

LAST NIGHT IN STURGIS
Feature Film Screenplay

by John Halas

ScreenwritersForHire.Com

Based on the book *Last Night in Sturgis*

by JJ Spain.

FADE IN:

INT. WALGREENS - DAY

SALAS (middle-aged), bald, barbwire tattoos on both biceps, notices the athletic and heavy-breasted LADY as she comes into the store and goes to the eighth aisle. He sees the label on the shelf where she picks a product from. It says warming gel.

SALAS
(smiles to show perfect
teeth)
Looks fun.

LADY
(looks Salas over)
One would hope.

SALAS
(returns body inspection)
Any way I can be of service, miss,
please let me know. We at CVS aim
to please.

LADY
We're at Walgreens, sweetie.

SALAS
My apologies, miss. You have me a
bit distracted. I'm a big Grateful
Dead fan.

LADY
(holds out her hand for a
handshake)
I'm Angelina.

SALAS
(takes the hand and kisses
it)
I'm Brad. Nice to meet you,
Angelina.

ANGELINA
(smiles)
Brad and Angelina! How perfect.

Salas and Angelina smile at each other, knowingly.

EXT. 440 INDUSTRIAL - DAY

Salas parks his car a block from 440 Industrial. He does a reconnaissance of the area and locates the building and proceeds into a double door with a close sign that leads to Dan Davis General Constructing.

INT. 440 INDUSTRIAL 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Salas ascends some stairs and lands on the second floor of the building. He knocks on the door before him and with each knock, the door opens.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Salas steps into the apartment.

ANGELINA
I'm in the kitchen!

Salas looks the apartment over and notices its cleanliness.

He walks into the kitchen and watches Angelina finish up. He lifts her onto an oak table and she helps him undress to his boxer briefs while she gets rid of her clothes.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Ange, you home?

SALAS
(whispers)
You have a boyfriend?

ANGELINA
Husband.

SALAS
Shit, please don't tell me it's Dan Davis Construction.

ANGELINA
(rushes to dress)
Shhh, yes, that's our business.

SALAS
(pulling his clothes)
Are you shitting me? You brought me to work?

ANGELINA
(wearing her shirt)
He was supposed to be out of town!

Salas has his clothes in his hands when DAN DAVIS walks in, His baseball hat facing backwards. He sees Salas' hard on.

DAN DAVIS

Ange, what the hell? Who is this son-of-a-bitch? What the hell? Angelina?

ANGELINA

Honey, it isn't what it looks like.

SALAS

(gathering his clothes with his erection apparent)

Sir, I had no idea she was married. I sincerely apologize. I'll just get my stuff and let you two talk it out.

DAN DAVIS

You stay right the fuck there! I'm gonna knock the shit out of you. I'll fuck you up for the rest of your Godforsaken life!

SALAS

I understand, sir, but there's no reason to fight. We didn't do anything. It's my bad. I said I'm sorry. I'll just be leaving now.

DAN DAVIS

You ain't goin' nowhere till I'm done with you, you asshole!

SALAS

(calmly)

I don't want to fight you. I just want to leave. Now let me be.

DAN DAVIS

(charging at Salas)

Fuck that! I'm going to kick your ass!

Salas ducks under Dan Davis' punch. He steps close to him and holds him in a bear hug from behind. He lifts Dan Davis off the floor.

SALAS

(calmly and threateningly)

Now, I don't want to fight.

DAN DAVIS

Let me go! You let me go, you asshole.

A beat. Dan Davis' face is contorted as he he tries to look back at Salas.

DAN DAVIS (CONT'D)

Is that... is that... you? You've got a fucking boner? I can feel it on my ass! What the hell is wrong with you? You're fighting me with a boner!

SALAS

It's medicated, bro. It has a mind of its own.

DAN DAVIS

(squirms. Tries to head-butt Salas)

Uuuughhh!

ANGELINA

(now dressed)

Brad, please let him go. Dan, honey, I'm sorry. We didn't do anything - this was a mistake. You and I can work this out. Now, Brad is going to let you go. He'll leave, and we can talk. Okay honey?

DAN DAVIS

Okay, okay, just fucking let me go. And you, you... Brad, get the hell out of here. Now!

Salas releases Dan Davis but he tries to attack him again.

Salas has his head under his armpit and cranks his neck up and back and Dan Davis howls in pain.

SALAS

Now, again, Dan, you need to relax. I can really hurt you right now, so just relax and I'll leave.

DAN DAVIS

You pussy! You need Viagra to get a hard-on.

SALAS

(squeezing a little harder)

SALAS (CONT'D)

Now, I'm being nice, Dan. Let's not get personal.

DAN DAVIS

Guess when you're old and bald, your pecker's the first to go!

SALAS

Well, you know what the commercial says. For an erection lasting more than four hours, call Angelina.

Dan Davis gets furious and reaches out to grab Salas' erection. Despite warnings from Salas he grabs it only to have himself slammed on the floor.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Told you not to do that.

Angelina rushes to her husband and kneels beside him, stroking his face.

ANGELINA

It'll be okay, honey. I called the police. They'll be here any minute.

SALAS

(he wears his clothes)
Are you shitting me?

EXT. 440 INDUSTRIAL - DAY

Salas stands in front of his car and watches as the police vehicle pulls up in front of the building. Two POLICE OFFICERS are seated in front.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(calls out to Salas)

Mike! What are you doing here? They call in a detective for a domestic dispute?

SALAS

(points to the Hardware store)

Don't know what you're talking about, man. Just here for hardware.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Oh, okay. We're checking out a marital issue at Dan Davis Construction.

SALAS

Need some help? I have some time.

POLICE OFFICER #1

No, we got it. See you at the station.

The two police officers alight from the vehicle and Salas watches them as they turn the corner to Dan Davis construction.

He gets in his car and drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ALBERT rides a power bike on the highway, on his way to Sturgis. His sleeping bag, roll-up mattress, and folding chair are attached to the back of his bike with a bungee cord. He recalls how he comes across Sturgis.

BEGIN FLASHBACK(S):

INT. CHEVY MONTE CARLO - DAY (MOVING)

YOUNG ALBERT lies on the backseat. A blanket covers his face as his father, DAD, at the wheel, smokes. His MOTHER sits beside his father at the front of the car.

YOUNG ALBERT

Dad, can we open the windows?

DAD

Makes too much damn noise. Quit your bellyaching.

They begin to see many motorcycles as they pass.

MOTHER

Albert, why don't you count the bikes? You'd be surprised.

Albert begins the count. He counts on the highway, YELLING at them as they pass them, but keeps quiet once they get to the gas station.

YOUNG ALBERT

(excited)

I counted three-fifty on the highway and another one-one-two now.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Albert's father stops for gas. The station is crowded with bikers. He sits in the car, smoking, as Albert waves to the bikers. They wave back and he smiles. His father begins to YELL at the bikers.

DAD

Move that damn thing so I can get gas!

The BIKER smiles and rolls his bike out of the way. He approaches Albert's mom's side of the car.

BIKER

Sorry, ma'am. I should have moved it first.

He reaches into the car and gives Albert a bandana.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Here you go, little fella.

DAD

(exits the car and yells over the hood)

Damn right you should have, you big asshole. All of you are assholes.

Everywhere gets quiet. The Biker looks around, hangs his head down and walks to Albert's father.

BIKER

Do you have a problem, sir?

DAD

Just tired of your shit.

BIKER

You're not a nice person.

DAD

(yells)

Yeah, well, you can kiss my ass. Get out of my way.

The Biker grabs Albert's Dad by the throat with both hands, lifts him off the ground, and drops him in a trashcan.

BIKER

This is where you belong.

He starts his bike and looks through the window.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Sorry, ma'am. Sorry that you and
your fine son have to live with
that man.

He rides away as Albert's father gets himself out of the
trash can.

INT. CHEVY MONTE CARLO - DAY

Albert's father gets in the car and drives off. His wife
tries to talk to him but he slaps her with back of his hand.

DAD

(yells)

Shut the fuck up.

Albert witnesses all these and the resolve on his face is
visible.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. KEVIN'S RESIDENCE - DAY

KEVIN, short, fancily-dressed, is standing in front of a
Lexus. A shiny bike is parked next to the Lexus, all set to
go for the bike show in Sturgis.

KEVIN

(calling out)

Matty! You got your bags packed?

You ready to roll?

(shakes his head)

Matt! I'm going to Skip's to get
some booze. Be back in an hour. Get
your bike ready!

INT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin enters the bar and looks around. There's one PATRON in
the bar with his head down and glass in hand.

KEVIN

(as he enters)

Skip! Stella, please!

(to the patron)

Hope you're having a wonderful day?

SKIP brings Kevin's beer in a Stella Challis.

