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Clear Waters

Joseph Mueller

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Clear Waters

by

Joseph Mueller

A thesis presented to the

Faculty of the Department of
Writing for the Screen
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts in Writing for the Screen

April 30, 2024

FINAL THESIS
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Joseph Mueller

Thesis Logline: While investigating the gruesome death of a marine biologist, a by-the-book biracial detective and a jaded Tribal officer uncover a conspiracy surrounding a sea cucumber poaching ring on the reservation. Inspired by actual events.

Clear Waters

Title

A screenplay written and produced and presented to the faculty
of the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &

Television at Loyola Marymount University of

Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Joseph Mueller

Student Name

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Joseph Mueller

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4/24/2024

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CLEAR WATERS

Written by

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Inspired by actual events

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FADE IN:

EXT. SALISH SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

Cold. Dense. Turbid. We can barely see 4 feet ahead of us. All sound is MUTED.

We travel through the water, passing the odd sprig of seaweed and aimlessly drifting fish, until we reach...

The rocky ocean floor. A mottled, brownish-red slug-like creature grazes on microscopic detritus dusting the seafloor. This is *Apostichopus californicus*: a SEA CUCUMBER.

Suddenly, a HAND snatches the creature.

A DIVER places the writhing sea cucumber in a mesh bag, filled with others just like it. A GIANT UMBILICAL HOSE connects to his helmet, pumping down compressed air from the surface. We'll come to know this man as PETER.

Peter closes up the bag and looks to a second DIVER with a similar container. The Diver gives a THUMBS-UP signal toward the surface, and Peter responds with an "OK" signal.

Both pull themselves upwards by their umbilicals. As they ascend, the other Diver presses an EXHAUST VALVE on his suit's shoulder. A stream of bubbles spews out as air releases, ensuring the Diver maintains a steady ascent.

Peter presses his own exhaust valve.

That's odd. Nothing's happening. Peter presses it again.

His diving suit won't deflate. In fact, the trapped air expands with the decreased water pressure, causing the suit to puff up more. **Peter rises faster than the other Diver.**

Peter desperately pulls at his neck seal to release the expanding gas, but he can't get a grip on it. He's rising exponentially faster now.

The other Diver helplessly watches Peter's runaway ascent. Peter drops his bag and flails around in the water, shooting up to the surface. Closer and closer until...

EXT. SALISH SEA - SURFACE - DAY

An EXPLOSION of sound as Peter pops out of the water. Gulls SQUAWKING. Peter SPLASHING and YELLING.

He's right next to a commercial fishing vessel. Rough hands reach down to pull him up.

EXT. PETER'S BOAT - DAY

Peter is dragged onto the metal deck by two Native American men. WAYNE HOLT (18, Coast Salish, overweight) and SILAS MOORE (50, Sioux, muscular) try to pull off his helmet and weight harness, but they're too heavy. It doesn't help that Peter's suit is blown up like a balloon.

SILAS

(to Wayne)

I got him! Stay on the compressor!

Wayne runs over to an air compressor and slowly retracts the other Diver's umbilical, nervously watching as Peter violently thrashes. Silas finally manages to remove his helmet, and we can see Peter is Native too.

PETER

Fuck, it hurts! Get it off!

SILAS (CONT'D)

Easy, Peter, you're okay.

Suddenly, Peter goes limp. He lies still.

WAYNE

Shit!

Wayne pulls out his phone with his free hand and dials three numbers.

SILAS

What are you doing?

WAYNE

Calling 911!

SILAS

Hang up. Now.

Wayne stares in shock, but does as he's told. Silas rummages around in a nearby emergency kit. He grabs a pair of SHEARS.

Silas brings them to Peter and cuts into his suit. The first incision causes a PFFT as pressurized air bursts from the hole. Silas keeps cutting until Peter's chest is fully accessible.

Carefully holding Peter's head, Silas slips him out of his equipment and lies him flat on the deck. Silas places his hands on Peter's sternum and performs CPR.

The second Diver climbs aboard and drops his bag. NOAH RICHARDS (35, Coast Salish, gaunt) strips off his gear.

NOAH
Jesus Christ. Is he bent?

SILAS
(to Wayne)
Get us back to shore!

Wayne runs to the helm and starts the boat's engine. Silas closes Peter's nose and performs two rescue breaths. But when he rises again, bloody foam seeps out of Peter's mouth.

SILAS (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Silas feels Peter's pulse. His face darkens, and he returns to chest compressions.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR - DAY

SUPER: MONDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 2016

Rain PATTERS against the windshield.

A woman clenches her hand into a fist. The knuckles turn white.

LEE BECKER (42, half-white/half-Chinese) sits in the driver's seat, staring out the window with cold eyes. She's lean, her hair cropped short. Wears a tailored blazer and slacks.

In Lee's other hand is a cellphone. Her voice is soft, but there's a frustration behind it.

LEE
No, Dad. The remote isn't an emergency.

JACOB (V.O.)
But I can't get it to work!

Lee releases the grip on her fist, and droplets of blood ooze from nail indents in her palm.

LEE
Press menu. When the recordings pop up, pick the one you want with the arrows, then press play.

JACOB (V.O.)
Hold on, which is the first button?

KNOCK-KNOCK. A uniformed beat cop, KENNEDY (40, white), stands outside the driver's side window with a wry grin.

LEE

I have to go to work. We'll talk later.

She hangs up the phone.

EXT. DOCKS PARKING LOT - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

Lee SLAMS the door shut on her unmarked police vehicle and pops open an UMBRELLA. Gray skies and pouring rain. Typical for the Pacific Northwest.

KENNEDY

Mornin', Lee. Or do I have to call you Detective Becker now?

Kennedy escorts Lee across the parking lot. It's empty except for a police patrol car and a Callahan County Medical Examiner's van.

LEE

Have I ever used your first name, Officer Kennedy?

KENNEDY

Jesus. All work and no play. C'mon, let's go pop your cherry.

Lee ignores the barb as she ducks under a police tape barricade. They arrive at an entrance gate with the door propped open. Lee clocks a KEYPAD above the handle before she slips through.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

A relic from the 1980s. Sheet metal and ruined machines rest against the building's rusted walls.

Kennedy brings Lee to the corner of the warehouse.

KENNEDY

Body's just behind there. Holler if you need me.

He turns and saunters back to the gate.

A moment of privacy. Lee takes a second to collect herself. One deep breath, then she rounds the corner to see--

A MEDICAL EXAMINER (white) standing beneath a tent. At his feet is a soaking-wet CORPSE on a tarp. The dead White Woman lies face-up in a drenched winter jacket. She's stout, pale, with an ANCHOR chained to her feet. Part of her cheek has been torn away, revealing her teeth.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Looks like the anchor was taken from outside the warehouse. Any trace materials on the body would have come off in the ocean.

The Medical Examiner points just off the dock. Lee leans over the edge to see the water roughly eight feet below. Quite a drop.

Lee slowly steps under the tent. She stares down at the body with a melancholy expression. Lost in thought.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

Detective?

LEE

Sorry. Any ID?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Nope. No wallet or phone. Good news is the cold water temp preserved her body for the most part. Fingerprints are intact. Marine life would account for the cheek and a few other bite marks. I'd say she's been dead about 72 hours, but I'll know more once I cut her open.

As he talks, Lee sets down her umbrella and slips on latex gloves. She kneels, then lifts the body to peer underneath. On the back of her head is a concave gash.

LEE

There's an injury at the base of the skull.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yeah. Given the shape and angle, she likely hit her head on the dock as the anchor went down.

Lee moves over to the body's legs. She lifts up the chain and pulls up the pant leg. Examines the skin.

LEE

No sign of a struggle with the chain.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

She might have been unconscious when she went in. Then again, it's possible this was a suicide.

LEE

There are easier ways to kill yourself.

Lee pulls out a LEATHER-BOUND NOTEBOOK and FOUNTAIN PEN from her blazer. She jots down some notes.

LEE (CONT'D)

Okay. Send me the fingerprints and autopsy report as soon as you can.

Lee takes off her gloves, picks up her umbrella and turns around to see an older man, ERNIE (61), fast approaching.

ERNIE

(overly friendly)

Excuse me, Detective? I'm Ernie Harris, the night watchman. I made the 911 call. Just wanted to let you know I'm happy to help out however I can.

LEE

Mhm. Why so long to find the body?

Her bluntness throws him off.

ERNIE

Well, it was the weekend. Docks are closed those days. I come by Monday through Friday to check up on the place. Not too much of value around here, ever since the chinks decided to ship over to the Port of Seattle instead of Highliner Cove.

Lee winces at the slur, but lets Ernie finish.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

One of 'em actually bought the warehouse last year. Works for Boundless Catch. Decent enough guy, let me keep my job even though I'm just guarding fish now. I only happened to see the dead gal 'cause I took my smoke break at low tide.

Lee points over to the entrance gate.

LEE

When did you last change the door code?

ERNIE

Uh, two weeks ago.

LEE

Who has access to it?

ERNIE

Fishermen, ship crew, and a couple dock hands. But they usually share it with friends and family. Y'know how it is.

LEE

Are there any security cameras on the property?

ERNIE

Uh, no.

LEE

Why not?

ERNIE

Well... because usually I'm here.

LEE

So you found the body three days late, can't track who's been coming and going, and have no record of what happened the night of that woman's death?

ERNIE

(disappointed)

I guess you could say that.

Lee gives him a withering glare, then makes a quick note in her journal.

LEE

Keep up the good work, Ernie.

She walks away, leaving Ernie behind with a sad frown.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rough fingers grasp a copy of *NEEDFUL THINGS* by Stephen King. The knuckles have been split open and healed many times over. These hands are used to meting out punishment.

ROSE THOMPSON (38, Coast Salish) sits in the driver's seat as she reads the book. Her long hair is tied back in a pony tail, and dark bags are under her eyes. She's clad in jeans and a puffy rain coat, which belies her tall, strong build.

THUNK. Something at the back of the car. Rose glances in the rearview mirror, where a CRUCIFIX hangs. Behind her is a prisoner transport grate. The back seat is empty.

THUNK. There it is again. Rose casually checks the time on her phone, sets down her book, and exits the vehicle.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CEDAR BAY - DAY

Evergreen trees block the worst of the rain. A wide river runs through the woods. Rose's unmarked car is parked on a muddy shoulder just to the side of the road. She saunters over to the rear of her vehicle and pops open the trunk.

A GAGGED MAN (Coast Salish) lies tied up inside. His hands are cuffed behind his back and his feet are bound together. He looks up at Rose in abject horror and WHIMPERS.

Rose grabs the Gagged Man by his collar and pulls him out of the trunk. She drags him through the mud over to the edge of the river, then props him up on his knees to face the water.

Rose looms behind the Gagged Man. His eyes are wide with panic, trying to look behind but daring not to turn his head.

ROSE

I know what you were thinking. You saw me roll up to collect you, figured you'd go through Tribal court. Pay the fine and spend a few months, tops, in jail. You'd probably get to keep custody, and that would be the end of that.

Rose unzips her jacket, revealing a BADGE... and a HOLSTER.

ROSE (CONT'D)

But here's the thing: this is my third time hauling you in, and that got me thinking. Family's important. Sometimes, a parent is all a kid has in this world. And when a father betrays that trust... hurts a child... Can you imagine what that terror must feel like?

She draws her GUN, a standard-issue 9mm pistol, and places the barrel against the back of Gagged Man's skull. He GROANS and squeezes his eyes shut.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I bet it's something like this.

Rose waits a moment, then moves the gun ever so slightly to be parallel with the Gagged Man's ear.

BLAM! The Gagged Man jumps and the bullet hits the river with a SPLASH.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Would you look at that? I missed.

A wet stain spreads on the front of the Gagged Man's pants. Blood seeps from a ruptured eardrum. Rose leans down and HISSES in his good ear.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Don't ever touch your daughter again. Otherwise, I might have a better aim.

The Gagged Man frantically nods.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Good. You might wanna get that ear checked out.

Rose unlocks the cuffs and hooks them to her belt before returning to her car. She starts the engine and drives off, leaving the Gagged Man alone in the mud.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Lee drives with rigid posture through the town's streets. The rain keeps on falling.

EXT. HCPD - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

A slick, modern administrative building. Brass letters above the entrance read "HIGHLINER COVE POLICE DEPARTMENT".

Lee's car pulls into the HCPD parking lot.

INT. HCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Three plainclothes DETECTIVES (all white) are at their desks. Lee sits at her own station: clean and organized, no personal effects. She scowls at her computer screen, tightly clutching a pencil as her phone BUZZES in her pocket.

Finally, Lee checks her phone. A call from "DAD". She declines it and turns on silent mode.

Lee grips the pencil. Clenches and unclenches her fist, then--

SNAP! The pencil breaks in half.

LIEUTENANT GOMEZ (51, Latino), a decent man worn down by compromise, strides over to Lee. She rises to her feet.

LEE
Lieutenant Gomez.

LT. GOMEZ
Sit, sit.

He notices the broken pencil. Her scowl.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Hey. You alright?

LEE
It's nothing.

Gomez gives her a look. Doesn't seem like nothing.

Lee remains firm. Gomez SIGHS.

LT. GOMEZ
Fine. What have you got for me?

Lee takes a breath. All business. She turns her computer monitor to face Gomez, which shows a MUGSHOT of the Victim: TERRI SULLIVAN (59). She doesn't look much better in life than she did in death. Messy hair, puffy eyes and nose.

LEE
Fingerprints ID'd the deceased as Terri Sullivan. Vehicle registration shows a teal Honda Civic, which wasn't at the scene. She got a DUI two years ago. Divorced three months ago. Her ex-husband still lives in town, I'm heading to his place now.

LT. GOMEZ

Okay. Keep me posted on what he says.

Lee nods, stands, and marches off to the exit. Gomez approaches another Detective.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

A modest apartment complex. Lee approaches a unit on the ground floor and KNOCKS.

ISAAC GOODING (55, Black) cautiously opens the door. He's handsome, but his sunken eyes reveal a man accustomed to grief and failure.

Lee flashes her badge.

LEE

Isaac Gooding?

ISAAC

Yes?

LEE

Good afternoon. I'm Detective Lee Becker with the HCPD.

ISAAC

What's this about?

LEE

Do you mind if we talk inside?

Isaac instinctively moves to block the door. Lee stands perfectly still.

ISAAC

I'd rather not.

LEE

(genuinely)

Mr. Gooding, I think it would be better if you were sitting down. I have some very bad news.

Isaac's eyes go wide.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cozy if we're being nice. Cramped if we're not.

Isaac sits on one end of the kitchenette table, eyes red and puffy from crying. Used tissues are wadded up beside him, but he seems more composed now.

ISAAC

No. Sorry. I don't know. She might have gotten the dock code through someone at work.

Lee sits at the other end of the table.

LEE

Terri was a marine biologist, correct?

ISAAC

Yeah, a fisheries manager out on the reservation. Most of the science went over my head. It sounded like she had a lot of bureaucratic BS to deal with. She'd complain about it all the time at home.

LEE

Alright. If you're okay with it, I'd like to learn a bit more about your relationship with her.

Isaac tenses up.

ISAAC

Why?

LEE

I'm just trying to understand how she was doing emotionally, mentally. You probably knew her better than most.

ISAAC

Ummmm... Yeah, sure. What do you want to know?

LEE

Why did you two separate?

Isaac looks down.

ISAAC

People grow apart. We weren't a good fit for each other. And she didn't deal with her problems in a healthy way.

Lee furrows her brow.

LEE

Isaac, any information you can give me will help with this investigation. The little details add up.

Isaac fidgets with the tablecloth.

LEE (CONT'D)

(softer)

Hey, I know what it's like to live with an alcoholic.

(beat)

Was she ever violent?

