

DEEP CREEK

PILOT EPISODE-MISSING IN ACTION

Written by

Gary Stephen DeMoss

November 26, 2024

garydemoss@verizon.net
Cell: (301) 509.1383

TEASER

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

DIRECTOR ADAMS (50), a tall well dressed man, casually puffs a cigarette. He is the Director of a clandestine program of the CIA. He nudges a PRISONER with his foot.

The prisoner's hands are tied, his legs bound loosely at his ankles. He lies unconscious.

Two shady characters in black suits stand guard. A NURSE (30's) places a large stainless syringe into her bag.

NURSE

He'll never come to.

The Director nods his approval, the nurse heads up the hill.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'm done here.

The Director turns to address a tattered father and son.

DIRECTOR

Are we clear?

BUTCH (52) a gruff backwoods widower stands next to his son ROB (16) a troubled teen with no guidance or ambition.

BUTCH

Clear as winter ice, sir.

DIRECTOR

He's seen too much.

ROB

Yes, sir. We get it.

Butch takes a stick of dynamite from his coat pocket.

BUTCH

Should be nothing left.

The Director, satisfied with the solution, walks up the hill towards an impressive log-built Lodge. With his back to the father and son the Director states:

DIRECTOR

Just try not to screw it up!

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - DOCK - NIGHT

Butch and his son Rob, struggle to throw the prisoner in the boat. They drop him in a heap on the dock.

BUTCH

Dangit Rob, pick up your end.

Jostled just enough to awaken, the prisoner discretely struggles to untie his hands.

While Butch tests the throttle, the prisoner reaches for the .38 caliber pistol on Rob's waist.

ROB

What the fuck.

INT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - NIGHT

From the Lodge window POV: the Director witnesses the struggle. Several shots are fired. The flashes can be seen, the sound muffled by distance.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - DOCK - NIGHT

With the engine idling, the prisoner is grazed on the forehead and leg, Butch clobbers him with an oar, he falls stunned.

BUTCH

Dad gummit, get his legs.

ROB

I am, Paw!

Butch and Bobby throw the prisoner into the boat, Butch engages the throttle, tosses a lit stick of dynamite into the boat. It motors away.

BUTCH

I told you not to take that
pistol.

Butch grabs the gun and pitches it into the lake.

INT. SPEED BOAT - NIGHT

The prisoner's hands rotate the wheel. The boat changes direction, heads into the fog.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - NIGHT

From the opposite shore, the unmanned boat exits the abyss. Pushing the fog aside, it streams on a collision course towards the retail side of the lake.

Piercing the silence of the forest, the boat crashes into a dock and bursts into flames.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONE

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: DEEP CREEK LAKE 1954

The shimmering water of a massive lake reflects the autumn sky. Mature trees and stately houses rise abruptly from its shore. The mirror image painted on the still water.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - DAY

A 54 Chevy carrying FBI Agent ROBERT TURNER (30's) a handsome, well dressed FBI Agent and Agent KIM HILL (30's), his attractive, detailed partner, arrive at DEEP CREEK LAKE.

INT. FBI CHEVY - DAY

Both Turner and Hill are busy admiring the scenery. Around Hill's neck, is a gold chain. It holds a gold cross with a single diamond, at the top of her V neck blouse.

Laying beside Turner, a 38 special. He turns the wheel sharply, his Midshipman ring sparkles.

EXT. FBI CHEVY - DAY

The car reaches the crest of a pass and begins to descend into the valley. They cross the 219 bridge in their government issued vehicle.

INT. FBI CHEVY - DAY

HILL
This place is gorgeous.

TURNER

Sure is.

HILL

Kinda nice to get out of DC for a while, don't you think?

TURNER

Yeah. My Mom and Dad had their honeymoon nearby, at Swallow Falls.

Hill gazes out the window, the lake stretches in every direction, cabins and chalets along the shores.

HILL

It's probably a great place for a wedding.

The music ends, a special report is broadcast.

RADIO REPORTER

Local authorities haven't a clue why an unmanned power boat slammed into Trouties dock last night.

Turner turns the radio louder to hear clearly.

RADIO REPORTER (CONT'D)

Eyewitnesses say the fireball reached thirty feet into the sky. Now, number one in the U S of A, Shake Rattle and Roll by Bill Haley and his Comets.

The song begins, The agents look at each other, Hill turns the radio volume lower, they quickly return to their purpose.

HILL

I saw the sign for Trouties a while back. It's just ahead.

Turner turns to acknowledge Hill, smiles at his partner.

TURNER

Let's check it out.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - DAY

The FBI Chevy passes over the bridge and drives along the edge of the lake. Turner pulls into Trouties driveway and parks the car.

EXT. TROUTIES DOCK - DAY

Hill and Turner walk towards the pier as the burnt hull of a boat is hoisted from the water. Turner looks at the surroundings as Hill surveys the debris, waits for the boat to be lowered.

They begin to explore the boat while a Sheriff's Deputy, SCOOTER (35) races over to Turner and Hill.

SCOOTER

What the pajesus is going on here?

Turner and Hill don't react immediately. Scooter steps closer, raises his voice.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)

You two need to scadattle. This is police business.

Hill carefully kneels to the ground, Turner pulls out his FBI badge and presents it to Scooter along with his card.

TURNER

I'm agent Turner. This is my partner agent Hill.

Turner squints to read Scooter's badge.

SCOOTER

The names Scooter.

Scooter leans over agent Hill too close for comfort. Hill ignores him.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)

What makes you think the FBI has jurisdiction here in Garrett County?

Her focus on the boat, Hill responds.

HILL

We're following a lead, deputy.

Scooter looks closer over Hill's shoulder to inspect what she is up to, turns his attention to Turner.

SCOOTER

So why didn't you two check in with the Sheriff?

TURNER

Just got here, heard the report
on the radio.

Hill looks at the boat, concerned at the wreckage.

HILL

You know deputy, strike while
the trail's hot.

Scooter, partly satisfied returns his indignation to Agent Hill.

SCOOTER

Well as much as we country folk
admire the FBI, we got this
covered.

Hill doesn't respond. Scooter changes his tune to inquiry.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)

How you figure he or she is
missing?

Hill stands, Scooter pulls back quickly. Hill holds a pair of glasses behind her back. Turner grabs the glasses.

TURNER

(To Scooter)

Just doing our jobs Deputy.

(to Hill)

Keep looking.

Turner turns from watching Hill to Scooter, professional and matter of fact.

TURNER (CONT'D)

So Scooter, until we finish up
here, I've got to insist this
site is off limits. Just
customary protocol. We clear on
that?

SCOOTER

We're clear for now.

Scooter turns from Turner and confronts Hill as she stands. Turner places the glasses into a bag away from Scooter's attention.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)

I think we got off to a bad
start, don't you?

HILL

Don't take it personally Deputy.
We'll be sure to check in with
you and the Sheriff.

Scooter retreats, is mildly attracted to Hill. He looks at Hill's curves and decides to back off.

SCOOTER

The Sheriff's gonna want a full
report. Comprende?

Hill holds a casing, shielded from Scooter. She places it into another bag.

HILL

You'll be our first call. You
do have telephones here?

Scooter leans closer, past Hill's comfort as she removes her gloves.

SCOOTER

Such a funny lady. Didn't think
they had comedians in the F B
I.

Scooter gives Hill a cool look over and then walks away and up the hill. Hill speaks louder so Scooter can hear:

HILL

Thank you, Scooter. We'll be in
touch.

SCOOTER

Drop by any time.

Without looking back, Scooter hops into his pickup and drives away.

TURNER

You know, we're 200 miles from
DC. Back in the last decade.
Right?

Hill is still walking with her face to the ground.