SKIP

Got your order ready, Kevin. That's a lot of booze. You just missed Gloria. She will be back for the late shift.

KEVIN

Yep, headed to Sturgis. I'll give her a call later.

(takes a swig of beer)

Gonna be a riot. Can't wait to get there. We are gonna partayy!

His noise gets the patron's attention.

PATRON

You know, this was a nice peaceful bar until you came in. Why don't you shut the fuck up?

KEVIN

Relax, my friend. No need to get upset. Hey, buy this man a drink for me, Skip.

PATRON

I ain't your friend, and I don't want no drink from some short, little sawed-off pissant like you.

KEVIN

(sing-songy)

Goodness, are we having a bad day? Does someone need a hug?

He LAUGHS.

SKIP

(steps before the patron)

Relax, sir. I don't want any trouble. Let me buy the drink.

The Patron reaches as if to stick a finger in Kevin's nose.

Kevin grabs his hand, twists it back and up, bends the elbow, and locks the wrist at a severe angle. The patron HOWLS in pain as Kevin twists further.

KEVIN

(slowly)

Now I can break your wrist, sir.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

By your unkempt appearance, I take it you're not a surgeon or violinist, but perhaps you still value your right wrist.

PATRON

(in pain)
Uuuggghhh.

KEVIN

To break or not to break... that is my question to you.

PATRON

Don't break it! Sorry... I'm sorry. Let me go.

KEVIN

(releases the patron)
You may leave.

The Patron rubs his wrist as Skip comes out from behind the bar with a bat. He puts a ten-dollar bill on the bar and leaves.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Well, that was awkward.

Skip shrugs his shoulder and returns to the bar as Kevin leaves.

EXT. KEVIN'S RESIDENCE - DAY

MATT, huge body-builder, helps Kevin load the booze into the RV as Kevin checks the tools, bikes, and golf cart he is taking to the bike rally. He tries to get in the RV when he notices Matt doesn't have his bike strapped on yet.

KEVIN

Matty, you're not going to trailer your bike? You're not going to ride in the RV with me?

MATT

(shaking his head)
Uncle Kevin, it's a motorcycle rally, not a trailer rally. I'm riding.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN is burning with rage as he picks up his phone.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN
(on the phone)
Salas! My office. Now!

SAME SCENE - LATER

Salas enters the office but stands by the door as Captain Green walks to the break room.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (O.S.)
(shouting)
Sit.

Salas does not sit. He looks around the office, nodding his head, impressed. Captain Green walks back into his office.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (CONT'D)
Damn it, Salas! I know it was you.
What the hell were you thinking,
Detective Boner?

SALAS
Don't know what you're talking
about, Tom.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN
(staring at Salas)
You're on thin ice here, Salas. You
know, you shouldn't even be a
detective. You should be a beat
cop, on the street. I'm encouraging
this guy to file charges against
you.

SALAS
(raises eyebrows)
Still don't know what you're
talking about.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN
(glances at a file on his
table, then at Salas)
Don't bullshit me. Dan Davis said
it was a bald guy with barbwire
tattoos on both biceps.

SALAS

All of us bald guys look alike,
Tom, and who doesn't have a tattoo
these days?

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN

(points at Salas' wrist)

Okay. He said the guy also had a
tattoo of a chain down his wrist
with a cross at the end of it.
How's that for a positive ID?

SALAS

(leans forward)

These are rosary beads, Tom, and
there are two crosses, not one.
Tell me, are we looking for a
Caucasian, African American, native
American, Asian, Hispanic? What
does your report say?

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN

(flips through pages)

It doesn't say.

SALAS

(smiles)

Goodness, Captain. We don't even
know where to start.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN

I'm bringing Davis in when he gets
out of the hospital. He'll
positively ID you, and then you're
screwed, Salas. Done out of here.

(he smiles back)

Now the good news. We have a dead
body at the Sunset RV Park and
Campground off 79. Go and detect,
Detective. And... the body's been
stuffed into the holding tank of a
port-a-potty. Sounds shitty,
doesn't it? One more thing...

He stands and goes to the door.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (CONT'D)

Ronnie, get in here!

He returns to his seat. RONNIE (20s) enters the office.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (CONT'D)

Salas, meet Ronnie. Ronnie, meet
Salas.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (CONT'D)

You have a partner now, Salas.
Ronnie, your job is to watch Salas'
every move and report back to me on
everyone and anyone he talks to.
Watch, listen, and learn, Ronnie.

Ronnie stretches his hand for a handshake, Salas ignores it.

SALAS

What's this? A watchdog? Your own
internal tattletale? I don't need
this shit, hell, what is he, twenty
years old?

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN

Then quit, Salas. Leave your
resignation papers on my desk. Now
go.

SALAS

Is he even a cop? Has he ever been
in a squad car or walked the
streets?

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN

(not looking up from his
desk)

Part of the Mayor's Millennial
Innovation Incentive, Salas. Get
over it. Each department gets a
millennial for advance placement.
And Ronnie just got placed with
you.

Salas and Ronnie leave the Captains Office. Salas shuts the
door with more violence than is necessary.

INT. GENERAL AREA, POLICE STATION - DAY

Ronnie reattempts to get a handshake with Salas.

RONNIE

I'm Ron, Ron Higginbotham. This is
my first day on the job, Detective
Salas. Just out of the Fort Wayne
Academy.

SALAS

Congrats. Go find your desk and get
it arranged and do desk stuff.

Salas grabs his weapon, shoulder harness, and badge, and makes for the door.

RONNIE

But I'm supposed to follow you,
Detective Salas!

BALD COP

Hey, Salas. Having a shitty day?

COP #1

Are you shitting me, Salas? A DB in
a shitter?

COP #2

Shit rolls downhill, Salas.

COP #3

Salas, you look like shit, buddy.
You going to be okay?

SALAS

Oh, you guys are just hilarious. Is
that all you got? What? No "Shit
happens?" Or "Don't take that
shit."

Salas exits the station with Ronnie behind him.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Salas gets in his car and makes Ronnie knock on his window
three times before he lets him in.

RONNIE

Thank you for letting me in the
car, Detective Salas.

SALAS

Call me Mike or call me Salas.

He starts the car and backs out to the road. Ronnie takes out
a leather-bound notebook, opens it and begins to write.

SALAS (CONT'D)

What you got there? Your journal?

RONNIE

Kind of, Detective Salas. Captain
Green told me to take notes. I
looked at several notebooks at
Barnes & Nobles and liked this one
the best.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

A simple stenographer's notepad would have worked, but this leather makes it look more professional.

SALAS

What kind of notes does Green want you to take?

RONNIE

He said to record wherever you went, whatever you said, whomever you spoke to. And any dirty jokes, off-color remarks, or offensive language.

SALAS

Are you shitting me!

RONNIE

No, sir, I am not.

He begins to take note.

SALAS

So, Ronnie, you're a snitch. And don't write that shit down!

RONNIE

No, I'm just doing what I was told to do.

SALAS

Let me see your notebook, please.

Ronnie hands his notebook over. Salas places it on his lap and pushes down the driver's side window button. He picks the book and throws it out.

RONNIE

(trying to reach Salas' window)

Hey, that was my new notebook!

SALAS

Look, Ronnie, if we're going to be partners, then get this. We don't snitch on each other, we don't hold back from each other. I got your back; you got mine. I'll defend you against anything unless you break the law, do drugs, do a hooker, or take a bribe. Then I'll bust you myself. Got it?

RONNIE

I don't do drugs. I never had a sip
of alcohol. I'd never do a hooker,
and I don't take bribes.

SALAS

Then we're good. Got it?

RONNIE

(nods)
Got it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Albert is on his power bike, speeding on the highway. He
recalls his activities the previous day.

BEGIN FLASHBACK(S):

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

Albert drives into a parking spot in front of a sandwich
shop. He sees a family get out of a RV. A man, KEN HART,
comes out first and walks away, followed by a woman, NANCY,
while her husband does not offer her a hand even when the
stairs down the RV has no rail. Then comes a little boy of
about six years old, Andy. He is looking up as he descends
the stairs and his foot slides forward. He crashes down the
stairs and on the asphalt and starts to CRY.

Nancy runs to Andy and inspects his body for cuts and
bruises. Ken returns, jerks the boy from his mother's grip,
and checks his arm.

KEN

You're fine. Quit crying like a
baby.

He pushes the Andy away.

ANDY

My arm doesn't hurt, daddy. My
bottom does.

KEN

I'll give you a reason for your
bottom to hurt!

He spanks the little boy on the butt.

KEN (CONT'D)
Pay attention. I've told you, and
told you to watch those steps.

He walks past Albert.

KEN (CONT'D)
(to Albert)
What are you looking at?