Isaac shakes his head. He sucks in a breath, then:

ISAAC

She shouted a lot, but that was it. She was depressed. The drinking didn't help. She just made me feel worthless. Terri was constantly miserable and dragged me down, too. I tried to support her, but she refused to see the good in life. She just switched between sad and angry. All the time.

LEE

Did Terri ever talk about taking her own life?

Isaac frowns. Looks out the window.

ISAAC

She never said it out loud, but...

Lee jots down a couple notes.

LEE

Do you still have a set of keys to her house?

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lee marches toward her car. She's speaking into her phone.

LEE

Yeah. Her ex said she was really unhappy. But there's still--

LT. GOMEZ (V.O.)
Hm. I'd buy her pulling the plug.

Lee slows her pace.

LEE
Just like that?

LT. GOMEZ (V.O.)
Suicide's clean, and we have twenty
other open cases.

LEE
If she was going to commit suicide,
why wasn't her car in the parking
lot?

LT. GOMEZ (V.O.)
I dunno, maybe she took an Uber.

Lee narrows her eyes as she arrives at her vehicle and opens
the door.

INT. HIGHLINER COVE COURTHOUSE - DAY

Lee hunches over a desk in front of a JUDGE. She signs her
name on an AFFIDAVIT FOR A SEARCH WARRANT.

EXT. TERRI'S HOUSE - DAY

Lee takes in the view. A small, craftsman-style house.
Gutters overflowing. Lawn unkempt. Windows covered with
pollen. **And an empty driveway.**

She pulls out her journal and makes a note: "NO CAR AT HOME".

Lee snaps on latex gloves as she approaches the door. She
pulls out a key, undoes the lock, and slowly pushes open the
door with a CREAK.

INT. TERRI'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Work boots rest by the door and rain coats lie on a bench.
Lee switches on the lights, illuminating a long hallway. She
walks further inside and closes the door behind her.

KITCHEN

The lights flicker on. Lee peers around. An empty bottle of Jack Daniels sits next to a half-eaten cherry pie on the counter. Some flies BUZZ around them.

She checks under the sink. The recycling bin is filled with crumpled beer cans.

Lee opens the refrigerator. It's mostly take-out boxes, except for a LARGE PAPER BAG from a grocery store. She checks the RECEIPT stapled to the side: the date says "10/06/16".

LIVING ROOM

Lee creeps into the room and turns on the light.

It looks like a printer exploded in here. The floor, couch, and every other surface is strewn with HUNDREDS OF PAPERS AND FILES. The only semblance of organization is a CORKBOARD on the wall, tacked full of papers.

Careful of the placement of her feet, Lee steps closer toward the corkboard. The attached papers are all official-looking documents: reports, charts, forms, each one circled and underlined in red ink.

Every document has a header logo of a salmon above the letters "CBFD".

Lee frowns and pulls out her notebook. She FOCUSES on the salmon logo.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CEDAR BAY - NIGHT

A painting of a salmon in the traditional Coast Salish style. It hangs on the wall next to several horror movie posters.

A plump and kind woman, STACY (44, Coast Salish), sits at the table. She's hard at work writing slogans on a large stack of CARDSTOCK PAPER.

The front door SLAMS shut. Rose shuffles in with two fast food bags and lets her hair out of her pony tail.

STACY

Hey, Babe. How was work?

ROSE

Same shit, different day.

Rose places the bags down on the table. Looks over at Stacy's poster. It reads "END DOMESTIC VIOLENCE IN CEDAR BAY".

ROSE (CONT'D)

This looks great, Stacy.

Stacy smiles. Rose leans over and kisses her cheek, then unpacks their food. Burgers, fries, and shakes.

STACY

What are you up for tonight?

Rose purses her lips, thinking.

ROSE

Well, we gotta wrap up the Carpenter classics. You still haven't seen *The Thing*?

STACY

No.

ROSE

Oh-ho-ho, you are in for a treat.

STACY

Is this gonna give me nightmares?

ROSE

Maybe. I hope so. You made me sit through that stupid Marie Antoinette movie.

STACY

(playfully)

You can be a real asshole, you know that?

Rose grabs a remote and turns on the TV. She takes a seat at the table, then snuggles next to Stacy.

LATER

Dinner's finished. Stacy and Rose have moved to the couch. *John Carpenter's The Thing* plays on the TV. The screen currently shows Clark leading a sled dog to the kennels.

Suddenly, Rose's phone RINGS, causing Stacy to jump. Rose glowers and reaches into her pocket.

ROSE

Goddamn it, really?

She checks the caller ID.

STACY

Want me to pause it?

ROSE

Nah. I'll be quick.

Rose stands and answers the phone, ducking out of the room.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

Stacy sits in silence. The light from the TV set flashes across her face. She nervously chews her lower lip.

After a minute, Rose walks back to the couch and sits down. She looks pissed.

STACY

What's the matter?

ROSE

Work stuff. Gotta help with an investigation tomorrow.

Stacy waits for something more. It doesn't come. She frowns and focuses on the TV. Rose picks up on her irritation.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hey. Right now, I'm all yours.

On screen, the sled dog's head splits apart to reveal an alien monstrosity. Body horror at its finest.

STACY

Jesus fuck!

Rose LAUGHS.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - HIGHLINER COVE - NIGHT

Lee unlocks the door and steps inside with a morose expression on her face. *Just Like Your Tenderness* by Tsai Chin can be heard faintly playing.

She takes off her shoes, then walks further into the house. The walls are bare and furniture modest. It feels lonely; a far cry from Rose's home.

KITCHEN

The song is louder here. An old man is hunched over the kitchen counter. JACOB BECKER (73, white) carefully slices garlic with shaking hands.

Lee walks into the kitchen and immediately clocks an open refrigerator door. She shuts it, revealing A DOZEN STICKY-NOTE REMINDERS stuck to the surface.

Jacob turns toward the noise. He smiles at Lee and puts down the knife.

JACOB

You're home! Come dance with me.

LEE

You have to keep the door...

But Jacob grabs her right hand with his left, places his free palm on her back, and starts to sway. Lee smiles and lets Jacob guide her.

The Two dance, lost in the music. It's a sweet moment.

JACOB

You look beautiful, Wei.

Lee's smile drops.

LEE

No, Dad. It's Lee. Your daughter.

A flash of confusion on Jacob's face, soon replaced with sorrow. He lets go of Lee and returns to his garlic cutting.

LEE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be using the sharp knives.

JACOB

It's fine, I got it.

She takes the blade from his hand.

LEE

I'll finish this. You go wash up.

Lee resumes chopping duties with precise motions.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A record player sits at rest. Beside it is an OLD FAMILY PHOTO, showing YOUNGER JACOB (39), YOUNGER LEE (8) and her mother WEI (34, Chinese) at the beach. Lee and Wei smile, but Jacob's face is cold.

At the table, Lee and Jacob eat their simple homemade meal of penne pasta. Lee's now out of her suit, wearing a plain t-shirt and sweats, yet her tense posture remains.

JACOB

Why did you hang up on me?

LEE

(brushing it off)

I can show you how to use the remote after dinner.

JACOB

I called you a hundred times. Why didn't you answer the phone?

LEE

We've been over this. You can't bother me when I'm at work unless it's an emergency.

Jacob SLAMS his hand on the table.

JACOB

Jesus, stop telling me what I can and can't do! I'm not an idiot!

Lee shuts her eyes. Trying not to react.

A tense moment of silence. And as if their conversation didn't just happen:

JACOB (CONT'D)

(calmer)

I wanted to watch my shows this morning. I couldn't get the TV to turn on.

Lee opens her eyes.

LEE

It's alright. I'll fix it in a minute.

They resume eating.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Lee lies under the covers and stares up at the ceiling. Her expression clouded with anger.

She grits her teeth and climbs out of bed. Grabs a hoodie and slips it on.

HALLWAY

Lee carefully shuts the door to her room. She turns to see Jacob pattering around the hall and checking the closet.

LEE

Dad, go back to bed.

Jacob looks to her. Lee's face is firm. No arguing with her. He slowly shuffles back into his own room.

EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Sneakers POUND against the pavement.

Rapid breaths, IN and OUT.

Lee sprints through the neighborhood streets. Her face twisted in pain and rage.

She soon takes a break by a streetlight, PANTING. But the rage hasn't gone away. She pulls out her phone and checks a STOPWATCH. 9 minutes and 38 seconds.

Lee resets the stopwatch, pushes herself off the post, and runs even faster.

INT. HCPD - LT. GOMEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: TUESDAY

Gomez sits at his desk, looking over Lee's case file on his computer. He scrolls through CRIME SCENE PHOTOS and a copy of TERRI'S AUTOPSY REPORT. Lee stands with her arms crossed.

LEE

Autopsy confirms C.O.D. as drowning, but an injection site was found on the upper left arm. It'll take a few weeks for the toxicology report to come back, but it's safe to assume she was given a sedative.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

I'm inclined to believe this was a homicide.

LT. GOMEZ

And you think it had something to do with her job?

Lee nods.

LEE

If her car wasn't at the scene, and it wasn't at home, it might be at work.

He closes the file on his computer.

LT. GOMEZ

I heard back from the Cedar Bay Police Department. They approved your request to continue your investigation on the Rez, but you'll be assigned a local handler to make sure you respect Tribal sovereignty.

Lee makes for the exit.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Hold on a second.

She pauses. Turns back to Gomez.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Lee, this is a sensitive issue with delicate optics. If you're gonna deliver, you gotta do this by the book. Understood?

LEE

Yes, sir.

LT. GOMEZ

Good. Between you and me, you're the only one I'd trust with a situation like this.

A flicker of a smile crosses Lee's face.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Lee stares straight ahead, hands at 10-and-2 on the wheels.

EXT. HIGHLINER COVE STREETS - DAY

Horns BLARE. Men SHOUT. Neon signs advertise pawn shops and record stores as Lee drives through a small town desperate to be a big city.

EXT. COAST ROAD - DAY

The town's gone now. Just the wide open sea. The morning sun bathes the sky in a warm orange, reflected in the ocean surface below. A lone boat is the first vessel out today.

Lee speeds along the water's edge. A large traffic sign reads "CEDAR BAY INDIAN RESERVATION: 10 MILES".

EXT. CEDAR BAY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Lee's car traverses a dense forest, passing the odd house here and there. Some domiciles look welcoming and well-maintained. Most don't.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Lee spares a glance out the side window. One of Stacy's homemade signs is taped to a tree. It reads "IF YOU LOVE THEM, DON'T HURT THEM".

Lee frowns.

EXT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

An old brick structure. Smaller than HCPD, but it's built like a fortress.

Lee pulls into the mostly-empty parking lot. Rose's car is parked right next to the front door.

INT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - ENTRANCE - DAY

Lee enters the building with her case file in-hand. An ADMINISTRATOR (Coast Salish) sits at the desk behind a glass enclosure and frantically talks on the phone.

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't know, shouldn't insurance cover it? I thought repairs weren't usually out of pocket.

Lee cautiously approaches the window.

LEE

Excuse me, I'm looking for--

The Administrator points to the right without acknowledging Lee's presence. Lee follows the woman's finger with her eyes. Double doors to a room are propped open.

MEETING ROOM

Lee steps through the threshold. Rose sits at the far end of a round table, sipping from a thermos as she reads something on a LAPTOP. Her feet rest up on a chair.

ROSE

Ah, the off-white savior has arrived.

Lee's taken aback.

LEE

I'm sorry?

ROSE

A joke. You must be the big city dick come to sniff around our home. I'm Detective Rose Thompson.

LEE

Yes. Lee Becker. I'm assuming you got the case file?

Rose points to her laptop. She continues to peruse the document as Lee takes a seat.

Lee gazes about the area. A MAP of the Rez is framed on the wall, as well as an American flag and several PHOTOS of smiling uniformed officers.

Rose scrolls through the file. It's painfully quiet.

Lee glances back to the door.

LEE (CONT'D)

Not many people in the office today?

Rose doesn't even look up.

ROSE

(bitter)

Nope. They're out doing their jobs.

Lee clenches her fists. Sucks in some air, then...

LEE

Is there a problem?

Rose closes the laptop and gives her a cold look.

ROSE

Frankly, Detective Becker, this is a waste of my fucking time. We're understaffed and overworked. I have a million things I should be doing, and babysitting you isn't one of them.

Lee sits silently, thinking of a tactful response.

LEE

Be that as it may, Detective Thompson, a woman who worked in Cedar Bay has been killed. I want to know why.

ROSE

(losing her cool)

Yeah? How many murdered Salish women has Highliner Cove helped us with? But now one white lady shows up dead, and we gotta roll out the red carpet?

LEE

I can't speak for the rest of my department.

ROSE

Mmm-hmm. That's convenient. What do you bet the big bad Indians are gonna be blamed for this?

LEE

Look, I'm here to do my job, and I don't need your help for that. But your Chief of Police asked that I be accompanied by someone from your jurisdiction. Or would you rather I start wandering Cedar Bay without you?

The Women stare at each other. A tense standoff.

Rose SIGHS and gets up from her chair.

ROSE

Where to?

LEE
Terri's office at the Cedar Bay
Fisheries Department.

EXT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rose opens the door for Lee, who walks in the direction of her own vehicle.

ROSE
Nuh-uh. We'll take mine.

Lee pauses, SIGHS, and turns back toward Rose's car.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Lee rides shotgun as Rose drives through the woods.

ROSE
Let's be clear: Cedar Bay and Highliner Cove don't have a mutual aid agreement, so you don't have much authority on the Rez. You can't make an arrest, but you can detain a hostile individual for Tribal police to arrest. Any warrants need to be filed through your court, then they have to be approved by our court before you can move on them with a Cedar Bay officer present. Clear?

LEE
Crystal.

ROSE
Good. I'm yours until 6:00 pm. After that, I go home. I am unavailable. You do not call me, you do not text me, I am a ghost. So no midnight breakthroughs in the case. Understood?

Lee scowls, but nods. Not worth fighting over this.

EXT. TRIBAL CENTER - DAY

Rose pulls into a full parking lot. The building is massive, four stories tall and easily matching the height of the trees that surround it.

The Detectives exit Rose's car. Lee starts perusing the nearby parked vehicles and Rose follows after her.

Almost every space is filled. It's a mix of worn-and-beat-up trucks and cheap-but-reliable SUVs. Lee remains focused as she scans the cars. Rose's disinterest is palpable.

The Detectives walk to another row, which curves to the other side of the Tribal center.

ROSE

Did it occur to you that maybe,
just maybe, Terri might have gotten
piss-drunk at some bar and
forgotten to...

They move to the next row and Lee halts in her tracks.

At the back of the parking lot, far from the main building, is a TEAL HONDA CIVIC. It's dirty and has a dented bumper.

Lee picks up the pace, and Rose trails behind in confusion. Lee checks the license plate. She pulls out her notebook and flips through the pages.

LEE

That's it.

ROSE

What?

LEE

That's Terri's car.

Rose approaches the vehicle, peering through the driver's side window. Lee takes in the surroundings.

ROSE

No sign of forced entry.

LEE

Okay. It's Friday night. Terri gets off work, like always. But the car's still here, so someone else drove her to the docks. She didn't put up a fight when tied to the anchor, so she was probably drugged. That would make transporting her easier, too.

Lee points from the Tribal Center to the car.

LEE (CONT'D)

She goes to her car, where the attacker is waiting for her. She's injected with something, abducted, then brought to Highliner Cove and killed. I think we got a murder.

Rose scowls, her cavalier attitude gone.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Dark and dreary. A SECURITY GUARD (Coast Salish) huddles over a computer keyboard, while Lee and Rose carefully watch the CCTV FOOTAGE as it fast-forwards on the screen.

