

NECESSARY EVIL

Written by  
David Stokes

EXT. TRAILER - PATCH OF WASTELAND - EVENING

A C-CLASS MERCEDES, with its windscreen spider-webbed by SHOTGUN BLASTS, sits outside a 40 year old, SINGLE-WIDE TRAILER.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Inside, an UNCONSCIOUS MAN in a suit, with bloody wounds on his temple and shoulder, sits with his arms duct-taped to a wooden chair.

Another MAN, whose face will remain unseen, enters wearing faded combats and a filthy white t-shirt.

He SLAPS the bound man then pours BEER over his head to wake him up.

MAN (O.C.)  
Good morning, starshine.

The man in the chair comes to and realizes he's tied up.

That's when the panic sets in.

This is LOGAN MATTHEWS (38). We'll learn more about him as our tale progresses but, right now, all you need to know is that he's utterly fucked.

We stay on Logan's terrified face as the springs of a sofa CREAK followed by the SOUND of a cigarette being lit.

The cigarette SIZZLES in the oppressive silence as he takes a long draw. He EXHALES slowly. Then:

MAN (O.C.) (cont'd)  
You're one lucky bastard, you know that, Waldo?

LOGAN  
Please, just let me exp---

MAN (O.C.)  
I bet that's not even your name is it?

Logan hesitates then shakes his head. There's no point lying anymore.

MAN (O.C.) (cont'd)  
So, what's the name your momma gave you?

LOGAN

Logan.

MAN (O.C.)

Logan? Fair enough. Do you know who I am, Logan?

LOGAN

No.

MAN (O.C.)

I figured as much. Well, allow me to bring you up to speed on a couple of things...

We focus on Logan's worried eyes as they DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. ATTICUS & KIRKLAND LAW BUILDING - CHICAGO - DAY

An impressive skyscraper that towers over the downtown area.

A rich man's totem of glittering excess.

INT. MEETING ROOM - ATTICUS & KIRKLAND LAW - DAY

Logan Matthews stands in front of WHITEBOARDS covered in PHOTOGRAPHS, NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS and DOCUMENTS.

Logan is a guy that came from modest beginnings and ended up as an Associate in one of the biggest law firms in Chicago thanks to his obsessive attention to detail.

Behind him, a group of PARALEGALS & LAWYERS sit around a large conference table.

Logan points to a TOUGH LOOKING GUY (60's) in the surveillance photographs behind him.

LOGAN

James Brennan. Also known as 'Jimmy the Gentleman'. Head of one of the five families here in Chicago.

(beat)

Now, as we all know, Chicago P.D. have been trying to get something on this guy for decades. And six weeks ago, they finally got him.

(beat)

And it's our job to build a case strong enough to put him in an eight

(MORE)

LOGAN (cont'd)  
by six cell and makes sure he stays  
there for the rest of his life.

Logan's CELLPHONE vibrates in his pocket. He takes it out to see his wife, CATHERINE, is calling.

Logan rejects the call and puts it back in his pocket.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Now, I'm not going to lie to you.  
It's going to take a lot of work to  
accomplish this. You are going to  
miss birthday parties and your kid's  
ballgames and date nights and, at  
some point, you're probably going to  
hate me. And that's fine.

(beat)  
If it's not for you, you're free to  
leave and I'll get someone else.  
There'll be no hard feelings, it's  
not for everyone. So speak now or  
forever hold your peace.

Logan pauses to see if anyone moves. They don't.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
OK. Good. That's always the scary  
part for me.

The people around the table laugh politely.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Now, the key to this case will be in  
the preparation, the planning.  
Leaving no stone unturned. Leaving  
nothing to chance.

(beat)  
I'm the kind of guy who lines up his  
shoes if they're not straight and has  
his books and Blu-Rays in  
alphabetical order. My wife calls it  
O.C.D. I call it attention to  
detail--

His cellphone VIBRATES again.

He takes it out to see SANDRA is calling.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Excuse me.

He answers the call.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah?

INT. OUTSIDE LOGAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Logan's assistant, SANDRA KIRK (54), a no-shit kind of woman, sits at her desk.

SANDRA  
 (into phone)  
 Sorry to interrupt but your wife's  
 trying to get hold of you.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LOGAN  
 Yeah, I know. Can you take a message?

SANDRA  
 She just wanted to remind you to be  
 at the Pavilion at seven.

LOGAN  
 Is it Wednesday?

SANDRA  
 All day.

LOGAN  
 Movie night, gotcha. Thank you,  
 Sandra.

Logan hangs up and turns back to his audience.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
 Right. Where were we?

EXT. ATTICUS & KIRKLAND LAW - NIGHT

Only a few of the offices still have lights on.

Logan's office is one of them.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - ATTICUS & KIRKLAND LAW - NIGHT

Logan takes a sip of coffee as he reads through a file and makes notes. He stands and starts rifling through a cabinet on the other side of his large corner office.

The cellphone on his desk lights up as CATHERINE calls but, because it's on silent, he doesn't hear it.

The call ends as he pulls a file out and sits back down.

As he opens the file, he receives a TEXT from CATHERINE:

**"Where are you?!"**

Logan checks his watch. He forgot. Again.

LOGAN  
(annoyed with himself)  
Ah, shit.

Logan gets up and grabs his jacket.

EXT. PAVILION MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Logan jogs down the street towards the brightly lit theater.

He looks annoyed with himself as he checks his watch and steps inside.

INT. PAVILION MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

CATHERINE MATTHEWS (34) looks angry. Their son, BRANDON (11) sits next to her, munching through a box of popcorn as they watch the movie.

Logan walks in and finds his family in the dark room.

He smiles and waves. Catherine doesn't.

Logan shuffles down their row and sits next to them.

LOGAN  
(to Brandon)  
Hey buddy.

Brandon forces a smile then goes back to the movie.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
(quietly to Catherine)  
Sorry.

CATHERINE  
(annoyed)  
Once. Just once, could you be on time?

LOGAN  
It's this Brennan case.

CATHERINE  
It's always a case. I don't know why  
you don't just put a bed in your  
office and sleep there.

Logan goes to reply but realizes this conversation is over.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan's Mercedes and Catherine's BMW SUV sit on the driveway  
of a four bedroom house on a quiet tree-lined road in an  
upper middle-class neighborhood.

Manicured lawns. Two-car garages. Friendly neighbors.

Suburbia at its finest.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There's a tension in the air as Catherine removes her make-  
up at a vanity table and Logan, now in sweats, hangs his  
suit up then sits on the bed next to his wife.

LOGAN  
I'm really sorry about tonight. I  
just... I lost track of time.

Catherine looks at him in the mirror.

CATHERINE  
That excuse is really starting to  
wear thin, Logan.  
(beat)  
Can't you see much he misses you? How  
much I miss you?

LOGAN  
I know...

CATHERINE  
I always figured, after you made  
Associate, things would calm down a  
little but its only gotten worse.  
You're spending less time at home now  
than you ever have...

(beat)  
Logan, I love that you're driven and  
passionate and once you set your mind

(MORE)

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
to something you're gonna accomplish  
it no matter what, but... I never  
thought it would be at our expense.

LOGAN  
But I'm doing this for us. So, in a  
few years, I can take my foot off the  
gas an--

CATHERINE  
But we don't need a bigger house or a  
nicer car, Logan... That's what you  
want. Not us. We just want you.  
That's it. Nothing else matters.  
(beat)  
Not to me anyway.

Logan looks at his wife with guilty eyes.

LOGAN  
I know. I'm sorry... I'll try harder,  
I promise.

CATHERINE  
I'm not the one you should be  
apologizing to.

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brandon sits in bed, playing on an iPad.

Logan KNOCKS and walks in.

LOGAN  
Bedtime, buddy. You OK?

BRANDON  
(unconvincing)  
Yeah.

Logan sits on the side of the bed.

LOGAN  
Look, I'm really sorry about tonight.  
I'll make it up to you, I promise.

BRANDON  
You're always late, dad. For  
everything.

LOGAN  
I know. And I'm sorry.



BRANDON  
It's like you don't care about us  
anymore.

LOGAN  
I love you and mom more than anything  
in the world.

BRANDON  
Doesn't seem like that sometimes.

LOGAN  
I know. And I'm sorry. I know I  
haven't been around as much as I  
should and I'm going to change that.

BRANDON  
You promise?

LOGAN  
Scout's honor.

BRANDON  
OK.

Brandon lies down and Logan pulls the covers over him.

LOGAN  
Still my friend, right?

BRANDON  
If you take me to the White Sox game  
on Saturday I will be.

Logan smiles.

LOGAN  
Was that blackmail? Cos, that sounded  
like blackmail to me.

BRANDON  
Yeah, it was.

LOGAN  
And it worked. Well played. White Sox  
it is.

BRANDON  
(excited)  
Yes!

Logan gets up and heads for the door.

LOGAN  
 Now go to sleep you little criminal.  
 Goodnight.

INT. LOUNGE - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan sits on the sofa sipping at a bottle of beer as he works on his LAPTOP.

He looks at a clock. It's 23.55.

Logan sighs in a "*what am I doing?*" way and closes the laptop. As he stands, there's a KNOCK at the front door.

LOGAN  
 What the hell?

INT./EXT. LOGANS HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan opens the door to reveal a MAN holding a BRIEFCASE in a tailored suit.

This is WALTER MORAN (72). Although Moran is slight in stature with a friendly face, there's something about his eyes that shouldn't be trusted.

LOGAN  
 Can I help you?

WALTER MORAN  
 Mr. Matthews.

Logan sees a black RANGE ROVER EVOQUE parked at the curb with Walter's DRIVER (50) standing next to it, watching him.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)  
 My name is Walter Moran. I apologize for the lateness of my visit, I hope I haven't disturbed your family.

There's something about Moran's demeanor that Logan doesn't like. He stays polite but it's guarded and emotionless.

LOGAN  
 What do you want?

WALTER MORAN  
 I'm here on behalf of a mutual acquaintance of ours.  
 (beat)  
 James Brennan.

And there it is... Logan sighs and shakes his head.

LOGAN

You shouldn't be here, Mr. Moran. You need to leave. Now, please.

Walter opens the briefcase. It's filled with MONEY.

LOGAN (cont'd)

What the hell are you--

WALTER MORAN

This is what a million dollars looks like, Mr. Matthews. All we ask is that my employer is not convicted. If he walks, let's just say that your compensation will be... Quite significant.

LOGAN

(disbelief)

You're trying to bribe me? That's ten years in prison. Right there. Sitting in that case.

WALTER MORAN

(doesn't care)

How about that.

LOGAN

I need you to get off my property ri--

Walter closes the case.

WALTER MORAN

There's a very good chance my employer will walk with or without your assistance, Mr. Matthews, this is... Merely an insurance policy.

(beat)

But, please, consider it. Not only would Mr. Brennan be in your debt, you'd become a very wealthy man in the process. You could leave Atticus and Kirkland, start your own practice, choose your own hours. I'm sure Catherine and Brandon would love to have you home more.

Walter smirks but it's dead-eyed and sinister.

Logan looks at him, trying not to raise his voice.

LOGAN  
Don't ever come to my house again.

Logan shuts the door in Walter's face.

INT. KITCHEN - LOGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Logan, dressed for work, buzzes around while Catherine and Brandon eat breakfast.

LOGAN  
Honey, where are my keys?

CATHERINE  
Table by the door?

He disappears into the hallway.

LOGAN (O.S.)  
Nope.

CATHERINE  
Have you checked your pocket?

Logan puts his hand in his jacket as he walks back in.

LOGAN  
Of course I checked my...-

He pulls out the keys. Catherine gives him a wry smile.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
What would I do without you?

He kisses her.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
I'll see you tonight for dinner. In fact, we'll go out. Find us a place.