He enters the subway. Albert remains outside as the little boy, still teary-eyed, and his mother walk past him. He smiles at the boy and follows them into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Albert notices that Ken has placed his order before his family arrives.

NANCY
(with a disapproving look)
You didn't wait for us.

Albert goes to the restroom, and after a while, he returns and goes outside.

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

The RV motor is running, and Nancy and little boy are running to it. Albert puts on his helmet, starts up his bike and waits for Ken to drive out of the parking lot. He follows on his bike.

EXT. SUNSET RV PARK AND CAMPGROUND - DAY

Albert follows the RV into the an RV Park. He hangs back as Ken checks in and drives toward the rear of the campground.

He pays his fee in cash and rides through the campground, riding in the opposite direction to the RV. He finds a shade tree near the back entrance of the campground and parks there.

He sets up his tent, unrolls his sleeping bag, and places his folding chair under the shade. He goes to the snack shack in the middle of the campground, taking the long route so he can spot the RV.

He hears Ken's voice before he sees the RV. He is yelling at his son, again.

KEN (O.S.)

I told you to put the chair in the bag it came in. Where's the bag? Look at me - where's the bag? See this chair? It's ruined because you forgot to put it in the bag.

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

When I pulled it out of the storage bin, the leg was bent. This is all your fault!

There is silence for a few seconds.

KEN (CONT'D)

And no swimming for him!

Albert tries to control himself before the emotions get the best of him. He leaves.

The afternoon drags on slowly and Albert takes frequent walks in the RV park, keeping an eye out for Ken. He spends more time looking at the bathhouse best. Opposite it is a line of port-a-potties.

EXT. SUNSET RV PARK AND CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The sun sets and Albert waits to make his move in the darkness. Ken comes out of the RV, picks up the folding chairs and places them under the front RV bumper. He picks some trash, lights a cigarette, and inhales deeply. With the cigarette hanging between his lips, he rolls down the awning and walks toward the bathhouse. Albert follows him from a distance, following his cigarette glow.

Ken stops in front of the first port-a-potty -- takes a drag on the cigarette -- throws the butt on the ground -- steps and twists on it -- enters the cubicle.

Albert walks to the cubicle entrance, looks around and sees no one. He retrieves an ice pick with a T-bar handle from his jacket pocket and waits. He can hear Ken finishing up and zipping his pants.

Ken opens the door and on seeing Albert's figure in the darkness, he is taken aback.

KEN

Excuse me.

He takes a step down to the ground and Albert steps forward.

He jams the pick into the man's throat from beneath his jaw, slamming him into the port-a-potty, and killing him instantly. He lifts the body and stuffs Ken's head into the holding tank and his shoulder through the seat. He stuffs the rest of his body into the toilet recess.

He steps out of the cubicle, looks around and sees no one. He shuts the door from the inside so the label on the door says "occupied". He retrieves his cell phone and takes a picture of the port-a-potty line.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Albert returns to his tent and falls asleep easily. He starts having a dream.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT (DREAM)

Young Albert (12) is dragged into a bedroom closet and tossed inside. The closet door slams and he tosses in his sleep as he does in the closet. He tries to open the closet but it's locked.

He hears his parents YELLING and SCREAMING, and someone getting SLAPPED.

After several beats, the yelling dies down. Albert sees light at the bottom of the closet. His FATHER opens the door.

DAD
You pissed your pants again, you
little bastard.

He slaps Young Albert across the face twice, his ring drawing blood from the boy's face.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Albert wakes, but he looks on straight for a while before he stands up and packs his things.

EXT. SUNSET RV PARK AND CAMPGROUND - DARK

Albert assembles his belongings and straps them to his bike before the campground comes alive. He pushes his bike through the rear exit of the campground. Almost at the highway, he turns the ignition and the bike roars to life and he gets on the highway.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

JESSICA is arguing with her boyfriend, JIMMY.

JESSICA
(stuffing clothes in a
duffel bag)
Why? We're broke, that's why.

JIMMY
Jess, this isn't modeling. You want
to be a model, not a stripper.

JESSICA
This isn't stripping. I'll be
tending bar, a waitress. The agency
says I can make ten thousand or
more in just a week.

JIMMY
(yells)
From the looks of the clothes
you're packing, you're going to be
a street whore.

JESSICA
Why don't you just go back to your
video game and let me pack?

JIMMY
What's that supposed to mean?

JESSICA
All you do is play those stupid
games. When was the last time you
worked a full day?

She stands and glares at him.

JIMMY
(head down)
I'm in sales. I can call my own
hours.

JESSICA
Well, your mum might buy that line,
but you haven't sold anything for a
month, and you haven't even been
off that couch for two weeks. If
you're a salesman, shouldn't you be
out there trying to sell something?

JIMMY

(shrugs)

It's a slow time. Everyone's buying computers online now.

JESSICA

Whatever.

JIMMY

Whatever! Whatever! I hate whatever!

JESSICA

(sighs)

Look, Jimmy. This isn't working out. When I get back in a week, I want you and your stuff out of here. Go live with your mom and sleep on her couch. Eat her food and let her do your laundry.

JIMMY

I love you, Jess. I want us to get married.

JESSICA

Married? That's not going to happen.

She lifts her duffel bag and heads to the door.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We've been together over a year, and all you've done for me is get me in debt. You've never even talked about marriage, and now that I'm kicking you out, you want to commit? Not happening.

JIMMY

Come on, Jessica. Don't go. I forbid you to go!

JESSICA

Get out, Jimmy. Get your stuff and go back to your mommy. I'm tired of filling in for her.

JIMMY

Yeah, well, when you get to Sturgis, all they'll want is to screw you. It's your vagina. Good luck!

He shuts the door after Jessica.

JESSICA
You're an ass!

INT. CAR - DAY

Jessica gets in the car with her friends, ANN, behind the wheel, and SHELLY, who she shares the backseat with.

ANN
Well, that looked like a romantic good-bye scene.

JESSICA
He'd better be gone when I get back, but I'll bet he'll be sitting there on the couch with a rose or something. He's an ass. He just won't change.

SHELLY
They never do!

JESSICA
All I want is a guy who'll take care of me. Is that too much to ask?

ANN
They never will!

EXT. SUNSET RV PARK AND CAMPGROUND - DAY

Salas drives to a picnic table where the wife, NANCY, and child of the dead man sit beside their RV.

SALAS
Ma'am. I'd like to ask you some questions.

NANCY
(cleans her face)
Of course, detective.

SALAS
When was the last time you saw your husband?

NANCY

Last night. When we went to sleep. I did not see him wake up this morning. I took my son to the shower house around eight this morning and we were back in about thirty-five minutes. Ken still was not back. We both had cereal and juice for breakfast, then I walked with Andy around the campground, searching for him, but he was nowhere. I was beginning to worry.

NANCY (CONT'D)

At first, I thought he went out for a run, but his running shoes were there by the door. His wallet, money, ID, everything was there. I called the police thirty minutes later. They searched everywhere but didn't find him until the sanitation truck arrived and there was my husband in the holding tank of a port-a-potty.

Nancy breaks down in fresh tears. Salas pats her on the back and walks toward the port-a-potty.

Salas and Ronnie watch as the technician, REIMERS, works to retrieve the body from the port-a-potty.

SALAS

Reimers! What are you doing?

Reimers is in the cubicle, sweating, trying to retrieve the body but the door keeps hitting him in the rear.

REIMERS

Hey, detective. It's gotta be a hundred degrees in that sauna of a bathroom! We're trying to remove the body from the tank. I can't figure out how he got in there.

Salas slips on a pair of latex gloves, walks over to the cubicle, lifts the door and twists it off its hinges -- sets it to the ground.

SALAS

Excuse me.

He nudges the TRUCK DRIVER and Reimers to the side, gets inside the cubicle and hits the roof eight times for each plastic groove holding the roof, then removes it.

He removes each side panel of the cubicle and hands them to the driver to lay them down on the ground.

SALAS (CONT'D)

There you go, Reimers. That should make things easier.

REIMERS

Thanks, Detective. I never thought of taking it apart.

TRUCK DRIVER

Me neither.

REIMERS

Now, how do we get the body out?

Reimers sees that the tank is attached to a plastic base. He tips the tank to its side and the plastic base snaps off. The content of the tank mixes with fecal waste and spreads on the ground, onto Reimers shoes, tools, and coat, spread on the ground.

SALAS

(laughing)

Well, that's one way to empty the tank.

DRIVER

Let's cut the top off.

He gets a handsaw and starts to cut from the side of the tank.

SALAS

Why not just expand the current opening instead of cutting off the entire top?

DRIVER

(shrugs)

Never thought of that.

After ten minutes, Ken Hart's body is lying on the ground.

Salas sees the hole in the man's neck where blood and blue liquid is oozing.

RONNIE

Looks like he was murdered.

