

PICKUP TRUCKS & POETRY

by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A gleaming new generation Dodge Charger cruises the middle income outskirts of Boulder Colorado.

INT. CHARGER - DAY - MOVING

Four fashionable twenty-somethings ride along. Behind the wheel is BRUCE, his girl GINA by his side. On the rear seat slouch RICH and JEN.

JEN

Fuck!

She gawks at juice spilled down her top.

JEN

For fuck's sake.

She wipes herself and looks back up to find Rich enjoying the show, there's some heavy chemistry going on here.

GINA

Hey, wet t-shirt, smile.

Gina goes to take a photo on her phone.

GINA

You look famous.

JEN

I should be famous. Fuck this piece of shit hick city.

BRUCE

There you go again, taking pot-shots at Boulder! I'm sick of it!

JEN

You know how the weather forecast goes in LA? Monday, perfect. Tuesday, perfect. Wednesday, pretty much fucking perfect. As soon as I can, I'm going back.

GINA

You think serving some z-lister breakfast makes you someone special? You know what it makes you? A fucking waitress. And with your debt, you're gonna be stuck here a lot longer. So buy a warm coat and shut the fuck up, bitch.

They stop at a set of signals.

A battered old 70's Chevy truck squeaks to a halt beside them, a real road warrior, junk motorbikes in the bed.

A girl behind the wheel in her mid 20's, face hidden under a filthy baseball cap. This is KITTY BOON, she might just be the scariest person you've ever met.

GINA

Holy shit! Kitty Boon! What's it been since we last saw her around, two years? Three?

BRUCE

Same time she last took a bath by the looks of it.

GINA

When were the killings? Two thousand and nine?

RICH

Two thousand and eight.

JEN

I can't believe I missed all that. And you guys got to be on TV! Is it bad that I'm jealous? Is that real bad?

They all glance round disproving.

BRUCE

Eleven people, never forget that number.

GINA

I thought her mom killed twelve?

BRUCE

Her dad makes it twelve, but fuck him. Those neighbors opened the door to a cop. They thought she was there to help. And that girl had the cheek to defend her mother after.

Bruce sits fuming. Gina soothes him.

JEN

Yeah, well just look at her now, she's a total redneck.

GINA

Don't be fooled, word on the street is she got a massive payout, I mean crazy money.

Jen glares envious.

RICH

Bullshit, everyone only believes the gossip they want to believe.

BRUCE

We know why you're defending her. Hey, Jen, you know Rich used to date Kitty Boon?

Jen scowls at Rich disappointed.

RICH

When I was a dork, before any of that shit happened.

GINA

You told me that Kitty Boon was amazing in bed. That's what you told me.

RICH

Well, she's animal like. What guy isn't gonna get down with that?

Jen shifts away from him disgusted.

JEN

You probably have something.

BRUCE

You're so full of shit. She's a fucking dyke, dude, everyone knows that. She's only ever on the hunt for some Boon poon.

The signals turn green. They pull away.

The blinker on Kitty's truck flashes.

GINA

Hey, stop her cutting in.

Bruce blocks Kitty. Gina sniggers to herself.

Rich shakes his head unimpressed and freezes. Kitty's eyes reflected in the side mirror of her truck, staring right into his soul.

Kitty swerves and cuts them off. Bruce hits the brakes.

BRUCE

Holy shit! Fuck! You see that? She would have fucking hit us!

GINA

Psycho fucking, bitch! Just like her mother!

JEN

Yep, she's crazy alright, that's why they call her Kitty Kaboom.

Kitty's truck takes an exit.

Gina smirks away the embarrassment and high-fives Bruce.

GINA

Fuck it. We probably ruined her day anyway.

Rich watches Kitty's truck driving into the distance. Jen wipes her top, trying to regain his attention.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Kitty idly drives, the radio playing over the din of the engine, her window down. Locals scowl as she passes by. She remains indifferent, lost in a world of her own.

INT. OFFICE CANTEEN - DAY

WALTER, a guy around retirement age and seemingly half soaked, addresses Staff.

Within them stands a girl in her late 20's, dressed a little smarter than everyone else, the only one not trying their hardest to look fixated, this is BETH HOLT.

WALTER

We can't get enough up them, the carnage of their existence reels us in. It's like rubbernecking at a car crash. We fuck up and we get our privacy. They fuck up and we go through their life in forensic detail. And, over the years, I've often asked myself, what really gives us the right to do that?

Beth watches him brim his glass with scotch.

WALTER

Hell, all I can say is thank god
they call it a job.

(raising toast)

To other people's fucked up lives!

The Staff raise their plastic cups despondent.

Beth rolls her eyes and makes a swift exit.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

A standard issue corporate cube farm. Just Beth at her desk going through paperwork. She pauses frustrated and struggles to adjust the height of her chair.

She stares at a desk adorned with retirement banners, her focus on a box of case files.

A private office door opens. An overly confident manager exits, this is FRANK MADSEN. He spots Beth working.

FRANK

You know there's an excuse not to
be at your desk, right? Or did all
the good cakes go already?

BETH

(amused)

I don't really know anybody yet.

FRANK

Aren't parties where you're
supposed to get to know people?

BETH

I find parties are where you get to
know people a little too well.

She goes back to trying to adjust her chair.

FRANK

Here, let me. There's a trick to
these old things.

He moves in, too close for comfort, and tweaks it.

FRANK

Walter, right? He hides his
addiction for years, and now he
parades it around in our faces.
That's the thanks I get for not
shaming the guy.

BETH

Well I guess that's who he is.

FRANK

Who he is or who he became?

BETH

Who he was destined to become.

FRANK

You think that, don't you? It was in your resume.

BETH

That some of us are born with a predisposition to be weak willed? Prone to vice? Yeah? That's what I'm here to do, help those who can't can't fit into the world fit. Drunks, thugs-

FRANK

-Monsters?

Beth mulls over her answer carefully.

BETH

Definitely monsters.

FRANK

And where would you say a monster fits into the world?

BETH

Where we keep all the monsters, in cages.

FRANK

Like King Kong? That didn't work out too well.

BETH

King Kong was fictional.

FRANK

Aren't all monsters, really?

BETH

Give me enough cases and I'll show you otherwise.

FRANK

With that attitude I'm terrified to give you your first. Tell me, why

doesn't a girl like you go join the police or FBI? Why lose yourself in a shit hole like this?

BETH

I don't like getting my shoes dirty.

Frank nods amused. He takes Walter's files and dumps them on hers.

FRANK

I guess all the good cakes didn't go already.

He strolls out the office chuckling to himself. Beth peers into the box file like a kid in a candy store.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank shuffles back and forth through paperwork, studying two slightly different versions of a signature. Beth sits waiting the other side of his desk.

FRANK

This is Kitty Boon's signature.

BETH

Some are, some aren't, everything after twenty eleven Walter's been forging. Which means he's probably not visited her in years.

He swats at items on his desk furious. Beth reels.

FRANK

That wrinkly old bastard! I should have fired him! You know who Kitty Boon's mother was, right? It was Amanda Boon.

BETH

Just give me the case. The kid's been left to fend for herself, I can pick up where-

FRANK

-you don't know this case.

BETH

Are you kidding me? Everyone in Colorado knows this case.

FRANK

There's more to it, more than most people know.

Frank's eyes dart around cagey.

FRANK

Let's just say Amanda Boon's career as a cop wasn't exactly incident free.

BETH

I thought she was a model officer?

FRANK

Oh, that's what the good old BPD want you to think. There were violent episodes. I mean, the stuff this woman did, one time she pepper sprayed a guy in a coffee shop just for cutting in line. She shot someone's dog-

BETH

-Shot someone's dog?

FRANK

Maybe. We think so. Thing is, the police department knew about it. But they claimed it was a civilian issue, so our problem. We batted it back and told them it was a personnel issue, their problem.

(beat)

Then she kills twelve people.

Frank stares regretful.

FRANK

Between us we didn't just so much screw the pooch as put the poor mutt through some sadistic orgy. Since then it's been claims of negligence back and forth. And somehow we ended up with Kitty Boon, palmed off on us under some victim assistance bullshit. Now, if people learn we've dropped the ball on Kitty, it could ruin us.

BETH

Then give me the case.

FRANK

And if anything bad were to happen with regards to her behavior. That would definitely ruin us.

BETH

Then definately give me the case.

Frank studies Beth for a few moments.

FRANK

You know, we have a pretty tight attitude to procedure here. You gotta love procedure, right?

He waits for answer. She knows she's being tested.

BETH

Sure, procedure is essential, all in the name of thoroughness, integrity and objectivity.

FRANK

Thanks for your time.

He forces a pleasant smile and waits for her to leave.

She sighs, goes to leave, and sits back down.

BETH

Of course, there'd be issues with procedure.

FRANK

(playing dumb)
Would there? I don't know.

BETH

Well, let's say we went on the record, started picking up the pieces. We'd have to admit we messed up somewhere.

FRANK

I'm just saying it would be handy if say, someone was to visit Kitty on their own time, as a concerned friend, maybe talk to her about how she's feeling these days.

BETH

Say straight after work?

She smiles coy. He grins.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - DAY

A tired '05 Mustang pulls up to the curb. Out steps Beth.

She studies the neglected house; Kitty's truck in the driveway, a half stripped parts truck decaying beside it, the shrieking sound of a grinder cutting metal.

Beth walks to the garage, spying a shadowy figure inside.

INT. KITTY'S GARAGE - DAY

Kitty grinds bolts off an engine, sparks dancing over her oil smeared arms.

She switches the grinder off, not looking round.

KITTY

Aint that always the case with Mustangs, brawn on the outside, skinny chick on the inside.

BETH

Kitty, my name's Beth Holt. I'm with human services. I wanted to talk to you about your visitor sessions.

KITTY

They've been going just fine.

BETH

Look, you're not in trouble, okay? We know Walter hasn't visited for some time.

KITTY

Trouble? You aint the boss of me.

Kitty consumes herself with wrenching bolts.

Beth checks out a butchered bike on the floor.

BETH

You know a lot about engines?

KITTY

I know enough to take 'em apart.

BETH

Not putting them back together?

KITTY

I dismantle things and get 'em out
of my life. If somethin's broke
what does it matter anyway?

Kitty grabs a screwdriver and pries at the engine's head.

BETH

I was hoping you'd be interested in
restarting your sessions?

KITTY

I'd say there's more chance
restartin' this engine.

Kitty's screwdriver slips. She sighs frustrated.

BANG! She kicks the workbench hard. Beth jolts.

KITTY

YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

Kitty sweeps out a huge pry bar angry. She jams it into the
head and heaves at it grunting and straining. She cracks it
from the block and pulls it off.

BANG! She dumps it on the bench and dusts her hands.

KITTY

We're done here. Thanks for poppin'
on by.

Kitty storms to the door and lights up a cigarette.

BETH

You're the girl at the party who
stays in the kitchen all night.

Kitty listens as she smokes.

BETH

You barely talk to anybody because
you find the bullshit small talk
exhausting. But then you find that
one person who gets you. And you
talk and talk and talk like crazy.
It's like you're the only two
people in the world and the time
flies. But then they have to leave
you, and you're lost and alone
again, surrounded by strangers. I
can be that person who gets it,
Kitty, and I have no intention of
bailing.

KITTY
I don't go to fucking parties.

BETH
Doesn't matter, it was meta-
fucking-phorical.

Kitty struggles to hide a smirk and stubs out her smoke.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Kitty washes her hands in a filthy sink full of dishes. Beth notices how rough they are, littered with grazes.

KITTY
I got warm beer or flat coke.

BETH
I prefer coke flat.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beth enters alone. The room a cluttered mess, more like an untidy library than a living room, books everywhere, many self-help, some practical, some religious.

She spies an air-conditioning vent removed and crosses to it. She discovers an open notebook on the floor.

Kitty enters and hands over a glass of coke. Beth nods to a TV stand, no TV on it, instead a painting.

BETH
You don't watch TV?

KITTY
What does it look like?

Cats saunter in and brush around Kitty's legs.

BETH
Aww, you like cats?

KITTY
Cats like me.

Beth fusses over one of the cats.

BETH
You know cats can either be wild or domesticated? It all depends on when they get human contact.

Kitty takes the opportunity to replace the air-con vent.

KITTY

You should tell these fuckers. They only know the wild part.

Beth pulls out her phone and surreptitiously snaps a picture of the open notebook.

BETH

You've only got a small window of opportunity and then that's it.

Kitty crosses back and hides the notebook away.

