight, until...

Doe notices the window shattering rock, now left at a nearby curb. She's here.

Doe softly reaches back into his car for something. In the glove compartment: a loaded Beretta. With no one in sight, he shoves the gun in the back of his pants.

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Doe moves door to door on the second floor balcony. He finds his room: 237.

Just as he wrangles his key into the rusted lock, the door swings open, revealing...

Hazel, with a loaded revolver (much larger than Doe's pistol) pointed directly at his nose.

DOE

GOD! FUCK!

His hands shoot up, too late to block Hazel's blow to the face with the butt of her gun. Doe falls to the ground, blood already gushing from his nose.

DOE (CONT'D)

OW! MotherFUCKER!

HAZEL

And after I keep telling you NOT to follow me, what do you go on and do?

DOE

Don't fuckin "mom" me! You broke my nose!

She cocks the gun and puts it Doe's neck.

HAZEL

So, what do you want?! Your money back? Whatever they stripped off you, I promise it wasn't shared with me. You're going to leave me alone, understand?

DOE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey woah... okay.

DOE (CONT'D)

Can you not threaten me with the gun and then make demands? It feels like it should go the other way around.

HAZEL

Fuck you!

DOE

Fuck me? Fine! At least then I'd know that our "dynamic" here- or WHATEVER THE FUCK THIS IS -is actually going somewhere!

She pushes the pistol's muzzle deeper into his neck.

HAZEL

I swear to god. I swear to god I'm so annoyed right now, I'll do it. Shut the fuck up or I'll do it.



DOE (CONT'D)  
 ...in need of an ER I am, can I, maybe,  
 re-propose that drink from earlier?

Hazel sinks her head into her hands, still not looking at Doe.

HAZEL  
 What?! What are you-?! Are you psycho or something?

DOE  
 (hesitates)  
 Yep... full Norman Bates. Boo.

She turns to him.

DOE (CONT'D)  
 Right. You... you still have the gun.  
 (for real)  
 Look, if I am, trust me, I'm shit at it.

HAZEL  
 What could you possibly have that'll make me trust being in the same room with you?

DOE  
 I can give you 39 seconds worth?

HAZEL  
 Worth of what?

Doe removes his gun from the back of his pants and tosses it to floor in front of her.

DOE  
 Eyeing your back.

She stares at the gun and then quickly back at him. Doe smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

BARNEY (Early 20s) taps his ratty sneakers on the floor, trying not to think about how uncomfortable the office chair has been for the past 20 minutes. He continues to wait, looking around the room: fairly bland and empty for a Police Sheriff's office.

He hears something from the cracked door, peaking out into the station's waiting area:

DEPUTY (O.S.)

Yalonda, if I put a drink on a tab for every time your "boys" fucked about, went missing for three days, and showed up in our cell without any shoes on-

YALONDA (O.S.)

Fuck you!

Barney sees who's talking. It's the old woman from the other night, the one who paid off Hazel: YALONDA. She speaks with DEPUTY MARTIN (40s).

Barney pulls out his phone, a little mic pokes out of the bottom. He records the conversation to his voice memos.

DEPUTY

What do you want me to do?! I can't just-

YALONDA

They were supposed to meet me at home. Early morning. They don't ever miss meet ups after-

Suddenly, someone covers Barney's view in the door's crack: SHERIFF TOLIVER (Early 40s), looking low on patience for Yalonda.

SHERIFF

-after what? Getting 'em high enough to knock off another Walgreens, Yalonda?

Yalonda goes quiet from the sight of her.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Ever consider they may've had enough of your haggish shit and took off with whatever earnings y'all still had?

(no response)

Don't look at me like that. Like I didn't know that you may have been the one to-?

Yalonda cuts her off, quickly turning tail and storming out of the station.

DEPUTY

Nice, Sheriff...

SHERIFF

She always comes back.

DEPUTY

Y'think?

Toliver leaves the desk and walks to her office. Barney turns from the door, tucking his phone under his legs.

SHERIFF

(to the deputy.)

Only thief keeping residency at a police station, just so she can nag about her fucked life to somebody.

DEPUTY

So?

SHERIFF

So, she'll be back!

She slams the office door behind her and takes a seat at her desk. Barney is quiet as she gets herself settled.

Toliver slaps down two files on the desk, labeled: "Lopper, Kara" & "Novak, Kiesha." Missing person reports, each having a photo of young woman... faces we've seen before... in somebody's trunk.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Okay. Mr..?

BARNEY

"Perkins." You can call me "Barney."

SHERIFF

Right. Student at Black Hills State?

BARNEY

Yeah. Kara & Kiesha were a class below, but I knew them.