SALAS

You don't think he committed
suicide or cramped up while
swimming and drowned?

EXT. US PENITENTIARY COLORADO - DAY

DEUCE (middle-aged) sits on his bike, another is beside him.

His hair is in a ponytail as he waits. RJ (20s), long-haired
and muscular, appears through the gates -- hugs Deuce when he
reaches him and the bikes.

RJ

You look skinny, Deuce.

DEUCE

Thanks. You need a haircut or a
ponytail. You look like Jesus -
well, a muscular Jesus. You've been
lifting.

RJ

Yeah, had some spare time on my
hands. Let's ride.

They both get on their bikes and head for Sturgis.

EXT. SIOUX FALLS KOA - DAY

Albert reaches the check-in area of Sioux Falls.

ATTENDANT

Tents only. We're full!

Albert looks behind him as though he has a RV or trailer.

ALBERT

Okay.

He pays the attendant in cash and proceeds into the grounds -
- finds a spot for his tent close to the camp's exit.

He is on his way to the showers when he hears a man shouting
at his wife.

RAY (O.S.)

(Shouting)

You stupid bitch, why don't you do
what I tell you?

Albert continues his walk but sees KELLY by the side of the RV, her head bowed but sporting a four-day-old black eye.

KELLY
I'm sorry, Ray.

RAY pushes her out of his way and goes into the RV. Kelly sees Albert and hangs her head low in embarrassment. She sits at the picnic table and places her head in her palms. Albert feels sorry for her but continues to the bath.

He dumps his blood-stained T-shirt in the dumpster outside the bath, then walks around the camp.

EXT. SIOUX FALLS KOA - NIGHT

The campers next to Ray and Kelly are in their RV. Albert walks toward Ray's RV and finds him sitting in the dark, smoking a cigarette, in a lawn chair. No light is on in their RV and rock music is PLAYING on the sound system.

RAY
What do you want, dickweed?

ALBERT
Wonder if you could help me. Could you check this out, please?

He heads to the back of the RV.

RAY
What?

Ray stands and follows Albert. As he rounds the hind corner of the RV, Albert turns and thrusts his ice pick through Ray's head, from underneath his jaw. Albert looks into Ray's eyes as life goes out of him.

He rolls his body in Astroturf and places it under the camper. He places the folding lawn chairs and their covers on Ray's body and takes a picture. He leaves and notices no light comes on.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Albert reaches his tent and rolls out his sleeping bag, lays his head down and sleeps restlessly. He has another nightmare and he is in tears.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (DREAM)

Albert's father is training their new puppy named Harley. He is not responding to his name and his father yanks at the leash so hard, it breaks Harley's neck. The puppy dies in Young Albert's arms.

INT. TENT - DAWN

At dawn, when everywhere is still dark, Albert awakes, crying. He rolls up his sleeping bag, straps it to his bike, pushes it through the exit and rides off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Salas sits with his leg on his desk and ponders the file before him.

 RONNIE
Detective Salas?

 SALAS
I'm busy, Ronnie. It's Sunday. Go home and play with your kids.

 RONNIE
Oh, I don't have children, Detective Salas. I'm not married, and well, I'm not really seeing anyone at this time. You know, I did just get my own place, a one-bedroom apartment on 5th street. You know where that is, Detective Salas?

 SALAS
Ronnie?

 RONNIE
Yes, Detective Salas?

 SALAS
Shut up. And call me Mike or Salas.

He returns to his file.

 RONNIE
Oh, yes. I forgot. Detective Salas?

SALAS

I'm busy, Ronnie. I want to get this report to Captain Green for the morning meeting, and I have no clues, no suspect, no motive, and no weapon. Just a DB in a shitter.

RONNIE

(tapping Salas' shoe)
But Detective Salas?

SALAS

What, Ronnie? You've got thirty seconds.

He removes his legs from the desk.

RONNIE

(looking at Salas)
Well, they - they being the Sioux Falls Police Department - found a dead body, a DB, under an RV in a campground this morning.

SALAS

Ronnie, my advice, your next vacation, do not stay at a campground.

RONNIE

I agree, Detective Salas. Actually, I'm not a fan of camping. I'm not really an outdoors guy. I prefer major hotel chains - you know, ones that offer predictable rooms and service. I don't like surprises when I travel. I'm actually a gold member with Choice Hotels. I prefer Comfort Inns; they have excellent breakfast. Last month, I stayed at a very nice Comfort Inn in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Have you ever been to their art week?

SALAS

Ten seconds, Ronnie.

RONNIE

Oh, yes, ten seconds. Well, the dead body, DB... cause of death was a puncture wound under the mandible, through the esophagus and trachea, and into the brain.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Medical examiner stated the most likely weapon was a screwdriver or ice pick.

Ronnie looks at his watch.

SALAS
Are you shitting me?

RONNIE
Yes, sir. I mean, uh, no, Detective Salas, I'm not shitting you.

Ronnie backs away.

Salas goes to Ronnie's desk -- reads through the report on the monitor -- turns to Ronnie.

SALAS
What do you think?

RONNIE
Me?

SALAS
Yes, you. Related or Unrelated?

RONNIE
Definitely related, Detective Salas.

He turns the monitor toward himself and hits the page down button twice.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
And as per the last page of the report, the investigating detective found a bloody shirt in the campground's shower house. They're testing it to see if the blood is a match.

SALAS
(still looking at Ronnie's computer)
Really, what's our next step, Ronnie?

RONNIE
Well, I'd like to check a few things.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

If this guy has killed two people in two days, most likely he's killed before. Obviously with success, since he isn't in jail.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

My thought is to look for any other cases where people were killed with a screwdriver or ice pick.

SALAS

I like it, Ronnie. Tell you what, check out campgrounds in the following states for unsolved murders by ice picks or screwdriver: Indiana, South Dakota, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, and Wisconsin.

He writes the states down on paper.

RONNIE

Yes, Detective Salas. It won't take long.

He settles back into his chair, adjusts his computer, and starts typing.

SALAS

Call me Mike or... whatever.

Salas looks at his watch.

EXT/INT. WALL DRUG - DAY

Kevin and Matt reach South Dakota and turn toward Wall Drug.

Matt indicates that he needs to refuel. He waits in line for ten minutes before he gets his turn.

Kevin parks his RV in a secluded area and joins Matt at the gas station, where he parks his bike after refueling. Kevin sends a text on his phone smiles after.

They pass through a throng of people and get in Wall Drug.

They find JERICHO just inside the entrance washing his hands with a sanitizer. AD LIB greetings. Matt and Jericho perform fake takedowns and punches to the belly. They walk the store but do not find the cheap items they hope for. They take pictures of one another and Kevin takes a group picture with the prettiest WAITRESS.

He also convinces two BIKER LADIES to to take pictures with Matt and Jericho.

Matt and Jericho head for their bikes while Kevin goes to his RV.

Kevin tries to turn his RV around, but it is too big to turn easily where he parks. He drives onto someone's lawn before turning to the street.

Luckily, no one is watching.

EXT. HIGHWAY 44/GAS STATION - DAY

Albert's ride from Sioux Falls is fast. He stops along the way, buys a sandwich, and continues his journey to Sturgis.

He stops again to refuel in Rapid City and enjoys his ride amidst other bikes, despite the heavy bike traffic. He soon makes a turn and begins to move steady.

EXT/INT. FULL THROTTLE SALOON - DAY

Albert stops -- parks his bike, and walks around the bar. He exits the bar and continues his journey.

EXT. PERKINS RESTAURANT SIOUX FALLS - DAY

Jessica, Ann, SUMMER, and Shelly reach Sioux Falls and decide to eat in a restaurant.

All heads turn when they enter the restaurant. It is filled with bikers. Everyone stops talking and eating when they see them. Some men receive slaps from their wives for staring too long. A MAN opens his mouth, gaping at the girls.

MAN #1

Those can't be real.

MAN #2

They must be hookers.

The girls sit at the back room, against the wall. Summer stops at the restroom to freshen up. Jessica orders a pot of coffee.

A YOUNG MAN sitting across from them gets up from his table of THREE MEN and approaches theirs.

YOUNG MAN

Good morning, ladies.

He sits on an empty chair.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
We'd like you ladies to join us for
breakfast.

ANN
Sorry, sweetie. You only have a
table for four.

YOUNG MAN
Tell you what, a couple of you can
sit here, and a couple of you can
sit over there.

He points at his friends. They wear wide grins.

JESSICA
Are you a real biker?

YOUNG MAN
(puffs chest)
Sure am, beautiful.

JESSICA
Well, then, you must have just
bought new leathers.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
All your gear looks like you just
got it out of the box.

All three girls LAUGH hysterically. The young man gets up and
rejoins his friends.