CASSANDRA SMITH (46, Coast Salish), a skinny woman with sunken eyes from many sleepless nights, waits behind them.

CASSANDRA

Terri was usually one of the last ones out of the office. Always stayed late for work.

LEE

There. Rewind a bit.

The Guard follows her instructions, then hits play. The CCTV footage is HD, and a timecode at the bottom reads "18:17 10/07/16". Terri, still alive and in her puffy winter jacket, exits through the Tribal Center's sliding doors. She trudges toward the parking lot and out of sight.

LEE (CONT'D)

Is there another angle? One focused on the parking lot?

SECURITY GUARD

No. We just got cameras on the main entrances and exits.

Lee frowns at him. He just shrugs.

ROSE

Wait a sec, there's someone else.

Lee looks back at the monitor. A heavysset figure walks out of the building with a BACKPACK. It's Wayne, the teen on the boat from the opening. He walks in the opposite direction from Terri.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Is that Wayne Holt?

CASSANDRA

Looks like it. He'd come in
sometimes to talk with Terri.

LEE

What about?

CASSANDRA

I'm not sure. I think it was school
stuff.

Lee makes a note in her journal.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - FISHERIES DEPARTMENT CUBICLES - DAY

Cassandra escorts Lee and Rose through a spacious work area.
They pass rows of cubicles, each one filled with a hard-
working EMPLOYEE. This place seems to have better funding
than the Cedar Bay Police Department.

LEE

Quite the operation you have here.

CASSANDRA

We're Salmon People. Fishing's in
our blood.

The Women arrive at the end of the path, and Cassandra opens
the door to an office with her name on it.

CASSANDRA'S OFFICE

Scientific diagrams and informational posters plaster the
walls. Cassandra sits behind a cluttered desk. Lee sits on a
cushy couch, while Rose loiters by the door and looks at the
office decorations.

LEE

Can you walk me through what
Terri's role was?

CASSANDRA

She was a fisheries manager for
Cedar Bay's territory. A big part
was making sure that the Tribal
dive fleet wasn't overharvesting
our sea cucumber stock.

Rose lets out an involuntary LAUGH. Neither Cassandra nor Lee
are smiling.

ROSE

What? C'mon.

She picks up an admittedly comedic model of a sea cucumber and wiggles it around.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Look at this. It's silly. They're glorified slugs.

LEE

They're a lucrative business.

ROSE

Yeah? What do you know about them?

LEE

That they're a high value product in the East Asian seafood trade. And that populations are being depleted across the globe, so the Pacific Northwest has become a chief exporter. I'm assuming they're the main source of income for a lot of people on the reservation?

Cassandra gazes at Lee, impressed. Rose glares and puts the model back.

CASSANDRA

Wow. You've done your homework.

LEE

My folks used to run a seafood restaurant.

Rose rolls her eyes. She sits down on the couch and starts scrolling through her phone.

LEE (CONT'D)

Did Terri ever have any conflicts with the other employees?

CASSANDRA

Not with anyone in our department. I knew she had some problems at home, but she always left them at the door. She was a professional. However... there was some animosity with the dive fleet.

Lee jots down what Cassandra says in her notebook.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Terri also served as the diving safety officer, so she made sure that Tribal divers met our safety requirements. And there was, uh, an accident.

LEE

When did this happen?

CASSANDRA

About two weeks ago. One of our divers was using faulty equipment and died.

Lee narrows her eyes.

LEE

Two weeks before Terri was killed.

CASSANDRA

Yes.

LEE

What kind of accident?

CASSANDRA

It was an air embolism. From what I was told, the exhaust valve on the diver's suit was broken. He couldn't release the air, so he came up too quickly. He was dead within minutes.

LEE

I see. What was his name?

CASSANDRA

Peter Jones. Terri investigated the accident. I heard she got into a pretty bad argument with Peter's dive team.

LEE

Did she have problems with them before?

CASSANDRA

Yeah, one of them. Silas Moore.

Rose glances up from her phone and frowns. Something Lee picks up on.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

He isn't an enrolled Tribal member. He was going on harvest trips with the others, which is illegal. Terri told him to stop, but his friends kept covering for him.

LEE

(to Rose)

You know him?

ROSE

Yeah. Who else was on the team?

CASSANDRA

Noah Richards. And Wayne, the boy from the security tapes.

(glaring at Rose)

And before you ask for their records, I'll need to see a warrant.

LEE

Fair enough. Know where we could find them in the meantime?

CASSANDRA

Sure. Peter's funeral is actually happening in about a half-hour. The team will probably be there.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - FISHERIES DEPARTMENT CUBICLES - DAY

Rose shuts the door to Cassandra's office. She nods to an alcove away from the other Employees. Lee follows her over and they speak out of earshot.

ROSE

Look, this funeral is a sacred ceremony. You won't be welcome.

LEE

Then I'll wait outside.

Rose SIGHS, and they make their way out of the workspace.

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Rose drives along a winding street, fast approaching a lonely house. It seems like more of a dilapidated shack than a home. There are broken crab traps on the dying lawn.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Lee stares at the passing house with melancholy.

EXT. SHAKER CHURCH - DAY

Rose's car pulls into a dirt parking lot. At the top of a hill lies an old wooden church. Traditional Salishan SINGING and RINGING BELLS can be faintly heard from inside.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose reaches under her seat to grab her Stephen King book.

ROSE

Settle in. This'll be a while.

Rose reads, and Lee peers about the car interior. Dust on the dashboard. Granola bar wrappers crumpled on the floor.

Lee looks out the window at the decrepit building. The prominent cross built onto the church's roof. Eventually, her gaze shifts from the church's cross to the one hanging from Rose's rearview mirror.

LEE

Do you belong to this church?

Rose doesn't look up.

ROSE

No.

LEE

You don't see a lot of officers openly displaying their religion like this.

ROSE

I'm not a lot of officers.

LEE

Hmph.

Rose closes her book. Glares at Lee.

ROSE

What? What does "hmp" mean?

LEE

Nothing.

ROSE

If you got something to say, just say it.

LEE

I'm surprised that you're a believer, is all. Given everything the Church has done to your people.

Rose's face darkens.

ROSE

You got a lot of fucking nerve to disrespect my faith and my race at the same time.

Lee shrugs and SIGHS in exasperation.

ROSE (CONT'D)

And what do you believe, huh? What makes you think you're so much fuckin' better than me?

LEE

I think that I don't need a religion built on hypocrisy and violence to teach me right from wrong.

ROSE

Alright, new rule. Don't tell me how to be an Indian, and I won't tell you how to be... whatever the hell you are.

Lee glowers.

LEE

Chinese.

ROSE

Yeah, well, you don't look it.

Rose goes back to her book. Lee stares daggers, then pulls out her phone and opens up Facebook. She searches for "SILAS MOORE".

LATER

Lee continues to study her phone. Outside the window, the church doors open, and a CROWD of 40 shuffles out. Lee looks up and scans their faces.

Wayne walks down the hill with a morose frown. Silas hurries up to him, grabs his shoulder, and whispers in his ear. Wayne shrinks from his touch. Lee scowls.

LEE

Eyes up.

Rose puts her book back under her seat, and the Detectives exit the vehicle.

EXT. SHAKER CHURCH - DAY

Wayne and Silas reach the edge of the parking lot. Rose and Lee march toward them. At the sight of the Detectives, Wayne hurries off. Silas puts on a frown.

LATER

Rose rests against the hood of her car, hands in her pockets. Lee has her notebook at the ready. Silas stands across from her with his arms crossed.

SILAS

Sure. We fought.

LEE

Did Terri have it out for you?

SILAS

Maybe.

LEE

Is that why she prevented you from joining the dive fleet?

SILAS

Could be.

Lee waits for him to elaborate. He doesn't.

LEE

If you're not enrolled with a Tribe, why are you here in Cedar Bay?

SILAS

I'm a wanderer. Came here looking for work. Found a home instead.

LEE

You don't seem terribly broken up about Terri.

SILAS

Should I be?

LEE

A woman's dead.

SILAS

You wanna talk injustice?

(points to church)

How about a Native man getting
killed just to enrich some bastard
halfway around the world? Or the
decades of oppression from your
fucking government?

(getting angry)

Breaking Cedar Bay's treaty to sell
land to white settlers. Building a
highway over sacred ground.
Decimating the salmon population so
we gotta harvest goddamn sea
cucumbers to survive.

Rose SCOFFS.

ROSE

Get off your soapbox. You're Sioux,
not Salish.

SILAS

Yeah? At least I'm not a fucking
apple.

Rose scowls at the insult. Silas turns back to Lee.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I know my rights and your limits.
Now if you'll excuse me, I'm
actually trying to help the
community.

He marches away from the Detectives to a group of MOURNERS.

Rose pushes off her car and makes for the driver's door. Lee
walks back to the vehicle.

LEE

"Apple?"

ROSE

Red on the outside, white on the
inside.

Rose opens her door.

LEE

Twinkie.

Rose gives her a quizzical look.

LEE (CONT'D)

That's what they used to call me.

Rose glares.

ROSE

Don't get cute.

She enters the car. Lee sighs and opens the passenger door.

EXT. CEDAR BAY COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

A mid-sized building, longer than it is tall. STUDENTS funnel in and out through the front door. Wayne trudges toward it with his backpack.

LEE (O.S.)

Wayne Holt?

Wayne stops. Turns around to see Lee and Rose approaching.

WAYNE

Yeah?

LEE

I'm Detective Becker, HCPD. Do you have a minute?

Wayne looks to Rose with confusion. She nods back to Lee.

WAYNE

Okay.

Lee pulls out her notebook. Wayne nervously clutches his backpack straps.

LEE

I'm trying to establish a timeline of events related to a crime that happened in town.

WAYNE

Yeah. Okay.

LEE

I was told that you and a few other divers had an argument with Terri Sullivan after the big accident. When did this happen?

Rose looks around the area, bored with Lee's conversation. She settles her gaze on FURTHER DOWN THE BUILDING. A JOCK (Coast Salish) is towering over a YOUNG WOMAN (Coast Salish) by the wall. She's visibly uncomfortable.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Last Wednesday, I think.

LEE (O.S.)

What time?

WAYNE (O.S.)

Um, around 6:30 or 7. It was after work.

LEE (O.S.)

And what was the argument about?

Rose glares at the Jock and stalks toward him. Lee's too focused on Wayne to notice.

WAYNE

She was pissed that we didn't call or radio for help. But I couldn't get a signal on my phone, and...

OVER BY THE WALL, Rose speaks with the Jock. He seems smarmy and disrespectful. But when Rose PUNCHES the wall, he jumps with a start and scurries away. We still hear Lee and Wayne's conversation.

WAYNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She didn't understand what it was like. To be in the middle of the ocean with a dying man. It was chaotic. I wasn't thinking straight. None of us were.

LEE (O.S.)

Did you speak with Terri at all after this fight?

WAYNE (O.S.)

Yeah. Friday night, a little after 6. I went back to her office to apologize.

LEE (O.S.)

And did you see or hear anything weird when you left the building?

Wayne fidgets around.

WAYNE

What do you mean?

LEE

Someone waiting around, a yell, something like that.

WAYNE

Uh, no.

Lee makes a note. She glances around and spots Rose talking with the Young Woman. The Young Woman nods her thanks, and Rose walks back over. Lee gives her a sharp look.

Wayne's grip on his backpack tightens.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Hey, can I ask what this is about?

LEE

Terri's dead.

Wayne's mouth opens slightly. He doesn't breathe.

WAYNE

What? How did it happen?

LEE

It's an ongoing investigation.

Wayne's mouth still hangs open. His eyes lose focus.

LEE (CONT'D)

Sounds like this wasn't the first time your team got in trouble with Terri. Did you have a problem with her?

Wayne grabs a water bottle from his backpack. He takes a furtive sip. CLEARS his throat.

WAYNE

Sorry. It wasn't just us. A lot of the divers didn't like a white woman telling them what to do. But I got where she was coming from.

LEE

How's that?

WAYNE

She's trying... she was trying to make sure we were protecting the environment. Not hurt it with overfishing, save it for future generations. And I get it. I wanna be a marine biologist, too.

LEE

So you two had a pretty good relationship?

WAYNE

Yeah. She answered any questions I had, even though she was always busy. I've been taking some gen eds here, but I've been saving up for college off the Rez. Terri said she was willing to write me a letter of recommendation.

LEE

Sounds like a good mentor.

Wayne nods.

WAYNE

I'm sorry, I gotta get to class. Do you need anything else, or...

LEE

No, I'll get in touch if I have to follow up. Thank you for your time.

He nods again, and shuffles to the front door. Lee watches as he enters the school.

LEE (CONT'D)

He's hiding something.

ROSE

Of course he is. You're a cop, and he's an Indian.

Rose saunters back to the parking lot. Lee follows.

Neither Detective notices a BLACK DODGE CHARGER in the drop off lane. The FIGURE behind its tinted windows watches them like a hawk.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - DAY

Seagulls CRY OUT atop weather-worn pilings. Below them is a flurry of activity. Six boats are moored to the docks; the FISHERMEN aboard unload their catches for DOCK WORKERS to collect. Most of the harvest is SEA CUCUMBERS.

Rose and Lee weave through the chaos of moving Workers, passing several large shipping crates. Lee keeps a wary eye on the rough and tumble crew.

LEE

Any idea why Noah would be here
without the rest of his team?

ROSE

I dunno. Maybe he's getting some
extra scratch. The divers don't
always work together.

Further down the dock, DEREK (37, Coast Salish), a burly and tattooed man, argues with an ANGRY FISHERMAN (Coast Salish).

LEE

Clearly.

Suddenly, the Angry Fisherman grabs an EMPTY GAS CANNISTER and **clubs Derek in the head.**

ROSE

Shit!

The Detectives start running. Derek and the Fisherman pummel each other in a testosterone fueled rage.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Break it up!

Rose moves to Derek, while Lee goes to cover the Angry Fisherman. Right as she tries to intercept him, Derek throws a punch at his opponent--

--but hits the back of Lee's head.

Lee freezes in place for a second. Shocked. Then she spins around, eyes ablaze. Derek steps back and holds out his hands, realizing his mistake.

DEREK

Sorry! I didn't mean to--

Angry Fisherman lunges for Lee. Rose instinctively pushes her away and grabs the Angry Fisherman's arm. She twists it around behind his back, then kicks the back of his knees.

He CRIES OUT in pain as he topples to the ground. Rose kneels to keep him in place.

ROSE
Stay down!

Lee stalks toward Derek, reaching for her handcuffs, but Rose SHOUTS at her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Hey, Lee! It's done!

LEE
You're not gonna arrest him?

ROSE
Chill out. It was an accident.

LEE
He fucking assaulted an officer!

ROSE
He's got three kids.

Lee pants. Looks around. Everyone on the docks is staring at her. Not a friendly face among them. She clenches her fists.

LEE
Have either of you pricks seen Noah Richards?

DEREK
(remorseful)
Yeah. Office.

Derek points to a large warehouse at the end of the dock. It's a 2-story structure with windows on the second level. A more modern facility than its Highliner Cove counterpart.

Lee marches toward the warehouse in a huff.

Rose gets off of Angry Fisherman and places her hands on her hips. She glares at him, then punches Derek in the shoulder.

ROSE
Knock it off. Both of you.

The Men are silent. Angry Fisherman moves to his feet and slinks away. Derek lowers his head.

Rose turns and walks after Lee.

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Lee enters through an open loading bay. SPLASH. She looks down to see she's stepped in a spreading pool of water.

Lee exhales. She backs up and takes in her surroundings as seafood is prepared for transportation.

A Dock Worker hands off a bucket of gutted sea cucumbers to a SKINNY EMPLOYEE (wearing gloves, a mask, and a hairnet). The Skinny Employee places the catch in a vat of steaming water. A RUGGED EMPLOYEE retrieves cooked cucumbers from a separate vat and rests them in a bed of salt.