CATHERINE  
OK, but I'm warning you, if I make reservations and you're not there--

LOGAN  
I'll be there. I promise.

BRANDON  
You've promised before.

LOGAN  
Yeah, but this time, if I don't show  
up, I'll give you a hundred bucks.  
How's that sound?

BRANDON  
(excited)  
Deal!

Logan kisses the top of his son's head.

LOGAN  
That's the spirit.  
(heading for the door)  
Alright, I'm outta here guys. Love  
you.

Catherine and Brandon say their goodbyes as he leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

An unmarked SQUAD CAR SCREAMS around a corner.

SIREN blaring. LIGHTS flashing.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

DETECTIVE SARAH HOOPER (41) wrenches the wheel as she rounds  
another car in pursuit of an unseen vehicle.

Throwing caution to the wind, Sarah ROCKETS along, swerving  
in and out of traffic, until something ahead of her makes  
her eyes go wide with PANIC.

She SLAMS the brakes on... Her face painted in FEAR.

The SCREAMING of the tires drift into:

INT. LOUNGE - SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah SHOUTING OUT in fear as she bounces awake on the sofa,  
covered with a blanket. An empty WINE BOTTLE and GLASS sit  
on the coffee table.

Sarah was always an intense and single-minded woman but,  
after the incident above (*Which we will learn more about  
later*), something in her changed.

She closed off. Retreated into herself.

As she gets her bearings, she rubs a knot of BURN SCAR TISSUE on her right forearm that goes up to her bicep.

She rubs her sore temples. Another hangover. This is happening almost daily now.

INT. KITCHEN - SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah rummages through the kitchen drawers but can't seem to find what she's looking for.

SARAH HOOPER  
 Goddammit...  
 (calling out)  
 Where are the painkillers?  
 (beat)  
 Chris? You here?

Sarah's husband, CHRIS HOOPER (38) appears in the kitchen doorway looking sullen and withdrawn.

Sarah doesn't notice as she digs through drawers.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
 Where are the painkillers?

CHRIS HOOPER  
 They're gone.

SARAH HOOPER  
 No, there was a bottle with four left.

CHRIS HOOPER  
 You took 'em.

SARAH HOOPER  
 (confused)  
 What? When?

CHRIS HOOPER  
 Last night.

SARAH HOOPER  
 All four?

Chris nods. He looks drained. Sarah notices but goes back to hunting for pills.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
 What's wrong?

Chris hesitates then speaks.

CHRIS HOOPER  
Sarah, I have to go.

SARAH HOOPER  
(not really listening)  
OK.

CHRIS HOOPER  
No, I... I have to go.

Sarah realizes what he means and looks at him.

SARAH HOOPER  
What are you talking about?

CHRIS HOOPER  
(sadly)  
I can't watch you do this to yourself  
anymore.

SARAH HOOPER  
Chris, it's not--

CHRIS HOOPER  
I'll be back after work to pick up my  
things. I'm sorry, Sarah, I just...  
I'm sorry.

Chris walks away.

SARAH HOOPER  
Chris, wait... Please.

But he doesn't. Sarah HEARS the front door open and close.  
She SLAMS the drawer shut, upset and angry at herself.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Logan is working when his DESK PHONE BEEPS.

As he reaches to put the call on speaker, a SMALL SCAR can  
be seen on the inside of his right wrist.

LOGAN  
(to speakerphone)  
Yeah?

SANDRA (O.S.)  
 (over phone)  
 I've got Alan Lomax on the line for  
 you.

Logan yawns.

LOGAN  
 Great. Like my day couldn't get any  
 better.

INT. OUTSIDE LOGAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sandra sits at her desk, blowing steam from a cup of tea.

SANDRA  
 Late night?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LOGAN  
 Wouldn't you like to know.

SANDRA  
 So, what shall I tell him?

Logan watches his cellphone LIGHT UP on his desk from an  
 incoming call from "UNKNOWN CALLER" then stops.

SANDRA (cont'd)  
 Logan?

LOGAN  
 (distracted)  
 Sorry, what?

SANDRA  
 What shall I tell him? The guy on the  
 phone?

LOGAN  
 Oh, uh, take a message. I'll call him  
 back.

SANDRA  
 You're the boss... You OK?

Logan smiles.

LOGAN  
 I'm fine, Mother Goose.



INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR (MOVING) - CITY STREET - DAY

A savagely hungover Sarah rubs her aching eyes as she drives her unmarked squad car.

She grabs painkillers and a bottle of water from the glove box then swallows a handful with the efficiency of someone who does this on a regular basis.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Further down the road, a CROWD has gathered to rubberneck at two cars BURNING in the street after a collision.

INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR (MOVING) - CITY STREET - DAY

Sarah rounds a corner to see the burning cars ahead of her.

She goes to hit the lights and siren then hesitates. Her fingers stopping an inch from the switch.

As she looks at the burning cars, her hand starts to shake as a wave of anxiety roars through her.

FLAMES...

SMOKE...

HEAT...

Her breathing speeds up. Her heart races.

On the verge of a panic attack...

SARAH HOOPER

Fuck!

Sarah speeds up and drives past the wreck.

As the burning cars fade into the distance, Sarah PUNCHES the wheel with frustration and shame.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)

Goddammit.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

As Logan works, his cellphone LIGHTS UP with the "UNKNOWN CALLER" ID again. This time he picks it up.

LOGAN  
Hello?

WALTER MORAN  
(over phone, filtered)  
Mr. Matthews.

LOGAN  
Yes? Who is this?

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER (MOVING) - DAY

Walter sits in the back of his SUV.

WALTER MORAN  
This is Walter Moran.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Logan exhales with frustration.

LOGAN  
What are you doing?

WALTER MORAN  
I thought I'd give you the  
opportunity to reconsider my  
proposal, now that you're... Well  
rested.

LOGAN  
Mr. Moran--

WALTER MORAN  
Walter, please.

LOGAN  
I'm going to hang up the phone now  
and----

WALTER MORAN  
And, if you do, I'll have your son's  
fingers cut off.

Logan freezes as he processes what he just heard.

LOGAN  
(quiet shock)  
What did you just say?

WALTER MORAN

I said, if you hang up on me, someone will take a bolt cutter, and a rusty one at that, and they will cut off Brandon's fingers.

(beat)

And, once that's done, we'll see what can be removed from Catherine.

Logan struggles to think. What the fuck's going on?

LOGAN

(weakly)

Who are you?

WALTER MORAN

I'm the man that has your wife and son.

Logan freezes. Unable to think or speak. Shock hits him like a bucket of iced water.

In the SUV, Walter looks out of the window, almost bored.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)

Are you there Mr. Matthews?

LOGAN

(weakly)

Yes.

WALTER MORAN

Good. Now listen to me very carefully, because I will hurt them if you don't do exactly as I tell you.

(beat)

I have a series of tasks that I want you to complete for me. If you succeed, you'll be reunited with your family, I give you my word. However, if you fail, I will take great pleasure in making sure they suffer to their very last breath. Do you understand?

Logan closes his stinging eyes to dam the tears.

LOGAN

Mr. Moran, please don't hurt my family.

WALTER MORAN

Now, as these tasks will require the use of both of your hands, I recommend you use an earpiece. I'm assuming you have one in that office of yours.

Logan frantically searches through his desk until he finds a WIRELESS EARPIECE and pushes it into his ear.

LOGAN

I've got one.

WALTER MORAN

Very good. Now go to your car and head to Smith's Grove Industrial Park. Unit 1-0-9.

LOGAN

Why?

WALTER MORAN

Because if you don't, the only way a coroner will be able to identify your family is through their teeth.

LOGAN

Alright... Alright, I'm sorry.

Logan heads for the door on legs that barely carry him.

WALTER MORAN

And Mr. Matthews...

Logan stops as his hand reaches for the door handle.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)

If you tell anyone about this... The Police, a colleague, someone on the street. If you make a call or send a text or an email, we will know.

(beat)

And, if that happens, I promise that your family will endure more pain than you thought humanly possible. Do you understand?

LOGAN

Yes.

WALTER MORAN

Good. Now go to your car. We have a busy day ahead of us.

INT. OUTSIDE LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A shaken Logan leaves his office and walks past Sandra.

SANDRA  
I told Alan you'd call him back in  
the next...

Sandra stops as Logan heads towards the elevators without acknowledging or even looking at her.

SANDRA (cont'd)  
Are you alright?

Logan ignores her as he waits for it to arrive.

SANDRA (cont'd)  
Logan?

LOGAN  
What?

SANDRA  
Are you OK? You don't look so good.  
Are you sick?

LOGAN  
I just, uh... I have a couple of  
errands to run. For Catherine.

SANDRA  
(confused)  
What?

The elevator arrives and Logan walks in.

SANDRA (cont'd)  
Logan, what's going on?

Logan ignores her as the elevator doors close.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

An unassuming gray building that houses the Homicide Division and Municipal Court opposite the busy I-90.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Sarah walks through the department, still irritated from the mornings events.

She walks past DETECTIVE TRAVIS PEPPER (35), who's pouring himself a cup of coffee.

Travis is intelligent, preppy and always friendly. A cop who still believes he's making a difference.

TRAVIS  
Morning. Want one?

Sarah ignores him and heads into her office before slamming the door behind her.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah's office is best described as "Organized Chaos". Files everywhere. On chairs, under her desk, on cabinets. Her desk littered with Post-It notes.

There's probably a system to it all but, if there is, only she understands it.

Sarah sits at her desk and opens a file but she's too irritated to concentrate.

She glances at a FRAMED PHOTO on her desk of Sarah and Chris laughing with their arms around each other at the beach.

She doesn't have the burn on her arm in the photo and Sarah can't remember the last time she felt that happy.

It feels like a lifetime ago now.

Sarah pulls the picture face down and looks at her WEDDING RING as it rests on the back of the frame.

She slides the picture into the trash bin at the side of her desk before grabbing her jacket and leaving again.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Logan drives through the entrance gates and makes his way down the winding side roads.

It's in a sorry state of disrepair. A ghost town of abandoned warehouses and lock-ups.

Logan stops outside UNIT 109. A small lock-up with no windows and a graffiti-covered shutter door.

Logan takes in his surroundings as his earpiece BEEPS.

LOGAN

Hello?

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER (MOVING) - DAY

Walter is still in the back of his car.

WALTER MORAN

Drive inside and close the door behind you.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LOGAN

What am I doing here?

WALTER MORAN

Don't make me ask you again.

Logan gets out and walks to the shutter but it's locked with a COMBINATION PADLOCK.

LOGAN

There's a lock on it.

WALTER MORAN

The combination is 2-4-2-3.

Logan enters the combination and the lock POPS open. He removes it and drops it into his jacket pocket.

INT. UNIT 109 - DAY

With the shutter closed behind him, Logan is enveloped in darkness. He switches on his HEADLIGHTS to reveal a FOUR FOOT SQUARE STEEL BOX in the center of the room.

On the side of the amateurishly welded box, a SMITH & WESSON 500 REVOLVER, sits in a metal cradle. The barrel of the gun disappearing inside the box.

LOGAN

What the hell is this?

Walter speaks to Logan via the earpiece.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

This is your first task.

LOGAN

What is?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Do you see the firearm that's  
attached to the box?

LOGAN  
Yes.--

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Your first task is to simply pull the  
trigger.

LOGAN  
(unsure)  
Why? What's in there?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
A block of ballistics gelatin. It's  
what the authorities use to test the  
terminal performance of ammunition.

LOGAN  
I know what it is, I just don't know  
what this has to do with me.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Have you ever seen what a blowtorch  
can do to a child's foot, Mr.  
Matthews? Because if you don't pull  
that trigger, you're going to find  
out.