SHERIFF

You were friends?

BARNEY

Yes, ma'am.

She speaks to him while writing on a notepad.

SHERIFF

Well... thanks for coming in, "Barney." Listen, as most average missing person reports go, unless there's something we haven't swept across your campus yet: unknown friends, secret ex-boyfriend, professor, what have you -then whatever is at the root of the disappearances... I mean, it's likely already out of our jurisdiction.

(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Not like it's large to begin with,  
y'know? Just want to be transparent with  
you. But... you say you have info of  
assistance on the cases, is that correct?  
Sorry about the formal phrasing. This  
just for my report.

(repeating)

Is that correct?

BARNEY

Mmmm.

Toliver looks up from her pad. She cringes at his "Mmm."

SHERIFF

What was that?

BARNEY

Hm?

SHERIFF

What was that- that "mmm?" What does that  
mean?

Barney freezes. He has no clue how to reply.

BARNEY

I'm sorry...

SHERIFF

What do you mean?

BARNEY

I... I actually... I don't.

SHERIFF

...what do you mean?

BARNEY

I don't have-

SHERIFF

Wait, you... you don't... what?

BARNEY

Have any information- at the moment-!

Sheriff Toliver leans back in her seat and sighs.

SHERIFF

(to herself)

What the fuck, man...

(to Barney)

You serious-?



BARNEY

BUT, I do... I do have a request! One of value to you. THAT I can promise!

SHERIFF

You have a request. For a missing persons case, you have a request? Right, cuz I'm sure looking for lots of those, "requests." Like a whole fuckin radio station in here, I'm taking requests. C'mon...

BARNEY

A shadowing opportunity.

SHERIFF

How old are you?

BARNEY

I'm 21.

SHERIFF

So you want a field trip?

BARNEY

I think that comment would make more sense if I was, like, 15.

Sheriff stands, already done with this kid's attitude.

SHERIFF

Okay, get out.

BARNEY

I'm a podcaster- well... up & coming. When I was a student with Kara & Kiesha I was studying communications- whatever the fuck that means given I had no clue what to "communicate" about. Then... all of a sudden...

SHERIFF

Two girls missing on campus. Right. I think I get it now. Listen, kid, were you actually friends with either victim..?

Barney hesitates. He's shit at lying.

BARNEY

3 degrees of separation I think qualifies as friend, right?

SHERIFF

Jesus christ. Wow.

BARNEY

Uncover the facts. Uncover the truth.  
Uncover the mystery. It's what I can do  
and do it good.

SHERIFF

What's that? Your tagline?

BARNEY

Did it... like, sound fine? I wasn't-

Sheriff Toliver falls into her chair and groans.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Listen, life likes to tell us things in  
weird ways. I think that's how that  
saying goes. In my case...

Barney pulls his phone from between his legs and slaps it  
on the table.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

...true-crime podcasting. It can be a  
huge benefit to you and the case!

SHERIFF

WOAH! Woah, have you been recording this  
whole time?! Are you fucking kidding me?!

BARNEY

True crime podcasts always cover the  
investigation in retrospect. 9 times out  
of 10 the police..? Either playing the  
fool or the villain. Me at your side,  
recording real-time investigation,  
showing the world exactly how you should  
be seen: hero detective in pursuance of a  
loose predator. That's what I'm offering.  
It's crime of the 70s relived. I mean,  
cops actually looked cool back then.

SHERIFF

How considerate of you. The victims play  
any part of your plan?

BARNEY

Ah, shit. Good note, detective.  
(to himself)  
Good thing I got it on tape.

SHERIFF

I'm a Sheriff not a detective.

BARNEY

I'm gonna stick with "detective."  
Audiences are impartial to cops now.  
"Detectives?" Jury's still out.

SHERIFF

Get out!

She stands and begins to escort Barney out of the office...

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

...and into the lobby.

BARNEY

Old college fling. Sorority girl from my o-week group. Was around Kiesha on her final night at a bar. Said she saw her leave with somebody she'd never seen before. Hawaiian shirt. Potentially older looking...

Sheriff Toliver freezes.

SHERIFF

Oh, so you do have... Okay. How come we never got that?

BARNEY

She wasn't friends with her. You ever interrogate the people that don't really know the victim?

SHERIFF

Kiesha's friends didn't mention it.

BARNEY

They weren't around at the time. Don't know why.

SHERIFF

You talk to the other people around your friend from that night?

BARNEY

All of them.

SHERIFF

They say the same?

BARNEY

All of them.

SHERIFF

You got anymore info than that?

BARNEY

It's what I'm riding on. But it's good, right?