Rose arrives behind Lee.

ROSE

You okay?

LEE

I'm fine. Let's get back to work.

Rose nods. She points to a walkway leading to the second level platform, where a supervisor would be able to observe activity throughout the complex. It also provides access to a raised modular office. The door is shut.

SECOND FLOOR

Lee climbs up the stairs two steps at a time. Rose casually strolls after her. Lee reaches the office, where a conversation can be heard from inside.

NOAH (O.S.)

Bullshit. It's not enough. I--

Lee KNOCKS on the door and opens it.

OFFICE

Lee clocks Noah, who's holding a ROLL OF CASH. Beside him stands ZHANG YICHEN (56, Chinese). Yichen's a charming bundle of energy with a hunched back from years of desk work.

Both men glare at the intruder. Lee flashes her badge.

LEE

Noah Richards? Detective Becker,
HCPD.

Noah stares at the badge, but doesn't say anything.

LEE (CONT'D)
Don't mean to interrupt, but I'm
investigating a case in town, and I
could use your insight into a
couple of recent events.

Noah remains silent. His eyes don't meet Lee's. Rose finally saunters into the room and stands in front of the doorway.

LEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Richards?

Noah looks up at Rose.

NOAH
I'm not talkin' to the Oriental.

Lee glowers at Noah, but so does Yichen. He clears his throat. Noah looks unrepentant as he pockets his cash.

NOAH (CONT'D)
We're done here.

YICHEN
Noah, please stay. I'd consider it
a courtesy to our guests.

Noah glares at Yichen, then makes for the door. Rose steps aside to let Noah exit, prompting a stern look from Lee.

LEE
(to Yichen)
What was that about?

YICHEN
A minor disagreement regarding
payment. He brought in a bad catch
and I valued it accordingly.

Yichen puts on an easy smile.

YICHEN (CONT'D)
I apologize for Noah's behavior.
The Natives can be unkind to our
people.

Rose frowns at the comment.

LEE
Do you manage this facility,
mister...

YICHEN

Yichen Zhang. Yes. I'm the West
Coast Manager for Boundless Catch.

He reaches out for a handshake. Lee obliges.

LEE

You oversee the warehouse in
Highliner Cove too?

YICHEN

I do. I'm happy to chat a bit
longer, but with Noah gone, my
business at the office is
concluded. There's a Chinese
restaurant nearby, I always like to
eat there after work. If you'll
indulge my routine, you're more
than welcome to join me.

Rose looks less than enthused. She checks her phone.

ROSE

Hard pass.

LEE

What?

ROSE

It's 5:30.

Lee opens her mouth to protest, but stops herself short.

Yichen grabs his coat and hands her a RED BUSINESS CARD.

YICHEN

Feel free to call me if I can
answer any more questions.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Rose stares at the road. Lee clenches her hand into a fist,
digging her nails into her palm.

LEE

You could have done a little more
to help with the interviews.

ROSE

This is your case. I'd hate to get
in the way.

LEE

Well, you've been doing a tremendous job of it so far.

ROSE

Jesus. You're like a vending machine of spite. What put such a stick up your ass?

Lee avoids Rose's gaze. She looks out the window instead. Focuses on the passing trees.

LEE

I'm tired of people not facing the consequences for their actions.

ROSE

They rarely do, Lee. You'll sleep a lot better the sooner you accept that.

The Women settle into a painful silence.

EXT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rose's car comes to a stop by Lee's vehicle. Lee exits and shuts the door. Almost immediately, Rose reverses and speeds out of the parking lot.

Lee exhales, then heads to her own car. She pauses before getting in. Pulls out Yichen's business card. Beneath his name and number is "BOUNDLESS CATCH SEAFOOD".

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

Late afternoon. The restaurant is small and quaint. A faded sign in the window advertises "FREE DELIVERY". Lee walks toward the door.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Lee steps into the establishment. Plastic decals of dragons cling to the walls. It's empty except for Yichen, who carries a steaming tray of soup dumplings to a nearby table. He spots Lee and waves her over.

YICHEN

(in Mandarin)

What would you like to eat?

Lee's confusion is plain on her face.

LEE

Sorry, I don't speak...

YICHEN

Are you hungry? My treat.

LEE

No. Thank you.

YICHEN

No, thank you for being willing to meet me here.

Lee takes a seat across from him. Yichen digs in, savoring every bite.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

Xiaolongbao are so hard to get right. Can you believe my luck this place is only ten minutes away from Cedar Bay? I had to give them a discount on our stock.

Lee feigns interest as she pulls out her notebook.

LEE

Back at your office, you mentioned that you ran the warehouse in Highliner Cove. Are you aware that a woman drowned off the docks next to your property?

Yichen's face saddens. He finishes his bite before answering.

YICHEN

Yes. Dreadful business. One of my employees informed me that he found the body and contacted the police.

LEE

Is there a reason the security is so lax around there? No offense, but your watchman doesn't seem terribly capable.

YICHEN

Ernie was a hire from the previous owner. Far be it for me to deprive a man of his job.

LEE

Still. No cameras? Sea cucumbers fetch a high price.

YICHEN

My cargo may be valuable, but a thief isn't going to China on a whim to sell it.

LEE

You don't have any concerns about competition?

YICHEN

I'm proud to say I've become the main seafood buyer in Cedar Bay. Highliner Cove, too.

LEE

How'd you manage that?

YICHEN

I paid the divers better than anyone else. \$5 per pound on average. They chose to sell to me, and soon I was the only one left.

Yichen takes a swig of hot tea, then keeps rambling. This guy loves the sound of his own voice.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

I pride myself on helping others. I try to give opportunities to the less fortunate, those who may not have a stable career otherwise. I've done business all over the world. Madagascar, Ecuador, Fiji. But so far, America is my favorite. I just love how you value the individual.

He gestures around the restaurant.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

When you go to a restaurant in China, the party orders plates for the whole table, and everyone takes a small portion. But in America, you order one dish. It's yours. And you don't have to share it with anyone.

Yichen smiles at Lee.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

Do you have many chances to connect with your heritage?

That catches her off guard.

LEE

Um... No. Not really.

YICHEN

Why not?

Lee is quiet for a moment. Then with surprising honesty:

LEE

I dunno. I guess I've always felt too white to be Asian, too Asian to be white.

YICHEN

That's a shame. It's important to know where you come from.

Lee SIGHS and checks her notebook.

LEE

Did you have any dealings with Peter Jones?

YICHEN

Yes. I heard about him as well. I sent some money to his family for the funeral.

LEE

That's very generous of you.

YICHEN

It's the least I could do. The accident has the other divers shaken up. Bad for morale.

LEE

Mmm-hmm. What about Terri Sullivan? Did you know her?

YICHEN

No. Only through reputation.

LEE

Reputation?

YICHEN

The divers Peter worked with had complaints. The Natives don't care for outsiders.

Lee frowns.

LEE

You said that before.

YICHEN

It's the truth. I've seen it everywhere I worked. People who don't understand when you're trying to help them. Any action you take is considered an unwanted interference.

BUZZ. Lee checks her phone. A missed call from "DAD".

LEE

Sorry, I have to go. Thanks for speaking with me.

Lee stands and hurries for the exit. Yichen remains seated.

YICHEN

Best of luck with your case,
Detective!

Lee steps out the door, and Yichen watches as it slowly shuts behind her.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lee pores over the day's notes on the table.

Jacob hauls a full TRASH BAG from the kitchen. He carries it through the room, but pauses.

Lee looks up. Jacob isn't moving. He seems lost.

Lee rises from her seat and approaches her Father.

LEE

Here. I'll take care of that.

She reaches for the bag, but he jerks it away from her.

JACOB

I got it.

Lee ignores him and grabs hold of the bag. Jacob SNARLS, a mean look in his eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Back off!

Lee does. Shocked by his tone.

As soon as it arrives, Jacob's anger dissipates. Replaced by regret.

Lee takes the garbage from Jacob. He doesn't try to stop her.

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lee throws the trash in a bin by the side of the garage. She walks down the driveway and fishes a key from her pocket. Unlocks the mailbox and pulls out the contents.

Lee sorts through the various credit card offers, junk mail, and bills. She stops at a manila envelope from "HORIZON MEDICAL IMAGING". It's addressed to "JACOB BECKER".

Lee frowns. Glances back to the front door.

She tears open the top of the envelope and carefully slides out the contents. It's a lab test result. A few words stand out: "DECREASING COGNITIVE FUNCTION", "RAPIDLY PROGRESS OVER THE COMING MONTHS", "PERMANENT AT-HOME CARE RECOMMENDED".

Lee's face is a blank mask.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Lee opens a filing cabinet, filled with various documents. She tucks the manila envelope inside and shuts the drawer.

DINING ROOM

Lee collapses into her seat at the table. She places her head in her hands and rubs her temples.

Jacob still stands in the middle of the room. He frowns and sits next to Lee.

JACOB
Wei, I'm sorry--

LEE
Don't fucking call me by her name.

JACOB
What?

LEE
Stop calling me Wei. I'm Lee.
(beat)
Mom is dead.

Jacob gives her a bewildered look.

Lee grinds her teeth. She picks up her notebook and stomps out of the room, leaving Jacob at the table.

HALLWAY

Lee storms into her bedroom and SLAMS the door shut.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

SUPER: WEDNESDAY

Lee exits her room with a fresh suit. Despite her sharp clothes, it looks like she didn't get a wink of sleep.

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lee steps outside right as a black Dodge Charger drives away from her house. Lee frowns.

She pulls out her keys and shuts the door, then pauses.

A PAPER is taped to the outside of the door. It has a small typed message, but we can't make out what it says just yet.

Lee pulls off the letter. Looks it over. Her face goes dark.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lee swings open the door. Jacob's searching through his closet for something.

LEE

Don't go outside today.

JACOB

What?

LEE

Just stay indoors. Okay?

Jacob looks concerned, but nods.

INT. HCPD - LT. GOMEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Lee sits across from Gomez, who reads the letter in his hand. In all caps, the message says: "PIGS GET SHOT IN CEDAR BAY".

LEE

The car left as soon as I saw it. I didn't get a chance to read the plates.

Gomez shakes his head.

LT. GOMEZ

You're new. You know how many threats I've gotten?

LEE

They came to my house, sir.

LT. GOMEZ

Then take it as a sign.

Gomez hands her back the letter.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

You gotta wrap this case up and move on. The longer you stay on the Rez, the more feathers you'll ruffle.

Lee seethes. She stands, crumples the letter, and makes for the exit. Lee throws the paper in a nearby trash bin.

She pauses a moment.

Nestled in the garbage is a red business card. It looks like Yichen's.

LT. GOMEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

Lee glances up to see Gomez staring at her.

LEE

Other than a threatening letter on my doorstep?

She steps out of the room and shuts the door before he can respond.

EXT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lee locks her car and strides over to Rose, who waits by her own vehicle.

EXT. CEDAR BAY COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE BROWN (50, Coast Salish), a stern-looking man, smokes on the sidewalk outside the humble building. Rose and Lee march up to him.

ROSE

Judge Brown. A word inside.

Judge Brown scowls. He tosses his cigarette on the pavement and stamps it out.

INT. CEDAR BAY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Brown studies an AFFIDAVIT and SEARCH WARRANT from Highliner Cove. Lee waits at the ready. Rose taps her foot impatiently.

JUDGE BROWN

Evidence is flimsy.

LEE

It was satisfactory enough for a judge in...

Rose subtly shakes her head. Lee takes the hint.

JUDGE BROWN

Your judge approved carte blanche access for all documents on these individuals. I can't do that.

Lee nods.

Judge Brown purses his lips. Thinking.

He fills out a THIRD DOCUMENT, scrawls his signature on it, and holds out all three papers for Lee.

JUDGE BROWN (CONT'D)

Fishing and boat registrations only.

Lee smiles. Rose already heads for the exit.

LEE

Thank you, Your Honor.

Lee pockets the documents and follows Rose.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - CASSANDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lee KNOCKS on the open door. Cassandra peers up from her computer.

CASSANDRA
Good morning, Detective Becker.

LEE
I have a search warrant for the annual fishing registrations for Peter Jones, Wayne Holt, and Noah Richards, and Peter's annual boat registration.

Lee passes her Judge Brown's altered warrant. Cassandra glances through the document.

CASSANDRA
Uhhh... Sure. Give me one sec.

Cassandra spins in her chair toward a filing cabinet. She opens it up and flips through the folders.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - FISHERIES DEPARTMENT - DAY

A printer HUMS. Photocopies of REGISTRATION RECORDS slide out onto the collection tray.

Cassandra babysits the printer while Rose loiters. Lee gazes around the cubicles.

LEE
Did Terri have a work computer?

CASSANDRA
Yeah.

Rose chuckles.

ROSE
Should have thought of that when we met with Judge Brown.

Cassandra hands Lee the photocopies and looks around. No Employees within earshot.

CASSANDRA
I mean, I could probably just give it to you. You know, voluntarily.

Lee smiles and nods. Cassandra leads the Detectives to the back of the office.

They round the corner of a cubicle to find Terri's desk. Several marine textbooks rest on it, along with a toy shark... **but no computer.**

Cassandra's eyes flash, alarmed. Lee furrows her brow.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
She might have brought it home.

LEE
No. Wasn't there.

Lee scans the immediate vicinity. Clocks a security camera on the ceiling. She stands in thought for a moment, then turns to Rose.

LEE (CONT'D)
Wayne was wearing a backpack in the footage from Friday, right?

Rose scowls, realizing what Lee's suggesting.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Back in the dungeon. Rose hangs behind the Security Guard. Lee watches the MONITOR, which shows Terri all alone in the office. She's sitting at her desk, but the cubicle blocks our view of whatever she's working on.

Eventually, Terri stands, puts on her jacket, and walks toward the exit.

The Detectives stare at the screen. Waiting.

Finally, Wayne steps into frame and approaches Terri's cubicle. He glances around, then takes off his backpack and huddles over the desk.

Rose looks disappointed.

ROSE
Shit.

Wayne slips the backpack on again, then wanders away from the cubicle. Lee narrows her eyes.

LEE
Pause it.

The footage stops on Wayne's face. Lee pulls out her phone and snaps a picture of the screen.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Lee and Rose exit the security room and stride down the hall.

ROSE

Okay. I can pick up Wayne, and if we let him stew for an hour--

LEE

No.

Rose halts.

ROSE

No? What do you mean no?

LEE

I don't want to move on this until I understand what exactly he's trying to hide.

ROSE

He'll open up to me. I can get the truth now.

Lee glances through her photocopies.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Lee, I'm not gonna sit here with my thumb up my ass.

LEE

Why not? You're a natural at it.

Rose bristles.

LEE (CONT'D)

Bring me back to the station and take the day off. I'm gonna do some homework.

Rose stares daggers at Lee as she makes for the exit.

ROSE

Fuck me, I guess.

INT. HCPD - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Lee signs a form on a clipboard, then hands it to a DESK COP. He unlocks the gate to a storage room, then steps inside.

Desk Cop returns to Lee carrying a LARGE PLASTIC BOX filled with papers. Tucked under his arm is the DOCUMENT CORKBOARD from Terri's house.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

A seascape painting hangs on the wall. It depicts jellyfish swimming around an octopus. A signature reads "WB".

Lee takes it down and hangs up Terri's corkboard instead.

Lee places a fresh tablecloth onto the table, then sets the evidence box on top of it. Removes the papers from within and spreads them out across the surface.

She sits and reads through the first document. A proposal titled "DECREASING HARVEST QUOTAS TO AID IN SEA CUCUMBER POPULATION RECOVERY". It's written by Terri Sullivan.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lee's still hard at work reading through the documents. They've now been sorted into separate piles.