BETH

Sorry, I'm a cat fan. I miss mine. He was like my roommate, you know?

Kitty reveals a smile. She pets a cat.

BETH

She doesn't seem so wild.

KITTY

We got a clear peckin' order.

Beth joins her tickling the cat. Kitty's defenses rear.

KITTY

I just don't get why everyone's so fascinated by my borin' life. I'm just trying to keep to myself.

BETH

I get that. Look-

She scrawls on a business card.

BETH

-this has my cell on it, and I'm giving you my home address. No pressure, but if you want to talk, you can call me or you come see me, off the record, on the record, it doesn't matter.

Beth hands it over and finishes her drink.

BETH

Thanks for your time, and the flat coke.

Beth goes to leave. Kitty looks lost.

KITTY

The TV, you asked about the TV-

Beth looks back interested. Kitty points to the painting.

KITTY

I got this instead. When I first saw it, it blew me away.

Beth studies it. Bouguereau's Le crepuscule, a topless muse stood posing at twilight, her feet on pointe upon churning waves, wrapped in billowing brown cloth.

BETH

I have zero appreciation for art. I'm missing a gene or something.

KITTY

No, it's okay, you can't have an appreciation. Art either speaks to you or it don't. I look at this and I think, wow she's dancin' on the water, the waves can't get her it's murky and angry but she's above it, all calm and beautiful.

Kitty stares in wonderment, her smile fades to worry.

Beth studies Kitty more than the painting.

KITTY

And then I think, maybe I got it wrong. Maybe it's a trick. Maybe it's a snapshot of her fallin' but trying to keep her dignity. And then I worry who's there for her. She'll just be left clutchin' onto the rocks alone, gaspin' for her life, the wet dress slowly freezin' her to death, the waves beatin' her over and over.

BETH

I think she's dancing. To me she's dancing.

KITTY

The guy that painted this was said to be one of the best in the world once. But tastes changed. People got so bored of him they got to hatin'. They called him a sell out, and suddenly he couldn't be an artist anymore. Weird how they just

turned on him like that.

Beth studies the artwork thinking.

BETH

Do you like to keep a diary?

Kitty shrugs. Beth pulls a video camera from her bag.

BETH

If you feel up to it, you can record me a video. Anything like you just said, stuff that comes to mind, stuff you'd like me to know.

Kitty takes the camera and studies it.

Beth shoots her a friendly smile. Kitty nods back unsure.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Beth slurps coffee alone. Bulky hands massage her shoulders. She snaps round, it's Frank.

FRANK

So, how are your extra curricular activities coming?

BETH

She's evasive, but you give her room to talk and she wants to. She won't restart sessions, so I gave her a camera to record a diary.

FRANK

A camera? I got a memo the other day telling me we can't afford highlighters, it said we now have to underline anything important.

BETH

You let her ramble and it's like she can't help but say what she shouldn't say. She's a one person PR disaster. You were right to worry though, there's some troubling stuff.

FRANK

How troubling?

BETH

You ever heard of the Crime

Classification Manual?

Frank shakes his head.

BETH

It defines violent offender typology. She fits the disorganized asocial profile perfect. Solitary living. Not looking after herself. No TV. She's not that bright. We know there's no parental figures. I'm pretty sure she has a hidey hole and she's definitely reaching out to religion. She fits the mould.

FRANK

No TV is troubling enough for me.

BETH

I guess now's the time to move back onto protocol.

FRANK

No, now's the time we thank our lucky stars we went under the radar and we keep it that way.

Beth frowns uncomfortable.

FRANK

If you're right, we can bury this problem once and for all. We can appeal for protective services.

BETH

Foster care? She'll never give consent.

FRANK

Doesn't matter, we petition the court with a strong enough case for emergency protection, they'll authorize it, for her own safety.

BETH

Shouldn't we be as objective as possible here? Regardless of how concerned we are?

Frank sips his coffee for a few moments.

FRANK

How come you know about this

criminal typology stuff?

BETH

It's just a hobby.

He smirks to himself.

FRANK

You were never in Thailand. Your resume says you took a gap year but you didn't. I know you didn't. I couldn't figure why someone like you would come to me begging for a job, so I asked around. You were in Virginia at the FBI Academy and you dropped out.

Beth shrinks shame-faced.

FRANK

Look, I don't care what happened. But I do need you to help me put away this problem. Don't worry about protocol. You cage Kitty, you'll be wondering why you ever cared about Virginia.

She mulls it over, more worried than excited. She reluctantly nods accepting.

FRANK

Attagirl. Now, be careful, right now, I'd question if anybody really knows Kitty Boon.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar bustling, music grinding. Too oldskool for students, too contemporary for bar flies.

In a booth, Rich and Jen awkwardly watch Gina and Bruce groping one another.

JEN

Guys, seriously, I feel like I could get an STD just watching this.

Rich's phone buzzes. Jen catches a glimpse of the screen before he swipes it away. A message from Kitty.

JEN

Seriously? Kitty Boon?

RICH
I can text who I want.

Gina pulls from Bruce's embrace.

GINA
You're texting Kitty Boon?

BRUCE
What? Dude, that's majorly out of order!

JEN
Majorly out of order!

RICH
So what if I am? Maybe I felt sorry for her, maybe I wanted to catch up. What's so bad about that? Because she's my ex?

JEN
Because your ex is Cathy fucking Ames, she's a fucking psycho.

RICH
You don't know her.

Something catches Gina's eye.

GINA
Oh, please. Are you kidding me?

Kitty entering the bar, dressed up and trying hard not to buckle to a room full of stares.

She catches Rich's eye and takes a seat at the bar.

JEN
Anybody remember when bomber jackets were cool? My memory doesn't go back that far.

GINA
Hey, give her credit, she managed to clean all the grease off herself. I mean, she used her hair to do it mind.

BRUCE
Are we in a lesbo bar? Did they change this place to a lesbo bar?

RICH
She's making an effort. We should
be encouraging that, not trying to
tear her back down.

Rich stares at Kitty for a few moments.

RICH
I'm going to talk to her.

JEN
Traitor. Turncoat. Judas.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rich perches on a stool by Kitty. She slides over a beer.

KITTY
That's for gettin' in touch, it
meant a lot.

RICH
I felt bad.

KITTY
You know how long it's been since
I've been here? Six years, and they
still aint redecorated.

Rich laughs.

KITTY
I was sat at home with my ready
meal for one and thought, you know
what, fuck it, I can't do this for
another night. I'm goin' out and
fuck what anybody thinks. Then I
got here and I was like, what if he
aint here? I'd have to crawl out
the bathroom window just not to
look stupid.

He chuckles amused.

RICH
But it proves my point, there's
nothing to worry about.

KITTY
Believe me, there's plenty to
fuckin' worry about.

Kitty glances at Jen watching like a hawk.

RICH

I just think you should fear the world less and interact with it more.

KITTY

I'm not rejectin' your world, it's rejectin' me.

RICH

Well, I'm not rejecting you.

KITTY

You got to ask yourself, is there a point in people like me even tryin'? Or will everythin' I do only ever be seen as negative?

Kitty finishes her drink, knocks back a chaser and orders another. Rich is startled, yet to finish his first.

KITTY

I really wanna leave town, but for some dumb reason it feels like I still belong here.

RICH

Stay. I like that you're here. I still care, you know?

KITTY

Aw, you been missin' me?

RICH

(suggestively)
I miss some things.

Kitty's mouth drops amused. They play fight.

Jen watches unimpressed. Kitty sweeping back her hair flirtatious, her smile beaming, her eyes lit up.

Jen whispers in Bruce's ear.

Rich and Kitty continue to wrestle arms. She freezes.

Bruce stood by Rich.

BRUCE

We wondered if you guys were going to sit with us.

Kitty looks back to the booth. Jen kicks a chair out challengingly.

She looks to Rich conflicted.

RICH
Looks like this is your chance to
step out of your world.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rich and Kitty perch on seats while Gina, Jen, and Bruce corral in the booth. Fake smiles all round.

GINA
So, Kitty, nice jacket.

KITTY
It's vintage or somethin'. I like,
so don't know how to be cool.

They laugh, taken by her candor.

BRUCE
You know, you cut me off the other
day. You nearly took the front off
my car.

KITTY
Yeah, sorry 'bout that, I have a
real problem with traffic laws.

RICH
Bruce is very protective about his
car. He waxes it every day.

BRUCE
Detail it, dude, I detail it.

GINA
You ever washed that truck of yours
Kitty?

JEN
It would probably fall apart if she
did.

KITTY
Well, it's somehow held together
the last thirty years.

Kitty takes a long swig of her beer, dead-eyeing Jen.

RICH
(to Kitty)
Hey, we're going up to the cabin

this weekend, you should come. You remember the cabin, yeah?

She does. Her hand falls to his knee. Jen notices.

JEN
(sarcastically)
Yeah, that would be so awesome.

KITTY
I got plans this weekend. I'm decidin' between Fort Collins for a cat show or Denver for the Punk exhibition at the museum.

JEN
You can't have a punk concert in a museum? That's stupid.

KITTY
Punk magazine, it was like a comic book in the seventies, it defined what punk was, which was pretty fuckin' impressive when you think about it, Sex Pistols, Stooges, Patti Smith, Blondie-

GINA
-Blondie wasn't punk! She was disco! How can you not know that? How can you own a bomber jacket and not know that?

KITTY
Punk used to mean somethin' different back then.

BRUCE
Well, let's hope you choose the cat show, because you're going to look pretty stupid turning up to a museum in your chains and studded denim jacket.

JEN
And your Blondie CDs.

They burst into laughter. Kitty shrinks.

KITTY
I need some fresh air.

She hurries away. Rich glares at them.

GINA

I don't get it. Why try to fit in
if you can't handle the attention?
Why get pretentious when we're
going to call your ass out?

Jen notices Rich stewing.

JEN

We'll go see if she's okay, okay?

She shoots him a coy smile and leads Gina away.

They slip by drinkers, cocky and confident.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Kitty paces as she smokes. Secluded in a dark corner.

Jen and Gina find her.

KITTY

I'm sorry, crowds freak me out.

JEN

You just don't get it, do you,
Kitty? Well, let me make it simple
for you, stay away from Rich and
stay away from us.

KITTY

I just wanna be friends again.

JEN

You can't be trusted, everyone
knows that. Rich is a nice guy, too
nice, and that makes him vulnerable
to bitches like you.

Kitty shakes her head upset.

JEN

And I'm done with bitches like you.
See, I'm a Colorado girl, born and
raised. My daddy, like all good
daddy's, taught me how to defend
myself. Your daddy teach you how to
throw a punch, Kitty?

Kitty just stares.

JEN

He teach you how to land one? See,

when you go to punch another person, their instinct is to tilt their head forward, so you hit them in the forehead. It seems crazy but it protects the the most vulnerable areas, with the hardest part of the skull.

Jen gives her forehead a few solid taps.

JEN

Strong enough to shatter fingers, which is inevitably what happens to the poor saps who connect for the first time. So, did your daddy ever teach you how to defend yourself, Kitty?

Kitty glances around, backed into a corner, no escape, nobody around. Jen and Gina smile smug.

JEN

Oh, that's right, you're mommy killed your daddy. Cos your daddy was a fucking pussy, and cos your mommy was a fucking psycho, which either makes you a fucking pussy or a fucking psycho.

Kitty's cigarette trembles in her hand.

JEN

So which one are you?

The cigarette drops.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rich and Bruce burst out the door. The commotion of a riotous crowd in the car lot.

Kitty bustles through the heaving bodies, head down, shoving through the crowd like a quarterback.

KITTY

Fuckers! Fuck you! Fuck you all!

Rich grabs her. She pulls away and glances back crying.

KITTY

I'm sorry.

She heads for her truck.

He turns to see Jen and Gina bruised and beaten. He runs over and embraces Jen tight. Bruce hugs Gina, glaring at fascinated onlookers.

BRUCE

What's so interesting? You never seen a fight before? Or is it just because she's involved?

He points to Kitty getting into her truck. She glances back, catching Rich staring let down.

Siren's wail. Blue lights flash. Kitty sighs regretful.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Beth slobbering out on a sofa in her messy apartment, enjoying chocolate and trashy TV.

Her phone rings. She answers it and frowns surprised.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

DETECTIVE SCOTT leads Beth to an interrogation room from which CHIEF MILLER exits. Beth catches a glimpse of Kitty as the door closes.

BETH

Is she okay?

CHIEF MILLER

Funny, I was going to ask you the same question.