LOGAN  
Alright. I'll do it. I'm sorry.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Use the gloves and the ear protectors  
that are on the workbench. A handgun  
in an enclosed environment can be in  
the ballpark of 150 decibels. You're  
no use to me if you're deaf.

Logan puts on the gloves and the ear protectors.

LOGAN  
OK.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Now pull the trigger.

Logan steadies himself then FIRES a single round into the  
box as instructed.

BOOOOOOM!



Logan flinches as the deafening gunshot REVERBERATES around the lock-up like a clap of thunder.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Very good. Now, on the opposite side of the box, you'll find a hinged panel. Open it and remove the contents but, please, leave your gloves on.

Logan takes off the ear protectors and approaches the box.

As he pulls the panel open, the CORPSE of a MAN slumps from the box with his hands and feet duct-taped.

His head has been BLASTED APART. The remnants of a GAG hang from what's left of his skull.

Logan recoils in horror and gags, barely stopping himself from vomiting.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Congratulations, Mr. Matthews.  
 (beat)  
 You're now a murderer.

Logan paces back and forth in front of the box as his body is consumed with a toxic mix of panic, fear and adrenalin.

LOGAN  
 (panicking)  
 Oh my God! What did you do! What did you do!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
 It wasn't me, Mr. Matthews, it was you. He was alive and well right until the moment you pulled the trigger.  
 (beat)  
 All I did was put him in there.

LOGAN  
 (shouting)  
 No, you tell me he was dead before I did that! Tell me I didn't just do that, please!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
 We all die, Mr. Matthews. It's just a matter of when and how. Don't mourn what's inevitable.

LOGAN  
(shouting)  
I just killed an innocent man because  
of you, you son of a bitch!

Walter laughs. It's cold and cruel.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Innocent? Please, no one is innocent.  
Don't be so naive.

LOGAN  
Who is he?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
A man whose luck should have run out  
long ago.

Logan leans against the workbench as he tries to slow his  
breathing down.

LOGAN  
(quietly)  
Jesus Christ...

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
For you next task, I want you to  
travel to South Princeton Avenue in  
Fuller Park. Look for a boarded-up  
convenience store near the end of the  
street. Park at the rear and wait for  
my call, do you understand?

Logan doesn't respond.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(harder)  
Do you understand?

LOGAN  
Yes.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Good. And remember to take the  
gloves, the ear protectors and the  
revolver with you.

LOGAN  
Why do I need a gun?

Walter sighs.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
You're removing the murder weapon,  
Mr. Matthews. Plus, it's always  
better to have something and not need  
it, than need something and not have  
it.

EXT. UNIT 109 - DAY

Logan closes the SHUTTER DOOR and gets in his car.

He hides the gloves, the gun and the ear protectors in the glove box then pauses for a moment, taking a breath to calm himself before pulling away.

As the Mercedes disappears around a corner, the spring loaded shutter starts to slowly open again...

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Logan joins the flow of fast moving traffic.

INT./EXT. LOGAN'S CAR (DRIVING) - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Logan feels something in his jacket pocket and pulls out the combination lock from the shutter door.

LOGAN  
Oh, shit.

As he looks at it, he hears a soft THUD from somewhere behind him in the car.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

As rain starts to fall from a gray and cloudy sky, a FEMALE JOGGER (32) heads through the main gates on her daily run.

EXT. UNIT 109 - SMITH'S GROVE INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

The Jogger heads down a side road and stops outside Unit 109, noticing that the SHUTTER DOOR is almost halfway open.

As she approaches to take a closer look, she steps in something WET and looks down to see that she's standing in a PUDDLE OF BLOOD and quickly jumps out of it.

She ducks down to look under the door and reacts in HORROR at what she sees.

INT./EXT. LOGAN'S CAR (DRIVING) - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

As rain DRUMS against the windscreen, Logan hears the THUD again from the rear of the car.

LOGAN  
What the hell is that?

He pulls to the side of the expressway and kills the engine.

THUD...

Logan gets out and, holding his jacket above his head, walks around the car, looking for the source of the noise.

As he reaches the trunk, there's another THUD and he realizes where it's coming from.

Inside.

Logan slowly opens the trunk to reveal:

A WOMAN (38) dressed in dirty jeans and a t-shirt, her hands and feet bound with DUCT TAPE, her head covered with a CANVAS BAG.

The woman MOANS. Seemingly under the influence of something.

Logan steps back. Struggling to process what he's seeing.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Oh my God...

Logans earpiece BEEPS. He closes the trunk and answers.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Hello?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
That's disappointing.

LOGAN  
What the hell is going on?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
The effects of Methohexital Sodium  
can be so unpredictable.

LOGAN  
Who is that? What the hell is she  
doing in my car?!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
She's there because she's integral to  
your next task. Now get back in your  
car before you start drawing  
attention to yourself.

Logan looks around with confusion. They can see him?

LOGAN  
No.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

LOGAN  
No... Not until you tell me what all  
this is about. And what the fuck this  
has to do with me and my family.

Walter chuckles.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Mr. Matthews, if you don't get back  
in your car in the next ten seconds,  
I'm going to have your wife  
kneecapped.  
(beat)  
The choice is yours.

Logan doesn't move. Trying to steel himself.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Ten seconds... Seven... Five...  
Three...

LOGAN  
(angry)  
Alright!

A defeated Logan gets back into his car and slams the door.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Logan breathes heavily. Adrenalin coursing through him.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Take a breath and calm down, Mr.  
Matthews.

LOGAN

Fuck you.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

Anger isn't going to help you. Angry people make mistakes.

Logan looks at his hand on the wheel and notices it has a slight TREMOR as his nerves start to fray.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Behind your seat is a wash bag containing a number of syringes.

LOGAN

What?

Logan reaches behind his seat and, to his amazement, retrieves a BLACK WASH BAG.

He opens it and pulls out three HYPODERMIC SYRINGES, each containing a measure of milky-white Methohexital Sodium.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

The liquid inside the syringes is Methohexital Sodium, a powerful sedative.

LOGAN

(confused)

OK...

Walter sighs.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

What do you think will happen if someone hears the screams of a woman coming from the trunk of your car?

The penny drops...

LOGAN

Please don't make me do this.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

The decision is yours. However, I'm sure I don't need to remind you of what will happen to your family should you fail to complete the next task.

Logan pulls out a syringe and examines it.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
So, I ask you, what's more important?  
Your family or your conscience?

Logan climbs onto the back seat and opens the hatch behind the center armrest that leads to the trunk.

He nervously guides the syringe towards the woman's thigh when she MOANS and changes position.

Logan steadies himself to try again when:

THERE'S A LOUD BANG ON THE WINDOW.

Logan JUMPS with fright and turns to see:

A CHICAGO PATROLMAN (35) at the rear passenger window as the TRAFFIC zips by behind him.

PATROLMAN  
What are you doing in there?

Logan drops the syringe in the trunk and closes the armrest before opening the window.

LOGAN  
(shaken)  
Is everything alright, Officer?

PATROLMAN  
Why are you parked here, sir?

LOGAN  
I, uh... Was just getting something  
from the trunk.

PATROLMAN  
Are you aware that the side of the  
expressway is for emergencies only?

LOGAN  
Yes. Yes, I am. I'm sorry.

PATROLMAN  
Is this an emergency, sir?

LOGAN  
No, Everything's fine. I'll move.

The Patrolman gives the car a once-over and spots the wash bag on the front seat.

PATROLMAN  
What's in the bag, sir?

LOGAN  
I'm sorry?

PATROLMAN  
(pointing)  
The bag. On the front seat.

Logan stutters an answer out.

LOGAN  
Oh, it's... Uh...-

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
My medication.

LOGAN  
It's my medication.

PATROLMAN  
Your medication?

LOGAN  
Yes, sir.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
I'm a diabetic.

LOGAN  
I'm diabetic.

The Patrolman stares at him. Observing. Thinking.

PATROLMAN  
Can you get out of the vehicle  
please, sir?

LOGAN  
(nervous)  
Why?

PATROLMAN  
This is a busy expressway and there's  
a lot of fast moving traffic so, for  
your safety and mine, I'd like you to  
move to the railing over there, sir.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Don't let him open the trunk.



With his nerves in tatters, Logan gets out and sees the Patrolman's SQUAD CAR behind him as he walks to the railing.

The Patrolman grabs the wash bag and pulls out a SYRINGE.

PATROLMAN  
So, you're telling me this is  
insulin?

LOGAN  
Yes, sir.

PATROLMAN  
For your diabetes?

LOGAN  
Yes, sir.

PATROLMAN  
So tell me... Since when has insulin  
been white?

Logan doesn't have an answer.

PATROLMAN (cont'd)  
Do you have a prescription for this,  
sir?

LOGAN  
(weakly)  
No.

PATROLMAN  
License and registration please.

Logan hands the Patrolman his license who reads it and hands it back.

PATROLMAN (cont'd)  
Mr. Matthews, based on what you've  
told me and from what I've observed,  
I have no choice but to place you  
under arrest for possession of a  
suspected controlled substance.

LOGAN  
Officer, please.

PATROLMAN  
Put your hands on the trunk so I can  
search you.

LOGAN  
 (pleading)  
 I'm begging you. Please.

PATROLMAN  
 You're under arrest, sir. Put your  
 hands on the trunk.

With fear starting to consume him, Logan leans against the trunk and the Patrolman starts searching him.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
 I'm going to enjoy making your family  
 suffer.

LOGAN  
 (quietly)  
 Don't.  
 (to the Officer)  
 Officer, please, let me expl--

Logan tries to turn around but the Patrolman pushes him back against the car.

PATROLMAN  
 Sir, if you...

As Logan's hands hit the trunk lid, the muffled SOUND of a WOMAN'S MOAN comes from inside.

And they BOTH hear it.

The Patrolman takes a step back towards the expressway. His hand resting on his holstered FIREARM.

PATROLMAN (cont'd)  
 What's in the trunk?

LOGAN  
 (starting to panic)  
 Nothing.

PATROLMAN  
 Open the trunk. Do it now.

LOGAN  
 (panicking)  
 But... But, I can explain.

As Logan takes a nervous step forward, the Officer draws his GUN causing Logan to throw his hands up.

PATROLMAN

(shouting)

Get down on the ground! Face down. Do it now!

LOGAN

You don't understand!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

It's over, Mr. Matthews. You failed.

PATROLMAN

(shouting)

Stop talking! Get down on the ground, right now!

LOGAN

(pleading)

Listen to me! Please listen to me!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

And you were doing so well.

PATROLMAN

If you take one more step, I will shoot you. Do you understand what I just said?

LOGAN

(frantic)

Please, please just listen to me! Let me explain!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

I suppose this is goodbye.

The Patrolman takes a step back to maintain the distance between them.

PATROLMAN

This is your last warn--

Out of nowhere, a SEMI TRUCK SMASHES into the Patrolman, who practically EXPLODES from the impact.

The TRUCK DRIVER (50's) battles to control his blood-spattered vehicle as it JACK-KNIFES across the expressway.

Logan watches in horror as VEHICLES start SMASHING into each other as the Truck SKIDS to a halt across the lanes.

What follows is nothing short of CHAOS:

-- Cars are CRUSHED and BURST into flames.

-- People EXPLODE from windscreens.

-- Cars FLIP and BARREL ROLL down the expressway.

-- A MOTORCYCLE RIDER is CATAPULTED off his bike and SLAMS into the semi's trailer. As he hits the ground, another car SMASHES him into the rear wheels.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

You need to leave, Mr. Matthews. And quickly.

LOGAN

What are you talking about?! I can't leave, I need to help these people!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

You must leave. Now!

LOGAN

If I leave, the Police are going to think I killed him!

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

And what will the Police think when they find the woman in your trunk? Or when they trace the gun you have back to the corpse in the lock up?

Logan looks at the horrific scene before him, knowing he has no choice. The decision has been made for him.