Deputy Martin has been watching this whole time, even he's a little impressed, but...

SHERIFF

Yep. Tells me a lot about you. Y'know what it says?

BARNEY

What?

SHERIFF

Y'gave me the only thing I can use outta you in one sweep. Now get the fuck out.

Barney freezes, stunned that she just got him like that.

Even Martin acknowledges it:

DEPUTY

Damn...

He shakes his head at Barney. Barney sinks his head and sighs.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Barney lugs himself into the parking lot, head still down in shame. He sighs to himself when...

CRACK

Barney looks to the back corner of the lot. It's her again, Yalonda. She's bent over inside an old cop car. Suddenly, she removes something: a police scanner. She runs off with it as Barney watches her flee, unnoticed.

INT. BAR - LATER

Doe and Hazel sit across from each other at a booth.

Doe, his face now patched up and bleeding through, watches as Hazel chows down on a basket of fries.

DOE

You're a hobo.

HAZEL

What? No.

DOE

A bum.

HAZEL

Can you fuck off?

(beat)

Y'ever see that movie "Nomadland?"

DOE

No, but I'm imagining you holding a stick and sack right now. Really brings the whole vision together.

HAZEL

Neither did I, but I know it's like that. "Nomad-life." Y'know nomads?

DOE

I know what nomads are. I'm a nomad. You-

HAZEL

Are one and the same.

DOE

Are a fuckin mess. Jesus christ, hon...

He throws her a napkin.

HAZEL

Yeah, sure...

She wipes fried crumbs off of herself.

DOE

For starters, nomads live out of, at minimum, a car. You? You've got yourself a sack, a smile, and not even a harmonica to serenade yourself with. Textbook bum.

HAZEL

I have a phone.

DOE

Yeah, well, who doesn't-? And the gun?!

Hazel ignores the question. A waitress comes by and drops them two "Red Ladies."

HAZEL

So, about the...

DOE  
What about my room?

HAZEL  
C'mon! You didn't even know what I was..!  
(giving up)  
Fine. Forget it. Fuck...

Slight pause.

DOE  
It's yours. I'll get another.

HAZEL  
What?

Doe finally takes a fry.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's it! The fuck is this? I get you jumped. I bust your car. I break your nose. And then, after all that, I still ask you for shit?

DOE  
You saying this was all a test?

HAZEL  
Why are you being so... I don't know, giving? You Jesus?

Doe scoffs.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
I'm being serious. What's wrong with you?

Beat.

DOE  
...you ever thought about fate?

She's in disbelief.

HAZEL  
Wow... Oh my god...

DOE  
Seriously! You ever think about it?

She drinks, ignoring the question.

DOE (CONT'D)

Well, I think... I... maybe I need to? I'm at a place where life is no longer about making a story for myself. That's fine! It's all about reflection for me now. Maybe give it a third act that's compelling enough. What's more compelling than fate? It's what starts all that old... prestigious shit: The Odyssey, the Shakespeare stuff... Taxi Driver--?

HAZEL

No, no, no... Stop!

Doe deflates at her retort.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Can I guess what this is really about? You fucked it... Your life? You fucked it, didn't you? Too many years under your belt fucking it, so what's the only thing you can do now? Use your gun between your teeth, or un-fuck it. Redeem yourself in a little street rat that you can just-

(scoffs)

-yeah, nah, nope. Not me. That, or you're a pimp. Those are the only two options. Either way, I pass.

DOE

You think everything went wrong for me?

HAZEL

Cult leader. Make that three.

DOE

You really think that?

HAZEL

Yep.

DOE

Nope.

Hazel scoffs.

DOE (CONT'D)

Scoff all you want. You're dead wrong. Un-fuckin-touched. Life? Money?

Doe pulls a giant wad of bills from his pocket. Hazel freezes at the sight of it.

DOE (CONT'D)

Everything. I mean, look at me.

HAZEL

How modest.

DOE

But... you nail it all like that alone?  
No one to even say "good job" for it...  
gets you thinking, y'know?

Hazel doesn't have a comeback, she takes a swig of her drink instead.

DOE (CONT'D)

Also- get this -think about how many  
important things go by 3s.

HAZEL

What?

DOE

Comedy- I took an improv class in  
Poughkeepsie in my 20s. Goes in 3. Death.  
Comes in 3s. Fate...? Why not?

HAZEL

And where am I in all that?

Doe puts up three fingers. He counts down:

DOE

Bar. Car. Nose.

HAZEL

Huh...