HILL

Yeah, I know. I was just playing
with him.

Turner takes the glasses out of his pocket, hands them to Hill.

HILL (CONT'D)

These look like Ranger's.

TURNER

Yeah. We'll need to get them to the lab.

Hill stops and confronts Turner with her suspicions.

HILL

So why did you volunteer for this assignment anyway? Did you know Ranger?

Turner sighs, reluctantly recalls a difficult situation.

TURNER

Yes, I did. He came up here to check on a hunch of mine.

HILL

A hunch about what?

TURNER

After my Dad passed, my mother was suffering from severe depression. She ended up in Canada. From there, she was transferred here to Deep Creek.

HILL

Why here, of all places?

TURNER

Mom was part of a trial.

HILL

What sort of trial?

TURNER

I'm not entirely sure. But Mom was getting progressively worse.

They head towards the car. Hill grabs the evidence bags and places them in her bag.

HILL

Well, it's not like Ranger to just go dark.

Turner surveys the horizon and the massive lake.

TURNER

Agreed. We need to get moving.

They both hop in the car and drive away.

INT. FBI CHEVY - DAY

Turner turns on the radio, a story from Walter Cronkite profiles the Red Scare. Hill and Turner listen.

WALTER CRONKITTLE (V.O.)
 Delivering a speech at the
 Republican Women's Club, Senator
 McCarthy alleges, the Red Scare
 is alive and well in America."

SENATOR MCCARTHY (V.O.)
 "There are 205 Communists spies,
 on the top floor of the US State
 Department. That should frighten
 every American."

Hill and Turner look at each other, raise eyebrows.

TURNER
 I doubt folks here give a damn.

HILL
 Probably not.

Turner rolls through the channels, establishing the 50's.
 Senses Hill is worried about Ranger.

TURNER
 He'll show. You'll see.

HILL
 Hope so.

EXT/INT. WILL OF THE WISP - NIGHT

Turner and Hill travel over a bridge with the lake on both sides of the car. Andy Williams "What it was, Was Football" is on the radio.

They arrive at a small lodge, exit the car and walk into the office.

DORIS (55) is behind the counter, SNUFFY (56) is sitting in his chair holding a Popular Mechanics magazine.

Snuffy is watching a film of Soviet missiles and hearings on Capitol Hill on a small black and white screen.

DORIS

Evening folks. What can I do for you?

TURNER

We're hoping you've got a few rooms.

Doris smiles at the agents assuming a couple stands before her.

DORIS

That we do. We have a cute romantic cottage with two twin beds.

Turner and Hill look at each other in a pregnant pause.

HILL

Sounds great. But we need two separate rooms.

DORIS

Such a cute couple. I thought you were mister and misses.

TURNER

That's a fair assumption.

He turns and smiles at Hill, turns back to Doris.

TURNER (CONT'D)

We're here on business. Do you have two adjacent rooms?

DORIS

Snuffy.

Snuffy doesn't respond initially.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Snuffy! Has that hunting group vacated number seven yet?

Without looking up Snuffy responds:

SNUFFY

Jesus Doris. They're out. Housekeeping needs to change it over.

Snuffy stands slowly, looks at Turner and Hill. He smiles.

DORIS

Not much happens here without my knowledge.

Snuffy re-enters the lobby, overhears what Doris has said.

SNUFFY

That's the God's honest truth.

Doris sneer's at Snuffy, they exchange guarded smiles. Hill notes the marriage rivalry between them.

HILL

That's good to know.

Doris hands them a paid receipt.

DORIS

While you wait for the room,
I've got some home made ice tea
or lemonade. What'll it be?

TURNER

Two iced teas, thank you.

DORIS

I'm Doris, and that's Snuffy.

HILL

Thank you, Doris!

Turner and Hill sit down at the table in the lobby. Doris walks over and pours two sweating glasses of iced tea.

DORIS

Now that you mentioned it.
There's two guys staying here.
They're a bit strange.

TURNER

How so?

DORIS

They carry a bunch of rifles and
don't seem to be the hunting
type.

HILL

What makes you say that?

Snuffy walks in the background and over towards Hill and Turner.

DORIS

I've never seen hunters wear black suits. Have you?

TURNER

I guess it depends on what their hunting.

SNUFFY

Sorry folks, my wife sees things she doesn't understand.

DORIS

He's just a blind cynic.

HILL

You guys make a great couple.

SNUFFY

Yes Mme. Cept she's a Democrat.

TURNER

Must be spirited debates, come election time.

DORIS

You'd better believe it!

Snuffy waves his hand at Doris, they both smile revealing love between them.

SNUFFY

Your rooms are ready.

Snuffy sits back down with his book and the TV.

TURNER

Thank you, both.

Doris starts to help another guest. An older man with wild white hair. ALBERT EINSTEIN (60's) and his wife step forward.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Good Evening Doris.

DORIS

Doctor Einstein. I haven't seen you in a while.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

I'm about to change that.

DORIS

The usual?

ALBERT EINSTEIN

But of course. Why change the inevitable?

Doris smiles, steps closer and places her hand on Einstein's wrist.

DORIS

The wind has been just right.
Here to try out that new Flying
Scott?

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Absolutely.

Doris hands Albert a Key. On it is engraved EMC2.

DORIS

You here just for the weekend?

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Yes I am. May I dock at the
pier.

DORIS

Wouldn't have it any other way.
Enjoy your weekend.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Thanks, Doris!

Albert and his wife walk out of the lobby. Turner and Hill finish their iced tea and head out the door.

EXT. WILL OF THE WISP - EVENING

Hill and Turner stop instinctively to check the surroundings.

HILL

You know, he looked a lot like
Albert Einstein.

TURNER

Really? Big bang and all that.

HILL

That's him. I'm sure of it.

Hill and Turner make notice of a black car parked nearby with the CIA Agents in black suits. The Agents take two cases out of the trunk, head towards their rooms.

TURNER

There's our penguins.

HILL

Why is the CIA here at the lake?

TURNER

Two points for Doris.

They head for the car. Turner stops to open the car door for Hill.

HILL

They're Thompson machine guns,
Turner.

TURNER

That would be my guess.

Turner and Hill hop in the car. Turner drives slowly, looks over the two men as they drive by.

The CIA agents ignore Hill and Turner initially but both look towards the reflection in the windows.

HILL

Getting weirder by the moment.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE FOREST - DUSK

Four hunters in their 20's, two men and two women, walk through the woods. JOSH is a smart detailed entrepreneur, BUCK a confident local outdoorsman.

The two women, CAROL and KATIE, walk behind. Carol is a sassy professional archer. Katie, a part-time student at Frostburg State University.

All four are experts in the forest. Each step orchestrated to silently glide through the bush.

CAROL

(sotto to Katie)

Can you make it to the archery
contest this month.

KATIE

(sotto)

As long as I can get off that
weekend.

BUCK

(sotto)

You two need to pipe down. That buck is close, I can feel it.

JOSH

(to Buck)

They gotta talk, it's in there genes.

They stop briefly. A Lodge is off in the distance, a dirt road weaves through the forest.

CAROL

We're getting too close to civilization.

The group of four continues, approaches the secluded resort.

JOSH

The trail goes that way.

BUCK

Yeah, lets head north, back towards the truck.

Katie stops to look towards the Lodge, now a few hundred yards away.

KATIE

What the hell's going on there?

Buck pulls out his Lucky's. He lights both cigarettes, hands one to Josh

JOSH

I heard tell, it's some sort of think tank.

CAROL

Dad told me to stay away.

The headlights from several black cars dash passed on a dusty road.

BUCK

Looks like the heat.

They all freeze, as a cloud of dust follows the cars.