LOGAN

Fuck!

INSIDE THE PATROL CAR

A DASH-MOUNTED CAMERA records Logan grabbing the wash bag and getting into his car.

Moments later, the Mercedes SCREAMS away. Tires spinning. Dust flying.

INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR - STREET - DAY

Sarah sits in her car, watching the world go by, as she smokes a cigarette and sips a cup of takeout coffee.

Her eyes find a COUPLE (30's) walking hand in hand. The man whispers something into his partners ear and she laughs.

She watches them with a mixture of bitterness and sadness. Sarah and Chris used to laugh like that. But not anymore. Not for a long time.

Her PHONE RINGS, snapping her out of her funk.

SARAH HOOPER  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

EXT. UNIT 109 - SMITH'S GROVE INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Unit 109 is now a CORDONED-OFF CRIME SCENE swarming with COPS and PRESS. FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS come and go from a WHITE TENT that covers the entrance.

Travis Pepper stands outside on his phone.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
(into phone)  
Hey Sarah, it's Trav. Listen, I'm at Smith's Grove.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

SARAH HOOPER  
Yeah, what's up?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Uh... You need to see this.

EXT. UNIT 109 - SMITH'S GROVE INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Sarah pulls up to the COP guarding the cordon and shows her badge.

SARAH HOOPER  
Detective Hooper.

He lifts the tape and waves her through.

INT. UNIT 109 - SMITH'S GROVE INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

The small garage, now FLOODLIT by LED PANELS on tripods, is being examined by FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS.

The BODY from the kill box lies on a GURNEY in a BODY BAG.

Travis is talking with one of the FORENSIC TEAM when he sees Sarah walk inside and waves her over.

TRAVIS PEPPER

Sarah.

Sarah walks over and motions to the body.

SARAH HOOPER

Hey. What we got?

The CORONER (55) opens the body bag and Sarah takes a look.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)

Nice.

TRAVIS PEPPER

That's something isn't it?

SARAH HOOPER

Looks fresh, too.

CORONER

We estimate the time of death was no more than three, four hours ago.

SARAH HOOPER

So, who found him?

TRAVIS PEPPER

A woman jogging through here came across the open unit and took a peek. Needless to say she was less than thrilled at what she found.

SARAH HOOPER

(chuckling)

I bet.

Sarah sees a BUDDHA TATTOO on the dead man's neck and takes a closer look.

TRAVIS PEPPER

What?

Suddenly, Sarah is all business.

SARAH HOOPER

Show me his knuckles.

The Coroner lifts the corpses twisted, frozen hands from the body bag, revealing the words "FUCK" and "YOU" tattooed across the knuckles of both hands.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
(quietly)  
Trevor Mallory.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
What?

Travis notices Sarah staring at the body.

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
You OK?

She snaps out of it.

SARAH HOOPER  
Yeah. That's, uh... That's Trevor  
Mallory. Been in and out of jail for  
years. Violent crime, larceny, sexual  
assault, you name it.  
(beat)  
We thought he was working for the  
Brennan's but we could never prove  
it.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
So, who'd want him dead?

SARAH HOOPER  
How long you got?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Popular guy, huh?

SARAH HOOPER  
Very.

Sarah walks over to the KILL BOX and examines it, taking in every detail.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
But what I don't get is why you'd go  
to all this trouble to do it.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Mob hit?

SARAH HOOPER  
Nah, it's too fancy. Revenge killing  
maybe? Someone trying to make a  
point?

She inspects the GUN CRADLE on the Kill Box.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
I don't suppose we have the gun?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
No, it's not Christmas.

SARAH HOOPER  
Any security cameras around here?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
There's a few dotted around but they haven't been operational since this place shut down. There's a gas station over the road. They should have one.

Sarah heads for the exit.

SARAH HOOPER  
I'll go see if they caught anything.  
Keep me posted.

INT. ED'S STOP 'N' GAS - DAY

Inside the small gas station, JONAH (18), a snotty kid who's little more than attitude and acne, sits with his feet on the counter as he watches NEWS FOOTAGE from Smith's Grove on his phone.

Sarah walks in and shows her badge.

SARAH HOOPER  
I'm Detective Sarah Hooper. You Ed?

Jonah never looks up from his phone.

JONAH  
Nope.

SARAH HOOPER  
Is he around?

JONAH  
Nope.

SARAH HOOPER  
So, where is he?

Jonah shrugs as he continues to watch his phone.

Sarah takes a breath, trying to remain calm.



SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Do you have a camera that covers the  
forecourt out front?

Jonah shrugs again.

JONAH  
Don't know.

SARAH HOOPER  
OK...

Sarah glances around the store and sees a SECURITY CAMERA  
pointing at the counter.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Does that camera work?

JONAH  
Probably.

SARAH HOOPER  
That's a shame.

Sarah grabs Jonah's EAR and yanks his head down onto the  
counter. He lets out a high-pitched SQUEAL as his cheek  
SLAPS against it.

As she holds him there, she speaks to him like a school  
teacher. Very friendly. Very calm.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
OK, let's start again shall we? I'm a  
Detective for the Chicago Police  
Department. Do you understand?

JONAH  
(scared)  
Yes!

SARAH HOOPER  
Very good. Now, as an Officer of the  
Law, I get to carry one of these.

She pulls her SIG SAUER P320 and slaps it hard onto the  
counter with the barrel pointing at his face. Jonah doesn't  
know the safety's on and he's perfectly safe.

Sarah's reckless but she's not crazy.

JONAH  
(panicking)  
Holy shit.

SARAH HOOPER  
Cool isn't it? Would you like me to  
show you how it works?

JONAH  
(pleading)  
No!

SARAH HOOPER  
I have one on my ankle too. D'you  
wanna see that one?

JONAH  
(panicking)  
No, thank you.

SARAH HOOPER  
OK. So, do you have a security camera  
out front?

JONAH  
Yes!

SARAH HOOPER  
Does it cover the entrance to Smith's  
Grove?

JONAH  
Maybe. I don't know!

SARAH HOOPER  
Would you mind ever so much if I took  
those tapes away to take a peek?

JONAH  
(ultra-polite)  
Not at all, ma'am.

SARAH HOOPER  
Thank you! What's your name, good  
lookin'?

JONAH  
(trying not to cry)  
Jonah.

SARAH HOOPER  
Well, thank you for your assistance,  
Jonah. And always remember, just  
because a cop has tits doesn't mean  
you treat them with any less respect.  
Do you understand?

JONAH  
One hundred percent, ma'am.

SARAH HOOPER  
Good boy.

She lets him go and he stands, holding his ear like a scolded child.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
You can get those tapes now.

Jonah skulks away.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Thank you, Jonah.

Sarah smiles as she puts her gun away.

EXT. ABANDONED CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A small, closed down CONVENIENCE STORE in a rundown part of the city. The windows boarded up, the front door covered with a shutter.

EXT. ABANDONED CONVENIENCE STORE (REAR) - CONTINUOUS

Logan sits in his car next to a BACK DOOR that hangs off its hinges. As he takes in his surroundings, a quiet MOAN comes from the trunk.

He takes a breath to keep calm when his EARPIECE BEEPS.

LOGAN  
Hello?

INT. TOMMASINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Inside a dimly-lit Italian restaurant, Walter sits at a table at the back. A plate of half-eaten pasta and a glass of red wine sit in front of him.

The staff and the other customers (probably affiliated with the Mob too) act as if Walter isn't there.

This is where he does business. No one listens, no one pays attention. Walter speaks quietly but it's not a whisper.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Take the woman inside.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LOGAN  
(to himself)  
What the hell am I doing?

WALTER MORAN  
You're doing this for your family.

LOGAN  
By destroying someone elses?

WALTER MORAN  
Would you rather I destroyed yours?

Logan takes a second to compose himself then gets out.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sarah pulls up outside the station and walks in carrying a HARD DRIVE.

INT. STORE ROOM - ABANDONED CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The WOMAN from Logan's trunk sits taped to a WOODEN CHAIR in a filthy, dank store room.

The inside of her skinny arms are bruised and riddled with NEEDLE TRACK MARKS.

Logan finishes taping her ankles to the chair legs.

LOGAN  
It's done.

INT. TOMMASINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Still sat at the table, Walter dabs at his mouth with a napkin and points to a WAITER and then to his glass, indicating a refill.

WALTER MORAN  
Check her pockets. Find her cell phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOGAN AND WALTER

The woman whimpers as Logan checks her pockets and finds a cheap BURNER PHONE. It's one of those 'old fashioned' cell phones with a small LCD screen and a physical keypad.

LOGAN

Got it. Will you please tell me what the hell is going on?

Lynndie's head turns towards Logan. Her breathing increases. She's scared.

WALTER MORAN

Remove the bag from her head. Don't worry, she's blindfolded.

Logan removes the bag as instructed to reveal LYNNDIE WALTERS (38) blindfolded and gagged. Her cheeks streaked with black tears from her eyeliner.

Lynndie looks older than her 38 years. Skinny and rake-like. The lines on her face a canvas that show life has been far from easy for this woman.

In the restaurant, the Bartender refills Walter's glass and he thanks him with a nod.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)

The woman before you is Lynndie Walters. A habitual drug addict who allows a pimp to sell her body to strangers.

(beat)

However, as of today, her services are no longer required.

LOGAN

What?

WALTER MORAN

On the bottom corners of her phone, there's a star key and a hash key, yes?

Logan looks at the phone.

LOGAN

Yeah.

WALTER MORAN

Those two keys are remote detonators to the explosives contained within the room you're currently standing in.

LOGAN

(shock)

What?!

Lynndie jumps and whimpers at Logan's raised voice.

WALTER MORAN

They were armed by proximity sensors when you walked in and will detonate if you leave.

(beat)

The star key is wired to an amount of TNT beneath the floor.

Logan nervously looks at the floor around his feet.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)

Whereas the hash key detonates the device on her stomach.

Lynndie tenses as Logan finds SMALL PACKETS OF EXPLOSIVE and a WIRELESS DETONATOR taped to her stomach beneath her shirt.

LOGAN

Jesus Christ, what is that?

WALTER MORAN

Explosive... Crude, I'll admit, but highly effective. And don't worry, there's not enough to put your life in any danger. Just enough to end hers.

Logan backs away from her.

LOGAN

What the hell are you doing?

WALTER MORAN

Giving you a choice. Which button do you push? The one that kills both of you or the one that just kills her?

LOGAN

You can't do this. She must have a family. Someone who cares about her.

Lynndie starts to sob.

WALTER MORAN

The only person with any attachment to her is her pimp. And I don't think he'll lose any sleep over it.

Logan paces back and forth in front of Lynndie, his eyes nervously flitting between her and the phone in his hand.

LOGAN

Please don't make me do this.

WALTER MORAN

A decision, Mr. Matthews.

LOGAN

I'm begging you. Please don't make me kill this woman.

Lynndie struggles against her restraints, SCREAMING hysterically through the GAG in her mouth.

WALTER MORAN

Maybe I can offer you something in way of an incentive.

Walter pulls out another phone and dials a number.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Mr. Matthews needs some encouragement.

(a brief pause)

Thank you.

Through his earpiece, Logan HEARS his wife start to whimper, then tearfully beg.

LOGAN

Catherine!

Then she starts to SCREAM in pain.

LOGAN (cont'd)

(scared)

Stop! Please stop. I'll do it, I'll do it. Don't hurt her, please.

Logan stands frozen, his eyes darting between the phone and Lynndie as the screams of his wife get louder.

Lynndie wails as she struggles against her restraints.

WALTER MORAN  
Someone's going to hear her.

Logan's thumb drifts over the HASH key then moves away.

LOGAN  
I can't! I can't do this!

WALTER MORAN  
Then everyone dies. You. The whore.  
Your wife and son. Everyone.