She flips through several papers. Random email printouts, meeting notes...

...and a LETTER, with the same font as the one left on Lee's door. It reads "PETER'S DEAD. STOP THE AUDIT OR JOIN HIM".

Lee stares at the letter in shock.

Jacob quietly approaches from behind with a plate of food. He stares at the table with concern.

JACOB

Where am I supposed to sit?

Lee jumps, startled. She puts the letter down and gets up from the table. Lee gently grabs Jacob's shoulder, then redirects him out of the room.

LIVING ROOM

Lee guides Jacob to the couch. She sets his plate down on the coffee table and he slowly takes a seat.

LEE

Do you remember what I showed you about the remote?

Jacob furrows his brow.

Lee picks up the remote and turns on the TV.

LEE (CONT'D)
What do you want to watch?

JACOB
The Clint Eastwood show.

Lee taps a few buttons and sets the remote back down. The theme song to *Rawhide* begins to play as she exits the room.

DINING ROOM

Lee returns to her chair and stares at the letter. Unnerved.

She puts it aside and sorts through the final pile of papers. They're FISH TICKETS: forms that include vessel information, catch date and location, pounds harvested, and total amount paid. A few tickets have Wayne's signature.

Lee pauses at the next document.

It's a copy of a CHECK, written by Yichen to Peter. Stapled to the check is a copy of a fish ticket, signed by Peter. They're both for the same date.

Lee inspects the check. In the memo, "237 LBS" is written.

She flips to the fish ticket, which reads "105 POUNDS".

Lee's eyes go wide. She pulls out her phone and dials a number. Gets Rose's VOICEMAIL.

ROSE (V.O.)
You've reached Rose Thompson. You know what to do.

BEEP.

LEE
Call Wayne in to the station first thing in the morning. I think I know what's going on.

She hangs up.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: THURSDAY

Rose pulls up to an isolated house slowly falling into disrepair. She exits her car, approaches the front door, and RINGS the doorbell. CHLOE (39, Coast Salish), a hard-working single mother, answers it.

ROSE
Hey, Chloe. Is Wayne home?

Chloe's face darkens.

CHLOE
What's wrong? Is he in trouble?

ROSE
No. I just need to take him to the station to help with some questions.

She gives Rose a forlorn look.

ROSE (CONT'D)
He'll be back before noon. Promise.

Chloe seems doubtful, but turns and YELLS inside.

CHLOE
Wayne! Detective Rose is here to see you!
(to Rose)
Go easy on him, okay?

Rose avoids her gaze.

Finally, Wayne approaches the door. Rose gestures to the car.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Wayne sits in the passenger seat and stares out the window. Rose side-eyes him.

ROSE
There anything you want to tell me?

WAYNE
(apprehensive)
No.

ROSE
Good. Just be respectful to Detective Becker and I'll have your back during the interview.

Wayne nods.

INT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Wayne sits on the end of the table. He nervously bounces his leg. Rose leans against the wall behind him, a grim guardian.

The door opens, and Lee strides in with a folder tucked under her arm. She grabs a chair across from Wayne.

LEE
Morning, Wayne.

Wayne puts on a polite smile.

WAYNE
Hello.

LEE
I wanted to follow up on our conversation from Tuesday, about Peter's accident. You're a hose tender, not a diver, right?

WAYNE
Uh-huh.

LEE
Can you tell me a little bit about what that job entails?

Wayne looks back to Rose. Lee stares at him expectantly.

LEE (CONT'D)
Wayne?

WAYNE
Uh, yeah. So basically, we have this compressor on the boat that pumps air down to the divers. I have to operate it and make sure their umbilicals, the hoses, don't get tangled up.

LEE
And how are you paid? Day-by-day? Hourly?

WAYNE
\$20 an hour.

LEE
Then why have you been filling out fish tickets?

Wayne freezes up. Rose notices.

WAYNE

I'm sorry?

LEE

Fish tickets are completed by the divers at the point of sale of their catch, correct? Then they turn them in to the Fisheries Department to keep track of Cedar Bay's quota.

WAYNE

Yeah.

LEE

So then why were you filling them out?

WAYNE

Sometimes the divers are busy, so I'll fill out the ticket for them.

Lee nods. She opens up her folder, pulls out the copy of Peter's check and fish ticket, then shows them to Wayne. She points to the memo.

Any composure Wayne had is gone.

LEE

Why did Peter underreport his catch on this ticket?

WAYNE

I-I don't know.

LEE

All his tickets are between 100 to 110 pounds. Something you wouldn't notice if you weren't looking, but I don't think that level of consistency is possible.

(beat)

He had been lying on his reports for a while, hadn't he? Same with you and Noah.

Wayne turns to Rose, distraught.

WAYNE

Aren't you gonna say anything?

Lee glares at Rose, who remains silent. Wayne shrinks back in his chair, and Lee returns her attention to him.

LEE

You and your team are poaching.

WAYNE

No, that's not true!

LEE

I think that Terri found out about this, too. And I think that's why you fought with her last Wednesday. And then you and your team killed her to prevent her from going to the authorities.

WAYNE

What? No! That's bullshit!

Wayne's panic is clearly affecting Rose.

ROSE

C'mon, Lee. Ease up.

Lee ignores her and takes out her phone. She pulls up the picture of Wayne in the CCTV footage, then shows it to him.

LEE

You never spoke with Terri Friday night. But her laptop did go missing. Did you steal it?

Wayne looks like he's been hit by a ton of bricks.

LEE (CONT'D)

Whatever was on it must have been important. And we've got a paper trail leading directly to you.

ROSE

Lee...

Lee scowls at her. Cut it out.

LEE

This is your saving grace, Wayne. Your one chance to make things right.

Wayne rubs his mouth. On the verge of tears.

WAYNE

No, I... Yeah, I was poaching sea cucumbers. But I never killed anyone.

He anxiously glances back at Rose, then leans in toward Lee.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I was asked to take the computer.

LEE

By whom?

WAYNE

I can't say.

LEE

Why not?

Wayne looks down at his feet. Lee softens her voice.

LEE (CONT'D)

Is someone threatening you?

Wayne keeps his mouth shut.

LEE (CONT'D)

Tell me what I need to know and I can protect you. Poaching is a completely different jurisdiction than me. The murder would be tried in Highliner Cove.

Wayne chews his lip. Struggling. Debating.

LEE (CONT'D)

Who else is in on this?

WAYNE

(whispering)

Please. I just wanna go home.

And with that, Rose pushes off the wall and nods to the door.

ROSE

Okay. We're done here.

Lee glares at her, furious.

LEE

Whose side are you on?

ROSE

He's had enough.

Lee is tense. Rose doesn't budge.

LEE

Fine.

Lee grabs Peter's check and fish ticket, places them in her folder, and stands from her chair.

EXT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rose and Lee escort Wayne out through the front door and march away from the building.

Suddenly, the Three stop cold.

Silas stands in the parking lot by an **idling black Dodge Charger**. He wears an unzipped SOFTSHELL JACKET.

SILAS

Heard you picked up Wayne. Figured I'd take him back to his place.

Wayne looks between the Detectives and Silas.

SILAS (CONT'D)

C'mon. Your mom'll be worried sick.

ROSE

(to Wayne)

I can give you a ride.

Wayne backs away from her.

WAYNE

I... I'd rather go with him.

Silas smiles. Wayne trudges over to his car and enters the front passenger seat.

Silas waits until the door is shut, then turns to face Lee.

SILAS

I think we got off on the wrong foot.

LEE

Did we now?

SILAS

Yeah. I know your type. Misguided, but still tryin' to do the right thing. That's worth something.

(beat)

Wayne is a good kid. Bright future. He likes to help people, right? His people. He doesn't deserve to have his life ruined with prison.

LEE

What makes you think he's in any trouble?

Silas points to Rose.

SILAS

If Rose Thompson hauls you in, you're in trouble.

Rose glowers, but remains on the sidelines.

LEE

Why were you on Peter's boat when he died?

Silas SIGHS.

SILAS

When I was growing up in Omaha, there was this teacher, Mrs. Miller. She was a lot like you. Idealistic. Had to fix every problem she saw, even when her help wasn't wanted. One day, a kid comes to class with bruises on his arms. Turns out he was jumped while he and his older brother were selling dope to make ends meet. Mrs. Miller couldn't let that slide, so she called the police. They show up at his house for a wellness check, but the brother was jittery and pulled a gun. Cops opened fire. The kid took a bullet in the spine and became a cripple.

He casually puts his hands in his pockets, opening up his jacket just enough to reveal a GLOCK IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER.

SILAS (CONT'D)

He'd still be able to walk today if that bitch just kept to herself.

Lee doesn't move an inch. No emotion.

LEE

Do you have a license for that weapon?

Silas wears an arrogant smile.

SILAS

Things work differently on the Rez.
Ask her.

Silas nods back to Rose. He zips up his jacket and leans in toward Lee.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Stay out of Indian Country.

Silas gets into the driver's seat of his car, then pulls out of the parking lot. Lee remains still.

As the Charger drives away, Lee EXHALES. Releasing adrenaline and anger. She just stands there, breathing IN and OUT.

Rose approaches Lee from behind.

ROSE

Don't let him get to you.

Lee turns to Rose.

LEE

He's deliberately trying to scare us off the case.

ROSE

Silas is just a blowhard. A wannabe revolutionary that hates authority figures. He's all talk.

LEE

There was a note on my front door telling me to drop the case. Terri got a note too, and now she's dead.

ROSE

For Christ's sake, Lee. Listen to yourself. You sound paranoid.

Lee narrows her eyes.

LEE

You know what's really going on, don't you?

Rose steps up.

ROSE

What did you say?

LEE

You heard me. Seems like you're covering for every bad man on the Rez. Undermining me every chance you get. You're no better than--

That's it. Rose PUNCHES Lee's face, dropping her to the ground.

Lee cradles her jaw. Inspects her hand to see blood from a split lip. Rose looms over her.

ROSE

(snarling)

You got no fuckin' idea what you're talking about.

Lee jumps to her feet. Gets in Rose's face. The Women look like they're about to kill each other.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Yeah? C'mon.

Before she does something rash, Lee storms to her car. Rose stands all alone in the middle of the parking lot.

EXT. COAST ROAD - DAY

Lee's car ZOOMS along the oceanside heading back to Highliner Cove. The dive fleet is out in force today.

INT. HCPD - GUN RANGE - DAY

GUNFIRE fills the room. Lee eyes the target at the end of her lane. The blood on her lip has scabbed over.

She draws her service weapon. Takes aim with both hands, scowls, and fires.

BLAM! BLAM! Bullets tear through the paper target.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Lee lowers her gun, but her scowl remains. Each hole a direct hit in the target's head and chest. She's a hell of a shot.

INT. HCPD - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lee's rage hasn't abated as she opens a personal locker. She grabs her phone from inside and checks it.

Seven voicemail from "DAD". And one from "UNKNOWN NUMBER".

Lee listens to the most recent message. Her anger slowly melts away, replaced with concern.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

Bright fluorescent lights. FAMILIES nervously await news of their loved ones. Lee speaks with a petite NURSE (white).

NURSE

The neighbors saw the whole thing and called 911. Your father was wandering in the street when a car rounded the corner and struck him.

Lee stares off into space. Processes this.

NURSE (CONT'D)

We've been treating him for internal bleeding due to a liver laceration. We're holding off on surgery pending further observation. Right now he's resting and stable. But we don't know how long that'll last.

Lee looks up at the Nurse.

LEE

Can I see him?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The door slowly opens. Lee steps inside to the private room.

Jacob lies in bed with his eyes shut. Bandages and bruises cover his skin. He's hooked up to an IV, a blood bag, and an EKG monitor that BEEPS in a slow, steady rhythm.

The Nurse waits in the doorway.

NURSE

If there's anything you want to say to him, now would be the time.

LEE

Alright.

The Nurse shuts the door.

Lee trudges over to a nearby chair and sits down. Stares at her Father, her eyes sunken. The machine keeps BEEPING.

She looks exhausted. And almost... remorseful.

Jacob stirs. He weakly turns his head. Smiles.

JACOB

Lee... you came.

Lee smiles.

LEE

Hi, Dad.

Jacob holds out a shaking hand. Lee gently grabs it.

The Two stare at each other. A quiet moment of peace.

Soon, Lee's smiles fades.

LEE (CONT'D)

Dad, I have to talk to you about something important.

She lets go of his hand.

LEE (CONT'D)

I don't know how much time we have left together. Before you... go, I need to hear something from you.

Jacob blinks. He's lucid. Listening carefully.

Lee shuts her eyes. When she opens them again, they're cold.

LEE (CONT'D)

Did you ever feel sorry for hurting Mom?

Jacob scowls.

JACOB

What do you mean?

LEE

You know what I mean.

JACOB

I didn't hurt her. I gave her a home. A family. She threw it all away.

Anger rises in Lee.

LEE

Take that back.

JACOB

No. I loved her.

And with those words, a dark cloud covers Lee's face.

LEE

Is that how you showed love? With a belt?

JACOB

Only when she deserved it.

LEE

That's what you've been telling yourself?

Jacob winces at her outburst. The EKG monitor BEEPS a bit faster.

LEE (CONT'D)

You know why I did so well in school? Why I loved going there, even though all the other kids hated me? Because I knew it was the one place I would be safe from you.

JACOB

No.

LEE

Remember the night the police came to our house?

JACOB

No. No. No.

LEE

The cops took your report and left us alone. I guess they didn't care too much about a dead Asian woman. Or a little girl with bruises.

Jacob's nostrils flare. Memories crawling back. His monitor BEEPS faster.

LEE (CONT'D)

The neighbors felt so sorry for us. The poor widower looking after a kid all by himself. But they didn't know you.

JACOB
I stopped drinking.

LEE
You got sober right after Mom's
death. Convenient timing.

Lee stands and looms over her Father. He glares at her,
defiant.

LEE (CONT'D)
I was nine years old. And the only
person who ever cared about me was
gone.

JACOB
You ungrateful... you wouldn't be
here if it wasn't for me.

LEE
Bullshit.

Lee looks Jacob dead in the eye.

LEE (CONT'D)
Take responsibility for once in
your goddamn life. Admit what you
did.

JACOB
What are you talking about?

LEE
You killed Mom.

JACOB
No. That's not true. She killed
herself.

LEE
Yeah, to get away from you.

JACOB
It's not my fault.

LEE
I need to hear you say it.

JACOB
I didn't do anything wrong.

That pushes Lee over the edge.

LEE

Say it. Say you killed her.

Jacob shrinks from Lee, rage giving way to fear. BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP!

LEE (CONT'D)

Say it!

The door bursts open. A SECOND NURSE runs to Jacob and tries to calm him down while the petite Nurse pulls Lee away from the bed.

NURSE

Ma'am, you need to leave right now.

Lee doesn't move.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You're disturbing our patient, Miss
Becker.

Lee clenches her fists.

She turns and stomps out of the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lee charges through the sliding glass doors. Paces around.
Barely containing her fury.

LEE

Goddamn it!

Lee looks back inside the building. The Families within stare at her, concerned. She turns away from them and marches toward the parking lot.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Rose puts the car in park and kills the engine. She stays in her seat, rubbing her eyes.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy sits at the table, painting a raven in the traditional Coast Salish style. Rose shuts the front door and enters the room with a scowl on her face.

STACY

Hey, Babe.

She notices Rose's empty hands.

STACY (CONT'D)
No dinner?

ROSE
Sorry. I forgot to grab it.

Rose lumbers into the nearby kitchen and rummages around in the cabinets.

STACY
Is everything okay?

ROSE
Fine.

STACY
Just fine?