Beat. Just as she thinks, we hear something in the background. On a TV behind Doe that only Hazel can see. Doe speaks over it, but she ignores him:

DOE

But, honestly, hindsight  
from this drink's got me  
thinking fate enjoys being  
a tricky little fuck, too.  
This is not how I thought  
this all would go.  
Whatever... worth a try.

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.)

"I believe in god. The good  
ol' Holy Ghost. And I,  
above all, believe in the  
Tom Thortney senetorial  
campaign-"

DOE (CONT'D)

So... what now? You need to squat in the  
motel? Make enough cash before getting an  
actual place?



Hazel snaps back to attention at him:

HAZEL  
No, um... I'm actually leaving tomorrow morning.

DOE  
Oh.

HAZEL  
Yeah. Got a bus ride.

DOE  
Why's-?

HAZEL  
Hey...

Doe stops. He looks around confused.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
Don't get another room for yourself.  
Yeah..?

Doe gives her a look of "really..?"

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Doe and Hazel, unfortunately, are back at it again. They make out viciously- a little more violent this time - throwing themselves on the walls of the "shared" motel room.

An old TV is on, still playing that stupid campaign ad, as if it followed them from the bar:

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.)  
"...and if you vote for me, Tom Thortney, I will, with my whole hearted passion, bless this nation-"

Hazel knocks the TV with her fist, shutting it off.

Doe throws everything in his pockets to his bag, including his wallet. Hazel eyeballs it, but Doe doesn't notice. He kicks it out of the way, carrying her to the bed, when...

DOE  
Gah!

HAZEL  
What? What's wrong?

DOE  
Nothing, just... something in my lower  
back.

Hazel tries to hold back a giggle. Doe notices, dropping  
her on the bed and smiling

DOE (CONT'D)  
What? Why are you laughing?

Hazel jokingly holds onto her back, doing an impression  
of a cartoon old man:

HAZEL  
"My baaaack!"

She laughs. Doe tries not to.

DOE  
Okay, but it really fuckin hurts.

Hazel tries to hand Doe a beer from the bedside table.  
Doe releases himself from her and moves to his bag.

DOE (CONT'D)  
I got a thing for it to take. Where's the  
bathroom?

Hazel points it out.

HAZEL  
Over there.

He limps, hunched over, to the bathroom with his  
overnight bag. Hazel watches him go. He shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doe immediately drops the act, straightening himself to a  
completely healthy posture. He digs into his bag, pulling  
out a glass bottle of clear liquid: ketamine.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Hazel gets one good check at the bathroom  
before she leaps for her own bag, stashed under the bed.  
She digs into it. She pulls out a bottle of her own:  
Xylazine, a horse tranquilizer.

She opens it and pours a little into the nearby beer  
bottle. While...

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

...Doe takes his own bottle, opens it, and begins to pour just a little under the bed of his tongue. He keeps his tongue still, but closes his mouth. He tucks the bottle back in his bag. He takes off his shirt and as he exits the bathroom...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Hazel quickly tucks the bottle under the mattress before splaying herself out on the bed. She plays cool, immediately noticing Doe's shirt off... he's in pretty good shape. He's quiet as he immediately approaches her.

HAZEL

Ooooo.... I'm guessing you're better?  
Y'know I had cousin with scoliosis  
once... she's 15, but if that makes you  
feel better-

Doe immediately wraps himself around her and kisses her... "with tongue." They pull apart.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I ever tell you you're a wet kisser.

DOE

Those pills taste like shit. Gets my  
saliva going.

HAZEL

Well, here...

She hands him the beer. He grabs it...

DOE

Gladly.

...and downs it whole. He moves back to Hazel as the two gently kiss on the bed.

Hazel sneaks an eye to Doe's bag as they continue to do so. She sees his wallet poking out just perfectly for her when she suddenly feels her eyes start to flutter.

They both look as if they're getting just a little tired, when...

They pass out, completely on top of each other. Hazel even lets out a subtle snore.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

We're back in the bar from our first night with Doe.

Yalonda, now in a drunken stew, downs her 4th shot. The nearest bartender sighs at the sight of her.

BARTENDER

(worried)

Yalonda. Honey, can I at least-

YALONDA

-add yourself to the list of fuckers waisting my time today?! Absolutely not!

BARTENDER

Look, I'm just trying to-

YALONDA

Nuh-uh, nope. Nothing. Another. Now.

The bartender sighs, when...

BARNEY

On me.

Yalonda perks her head up at the kid, now sitting right at her side.

YALONDA

What the hell..?

I/E. CAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Yalonda and Barney sit across each other in his Prius. He plays something from his phone to her:

SHERIFF (O.S.)