The combined SOUND of the SCREAMS from Lynndie and his wife become DEAFENING in Logan's ears.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)  
You have five seconds until I  
detonate the explosive beneath the  
floor.  
(pause)  
Five... Four...

LOGAN  
(begging)  
Please!

WALTER MORAN  
Three... Two...

The GAG comes loose on Lynndie's mouth.

LYNNDIE  
(begging)  
Please, don't kil--

Logan presses the the HASH key on the phone...

Lynndie's midriff EXPLODES with a DULL BANG, killing her instantly.

The silence in the room is overwhelming as Logan slumps against the door in shock and slides to the floor.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah is watching the security footage from the gas station on her computer when she sees Logan's Mercedes drive through the entrance gate of Smith's Grove.

SARAH HOOPER  
(surprise)  
Shit.



She rewinds the footage and goes through it FRAME BY FRAME until the LICENSE PLATE is visible.

She enters the vehicle registration into a DATABASE. A PHOTO of Logan's DRIVERS LICENSE appears.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
(reading)  
Logan Matthews.

There's a KNOCK at her door. She looks up to see Travis holding two cups of coffee and motions for him to come in.

Travis sits down and passes her a cup.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Thanks.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
You alright? You kinda zoned out back there at the lock-up.

Sarah pauses. Thinking.

SARAH HOOPER  
You know when I had my accident?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Yeah, of course.

SARAH HOOPER  
Well, the guy at the lock-up was driving the car I was chasing when it happened.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
You're kidding me. That was Mallory?

SARAH HOOPER  
Yeah.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Jesus. Karma finally came to collect, huh?

SARAH HOOPER  
It would appear so. Just, uh...  
Wasn't expecting to see that today.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
You alright?

She's not but tries to hide it.

SARAH HOOPER

Yeah. Just a bad day for it to happen.

(changing the subject)

Anyway, I was going through the footage from the gas station and it shows a vehicle going into Smiths Grove.

TRAVIS PEPPER

Yeah?

Sarah reads from her MONITOR.

SARAH HOOPER

The vehicle is registered to Logan Anthony Matthews. Works for Atticus and Kirkland Law in the city.

(beat)

But he's clean as a whistle. No arrests, no priors, no outstanding warrants, nothing. The guy's a fucking lawyer, it don't fit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Logan stands by his car in a grimy alleyway, his face and shirt speckled with Lynndie's blood. He rinses his face with a bottle of water then dries it on his sleeve.

He checks his reflection in the car window for missed spots.

LOGAN

(drained)

How much longer are you going to do this?

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Walter exits the restaurant and heads for his Range Rover which is parked outside. His driver holds the back door open for him and he gets in.

WALTER MORAN

Until it's over.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LOGAN  
 (getting angry)  
 And when's that? When I'm arrested?  
 When I spend the rest of my life in  
 prison?

The Range Rover pulls away.

WALTER MORAN  
 That's not my intention.

Logan SLAMS his hand down on the roof of his car.

LOGAN  
 (loudly)  
 Stop lying to me!

Logan makes eye contact with an OLD WOMAN (70's) walking past the entrance to the alley and quickly turns to hide the BLOOD on his suit.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
 (quietly)  
 I've murdered two innocent people  
 because of you, you son of a bitch.  
 At least tell me why the fuck I'm  
 doing this.

Walter chuckles.

WALTER MORAN  
 Ah, you want a motive?

LOGAN  
 I think I've earned that.

WALTER MORAN  
 You've earned nothing... You will  
 continue to do as I tell you, until I  
 need you no longer. It's that simple.

Logan frustration begins to show.

WALTER MORAN (cont'd)  
 Or have you already forgotten who  
 you're doing this for?  
 (beat)  
 Standing there, drowning in self-  
 pity. Hiding behind selfishness that  
 you dress up as morality. You're  
 pathetic.

LOGAN  
 (angry)  
 Shut up.

WALTER MORAN  
 Maybe your family aren't as important  
 to you as I believed.

LOGAN  
 (angrier)  
 Shut your mouth.

WALTER MORAN  
 Maybe I should kill them before they  
 discover what kind of man you really  
 are.  
 (beat)  
 A coward.

LOGAN  
 (shouting)  
 Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

Walters laughs.

WALTER MORAN  
 That's the passion I was looking for.

Logan swats the WATER BOTTLE from the roof of his car.

LOGAN  
 Just tell me what I have to do next?

WALTER MORAN  
 It's simple.  
 (beat)  
 You have a phone call to make.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah and Travis continue to chat in her office.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
 Did you hear about the cop from the  
 16th that got killed this afternoon?

SARAH HOOPER  
 Yeah, what happened?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
 A freak accident during a routine  
 stop by the looks of it. A witness  
 (MORE)

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
said he stepped into the road and got  
hit by a semi.

SARAH HOOPER  
Jesus Christ... Was the guy he pulled  
alright?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
He must have been because he took  
off.

SARAH HOOPER  
He left the scene?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Yeah. They're waiting for the footage  
from the black and white to come in  
so they can review it. Couple of  
witnesses said it was a white male in  
a black Mercedes.

Sarah's ears prick up.

SARAH HOOPER  
What?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Huh?

SARAH HOOPER  
Did you say a black Mercedes?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Yeah. Why?

SARAH HOOPER  
Get me that fucking video.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Logan sits in his car. He pulls a PHOTOGRAPH from his wallet  
of him, Catherine and Brandon at Logan's birthday party. He  
looks at it sadly.

INT. RANGE ROVER (MOVING) - DAY

Walter relaxes as he's taken to his next destination.

WALTER MORAN

(into phone)

Go through the whore's phone and find the number for Darnell Patton. This is the pimp she worked for.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Logan scrolls through the contacts on Lynndie's phone until he finds an entry named: "DARNELL".

LOGAN

OK.

WALTER MORAN

I want you to inform Mr. Patton that Lynndie now works for you. But, by way of compensation, you're prepared to give him five thousand dollars, which you will deliver to him personally.

LOGAN

(confused)

You want me to give him five thousand dollars?

WALTER MORAN

No.

(beat)

I want you to kill him.

Logan deflates.

LOGAN

Please tell me why I'm doing this?

WALTER MORAN

Make the call and I'll consider it.

INT. TRAILER HOME - DAY

A cellphone RINGS and VIBRATES across the top of a TV that's playing a PORN MOVIE from the 90's.

The TINNY SOUND of lovemaking bleeds from the speakers.

The trailer (*from the opening scene*) is disgusting, bordering on biologically dangerous. Takeout containers, booze bottles and porn magazines litter the grimy space.

A BONG and a CRACK PIPE take pride of place on a thrift store coffee table.

A toilet FLUSHES and DARNELL PATTON (46) walks out from the bathroom, fastening his combat pants.

We finally get a proper look at the man from the opening scene... Look up the word 'Scumbag' and you'd find a photo of this piece of shit.

He's skinny and pale with his hair swept back from a receding hairline and a graying handlebar mustache. Shitty prison tattoos line his arms.

Darnell MUTES the TV and answers the phone.

DARNELL PATTON  
(into phone)  
What's up, baby girl?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH LOGAN SITTING IN HIS CAR IN THE ALLEYWAY

LOGAN  
Darnell?

DARNELL PATTON  
(aggressive)  
No, it's Diana Ross. Who the fuck's this?

Logan nervously stumbles on his words.

LOGAN  
I'm, uh... I'm calling to tell you that Lynndie doesn't work for you anymore... She for works for me now.

DARNELL PATTON  
Is that right?  
(beat)  
Motherfucker, you better put that bitch on the phone right now or you're gonna get on my bad side. The fuck is this shit?

LOGAN  
If I can just explain-- --

Darnell paces around his trailer like a caged animal, his fury growing by the second.

DARNELL PATTON

No, you shut your mouth. If you think you can steal one of my girls and walk off into the sunset like John-fuckin'-Wayne, you are sadly mistaken.

(beat)

Now, you tell that bitch, if she comes back right now, I'll forget about this whole shebang.

(beat)

But if she don't come back right now, I'm gonna find her and I'm gonna fuck her shit up good. And then I'm gonna find you and I'm gonna carve a fuck-hole in your head. You hear what I'm saying?

LOGAN

Darnell, I'm willing to-- --

Darnell isn't listening. He's on a roll.

DARNELL PATTON

Fuck that. Ain't gonna be no arrangements, ain't gonna be no agreements. Lynndie's mine, motherfucker.

(beat)

The fuck you think you are anyway? Some mack-daddy who can just stroll into town and steal a man's livelihood? Fuck that. And fuck you.

LOGAN

I'm prepared to give you five thousand dollars.

The figure stops Darnell in his tracks.

DARNELL PATTON

Five grand? For her? Shit, now I know something ain't kosher. You a pig?

LOGAN

No, I'm not a policeman.

DARNELL PATTON

Then who the fuck are you?

LOGAN

I'm nobody... But, because I've taken something of value from you, I'm

(MORE)



LOGAN (cont'd)  
 prepared to give you five thousand  
 dollars in cash as a gesture of  
 goodwill.

Darnell sits down.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Alright, I'll play along for now. But  
 I want ten.

(beat)  
 Because any man willing to throw away  
 five grand on a no-good junkie whore  
 like Lynndie, is a man that can  
 afford ten to stay in my good graces.

LOGAN  
 I can live with that.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Alright, now open your ears and  
 listen up, cos here's the deal.  
 (beat)

You're gonna bring that money to me,  
 alone. Cos I'm warning you here and  
 now, if more than one of you show up,  
 I'm gonna start shooting and I ain't  
 gonna stop shooting till there ain't  
 none of y'all left, y'understand?

LOGAN  
 Yes.

DARNELL PATTON  
 What's your name, boy?

Logan hesitates.

LOGAN  
 Walter.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Well, Walter, if you turn out not to  
 be a man of your word and you don't  
 show up with every goddamn red cent  
 of that money, I'm gonna kill you.  
 And it ain't gonna be quick neither.

Logan takes a second to calm down.

LOGAN  
 (shaken)  
 Where do you want to meet?

DARNELL PATTON  
You know Doddman's boatyard? Out near  
the water plant?

LOGAN  
Yeah.

DARNELL PATTON  
That's where I'll be.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

With the sun setting behind her, Sarah sits at her desk as  
Travis walks in holding a USB FLASH-DRIVE.

SARAH HOOPER  
You got it?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Here.

Travis hands the drive to Sarah who plugs it into the  
computer.

They watch VIDEO, shot through the PATROLMAN'S windshield,  
of the squad car driving down the expressway.

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
You wanna tell me what's going on?

The Patrolman pulls up behind Logan's Mercedes.

Sarah points at the car on the screen.

SARAH HOOPER  
That's it! That's the car from the  
security tapes. The one I was telling  
you about.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
What, the lawyer? You're fucking  
kidding me.

SARAH HOOPER  
That's the car.  
(reads from a notepad)  
License plate 'five-seven-six-two-  
two-eight-four'.

The Patrolman knocks on the window of the Mercedes.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
What's he doing in the back seat?

SARAH HOOPER  
I don't know.

The Patrolman grabs the wash-bag and looks inside.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
What do you think that is? Drugs?

SARAH HOOPER  
Maybe. Was anything recovered?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Don't think so.

The Patrolman pulls his gun on Logan.

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
Whoa.

SARAH HOOPER  
What the hell's going on?

They watch as the Patrolman points at the trunk of the Mercedes and takes a step back as Logan pleads with him.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Jesus Christ, did he hear something  
in the trunk?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
What? Like, a person?

Sarah and Travis watch the Patrolman's final moments play out as he steps into the road and is hit by the truck.

SARAH HOOPER  
Jesus...

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Fuck me.

They watch the horrifying accident. Sarah focuses on a car that's burst in flames and the driver can't get out.