KATIE

We're about to find out.

The cars arrive at the private lodge in the distance and park out front.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE FOREST - DUSK

The four friends crouch behind a large set of boulders. Both men extinguish their smokes.

CAROL
Listen guys, we need to head
back.

The boys ignore Carol. A few soldiers (in their 20's) stand guard. Men in black suits exit the cars. They usher three soldiers towards the front door.

JOSH
Looks like Army.

BUCK
Where's the officers?

KATIE
Who are the guys in black?

Josh leans over to whisper to Buck.

JOSH
(sotto)
Those guys spooks?

BUCK
No idea. But there all packin.

Buck looks confused.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - WOODS - DUSK

Through Carol's binoculars, the DIRECTOR puffs on his cigarette, supervises the arrival. One of the three soldiers uneasy with the surroundings speaks:

SOLDIER ONE
What's all the security for?

DIRECTOR
Get em inside.

The SOLDIER is spooked by the comment, breaks free and runs towards the woods. He darts from side to side. The Director glares at a GUARD, nods his approval.

Without emotion the GUARD raises his M1, tightens his grip, aims carefully, follows side to side. He fires a single shot.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE FOREST - DUSK

The soldier grimaces as the round pounds into his back. He slides head first in front of Katie and Carol.

Josh quickly shields Katie from screaming. The soldier looks up briefly with his last breath.

SOLDIER ONE

Help us!

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - ENTRANCE - DUSK

The Director, a man without a compass, surveys the scene. He puffs out the smoke from his cigarette and without emotion.

DIRECTOR

Leave him!

The entire group turns away with no regard and walks into the Lodge.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - FOREST - DUSK

Buck crawls over and holds the soldiers neck, he looks back at his friends, shakes his head.

BUCK

He's a goner.

JOSH

Holy cow.

KATIE

Shouldn't we call your dad?

CAROL

Hell no.

BUCK

Come on, let's split.

The four friends crawl first, stand and quickly sprint into the forest.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - FOREST - NIGHT

The four friends arrive at an opening, pitch the gear into the bed, the quiver with arrows is placed on top.

They all hop into Buck's pickup truck. Buck rolls down the incline without the motor and then pops the clutch, they speed away. Carol is incensed.

INT. BUCK'S PICKUP - NIGHT

CAROL

Not a word about this to anyone.
Say it!

KATIE

OK.

JOSH

Alright.

BUCK

Not a word.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - FOREST - NIGHT

The SOLDIER lies motionless on the forest floor. A single arrow from Carol's quiver is left behind.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO

EXT/INT TROUTIES - DAY

Hill and Turner arrive, walk into Trouties and order from the counter. "Unforgettable" plays.

HILL

What are you getting?

TURNER

I gotta have the trout sandwich.

CASHIER

Good choice.

Hill is undecided, survey's the menu behind the counter.

HILL

How are the Sausages?

CASHIER

Homemade German brats. They're
the boss.

HILL

Sold.

Hill lowers her purse. Turner quickly places a twenty on the counter.

TURNER

I'll get this.

HILL

Just put it on the expense
report.

Two large metal plates land on the counter. They take their plates to a table sit down and begin to eat.

TURNER

So what's your gut tell you
Hill?

Hill has already taken her first bite. She finishes chewing, picks up the glasses.

HILL

He's definitely here.

TURNER

What makes you so sure?

Turner dips his onion ring into the catsup, bites half.

HILL

Trust me, these are his.

TURNER

What makes you so certain?

Hill doesn't respond. She unsuccessfully hides her expression.

TURNER (CONT'D)

You were dating?

HILL

We were.

(then)

Involved.

TURNER

Wow, how long?

Hill takes a bite and mumbles.

HILL

Long enough.

TURNER

Well I'm not surprised. He has good taste.

Hill stresses and takes a drink. Sensing he has gone too far, Turner changes the subject.

HILL

Doris knows more than she's telling us.

Hill wipes her lips, composes herself and moves on.

HILL (CONT'D)

This place your mother was at, you know where it is?

TURNER

I plan to ask the Sheriff.

HILL

Speaking of. You think Scooter knows anything?

TURNER

Doubt it.

HILL

That hick crap is just a cover. I'd be careful with ole Scooter.

TURNER

You done?

Hill nods, wipes her mouth and collects her things.

HILL

Yep.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - NIGHT

A small boat glides through the water. A hand holds an anchor just above the water, it is gently placed into the water. The rope unravels, the boat stops.

Butch and his son Rob, sit on each side of a large object. Rob finishes securing a cable to a pair of boots.

BUTCH
 (sotto)
 Be sure it's tight.

Rob looks up at his father, bothered by his disturbing tone.

ROB
 It is, Paw!

BUTCH
 Shush.

Butch looks around and then holds up his hand.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 Lower the dang weight. Slowly!

Rob struggles with the concrete weight. Kerplunk! They both watch as the rope unravels. Now taught.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 Dangit Robby. I said slow.

ROB
 Jeez, it slipped.

BUTCH
 All right. Let em go.

Rob lifts the board, slides the object off plank. From under water, the rope tightens, a body glides into the abyss.

ROB
 See ya!

Rob pulls the anchor aboard while Butch glides the boat through the water.

From under water the weight pulls the body down into the deep and out of site. Butch reveals his pleasure.

BUTCH
 Easy money.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - SHORE - NIGHT

From shore, the Director puffs a cigarette, holds a set of binoculars in the other hand. Two agents flank the Director. He lowers the binoculars and talk's to himself.

DIRECTOR
 Stupid shits.

The Director hands HALL (30's) the binoculars, walks down the path. A streetlight reveals his silhouette and cloud of smoke. The two agents follow close behind.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Where did you find those two?

The Director turns away and walks by himself. The two agents walking behind don't respond.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Two soldiers are led into a 50's office. The Director is busy reviewing documents. Sunshine screams into the smoky room. The soldiers stand at attention and salute.

DIRECTOR

At ease soldiers. Please take a seat.

They both sit in front of the Director's desk and digest the surroundings, move to avoid the sun.

PRIVATE MARTY BARTLEY (20) an Oklahoma native serving in the 1st Calvary, eager to advance, and PRIVATE KEITH EDWARDS (22) a Baltimore native from a regional Ranger outfit, curious yet cautious.

The Director lights a cigarette and motions to the GUARDS.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Leave us!

The Director stands, circles his desk, sits on the corner. He offers a cigarette to the Soldiers.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Cigarette?

PRIVATE EDWARDS

No, Thank you. Not while on duty, sir.

DIRECTOR

Private Bartley?

PRIVATE BARTLEY

I don't smoke sir.

DIRECTOR

Very well. Do you soldiers know why you're here?

The soldiers look at each other, reluctant to answer freely.

PRIVATE EDWARDS

We're volunteer's, sir.

Director chuckles to himself and puffs smoke into the air. Marty nods in agreement.

DIRECTOR

Yes, volunteers. Let me explain what we do here.

The Director circles back to his chair and sits down.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The work you do here is used to root out communist sympathizers.

The privates look confused, the Director clarifies.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

These scum are a threat to America.

BOTH SOLDIERS

Yes, sir.

He studies both of the soldiers, their eyes forward. Director picks up two small paperbound books. He hands them two cards.

DIRECTOR

There are two rules. Read this book cover to cover. And do your duty.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MIND CONTROL - DAY

- A) A series of shots detail the work in class.
- B) The clinical atmosphere with men/women in white coats.
- C) Indoctrination using eyes wide open films.
- D) Brain-washing via loud music, sleep deprivation.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

You'll attend class this week to get up to speed. You are not on vacation. There will be long hours and sleepless nights.

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

The Director walks back around to sit at his desk.