Summer walks out of the restroom. She has water in her hair
and all over her white tank top, causing a hush in the
restaurant as she walks to her friends, smiling.

She speeds up her movement on seeing them, making her boobs
jiggle. She has no bra on.

Food arrives and they engage in small talk. A GENTLEMAN comes
over to their table and turns to the waitress.

GENTLEMAN
I'll take their bill.

He turns to the ladies.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
Young ladies, I take it you're
going to Sturgis.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Have a great time and thank you for coming to Perkins.

He walks away to the cash register.

SUMMER

Was that the manager?

JESSICA

I don't think so. He had a Harley shirt on.

SHELLY

People in South Dakota are so nice.

They walk back to their car amidst WHISTLES and offers to give them a bike ride.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING)

The ladies continue their journey to Sturgis.

ANN

This'll be nothing compared to what we'll get in Sturgis. Remember, always smile and wink, and wink and smile. We're going there for the tips and the cash, not to land a husband or a boyfriend! Agreed?

They all agree.

They drive past some BIKERS.

BIKER #1

(whistling and yelling)

Roll down your window.

Another rider gestures for them to roll down their windows.

They oblige.

BIKER #2

Where are you ladies headed?

ANN

Don't ask too much questions, we will see you at Buffalo Chip.

They wind up the windows again and switch the air conditioning on.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Ann is at the wheel when they pull into Buffalo Chip. The ladies disembark and go to the administrative building to check in with security. The RECEPTIONIST gives them a map of the campground, a list of bars and their locations, directions to their cabins, and other necessary information.

BOBBY, a campground security, escorts them to their cabin on his Honda Trail 90.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Bobby unlocks the door, turns the air-conditioning unit on, and gives each girl a key.

BOBBY

You each have a secure lockbox in the admin building to store your tips. And anytime you need a ride, I'm available.

JESSICA

(points at the vehicle)
On that little thing?

BOBBY

No, we have golf carts too.

His mouth is agape as he stares at Jessica's chest.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(hands them a small card)
Here's my cell number and the number to security. Call anytime and we'll come get you. It's about a mile walk to the main stage.

The girls are dissatisfied with the space they have in the cabin. There is no insulation, about two feet of walking space between the beds, rafters as ceiling, and open spaces on the door. They each choose a bed, hang their clothes, and prepare to report for work.

Summer wears butt-less leather chaps with pink panties with "Pink" printed on the butt. She wears a pink swimsuit that appears two sizes small for her, matching it with black, leather, spiked heels.

Ann chooses a red and black plaid schoolgirl miniskirt with fishnet stocking over them. Her white blouse ties above her belly button and the sleeves roll up to her elbows.

She ties her brunette hair in a ponytail and wears a black flat and black-rimmed glasses.

Shelly wears a bright red swimsuit and a thong that has a trident as a tail. She has bright, red horns pinned to her hair. Her tattoos of barbwire in wings, small birds flying, and angel wings are exposed.

Jessica opts for black bikini top and bottom. She wears a black mouse ear hair pin. Her black leather vest is short and stops just below her breasts. The tip of her nose is painted black and three little whiskers on each cheek completes her appearance.

They punch in Bobby's and Security's numbers on their phones and place a call to security. A golf cart arrives, manned by a tall security, JAKE.

INT. BUFFALO CHIP BAR - DAY

Jessica gets in the bar and begins to work. She is surprised at how busy the bar is. She smiles and winks as she gets tips.

JESSICA

Please, come back! Don't forget me!

She flirts with the guys, rubbing their heads and getting tips. She smiles and winks at them, calling them different sweet names.

This continues until sundown. Her tips increase as the day progresses.

When there is less traffic in the bar, she asks men to pose with her for a picture.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

The REGISTRATION LADY gives an announcement.

REGISTRATION LADY (V.O.)

No campers or RVs. We're full.
Tents only.

Albert is standing at the registration point. He looks behind him.

ALBERT

I don't have a camper. I just have
a tent.

REGISTRATION LADY

Good. Put your tent anywhere you see other tents. No tents by RVs, no tents by campers, capiche?

Albert tilts his head and looks at her. He pays with his card.

REGISTRATION LADY (CONT'D)

Understand?

ALBERT

Yes, tents by tents. I understand.

He signs the credit card slip and leaves to locate his campsite. He starts to set up his campsite.

Kevin, Matt, and Jericho finally arrive at Buffalo Chip and proceed to check-in. They wait in line.

LATER, Kevin's RV is searched for alcohol. They are given an escort - a blue-eyed TEENAGE GIRL - to their designated campsite.

Albert finishes setting up his campsite beside an RV and trailer that takes up too much space.

Kevin and the boys reach their designated RV point and begin to unload and set up their equipment. They place carpets on the ground, set up the picnic table and add a folding table from underneath the RV.

They fix lighting and connected DISH Network to the outdoor TV. They set the speaker up and unload the trailer and park the golf cart and bikes beside the road.

Albert notices how huge the two younger men - Matt and Jericho - are, compared to the older loud mouth, Kevin. He listens as Kevin barks orders AD-LIB to the younger men with his high-pitched voice.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Tomorrow, I'll most likely kill you. Tomorrow, I'll most likely kill you.

EXT. STREETS OF STRUGIS - NIGHT

Deuce and RJ make it to Sturgis as they enjoy their bike ride by leaning into curves and seeing whose tailpipes will hit the asphalt and set off sparks.

Deuce runs into a curve, bends his bike in the direction of the curve and safely resumes normal position without causing any spark. RJ goes next and sets sparks flying when his tailpipe touches the asphalt. They do a high-five and CHEER.

RJ notices that his bike is leaking oil when they stop to refuel and stretch.

RJ

Rocker gasket. Probably dried out over time. Easy fix. Let me get some oil, and we can make it into Sturgis, grab a gasket, and we'll be good.

DEUCE

My bad.

EXT/INT. J&P CYCLES - DAY

Deuce and RJ stop at J&P Cycles to find the doors locked.

Deuce makes a phone call and in minutes, J&P is open. RJ picks two gaskets, some quarts of oil and goes to pay.

Deuce and the MAN AT THE REGISTER are talking about oils.

MAN AT THE REGISTER

Don't worry, Deuce. The AMSOIL's on the house.

Deuce hands the man a fifty-dollar bill.

DEUCE

This is for you. Have fun. I don't forget.

RJ and Deuce get on their bikes and leave.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - NIGHT

RJ and Deuce reach Buffalo Chip at the perfect time. No queues, no escorts.

Albert smiles as he watches Kevin, Matt, and Jericho touch their glasses in a toast. He watches as they merry but is surprised when Matt and Jericho get on the golf cart to inspect the camp. They drive off. He sits and watches patiently. He sees RJ and Deuce arrive.

They park their bikes and Deuce begins to pitch their tent while the RJ begins to work on his bike.

Deuce finishes the tent and lays down on his back. RJ is having a hard time fixing the gasket. It is dark and the only source of light he has is the flashlight he is holding from his mouth. He removes his vest to avoid soaking it sweat.

INT. BUFFALO CHIP BAR - NIGHT

The live band plays its last number and the bikers rush into the bar to get one for the road. Jessica is swarmed for some minutes before people begin to leave. She notices TWO GUYS, about her age.

GUY #1

We've got a camper, lots of booze,
and a little weed. Come with us!

JESSICA

Not tonight, sweetie. I'm
exhausted!

She looks farther down and notices a TALL GUY with long hair, dark eyes, and a beard. He isn't drinking and has not bought beverage from her all night. He sits watching her, the bar, and the people.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - NIGHT

Kevin sees RJ struggling with his bike.

KEVIN

(calls out)
Hey, you need some help?

RJ

(attention on his bike)
Yeah, I'm leaking oil and want to
ride in the morning, but I can't
see shit. Would you hold this
flashlight for me?

KEVIN

I've got a trailer. Well, a garage,
like... with all sorts of lights
and tools and stuff. Bring your
bike over here, and we can work on
it.

RJ

Thanks.

RJ pushes his bike to the trailer and they introduce themselves AD-LIB.

KEVIN
What's the problem?

He lowers the ramp on the light, and turns up the AC.

RJ
Rocker gasket, easy fix. I have the
gasket and some oil. Just need
tools and some light.

He pushes the bike onto the ramp and into the trailer.

KEVIN
Hoist it there. Lock it in, and
raise it up. Easier to work on,
plenty of light.

He goes to bring the tool kit.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Take your pick.

Deuce walks into the trailer.

DEUCE
Nice shop.

He looks at the tools, parts, and hoist.

KEVIN
Thanks. Use it as if it were your
own. Glad I can help.

He takes a swig of beer.

DEUCE
(faces RJ)
I'm going for food. What you want?

RJ
Anything, man. You call it.