They usher Beth into the next room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beth sits nervous. Miller and Scott staring back blank.

BETH

I don't see what any of this has to do with me.

Scott passes her polaroids of Kitty's grazed hands.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

We understand you visited Kitty recently, would you say her hands were in the same condition shown in these pictures?

BETH

Has she told you I'd say that?

They wait for an answer.

BETH

How much trouble is she in?

The fold their arms silent. Beth thinks long and hard.

BETH

They seemed fine when I saw them.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

They weren't grazed?

BETH

No.

They stare back, reading her. Scott can tell she's lying.

CHIEF MILLER

You're a caseworker, aren't you,
Holt? Department of human services,
or whatever they call it these
days?

BETH

Kitty isn't one of my cases.

CHIEF MILLER

Oh. I didn't ask that.

BETH

I'm not sure you were really asking
me anything.

CHIEF MILLER

Frank Madsen, he's your boss, isn't
he?

BETH

Are we here to talk about Kitty
Boon or me?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

We're establishing it's fair to say
your job gives you insight into
people's behavior, that it makes
you a good judge of character.

BETH

I have a masters in social work, if
that's what you mean?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

But your experience on the job,
that gives you a gut feel, yeah? We
can relate to that.

BETH

That thing you call gut feel,
detective, I call assumption. I
prefer to remain objective.

Scott takes out a phone and plays a video for her. The
footage dark and grainy, taken through a bar window.
Distorted voices shout, too muffled to follow.

Miller studies Beth's reaction as she watches.

A voice dominates, lower and more guttural, clearly Kitty's.
Her shouting grows to roaring. Beth reels.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

In your opinion, is that a person
on the attack or on the defense?

Beth thinks for a few moments, struggling conflicted.

BETH

It's someone lashing out.

She stares sure. They nod satisfied.

CHIEF MILLER

I say, why look for answers in
footage like this, it's
inconclusive. But it's sure nice to
get an objective opinion.

Scott stares at Beth disappointed.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Beth leaves the interrogation room with Miller and Scott.

BETH

Can I go home?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

No, we need you to stick around.
This is likely to go on all night.

She stares guilty. He can see it in her eyes.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

There's a lot to be said for gut

feel.

He follows Miller into the other interrogation room.

As they open the door, Beth stares right into Kitty's eyes, filled with hope. The door slams.

Beth slumps into a chair, staring at the door regretful.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

Beth yawns deeply, curled up on a seat. She jolts to her senses as Scott exits the room and stretches.

BETH

Hey, I want to make some changes to my statement.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

No need, there's no case.

Kitty exits the interrogation room fast, head down and accustomed to the routine. She's flanked by officers, and tailed by a LAWYER. Scott follows. Beth hurries after.

BETH

No case?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

It's been rejected by the DA, too much hearsay, no conclusive evidence. Her word against theirs.

Kitty's entourage bustles through the exit.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Beth loses sight on Kitty lost among more officers, now moving across the car lot with a more hurried pace.

BETH

Rejected?

Scott doesn't answer.

Paparazzi swarm them, picking Kitty out in a strobing barrage of camera flashes. Beth winces dazzled.

PAPARAZZI #1

-Kitty! is this because you miss your parents?-

PAPARAZZI #2

-Are you trying to imitate your mother?-

LAWYER

-My client's not been charged. She's not answering questions. She's sorry for what's happened and that's all we're saying on the matter-

PAPARAZZI #1

-Did you do it because they're prettier than you, Kitty?-

Flash bulbs pound the air. Beth stumbles disorientated.

A hand clutches her arm. She turns to see Kitty ducking into a police SUV, smiling back sincere.

KITTY

Thanks.

The door slams leaving Beth stunned. Cameras flash at the tinted windows. The Paps tail the SUV out the car lot.

Beth stands fixed as everyone disperses around her. She rubs her arm where Kitty held it.

EXT. BOULDER PUBLIC SAFETY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Beth heads to her Mustang, crossing by a news crew setting up, Jen and Gina with them, re-applying makeup.

GINA

You're covering your bruises, you idiot.

JEN

I don't care. If I'm going on TV, I'm going to look the shit.

GINA

You're supposed to be making it look worse, not better.

JEN

Who the fuck's going to believe her apology anyway? Who could ever feel sorry for her?

Beth shakes her head guilty.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Beth dwells at a table, Frank beside her reading a paper.

He smirks and holds up an article. "BOON KILLER DAUGHTER IN BAR BRAWL". A photo of the run to the car the previous night, Beth beside Kitty, wincing into the lens.

FRANK

I'm pretty sure I said, keep your involvement low key. I did say that, didn't I?

BETH

I threw her under the bus, Frank. She trusted me and I lied. I lied and they could tell I was lying.

FRANK

You don't think she attacked these girls?

BETH

It's why that bothers me.

FRANK

Well, we are here to look at the bigger picture, and certainly aren't held back by inconveniences like tangible evidence.

BETH

We need to stop now. Thank god she's got a good lawyer because-

FRANK

-you think her lawyer got her off?

She nods confused. He leans in serious.

FRANK

Who do you think tipped off the press last night? Who paraded her right in front of the cameras?

He taps the photo.

FRANK

Who created indisputable evidence that puts a caseworker close to Kitty? The police can't put her away on some bullshit assault charge, but they can put the ball in our court by turning it into a

spectacle. You've been played.

Beth stares at the photo. Kitty's face solemn, head down, either fear or guilt in her eyes.

FRANK

The public reaction will be strong,
they'll want someone to step in.
And we're not going to look weak.

He takes papers from a file and hands them to her.

FRANK

Emergency protective care. Details
are all filled in, all that's
missing now is your consent.

He hands her a pen. She stares at the forms conflicted.

BETH

So we just define someone as
different and decide they can't be
part of normal life again?

FRANK

You'd rather she spends her life
going in and out of questioning?

BETH

The press. It was scary, Frank.
Aggressive. They'll invade every
part of her they can, and burrow
into her until...

FRANK

She snaps? That's why we put
monsters in cages. To protect them
just as much as to protect us.

She goes to sign and pauses.

BETH

We're playing by the rules now?

FRANK

Beth, we were always-

BETH

-I want to continue on her case. I
want to make sure we have something
real, something fair. And, as it's
my name on this, I want final say.
If I find evidence we're mistaken,
I want to be able to stop this

appeal dead.

She stares at Frank bold. He thinks and nods.

She signs and hands the papers over. He hands back a copy and tucks everything else back in his file.

FRANK

Welcome to politics. It's a lot like an orgy, the more friends you make, the more you'll get shafted.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

Kitty at her desk with her phone to her ear, waiting impatiently for someone to pick up.

BETH

(into phone)

Mr Cooper? My name's Beth Holt, I'm with the Department of Human Services. I wanted to talk to you about an old student of yours.

(beat)

Kitty Boon.

(beat)

Hello?

Beth hangs up. She toys with a very short list of names.

She crumbles it up and bowls it across the office at trashcan. Staff glance up unimpressed.

She grabs her coat and leaves.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - DAY

A collection of candy bar wrappers on the dash. Beth adds another to it and idly chews.

She studies Kitty's house from a distance.

Kitty exits the house. Beth's eyes light up. She watches her for a moment but she disappears into the garage.

Beth slumps back bored. But wait. The garage door opens. Kitty's truck eases out.

Beth's fires up her Mustang, ready to follow.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Suburbia far behind, the road snaking into parts few stray into. Kitty's truck growls by, kicking up leaves.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Beth keeps her distance, catching sight of Kitty's truck on the straights, staring intense, trying not to be spotted. She rounds a corner and--

Kitty's truck stops in the road. Beth swerves into the dirt and watches.

The truck sits idling. Beth watches anxious. It lurches away and thrashes up a rugged track.

Beth pulls away and eases up to the track. Deep ruts and muddy puddles lead toward woodland.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Beth leaves her Mustang parked in a secluded spot. She trudges up the track and steps right in a muddy puddle. She winces at her shoe.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Beth stumbles upon a clearing. Kitty's truck parked alone, next to a path leading into the woods.

She carefully scopes it out. Nobody inside, bed empty.

Beth trembles as she stares into the shadowy maze of tree trunks. She takes a deep breath and enters.

EXT. WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Beth's feet crack on bracken. She glances around scared, staring up at the canopy of branches above her. She peers into the distance wary, edging around gnarled bark.

CRACK! Beth freezes and searches around. CRACK! She stares up into the only oak tree in a sea of redwoods.

Kitty high up within the thick branches, climbing fast; agile, nimble, and strong.

Beth watches mesmerized. Kitty heaves herself higher and higher and pauses at a seemingly impossible gap.

She balances, crouches, and zones in on a branch above.

Beth gasps.

Kitty jumps, just managing to grab the branch but barely able to hold on. She writhes, unable to ascend further.

BETH

Be careful!

Kitty glares down to find Beth staring back up. She heaves herself onto a footing and climbs down angry.

KITTY

What you doin' here?

BETH

Are you okay?

KITTY

What you think you're doin'?

Kitty drops to the ground pissed off. Beth stares guilty.

KITTY

You followin' me? Tell me!

BETH

Yeah, I was. And it's a good job I did because if you'd fallen, you'd be needing an ambulance right now.

KITTY

What gives you the right to invade my personal space? To stalk me? Public interest, that your excuse?

They stare each other out for a few long moments.

BETH

What am I supposed to do, Kitty? You've blocked every route for me to help you! You're closed. You're passive aggressive. And you know what, I'm sorry I give a shit! I'm sorry I give a shit about you, but I do! So there! Deal with it!

Beth stares angry. Kitty sneers back.

KITTY

You wanna know why I'm climbin' a tree?

BETH

Yes.

KITTY

You really wanna know?

BETH

Yes!

KITTY

Well here it is! I don't fuckin' know, okay? You tell me! You tell me why I do this.

BETH

Is it always this tree?

Kitty nods.

BETH

Does it have significance to you?

KITTY

(reluctantly)

My dad showed it to me. We used to stay in a friend's cabin nearby.

BETH

Why? Why did he show it to you?

KITTY

Because I was shorter than the other kids and I fuckin' hated it.

BETH

You thought you were short so your dad showed you a tree?

KITTY

He told me it's the only oak tree in the forest. And it might not be the tallest but that didn't matter. And I didn't think I was short, I knew I was fuckin' short.

BETH

And that was it? You just accepted that and went back into the world with your head held high?

KITTY

He said that, if a tornado tore through here, this oak would be the only tree left standin'.

(getting emotional)
 And he carved my initials into it
 and said it was my tree, special to
 me, like I was special to him.

Kitty chokes up a little, emotionally exposed.

BETH
 The tree's your life. When you
 climb it, you're retracing your
 steps, and trying find a new path.
 The section you can't get past,
 that's you not being able to move
 on. Easy. It's not exactly normal
 behavior but it is rational.

KITTY
 (long beat)
 Can I get that on a certificate?

They share a wry smirk.

BETH
 It feels good, doesn't it? To get
 stuff like that off your chest?

KITTY
 Does it feel good to listen?

BETH
 (amused)
 You know what? Nobody has ever
 asked me that before.

Kitty storms away embarrassed.

KITTY
 Yeah well, I say real dumb shit
 sometimes. One of the many perks of
 bein' a high school dropout.

BETH
 Hey, wait!

Beth goes to follow but freezes solid in her tracks.

BETH
 Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Kitty looks back bemused. Beth rigid, chest heaving.

KITTY
 What you doin'?

BETH
I have xylophobia.

KITTY
You're scared of xylophones?

BETH
No! Xylo is Greek for wood!
Xylophones are made from wood!
Hence I'm scared of the fucking
woods not fucking musical
instruments and you're not fucking
helping!

Kitty sees the genuine fear in Beth's eyes.

KITTY
You really that scared?

BETH
Are you stupid? What does it look
like?

Kitty reels offended, shrinking and wanting to leave. She
fights it and holds her hand out to Beth shy.

KITTY
Hold my hand, I can lead you out,
if you want. I aint scared.

Beth goes to take it but Kitty pulls back.

KITTY
Say I'm your friend, okay? It will
make it easier for you.

BETH
I don't see how-

KITTY
-You got to say it.

BETH
Sure, you're my friend.

Kitty holds her hand out. Beth grabs it tight.

Kitty leads Beth through the trees, silent and strong.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Beth braces herself against Kitty's truck like she just
conquered everest. She lets out a long sigh as the

adrenaline drains from her. Kitty lights up.