DIRECTOR
Is that clear privates?

Both Private Edwards and Private Bartley stand with salute.

BOTH PRIVATES
Yes, sir.

PRIVATE BARTLEY
What happened to the other
soldier?

DIRECTOR
He was a deserter.

PRIVATE EDWARDS
Did you have to shoot him, sir?

DIRECTOR
I didn't shoot him. You're
dismissed.

Both Private Edwards and Private Bartley turn to leave.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
And privates.

The privates look back at Director briefly.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
In the future, no salutes, you
got that?

BOTH PRIVATES
Yes, sir.

As the privates exit, TWO AGENTS enter. The Director seems
bothered by their presence.

DIRECTOR
Yes, gentlemen. What is it?

They both look back to be sure the door is closed.

SMITH
We found this next to the
private.

SMITH (30's) places an arrow on the Directors desk. He picks
it up and carefully examines it.

DIRECTOR
So what the hell is this?

SMITH
Clearly the private was shot
with a M1 round.

DIRECTOR
We know that.

The Director strokes the feathers.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
There's hunters all over these
woods, perhaps this was a miss?

Agent FOSTER (30's) takes an opportunity to add details.

FOSTER
We found four sets of tracks.

In a swift motion the Director slams the arrow into his desk
between the two agents.

DIRECTOR
Find them.

BOTH AGENTS
Yes, sir.

They stand, begin to walk away. Smith returns to pull the
arrow from the Directors desk.

SMITH
By the way, two more FBI agents
are here snooping around.

DIRECTOR
Are you sure?

FOSTER
Positive.

DIRECTOR
You let me worry about them.

The Director lights a smoke. Smith and Foster exit his office
abruptly.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

Scooter walks into the office of SHERIFF MITCHELL (54) a tall burly man with a strict demeanor. The Sheriff is ending a phone call.

SHERIFF

Doris, I'm sure it was nothing.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WILL OF THE WISP RESORT - AFTERNOON

Doris sits in her office, on the phone with the Sheriff.

DORIS

I know what I heard Sheriff.

Snuffy is sitting in a chair with his Popular Mechanics.

SNUFFY

Tell the Sheriff his equipment is ready.

DORIS

Will you pipe down!

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF

What's that Doris?

DORIS (O.S.)

That was Snuffy interrupting. And Sheriff, why are FBI agents here at the lake?

SHERIFF

What makes you say that?

DORIS

They're staying here at the lodge.

The Sheriff ignores Doris' comment. Deflects confrontation.

SHERIFF

Good bye Doris.

The Sheriff looks at Scooter as he hangs up the phone.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Morning Scooter, what's up?

SCOOTER

I just found out the FBI's in town!

SHERIFF

Good lord. They can't be any worse than Doris.

SCOOTER

Well, no. I caught them snooping around that boat crash. Two agents, Turner and Hill.

Scooter throws Turner's card on the Sheriff's desk. The Sheriff studies it.

SHERIFF

Agent Turner. F B I.

SCOOTER

Told me they heard about the crash on the radio.

SHERIFF

Anything out of the ordinary?

SCOOTER

Said they was in charge. One man, one woman.

SHERIFF

They did, did they?

SCOOTER

Should we trust em?

SHERIFF

Don't know yet. But I aim to find out.

The Sheriff stands, throws on his coat and starts to head out the door. He steps back to pickup Turner's card.

SCOOTER

Where ya headed?

SHERIFF

Over to the Lodge. I doubt they'll be camping.

SCOOTER

Not the type, two city slickers.
Hard to miss.

The Sheriff exits the office. He hops in his Jeep and drives away.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - SHORE - DAY

Albert Einstein, is sailing in a small Flying Cloud sailing vessel made nearby. A KGB AGENT snaps a Polaroid shot of Einstein from the shore.

KGB AGENT

(In Russian)

What's he doing here?

FEMALE KGB

(In Russian)

No idea. Leave that with the package.

KGB AGENT

(In English)

Walk with me.

The two spies walk away. The KGB Agent places the picture in a folder and then under a wood bench.

Doris and Snuffy watch from a small bench nearby.

SNUFFY

Special delivery.

INT. TROUTIES - DAY

The Sheriff walks into Trouties, looks around, sees Turner and Hill in the back of the room. He nods to his daughter Carol behind the bar.

CAROL

Daddy.

SHERIFF

Hey, sweetheart.

The Sheriff sits in front of Carol. Carol hands him a glass of ice tea. He sips and sighs.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You know I've mentioned this before, but I wanted to remind you to stay away from that Lodge out by the dam.

CAROL

Sure daddy. I know.

SHERIFF

Just pretend it doesn't exist.

CAROL

I remember daddy.

Carol smiles. With Turner watching, the Sheriff stands and walks to where Turner and Hill are having lunch.

TURNER

Afternoon, Sheriff!

SHERIFF

You must be Agent Turner.

TURNER

Pleased to meet you.

They shake hands. The Sheriff turns and smiles at Hill.

SHERIFF

And you must be Agent Hill.

The Sheriff offers his hand. Hill declines.

HILL

News travels fast around the lake.

SHERIFF

There's eyes and ears everywhere.

There's a brief awkward moment. Katie arrives with lunch. The Sheriff steps back to let Katie serve.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Please excuse my country manners. I don't want to ruin your lunch.

TURNER

No worries Sheriff.

The Sheriff nods to both of them and steps back as Katie pours two cups of coffee.

SHERIFF

I understand you're looking for one of your agents.

HILL

So, Scooter didn't waste any time spreading the word.

SHERIFF

Scooter may be a little rough around the edges, but he's very capable. As a professional courtesy, I expect you'll share your findings?

The Sheriff looks towards Turner for a response. Hill responds:

HILL

Yes, of course.

SHERIFF

Enjoy your lunch. Best Trout on the east coast!

The Sheriff turns to leave, Turner speaks up.

TURNER

Sheriff, there's one thing I'm curious about.

SHERIFF

Shoot.

TURNER

You ever hear about any organizations, hiding out, up here in the woods?

The Sheriff rolls his eyes, dodges the question.

SHERIFF

Agents, let me give you a bit of advice. Most everyone that come's here to the lake, comes to get away. It's a free country. Who am I to spoil their weekend? You are welcome to explore where ever you'd like. Just don't sneak up on a moonshiner.

(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

They're up in the hollers and
they're expert marksmen.

The Sheriff turns and walks out. Turner and Hill smile.

HILL

Well, so much for secrecy.

TURNER

Hill, like it or not, we're
gonna have to deal with both of
them.

Hill bothered, she fidgets with her purse and bag.

HILL

You should check in with
Headquarters.

TURNER

Sure thing.

Turner stands, walks passed Carol. They share a smile.

INT. TROUTIES - LOBBY - DAY

Turner picks up a pay phone, deposits a quarter and dials,
looks back at Hill.

TURNER

Special Agent Turner, connect me
to the Directors office, please.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - NIGHT

From the widest stretch of the lake, a single boat glides
through the water and past the view.

Campfires dot the landscape from the State Park. A small cove
near the deepest part of the lake is highlighted by a full
moon and the sounds of the forest.

A covered body plops to the surface. A frayed rope dangles
behind the corpse. The body floats further from view.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT THREE

INT/EXT JOSH BARN - NIGHT

Katie, Carol, Josh and Buck sit inside a barn on bales of hay with horse stalls in the back ground. The sounds of farm animals fills the air.

KATIE

I still see his face.

BUCK

Katie, you've got to get it together.

CAROL

Jesus Christ Buck, she's just scared.

Carol comforts Katie and turns away from Buck.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I told you guys we should've stayed away. Now there's two FBI agents snooping around.