KEVIN
You aren't gonna get food after
midnight, and you got a mile walk
altogether. I got food. You guys
work on the Harley. I'll cook.

Kevin goes to the rear tire cooler, retrieves two beers.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Here, enjoy. I'll start the grill.

RJ and Deuce hesitate for a second.

DEUCE

Nice rig, and thanks for the beer.

He takes a long pull from the bottle.

RJ

First beer in five years.

He puts the bottle to his lips.

KEVIN

Whoa whoa! You ain't going off the band wagon on my beer. If you've been clean and sober for five years, I'm going to keep you that way!

He collects the beer from RJ.

RJ

(laughs)

I was in prison, not AA.

He retrieves the beer from Kevin and empties it in one drink.

KEVIN

(shakes his head)

You guys are fucking with me. Fix your Harley, and let me fix you some food, assholes.

He goes to the grill, fires it up and smiles. RJ soon fixes his rocket gasket. He wheels it to their tent.

The three men sit at Kevin's picnic table, gulping beer and shots of Jack, sharing biker stories, and savoring the aroma of two T-bones.

Not too far away, Albert watches from the darkness.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Here you go, gentlemen. Medium rare and some potato salad. Another beer?

DEUCE

That'd be great. My thanks.

RJ gets up from the table and returns wearing his Harley T-shirt and vest. He returns to Kevin's table and sits just as Kevin is coming out of his RV.

KEVIN

Let me tell you boys, my favorite placed to ride... whoa, whoa, whoa... shut the front door. RJ quit fucking with me. It ain't wise to steal a vest from the Sons, man.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

They'll mess you up when they find you.

Kevin looks around.

RJ

This is my vest. Relax.

He exchanges a look with Deuce.

DEUCE

Yeah, we're good. No worries.

Deuce tries to hide a grimace.

KEVIN

Wow. I've never met a gang member before.

RJ

We ain't a gang. We're a club. Anyway, thanks for the hoist, the beer, and the food. We appreciate it.

KEVIN

Gotta ask. What does RJ stand for? Robert Joseph?

RJ

No.

KEVIN

Randall Jeffrey?

RJ

No.

KEVIN

Richard Ja...

RJ

No. Just R and J.

KEVIN

Just R, like the letter R?

RJ
 (flatly)
 Yeah, and just J like the letter J.

KEVIN
 Would've never got that one. How
 about you Deuce. What does Deuce
 stand for?

Deuce holds up two fingers, like the Hook 'em Horns from
 University of Texas.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 (nods)
 Oh, Deuce just means two. Got it.

They sit in silence and Kevin speaks up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 So, RJ, you married?

RJ
 Nope.

KEVIN
 Any kids?

RJ
 I got a daughter, haven't seen her
 in years. I hear she's a good kid.

He finishes another beer.

KEVIN
 You, Deuce? Married?

Deuce holds up two fingers again.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 Two wives or two ex-wives?

DEUCE
 (smiles)
 Exes.

KEVIN
 Kids?

Deuce shows the two finger sign again.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Shoulda figured, two.

DEUCE

I'm done. Gotta lie down. Thanks again, Kevin.

He stands slowly, grabbing his lower back with both hands, and dragging his right leg behind him.

RJ

Me too, but I'm sleeping under the stars. You get the tent tonight, Deuce. Thanks again, Kevin.

The two men cross the road and vanish into the darkness.

Kevin cleans up the campsite, scrubs the grill, and shuts off the music. He checks his phone. It's just past 2:00 a.m.

Not too far off, Albert closes his eyes and is fast asleep.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP BAR/CABIN - NIGHT

Security guards gently direct everyone to the exits. Jessica seems to be lost and alone. Jake arrives to take Jessica to her cabin. They make their way toward the cabin with no headlights on. The crowd of people and empty beer cans make the journey slow. They pass drunken bikers stumbling to their campsite. Some falling and cussing aloud.

Jake gives Jessica a blanket to cover herself. When they reach the cabin, Ann is already there.

ANN

Hey, Jess! Was that an unreal night or what?

Jessica gets off the cart and returns Jake's blanket.

JESSICA

It was crazy!

Jake is pulling away when he notices a tall guy with a beard enter the light of the cabin. The bearded guy storms forward, grabs Jessica by the waist and tries to get himself and Jessica into the cabin.

Jessica is kicking and punching the man. Jake stops the cart and runs to the door. The tall man lets go of Jessica and meets Jake with a blow to the chin. Jake drops to the dirt.

Jessica and Ann rush inside the cabin and lock the door. The tall guy raises his knee to his chest and kicks the door open. Jessica SCREAMS and Ann jumps onto the bed.

The bearded man enters the cabin and someone comes from behind him, holding him in a bear lock. The stranger lifts the bearded guy off the ground.

Jessica sees that the stranger is bald and muscular. OFF HER LOOK, we see that the stranger is Matt. He takes the bearded guy to the road and swings him sideways. The bearded guy lands face-first in the dirt.

Jericho joins Matt, and they pummel the bearded guy till security arrives. They tie up the bearded man and take him away. Matt taps on the girls' window.

MATT

Are you okay?

JESSICA

(smiles)

Yes, thank you so much. Please come back and see tomorrow.

MATT

I'm Matt.

He smiles, revealing a set of pearly white teeth. He appears smitten but turns and walks away.

Jericho approaches the window as Matt turns away. He makes eye contact with Ann and smiles. Ann winks at him and wets her lips.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Albert sleeps in fits as usual. He is having a bad dream, and he tosses from one end of his sleeping bag to another.

His eyes are tightly closed, and his arm tightly holding his blanket around him.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Young Albert's father comes home to meet LEGOs on the floor.

Young Albert is with his mother as they hear his father come into the house.

DAD

Damn it... Albert!

Young Albert comes around the corner to the living room when he hears his name. His father grabs him by the arm and lifts him off the ground, shaking him.

DAD (CONT'D)

Put these damn things away! Why do you have so many of them anyway?

DAD (CONT'D)

I work too hard to waste all my money on this shit.

He throws Young Albert to the floor and his other comes running from the kitchen. She goes to the floor with Young Albert to clear the Legos into a bucket, but they are too slow for his father. He kicks the bucket from Mother's hand and she SCREAMS.

He lands a backhanded slap on her, sending her face-down on the carpet. He slaps Young Albert too, sending him against the wall.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'm so sick of this shit!

Mother reaches for Young Albert and father slaps her again.

He picks Young Albert up and drags him up the stairs and throws him in the closet in his room. He slams the closet shut.

DAD (CONT'D)

Stay there until I come back. And don't piss in the closet!

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Young Albert sits still in the closet for a while, fear evident all over his face. Tears roll down his cheeks. He turns the doorknob.

INT. PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Young Albert slowly walks to the bedroom door. He tiptoes down the hallway, hearing his mother's GROANS. He reaches his parents room's door and sees that his mother's dress is hiked up to her knees with his father behind her, pants down, and groaning. Mother turns her head to see Young Albert. She CRIES OUT but Father SLAPS her.

Young Albert walks on to the bathroom, pees, but does not flush, and tiptoes back to the bedroom and into the closet.

Father comes into the bedroom, opens the closet and inspects the floor.

DAD

Good boy! You didn't piss yourself for once.

Young Albert stands and makes to leave the closet but Father slams it shut.

DAD (CONT'D)

Stay there for the night, until you learn to pick up your damn toys.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. TENT - DAWN

Albert wakes and lays still in his tent. His heart is racing and his eyes are fluttering, but still closed.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAWN

Matt and Jericho return from their adventure in Buffalo chip, drunk and LOUD. Jericho has his arm around Matt.

JERICHO

That was the best damn sweep and pile driver I've ever seen. You crushed him!

MATT

Yeah, he was out cold when he hit the ground. I actually thought I might have broken his neck. Guess we didn't need to keep hitting him.

JERICHO

The hell we didn't! We hit him 'cuz he was a total ass. He was going to rape that girl. We should still be beating him. I hope he hurts for a month and gets raped in prison, see how he likes it.

MATT

(eyes wide)

Did you see her, the girl he grabbed? She's beautiful.

JERICHO
(sanitizing his hands)
She is, and so's her friend!

MATT
I gotta meet her. She has to be a
waitress here at the Chip. Why else
would security drop her off? I have
to find her tomorrow.

JERICHO
Her friend is gorgeous. I'm going
to find her too. She was into me. I
could tell.

They go behind the RV and when they return, Jericho is
sanitizing his hand. Kevin comes out and stays on the steps
of the RV.

KEVIN
Would you guys shut the fuck up!
Some of us are trying to sleep.

They enter the RV and shut the door.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Albert lies awake in his tent, listening to everything going
on outside.

He notices the RV's interior lights stay on for some time.

ALBERT
(looks out the screen door
and whispers)
He sounds so much like Father.