SARAH HOOPER  
Oh my God, he's burning.

She watches the man desperately try to escape as the flames consume him.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
(upset)  
Oh, Jesus Christ.

She get up from her desk with tears in her eyes and a hand across her mouth, trying not to cry.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
(concern)  
You OK?

SARAH HOOPER  
I can't... I can't watch that.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
(realizing)  
Oh, shit, Sarah. I'm sorry.

She shakes her head, too upset to speak. If she does, the flood gates will open.

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
It's OK, take a minute.

Travis turns back to the screen to see Logan shouting.

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
Who's he talking to?

SARAH HOOPER  
What?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
He's talking to someone.

Sarah looks at the screen. Travis ZOOMS the image in so the burning car isn't in the shot and they watch as Logan animatedly talks at the side of the road.

TRAVIS PEPPER (cont'd)  
He must be using a hands-free earpiece. Shall I pull his phone records?

SARAH HOOPER  
Yeah. Do that.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Why don't you go home. I got this.

SARAH HOOPER  
I will in a little while. Got a few things to do.

TRAVIS PEPPER

You sure?

SARAH HOOPER

Yeah, I'll be alright. Thanks Travis.

Travis heads for the door.

TRAVIS PEPPER

No problem. I'll go get those phone records. Let's see who this guy's talking to.

EXT. DODDMAN'S BOATYARD - DUSK

With the sun almost at the horizon, Logan drives into the boatyard with the REVOLVER on his lap.

Long abandoned and overgrown. Dozens of old, decaying boats rot in the water and on the shore. Some propped up by supports, others resting on their hulls as they slowly succumb to the elements.

As Logan rounds a corner, he sees Darnell standing in front of a grounded fishing trawler with a PISTOL GRIP SHOTGUN in his hands.

LOGAN

(scared)

Fuck me.

DARNELL PATTON

(calling out)

That's close enough.

Logan stops twenty feet away and turns off the engine.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)

You Walter?

LOGAN

Yeah.

DARNELL PATTON

Let's see the green, homeboy.

WALTER MORAN

(over phone, filtered)

Tell him to come over.

LOGAN

You'll have to come over and get it.

DARNELL PATTON

If you think I'm coming over there,  
you must be out of your fuckin' mind.  
Drop the money out of the window and  
get the fuck on outta here.

Logan lowers his head, covering his mouth to speak.

LOGAN

(quietly)  
He won't come any closer.

WALTER MORAN

(over phone, filtered)  
Tell him the money's in loose bills.

LOGAN

Darnell, the money's in loose bills.  
If I drop it, it's gonna blow away.

Darnell scans the area to check that Logan is alone.

DARNELL PATTON

I swear to fucking God, you make one  
move and I'm gonna start blasting.

LOGAN

I'm not going to do anything,  
Darnell. I just wanna get this over  
with.

A cautious Darnell slowly walks towards Logan with the  
shotgun raised.

Logan wraps his hand around the butt of the revolver.

LOGAN (cont'd)

(under his breath)  
Oh, Christ.

WALTER MORAN

(over phone, filtered)  
Keep it together, Mr. Matthews. Men  
like that can smell fear a mile away.

DARNELL PATTON

Get your fuckin' hands up. Get 'em  
out the window.

LOGAN

Shit.

Logan drops the revolver in his lap and holds his hands out as instructed.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
Just take it easy, Darnell.

DARNELL PATTON  
I'll be plenty easy once I've got my money and your ass is off down the road.

An increasingly twitchy Darnell stops ten feet away.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
Show me the green. Hold it out the window, cos I ain't coming any closer.

LOGAN  
I gotta put my hands back inside if you want me to do that. Is that OK?

DARNELL PATTON  
Yeah, you go ahead and put your hands inside. But slow, y'hear me? Cos I'm about two seconds from blowing you in half.

LOGAN  
I hear you, Darnell. I hear you.

WALTER MORAN  
(over phone, filtered)  
This is your opportunity. Do it now.

With his heart racing, Logan grabs his gun and FIRES A DEAFENING SHOT at Darnell through the open window...

But he MISSES... Blasting a hole in the boat behind him.

DARNELL PATTON  
You motherfucker!

Darnell raises the shotgun.

LOGAN  
Shit!

Logan drops across the front seats as Darnell FIRES, turning the windscreen into a mass of fractured glass.

Darnell takes cover behind the fishing trawler as Logan SQUEEZES off another round, BLASTING a hole in the hull.

DARNELL PATTON

(shouting)

You motherfucker! You're gonna die,  
you motherfucker!

Darnell pops out of cover and FIRES at Logan.

The passenger seat EXPLODES as the shot BLASTS through the broken windscreen, causing Logan to drop the revolver in the foot well.

As Logan scrambles to pick it up, another BLAST from Darnell ZINGS off the hood, showering the inside of the Mercedes with YELLOW SPARKS.

Darnell RACKS another shell and FIRES.

The shot EXPLODES through the DASHBOARD, causing BUCKSHOT and SHRAPNEL to SLAM into Logan's left shoulder.

Logan groans in pain as he sees Darnell walking towards him with the shotgun raised.

LOGAN

(panicking)

Oh, no. No, no, no.

Logan closes his window and locks the doors as Darnell appears next to him.

It's a futile thing to do in the cold light of day but, when you're facing death, you'd be surprised what you'd do to stay alive.

DARNELL PATTON

Seriously?

Darnell SMASHES the butt of the shotgun through the window, showering Logan in glass, then points the barrel at his terrified face.

LOGAN

(begging)

Please. Please listen to me.

Darnell holds out his hand.

DARNELL PATTON

Gimme that cannon, boy. By the barrel.

Logan hands Darnell the revolver. He's impressed.



DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
 Goddamn, that's some bitch you got  
 there. Would you look at that.

Darnell slides the revolver into the back of his pants.

LOGAN  
 (breathless panic)  
 Please. You don't understand. I had  
 no choice, I had no choice.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Shut up. Now, where's my Lynndie at?

WALTER MORAN  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 Don't tell him anything.

Logan hesitates. Darnell pushes the barrel of the shotgun  
 against Logan's kneecap.

DARNELL PATTON  
 I'm only going to ask you one more  
 time, then that leg's comin' off.

LOGAN  
 (terrified)  
 Please... Don't.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Where is she?

WALTER MORAN  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 He's bluffing. Don't tell him  
 anything.

Darnell RACKS the shotgun.

LOGAN  
 (panicking)  
 She's dead! She's dead! Fuck, I'm  
 sorry, I had no choice. Believe me, I  
 had no choice!

DARNELL PATTON  
 You killed my Lynndie? A yellow  
 streak of piss like you?

LOGAN  
(panicking)  
I didn't have any choice! You don't  
understand what's going on. Please!  
Please, don't kill me.

Darnell stands there, putting it all together in his head.

DARNELL PATTON  
So, you killed my Lynndie... And then  
you come here to kill me.  
(beat)  
That sound about right?

LOGAN  
You don't understand, I didn't want  
any of this to happen. I had no  
choice!

Darnell lifts the shotgun barrel from Logan's kneecap.

DARNELL PATTON  
You really shouldn't have done that  
Walter. Cos now, that means I gotta  
do this.

And points it at his face.

LOGAN  
(complete terror)  
Please, oh my God, please! Don't!

Logan is paralyzed with fear.

DARNELL PATTON  
Happy trails, Walter.

Logan squeezes his eyes shut, waiting for the end and hoping  
that, at the very least, it won't hurt.

Darnell pulls the trigger and...

CLICK

The shotgun's empty.

Logan opens his eyes to see Darnell looking at his shotgun.

Then, in one smooth movement, Darnell pulls the revolver  
from his back of his pants, points it at Logan's face and  
pulls the trigger...

CLICK

Darnell keeps pulling the trigger, causing Logan to flinch every time the hammer slams down on a spent shell.

Darnell looks at Logan with a wry smile.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
You lucky son of a bitch.

Darnell CRACKS Logan in the temple with the butt of the shotgun, knocking him out cold.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah works at her desk. She balls up a piece of paper and throws it in the trash. As she does, she sees the PHOTO FRAME she threw in there earlier.

She pulls it out and looks at it for a moment before putting it back on her desk.

She grabs her phone and dials a number.

SARAH HOOPER  
Please answer.

CHRIS HOOPER (O.S.)  
(voicemail)  
This is Chris, leave a message.

SARAH HOOPER  
(disappointed)  
Shit.

Sarah hears the BEEP.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Chris. This is Sarah. Uh... Can you call me, when you get this, please? I'll be home in about an hour, so, uh...

She can't find the words.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
Yeah... Bye.

She hangs up.

INT. DARNELL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

And we're back to the opening scene of this caper.

Logan sits unconscious and duct taped to an unsteady chair.

It's eerily reminiscent of how Lynndie met her demise.

Darnell grabs a BEER from the fridge, slaps Logan and pours it over his head.

DARNELL PATTON  
Good morning, starshine.

Logan slowly comes to and, realizing he's tied up, STRUGGLES against his bonds but they're fixed tight. He WINCES with pain from his bloody, wounded shoulder.

Darnell sits down, lights a CIGARETTE, then tosses the lighter onto the coffee table where it slides to a stop next to Logan's EARPIECE.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
You're one lucky bastard, you know that, Waldo?

LOGAN  
Please, just let me exp---

DARNELL PATTON  
I bet that's not even your name is it?

Logan shakes his head.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
So what's the name your momma gave you?

LOGAN  
Logan.

DARNELL PATTON  
Logan? Fair enough. Do you know who I am, Logan?

LOGAN  
No.

DARNELL PATTON  
I figured as much. Well, allow me to bring you up to speed on a couple of things.

Darnell takes a drag of his cigarette.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
 I have a number of girls that work  
 for me on a regular basis and I'm  
 always getting more. Y'know why?

LOGAN  
 No.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Because I keep 'em safe.... And the  
 girls know that. Shit, I'm an  
 honorable man, as far as this  
 business is concerned. Cos people  
 know that when you fuck wit' one of  
 my girls, I take it personally. Cos  
 fucking wit' one of my girls is like  
 fucking wit' me.

(beat)  
 Let me tell you a story. A true  
 story... There was a John, a little  
 while back, took to beating on one of  
 my ladies. Name of Suzy. Cute little  
 redhead from out west somewhere. Big  
 titties and a cunt like a snake's  
 asshole.

(beat)  
 I was fond of Suzy. She was a good  
 little earner. But a beat up whore  
 ain't anymore use to me than a three-  
 legged dog so, you know what I did to  
 that John, that wailed on young Suzy?  
 Wait there.

Darnell gets up and starts searching through BOXES at the  
 back of the trailer until he finds what he's looking for.

It's a CIRCULAR SAW. Old and used. The vicious teeth of the  
 blade spotted with rusty brown blood.

LOGAN  
 (panicking)  
 Oh, Jesus, please. Please don't.

Darnell plugs the saw into an outlet.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Where was I?  
 (thinks for a moment)  
 Right, so... After I got my hands on  
 that scrawny little fucker. I bought  
 him back here and tied him up, pretty  
 much like you are right now. Then do  
 you know what I did?

Darnell starts the SAW up and holds the SPINNING BLADE inches above Logan's groin who THRASHES about in terror.

After a few seconds, Darnell switches it off and the spinning blade WHIRRRRSS to a stop.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
I chopped his fuckin' pecker off.  
Followed by his toes. And then his  
fingers. No sir, that John ain't  
never gonna hurt one of my girls  
again.

LOGAN  
(begging)  
Please... Please, I'll pay you  
whatever you want. I have money, I  
will pay you whatever y--.

DARNELL PATTON  
(ignoring him)  
Now, I did what I did because he beat  
on her... But once word gets out that  
one of my girls got herself killed,  
how's that gonna make me look? That's  
gonna hurt my business.  
(beat)  
So that means I gotta make an example  
out of you, young man.