KATIE

Nice folks, big tippers!

JOSH

There's some serious shit going on out there.

All four of them look worried, Carol ends the pause.

CAROL

Guys. I've got to brush down my horse and get ready. Not a word to anyone, you hear?

BUCK

Sure thing, sweetheart.

Buck tries to hug Carol. She ain't having it.

CAROL

I'm not kidding!

They all stand, Carol allows a hug from Buck. Katie and Josh say goodbye. They exit out the door. A moonlit evening illuminates the farm.

INT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - CAFETERIA - DAY

Symphony music is piped into the mess hall. Privates Bartley and Edwards glide through the buffet line with trays as they murmur to each other.

MARTY BARTLEY

(sotto)

So you think he was a deserter?

They both look about to be sure no one else is listening.

KEITH EDWARDS

One things for sure. You ain't leaving here, till they say so.

MARTY BARTLEY

Still, there's no question, he wasn't gonna get away.

KEITH EDWARDS

Yeah, that's screwed up!

From the kitchen the cook spots Marty and Keith talking. He picks up the phone, has a short conversation, hangs up.

Marty and Keith sit down at a table, start eating.

MARTY BARTLEY

It's no excuse, killing our own guys.

KEITH EDWARDS

Yeah. That's just fucked up.

Keith finishes. GUARD ONE (25) a Sergeant, approaches both of them.

GUARD ONE

Privates, you need to split up.

He motions with his hand.

GUARD ONE (CONT'D)

Edwards you over there. Bartley, over there.

BOTH PRIVATES

Yes, sir.

GUARD ONE

NO TALKING!

The Guard turns to leave, both Keith and Marty look back at one another puzzled.

INT. DOCTOR RYAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR RYAN (50's) sits in front of his desk, he motions for DOCTOR JOYCE (40's) to have a seat in the other chair.

DR RYAN

Please, have a seat.

A loud scream echoes in the hall, Dr. Joyce looks rattled and checks over her shoulder.

DR JOYCE

You'll have to forgive me.

She nervously pours a glass of water, takes a few gulps.

DR JOYCE (CONT'D)

I'm still not used to the outbursts.

DR RYAN

You mean the screaming?

DR JOYCE

It doesn't bother you?

DR RYAN

Doctor Joyce, our work here is crucial to the CIA mission.

Doctor Ryan pours a glass of water. Doctor Joyce relaxes, lays back in the chair.

DR JOYCE

There's one thing I can't figure out.

DR RYAN

And that is?

DR JOYCE

The soldiers that object to our program and break protocol. Where do they end up?

Doctor Ryan is dismissive and drinks slowly before speaking.

DR RYAN

Let me give you some advice.
What's the analogy? Don't rustle
a sleeping bear?

DR JOYCE

You know, some of the techniques
violate protocol.

Doctor Ryan is noticeably bothered by the insubordination.

DR RYAN

Doctor Joyce, a young lady in
your field is rare today.

Dr. Ryan pauses, studies Dr. Joyce.

DR RYAN (CONT'D)

I went to bat for you even when
my superiors told me I was nuts.

Doctor Joyce incensed, stands places the glass on the desk.

DR JOYCE

Discrimination is an ugly thing.
Clouds ones judgement. Good Day
Doctor Ryan.

Dr. Joyce plucks the files off the desk and briskly walks out
and down the hallway.

EXT. BILLS MARINA - DAY

Turner and Hill walk towards a small office at the Marina
while surveying the surroundings. A young man, BILLY CRAFT
(21) the owners son, greets them eager to assist.

BILLY

Morning. What kind of boat can I
get for you folks?

Hill smiles, eyes peeled at the burnt remains of the
powerboat.

HILL

Maybe another day.

TURNER

Actually, we're hoping you can
help us out.

HILL

I'm Kim Hill from the FBI.

BILLY

No way.

Billy is infatuated with Hill, doesn't pay attention to Turner.

HILL

This boat, it the one that crashed into Trouties?

BILLY

Yeah, not much left.

HILL

You rented the boat?

BILLY

Yeah, kinda strange. This cat was creepy.

HILL

Can you describe him?

BILLY

Kinda tall, with glasses. He seemed, anxious.

While Billy drools over Hill, Turner notices a slug imbedded in the hull. He plucks it out with a knife, notices another slug.

He pries it out with his knife, walks over to the conversation. Billy notices Turner placing something in his pocket.

TURNER

Anything else stick out?

BILLY

Yeah, he rented it for the week. Crashed it on the first day.

Hill and Turner hide their suspicions from Billy.

TURNER

Thanks Billy. We appreciate the information.

Turner holds the slugs for Hill to see. She pulls out a bag and Turner places them in, Hill seals it.

They both hop in the car. Turner pulls out briskly.

INT. TROUTIES - NIGHT

Hill and Turner walk into the bar.

HILL

We need loose lips. She looks
the type.

TURNER

Well, why don't you take the
lead.

Hill and Turner find two empty stools, Carol arrives.

CAROL

Evening I'm Carol, Wadda ya
have?

HILL

Carol, I'll have a coke.

Turner is enamored with Carol, gives an awkward smile.

TURNER

I'll have a rusty nail.

Carol smirks, wipes down the bar and steps toward Turner.

CAROL

I didn't get your names.

TURNER

I'm Turner, this is my partner,
Agent Hill.

CAROL

Insurance Agents. Hon, I already
have insurance.

HILL

We're with the FBI.

CAROL

All, righty then.

Carol begins to walk away.

HILL

Carol, The boat that crashed
this morning. Kinda strange,
don't you think?

CAROL

I'm in the dark hon, just like you.

HILL

I just thought. It did crash into your dock.

CAROL

I'm just the bar maid. A social worker, therapist and sometimes I feel like a mannequin!

TURNER

I think you're kinda cute.

Carol smiles and appreciates the comment.

CAROL

(to Turner)

Thanks, guys around here don't know what a complement is.

Hill is impressed with Carol's honesty. Turner can't disguise his boyish grin. They both watch Carol leave.

HILL

Well, this should be interesting.

TURNER

You know she's the Sheriff's daughter, right?

HILL

How in the hell do you know that?

TURNER

Just a hunch.

Hill punches Turner playfully with a left hook in the arm. Carol returns with their drinks.

HILL

So you're the Sheriff's daughter.

CAROL

Yeah, it has its drawbacks.

TURNER

How so?

CAROL

It took years before any man
would come near me. They were
all afraid of getting thrown in
jail.

Enamored Turner looks towards Hill back to Carol.

TURNER

I'd say it was their loss.

A bell pulls Carol away from the conversation.

CAROL

Please, excuse me.

Carol walks away, grabs a few plates and heads to a table in
the distance.

HILL

She may be perfect.

Turner is busy watching Carol's every move.

TURNER

I'm not gunna argue with that.

HILL

Turner!

EXT/INT DEEP CREEK LODGE LAB - DAY

Sunlight beams shine through the pine forest. Army guards
patrol the woods.

Doctor Ryan and Doctor Joyce are interrogating Private
Bartley who is restrained, drowsy from a sedative.

DR RYAN

Private Bartley. Private!

The private's eyes open slowly, he looks about.

DR RYAN (CONT'D)

Good to have you back.

DR JOYCE

Its just an exercise. Tell us
the first thing that comes to
mind. Simple!

Private Bartley is reluctant, scared.

MARTY BARTLEY

All this is just weird.

DR JOYCE

What makes you say that?

MARTY BARTLEY

Well, I'm in no position to argue.

DR RYAN

Private, you gave us your permission. We haven't forced you to do anything.

Dr. Joyce attempts to connect on a deeper level.

DR JOYCE

It's no harm at all. You'll be fine.