"...whatever is at the root of the disappearances... I mean, it's likely already out of our jurisdiction. Not like it's large to begin with, y'know? Just want to be transparent with you-"

Barney pauses it there. Yalonda looks pissed.

YALONDA

(to herself)

Useless, cunt.

BARNEY

Woah! Come on with that!

YALONDA

You wanna be one, too? Then shut the fuck up! I'm thinking...

Pause.

YALONDA (CONT'D)

You're convinced you can find my boys?

BARNEY

Yes, ma'am.

YALONDA

Under what proof?

BARNEY

Nothing solid. But 21st century missing reports, how often do they go back to back in the same county with no follow up and absolute 0 trace. There should be an HBO documentary about this coming out literally tomorrow, but... nothing? It's like the 70s all over again... how does that happen now?

YALONDA

That's a hunch, not proof.

BARNEY

It's gotten me this far.

YALONDA

You got kicked out of a police station first hand and you bought a drunk, broke 70-year-old a shot.

BARNEY

So?

YALONDA

That's not far.

BARNEY

Then help me go farther.

YALONDA

How do I do that?

BARNEY

I need your police scanner and I need to know more about your sons' disappearance.

Yalonda thinks.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Now...

Barney pulls out his phone and begins recording again.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

...where was the last time you saw your sons?

YALONDA

This bar. Couple nights ago.

BARNEY

Anybody else with y'all? Anybody who may have an idea of what happened?

Beat. Yalonda thinks. It hits her. Hazel. Then...

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Anybody with bad blood against-?

YALONDA

200.

BARNEY

Dollars? Why?

Yalonda doesn't answer.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Really? That's how much your sons' lives are worth? 100 a pop?

YALONDA

Nah, I'll price that later. 200's for something else.

BARNEY

What?

YALONDA

Directions to your next lead.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

...a phone alarm goes off right at Hazel's ear. She jolts awake atop Doe, still fully clothed, as is she.

She rises, more delirious than she's ever felt. She looks to the time on her phone, when...

HAZEL

FUUUUUCK!

Hazel leaps from the bed and scrambles to throw the remainder of her stuff in her bag.

This wakes Doe, rising even groggier than she did. He's too foggy to realize what's even happening.

He sees Hazel. She's still... with us? His eyes widen. "Wait, did I not..?" He thinks to himself, confused.

DOE

(to Hazel)

Hey..?

She still scrambles, even though she's having a little trouble standing steady. She notices Doe's bag once again, the cash from last night still poking out. She sighs, knowing she's got to bail on it.

HAZEL

Can you drive? You have a car. Can- can- I don't know, please?

Doe is still in delirious shock.

DOE

I- I- I don't...

HAZEL

SHIT! Whatever, never mind!

Hazel throws her bag over her shoulder and bolts for the door. Just before she leaves:

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Thanks. For all the... patronizing and fairly insulting advice.

She moves, but then...

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Oh, also for... whatever this..?

Even she can't make out what happened.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Fuck it- bye!

She takes off and slams the door.

Doe remains in the bed stunned.

DOE  
 ...what the fuck?!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Hazel bolts down the highway, coated in the morning sun. She sweats and is clearly out of breath. She hops onto the back of a UPS truck headed in her direction.

EXT. BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

She's made it, and just with enough time to kill based on her phone. She runs to the back lot of the station for her bus, where she finds it...

...empty. Not a bus in sight.

HAZEL  
 What?

She looks at her phone again, making sure her time is right.

INT. BUS STATION- TICKET BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

The ticket seller, half awake, scrolls through his instagram, when...

HAZEL  
 Where's the bus?

He jolts awake by Hazel.

TICKET SELLER  
 I'm... I'm sorry?

HAZEL  
 RC to Pierre. 8 o'clock bus. Where is it?

TICKET SELLER  
 Sorry, I'm... I'm...

He begins to sweat, especially with Hazel not breaking her crazed eyes on him.

TICKET SELLER (CONT'D)  
 ...confused?

HAZEL  
 Yeah- shouldn't be. Y'sold me the ticket yesterday.



She pulls her crumpled ticket out of her pocket and throws it in the young man's face.

TICKET SELLER

Uh, ma'am, there must be a mistake.

HAZEL

Oh, he's awake now! Well, guess what? You're absolutely fuckin right there's some "mistake." I'm glad you're finally here in the daylight with us to fuckin consider that! Now, where's the bus, or for the love of fuck I will filet your fuckin appendix and serve it like raw sashimi & FUCKIN SIDE ORDER OF EDAMAME, you sleepy-time tea FUCK!

TICKET SELLER

I don't know what you want me to say to--

HAZEL

WHERE'S THE BUS?!

TICKET SELLER

It left. Yesterday...