BETH

I'm sorry I called you stupid. It's intense when I get like that.

KITTY

Want somethin' to take the edge off?

Kitty retrieves a flask from her truck and hands over. Beth swigs on it and gasps.

BETH

What is that?

KITTY

Dunno, found it in a junk car.

Beth laughs and hands it back.

BETH

You could've told me that first.

Kitty takes a swig and thinks, wanting to say something but struggling with the courage to say it.

KITTY

You wanna talk again later? Eat some food, drink some drinks-

BETH

-Flat coke or something else you found in a junkyard?

Kitty stares worried.

BETH

I'd love to. Thanks.

KITTY

I'm not sayin' like a big deal or anythin' like that. I'm not suggesting a romantic meal for two, you know? I'm just-

BETH

Kitty, I said yes.

They share a warm smile.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Beth a little dressed up and looking nervous. She studies her sat-nav confused and brings her Mustang to a halt.

The entrance to a junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

An old moped buzzes around junk cars, wrapped with twinkling christmas lights, Kitty riding it. Beth can't help but smirk.

Kitty circles Beth's Mustang.

KITTY

Dinner's in the oven, this way.

She races away, leading Beth through looming towers of rusted car shells to a tiny eden within twisted metal; an old hut, a smoking BBQ, lawn chairs, and festoon lights.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Music crackles. Beth crosses over to Kitty at the BBQ. Kitty opens it to reveal beer butt chicken smoking.

KITTY

Hope you like chicken with a beer
can up its ass.

BETH

Rather him than me.

KITTY

Night's still young.

Kitty grabs beers from a cooler and hands one over. An awkward silence drags as they drink, Kitty turning shy.

AMOS, a burly fellow, exits a hut. His presence changes Kitty's persona in a heartbeat, her eyes lighting up.

KITTY

And, as if by magic, he appears!

AMOS

Well, I head the sound of beer
bottles clinkin', so I came out.

KITTY

Beth, I want you to meet the best

person in the whole world, Amos.

Beth goes to shake his hand to find one's a hook.

AMOS

Heh! Friend or foe?

KITTY

Don't let the hook fool you. He's adorable really.

Kitty rests against him forlorn.

KITTY

I wanna marry him so much, but he'll never propose. I'll simply never be good enough for him.

AMOS

Well, you got too many hands for a start.

KITTY

Don't make me prove my devotion.

BETH

This does seem an odd pairing.

AMOS

Aint it just? But, if you were her, wouldn't you feel most comfortable hangin' out with the other freaks?

Kitty bats him playful. He picks her up with one arm and carries her away squealing.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Beth, Kitty, and Amos slouched in the lawn chairs sipping beers, Kitty cackling with laughter as she smokes.

KITTY

-so I say, I aint spendin' five hundred and what would I do with two trucks? And he says, okay, in that case, you can have the good truck for five hundred and the parts truck comes free.

AMOS

I don't know why you're laughin', you bought that piece of shit.

KITTY

Hey, don't you say bad things 'bout my truck, she may be damaged but she's honest.

BETH

What drove you to come here, for the first time?

KITTY

Back before, like, before before, my dad was buildin' a motorbike. It was like a runnin' gag that he'd never finish it.

BETH

And he brought you here?

KITTY

No, I came here after he was gone. I just couldn't bare to see the the thing in the garage. So I got up one night and dismantled it.

BETH

In the middle of the night.

KITTY

In my jammies no less.

AMOS

Rounded off half the bolts.

KITTY

No I didn't! I sold all the parts! Then I came down here and bought another bike-

AMOS

-at a steal-.

KITTY

-at a highly inflated price. And I did it again, and again. And I aint stopped since. I mean, what's that about?

BETH

What do you think it's about?

AMOS

Who cares what it's about.

Beth gets frustrated by his interference.

KITTY

I do wonder where those parts go. I wish I was a delivery driver, life would be one big road trip. Turn the music up. Roll the windows down. You ever held your hand out the window, just to feel how fast you're really movin'?

Beth nods endeared.

KITTY

The air on your hand, that's the resistance you're beatin'. And roads, god I love roads, they're like the veins that run within the body of culture.

BETH

The veins the run within the body of culture?

KITTY

Don't matter. You want some pot?

BETH

Erm, erm, I-

KITTY

-You're not at work, so?

AMOS

Maybe she is.

BETH

No, I'll have some.

Kitty rustles out a bong made from car parts and blazes it up. She offers it to Amos.

KITTY

Age before wisdom, old man.

AMOS

I only liked it when it was taboo.

Kitty shares the bong with Beth.

KITTY

Why am I even talkin' 'bout dreams? I know my endin', one day they're gonna find me, and they'll gladly kill me.

BETH

Who?

AMOS

Reel it in, Kitty.

Kitty gets up and starts marching around the BBQ.

KITTY

Don't think I don't know it, there are people in town who want me deader than a slab of bacon. But, here's the thing, I didn't exist to this world 'til my mom killed those poor people. I was born that night to a capricious society, but, as long as my infamy endures, I shall remain immortal. My existence may be ephemeral but my presence? That could be eternal.

Kitty fusses with the radio.

BETH

(to Amos)

I thought beer killed brain cells?

AMOS

Sometimes you find the smartest people in the dumbest places.

Music blasts. Kitty dances by the BBQ, moving freely with zero inhibition, her eyes closed dreamy. Beth watches entranced. Kitty opens her eyes, staring right into Beth.

KITTY

Unless you're plannin' to tuck dollar bills into my pants, you'd better get up here and join me.

Beth joins her. They dance around the BBQ, the smoke rising into the colored lights.

Amos watches Beth losing herself in the music.

Kitty twists seductive, moving in close to Beth, laughing off flirtations. Beth jokingly rejects her.

Amos gets up and grooves with them, taking Beth's hand with his hook and smiling approving.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

An aging PROFESSOR behind his grand desk, twisting his face disapproving at Beth sat opposite.

PROFESSOR

You know, I may look like I've been here for a few hundred years but I have email now.

BETH

I prefer to talk in person.

She nurses her head, clearly hungover.

PROFESSOR

Nothing's changed there.

He toys with a print out of the photo Beth took in Kitty's home, a poem written in the notebook.

PROFESSOR

I don't see why you're bringing this to me.

BETH

Who better to analysis a poem than a professor of creative writing?

He raises his eyebrows flattered and studies it.

PROFESSOR

What do you want to know?

BETH

Is it any good?

PROFESSOR

Better than most. But then poetry isn't always something that needs to be read so much as something that needs to be written.

BETH

I'm trying to get a scope into the mindset of the girl who wrote it.

PROFESSOR

It comes from someone who's been pushed to a dark place, but who's blessed with the capacity to take theme-selves apart and look into the blackness of their soul.

BETH

How would you describe her mental state?

PROFESSOR

In a word, tormented.

Beth struggles to hide her concern.

BETH

I think she's been playing dumb with me.

PROFESSOR

It's all too easy to assume someones stupid, particularly when they're outsmarting you.

EXT. PROFESSORS OFFICE - DAY

Beth leaves the office fumbling with her phone. She dials and waits pensive.

BETH

Frank, I think I might have really messed up with Kitty. I need to stop the appeal.

FRANK (O.S.)

Messed up? I asked you to put together a case and you did a great a job.

BETH

You agreed I'd have final say. Well, now I'm having my say.

FRANK (O.S.)

Beth, you gave me a speech, I nodded, that was all I remember happening.

He hangs up. She stands dismayed.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Tall golden stalks of corn blur by, framed by lush green grass and deep blue sky.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Kitty's hair buffets in a breeze, bikes rocking behind her in the bed, the radio playing.

A new tune starts. She sings along and realizes something. She opens the glovebox, takes out the camera and shoves it on the dash.

The recording light flashes. The song builds. Kitty goes for it, acting goofy, lip-syncing the chorus into the lens with precision, bopping and swaying as she performs.

She loses herself, living for the moment, detached from the past, and fearless of the future.

She puts her hand out the window and feels the air rushing over it.

A sign for ice-cream catches her attention.

EXT. ROADSIDE STORE - DAY

An american flag flutters outside a decrepit store.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY

Kitty stares from the sanctuary of her truck, plucking up the courage to enter. Sweat beads by her parched lips.

She opens the door.

INT. ROADSIDE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Kitty waits behind a family at the counter, the SERVER beams at kids as she drives a scoop into various flavors.

Kitty's apprehension surfaces. She spots the STORE OWNER shelving. She struggles a smile, he doesn't return one.

The family ooh and aah as the Server offers the cones over, retracting them back for a moment to add syrup.

They leave beaming. The Server turns to Kitty dour.

KITTY
Just vanilla please.

The Server goes through the motions and thrusts the cone at Kitty like she has bird-flu.

KITTY
Can I get syrup?

The Server stares deadpan and holds the cone to her mouth. She slowly drools over it. Kitty watches the clinging line of saliva trickling and spiraling.

STORE MANAGER
That's twenty dollars.

Kitty turns to him shocked.

STORE MANAGER
Syrup's extra.

EXT. ROADSIDE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

A can clatters out a vending machine. Kitty takes it and solemnly walks back to her truck.

She reaches the truck and stops shocked. PSYCHO BITCH scratched into the driver's door.

She glances around upset and spots Bruce leaning smug against his Charger, Jen and Gina smirking by his side.

She sees Rich in the car, struggling to show sympathy.

KITTY
You think this is funny? You think
this is funny? Whaddya get from
this you, fuckin' rats? Nothin'! So
go fuck yourselves!

She bowls the can at them hard, gets in her truck, and peels away, firmly giving them the finger.

EXT. BACKROAD - DAY

Kitty's truck tears down the road at speed.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Kitty stares ahead vacant. She pulls the truck over.

Her head drops, tears push through her eyes, she sobs and throws open her door.

EXT. BACKROAD - DAY

Kitty falls to her knees and tries to scrape over the vandalism with her keys. An engine draws up.

She turns to find Jen, Gina, Bruce and Rich glaring.

KITTY

Leave me alone! Leave me a-fuckin'-
lone!

GINA

We owe you a drink, bitch!

Gina hurls a milkshake at Kitty, it explodes over her. Jen laughs as the Charger roars away.

Kitty sits slumped against her truck, clutching her head, a madness consuming her.

INT. CHARGER - DAY - MOVING

Jen, Gina, and Bruce cackle. Rich sits silent.

JEN

Now, that's what a breakdown looks
like, right? Right?

GINA

I should've asked her to buy me
another milkshake!

BRUCE

She's fucking lucky she's a girl!
You don't do that! You don't fuck
with somebody's car!

GINA

Hey, she acts like a guy, you
should beat her ass anyway!

Bruce spots something in the rear view mirror.

BRUCE

Hey check it out!

Jen and Gina look back, Kitty's truck coming in hot.

JEN

What's she doing?

GINA

Holy shit!

Kitty's truck drives right up to the bumper of the Charger, looming over it.

GINA
Floor it! Leave her in our dust!

BRUCE
No, let's see what she'll do!

RICH
We should just pull over!

JEN
She's crazy! She's actually fucking
crazy!

Kitty's truck swings out and draws alongside.

Bruce eases on throttle.

GINA
Stop fucking around, just go!

Bruce floors it. The Charger pulls ahead. Kitty's truck downshifts, 454 cubic inches of Detroit forged muscle roar. It pulls back level. Bruce can't believe it, his foot mashed on the pedal.

GINA
Fucking lose her, Bruce!

Bruce shakes his head defeated. Kitty's truck swings away and cuts back hard-

BANG! Tires squeal. The Girl's scream.

EXT. CORNFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The Charger spun out on the grass. Jen and Gina shook up in the back. Rich tenderly touches his bloody forehead.

Kitty's truck in a ditch.

Gina stumbles out the Charger. The others follow suit. Bruce inspects his dented whip. He opens the trunk furious and sweeps out a baseball bat.

BRUCE
You fucking crazy bitch! You want
road rage? I got your fucking road
rage right here!

RICH
Bruce! Just leave it!

GINA
No! Kick her ass, Bruce!

Rich looks to Kitty's truck worried. Kitty snaps round, glares predatory, and tries to restart the engine.

Bruce marches toward Kitty's truck as it cranks over.

BRUCE
Don't you run! You better have an insurance policy for that fucking wreck or I'm gonna beat the cash out of you like a cheap piñata!

Kitty's truck growls into life. She backs it out the ditch and swings it round facing Bruce. He freezes, deadlocked into her eyes. The engine throbs.

JEN
Fuck that!