While Doctor Joyce increases the IV, Doctor Ryan shouts a command:

DR RYAN

Private, it's your duty.

Those four words create submission, a drunken stare.

SERIES OF SHOTS: FILM PROJECTION

- A) On the screen is a picture of Stalin,
- B) The industrial military complex, Eisenhower, explosions.
- C) Hitler, the Nazi youth, hangings, firing squads,
- D) Death camps, tanks populate the screen.
- E) The Rosenberg's and other US communist's are displayed.

MARTY BARTLEY

(sinister)

Evil. It's all evil.

DR RYAN

Now, see there. That was wasn't so bad.

MARTY BARTLEY

Makes you want to kill em all!

Doctor Joyce shows reluctance and empathy for the young soldier. Doctor Ryan is pleased, draws a check next to "truth serum" on his pad.

INT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The cafeteria is decorated with Christmas decorations. A local bluegrass band plays over in the corner.

A punchbowl is front and center as the kitchen staff, guards and clinical staffers all stand in line to pour another serving of the popular moonshine into their glasses.

The Director, and both Dr. Ryan and Dr. Joyce stand nearby observing the pandemonium they are witnessing.

DR JOYCE

You really think this was a good idea?

DIRECTOR

Doctor, as your research has proven, they'll never remember a thing.

DR RYAN

All of them think it's moonshine. The LSD should take control shortly.

Angry and ashamed Dr. Joyce has had just about enough.

DR JOYCE

A trial without permission is wrong.

Dr. Joyce scurries to the dance floor to help an older woman MRS. TURNER (Turner's mother) (60's) to her feet.

MRS. TURNER

Doctor Joyce.

DR JOYCE

Mrs. Turner, how are you?

MRS. TURNER

I know what you're up to.

DR JOYCE

What do you mean?

MRS. TURNER

My Robert is coming. You'll see.

Two cafeteria workers behind Dr. Joyce, wave their hands back and forth, oblivious of the carnage behind them.

CAFETERIA WORKER

Look at the trails.

WORKER TWO

The colors.

While others enjoy the show, two staff members have begun to completely disrobe. The young man thrusting into the young girl who enjoys the pleasure immensely.

Another older couple completely naked, the woman facing the table massages her own breasts, they both scream in ecstasy.

Dr. Joyce surveys the room. The customary decorum and professionalism of her clinical trial, completely destroyed.

DR JOYCE

(to herself)

What have we done?

EXT. WILL OF THE WISP - DAWN

Turner sneaks out of his room, quietly walks to the car and speeds away.

INT. WILL OF THE WISP - HILLS ROOM

Hill awoken, peers out the window, watches Turner speed away.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - BINOCULAR POV

From a secluded forest Turner watches from a distance with binoculars. His mother is wheeled by a nurse into the front door.

Turner pans over to the parking lot where Dr. Joyce gives the Sheriff a passionate kiss. They hug, the Sheriff drives away.

TURNER

Well now.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT FOUR

EXT. NAYLORS HARDWARE - DAY

Scooter exits his car and heads towards the front entrance of Naylor's Hardware. FAITH (25) Butch's daughter, shapely and fit, carries a huge array of supplies and runs into Scooter. She struggles to keep the supplies.

SCOOTER

What's all that fer?

Faith heads for her Father's 38 Chevy pickup, with Scooter in tow.

FAITH

Just a few odds and ends,
Scooter.

Faith struggles to place everything into the truck, she hops into the bed, bends in a short skirt to reveal her bare cheeks below a spring dress.

She turns briefly to find Scooter eyeing her behind.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Miss it?

SCOOTER

You ain't got to rub it in!

She finishes in the back and heads around, avoiding Scooter

FAITH

Puttin yer bullshit behind me,
was the best day of my life!

Scooter is noticeably shaken by Faith's blunt statement.

SCOOTER

Yer Paw gettin by?

FAITH

I never see him. Not since Momma
passed.

Now in the driver seat, Faith has trouble starting the truck.

SCOOTER

Faith, I was wondering.

The truck starts, she revs the engine.

FAITH

Good bye, Scooter.

She wastes no time pulling out and driving away as Scooter watches, wonders about the supplies he has seen.

EXT. WILL OF THE WISP - NIGHT

Turner and Hill are seated on two large Adirondack chairs in front of a campfire along the shore of the lake. They sit quietly, listening to the crackle of the fire.

HILL

What a week. I'm glad we got a chance to relax.

Turner is looking up at the sky. He takes a sip of his beer.

TURNER

It's so dark. You can see every star in the Milky Way.

HILL

So Turner, where did you go this morning?

Hill waits, while Turner struggles with the truth.

TURNER

I thought you were asleep.

HILL

You know, partners don't hid secrets.

TURNER

If you must know, I may have found where my mother is.

HILL

That's amazing. Where is it?

TURNER

It's complicated.

HILL

Try me.

Turner pauses, a difficult memory is revealed.

TURNER

My parents were MIA. Mom, she was never quite right.

HILL

That's too bad. They missed out
on a great guy.

Hill raises her beer bottle. They clink them together.

TURNER

Thanks Hill. That means a lot.

HILL

So where is she?

Still Turner deflects the question.

TURNER

We came here to find Ranger, and
that's exactly what we're gonna
do.

Hill doesn't respond. She looks towards the lake and scans
the horizon.

TURNER (CONT'D)

He's out there somewhere. I just
know it.

HILL

So you're not going to tell me?

TURNER

You are relentless.

HILL

Yep.

They walk slowly up the hill towards the Lodge.

EXT. BILLS MARINA - DAY

The Sheriff and Scooter pull up to the Marina. They both exit
and walk down to the office.

Billy is outside washing down his private boat.

SCOOTER

Hey Billy.

SHERIFF

That's the beast.

BILLY

Yes sir, it is.

The Sheriff walks over to the charred remains of the boat. Scooter and Billy follow.

SHERIFF

Scooter mentioned those FBI agents came by to look at the wreck.

BILLY

Yes, sir, they did.

Billy leads them to the side of the hull.

BILLY (CONT'D)

They found these.

Sheriff picks at the holes with a pencil.

SHERIFF

Bullet holes.

SCOOTER

Dang!

SHERIFF

(to Billy)

Can you give us a moment Billy.

BILLY

Yes. Of course.

Billy walks away, the Sheriff and Scooter begin to look closer at the wreckage. Circling as they talk.

SHERIFF

Well now.

SCOOTER

A shooting gallery.

SHERIFF

Doris told me she heard shots.

They start heading up the hill and pass by Rob.

SCOOTER

So looky there. Agent smarty pants got some evidence.

Scooter and the Sheriff head up the hill, hop in the Sheriff's Jeep and drive away.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LODGE - NIGHT

In the parking lot, Dr. Joyce stands on her toes, kisses the Sheriff on the cheek.

DR JOYCE
How's Carol?

SHERIFF
She misses her mother.

DR JOYCE
Just keep her away from here.

SHERIFF
I warned her the other day.

DR JOYCE
Well, the Director runs a tight ship.

SHERIFF
You can come home any time.

DR JOYCE
Not yet.

The Sheriff frowns, turns away. He hops in his Jeep and pulls away.

Dr. Joyce watches briefly, opens her car door. She hears rustling in the woods in the distance.

She looks into the bushes, immediately recognizes Bartley and Edwards.

DR JOYCE (CONT'D)
Evening men.

PRIVATE EDWARDS
Dr. Joyce. How are you?

DR JOYCE
Out for a walk?

PRIVATE BARTLEY
We have to leave.

DR JOYCE
Yes, I know.

PRIVATE EDWARDS
Can you keep a secret?

The men both scan the grounds, Dr. Joyce senses the urgency.