He sobs and falls asleep.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Albert exits his tent, dressed and carrying his sleeping bag.

He had wet his sleeping bag, and he spreads it over his
motorbike. He notices the RV is silent and the two occupants
were getting on their bikes.

He begins to find his way to the shower facility and sees a
couple having sex in their tent. After waiting in line for
some time, he gets his turn at a shower, dries off, and makes
his way toward the main grounds.

He walks around the food court area, pricing food but changes his mind when he hears some bikers talk. Albert sits with a group from the Christian Motorcycle Association for a while and joins the line to get his share of breakfast. He goes in the line two more times to get extra food that he saves in his leather jacket pocket.

A HUGE MAN with belly over his belt approaches Albert and hands him a Bible.

HUGE MAN

Read it. Jesus will talk to you.
You can start from the book of
John.

ALBERT

(avoids eye contact)
Thank you.

HUGE MAN

Thanks for coming! Please come
again! There'll be free breakfast
all week!

The man walks away.

Albert walks around the campground, looking at conspicuous places.

INT/EXT. TENT - DAY

When Albert returns to his tent, his sleeping bag is dry. He takes it inside and retrieves his folding chair. He unfolds it and sits outside, watching the road and RV.

INT. RV - DAY

Kevin wakes and goes to the back of the RV. He goes online to check the news and check on his home and shop through the mounted security cameras that he streams from his computer.

He sees a WORKER cleaning. He checks on the exterior of his rental properties, including Skip's bar. All is in place.

He is about to log off when the rear door of Skip's bar opens. He watches as Skip walks into the sun with just his boxers on. Skip holds Gloria and they stop at the door, embracing, with Skip's hands resting on Gloria's behind. They kiss. Skip wants to break away but Gloria pulls him back.

Kevin picks his cell phone and calls Gloria. He watches as she turns way from Skip so that her back is to his chest, retrieves her cell phone and returns it to her purse. He is furious. He walks through the RV. Matt and Jericho are still sleeping, SNORING loudly. He turns the outdoor stereo system on, grabs some Gatorades from the fridge and steps out.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Albert watches as Kevin steps out and inspects the RV. A loud BANG that comes from somewhere in the campground and makes Kevin jump.

Kevin retrieves some cleaning supplies and begins to clean the RV and golf cart. As he is finishing his cleaning, Matt and Jericho come out of the RV. They sit at the picnic table, shirtless.

KEVIN

Morning boys!

He returns the cleaning supplies to the storage bin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Damn, boys! It's one o'clock! Can't say you drank all day if you don't have a beer before noon!

JERICHO

(mumbles)

Don't want no beer.

MATT

(head in hand)

Me neither, I need water.

KEVIN

I ain't your mama. Get it yourself.
But I'll make you lunch.

Matt goes into the RV and returns with four bottles of water.

He hands two to Jericho.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You guys hit it hard last night.
Fight and girls! A great first
night.

He starts the grill.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Bacon and eggs on the way. How
'bout some toast too?

JERICHO

Sounds good. Any aspirin?

MATT

Who's playing tonight? What band?

KEVIN

Thirty-Eight Special, should be
packed. Aspirin's in the bathroom.

MATT & JERICHO

Good good.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - LATER

Albert watches as Matt, Jericho, and Kevin go in and out of the RV. He sits under the sun, sweating while they take naps under their awning fan.

Deuce and RJ return. Deuce goes to the RV -- says something to Kevin -- returns with two bottles of water. He hands one over to RJ and takes some pills before going into their tent.

Kevin begins to grill some food while Matt and Jericho put out chairs and coolers. They turn on bug lights and set alcohol on the table. Kevin goes around to invite people around his RV.

Albert watches as Kevin feeds the people he invites. Kevin enters the RV and returns with a bunch of necklaces. He gives the ladies necklaces and they show him their breasts. Kevin grins and takes pictures while Albert watches from afar.

Albert goes into his tent and comes back out, powers up his cell phone, zooms in on some boobies and takes some shots. He watches as the party goes on and people soon start to leave.

He sees Kevin cleaning up and smiles.

Deuce grabs a bottle of liquor from the table and retires to his tent. RJ goes with a REDHEAD with no shirt on while Matt and Jericho assist in cleaning. The trio jump into the golf cart and leave.

Albert jumps from his chair and follows them. They pick up some people as they go to the concert and Albert finds it easier to keep up with the vehicle. They reach the main stage and Albert stays close. Kevin sits at a table, talking to everyone around him and showing them something on his phone.

Some women expose their boobs for him and he takes shots of them.

Albert hears LOUD NOISES above him. He and OTHERS look up to see a zip line some forty feet above the crowd, with people attached to harnesses.

KEVIN
I gotta do that!

Midway through the concert, Kevin gets up, asks a man beside him something, and heads in the way the man points. Albert follows him. They reach the restroom and pass through. Kevin passes through the crowds and Albert follows with his right hand in his jacket pocket. He gets closer to Kevin when he turns a corner and joins people in a line. Albert gets in line, three people behind Kevin, and watches as he chatters and points at the zip line. He turns ghostly white as he watches people go down the zip line. Kevin is part of the next group and he questions a ZIP-LINE WORKER.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
How often do you change the harnesses?

ZIP-LINE WORKER
Every time they break!

Kevin descends the zip line and takes snapshots as he does.

He SCREAMS as he goes over the crowd below. Albert comes next with his group. He is upside down on the zip line and he doesn't fancy the experience. He is received at the other end of the zip line and he sees Kevin high-fiving others as he leaves the platform. He leaves the platform and follows him.

He quickens his step but Kevin soon blends into the crowd.

Albert clutches his stomach -- turns and goes to the men's restroom and splashes some water on his face.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BAR - DAY

Kevin goes into the bar. He finds a spot next to the stripper pole and takes out his camera. He is surprised that the strippers are not totally bare-chested. He tips the strippers and notices that every new stripper that comes to the pole pays attention to him.

A BLONDE STRIPPER comes straight at him and he tips her twenty dollars. She leaves and soon returns. Kevin takes photographs with the stripper. Just when the stripper is being more playful, a DRUNK BIKER grabs Kevin.

DRUNK BIKER

Let the rest of us have a shot!

He grabs the stripper by the arm and spins her toward himself. Kevin holds the stripper pole to keep from falling and regains his footing. He comes face to face with the drunk biker.

KEVIN

Fuck off!

The biker pushes the stripper aside and pushes Kevin in the chest.

DRUNK BIKER

I'm gonna rip your head off, you little shit.

He approaches Kevin but his knees buckle and he falls to the ground. RJ stands where the drunk biker was, smiling at Kevin.

KEVIN

How'd you do that?

He looks at the man on the ground.

RJ

(steps over the drunk biker)

Little trick I learned in prison, part of my rehabilitation.

SECURITY #1 comes and picks the man up.

SECURITY #1

(to the other securities)

Must have passed out. Get him to the gate and give him to the county sheriff.

KEVIN

Thanks, but I had him.

RJ

I know. And I should have stayed out of it. Last thing I need is another trip to prison. I've got two strikes. The next one and they said I will be in for life.

KEVIN

Can I buy you a beer?

RJ
 (nods)
 Let me buy you one.

They sit and enjoy their beer.

INT. BAR 1 - NIGHT

Matt starts his search from the entrance of the two-story bar. He finds his way to the second floor amidst the crowd.

He sees three BARMAIDS behind the bar but none of them is the girl he's looking for. He passes the stripper pole, clothing store, food vendors, tent vendors, and mercantile stores. He reaches the next bar, a four-story bar, and witnesses a burn-out. He is unable to see the main platform but he can see four BARMAIDS at the bar and none of them is the girl he is looking for. He navigates his way to the bar beside the main stage and he sights Jessica.

He goes up a flight of stairs and a SECURITY MAN stops him.

SECURITY MAN
 VIP only!

MATT
 How do I become a VIP?

SECURITY MAN
 Buy the pass at the main gate. A hundred bucks.

MATT
 Man, I just want to meet this girl in there. The concert is almost over. How 'bout this?

He hands the security a twenty-dollar bill.

MATT (CONT'D)
 You keep the change.

SECURITY MAN
 (nods)
 Go.

Matt squeezes his way through and hits a BIKER on the back, with his shoulder.

BIKER
 Hey!

He sees Matt's chest and arms size.

BIKER (CONT'D)
(softly)
Hey, bro!

Matt sees Jessica mixing drinks at the bar. She sees him and smiles.

JESSICA
(to her customer)
Thanks, sweetie.

She goes over to Matt, leans across the bar, and plants a kiss on his cheek.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Matt! I've been waiting for you!

She kisses his other cheek and smiles.

MATT
Nice to see you again.

He extends his hand.

JESSICA
Oh, Matt, thank you.