Rose SLAMS the cupboard. Stacy looks up from her work, startled. Rose marches back to the table with wild eyes.

ROSE
Can we not do this? Please?

Stacy stares at her. Firm.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I don't wanna talk about it.
Simple. Done.

Stacy sets down her brush and paints. Stands from her chair.

STACY
No. You don't get to be evasive.

ROSE
What's that supposed to mean?

STACY
I just want you to be honest.

ROSE
Okay, here's some honesty: out there, I see the absolute worst of humanity. This is my sanctuary. I want to come home and forget about all the awful shit outside.

STACY

No. That's selfish. You treat me like some kind of emotional support dummy that shields you from your problems.

Stacy steps closer.

STACY (CONT'D)

I don't want part of you. I want all of you. The good, the bad. Everything. Whatever you're dealing with, it's not going away by ignoring it. I want to help you.

Rose glares. She turns and walks toward the front door.

STACY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ROSE

I'm getting dinner.

Rose SLAMS the door shut, leaving Stacy alone and dejected.

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - CEDAR BAY - NIGHT

A bell above the door RINGS. Rose trudges inside with a sullen expression.

A customer grabs a plastic bag from the CASHIER (Coast Salish) and turns around. It's Derek, the fisherman from the docks. He's still got some bruises from his fight.

DEREK

Hey, Rose. Long time no see.

Rose plasters on a smile.

ROSE

Jesus, Derek. You look like shit.

DEREK

Yeah. Thanks for sticking up for me. With that other cop, I mean.

ROSE

Don't mention it. Zara doin' okay?

DEREK

She's alright. Better. Going to physical therapy in Highliner Cove.

ROSE

Good. Say hi to her and the kids
for me.

DEREK

Will do.

Derek squeezes by her and exits the shop.

Rose stands there a moment, debating something. The Cashier
looks at her with confusion.

CASHIER

Ma'am? You wanna order?

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

A couple PEDESTRAINS loiter around, chatting and smoking.
Derek approaches his truck. The shop's door opens behind him,
and Rose runs outside.

ROSE

Hey, wait up!

Derek pauses. Faces Rose. She moves in close.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(voice low)

I'll always have your back.

DEREK

Yeah, I know. Thanks.

He shifts around, uncomfortable.

Rose frowns.

ROSE

I know you're the only one who's
following the rules. Not poaching.

Derek's eyes go wide.

DEREK

What?

ROSE

I'm not stupid. That beatdown on
the docks was a punishment, right?

DEREK

Look, I-- I can't talk about it.

Rose glances at the Pedestrians. She backs up and returns her voice to a normal volume. Types something on her phone.

ROSE

Well, at least tell me Zara's favorite desert. I'd love to make something for her.

Rose holds out the device. The Notes app is open. A message says "HELP ME. WHAT DO YOU KNOW?".

Derek scowls, conflicted. He looks around, then takes the phone. Types something and hands it back.

DEREK

She heard about this one. Sounds pretty good.

He turns and climbs into his truck. Rose looks at what he wrote: "ORILLA VENTOSA".

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Cramped and cluttered. Rose boots up the laptop on her desk. Once the screen loads, she opens her browser and types in "ORILLA VENTOSA".

A bunch of random results appear. Stock photos of a beach, music clips. Nothing remotely helpful. Rose looks irritated.

She types "ORILLA VENTOSA" into Google Translate. It comes up as "WINDY SHORE".

Rose sits there a moment, staring at the screen.

She searches for "ORILLA VENTOSA TOWN".

The first result is a video titled "THESE DIVERS WERE MAKING A FORTUNE. NOW THEY'RE STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE".

Rose clicks the link. It's an investigative journalism report with almost 900 views. The opening montage shows depressing photos of poor INDIGENOUS MEN on the beach.

NARRATOR (ON COMPUTER)

Located in Ecuador, the small village of Orilla Ventosa is facing a poverty crisis. Divers are unable to catch enough food off their shores to support their families.

Rose's eyes glaze over. A boring sob story.

NARRATOR (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)
But it wasn't always this way. The
fishermen here used to make their
living with an unusual commodity.

She perks up. Footage of a sea cucumber (*Isostichopus fuscus*)
plays on screen.

NARRATOR (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)
Sea cucumbers play a vital role in
marine ecosystems. As bottom
feeders, they recycle nutrients on
the ocean floor. But they're also a
delicacy in China, providing a
steady income for divers willing to
catch them.

The video cuts to a clip of a DIVER on a small boat. He's
hooked up to a rudimentary air compressor. The diver descends
underwater, then swims to the ocean floor to collect cukes.

NARRATOR (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)
Six years ago, Orilla Ventosa's sea
cucumber population caught the
attention of the Chinese seafood
company Boundless Catch. One of
their buyers, colloquially known as
a "roving bandit", paid divers
extra to collect as many harvests
as possible.

Rose narrows her eyes. As the video keeps playing, she opens
a new tab and searches for "BOUNDLESS CATCH SEAFOOD".

LATER

Rose is still in her chair. She's looking over several
PRINTOUTS of scholarly reports, business licenses, crime
statistics, etc.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Stacy cracks open the door.

STACY
Rose? It's almost midnight.

ROSE
(distracted)
Hm? Oh. Yeah. I'll come to bed in a
minute.

Rose frowns. Shakes her head.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for yelling at you
earlier. That was unfair of me.

Stacy opens the door further and steps inside.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I've been dealing with a lot of
work shit. And it's hard to talk
about.

She holds Rose's hands.

STACY
Try me.

Rose stares at the ground. Debating how much to say.

ROSE
I found some info that might help
with this case. But if I act on it,
a lot of people could get hurt.

She lets go of Stacy and clenches her fists.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I don't know what to do.

Stacy is quiet. Letting those words linger in the air.

She reaches out and gently caresses Rose's cheek. And with
the utmost conviction:

STACY
You became a cop to protect your
community.

ROSE
Fat load of good I'm doing.

STACY
Don't say that. I know you. You'll
do the right thing.

Rose tears up.

STACY (CONT'D)
It's why I love you in the first
place.

And that's all it takes. Rose starts CRYING. Stacy sits in
her lap and envelopes her in a tight hug.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: FRIDAY

Morning. Lee mixes a bowl of yogurt and granola. She's still in a foul mood.

Her phone on the counter RINGS. A call from "MAYBE: ROSE THOMPSON".

Lee glares at the phone. DRUMS her fingers.

Finally, she answers it.

LEE

What do you want?

EXT. SEASIDE DINER - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

A greasy fast food joint built on the water's edge. A neon sign in the window proudly declares they're "OPEN 24 HOURS".

Lee slowly approaches Rose, who wipes off the dirty outdoor table with a napkin as she sips from a milkshake. They're the only patrons around.

ROSE

(re: milkshake)

I know it's too early for this, but my sweet tooth is gonna be the death of me.

Lee isn't amused.

LEE

Why am I here?

ROSE

I wanted to apologize to you in-person. For hitting you. For derailing your work. Everything. I'm sorry.

Lee's frown fades away. She sits down.

LEE

And what led to this change of heart?

ROSE

You got a partner in your life? A real partner?

Lee seems a little surprised. This is the first personal question Rose has asked her.

LEE

No. Relationships don't tend to work out for me. Too busy with the job.

Rose nods, understanding.

ROSE

Well, I've got a good partner. She reminded me about why I joined the force in the first place. I'm tired of watching bad men go free.

Rose's face darkens.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Do you promise me we'll get the son of a bitch behind all this?

Lee is quiet a moment.

LEE

Yes. We will.

Rose smiles. She picks up a FOLDER from the seat beside her and hands it over to Lee. Lee opens it, revealing the printouts from Rose's office.

ROSE

The entire dive fleet is poaching for Yichen Zhang. He's done this before in other countries. He'll harvest the Rez's sea cucumber fishery until it collapses, then fuck off to somewhere else and start the whole process all over again. But our livelihood will be ruined. Forever.

LEE

Jesus. How did you find all this out?

ROSE

It's public info. Boundless Catch didn't even try to hide it, but no one cares enough to look. That's how they always get away with shit like this.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

They destroy the environment and
kill poor communities because they
know no one will stand up and do
the right thing.

Lee reads over the documents.

ROSE (CONT'D)

This company is making millions off
sea cucumbers. Food, medicine,
fuckin' beauty products, they can't
get enough of them. And if someone
tried to put a stop to their supply
in Cedar Bay, someone like Terri...

Lee frowns. Processing.

LEE

That someone could end up dead.

ROSE

Exactly.

Rose sips her drink as Lee closes the folder.

LEE

Why don't we talk to Wayne? See
what he says about all this?

ROSE

Fuckin' A.

Rose raises her milkshake in salute.

EXT. CEDAR BAY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Rose's car speeds through the forest.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Rose gazes out the windshield, eyes on the road. Lee watches
as they pass a beat-up truck hauling fishing gear.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rose's vehicle comes to a stop at the edge of the road. The
Detectives exit, and Lee looks around the area.

The house is surrounded by trees that sway in the wind. A
raven in one of the branches CAWS at her.

Rose makes her way toward the house, and Lee follows her. The gravel CRUNCHES under their feet. They get closer...

Suddenly, the Detectives halt.

The front door is ajar. The lock busted through the wooden frame. Looks like it was kicked in.

Rose draws her gun. Nods at Lee to do the same.

Lee readies her weapon as Rose cautiously approaches the door.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Slowly, Rose pushes open the door and sweeps her gun around.

A full coatrack. Plenty of boots and shoes. No noise except for the RUSTLING trees and CAWING raven outside.

But the lights are on. Someone's home.

Rose creeps further in, with Lee right behind.

LIVING ROOM

Rose and Lee step into the room and take in the scene. Humble furniture. Hallmarks of a family trying their best.

Across the couch is a large cabinet. Remotes lie askew on top of it, but there's no TV. Likely stolen.

Rose nods over to a hallway. The Detectives approach it.

HALLWAY

Cramped and claustrophobic. From the living room entrance, the hall splits in two directions. Both ends have rooms with open doors. Rose stalks further down toward what seem to be the bedrooms. Lee goes the opposite way toward the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Lee pushes the door all the way open with a CREAK.

The room is dirty, but empty. The window's shut. The mirror cabinet hangs open.

Lee moves aside the shower curtain. The tub is empty.

She peeks behind the bathroom door. No one there.

Lee looks inside the medicine cabinet. Any pill bottles are now gone.

CHLOE'S BEDROOM

The door's wide open. Rose creeps inside.

Dresser and nightstand drawers have been pulled apart. A jewelry box is smashed open on the ground. Contents missing.

Keeping a careful distance from the bed, Rose lowers to her knees and checks under it.

Dust bunnies, but no one hiding.

Rose gets up. Opens the closet. A spare waitress uniform.

HALLWAY

Rose exits Chloe's room and makes for the next bedroom. Lee approaches from the far end of the hall.

WAYNE'S BEDROOM

Rose treads inside. A teen boy's room through and through. Graphic novels on the bookshelf, framed scientific posters.

Blood cakes the wall on the far side of the room. The bed hides the awful sight of whatever's on the ground.

Rose's face contorts in anguish. Her breath quickens. She steps around the foot of the bed to see--

Wayne, lying slumped on the floor. There's a gaping hole in the side of his head.

Rose looks down. Ashamed.

ROSE

Lee! He's over here!

Lee enters and walks to Rose's side. Gazes at the corpse.

They stand there a while. Frozen with failure.

Rose finally looks up from her feet. Wayne's wallet lies discarded right beside him.

Lee senses her intent. She pulls out latex gloves and hands a pair to Rose. Rose puts them on, then inspects the wallet.

Cash and credit cards are gone.

Rose scowls and sets the wallet back down.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Two TRIBAL OFFICERS finish setting up a makeshift POLICE TAPE BARRICADE around the property. The Callahan County Medical Examiner's van is parked by their cruiser on the road.

Lee watches the other cops with her hands in her pockets. Rose grits her teeth.

ROSE

We never should have brought Wayne in. It was too public.

LEE

Hey, we can't think like that. Focus on the job.

(beat)

This is a homicide on Tribal land. We need to alert the FBI. They'll have the resources to investigate further.

Rose looks at Lee like that's the most idiotic thing she's said yet.

ROSE

The FBI doesn't care about Cedar Bay. And this scene looks more like a robbery than a hit.

LEE

We have to try.

ROSE

Trust me on this. The Feds aren't gonna send men up here to find some twaker with an itchy trigger finger.

Rose stands firm. An unmistakable pain in her eye.

Lee scowls. She knows Rose is telling the truth.

LEE

At least let me talk to my lieutenant.

Before Rose can respond, an old Subaru approaches from further down the road. Her face falls even further.

ROSE
Goddamn it.
(to Officers)
Did one of you call her?

The Officers shake their heads.

Lee watches as Rose ducks under the barricade and hurries toward the car.

The Subaru comes to a stop. Chloe exits the vehicle. Her dark expression contrasts with her bright uniform.

CHLOE
What's going on?

ROSE
Chloe, I need to talk to you. Let's go somewhere quieter.

Chloe's eyes well up. She already knows the awful truth, but she's delaying the inevitable reveal.

CHLOE
Where's Wayne? Is he okay?

ROSE
I really think we should go somewhere else for this.

CHLOE
No. Tell me right now. Why are the police here?

Just then, the Medical Examiner emerges from the house. He wheels out a gurney. A BODY BAG lies atop it.

Chloe launches herself forward.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
MY BABY!

Rose tries to hold her back, but Chloe tears through the barricade. The Officers run to block her.

Chloe fights through the men with the strength that only a mother can possess. She climbs over them, screaming, crying, clawing her way to her child.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BABY?

Rose and the Officers surround Chloe, trying to keep her in place without hurting her. Lee stands in shock. Chloe makes eye contact with her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
WHAT HAPPENED?

Lee can't speak. So she just looks away. Chloe's screams ECHO through the woods.

INT. HCPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Lee trudges through the passage. She approaches Gomez's office and KNOCKS on the closed door.

LT. GOMEZ (O.S.)
Come in!

Lee cracks open the door. Gomez glances at her from his desk.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Lee, what's up?

LEE
Can I speak to you for a moment,
sir? It's about the case.

LT. GOMEZ
Sure. Close the door.

Lee steps inside and shuts the door.

INT. HCPD - LT. GOMEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Gomez scowls, staring at the floor. Disappointed with whatever Lee just told him.

LT. GOMEZ
Jesus.

He looks up at Lee, who sits across from him.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)
I asked you to bring me results.
Not a dead teenager.

LEE
If we had some more manpower, we
could make serious progress before
the killer covers his tracks.

Gomez SCOFFS.

LT. GOMEZ

What manpower? We can barely handle our own caseload without taking on another.

LEE

Cedar Bay needs our help.

LT. GOMEZ

(stern)

Lee, we do not have the authority to investigate this.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Deaths of Tribal citizens on Native land are their jurisdiction. My hands are tied.

LEE

--

A killer's at large. We have an obligation to bring them to justice.

Gomez loses his patience.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

No! No, goddamn it.

(beat)

I'm shutting the case down. I want your closure report on my desk by Monday morning.

Lee's eyes go wide.

LEE

Please, sir. I just need a little bit longer.

(defeated)

I have to make this right.

Gomez's frown softens. He gazes at Lee with pity, then taps his finger on his desk. Thinking.

He exhales. Opts to placate her.

LT. GOMEZ

Fine. Let me call the Chief. I'll see what he says.

Gomez rises, pulls out his phone, and dials a number. He exits the room.

Lee remains seated. Takes in his cluttered desk. The PHOTO of a wife and a kid.

She stands and approaches a window. Peers into the hall.

Gomez is at the far end of the corridor, alone and out of earshot. He's talking to someone on the phone, and visibly upset about it.