HAZEL

No. I was here yesterday. You sold me a ticket for yesterday-?

TICKET SELLER

No, I sold you that ticket 2 days ago. So... yesterday was "yesterday," I guess.

Beat. Hazel looks at him in disbelief.

HAZEL

The fuck are you, you didn't sell me-?

She glances at her phone and freezes. He's right... it's a day later.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(to herself)

What the fuck..?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Doe can barely stand from the grogginess. He doesn't try to fight it. Not even for small things, like getting his dehydrated piss actually inside the toilet bowl.

He moves to the mirror. He looks like a complete mess. He looks back at his bag and pulls out his little bottle of ketamine. He swashes his tongue around his mouth, as if there'd be a taste from some left over residue.

He thinks with a crossed face.

DOE  
(sighing)  
No...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doe sits on the bed again, now made. He's dressed and more put together. He stares off at a wall, still trying to think through what may have happened.

He puts something to his mouth, it's his tape recorder again.

CLICK

DOE  
(puzzled)  
Beginning of Chapter 2? How about for  
the... Yeah, how about "Chapter 2:  
When..."  
(he thinks)  
"...When fate smites one's..." no.  
"Crossed Expectations meet a..." Or, "The  
One That Got--"

Doe's confusion breaks, he's furious:

DOE (CONT'D)  
--WHAT THE FUCK?!

He punches the bed in a tantrum, ruining his work putting it back together, when...

THUD

Something plops on the floor from the bed. Doe looks over to find a small bottle... Hazel's bottle, tucked under there from before.

He picks it up and reads its inscription. His eyes go wide.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doe digs into his belongings, pulling his "tools" for last night from his bag: a rope, 3 knives (one of which looks like a surgery appliance), rubbing alcohol, gloves, and- what he's really looking for -his gun. He checks the magazine: still loaded.

He tucks his gun at the back of his pants, returns everything to his bag, and jumps up to leave, when--

--the door suddenly flies open, almost hitting him.

It's her. Hazel. She enters the room and gives him a look: sweet, more calm, but definitely masking something.

DOE  
(hesitant)  
H- hey.

HAZEL  
(the same)  
Hey.

DOE  
What happened about your-?

HAZEL  
Missed it.

DOE  
Oh... I'm sorry.

HAZEL  
Yeah.

DOE  
Um... does that mean you need to-?

HAZEL  
Yeah, may need this place for one more...  
yeah.

DOE  
Oh. Okay. I only had it for the one- I  
mean, it- it's no longer "my..."

HAZEL  
That's fine.

DOE  
Right.

HAZEL  
I'll make it work.

DOE  
Right...

Beat. They have NO clue where to start with each other.

DOE (CONT'D)  
...well. Well, I guess, I can swap-

Doe reaches his arms out to touch her, trying to swap places. She steps back instinctively.

DOE (CONT'D)  
Oh... Sorry.

HAZEL  
No, it's um... you're good. We can just...

They swap by circling each other, almost like a duel. When Hazel reaches Doe's spot we finally see it... the thing she's been hiding: her own gun. It's tucked on her back exactly how Doe has his.

DOE  
Well, I guess-

HAZEL  
Where you leaving to?

DOE  
Um... I don't really know. "Nomad," remember?

HAZEL  
Hm.

Pause. Is this "morning after" moment tense or awkward..?

DOE  
Look, about what... what I think happened last-

HAZEL  
Nope. I don't know either... but, that's fine.

DOE  
Right.

HAZEL

Guess your fate thing was a little off.  
Have a good drive.

DOE

Right.

Doe slings his bag over his shoulder, covering the gun still at the back of his pants.

He finally turns his back to her, a little hesitant to do so.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He moves outside to the motel balcony, when he notices...

...just how quiet she is. Then, suddenly...

CLICK

DOE

Shit.

Doe dives out the way of the door frame!

BANG

Hazel fires a shot at Doe! She completely misses, instead shattering the motel window over him. Glass rains down on Doe as he scrambles on the ground for cover.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Hazel begins to hyperventilate:

HAZEL

(to herself)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

She can't believe she did that. Her gun is still up, aimed at the window, when...

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

...Doe scoots his back to wall and pulls his own gun from his pants. He catches his breath, then...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

...peeks the muzzle of his pistol over the window sill.  
Hazel sees it.

HAZEL

SHIT!

BANG

She fires again! Doe's muzzle flinches, but doesn't move.

Hazel makes a break for the bathroom before Doe can let out a returning shot. She stumbles and trips over furniture on the way.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Doe peeks over, just in time to see her messily fall into the bathroom. She kicks the door closed behind her.