DR JOYCE
Your secret is safe with me.

PRIVATE EDWARDS
No hard feelings?

Almost tearful, Dr. Joyce takes one step closer.

DR JOYCE
I'm the one who should be asking
for forgiveness.

PRIVATE BARTLEY
We understand.

PRIVATE EDWARDS
Gotta run.

Dr. Joyce looks first towards where the guards would stand at the entrance. They are smoking, not aware of the escape.

DR JOYCE
You need to get going.

PRIVATE BARTLEY
Thank you.

Dr. Joyce circles to look for anyone in the parking lot, looks back at the Privates and waves them on. She gathers her things, hops into her car and drives away.

Bartley and Edwards run into the woods and disappear.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - NIGHT

A 54 Chevy Pickup weaves its way up a small incline. The lake shimmers with the light of the moon.

INT. 54 CHEVY - INTERIOR - NIGHT

Over the drivers shoulder, the running lights are pushed by a weathered hand.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - NIGHT

The truck's lights extinguished, it comes to a stop. Two figures step out of the truck. One carries a backpack, the other a picnic basket.

They walk towards a small wood bench. The basket is placed between them. A candle is lit, revealing Doris and Snuffy. Snuffy pops a cork.

SNUFFY

(In Russian)

A glass for you?

DORIS

(In Russian)

Why, of course.

Snuffy pours for Doris first, a full glass for himself. They both hold their glasses up to the sky.

SNUFFY

(In Russian)

To the homeland!

DORIS

Budem zdorovy!

Snuffy places his wine glass on the bench, picks up his back pack, walks over and uncovers a crude satellite dish on his way to an ancient cabin, standing in the distance.

INT. ANCIENT CABIN - NIGHT

Snuffy enters a very small ancient log cabin. He lights a lantern the warm light reveals an elaborate radio.

Doris enters and sits beside him. A stack of Popular Mechanics magazines sits on the bench.

DORIS

Make sure you send the entire message.

Snuffy cracks his knuckles and flexes his hands.

SNUFFY

Russian Code via Morris code.

DORIS

Brilliant!

SNUFFY

Were gonna need another bottle.

They laugh as Snuffy taps away.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT FIVE

EXT. STATE FOREST - DAY

The sun barely above the ridge behind them, Katie, Carol, Buck and Josh prepare for the first day of spring turkey hunting.

Josh and Buck check their .22 rifles with scopes, Katie prepares her bow and places her quiver over her shoulder.

Carol carries a backpack and large binoculars over her neck.

BUCK

(to Josh)

I've got this new call. It's slate.

JOSH

Pretty cool.

The girls are not impressed and smile at each other.

KATIE

Guys and their toys.

BUCK

You'll see. It'll bring em right to us.

KATIE

One arrow is all you need.

CAROL

I don't know how you guys can hit the turkey's head. It's the size of a tennis ball.

BUCK

Good aim dear.

JOSH

Quiet.

EXT. STATE FOREST - MORNING

High above a ravine less than a mile from the hunters, Private Bartley and Edwards are running through the woods.

From the ground, the sounds of the forest are interrupted by the sticks and leaves misplaced by the two men.

Deer grazing nearby are spooked by the sound and immediately dart away. The two men stop briefly to rest.

MARTY BARTLEY

I was only able to grab a knife.

KEITH EDWARDS

That'll have to do. I got an empty canteen. We should find water first.

MARTY BARTLEY

Agreed.

He rubs his neck and massages his temples.

MARTY BARTLEY (CONT'D)

I'm still a little groggy from that stuff, whatever it was.

KEITH EDWARDS

Truth serum. Powerful shit.

MARTY BARTLEY

I never thought I'd go AWOL

KEITH EDWARDS

Me neither.

MARTY BARTLEY

It was so wrong.

KEITH EDWARDS

I had to get away or else I was going to do something stupid.

MARTY BARTLEY

When I get back to Oklahoma I'm gonna lay low.

KEITH EDWARDS

We should go to my Mom's house in Baltimore first.

Marty seems comforted, continues to rub his neck.

MARTY BARTLEY

Can't we rest for a bit?

KEITH EDWARDS

Sure.

They both get comfortable at the base of a large tree. They close their eyes and quickly fall asleep.

A flock of turkey's walk by in the distance.

EXT. STATE FOREST - HUNTERS POSITION - DAY

The hunting group has found a suitable spot. A position just above where the soldiers are asleep.

Carol surveys the forest floor with her binoculars and spots the group of turkeys.

She signals to the group by hand and motions to the position. They all nod that they see them. Buck begins the call.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STATE FOREST - SOLDIERS POSITION - MORNING

As Buck begins the turkey call, both soldiers eyes open slowly. They hear the sound, roll and crouch behind the tree.

MARTY BARTLEY

(sotto)

That's just a turkey.

KEITH EDWARDS

You ready to move?

MARTY BARTLEY

Sure.

The soldiers begin to walk through the forest towards the hunting party, unaware that they are directly in the path of fire.

The hunters now hear the sounds of the soldiers but they are in the distance. They all whisper together.

BUCK

What the hell is that?

JOSH

Carol, you see anything?

Carol is scanning the woods, following the sounds.

CAROL

No, but I can hear it.

Both Josh and Buck are looking through their sites at the flock.

JOSH

Katie, you have a shot?

KATIE

I do.

BUCK

Let it fly.

Katie draws back her bow gently. She pauses, one of the large turkeys stops and pecks at the forest floor, looks towards Katie.

Katie lets her arrow go. It streaks through the forest.

From the soldiers perspective, both Marty and Keith run between the Turkey and the arrow.

The arrow lands in the left thigh of Keith. He falls immediately to the ground.

KEITH EDWARDS

Fuck! I've been shot!

Everyone in the forest hears that. Marty stops and looks back at Keith on the ground.

MARTY BARTLEY

Is that an arrow?

Marty looks around the woods and runs to the aid of Keith.

The hunters all hear the sound. Carol with her binoculars aimed at that spot confirms their suspicions:

CAROL

It's a soldier.

JOSH

Holy shit!

They all stand and follow Carol down the hill to where the two soldiers sit on the forest floor.

Marty sees them running in their direction. He pulls out his bowie knife and wields it in the hunters direction.

MARTY BARTLEY

Who the hell are you?

KATIE

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hit you.

KEITH EDWARDS

Well you did.

Carol takes her pack off and heads towards Private Edwards on the ground. Marty aims the knife at her.

BUCK

Easy soldier. We're here to help.

CAROL

I can get that thing out of your leg, if you let me.

Keith looks at Marty and signals his approval. Marty puts his knife back in the sheath.

KEITH EDWARDS

Go ahead.

Carol begins to prepare the wound. She offers Marty a canteen of water, he drinks and hands it to Keith.

JOSH

You guys from the Lodge?

MARTY BARTLEY

What lodge?

Josh looks to the others for an approval to dig further. Buck whittles a stick hands it to Carol.

JOSH

It's the secret one in the woods.

Silence. The Privates unsure whether to speak.

KEITH EDWARDS

We decided it was time to leave.

Buck hands Carol a flask. She pours it on the wound, Keith winces. She hands it to him to drink.

CAROL

It's moonshine. Take a swig. This is gonna hurt.

Keith takes a swig. Carol digs out the arrow. Keith doesn't even flinch. Josh and Buck nod, impressed at the soldiers tolerance to pain.

JOSH

About a week ago, all of us saw
a soldier running from the
Lodge.

MARTY BARTLEY

Some guys make it out, Some
don't.

KATIE

This soldier didn't make it.

KEITH EDWARDS

What do you mean?

Keith is attempting to determine the hunters story.