Lee looks down at the trash bin. It's been cleaned out.

She returns to her chair. Gazes around the office. Waiting.

The door opens. Gomez strides in and sits at his desk.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)
It's not happening. This is an
"unsalvageable clusterfuck". His
words.

Lee scowls.

INT. HCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Lee's at her desk, hands resting on her keyboard. On her computer monitor is the blank template for a CLOSURE REPORT. The cursor blinks.

Lee stares at the screen. Her irritation is clear as day.

She peers around the area. Gomez is nowhere in sight. A lone Detective stands from his station and exits the room.

Lee grabs her phone and makes a call. She gets an automatic VOICEMAIL.

CHIEF HARDY (V.O.)
You've reached Chief Lincoln Hardy.
I'm currently on vacation from
Wednesday, October 12th to Monday,
October 17th. I will not be
responding to calls during this
time.

Lee's eyes go wide.

CHIEF HARDY (V.O.)
If you need to discuss police
department matters, you can reach
Lieutenant Andrew Gomez at--

Lee hangs up.

EXT. SEASIDE DINER - DAY

Lee paces around the empty parking lot. Waves CRASH on the rocks below.

Rose's car pulls up to the diner and parks. She exits the vehicle, obviously annoyed, and walks up to stand beside Lee.

ROSE

Is there a reason we couldn't have this conversation over the phone?

LEE

I think my superior's involved.

ROSE

What? What are you talking about?

LEE

I found one of Yichen's business cards in his trash. Why the hell would Gomez have that?

ROSE

I don't know, but you--

LEE

(getting angry)

When I first found Terri's body, he told me to mark her as a suicide. Every step of the way he dissuaded me from looking further. And he just told me to drop the case.

Rose furrows her brow. Uncertainty creeps in.

LEE (CONT'D)

He said the order came from up top, but he never spoke with our Chief. He lied.

Rose processes this.

ROSE

Fuck.

(beat)

What now?

Lee closes her eyes. She rubs her temples.

LEE

I don't know.

Silence.

ROSE

Then we do it my way.

LEE

What does that mean?

ROSE

Help isn't coming. You said it yourself. We can't trust anyone else, and we need to get to the truth fast.

Lee frowns.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - CEDAR BAY - DAY

Inside a rusted chain-link fence are seven discolored RVs, held in place with cinderblocks. Cardboard boxes and plastic bags litter the ground.

A bespectacled, homely DEALER (Coast Salish) sits on the steps of her motor home. She holds out a bottle of prescription pills. OPIATES.

The bottle is snatched by Noah, who tucks it into his back pocket. He palms the Dealer some cash, then turns around. He stops cold.

Rose and Lee wait on the other side of the entrance gate. Rose's car is parked nearby.

ROSE

A little early in the day to be visiting the good doctor.

Noah sneers. Doesn't move an inch. Still doesn't look at Lee.

NOAH

Yeah? You gonna bust me?

ROSE

We're not here for that.

Back in the park, the Dealer carefully watches the Detectives speak. Rose glares at her, and Lee walks closer to Noah.

LEE

Wayne Holt is dead.

Noah freezes up. He looks at Lee for the first time.

NOAH

Jesus Christ. When?

LEE

We found him this morning.

NOAH

I... God, his poor mom. Have you told her yet?

Lee clocks that. Nods. Noah rubs his jaw, thinking.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck.

LEE

We're worried about your safety.
We'll take you back to the station
until we can get this sorted out.

This brings Noah back to reality.

NOAH

Am I a suspect?

ROSE

No. But you can help us.

Rose strides over to her car and opens up the back door to the prisoner transport.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Just a formality.

Noah stays put. Shifts his balance, on edge.

Rose's grip tightens on the door.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Come on.

Noah looks back to the park. The Dealer remains on her steps. No one else around to help him.

The Dealer watches as Noah climbs into the back of Rose's car. Rose shuts the door, the Detectives enter their seats, and the engine ROARS to life. The Dealer pulls out her phone and makes a call as the car drives off into the woods.

DEALER

(into phone)

Hey, you got a problem.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Noah hunches forward in the prisoner transport. Calm.

He looks out the window. The car slowly approaches the Cedar Bay police station. They're getting closer... and closer...

...but soon pass by the building.

Noah's eyes swivel forward to Rose.

Rose glares at him through the rearview mirror, then returns her gaze to the road.

Noah sits back. A small smile spreads across his face.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

Gray clouds gather overhead. Rose's car traverses a winding road until it reaches...

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

The same lonely river where we first met Rose.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose parks the car. Noah chuckles and rests his forehead against the prisoner transport grill.

NOAH

Of course.

Lee doesn't look back at him. Rose exits the car, slowly walks to the prisoner transport, then opens the door.

ROSE

Get out of the car.

Noah just grins.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Out!

Rose reaches in and violently pulls Noah from the vehicle.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Rose SLAMS Noah into the side of the car. She CUFFS his hands behind his back, then hauls him over to the water. Lee watches from her seat as Rose pushes Noah to his knees.

ROSE

Wayne was murdered. He told us about the poaching. How Terri was killed to cover it up.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

We were getting too close to the truth. But you're going to give it to us now.

Rose raises her gun to Noah's head.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Who killed Terri Sullivan?

NOAH

You dumb bitch. Think this scares me? I was in Iraq.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Lee glares at Rose. She clenches her fists. Knuckles white.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Rose remains cool.

ROSE

Who killed Terri Sullivan?

NOAH

Or what? You'll do nothing.

Rose aims her gun at the river. BLAM! The water SPLASHES. Then she leans down and puts the gun against Noah's temple.

Lee exits the car with a scowl, but Rose shoots her a look. Stay put. She focuses back on Noah.

ROSE

I'll kill you, motherfucker. I'll bury you where no one will find you. And they won't look for you, either. You'll be just another Indian that fled the Rez.

Noah keeps his eyes on Rose.

NOAH

This make you feel big, huh? Threatening men? It's not gonna bring Anna back.

Rose's mouth twitches.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Yeah, I see you. Takin' out your
anger on guys like me 'cause you
can't stand the sight of yourself
in the mirror.

She clenches her jaw and tightens her grip on the pistol.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Not much of a big sister if you
can't protect a 13-year-old girl.

ROSE
Shut up.

NOAH
You worthless cu--

WHAM! Rose HITS Noah across the face with the butt of her
gun, dropping him into the mud.

LEE (O.S.)
Hey!

Lee marches up to Rose. Grabs her arm and pulls her away.

LEE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
That's enough.

Rose takes quick, shuddering breaths. Stares at Lee with wild
eyes. Adrenaline pumping.

Rose steps back. Stands down.

Lee approaches Noah and kneels to his level. Her voice is
firm and unemotional.

LEE (CONT'D)
Wayne's mother screamed when she
found him. You know what she saw?
His brains painted on the wall.

The words hit harder than Rose.

NOAH
Oh god...

LEE
You're the only surviving member of
your dive team, Noah. They'll come
after you next. Unless we stop them
first.

Blood trickles down Noah's cheek. His eyes begin to water.

LEE (CONT'D)
Who killed Terri?

Noah trembles. Catches his breath.

NOAH
Yichen Zhang wanted her gone. Silas
Moore pulled the trigger.

Lee glances back at Rose.

LEE
Do you have proof?

He weakly shakes his head.

NOAH
I just know.

Lee stares at Noah, reading his expression.

Finally, she nods.

LEE
Okay.

She shifts behind him, pulls out a key, and unlocks his cuffs. Once freed, Noah still doesn't move his arms.

LEE (CONT'D)
Go on. Get out of here.

Noah looks to Rose.

Rose stands motionless. Her gun rests at her side.

Noah rises to his feet. Backs toward the road, eyes never leaving Rose. When he finally reaches concrete, he turns and runs. The Detectives watch as he flees through the forest.

Lee glares at Rose.

LEE (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

ROSE
I... I didn't mean to hit him.

LEE
Well, you did! Fuck, Rose!

Rose holsters her weapon. Clenches her fists.

LEE (CONT'D)
Everything we just heard is
completely inadmissible!

ROSE
(snapping)
You think I don't know that?

Lee steps back, startled.

Rose takes a breath. Trying to calm down.

Lee watches her in silence. Once Rose seems composed:

LEE
If Yichen's pulling all these
strings... If he's got Gomez, he
could stop any inquiry we bring
through official channels.
(beat)
Do you trust the other officers in
your department?

ROSE
I dunno. They're decent guys. But
they could use extra cash as much
as anyone.

LEE
Then Yichen's not gonna face
justice. Not from us.

Rose seethes. A fire's been lit.

ROSE
Unless we force the FBI to get off
their ass and crack down on the
whole operation.

LEE
Christ, Rose, we don't have any
evidence. And the Feds won't accept
testimony from a beaten witness.

Rose glances down with shame.

Lee squeezes her eyes shut. She struggles with voicing the
next suggestion.

LEE (CONT'D)
What if we recorded a confession
from Yichen? Without him knowing
it?

ROSE

I don't follow.

LEE

Yichen likes to talk. And he uses money to solve problems. I go to him saying I know the truth, try to solicit a bribe, and in that conversation, get him to admit he paid Silas to do his dirty work.

ROSE

But we need two-party consent for a wire tap.

LEE

Not if the other party is making a threat.

Rose looks at her, surprised.

INT. CEDAR BAY POLICE STATION - EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

All the resources of the CBPD crammed into one small room. A uniformed officer, CURTIS (45, Coast Salish), checks the inventory with a clipboard in hand. Rose saunters in, KNOCKS on the wall to announce her presence.

ROSE

Curtis. We still got that little present from the DEA?

CURTIS

The wire? Uhhhhh... yep. Whatcha need it for?

ROSE

(joking)

Top secret hush-hush stuff.

(serious)

Trying to bust some banger that slid onto the Rez. Got a deal going down tonight, need to move on it ASAP.

CURTIS

You got a warrant?

ROSE

Yeah, it's right here.

Rose reaches into her pocket, pulls out a middle finger.

Curtis chuckles. He shakes his head and grabs a CASE from the top shelf. He hands it over.

CURTIS

Alright. You owe me one.

Rose smiles and takes her leave.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jacob sits in the passenger seat, staring out the window with a frown. Lee just keeps her eyes on the road. Neither acknowledges the other.

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lee pulls into her driveway. She exits the car, staring at something with shock.

A message has been spray-painted onto the garage: "LAST CHANCE CHINK".

Lee's face hardens. She goes for the trunk of the car and pulls out a wheelchair.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Jacob sits in the tub, naked and staring off into space. Lee gently washes him with a sponge.

He starts to HUM *Just Like Your Tenderness*.

Lee stops moving.

Her lip quivers.

She slowly envelopes her Father in a hug. He clutches her arm as he continues to hum.

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

A bucket of paint rests by the garage door. Lee uses a roller brush to cover up the large letters. So far she's painted over HINK.

Behind her, Rose's car pulls up. Rose exits with the wire case and her laptop. She stares at the graffiti.

Lee turns around. They share a look.

ROSE

You got another brush?

LATER

Side by side, the Detectives work to paint over the graffiti.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lee leads Rose through the abode. Rose sets the case down on the coffee table and opens it up. Inside is a SMALL AUDIO RECORDER, nothing like the clumsy box you see on TV.

Rose sits on the couch with her laptop. She powers it on and plugs in some headphones.

ROSE

I set up the software before I came over. Wanna take it for a spin?

Lee grabs the recorder, presses play, then places it in her breast pocket. She covers it with her blazer.

BATHROOM

Lee shuts the door and stands in the middle of the room.

LEE

Testing, testing. One-two-three.

She stares at the tub, thoughtful.

LIVING ROOM

Rose monitors the surveillance software on her laptop. Timestamp, audio waves, etc. Lee's voice comes in clear through the headphones.

LEE (V.O.)

I'm gonna make sure you can hear another person.

Rose looks up, surprised. Someone else is home?

JACOB'S BEDROOM

Lee slowly opens the door and creeps inside. Jacob's lying in bed, eyes wide open.

LEE
Hey, Dad. You doing okay?

JACOB
(weakly)
Yeah.

LIVING ROOM

Rose squints as she listens to the audio. Jacob's voice is faint, but audible and understandable.

JACOB (V.O.)
I don't... I don't know if I can
cook dinner tonight.

LEE (V.O.)
That's alright. I'll make you
something and leave it in the
fridge.
(beat)
I'm gonna be gone with some work
stuff tonight. I'll be back later.

JACOB (V.O.)
Okay.

Rose looks down. Embarrassed to intrude in this relationship.

Lee walks back into the living room. She fishes the recorder out of her pocket and presses stop. Brushing off the previous conversation.

LEE
How was that?

ROSE
Good.

She doesn't pry. Lee sets the recorder aside and pulls out Yichen's business card. Looks to Rose. Rose nods.

Lee takes a second to center herself. She dials a number on her phone, then puts it on speakerphone.

The other line RINGS. And RINGS.

When Yichen answers, we can hear his smile.

YICHEN (V.O.)
Detective Becker. To what do I owe
the pleasure?

LEE

Drop the act. I know about you and
Silas. You and Terri.

The voice betrays nothing.

YICHEN (V.O.)

I'm not sure what you mean.

LEE

Yes, you do. Your man didn't do a
good enough job cleaning up.

A tense moment of silence.

LEE (CONT'D)

I think it'd be better if we talked
face-to-face.

Silence. Lee glances at Rose. They wait with baited breath.

When Yichen speaks again, the good nature in his voice is
gone.

YICHEN (V.O.)

The office will be empty by 6:00.
Meet me at 7:00.

The other line goes dead.

Lee exhales and pockets her phone. Rose looks back at a clock
on the wall. 5:25 PM.

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Droplets of rain begin to fall. Noah shivers as he stumbles
down the street toward his house. He fishes through his
pocket for the keys, then unlocks the front door.

INT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY

The door SLAMS shut, and Noah trudges into a dark room. He
fiddles with a panel on the wall. The blinds are down over
the windows.

NOAH

Goddamn heater. Paid them to fix
it. Never fucking--

He flicks on the lights, **revealing Silas sitting on the
couch.**

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY

The rain's falling heavier now. Battering the roof. It's all we hear until--

BANG! A muzzle flash flickers through the window blinds.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rain PATTERS the windshield. Wipers swing back-and-forth. Pitch black outside. The car's headlights pierce the solitary darkness.

Rose and Lee sit in silence. Both wear RAINCOATS.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Empty. The rain POURS, reducing visibility.

Rose pulls into a spot and kills the engine.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - NIGHT

The Detectives gaze at the pier. Lights shine in the processing plant at the end of the docks.

Rose grimaces.

ROSE

You sure you wanna go through with this?

Lee puts on a tough front.

LEE

Yeah. I'll be fine.

Rose nods. She sets up her laptop and plugs in her headphones. Lee opens the door.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lee steps out of the car and looks around, taking in the eerie surroundings. The moon is completely blocked by the dark clouds. The only sound is RAINFALL and ocean waves CRASHING on the shore.

Lee pulls out her voice recorder and presses play.

LEE

This is Detective Lee Becker of the Highliner Cove Police Department. I consent to this recording.

Lee unzips her jacket and places the recorder in her breast pocket. She looks back to Rose, who gives her a thumbs up.

Lee plows toward the docks. No sign of letting up. Step by step, we FOLLOW her across the parking lot...

...until she reaches the raised wooden platform and proceeds down the docks.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Lamp posts bathe the docks in a sickly orange. Discarded crab pots and shipping crates line the sides of the pier. A few fishing vessels are moored for the evening.

Lee stalks toward her goal. It's a good 100 feet to the plant in one straight line.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Rose places the laptop in the passenger seat. She scans the area, squinting to see through the rain as it assaults the windshield. Her worry is plain on her face.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Lee marches on, footsteps SPLASHING in growing pools of water. She's halfway across the docks.