Jen runs into the cornfield, disappearing between stalks.

RICH
Jen!

Rich sprints after her.

Bruce edges back wary, bat limp in his hand.

GINA
Come on! Let's get out of here!

BRUCE
Call the fucking cops! Now!

GINA
My cell's in the car! come on!

He runs into the corn with Gina, fumbling with his phone.

Jen paces through stalks. Rich chases her worried.

Bruce drops his phone and searches for it.

BRUCE
Rich! Call the cops!

Kitty gets out her truck and climbs into the bed. She kicks over a bike so it leans on the fender.

BRUCE

Rich!

GINA

Rich!

Rich chases Jen, oblivious to the calls.

Gina and Bruce scour for the phone. An engine roars. They gawp down the path they've cut into the corn. Kitty's truck racing toward them. They run for their lives.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Kitty stares intense, Gina and Bruce fleeing ahead. She closes in on them and cuts the wheel at the last moment.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Jen stops. Rich catches up. They listen to the truck engine, no idea where it is in relation to them.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Kitty glares, driving blind into a wall of corn.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Rich spins round and round, establishing where the truck is. He leads Jen away from it until-

They stumble out into a wide cutting. Kitty's truck blows by, drawing out a huge circle around them.

INT. KITTY'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Kitty fights the wheel, calm and calculated.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

The truck leans and slithers, clipping the corn, increasing the width of cutting with each loop.

Jen goes to run across the cutting. Rich holds her back.

RICH

No! Wait!

Kitty's growls past. Rich pulls Jen with him.

RICH

Now! Go!

They run for it but Kitty's truck comes back round fast. They have to retreat to find Gina and Bruce waiting.

BRUCE

Where were you?

JEN

We gotta get out of here!

GINA

Call the cops!

Rich takes out his phone. He goes to dial and pauses.

Silence. He sniffs the air and looks to Bruce concerned.

Kitty's truck back on the road. Kitty gets out and crosses to the bed. She braces herself against the tipped over bike. Fuel trickling from a ruptured line.

She shoves it back over and stares darkly into the field.

Rich glances around panicked.

RICH

Come on!

He leads them back into the corn, away from the cutting.

Kitty lights a cigarette off the truck's lighter. She stares into the field coldly, taking long draw and exhaling, her lips quivering.

She grits her teeth and hurls the lighter into the corn.

Gas ignites. A trail surges into the field through the cutting left by the truck, forming a tall roaring circle of fire around Jen, Gina, Bruce, and Rich.

Kitty's truck roars away in a cloud of tire smoke.

Rich protects Jen. Gina clutches Bruce. They cower as an inferno crackles around them.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kitty's truck screeches up the driveway into the garage.

INT. KITTY'S GARAGE - DAY

Kitty jumps out. She works fast and methodical. She pops the hood and jacks the truck up.

She sprays primer over the vandalism.

She removes the dust bag from a hoover and shakes the contents over the truck body.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Kitty pours food and water into bowls as cats swarm her.

She picks them up in turn, hugging them tight, and kissing them upset.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kitty paces away from home, throwing on a hoody, and pulling up the hood.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, CORRIDOR - DAY

Beth struggles down the corridor, trying to carry too much paperwork. Her phone rings. She grapples to retrieve it.

She goes to answer and freezes.

Kitty at her door.

They stare. The phone rings. Beth hangs up.

KITTY

You need to know everythin', right?
Well, I'm all yours.

Beth can't believe it.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beth dumps down paperwork and clears junk from the sofa.

BETH

Sorry about this, I only clean up
when my mom visits.

They sit.

BETH

What do you want to tell me about?

KITTY

I wanna talk about your fear of the woods.

BETH

You want to talk about me?

KITTY

I wanna talk about us.

Beth reflects. Kitty sits edgy.

BETH

Well, years ago, I used to run through the woods each morning before school. I'd pass forrest workers all the time, and we'd say hello, it was nice. But one time there was this group and one of them ran up and grabbed me.

KITTY

Like, assaulted you grabbed you?

BETH

Grabbing is assault. He ran up, grabbed my hips and held on. They all laughed. I was terrified. I got free, carried on running, and hid in the trees crying. And I didn't come out until it was dark. Eight hours, in the freezing cold.

KITTY

When my mom shot my dad, I hid in a closet. I could see through the vents, so I'd know if she was comin' for me.

BETH

You thought she'd kill you?

Kitty nods sure.

KITTY

What did you do? After you got home?

BETH

My parents called the cops. But there was nothing they could do.

KITTY

That make you angry?

BETH

I'd spent eight hours being angry. It made me want to be in law enforcement. But that didn't work out. Did your mom come after you?

KITTY

She was callin' me. I could see her searchin'. And I could hear my dad tryin' to call out for help. What do you mean, things didn't work out?

BETH

Well, things went great, at first, better than great. I got in at the FBI academy, Virginia. You ever heard of the yellow brick road?

Kitty shakes her head.

BETH

It's a six mile assault course through the woods. If you complete it they give you a yellow brick. Did you try to help your dad?

KITTY

There were ten minutes between my mom shootin' my dad and leavin' the house, you know why?

BETH

She was putting on her uniform, I know. We don't have to-

KITTY

-with me watchin'. I could've stopped her, but I didn't. I could've helped her, but I didn't.

BETH

Helped? You sympathized with her?

KITTY

What happened on yellow brick road?

BETH

I froze at mile three. Just like I froze the other day.

KITTY

What does that feel like?

BETH

Like I can feel the weight of the darkness on me. Like the branches are grabbing me. I don't know my left from my right. It's as if my body is trapping me there. Do you really think you could have stopped your mother?

KITTY

No, but if I'd died, I'd been a hero rather than hated. I listened to her leave, and when I heard the shots from the neighbor's houses I knew what she was doin'. And when I heard the last shot I knew what that meant.

BETH

Do you still sympathize with her?

KITTY

She was scared. You just explained how we get when we're scared. You're not a person, you're not in control, you're-

BETH

-a passenger. Is that why you defended her to the press?

Kitty nods.

KITTY

There's still part of me in that closet hidin', you know?

BETH

There's still part of me hiding in the bushes.

KITTY

We can't help what we become part of or how we act, right? At worst it's instinct, at best it's destiny.

They sit in silence.

KITTY

You finish the yellow brick road?

BETH
(amused at self)
They carried me out in tears.

Kitty laughs shocked and bats her with a cushion.

KITTY
Bullshit!

Beth fights back playful.

BETH
They did! And I quit right away. I
was the one thing standing in the
way of myself. How crazy is that?

KITTY
Wow, it's not often I'm the most
normal person in the room.

The laughter turns somber. Kitty sits regretful.

BETH
Hey, Come here.

Beth opens her arms. Kitty melts into her. They cuddle for a few moments and gaze into each other's eyes.

BETH
I need a drink. And you definitely
need a drink.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Beth peruses through wine.

Kitty scans around, checking the place out. She zones in on Beth's paperwork and spots her name.

Beth grabs some glasses and checks her reflection.

She crosses back to find Kitty stood betrayed, protective care consent forms in her hand.

KITTY
I opened up to you. You have any
idea how hard that is for me?

BETH
Kitty, everything I've been doing
has been in your interest, yours.

KITTY
Like tryin' to section me?

BETH
Protective care. So you're safe.
You already live in isolation.

KITTY
I want some privacy, and that makes
me unfit to live in society?

BETH
No, but your behavior does.

Kitty hurries to the door aghast and grabs the handle.

KITTY
My behavior's the result, not the
cause. Did you even listen to a
word I said? You think I'm crazy?

Beth hesitates to answer. Kitty frowns upset.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

OFFICER (O.S.)
Elizabeth Holt? This is the police!

Kitty reels from the door.

Beth goes to open it and see's the guilt in Kitty's eyes.

BETH
What did you do?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Kitty bolts across the room. Beth chases.

BETH
Kitty!

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Kitty scrabbles for the window. Beth grabs at her legs.

BETH
Kitty! Whatever it is, it's going
to be okay!

KITTY
Get off me! Get off me!

THUD! THUD! CRACK! OFFICERS barrel into the bathroom and fight to restrain Kitty.

OFFICER

Kitty Boon, you're under arrest for attempted murder.

Beth reels stunned as the cuffs go on.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kitty and Detective Scott either side of the table. Silence. She struggles to sit comfortable while cuffed.

Chief Miller leans through the door.

CHIEF MILLER

Shit just got complicated.

INT. CHIEF MILLER'S OFFICER - DAY

Miller and Scott study paperwork. Beth paces pensive.

CHIEF MILLER

What does this mean?

BETH

Kitty's a vulnerable adult, so, as her caseworker, I have a right to sit in on any questioning.

CHIEF MILLER

Bullshit. You're sniffing around, sniffing around on behalf of your department.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

This is our show now.

BETH

Yes! That's exactly what it is, a show. Played out in the public eye. And all eyes are on you now. You mess this up without my department's support, all blame comes down on you.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

And all the glory comes our way when we don't.

Beth stands confident.

BETH

Glory? Is that your motivation,
detective?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

Maybe, what's yours? You've got a
relationship with the defendant.
You like to drink wine together,
Pinot fucking Noir.

CHIEF MILLER

Pinot fucking Noir?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

Yeah, and here's the thing, when I
serve a girl Pinot fucking Noir,
I'm doing it because I'm damn sure
she'll be serving up her pussy
later.

CHIEF MILLER

Detective Scott makes a good point,
you after Kitty Boon's pussy, Holt?
Because that's a conflict of
interest.

BETH

All I want is to take this problem,
put it in a little box, and seal up
the lid.

Miller thinks for a few moments.

CHIEF MILLER

Go wait outside, five minutes, try
not to piss anybody else off, we
carry guns here.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Beth exits Miller's office and waits nervous.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Scott and Miller sitting opposite Kitty's Lawyer, Kitty one
side of him, Beth the other.

KITTY

The truck's off the road. Rocker
gasket's gone, been laid up for a
couple 'o days now. Go check.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

We did. It sure looks like that.
Doesn't it look like that, Chief?

CHIEF MILLER

That's how it would appear.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

It was hard to get the stench of
gas out our nostrils though. Made
us feel unsafe, what with the red
hot exhaust manifolds and all.

LAWYER

That's circumstantial, detective.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

You a farmer, Kitty?

KITTY

No.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

You sure? You sure you don't do a
little farming on the side?

KITTY

Nope.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

I could see you as a farmer, you
look like the farm type. She looks
like the farm type, right Chief?

CHIEF MILLER

Plaid shirt, straw hat, lose a few
teeth, she could be a farmer.

LAWYER

Guys, where's this going?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

The underside of that truck looks
like the inside of a god damn
combine! We've got four people,
lucky to be alive, whose stories
match perfectly! Two of which you
had an altercation with just days
ago! We've got a store owner and
his daughter who saw you minutes
from the scene! You got a smart ass
retort for that?

KITTY

I don't look like a farmer.

Scott sighs. Beth can't believe Kitty's attitude.

LAWYER

You've got some kids with smoke in their hair and a vendetta in their heads. My client is a scapegoat here, she-

KITTY

-I was tryin' to scare them, and I did. Nobody died. It was self defense. I knew exactly what I was doin'.

Beth rolls her eyes. Kitty snaps round.

KITTY

I can see the look on your face, you know?

BETH

You're smarter than this. You knew what you were doing? Think about what you're saying.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

Is that where this is going? Temporary insanity?

The Lawyer isn't sure what the hell's going on.

KITTY

(to Beth)

Don't make out you know me, because you don't! Don't make out you got my back, because you don't!

Scott goes to interrupt. Miller holds him back.

BETH

Why am I here then, Kitty? why am I here? For the free vending machine coffee?

KITTY

Because you want them to think I'm crazy and put me in a hospital, and I'm not! I'm just a normal fuckin' person!

BETH

Normal people don't beat people up
in bars! Normal people don't try to
burn people in fields!

KITTY

Normal people have normal lives!
Normal people don't struggle to
hold onto every friend they got!
Normal people don't have everythin'
they do second guessed! Because
normal people get to be normal! But
do I? Normal people go to prison
and I'm going to prison.

BETH

Prison will destroy you.

KITTY

I was destroyed before I stepped
through this door!

Kitty stares hurt. Beth frowns guilty.

KITTY

(to Lawyer)

She can't say I'm insane, right?
Tell me she can't fuckin' do that.

LAWYER

She can. But it can't be imposed.
You can forego the defense. If you
think that's wise.

Kitty firmly gives Beth the finger.