Doe quickly lifts himself up, checks his surroundings (no bystanders so far), and...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...slowly enters the room. It's a mess, now covered in glass.

He carefully and quietly tip-toes to the bathroom door, gun drawn. He hesitantly places his ear at it. It's quiet again, when...

BANG, BANG

Two holes blast through the door, light now peeking through. Doe dives back as one of them barely skids past his nose. He puts his hand to it as it begins to bleed through the bandages.

DOE

GAH! DAMMIT- FUCK!

Over his cry, a sudden CRASH comes from through the door. As if somebody jumped into a window.

Doe's face grows red in fury as he kicks through the bathroom door, finding...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...nothing? It's empty! Now with more broken glass left on the floor, a tiny splatter of blood on the shower tub, and the toilet cover now missing.

Doe looks up to the bathroom window. He forgot it was even there. It's broken.

Doe immediately sprints for the exit...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...through the bedroom...

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

...and out to the balcony. He checks his surroundings again, still nobody. He grabs his bags sitting by the broken window. He flings it off the balcony at his car.

Doe then makes a break for the nearest staircase, not even checking the neighboring rooms for any witnesses...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

...which there are: maids cowering behind beds out of sight and terrified by the crossfire going on outside.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Doe hits the ground with a thud, tripping a little from sprinting down the stairs. He sees his car, just a little across the parking lot. Before he mindlessly makes a sprint for it, he stops himself. He sees something:

An opening... a little walkway to behind the motel. It's between him and his car. She's there. She's got to be...

He slowly moves toward the walkway, taking cover on the wall right to its side. He catches his breath, noticing just how quiet it is again. What now..?

Doe checks around his feet to find a rock. He picks one up, just the right size. He tosses it out to the opening, his hand peeking out just enough for...

BANG - one skidding the rock... nice shot.

BANG - one right into Doe's hand.

Doe lets out a scream, falling to his knees and dropping his gun a little ways away from him as he holds onto his bleeding hand.

DOE  
(frustrated agony)  
MMMMMMMM!

And just when it couldn't get worse... behind Doe, from the main lobby of the motel, a bystander bursts into the parking lot. It's the old woman who checked him in the other day. She flees for the highway, screaming for help:

DESK LADY  
HELLLLP!!! SOMEBODY, PLEASE! SOMEBODY  
CALL THE POLICE!!! HELP!!!

Doe scrambles on the ground for his gun, a little ways away from him in the dirt.

Now on his stomach, Doe reaches the pistol, wincing from the pain of his hand as he grabs it. And just when the old lady looks as if she's reached the highway...

DESK LADY (CONT'D)  
(far away...)  
HELLLLLLP! HELLLLLP! HEL-

BANG

Doe, like a sharpshooter with no mercy, pops her right in the neck! She hits the ground quickly...

As she falls, just before Doe can catch his breath, he hears something:

A shuffle in the gravel behind him!

"WAIT!" He thinks, as he quickly turns to a--

THWACK!

A toilet cover slams him right in the face, knocking him to the ground unconscious and sending splatters of his blood into the dirt.

CUT TO BLACK.

We sit in the quiet for moment...

Hazel's hyperventilating begins to sound over the black screen. Then...



EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel stands over the poor, elderly desk attendant, alive just enough to feel herself bleed out into the dirt.

Hazel doesn't cry, not even from the pain of the big welt on her forehead (likely from falling in the bathroom). She doesn't even notice that she's still holding the toilet cover, now with a bright, bloody mark left from Doe's head. She's frozen, eyes locked with half of the dying woman's face peeking up from the ground. Hazel's unsure how to feel about her. It's not like she knows her. Then...

The elderly woman's eye go cold... she's gone.

"Huh," Hazel coldly thinks. She turns back to see Doe, still laying unconscious in the gravel.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

Hazel sifts through Doe's bag, pockets, and, most importantly, his wallet. She's so honed in on her hunt for money that she barely notices the rope & knife in one of Doe's leather bags. It's not what she's after.

She goes through Doe's pockets one more time for his keys. She finds them, now jingling in her hands with a single car key & a Led-Zepplin keychain.

She grabs his bag & her bag, moving for the trunk. She pops it open and...

BEAT.

Hazel freezes. It's quiet, we can only hear the air tumbling in from the highway. We can't even see what she's seeing in the compartment. We know what's there...

Hazel slowly closes the trunk, her eyes wide.

She looks over to "him," still lying unconscious. Then...

...Hazel falls over and vomits into the gravel, unable to take the smell, alone. She digs into her bag for her phone: broken; screen shattered from all the falling & commotion before.

HAZEL  
(to herself)

Shit!