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

A window provides a good view of the docks below. Lee can be seen walking closer.

On the other side of the window is Silas. He's clutching an AR-15.

INT./EXT. ROSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Rose turns her attention from the windshield to the passenger window.

Suddenly, Rose sits very still. She's spotted something. A DARK SHAPE on the shore.

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Silas steps away from the window and crouches against a railing that oversees the main floor. He rests his gun on the metal bar, aiming it at the staircase. Waiting.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rose, sans headphones, exits the car and creeps closer to the waterfront. She squints to get a better look.

There, in the distance. Rain POUNDS against something metal. A car parked so it would be just out of sight.

It's Silas' Dodge Charger.

Rose's eyes fly open. She looks to the docks. Lee is only 20 feet from the building.

ROSE

LEE! STOP!

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Lee looks back at Rose, frantically waving at her.

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Silas hears the shout and frowns. He scurries to the window. Spots Lee standing still.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Lee turns back forward to see--

CRASH! The barrel of the AR-15 smashes through glass.

Lee ducks to the side of the pier right as--

BLAM! BLAM-BLAM! Semi-auto gunfire BURSTS from the second story window.

Lee draws her gun and sprints for cover behind a stack of crates. Bullets pepper the other side of the metal.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rose watches the muzzle flash from the building.

ROSE

Fuck!

Her feet POUND the pavement as she runs back to her car. Rose rips open the trunk and grabs a SHOTGUN from within.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Lee takes deep breaths. Once her hand is steady, she reaches around the crate to squeeze off a few shots. More of the window SHATTERS, but Silas returns fire.

Lee retreats to the protection of cover and presses her back to the crate. She sees Rose storm onto the docks.

Silas takes aim at the new arrival and opens fire.

Shots WHIZ by Rose. She dodges to the right and finds safety behind a piling.

Lee fires at Silas again, sending him behind the wall for cover.

Rose advances further down the dock. She crouches behind a shipping crate of her own, then fires two slugs at the building. Each shot punches a hole in the aluminum wall.

The gunfire stops. Just the sound of the RAIN.

Rose clutches her shotgun. Sucks in air through her teeth. Eyes dart between Lee and the window.

Lee stays put. Doesn't dare peek at the building.

No movement in the window.

Lee inches to the side of the crate and looks out at the plant. It's a straight run to the wooden entrance door.

She looks up. A lamp post illuminates the path.

Lee raises her gun and fires at the lamp. The bulb SHATTERS, and the light goes out.

Rose scowls, watching as Lee charges at the door.

ROSE

Fuckin' idiot.

Silas steps into the window frame. He raises the AR-15, aims at Lee...

Rose leans out and unloads shot after shot.

Silas swings his gun at Rose and sprays wide. Full-auto burst.

Rose keeps pumping shells when--

A stray shot grazes the side of her head. **A burst of blood near her left eye.** Rose SCREAMS in agony.

Lee looks back toward the noise as she reaches the front door. Rose collapses behind her crate. The shooting stops.

Lee hesitates.

She walks backwards toward Rose and FIRES at the window, keeping Silas in cover. Once she's in the clear, she turns and sprints to her partner.

Rose lies slumped against the crate. She clutches her eye. Blood pours through her palm. She GASPS for air, going into shock.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh god. Oh god.

Lee scrambles behind the crate and takes in the sight of Rose. She can't hide her anguish.

LEE

No-no-no-no...

Lee rips off her own jacket. Holding Rose's head, she wraps the sleeve around her cranium.

LEE (CONT'D)

Okay. You're gonna be okay. But you need to move your hand.

ROSE

I can't.

LEE

You gotta do it. Please.

Rose takes away her palm -- revealing a SHREDDED EYE SOCKET -- and Lee quickly covers the wound with the jacket. She ties it so it's snug, then gently lowers Rose to the ground.

LEE (CONT'D)

Alright. Now hold this in place.

Rose complies, pressing the jacket to her face with both hands. Lee grabs a nearby CRAB POT and places it under Rose's feet, raising her legs.

LEE (CONT'D)

Plan's fucked. We gotta get you out
of here. We--

Rose grabs Lee with one hand.

ROSE

Stuh... Stop him.

Lee pauses. Grits her teeth. Nods. She peers out behind the
crate. No sign of Silas in the window.

She takes deep breaths. Psyching herself up.

Lee charges for the front door...

...and arrives intact. She tries to open it. Locked. She
turns and REAR KICKS the door once. Twice--

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

--and the door BURSTS open. Lee twists around and scrambles
inside, checking her surroundings with gun at the ready.

All the processing equipment lies at rest. Silas may be above
her, and there are endless possibilities for an ambush.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Blood soaks the jacket covering Rose's head. With a shaky
hand, she grabs a RADIO from her belt and speaks into it.

ROSE

Officer down... Shots fired at
the... harbor... Send backup and...
EMS immediately.

She drops the radio. Indistinct CHATTER comes across from the
ground where it lands, but Rose isn't listening. She returns
to compressing the jacket.

ROSE (CONT'D)

God... Jesus Christ... deliver me.

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Lee gazes up at the second level platform. Solid metal, no
sign of Silas. It loops around all four walls of the plant.

She stays put. Listens. Nothing above her.

Lee scans the area again. The stairs leading up to the platform are on the other side of the building.

She ejects her spent magazine into her palm, then quietly pockets it. Lee loads in a fresh mag.

Staying close to the wall, Lee moves to the right in a crouch. Keeps her eyes trained on the walkway overhead.

Water drips from her clothes to the floor, creating a trail behind her.

She reaches the southeast corner of the plant. If she moves forward, she could be spotted.

Lee peers back to the main work area. Clocks a salt bed 15 feet away. Could provide decent cover.

Lee runs out and--

GUNFIRE BURSTS from the second level. Silas leans over the south platform rail and shoots after Lee.

Lee scrambles behind the salt bed. She shrinks down as bullets riddle the wooden structure, showering her with salt.

CLICK. The gunfire stops. Silas ducks out of sight behind the rail to reload.

Lee rises and shoots back as she rushes to the next equipment en route to the stairs. A steaming vat, now cool.

Silas pops back up and fires. Lee makes it to the vat. Silas' bullets pierce the metal, SPRAYING water everywhere. Lee clenches her teeth...

...and leans out. Shoots at Silas.

A bullet flies through the platform rail and hits Silas' side. He YELLS and falls backwards.

Lee runs for the stairs. Hurries up the steps. She finally makes it to the top...

SECOND FLOOR

CRASH! Lee turns to spot Silas climb through the broken window and drop outside.

Lee sprints across the platform, fast approaching the modular office. She rips open the door.

OFFICE

Lee checks inside. There's no one there. Yichen's long gone.

SECOND FLOOR

Lee exits the office and runs along the platform until she reaches the broken window. She looks outside.

Just below is the canopy that covers the loading bay. Blood smears on it.

Further ahead, Silas runs down the pier. He's almost halfway to the parking lot.

Lee scowls. She aims her gun and squeezes the trigger. Keeps shooting until...

Silas drops to the ground.

Lee turns and runs back toward the stairs.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Silas writhes on the wooden floor. He's got two new gunshot wounds: one in the back of his leg and one in the shoulder. Blood oozes from the wound in his side, mixing with a pool of water. He's clearly in a lot of pain.

SILAS

Goddamn it.

He twists around. Lee fast approaches from the building.

Silas eyes his gun, but raises his hands instead.

Lee arrives. Kicks the AR-15 off to the side of the docks, far out of reach. She pulls CUFFS from her belt and latches Silas' hands behind his back.

LEE

Don't you fucking move.

Faint SIRENS in the distance.

Lee looks off the docks. Red-and-blue lights speed along the coastline. Two POLICE CRUISERS. Silas notices them too.

Lee aims her gun at his head.

LEE (CONT'D)

Calvary's here, you piece of shit.

SILAS

I already shot one cop. Think
people will miss you?

Silas smiles.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll kill your old man first.

LEE

Gonna be hard to do that from a
federal prison.

SILAS

I'll make a call, and then I walk.

LEE

Doubt it. We have a witness.

SILAS

Not anymore.

Lee's frown wavers.

SILAS (CONT'D)

It's over. You've got nothing.

Lee glances at the police cruisers. Won't be long now.

She turns back to Silas. Her grip on the gun tightens.

LEE

Where's Yichen?

Silas doesn't say a word.

Lee's losing her patience. The sirens are getting LOUDER.
Soon, the flashing police lights arrive at the parking lot.

Silas' smile grows wider. He LAUGHS.

SILAS

I told you. It's over. And anything
I do, I'll walk.

Four TRIBAL OFFICERS run onto the docks.

SILAS (CONT'D)

There's no point in arresting me.

Lee scowls. Something dark behind her eyes. She digs her gun
into Silas' head.

SILAS (CONT'D)
None of this matt--

BLAM! She blows his brains out.

The Tribal Officers raise their guns. One of them is Curtis.

CURTIS
TRIBAL POLICE! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Lee just stands there, staring at Silas' corpse.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
HEY! PUT YOUR WEAPON ON THE GROUND!

Lee lets go of her gun.

The Officers rush forward. Curtis violently CUFFS Lee, but she doesn't put up a fight. Another Officer tends to an unconscious Rose.

TRIBAL OFFICER
Fuck. We got an ETA on that ambulance?

Curtis escorts Lee off the docks.

EXT. CEDAR BAY HARBOR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Curtis marches Lee to his cruiser. He opens the door, grabs her head, and shoves her inside. Curtis SLAMS the door shut.

Lee stares ahead. The red-and-blue lights flash across her emotionless face.

INT. CEDAR BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Dark and dingy. No security cameras. Looks like this place hasn't been updated since the 70s. It houses four cramped cells, two on either side of the room.

Lee is confined to a corner cell. She sits on the steel bench, her head bowed to the floor. All alone.

The door to the holding area opens. Curtis strides into the room with a folding chair. He sets it down outside of Lee's cell with a metallic CLANG.

Lee glances up at the noise. Watches Curtis exit.

She stares at the holding area door in silence. Waiting.

The door opens again. Yichen steps into the room and approaches the folding chair, which CREAKS as he sits down. He and Lee are now eye-to-eye.

They're both quiet for a moment. Lee seethes. Yichen just looks... sullen.

YICHEN

I know what you must think about me. But now that you're not wearing that ridiculous wire, I want there to be an understanding between us.

LEE

What's there to understand? You're a fucking murderer.

Yichen is unfazed by the comment.

YICHEN

I could say the same about you.

Lee's mouth twitches.

LEE

Is Rose okay?

YICHEN

She was taken to a county hospital. Last I heard, she was stable. I'll talk to her after this. But she's not important right now.

Lee doesn't say a word. She just glares at Yichen.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

A lot of divers would be hurt if you broke the news about the poaching ring. Good men just trying to make a living. For the moment, they're safe.

LEE

Yeah, then what? You're wiping out their livelihood. The cucumbers will be gone.

YICHEN

It's the way of the world. If not me, then someone else would do it. At least I can ensure the people of Cedar Bay have some money before the end. That's more of a chance than most will ever get.

A flicker of pain in his eyes. He speaks from experience.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

I stand by my actions. Can you?

Lee's anger fades from her face. Doubt creeps in.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

Your wire has audio of you shooting Silas. You killed the last man who could testify about Terri's death. Wayne and Noah are gone. The harvests will continue. You've actually done me a favor. One that I'd like to return.

Yichen leans closer. Speaks low.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

I can clean up your mess. The recording gets lost. The officers at the scene will say Silas resisted arrest. And after I call your lieutenant, you can return to Highliner Cove a hero for stopping a murderer.

Yichen waits for a response. Lee remains silent.

YICHEN (CONT'D)

There's really no point in fighting this, Detective Becker. We're all cogs in the machine. Even if I go away, my replacement will be here in three weeks. The men I work for have a long reach.

(beat)

I'd hate for you to get hurt, too.

Lee's shoulders slump. The fire's gone out of her eyes.

INT. CITY HALL - PRESS ROOM - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

Cameras FLASH. JOURNALISTS, POLICE OFFICERS, and COMMUNITY MEMBERS sit at a press conference.

Gomez is on stage, speaking into the mic of a podium bearing the Highliner Cove seal. An American flag stands next to him.

LT. GOMEZ

A disturbed individual took the lives of three innocent people.

(MORE)

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Two brave detectives, through a joint effort by the Cedar Bay and Highliner Cove Police Departments, were able to bring him to justice. I think that we can all rest easy, knowing our communities are safer.

Behind him, Lee sits with a stoic expression. To her left is Rose, who now wears an EYEPATCH.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

It is my pleasure to award a first class commendation to one of the greatest officers I've had the honor of serving with.

Lee gazes out at the audience. Stacy sits in the front row, beaming with pride.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

A consummate professional who has dedicated her life to upholding the law. Detective Lee Becker.

Gomez holds up a FRAMED CERTIFICATE for the audience. Lee approaches the podium. Gomez gives her the certificate and holds out his hand.

LT. GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

Lee stands still for but a moment...

...then grasps his hand and shakes. She smiles. It doesn't reach her eyes.

Lee takes her place at the podium. More cameras FLASH and the audience APPLAUDS. She stares at them with her false grin beside that big American flag.

INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - DAY

Lee rests against the wall. She takes deep breaths and clenches her fists.

The door to the press room opens. Rose, clutching her own CERTIFICATE, steps out with Stacy. The Detectives lock eyes.

Stacy can sense the tension.

STACY

Hey, do you need a minute?

ROSE

Sure.

Stacy makes for the exit. The door SLAMS shut behind her.

The Detectives just stand there. Staring at each other.

A million awful emotions fill the air between them. Anger. Disappointment. Remorse.

Lee struggles to find the right words.

LEE

Rose, I... I'm so sorry.

Rose frowns. There's nothing else to say.

She turns her back on Lee and walks away toward the exit, leaving Lee alone in the hall.

All sound becomes MUTED as we--

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Rose (UPGRADED EYEPATCH in place) undoes her jacket as she sets her keys down on a table. No badge or holster on her belt. A GUARD waves her through a metal detector.

INT. TRIBAL CENTER - CLASSROOM - DAY

Several TEEN GIRLS (Coast Salish, ages 13-16), already downtrodden by life, sit in a circle of folding chairs. Rose sits with them and leads a group discussion. A whiteboard behind her reads "MOVING ON AFTER TRAUMA".

INT. HCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Lee reads through a case file at her desk, messy and covered in papers. Kennedy, the beat cop from the beginning, drops another folder on top of the pile and gives her a friendly slap on the back. Lee opens the new file and reads it with a despondent expression.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rose tries to chop up some carrots on the cutting board, but struggles with handling the knife.

She frowns, her depth perception off. She attempts to place the blade above the vegetables, but the angle isn't right.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jacob sits on his bed in an adult diaper, staring off into the distance. His lower lip hangs out and his hands tremble.

Lee gently pulls a pair of wool pants over his legs. She seems more relaxed around her Father. Maybe even kinder.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stacy sits on the couch as light from the TV flickers across her face. Rose hands her a bowl of soup and sits down. Stacy snuggles next to her, and Rose leans her head against Stacy.

EXT. BOARDWALK - HIGHLINER COVE - DAY

Gray clouds block out the sky, beautiful in their own way. Seagulls circle overhead like vultures.

Lee pushes Jacob along the boardwalk in a wheelchair. A blanket over his lap. Lee points out at one of the distant islands and says something to him. Jacob doesn't respond.

Lee keeps walking, but glares at something ahead of them.

A large commercial fishing vessel pulls into the docks. Lee watches as the FISHERMEN aboard unload their catch: a net full of dozens of albacore tuna. The fish are bleeding.

FADE OUT