KITTY

I forego your defense,
motherfucker.

CHIEF MILLER

Okay, enough. Kitty Boon, we're
charging you with attempted
homocide. You'll be transferred up
to Rocky Mountain State later this
week. You will not be granted bail.
You will not be granted visitation.
Enjoy your stay.

Kitty nods satisfied.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Beth marches out the building, her phone to her ear. No answer. She hurries to her Mustang pissed off.

Detective Scott storms out the building and tails her.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

Just what the hell was that?
Leading the witness? Who did you
think you were in there, her
defense?

BETH

That girl is not the delinquent she
wants you to think she is. She's
smart, okay? She's funny, she's
caring, she's cultured and-

Beth realizes what she's saying. But it's too late, Scott is already leaving with his suspicions confirmed.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

I knew it! I knew it! Gut feel,
Holt, gut feel!

She tries her phone again. Still no answer. She gets in her Mustang and fires it up angry.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank saunters along the corridor carefree, coffee in hand. Beth bursts through a door looking for him.

BETH

Frank, why aren't you picking up my
calls?

FRANK

I was making coffee, see. Something
you need to talk about?

BETH

Kitty's fighting the police. We
need to support her. She's forgoing
any insanity defense.

FRANK

Then that means we're out. If she
insists she's fine, she's fine. The
evidence supports that view.

BETH

My evidence doesn't.

FRANK

I'm afraid your assessment has been discredited and buried.

BETH

You know! You know what she's doing and you're throwing me under the fucking bus? I gave you exactly what you asked for.

FRANK

You did, I just got it too late. You want people thinking we knew there was an issue before she acted out?

BETH

I don't care, I want what's right for her.

FRANK

Well, what's right for her and what's right for this department don't necessarily align right now.

BETH

Because of public perception?

He nods.

BETH

So the truth, that doesn't factor into the equation here. Our job is just to help reinforce the pre-conceptions that suit everyone?

FRANK

The only pre-conception you need to worry about right now, is one of departmental incompetence.

BETH

THIS is departmental incompetence.

FRANK

Just where does your allegiance lie? Is it with us or her?

BETH

Where does yours lie? With the person who needs our help or the

mob lining up to punish her?

FRANK

Listen, you go up against this department and we won't just discredit your work, we'll discredit you. You think you're some kind of maverick? We'll paint you as a troublemaker. You say we're negligent? We'll make out you're incompetent. You need to know when Kitty's beat, and you need to know when you're beat. You got that?

Beth walks away.

FRANK

Hey! Don't you walk away from me!
Get back here!

She continues walking.

FRANK

Don't make this Virginia all over again, Beth! Another big red mark against your name!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Trees sway in a breeze. Beth sits perched on a bench, trying to get her head straight, the wind white noise.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

You're it!

Beth looks round to see a LITTLE GIRL pointing at a LITTLE BOY within a group of playing infants.

LITTLE BOY

I don't wanna be it!

LITTLE GIRL

I'm not being it!

LITTLE GIRL

Izzy can be it!

They single out Izzy, the shyest of the group.

LITTLE BOY

You're it!

LITTLE GIRL

You're it!

Izzy seems reluctant but they chant and chant until she gives in and curls up into a tight ball.

The kids all wait with trepidation.

Little Izzy leaps up roaring like a monster. She chases them. They flee with genuine wide-eyed peril.

Beth watches the now completely transformed Izzy running rings around them, putting on a terrifying act.

Beth gets up and trudges away glum.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Kitty kicks the metal toilet with relentless aggression. What little she has in her cell lies strewn across it.

WARDEN

(through intercom)

You'll regret it when you need to take a dump in there, Boon.

INT. HOLDING CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An exasperated WARDEN at the intercom outside.

WARDEN

(intercom)

And it won't be me clearing that shit up.

Beth hurries down the corridor, escorted by Officers.

BETH

How long has she been acting up?

Beth stares in. Kitty prowling around enraged.

WARDEN

A couple of days. Chief doesn't want her bounced around too much before court. He thought you could maybe talk her down.

BETH

Fine, open the door.

WARDEN

We advise using the intercom for a situation like this.

BETH

No, open it, I'm going in.

The warden shrugs surprised and unlocks the door.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The door squeaks open. Kitty glowers. Beth enters.

KITTY

No! No! Get her out of here! I don't want her in here!

Beth walks toward Kitty dead serious.

KITTY

I hate you! I fuckin' hate you!

Kitty backs into a corner, turning aggressive.

KITTY

You touch me, I'll scratch your fuckin' eyes out.

Beth stares into Kitty's eyes and keeps approaching.

Beth tries to embrace Kitty. Kitty fights her off.

KITTY

Get off me! Get off me! No! No!

Beth hugs her fearless. Kitty goes limp, breaking down.

BETH

It's not you. I understand.

KITTY

You don't. You keep sayin' you do but you don't.

BETH

I do. You never stood a chance, you never stood a chance once the world turned it's back on you.

KITTY

I'm everythin' they say I am. I always was.

Beth holds Kitty stern and looks into her eyes.

BETH

You are not what anybody thinks
you are, you are not what
everybody says you are, you are
only what you believe you are.

KITTY

I believe I'm changin'. You know
that piece of me that was still
hiding in the closet? It got out,
and it's not scared anymore, it's
angry.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Scott and Miller wait by a side entrance as press crews set
up in the parking lot.

A windowless prisoner transport van pulls up.

INT. HOLDING CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

Boots march. Miller leads a GUARD, flanked by officers.
They open a door. Kitty in an orange jumpsuit.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

The Guard inspects his restraints and checks a mugshot.
Gloved hands search Kitty's hair and mouth.
The Guard feeds the waist chain around her. Cuffs clamp her
wrists tight. The leg-irons go on.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Kitty strides defiant, paraded by press. Flashes strobe.
Paparazzi glare. Journalists report feverish.
Kitty stares into lenses cold and raptorial. She raises her
chained hands and gives them both middle fingers.
The Guard ushers her into the van and slams the doors.
Officers move back. The van pulls away.
The sun descends over Boulder.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The prison van tears up the mountain road, taking switchbacks hard, tires screeching.

INT. PRISON VAN - NIGHT - MOVING

The DRIVER focuses as she cuts the wheel. Kitty slides off the smooth bench and grabs the observation cage.

BANG! The Guard raps her hand.

GUARD
Don't touch the cage!

Tires screech. Kitty slides and bangs into the van body.

GUARD
(to driver)
Hey! Take it easy! I'm the one who has to explain any bruising!

The Driver flicks on the wipers.

DRIVER
I got pressures, man, I got a tight schedule today.

GUARD
You're making me sick and you're damaging the inmate.

DRIVER
What does she look like? A Faberge fuckin' egg? You see a fragile sticker on her? She's going to prison, craphands.

She wrestles the wheel.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The van slews round a bend, the rear end stepping out.

INT. PRISON VAN - NIGHT - MOVING

The Driver paddles at the wheel, correcting the slide.

DRIVER
(to self)
Quick but careful. Quick but

careful.

GUARD

The road's slick, back off!

DRIVER

The inevitable's comin' whether you like it or not. You can live in fear of it, or head right in with a smile on your face.

GUARD

Does it look like there's a smile on my fucking face!

She glances back.

DRIVER

Look, this is only dangerous if you meet yourself coming the other wa-

EIGHTEEN SCREECHING TIRES! A semi fills the windshield.

BANG!

INT. PRISON VAN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Kitty lies sprawled on the floor panting.

The Guard shakes to his senses, blood all over him.

He takes in the scene; The whole van tilted back. The Driver crushed, her blood splattered everywhere. The cage the only thing left intact. No windows to look out of.

He tries his side-door. It won't open. He looks into the prisoner cage to the rear doors.

GUARD

(to Kitty)

You alive?

She nods. He takes out cuffs.

GUARD

Up. Back up to the cage. Easy.

She struggles up and obliges. He cuffs her to his cage by her waist chain.

He moves through wary and tries the rear doors. Nothing.

He shoves them. They give a little. Smoke enters the van.

KITTY

What about me?

GUARD

Fuck you.

He takes a run-up and shoulder barges the doors. BANG. They burst open. A deep ravine below. He slips and falls.

Kitty stares shocked, the ravine seemingly bottomless.

Cracking and snapping. The van tips.

Her fleet slither on the smooth floor. Rocks crumble.

The tips van near vertical. She hangs from the chain writhing desperate for a few moments and stops.

She relaxes and hangs serenely, staring into the abyss.

The chain creaks. Her belt loops tear and fail.

She reaches out and feels the breeze on her hands, a peaceful smile growing across her face.

INT. CHIEF MILLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Beth stares sincere from across Miller's desk.

BETH

In my professional opinion, Kitty Boon is of sound mind. I believe I was wrong. I believe my department made a huge error in judgement.

Miller and Scott wince surprised.

CHIEF MILLER

This some kind of reverse psychology bullshit, Holt?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

You're trying to back out of the responsibility. You know something we don't.

CHIEF MILLER

What do you know, Holt? We thought you DHS guys were onboard for the big win.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

This is obstruction of justice,

you're too close to the defendant.

BETH

No, I'm giving you the truth so justice can be served fairly, with dignity, like it would for any normal person.

CHIEF MILLER

Where does Frank stand on all this, why isn't he here?

Beth doesn't respond.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

He doesn't know you're talking to us, does he? Am I in danger of growing to like you, Holt?

Commotion spreads outside. A MALE OFFICER burst in.

MALE OFFICER

Chief! The run up to Rocky Mountain! There's been an accident!

CHIEF MILLER

What? Well, is it bad?

OFFICER

It's pretty fucking bad, yeah.

BETH

Is she okay? Is Kitty okay?

CHIEF MILLER

You're not involved in the case anymore! Get out so we can deal with this!

BETH

She's a vulnerable adult! I have a right to know?

CHIEF MILLER

You don't! You gave that right up the second you turned on your department!

Holt leaves hasty.

BETH

(to Officer)

Where's the accident?

CHIEF MILLER
(to Male Officer)
Don't you tell her a thing! Get the
fuck out, Holt! Now!

The Male Officer leads Beth out.

A FEMALE OFFICER dashes in out of breath.

FEMALE OFFICER
The eye witnesses are saying
everyone's dead!

Beth's legs turn to jelly. She gazes around dazed.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Beth stands giddy and confused in a world of her own.

Police swarm around her, dealing with the situation.

Everything is surreal to her, the pandemonium just a
background murmur.

She watches Police Cruisers dashing out the lot. She gathers
herself up and runs to the doors.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Beth hurries out determined and jumps in her Mustang. She
fires it up and throws it into gear.

Beth's Mustang tears out the lot and wakes the Cruisers.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Beth grips the wheel tight as the engine howls through
gears, her eyes filled with dread.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, RAVINE - NIGHT

The buckled van on it's side among rocks and trees. Kitty
slowly comes to inside.

She gazes around dizzy. She finds the cuffs holding her to
cage snapped.

She clambers out the van dazed.

GUARD (O.S.)
(groaning)
Hey. Over here.

She crosses toward the voice to find the Guard lying on jagged rocks, his body mangled, barely able to talk.

GUARD
(sincerely)
Kill me. Please. Kill me.

She picks up his broken radio and tries to work it.

GUARD
I can't move my arms or legs.

She searches him, taking his gun and discarding it.

GUARD
I know what you're looking for.

He opens his mouth. The cuff key on his tongue.

She goes to grab it. He snaps it shut.

GUARD
I'll swallow it. I'll swallow it if
you don't fucking do it.

He nods to his gun by her feet.

GUARD
Don't put this on my kids. What use
am I to them like this? When I came
to, the key was right by me.
Glinting. Just close enough to
reach with my teeth. You think
that's a coincidence? This is our
destiny. So do it.

Her eyes well with tears. He strains in agony.

GUARD
I know this isn't going to reflect
too well on you. But when you're
already on a bad path, isn't it
best to just put your head down and
keep on walking?

She picks up the gun.

GUARD
To arm it you need to-

Kitty flicks off the safety and cocks the slide.

GUARD
(surprised)
Okay.

She holds the gun to his head trembling. He winces.

GUARD
Do it! Fucking do it!

She quivers.

GUARD
Please!

She shakes her head. Tears run from his eyes.

GUARD
DO IT!

BANG! The gunshot echoes down the ravine.

Kitty gasps and clutches her head. She howls tormented with regret, her cries as loud as the gun shot.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Police help a wrecker stabilize the crashed semi. Cruisers screech up, followed by Beth's mustang.