LOGAN  
Please... Don't do this.

Darnell dismisses his pleas with a wave of his hand.

DARNELL PATTON  
Ah, you can beg all you want, Logey,  
I've heard it all before. But, you  
gotta remember, you bought this on  
yourself.

Darnell starts the SAW again and lets the SPINNING BLADE bite into the edge of Logan's chair, cutting through it like butter on its way towards his crotch.

Logan PANICS and SCREAMS as the blade inches closer.

Then Darnell switches the saw off, leaving the seat of the wooden chair cut nearly halfway through.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
 Y'know what? I think I'll keep this  
 bad boy for a little later. I got a  
 better idea.

Darnell winks at him and walks to the kitchen counter where  
 he starts rummaging through a drawer.

As Logan struggles against his bonds, the seat of the chair  
 CREAKS and gives a little under his weight.

Darnell slides something into his back pocket then returns  
 and starts taking Logan's shoes and socks off.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
 Excuse me.

LOGAN  
 (starting to panic)  
 What are you doing?

DARNELL PATTON  
 Y'know, my momma, Gracey. She was a  
 good woman. Always wanted what was  
 best for me. She didn't want me to  
 make a living like this. Dealing with  
 pre-verts and pedophiles, no sir.  
 (beat)  
 When I was a tyke, my momma would put  
 me on her knee and she'd say  
 "Darnell, honey, what do you wanna be  
 when you grow up?". And I'd say  
 "Momma..."

Darnell pulls a PAIR OF PLIERS from his back pocket.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
 "I wanna be a doctor".

Logan's eyes go wide with fear and panic.

LOGAN  
 Oh Jesus... Darnell, don't do this,  
 please.

DARNELL PATTON  
 Now, I didn't just want to be any  
 kind of doctor, no sir. I already had  
 my field of expertise in mind.  
 (beat)  
 I wanted to be a foot doctor.

Darnell grabs Logan's bare left foot. Logan STRUGGLES against him but Darnell pins it down with his knee.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
You move again and I'll nail your foot to the Goddamn floor, y'hear me?

LOGAN  
Jesus Christ, please. Please don't do this.

Darnell slips back into story mode.

DARNELL PATTON  
Now, why would I wanna be a foot doctor, I hear you ask? Well, it was like my ol' daddy always said...  
(beat)  
It don't matter how fat or thin or rich or poor y'are--

Darnell grips the edge of Logan's left BIG-TOENAIL with the pliers.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
If you ain't got your feet, you ain't got shit.

Darnell RIPS upwards and the toenail comes off with a sickening WET CRUNCH.

Logan SCREAMS in pain as he thrashes back and forth.

Darnell inspects the nail for a moment then tosses it away.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
I mean, shit, I could have been anything I wanted to be... Astronaut. Athlete. Hell, maybe even President of the United States.

Darnell grips the pliers onto Logan's right BIG TOENAIL and looks him dead in the eye.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
But I knew my callin'.

Another JERK, another stomach-churning WET CRUNCH and the toenail is removed.

Logan SCREAMS and THRASHES about in his chair, which widens the split in the seat. His eyes roll back into his head,



almost passing out from the pain but Darnell SLAPS him to keep him conscious.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
Come on, now. Stay with me. You're gonna wanna hear this part.

Darnell tosses the pliers.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
Now, taking a nail off ain't all that complicated. You just gotta get under it and rip that fucker out, right? But, amputation? Now, that's a skill.

Darnell grabs the CIRCULAR SAW from the counter top.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
But, unfortunately for you, it's a skill I'm still learning.

The SAW ROARS into life.

With the last ebbs of his strength, Logan THRASHES around in his chair, desperately trying to get free.

Darnell SHOUTS over the noise of the lethal saw.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
I'd keep still if I were you. I'm aiming for them piggies but I can't promise how accurate I'll be if you keep moving around like that.

As Darnell lowers the SAW towards his feet, Logan thrashes about and the chair BREAKS APART and folds in on itself.

Logan drops to the ground with SHARDS OF WOOD from the chair still taped to his arms and legs.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
Fuck!

Darnell pushes the SAW towards Logan, who barely manages to move away as the spinning blades CHEW through the linoleum floor in front of him.

A second swing of the SAW demolishes the kitchen counter. A third misses Logan's face by a whisker as he throws himself into the corner of the room.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)  
Will you fuckin' keep still!

Darnell STAMPS on Logan's bleeding foot, pinning it to the ground as Logan SCREAMS in agony.

With his prey cornered and immobilized, Darnell stands over him with the SAW spinning at his side.

DARNELL PATTON (cont'd)

I was hoping to have a little more fun with you but, since you can't play nice, I guess I'm gonna have to end it right here.

(beat)

So long, Logey. It's been a pleasure.

Logan looks at Darnell and then to his FOREARM:

A DAGGER-LIKE SHARD OF WOOD sticks out from the TAPE.

As Darnell raises the saw to deliver the Coup De Grace, Logan swings his arm and STABS Darnell THROUGH THE THIGH with the wood shard.

Darnell SCREAMS in pain and drops the saw, which lands BLADE UP and still spinning.

As Darnell drops to his knees, Logan swings again and STABS him THROUGH THE NECK, causing a fountain of blood to arc across the room.

Logan YANKS the shard free. Darnell gurgles as he topples forward, landing FACE FIRST onto the SPINNING BLADE...

Logan painfully stands and rips the POWER CORD from the wall causing the saw to WHIRRRR to a stop.

He moans in pain and shock as he grabs his shoes and the earpiece before limping out of the trailer.

EXT. DARNELL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Logan stumbles to his car and gets in.

He turns the key and his damaged Mercedes refuses to start as the engine sputters and groans.

LOGAN

(frustrated)

Come on, come on... Please.

He turns the key over and over again until the engine reluctantly roars into life and he drives away.

INT./EXT. LOGAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Logan heads back towards the city as he gasps in pain.

His earpiece BEEPS and he slides it into his ear.

LOGAN

Hello?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

Mr. Matthews.

LOGAN

He's dead. He's fucking dead.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

Congratulations. Your resolve is quite impressive. You'll be pleased to learn that your journey with me is almost at an end. You have one final task to complete. After that, you'll be reunited with your family, I give you my word.

(beat)

Now, head to 94 Longmeadow Avenue in Forest Glen. Once you arrive----

LOGAN

I... I don't wanna know. Tell me when I get there.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

As you wish.

Logan drives in silence for a moment as he starts getting emotional and tears up.

LOGAN

What am I supposed to do when this is over?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

Go back to your life.

Logan almost laughs.

LOGAN

Go back to my life... You destroyed my fucking life.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Destroyed? The truth is, you should  
be thanking me for the gift I've  
given you.

(beat)  
And, one day, you will.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - NIGHT

Sarah turns the light off in her office and walks through  
the department.

She heads over to Travis who's working at his desk.

SARAH HOOPER  
Any word on those phone records for  
Matthews?

TRAVIS PEPPER  
No, nothing yet. I'll let you know if  
I hear anything. You heading home?

SARAH HOOPER  
Yeah. I'm done with today. See you  
tomorrow.

TRAVIS PEPPER  
Night, Sarah.

Sarah walks away.

INT. SARAH'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sarah yawns and rubs her neck as she drives home.

She checks her phone: No messages.

She sighs with disappointment.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah walks into her house. It's dark and quiet.

SARAH HOOPER  
(calling out)  
Chris? Chris, you here?

Her shoulders drop when no one answers.

INT. KITCHEN - SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah drops her GUN and KEYS onto the counter then opens the freezer and pulls out a BOTTLE OF VODKA.

She goes to open it then stops. She looks at the bottle in her hand for a moment then puts it back into the freezer.

INT. BEDROOM - SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah looks at her reflection in a MIRROR. The lines on her face, the tired eyes. She exhales and opens the closet to find one side of it empty.

Her husband's clothes are gone.

She looks at the space with sadness then closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah snatches the bottle of vodka from the freezer and takes a long draw from it.

As she waits for the booze to calm her down, she glances at the counter and realizes that something's different...

Her GUN is gone.

The METALLIC CLICK of it being COCKED echoes in the quiet room. Sarah freezes.

LOGAN (O.C.)

Turn around.

Sarah slowly turns to see Logan standing in the doorway, pointing her GUN at her.

He's a mess. Bloody, injured and trembling with pain, exhaustion and stress.

SARAH HOOPER

Easy. Just take it easy.

LOGAN

Put the bottle down.

Sarah puts the bottle on the counter and pauses as she looks at him. Why does she recognize this man in her house?

Then it hits her...

SARAH HOOPER  
 Matthews?

LOGAN  
 (surprise)  
 What?

SARAH HOOPER  
 You're Logan Matthews. I've been  
 looking for you.

Logan hesitates as he tries to process that. Sarah watches as the gun lowers slightly.

She thinks about making a move when he seems to snap out of it and points the gun at her again.

LOGAN  
 You need to come with me.

SARAH HOOPER  
 Why?

He looks at her with sad eyes and shakes his head.

LOGAN  
 I don't know.

INT. SARAH'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sarah drives while an exhausted Logan sits behind her in the back seat with the gun still in his hand.

He grimaces in pain as his injured feet burn like fire.

SARAH HOOPER  
 Where are we going?

LOGAN  
 Just drive.

SARAH HOOPER  
 Who's making you do this, Logan?

They make eye contact through the rear-view mirror.

Logan's face is a mask of pain and sadness.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
 It's alright, you can tell me. I can  
 help you.

Logan looks at her, considering whether to say anything, when his earpiece BEEPS and he answers the call.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Take her to your house.

LOGAN  
(confused)  
What? Why?

SARAH HOOPER  
Who is that? Who's talking to you?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
When you get there, take her to the  
basement and await further  
instructions.

The line goes dead and Logan exhales.

SARAH HOOPER  
Logan, who's making you do this? I  
know this isn't your fault, alright?  
I know. Let me help you. Please.  
(beat)  
Tell me what's going on.

Logan pauses before he speaks.

LOGAN  
I can't... They see and hear  
everything. I don't even know how.

Sarah can see the fear in Logan's face.

SARAH HOOPER  
They? Who's they?

Logan shakes his head sadly.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
It's OK. It's alright, we'll figure  
this out.

Logan slumps back in his seat.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
So, where are we going?

LOGAN  
Home.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah walks into the dark house followed by Logan with the gun at her back.

LOGAN  
Head down the hallway. Door on the right.

SARAH HOOPER  
What are we doing here, Logan?

LOGAN  
I don't know... Go on. Please.

Sarah nervously walks to the door and opens it, revealing a WOODEN STAIRCASE that leads down to a dark BASEMENT.

SARAH HOOPER  
(nervous)  
You don't have to do this Logan.

LOGAN  
I don't have a choice. I'm sorry.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sarah walks down the stairs with Logan behind her.

He turns on the light revealing a METAL CHAIR bolted to the floor with a circle of GASOLINE CANS around it which are WIRED to a DETONATOR with a DIGITAL TIMER on it.

The time remaining is just under ten minutes.

Logan and Sarah freeze in shock.

SARAH HOOPER  
Oh my God...

LOGAN  
Jesus Christ.

INT. TRAVIS'S DESK - NIGHT

Travis is still working when a uniformed cop, MARIA TAYLOR (36), appears at his desk holding a FOLDER.

MARIA TAYLOR  
Trav?



TRAVIS PEPPER

Yeah.

MARIA TAYLOR

We just got the phone records in on this Matthews thing.

She passes him the folder and he starts flicking through it.

TRAVIS PEPPER

And?

MARIA TAYLOR

It's a dead end. As far as the records are concerned, Matthews hasn't made or taken a phone call all day.