She looks up to the motel for a new plan, then...

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

...bursts into the lobby, making a break for a phone at the front desk. She picks it up and begins to dial 9-1-1.

A TV is on near her. Hazel pays no mind to it, doesn't even know it's there, until...

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.)

(from the TV)

"And I, above all, believe in the Tom Thortney campaign to make change in this god-loving country..."

Hazel releases her clutch on the phone at the sound of him. She looks to the TV: once again, it's that stupid, senatorial campaign ad.

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"And if you believe, like me, you can be disciple in the constitutionally-sound congregation that will make that change..."

She looks furious at the TV, moving the phone away from her face, just as...

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1. What is your emergency?

Hazel stares down the campaign ad.

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.)

"I'm Tom Thortney. Today, believe in me!"

Beat. It hits her.

She looks out the lobby window... at him. She then looks to the old lady, still lifeless in the dirt.

Hazel has an idea...

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

...hello-?

Hazel drops the phone without even hanging up.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The face of the poor, old desk attendant still lifeless fills the screen, when...

ZIP

A body bag zips over her, finally giving her body some privacy amidst the crime scene scattered across the motel.

Sheriff Toliver watches it roll off on a stretcher before walking to the pool of her remaining, dried blood marked in the dirt. She kneels down next to it.

SHERIFF

It was slow. Jesus christ...

Deputy Martin stands at her side, taking notes.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

What a mess...

DEPUTY

Point blank shot?

SHERIFF

No. Point of impact on her neck was too gentle for a blast that close.

DEPUTY

Gentle?

SHERIFF

It was the first adjective I could think of. Leave it. "Tactical," that's better.  
(moving on)

My best bet. Point of fire came from that blood splatter back that ways, prone from the ground. Maybe she got a good hit on John Doe and made a break for it.

She points to another marked area. It's where Doe was. He's gone.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

And from the remaining round we found in the dirt... Standard Beretta. Gun for a person who knows guns. Maybe military.

DEPUTY

What about the cameras?

SHERIFF

(thinking to herself)

Been off since 07' probably. Fuckin wild west out here. And that's just it. Whoever this guy was, it wasn't his first homicide...

(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

but why'd he leave a shell behind-? Nah,  
that's too sloppy, even for out here.  
Fuck...

Toliver paces, lost in thought. Martin can't help but  
smirk at her. She notices.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

What? Why're you doing that? Why are you  
smiling?

DEPUTY

I- it's just... I don't know. Kind of  
nice to see you like this.

SHERIFF

Jesus christ, Martin,  
somebody died! What're you,  
weird?

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

No, I know- I just-!

A nearby officer calls to Toliver.

POLICE OFFICER

Sheriff!

Toliver perks up. The officer points to a car off in the  
distance. It watches them from the road, thinking it's  
unseen, but completely center of their view.

DEPUTY

Is that..?

SHERIFF

You got binoculars?

He does, he hands them to her. She looks through them to  
see:

A Prius. Yalonda sits behind the wheel talking to Barney,  
poking out the passenger window with his own set of  
binoculars. They talk to each other, likely arguing.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Son of bitch...

Barney suddenly jolts, seeing the Sheriff seeing him. He  
hops back into his seat, yelling at Yalonda:

BARNEY

(inaudible)

GO, GO, GO!

The Prius speeds off. It's embarrassing...

DEPUTY

A suspect?

SHERIFF

The day come where we can arrest stupid?

DEPUTY

Do you actually want me to answer that?

SHERIFF

(tired)

No... Fuck. Just something we have to deal with now.

DEPUTY

And as for our John Doe?

I/E. CAR - HIGHWAY - DAWN

Doe's Charger rolls quickly down the highway, just as the sun begins to touch the sky in the horizon. Wind whistles through the back windshield as one or two pieces of glass still fly back in the dust.

Hazel sits behind the wheel, a bandage now on her forehead wound. She's calm, despite her past couple days. A radio plays, she doesn't even notice it, until:

TOM THORTNEY (O.S.)

"Hi, I'm Tom Thortney, republican senatorial candidate for the great state of South Dakota--"

She switches it to static. She continues to fiddle with it, unable to find a station on Doe's old stereo. She gives up and switches to the car's cassette player.

"Everybody's Gotta Live," by Love begins to play. Hazel smirks. "Good enough..." she thinks.

Something twitches in the backseat, catching Hazel's eye. She looks into the rear view mirror, revealing...

DOE... hog-tied and gagged. He's breathing, bleeding, twitching now and then, but still unconscious.

Hazel smirks, sighs, and drives off to the music.

Her plan is now in motion.

**END.**