Beth leaps out takes in the harrowing scene. Detective Scott marches up to her fuming.

BETH
The van! Where's the van?

DETECTIVE SCOTT
You don't want to be here!

BETH
Where's the van?

She spots Search & Rescue members emerging over the edge and reels stunned. A Fireman crosses over concerned.

FIREMAN (O.S.)
Detective. The crew found the guard dead, shot in the head. And shackles, unlocked.

DETECTIVE SCOTT
They survived this fall?

The Fireman nods. Beth lets out a deep relieved sigh.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

Just who's side you on here, Holt?
Right now it looks like we've got
an inmate on the run, and you seem
far too pleased to learn that.

BETH

That's what you think Kitty Boon
is, an inmate?

DETECTIVE SCOTT

Well, what is she then?

BETH

She's someone we've stripped
everything from and left with
nothing, and now she's turned into
exactly what we've been fearing she
is all this time.

DETECTIVE SCOTT

What?

BETH

A monster.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, STREAM - NIGHT

Kitty paces through woodland fast, following a stream. She
pauses to catch her breath.

She peers up to the road. The top of a TV van.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The TV van pulled over in the dirt. A CAMERA MAN in the
bushes, craftily making a video call.

CAMERA MAN

-no, baby, the reporter's not here
yet. You wanna role play?

GIRLFRIEND

(through video call)
Mmmmmmmmmmm yeah, baby!

He unzips his fly and plays with himself.

CAMERA MAN

You want me to bite you? Yeah?

GIRLFRIEND
 (through video call)
 Yeah! I need you to suck me, baby!

He starts furiously whacking off.

CAMERA MAN
 You want me to fucking turn you,
 don't you! Fucking say it!

GIRLFRIEND
 (through video call)
 Turn me, Edward! Turn me!

He snarls into the lens. She moans.

CAMERA MAN
 You wanna see the lollypop?

GIRLFRIEND
 (through video call)
 Show me that ice cold vampire cock,
 baby, yeah!

He points his phone at his crotch, still beating away.

CRACK. He turns. Kitty stood staring deadpan. She looks down at his junk in his hand. He looks down at a rock in hers. They look back up at each other.

THWACK! His cap falls to the ground.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CRASH SITE - NIGHT

A Police SUV pulls up. Chief Miller leaps out angry and crosses to Detective Scott.

CHIEF MILLER
 Why's this road still open?

SHERIFF
 We're sealing it now, Chief.

CHIEF MILLER
 People! I want everything that
 isn't either part of this operation
 or a fucking mountain lion, off
 this mountain!

He points at TV Vans parked up at the scene.

CHIEF MILLER
 Get the cockroaches civilian side!

Push em in the ravine if you have to! And then, if anybody can find the time after all this bullshit, find me Kitty fucking Boon!

He spots Beth.

CHIEF MILLER

You! You've turned your back on your department and you've disobeyed us! You're on your own now! Get her out of here!

Officers go to escort Beth. She shoves them away defiant.

BETH

Chief Miller! Please! She's alone and she's scared!

DETECTIVE SCOTT

You said to me she's a monster!

BETH

Because she's scared! And she's out of control! But I can reach out to her, just give me chance.

She stares into Miller's eyes sincere. A SHERIFF crosses over with his rifle.

SHERIFF

Chief, looks like we got a cop killer and my boys are gettin' itchy fingers. You declarin' hunting season here or what?

Miller mulls things over. Beth shakes her head pleading.

CHIEF MILLER

Do what you need to do! And get her off my mountain!

Officers drag Beth away writhing.

BETH

No! The more you hound her, the closer you're pushing her to the edge!

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, POLICE LINE - NIGHT

Police tape is unravelled across a roadblock as TV crews set up in front of it.

Officers mill around cars waiting to be searched.

INT. TV VAN - NIGHT - MOVING

Kitty approaches the roadblock pensive, her jumpsuit tied round her waist, wearing the camera man's top and cap.

An Officer points at her. She keeps her face hidden. He waves her round the cars and through the roadblock.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, POLICE LINE - EVENING

Kitty roars past the news crews, heading for town. Reporters stare puzzled.

REPORTER

What does Channel Five know that we don't?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The TV Van races up the dark street and pulls up. Kitty gets out, glances around, and jogs up a driveway.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kitty sweeps by the house. She skulks into the back yard and skips over the fence.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE, YARD - NIGHT

Kitty creeps up to her house and peers down the driveway. A Cruiser parked in the road.

She hunts around making kissing sounds.

KITTY

(calling quiet)
Clara? Max? Millie?

She moves to the backdoor and opens the cat flap.

KITTY

Cookie? Java?

She waits. Nothing. She slumps by the door distraught, clutching her head, nothing left.

Clunk. She glances up. A MALE COP approaching. She looks to

her route in. Lights in the house flick on.

Male Cop's radio squawks. He sweeps his flashlight around.

She crawls round the garage, cowering by a side door. She glances down the driveway. A FEMALE COP by the cruiser.

The flashlight sweeps by Kitty. She studies a panel on the old door and teases it away.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Kitty squeezes through the tiny gap. Her hips wedge. She catches her hair on a motorbike. She tries to pull it out. It tangles.

Footsteps. She rips hair from her scalp and scrapes through the gap. She re-aligns the panel just in time.

The Male Cop tries the door. His footsteps crunch away.

Kitty gets into her truck and sits thinking. She turns angry, straining with madness, fighting for her sanity. She pounds at the dash and wheel until--

CLANG! The hood slams shut. Her eyes bulge.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE, YARD - NIGHT

The Male Cop stops, runs back, and shines his flashlight through the window. Kitty scowls back from her truck.

MALE OFFICER
Hold it right there!

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Kitty fires her truck up, throws it into reverse, and floors it. The tires smoke. The Truck drops from the stands and --

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BANG! Kitty's truck punches through the door and tears down the drive causing the Female Cop to leap out the way.

Kitty's truck crashes into the cruiser, taking out the radiator. Kitty throws it into drive and squeals away.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, POLICE LINE - NIGHT

A helicopter thunders over. Reporters speak to camera, a chaotic mixture of voices. Beth edges toward an OFFICER patrolling the line, trying to listen in on the reports coming through his radio.

OFFICER
Back away please.

Beth reluctantly retreats back into the commotion.

She spots a JOURNALIST in motorcycle leathers, acting suspicious. She notices him pressing an ear piece to his ear in time with the police radios squawking.

Beth has a hunch. She zones in on him, crossing through the TV Crews. He clocks her and skulks away.

She follows him out the crowd. He moves to a bike left in a quiet spot, ready to make a quick get away if needed.

BETH
Hey, wait!

JOURNALIST
You a cop?

BETH
Maybe. You? That why you have the police radio?

JOURNALIST
I don't know what you're talking about.

A police report crackles loudly through his earpiece.

BETH
I'll buy it from you. I'll give you a hundred dollars right now.

JOURNALIST
You a journo too?

BETH
I'm a concerned friend of Kitty's.

JOURNALIST
Concerned friends sit at home by the phone. They don't hang out by the crime scene trying to listen in with stolen radios.

BETH

I'm her caseworker. I'm trying to get to her and help. You can help me do that.

He's intrigued but keeps his poker face.

JOURNALIST

An interview. No detail spared on Kitty. You get ten minutes.

He offers her the radio. She stares at it conflicted.

BETH

Twenty.

JOURNALIST

Fifteen.

She takes it and holds it to her ear hopeful.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, POLICE LINE - LATER

Beth sat by down by the bike still listening with the same hope and intensity. The Journalist crosses over.

JOURNALIST

Time's nearly up.

Beth listens desperate.

FEMALE COP

(through scanner)

Boon sighted on Grinnell! Fleeing south onto Broadway driving blue pickup truck, we cannot pursue!

TV vans disband fast. Beth runs to her Mustang, gets in and sits thinking, watching the convoy tear away.

JOURNALIST

Hey, Mustang Sally. My interview?

Beth fires up the engine and races away in the opposite direction to the TV Vans.

JOURNALIST

What fucking use are you anyway? You're going the wrong way!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The narrow road snaking out of town. Beth's Mustang races by, kicking up leaves.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Beth hits the brakes and skids to a halt. She peers at the rough track she followed Kitty down before.

She floors it and turns up the track. The Mustang grounds out, tires shrieking hopeless.

Beth sighs, shuts off the engine, and stares ahead.

She checks the lights are on high beam and gets out.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

Beth walks up the track to the edge of the light beam.

She psychs herself up and enters the darkness.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Beth finds Kitty's truck in the moonlight, the engine ticking and pinging.

She faces the woods deadly serious and enters.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Beth ducks branches, carefully negotiating the path. An animal howls. She freezes alarmed.

She fights her fears and takes a step. She takes another. Her pace quickens.

EXT. OAK TREE - NIGHT

Beth finds Kitty smoking at the foot of the tree and swigging from her flask. She casually offers it to Beth.

Beth takes it, slumps down beside her, and takes a swig.

BETH

So, they think you shot a guard.

KITTY

I did.

Beth looks at her worried.

KITTY

As a favor.

BETH

Just so you know. The chief has given permission to shoot to kill.

KITTY

I'm really startin' to think that guy doesn't like me.

BETH

Kitty, be serious. Come with me, turn yourself in.

KITTY

That's how this story should end? I hand myself in? Spend the rest of my life in a little box?

BETH

It's still better than being buried in one.

KITTY

So many awesome opportunities, how's a girl to chose?

BETH

You say that like it is a choice.

KITTY

Aint it?

Kitty gets up and goes to leave. Beth grabs her.

BETH

Look, if you can't do it for yourself, then do it for me. I need you to be safe because I care, okay? I care more than you could ever imagine. But I think you're so used to being hated you've forgotten how to be loved.

KITTY

You don't think I see that?

Kitty eases Beth against the tree. Beth lets her.

KITTY

You don't think I know that? You
don't think I feel that?

Kitty raises Beth's arms above her, hands entwined, her face close to hers seductive.

Click.

They stare for a few long moments.

BETH

All I've been doing, from day one,
is trying to protect you.

KITTY

Now let me return the favor.

Kitty strokes Beth's face apologetic and backs away, leaving her handcuffed to a branch.

BETH

Kitty, what are you going to do?

KITTY

It's time to give 'em what they
want.

Kitty leaves. Beth tries to get free.

BETH

Kitty! Kitty! Come back! Please!

Kitty strides through the woods like a warrior, a darkness forming in her cold mean eyes.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Two silhouettes groove in the illuminated full height windows of a luxurious cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Music pounds. Jen and Bruce dance drunk by the fireplace.

Gina and Rich watch horny. Jen shakes her ass. Rich likes that. She wiggles her hips. He's so going to hit that.

Bruce grinds his hips. Gina loves it. He raises his eyebrows. She needs it.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Jen and Bruce pause. They all stare at the door.

RICH
Turn it down.

The music cuts. Rich opens the door. Kitty stood ominous.
They stand shocked. A silence lingers.

KITTY
Why the surprise? Technically you
did invite me, motherfuckers.

Rich doesn't know how to react. Bruce marches over.

BRUCE
Yeah? Well now we're telling you to
go fuck yourself! Bye!

He slams the door in her face.

BRUCE
Are you kidding me? What the fuck?
What the actual fuck?

JEN
Didn't she go to prison? She should
be in prison.

RICH
We should call the cops, right? We
should call the cops?

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

JEN
What's she doing?

GINA
She's fucking lost it. I don't like
this.

RICH
I'm calling the cops.

BRUCE
No! No cops! There a gun here,
Rich?

RICH
Under the bed in my room.

BRUCE
Now, if I go get this gun, is it

going to be a real fucking gun?

RICH
It's a real fucking gun.

BRUCE
What kind of real fucking gun,
Rich?

RICH
A shotgun.

BRUCE
Fuckin'-A.

Bruce marches away. The others stand waiting silent.

KITTY (O.S.)
I know you're in there, you know?

Bruce storms back pumping a shotgun. He aims at the door.
Rich goes to open it.

BRUCE
Wait.

Bruce psychs himself up

BRUCE
Okay. Go.

Rich opens the door. Kitty stood waiting like butter
wouldn't melt in her mouth, completely unfazed.

KITTY
This because I'm late?

BRUCE
Fuck off outta here or I'll shoot
you in the head, got that?

Kitty thinks for a few moments and nods.

KITTY
Yes. Shoot me in the head.

BRUCE
What?

KITTY
I get it. Either I fuck off outta
here, or you shoot me in the head.