TRAVIS PEPPER

That's impossible, the footage we have shows him talking to someone on the phone.

MARIA TAYLOR

My guess would be the call was internet-based. Probably through a VPN to stop it being traced. It wouldn't show up on the records if they did it that way.

TRAVIS PEPPER

Even if it was an incoming call? It still wouldn't show up?

MARIA TAYLOR

Nope. If it doesn't go through the cell provider, there's not a record.

TRAVIS PEPPER

(disappointed)

Great.

Travis closes the folder.

MARIA TAYLOR

I can do some more digging but it's gonna take time.

TRAVIS PEPPER

Yeah, see what you can find. Thanks.

INT. BASEMENT - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Logan stand in front of the metal seat and explosives. She's terrified. On the verge of tears.

SARAH HOOPER

Logan, please, don't do this. I'm begging you. You don't have to do this.

Logan hesitates. Then Walter appears in his ear.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

Time is ticking, Mr. Matthews. It would be in your best interest not to be there when the timer reaches zero.

Sarah can see that he's listening to someone in his ear.

SARAH HOOPER

Logan, is this Brennan's people? Are they the one's making you do this?

Logan tries not to react but doesn't do it very well.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)

It is isn't it. Do they have your family? Is that why you're doing this?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

Shut her up.

Logan paces around the room, frustrated.

LOGAN

I can't do this.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)

You can and you will.

LOGAN

What has she done to you? She doesn't deserve this.

SARAH HOOPER

I haven't done anything, Logan. Listen to me, I haven't done anything!

As Sarah pleads with him, her PHONE RINGS in her jacket, startling both of them.

LOGAN  
What's that?

SARAH HOOPER  
It's my phone.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Take it from her.

LOGAN  
Give it to me.

Sarah pulls her phone out to see TRAVIS calling her.  
She looks at Logan then quickly answers the call.

SARAH HOOPER  
(panicking)  
Travis! Track my car, it's Matthews!

LOGAN  
No!

Logan swats the phone from her hand and it smashes on the concrete floor.

INT. TRAVIS'S DESK - NIGHT

The call abruptly ends and Travis sits frozen.

TRAVIS  
What the fuck?  
(realization)  
Jesus Christ...

Travis jumps up from his desk.

INT. BASEMENT - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A frustrated Logan paces back and forth with the gun halfheartedly pointed at her.

SARAH HOOPER  
There's a tracker on my car, Logan.  
Whether you kill me or not, they're coming. You've got ten minutes. At best.  
(beat)  
Come on... Fuck the guy on the phone, let's figure this out. The two of us. Let's get your family back.

LOGAN  
 I can't, he'll kill them. What part  
 of that don't you understand?  
 (louder)  
 He will kill them if I don't do this!

Sarah looks at him with tears in her eyes. Her shoulders drop, defeated and afraid. This is as vulnerable as we've ever seen her.

SARAH HOOPER  
 Logan... Please don't kill me.  
 (beat)  
 Please.

They stare at each other in silence when a new voice appears in Logan's ear.

CATHERINE  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 Logan?

Logan freezes, looking at Sarah in shock.

LOGAN  
 (quietly)  
 Catherine?

CATHERINE  
 (emotional)  
 Oh my God, Logan.

Tears fill Logan's eyes.

LOGAN  
 I'm sorry... I'm so sorry. Are you  
 alright?

CATHERINE  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 We're OK. We're OK. We wanna come  
 home.

Logan closes his eyes as a tear rolls down his face.

LOGAN  
 I'll get you home... I'll get you  
 home, I promise.

She doesn't respond.

LOGAN (cont'd)  
 Catherine?

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
Finish this...

Logan looks at Sarah with eyes that unnerve her and raises the gun.

SARAH HOOPER  
(scared)  
Logan, no.

LOGAN  
I'm sorry.

Logan FIRES. Sarah tries to move out of the way and the shot SLAMS into her stomach, knocking her to the ground.

As she hits the floor, she grabs the GUN on her ankle and FIRES back at him.

The holster EXPLODES and the round SLAMS into Logan's thigh.

As he hits the ground, his earpiece falls out and skitters across the room.

Sarah crawls for cover as Logan painfully gets to his feet. He goes to FIRE again but Sarah beats him to it and the round CHEWS into the staircase next to him causing him to panic and limp up the stairs to safety.

Logan BLIND-FIRES behind him as he goes up the stairs.

One of the shots hit the GAS CANS next to Sarah and she's doused in gasoline. Sarah screams as she crawls away from the puddle of gas collecting around her.

As Logan scrambles out of the basement, Sarah looks at the TIMER to see she's got 30 SECONDS before it explodes.

INT. HALLWAY - LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Logan limps for the front door as Sarah appears at the top of the basement stairs.

SARAH HOOPER  
Logan, stop!

She FIRES a warning shot which WHIPS past him.

As the glass in the front door EXPLODES, Logan jumps with fright and DROPS the gun.

He heads up the stairs to the first floor.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Logan runs into the pitch-black master bedroom and closes the door behind him.

Sarah painfully pulls herself up the stairs with her gun trained on the bedroom door.

The climb is slow and painful as blood runs down her legs from her stomach.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The countdown on the TIMER reaches ZERO and the gas cans EXPLODE engulfing the room in napalm.

INT. STAIRCASE - LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The EXPLOSION knocks Sarah to her knees as the whole house SHAKES.

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Logan switches the light on and freezes in shock at what he sees on the wall in front of him.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah reaches the landing and turns to see the glow of FIRE illuminating the hallway.

It won't be long until the entire house goes up.

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah opens the bedroom door and aims her gun at Logan's back as he stares at the wall in front of him.

SARAH HOOPER

Put your hands up.

When he doesn't respond, she looks at what he's staring at:

The wall is covered in NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS, PRINT OUTS, FEVERISHLY DRAWN SKETCHES and PLANS.

The HEADLINES on the newspaper cuttings read:

"MOTHER AND SON KILLED IN POLICE CHASE HORROR" accompanied by a photo of Catherine and Brandon.

And, below that, a photo of Sarah.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)  
(shock)  
No...

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

-- Sarah's car SCREAMS DOWN THE ROAD, lights on, siren screaming. Identical to the nightmare she had at the beginning of this story.

-- She pursues a PICK-UP TRUCK. Inside, Trevor Mallory is driving. Beside him are Darnell and Lynndie.

-- The Pick Up runs a red light and barely misses colliding with a BMW that's pulled into the intersection.

-- Inside the BMW, Catherine and Brandon jolt forward as she slams on the brakes.

-- Sarah rounds a car and, at the very last second, sees the BMW in the intersection. She screams as she slams the brakes on... But it's too late.

-- Sarah's car SMASHES into Catherine's BMW with a sickening impact which sends both cars pirouetting across the street.

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Logan stand dumbstruck as other headlines stand out from the wall:

-- "CHASE DEATH SUSPECTS FOUND NOT GUILTY" along with photos of Darnell, Lynndie and Trevor.

-- "PURSUIT COP EXONERATED OF DEATH BY DANGEROUS DRIVING". A photo of Sarah leaving the hospital is pinned to the clipping.

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sarah, bloody and badly injured, climbs out of her destroyed car and heads for Catherine's BMW which sits twisted and smoking as GASOLINE drips onto the street.

Catherine tries to open the door but they're trapped inside.

A SPARK ignites the puddle of gasoline beneath the BMW and it bursts INTO FLAMES.

Sarah frantically tries to open the car door as the flames consume it and the arm of Sarah's jacket is set ON FIRE.

Passersby pull Sarah away from the burning wreck and put the flames out on her arm.

She SCREAMS as she watches the BMW turn into a FIREBALL.

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan stares at the wall in front of him, numb from shock.

He sees a SKETCH of the KILL BOX, PRINT OUTS on Methohexital Sodium and INSTRUCTIONS on how to make explosive.

Suddenly, FLASHES of Logan's repressed memories come back:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Logan sobs as two CASKETS are lowered into graves.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A drunk and emotional Logan smashes a WHISKEY BOTTLE and picks up a SHARD OF GLASS. He goes to slash his wrist but stops as he draws blood.

He tosses the SHARD, disgusted at his cowardice.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Logan reads a letter. The words "GRIEF COUNSELING" & "DELUSIONS" can be seen on the page.

Logan tears the letter up and starts emptying his MEDICATION BOTTLES into the sink.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Trevor Mallory gets in his car. A moment later, the drivers window EXPLODES as a HAMMER smashes through it, catching him in the temple and knocking him unconscious.



Then we see Logan standing next to the car with the hammer.

INT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Logan and Lynndie sit in his car. Lynndie smiles as she lowers her head into his lap.

Logan holds her still then injects her in the back of the neck with a syringe.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah takes a step away from Logan, afraid and confused, as she holds her stomach. She losing a lot of blood.

SARAH HOOPER

I tried to help them, Logan, I swear.  
I'm so sorry for what happened. It  
should have been me that died that  
day. Not your family.

Logan looks at her with confusion.

LOGAN

(quietly)  
What have I done?

Sarah turns to see the FLAMES climbing the stairs.

SARAH HOOPER

Logan, we have to get out of here.

But Logan isn't listening. He's in a daze.

LOGAN

(confused)  
But... Walter.

INT. TRAVIS'S DESK - (FLASHBACK)

Nicola speaks to Travis at his desk.

NICOLA

As far as the records are concerned,  
Matthews hasn't made or taken a phone  
call all day.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK)

Back to Logan when he received the call from Walter.

Except, this time, the phone doesn't ring.

It isn't even switched on.

Logan lifts the phone to his ear.

LOGAN

Hello?

WALTER MORAN

(over phone, filtered)

Mr. Matthews.

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah starts to panic as the flames roar out of control beneath them.

SARAH HOOPER

Logan, we're going to die if we stay here. We have to go.

Sarah grabs his arm as the sound of SIRENS echo through the neighborhood. Logan doesn't move. He's almost catatonic.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)

Come on!

Sarah watches the flames climbing the stairs. Pretty soon, they'll be trapped in there.

SARAH HOOPER (cont'd)

We can take care of you Logan but we have to get out of this house, please!

Logan thinks for a moment.

LOGAN

(calmly)

I think I'll stay.

He limps to the bed and sits down.

SARAH HOOPER

(pleading)

Jesus Christ, what are you doing? We have to go! You're going to die if you stay here, Logan, please!

LOGAN

It's better this way... It's better for everyone.

A FLASH of FLAMES reach the landing.

Sarah can't wait any longer.

SARAH HOOPER

Logan, I'm begging you. Please let me help you.

LOGAN

It wasn't your fault, Sarah.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Logan gives her a pained smile.

LOGAN (cont'd)

You better go... While you still can.

Logan turns his back to her.

Sara picks up the STOOL from Catherine's vanity table and THROWS it through the window.

The chair sails through the glass and bounces off the GARAGE ROOF below.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A CROWD has gathered and the EMERGENCY SERVICES are arriving as Travis pulls up in his car.

As he gets out, he watches Sarah gingerly climb out of the window and drop to the roof of the garage below.

TRAVIS

(shouting)

Sarah!

He rushes over and helps her climb down from the garage. As she reaches the ground, she collapses into his arms.

TRAVIS (cont'd)  
(shouting)  
We need some help here!  
(to Sarah)  
It's OK, I've got you.

EMT's rush towards them with a stretcher.

INT. BEDROOM - LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As the flames begin to engulf the first floor, Logan sits with his back to the door as the wall of PLANS and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS start to burn behind him.

He WINCES in pain as he pulls out the PHOTO of Logan with his wife and son at his birthday party.

Logan smiles weakly as he looks at the three of them, tracing his blood-stained fingers over their faces.

WALTER MORAN (O.S.)  
(quietly)  
Goodbye, Mr. Matthews.

Logan closes his eyes...

THE END