KATIE

They shot him in the back. He
died right in front of us.

Marty looks at Keith before speaking.

MARTY BARTLEY

He was in our unit.

Marty looks at Keith before he reveals his intuition.

MARTY BARTLEY (CONT'D)

If they saw you, you're in
danger.

The group of hunters all digest what Marty has said.

KEITH EDWARDS

We're making our way to my
mothers house in Baltimore.

BUCK

That's over two hundred miles
from here.

CAROL

The arrow is out, but there's no
way you're going to walk to
Baltimore.

BUCK

Our farm is nearby. You can hide
in the barn until your leg is
better.

CAROL

I'm Carol. That's Buck, Josh and Katie.

They all nod and acknowledge the two soldiers.

KEITH EDWARDS

It's a pleasure to meet you Carol. I'm Keith, that's Marty.

BUCK

You think you can stand?

KEITH EDWARDS

This is nothing.

Buck and Private Bartley place Private Edwards arms around their shoulders. The entire group walks up the slope and through the forest.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Hill and Turner are looking at produce and crafts at the local Farmer's market. Turner has stopped at a table full of fresh peaches.

TURNER

Beautiful, I'll take a dozen.

Hill wonders off and stops at a jewelry display, looks closely at a set of ear rings. She stands and bumps into Faith.

HILL

I'm so sorry.

FAITH

No worries lady.

They separate, Hill eyes a familiar ring draped around Faith's neck.

HILL

That's a unique ring. Where'd you find it?

Uncomfortable, Faith grabs the ring and places back under her blouse.

FAITH

It was a gift. There's plenty right here.

Hill senses an uneasy feeling, both of them uncomfortable with the encounter.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Hey, I've got to run.

HILL

No worries, must be a great guy.

Hill watches Faith leave. She walks towards Turner. Turner is paying Butch for the peaches.

BUTCH

You new to the area?

Hill approaches slowly, stands next to Turner.

TURNER

No, just admiring the sights.
What do you do here in town.

BUTCH

I fix things.

TURNER

What sort of things?

BUTCH

Just about anything. You name it, I make it new again or clean it up.

TURNER

Nice to know.

BUTCH

Anything for the Misses?

HILL

Oh, we're not married.

BUTCH

Well, you two look like a couple.

Both Turner and Hill smile, look at each other and walk away.

HILL

You see that cute country bumpkin.

Turner looks towards Faith, likes what he sees.

TURNER

I do. She's gorgeous.

HILL

Well, that little lady has
Ranger's ring.

TURNER

You're kidding.

HILL

No, I'm dead serious. Give me
the keys!

Hill grabs the keys from Turners hand. Faith drives off as
Hill takes off in pursuit.

EXT. OAKLAND - ROUTE 219 - DAY

Faith's pickup drives down Rt. 219 with Hill following close
behind.

INT. FAITH'S PICKUP - DAY

Faith looks in her rear view mirror and notices Hill
following her. She speeds up and passes another truck, then
quickly pulls off on a State Forest road.

EXT. OAKLAND - ROUTE 219 - DAY

Faith slows down and stops. She turns around, looks behind
her. She watches as Hill follows behind the large truck.

INT. FAITH'S PICKUP - DAY

Faith smiles, continues down the dirt road.

INT. FBI CHEVY - DAY

Turner drives as Hill mulls over the chase.

HILL

Sneaky little thing. Isn't she?

TURNER

Where'd you see Ranger's ring.

HILL

It was on a chain around her neck.

TURNER

Well, either Ranger gave it to her or she found it.

HILL

Either way, she's our prime suspect.

Turner makes a U Turn and heads back towards the lake.

INT. FAITH'S PICKUP - DAY

Faith continues down the dirt road smiling. She arrives at a remote location.

EXT. FAITH'S CABIN - DUSK

Faith arrives at her remote cabin, just below a ridge. A small but unique log structure with a large stone chimney. On either side are large felled log barriers.

Faith grabs some of the supplies from the back of the pickup, heads towards the front door.

EXT/INT FAITH'S CABIN - NIGHT

Faith peers at the smoke rising from the chimney opens the door gently, tip-toes inside.

She places the supplies on the counter, looks towards the fireplace. A raging fire warms the room. Candles light the inside.

She grabs a revolver, walks around the large high back chair. She holds the gun, aims at Ranger.

RANGER

Is that any way to treat your guests?

FAITH

Can I trust you?

RANGER

I'm in no condition to argue.

Faith lowers her pistol and her guard, sits on the footrest in front of Ranger.

FAITH
You were in rough shape, mister.

RANGER
You can call me Ranger.

FAITH
Ranger, hmmm. I'm Faith.

RANGER
What a wonderful name.

There is a pause as both of them study each other.

RANGER (CONT'D)
How did you find me?

FAITH
You were on my property, out cold! Don't move.

Faith stands walks over to the sink and grabs an emergency kit. Ranger, tries to get up.

RANGER
Damn.

FAITH
I told you not to move.

RANGER
Yes, mame.

Faith pulls a bandage back off his forehead. Straddles his legs to get closer. Ranger is immediately enamored.

FAITH
It's none of my business, but this bullet almost did you in.

RANGER
I was lucky. Poor aim.

FAITH
I dug the other one out of your leg. Can you walk?

Ranger holds his leg, attempts to stand with Faith's assistance. Ranger sits back down, Faith grabs the footrest.

RANGER

Nope, not yet.

(then)

You're so beautiful.

They both are unsure how to continue, but the attraction is real.

FAITH

Well Ranger, I think you're a handsome guy, but we just met.

RANGER

I owe you, big time.

FAITH

So who are you?

RANGER

I'm one of the good guys.

FAITH

Ah, one of the good guys. Well then, it seems the bad guys want you dead.

They both smile, Faith continues to care for Ranger.

EXT. DEEP CREEK LAKE - DOCK - DAY

Hill and Turner are pushed into the lake on a Flying Scott sailboat. They are the last small sailboat to launch.

HILL

Are you sure you're good with this?

TURNER

Hill, there's a lot you don't know about me.

HILL

Fair enough.

Turner begins to catch the wind and steers the rudder away from the shore.

Both Turner and Hill enjoy the sun and the wind as it guides the boat through the turns in the lake.

Hill closes her eyes and takes in the sound of the breeze and the gentle sounds of the waves gently cascading away from the hull.

Hill opens her eyes, Turner has drifted far from the shore and into a secluded inlet.

TURNER

At the Academy in Annapolis, we learned to sail on a boat just like this.

(beat)

We learned to find the wind, trust our intuitions, mitigate risk.

Hill is relaxed and sits back watching Turner navigate. The sail tacks, Turner gazes at Hill glowing from the sun.

HILL

What do your intuitions tell you?

TURNER

About the case or you?

Turner smiles, he has failed to see a novice streaming towards them. He quickly pulls the rudder, the sail swings the opposite direction, and in one motion, Tuner splashes into the lake.

Hill laughs and tries to stand, loses her balance and follows Turner into the lake. Turner swims over, places Hill's hands on the side of the boat.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Sorry Hill. I didn't see that coming.

HILL

Obviously.

They smile at each other, enjoying the camaraderie. They both grab the toe rope and begin to swim the boat towards the shore.

TURNER

Come on. Let's pull it ashore.

Once Turner and Hill are both touching the bottom of the lake, they begin to walk the boat to the shore.

TURNER (CONT'D)

It's steep, watch your step.

Both of them stop in their tracks. A corpse wrapped in cloth with a single tethered rope, floats in front of them.

HILL

Oh my god!

Hill gasps and turns away, assuming it's Ranger's body. With reluctance and growing dread, Turner peers to see the identity of the corpse.

FADE TO BLACK