Bruce re-aims perturbed.

BRUCE

You want me to fucking shoot you?

KITTY

Well, now I'm startin' to wonder if you get it.

BRUCE

I'll fucking do it.

GINA

He'll fucking do it. Do it Bruce.

KITTY

(To Rich)

You think he'll do it?

Rich nods threatening.

KITTY

I don't think he'll do it.

Kitty waits patiently. Bruce winces, he can't do it.

KITTY

How about this? I went in your workshop and took a look round. Look what I found.

Kitty heaves up an old oily chainsaw.

KITTY

You really should lock this shit up.

She starts to slowly walk in. Bruce edges back.

BRUCE

I hope you said your fucking prayers cos I'm going to pull this fucking trigger, okay?

Kitty peers down the barrel right into his startled eyes.

KITTY

Bruce, we're all gettin' bored here. And this is kinda pathetic.

GINA

Fucking kill her!

JEN

Shoot her, Bruce!

Bruce shakes, eyes wild, trembling all over.

KITTY

Oh, come on!

Kitty pulls out the pistol and aims at his pelvis. BANG!

KITTY

Yeah! I've also got a motherfuckin' nine millimeter!

Bruce screams in agony, writhing on the floor.

The others back away, eyes bulging.

KITTY

Look, I'm sorry, I'm really not good at parties, but at least no-one else went with the orange jumpsuit and chains combo, right?

She grins, waiting to get a laugh. They stand frozen.

Bruce wails tortured.

KITTY

You see, there's a narrative at play here. You see me as a character, a killer, and you see yourself as victims. That means you're not capable of what I'm capable of. Not because your more moral, oh no, you're not anymore fuckin' moral. But because you can't envision how it plays out any other way. This situation we're in, you created it, it's the inevitable ending to a story you've created. The way I see it is, if you get to make out I'm a monster, I get to pop round once in a while and scare the fuckin' shit out of you.

BRUCE

(grunting)

Call a fucking ambulance!

KITTY

No, Bruce, then we wouldn't all get to play my new favorite party game.

JEN

Game? What fucking game?

KITTY

Calm down, you all get to play.

Kitty drags the chainsaw into the middle of the room and takes the shotgun from beside Bruce.

KITTY

I call it, How You Gonna Die!

(beat)

Or, How You Wanna Die! Title to be confirmed. Rules are simple. You created the story, you get to choose how it ends, for each of you. Kinda like truth or dare, except you don't have to live with the embarrassment after. Ooh, who wants to go first? Not me.

Silence.

KITTY

I think it should be ladies first.

Jen and Gina look at each other worried.

KITTY

Sit down, Rich.

RICH

Don't do this, Kitty. Please.

She points the gun at him.

KITTY

Oh, I insist.

He sits on the sofa.

KITTY

So how we doin' this? alphabetical order, age, cup-size, or what?

RING! RING! They all turn to the phone.

KITTY

I'll get that.

Kitty aims. BANG! She blows the receiver out the holder.

Jen spots her chance. She sprints for one of the windows screaming. She jumps and braces herself.

BANG! Jen bounces off the glass and falls to the floor spark out.

Kitty stares bemused.

KITTY

Well that simplifies things. Okay
Gina, here are your options.

Kitty raises the pistol.

KITTY

Option one, the Glock seventeen,
loaded with police issue nine mill
hollow-points. That's the type that
expand upon impact as not to travel
through the body. So we can be rest
assured, while these slugs will
make a mess outta you, these fine
pine walls shall be spared.

Kitty raises the shotgun and checks the spare cartridges.

KITTY

Option two, the twelve gauge
Remington eight-seventy. This
particular example is loaded with
number four buck which, to be
honest, Gina, at this range, I
promise, can only be devastatin'.

Kitty taps the chainsaw with her foot.

KITTY

And option three, the Poulan three-
o-six-A fifty-nine cc heavy duty
chainsaw. Thirteen pounds of all
american steel, direct drivin'
sixteen inches of rusty toothed
chain at sixty five hundred rpm,
all to the sweet scent of two
stroke engine oil.

Kitty takes satisfying draw of air, picturing the smell.

KITTY

Yeah, you see Jen's daddy taught
her how to throw a punch and mine
taught me about guns and chainsaws.
Because THAT'S how we do things in
the lead state. So, what's it gonna
be, Gina?

She taps the chainsaw again, and nods to it encouraging.

BRUCE

Gina, don't! Fight back!

Gina thinks long and hard and stares back defeated.

GINA
The handgun. Just.
(beat)
Make it quick. Please.

RICH
Kitty, don't.

Kitty aims careful. Gina closes her eyes, accepting fate.

BRUCE
No! Gina! No!

Rich clenches his eyes shut.

RICH
Don't!

BANG! Gina's knee explodes. She falls to the floor, screaming. Bruce cries out in despair.

KITTY
The thing is I'm also sadistic,
Gina! That's what you guys think,
right? Well, you gotta factor shit
like that into consideration!

GINA
You fucking psycho bitch!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Kitty pops Gina in the gut.

Gina screams and writhes, blood pooling under her.

KITTY
What part of sadistic don't you
understand?

Kitty turns to Rich. He stares up frozen.

KITTY
Now, Rich, the thing is-

Bruce and Gina's screaming drowns her out.

KITTY
You see, thing is-

Kitty shakes her head frustrated. She crosses to Bruce, and aims the shotgun at his head.

BOOM! Kitty crosses to Gina. BOOM!

She returns to Rich, daintily wiping blood from her face.
She tosses the shotgun down and straddles him.

KITTY

You see, the thing is, Rich. You've always been a fan and I respect that. So I'm gonna veto you through to the next round. You win, champ. But you need to know, I've moved on. Nothin' can happen between us now. Sorry.

He nods. She kisses him tender and rubs his hair.
She looks back to the window and realizes Jen has fled.

KITTY

That bitch however, hater gonna die.

Kitty takes the chainsaw and checks herself in a mirror.

KITTY

I know it's a cliché, but fuck me it's a classic look, aint it?

She fires it up, holds it over her head, and revs the engine hard, screaming crazed. The two stroke engine rasps. Smoke billows across her snarling face.

She runs out. The growling engine fades.

Rich remains frozen on the sofa, panting, eyes bulging.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Jen sprints through the woods, screaming for her life. Kitty paces after her, chainsaw cackling.

EXT. OAK TREE - NIGHT

Beth heaves herself in the tree and strains her body hard. CRACK! She snaps the branch free and falls to the ground.

She leaps up and runs through the woods fearless.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Beth creeps up to the door and peers in wary. Rich still sat frozen on the couch, staring into nowhere. The dead bodies.

The blood. The shotgun.

A blood curdling scream shrieks in the distance.

Beth sprints toward it.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Beth rustles through bushes. A din of crashing water grows louder and louder.

She freezes. A waterfall. Kitty at the foot, poised with the chainsaw. Jen cowering at her feet on the rocks.

Beth moves closer. Police the other side of the stream, headed up by Scott and Miller, all weapons on Kitty.

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT

The chainsaw throbs, teeth inches from Jen. Kitty scans across the officers indomitable.

CHIEF MILLER

This is how it ends, Kitty. You put the chainsaw down. You let her go. We all walk away from this.

KITTY

That's only if you like happy endin's. Me, I prefer a twist. I say, I chop this bitch up, you put me down.

BETH

No!

Everyone turns to Beth. She emerges from the bushes.

CHIEF MILLER

Holt! We've discussed this! This is nothing to do with you!

BETH

But it is! It's everything to do with me! It's everything to do with all of us! What's stood in front of us is our creation. And the person trapped inside, she knows that.

Beth looks into Kitty's eyes.

BETH
See, I'm not hiding in the bushes
crying, Kitty. I've come out.

Beth offers out her hand.

BETH
Take my hand, I can lead you out
too.

Kitty stares at Beth's hand upset, trying to find the
strength to take it.

KITTY
Say you're my friend.

Beth stares into Kitty's eyes, deeply sincere.

BETH
I'm your friend.

Kitty believes her. She loosens her grip of the chainsaw.

KERCHUNK!

RICH (O.S.)
So was I.

Rich exits the bushes, aiming the shotgun at Kitty, seething
with vengeance.

KITTY
Fuck!

BOOM! He blows Kitty off the rocks and into the water. Beth
takes shot to the arm.

BETH
NO!

Beth clutches her arm wincing. She opens her eyes to see
Kitty lying gasping. Beth wades in and pours over her.

She looks back to see Rich stood over them, staring down the
barrel of the shotgun remorseless.

CHIEF MILLER
You! Drop the gun! Now!

He looks at Jen lying startled. He smiles. She smiles.

Beth shakes Kitty as she wanes limp.

BETH

No! Don't you dare! Don't you
fucking dare!

Kitty takes Beth's hand and stares into her eyes elated.

KITTY

I'm not scared.

Kitty releases Beth's hand, slipping away peaceful.

CHIEF MILLER

Put the gun down!

JEN

No! Do it!

Rich stares back unsure, his finger twitching.

JEN

For fuck's sake!

Jen leaps up, grabs the shotgun from Rich, pumps it, and aims for Kitty.

Beth holds Kitty her close, her eyes clenched.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Jen and Rich go down in a hail of gunfire. Shots echo off the mountains.

Beth slowly opens her eyes. Kitty dead in her arms. She cries pained in the streaming water.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Amos soberly lifts the hood of a wrecked car. He wrenches engine bolts. Saws hoses. Snips wires. He hoists the engine from the carcass and pauses.

Beth pulls up in her Mustang and gets out, a bandage on her arm peaking from a under smart jacket sleeve.

AMOS

You should be at the funeral.

BETH

I was. But I needed a dose of reality. You?

AMOS

I find eulogies sycophantic.

She nods laughing, welling up. He opens his arms. She falls into them, purging grief. His prosthetic rubbing her back. Her bandaged arm round his.

Beth spots Kitty's cats emerging from the junk. She wipes her eyes and smiles at Amos thankful.

AMOS

Strays. They have an uncanny way of findin' their way here.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

Beth packs items from her desk into a box, catching disapproving glances from the staff.

Frank exits his office and crosses over cold.

FRANK

There's a missing item.

He hands her a sheet of paper.

BETH

We were never waiting for her to snap, were we? We were just waiting for the world to snap her.

FRANK

It comes back here or it comes out your severance.

He leaves, trying to shirk his guilt.

EXT. KITTY'S HOUSE - DAY

The house vandalized. Beth approaches police tape. Officers let her through.

INT. KITTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beth crouches by the air-conditioning vent and removes it. She retrieves the camera and Kitty's notebook.

She flips out the camera's screen and hits play. Music plays for a few moments.

The footage cuts Kitty sat smiling in her truck outside the roadside store.

KITTY

(in footage)

You know, my mom told me once that she felt she was born with a broken heart. And I used to think maybe life makes some of us monsters and it just can't be helped. But since then, based on my experiences. I think the world broke my mom's heart and turned her into who she became.

Kitty thinks hard for a few moments.

KITTY

(in footage)

But either way it don't matter because here's the thing. I don't care if I'm my mother's daughter or society's manifestation. We need monsters to remind us who we fear becomin'. People may hate me, but they LOVE to hate me. So, if the purpose of my infamy is to serve as a catharsis for others, well I can find solace in that role and comfort in that legacy.

Kitty smiles, accepting that fate.

KITTY

(in footage)

I'm gonna get some ice-cream. And you know what? With that burden on my conscious, I'm gonna get extra syrup, I think I deserve it.

Kitty laughs delighted and switches the camera off.

Beth stares into the blackness of the screen, finding contentment and stroking the camera.

She studies Kitty's notebook, puts it in her pocket and goes to leave.

She pauses to admire the painting and smiles to herself.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Beth drives somber. The radio playing.

PRESENTER

(through radio)

-mudslinging over the Rocky Mountain Massacre continues from both the Police Department and the Department of Human Services. All fingers now pointing toward Elizabeth Holt, the caseworker currently under investigation for gross negligence. But we want to hear your opinion on the matter-

Beth turns it off.

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Beth walks up to the foot of the tree. She opens Kitty's notebook and stares up into the branches.

She tears out page after page, letting the wind carry them into the shadows of the forrest. Poems flutter and dance between the maze of trunks, spiraling up into the lofty heights of the redwoods and finding new hiding places in the shadows of the bushes.

INT. BETH'S MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Beth shuts her door, fires up the engine, and pulls away.

She selects a song, puts down her window, and sits back smiling, feeling the air rushing over her hand.

THE END