She takes his hand and places it on her heart.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You saved me last night.

Matt's knees buckle to the amusement of the guy beside him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I'm Jessica.

She quickly returns to her customers and perform her round of duties, occasionally shooting smiles at Matt. Matt settles at the bar and turns to the guy beside him.

MATT
(in a low tone)
Isn't Sturgis great?

INT. BAR 2 - CONTINUOUS

Jericho walks into a bar, steps around some people and watches girls with piercings and lots of tattoos dance and toss merchandise into the crowd as they cheer. He moves on to the bar and speaks to the men in front of the bar.

JERICHO

Excuse me.

He sits at the bar, right in front of Ann. He holds out his hand, she accepts it and cocks her head sideways.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

I'm Jericho. We met last night at your cabin, before security carried that guy away.

ANN

(winks)

I'm Ann. And yes, I remember you.

Jericho, still holding her hand, pulls her closer. The band is singing "I'm a fool for you."

JERICHO

I had them play this song for you.

ANN

You're good. Nice timing.

She smiles and gets back to work.

JERICHO

(smiles)

Actually, I've been around for ten minutes for it to play!

INT. BAR 1 - CONTINUOUS

Matt sits and watches Jessica work. She smiles as she works and gets more tips. She has removed her heels and move faster on her feet.

JESSICA

(smiles to a customer)

Hey, blue eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to another customer)

Thanks, sweetie.

The band's performance is coming to an end and the crowd begins to lessen. Jessica notices this and calls to some customers.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Harley-Davidson, Texas. You came all that way to see me? Hey, big fella! I want your picture!

She retrieves her cell phone as she leans forward at the bar and the customer leans backward. They both use their phones to take a shot. He tips her five dollars. Soon, more cameras and men come with their tips.

The BARBACKS lock the bar and the security take the cash drawer.

INT. BAR 2 - CONTINUOUS

Ann receives a lot of attention from the beer drinker in the bar. She is getting a lot of tips as Jericho watches but she is tired of the one dollar bills she is getting. She approaches a BALD BIKER and rubs his head.

ANN

Just for you, big fella, a body-shot for twenty-five dollars.

BALD BIKER

I don't know what that is sweetie, but I'll take two!

Ann reaches under the bar and grabs a can of whipped cream and a bottle of tequila. She kicks a CUSTOMER's drink off the table.

ANN

Sorry.

CUSTOMER

No problem.

She lays on the table. All attention on her.

ANN

You have to drink it fast - it's a shot!

She gets in a sit-up position and sprays whipped cream around her belly button.

ANN (CONT'D)

Ready, Cowboy?

He nods.

Ann pours tequila in her belly button and the bald biker puts his face to her belly. She drives his face into the whipped cream and grinds her hips so that her belly touches his face and tequila runs down the sides of her stomach.

BALD BIKER

Thank you, miss. May I have another?

Ann repeats the same process and the man hands her a hundred dollar bill.

BALD BIKER (CONT'D)

Keep the change!

She cleans her abdomen with a wet towel but a queue starts forming for body shots. Her tips start to increase.

SAME SCENE - LATER

The crowd has waned and Ann is ready to go home.

ANN

(to Jericho)

Will you please escort me home?

JERICHO

Hell, yeah.

INT. SHOWER BATH - NIGHT

Jericho follows Ann to the cabin and follows her to the shower house, where they have a bath together.

JERICHO

My eyes are the only thing I don't want to take off you.

ANN

Oh, Jericho. Does that line really work?

He shrugs.

JERICHO

I don't know. You tell me.

He holds her in a hug and she smiles.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

Albert returns to his tent and lays down. He changes position severally and soon settles with his head outside the tent, on the ground. He tries to sleep but the loud SNORING from a close-by tent and the noise of bikes makes it difficult.

He manages to sleep, but soon wakes up to see that he has wet himself.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - NIGHT

Jake takes Jessica and Matt to the Admin building where Jessica deposits her earnings for the night.

Matt volunteers to escort her back to her cabin. She is in a tennis shoe and grabs Matt by the arm. They reach the cabin door.

JESSICA

Give me your cell number and I'll text you which bar I am working tomorrow. Please come back and hang out with me.

They exchange cell numbers and she kisses him on his beard.

She closes the door and Matt hears her talking to the other girls in the cabin. He also hears a deep voice.

MATT

Hey. Everything okay? I can stay out here a bit, just to be sure.

Jessica opens the door a crack.

JESSICA

Thanks. We're okay.

The lights go off in the cabin and Matt heads back to the RV.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - NIGHT

Kevin and RJ hop on the golf cart and head toward the RV.

KEVIN

(smirks)
So, what about the redhead?

RJ

(looks at the stars)
Always had a weakness for redheads. My first wife was one. The beauty tonight, well she brought back some old memories.

They reach the RV and Kevin parks the golf cart. RJ sees Albert with his head out in the open and body in the tent.

RJ (CONT'D)
That kid is hammered.

Kevin goes into the RV and returns with two glasses, ice, and a bottle of Jameson. He fills the glasses and slides one to RJ.

KEVIN
Thanks for helping me tonight.

He raises his glass. RJ nods.

RJ
And to me not going back to jail.

They CLINK glasses. Matt joins them.

INT. FORT WAYNE POLICE STATION - DAY

Salas and Ronnie sit at their laptops, alone, punching keys.

Ronnie stands from his chair.

RONNIE
I think I have a couple of matches,
Detective Salas.

Salas continues to work on his laptop and doesn't look up at Ronnie.

SALAS
Okay... are you going to tell me?

RONNIE
Yes, Detective Salas.

Ronnie pauses. Salas looks at Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
The first one is from 2011, right here in Fort Wayne; A male, approximately thirty-five years old, five foot four, 140 pounds, was found in a dumpster behind Walmart. You know, the one off of Coldwater, close to I-69?

Salas nods.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Well, the case is still unsolved.
Don't know why you didn't get that
case. It was in this department,
Detective Alex Moore.

Ronnie looks at Salas, hoping for an answer.

SALAS

Moore retired in fall 2011. I got
his job after that.

RONNIE

Cause of death was a deep
laceration, point of entry under
the mandible. The weapon was driven
into the brain. It was a serrated
knife. So not exactly like these
other two cases.

Ronnie sits and continues typing.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

No weapon was found, no
fingerprints, no witnesses.

SALAS

They ID the body?

RONNIE

(continues typing)

No. There was no ID, no missing
persons report. No one claimed the
body.

Salas stands and walks over to Ronnie's desk.

SALAS

(walking)

Time of year... what month and day
was the body found?

RONNIE

Saturday, July thirtieth, 2011.

SALAS

(looking into Ronnie's
screen)

Anything in the report about the
belongings of the DB? Watch?
Clothes? Hat?

Ronnie types and scrolls down the screen.

RONNIE

Boots, jeans, vest. That's it. No wallet, no watch, no jewelry, no rings. Report said it was a robbery gone bad.

SALAS

Okay, this could be crap, but the entry point is the same. Keep it on file. The next one?

Salas sit on the edge of Ronnie's desk; his legs and arms crossed.

RONNIE

(reads from screen)

Moline, Illinois. August 1st, 2014. White male, age forty-three. Cause of death was a puncture wound under the mandible and through the brain. Most likely weapon was a screwdriver or ice pick. No mention of the DB's clothing. Body identified as Sam Jenkins of Detroit. Left behind a wife and two kids.

SALAS

Where did they find him?

Ronnie types.

RONNIE

A campground! A KOA in Moline. He was found naked in a shower stall.

SALAS

How'd they ID the guy?

RONNIE

The owner of the campground remembered checking the guy in. They went to his tent and found his wallet and ID there. The tent was about thirty yards from the shower house, per the report.

SALAS

Height and weight?

Ronnie types some more.

RONNIE

Five four, one hundred seventy pounds.

SALAS

How did he get to the campground?
Was there a car there? A camper?

RONNIE

(types)
Toyota Tundra.

SALAS

Ronnie, check the DB in 2011 at the Walmart. Any vehicle mentioned there that was abandoned?

RONNIE

No abandoned car.

SALAS

Check for motorcycles that week.

He bends over to see Ronnie's screen.

RONNIE

A 2005 Harley-Davidson softtail was impounded on August fifteenth, towed from the Walmart parking lot. Per registration and VIN, the owner was reported as Gregory Lopez of Canton, Ohio. Multiple attempts were made to contact Mr. Lopez. First attempt, though, wasn't until September twenty-third. No response, with Lopez no longer at the address listed on the motorcycle's registration.

He looks at Salas.

SALAS

Check the 2011 DB at Walmart. It's gotta be Greg Lopez from Ohio. And what's the phone number for Jenkins' widow?

Ronnie retrieves the Jenkins Widow's number, hands it over to Salas and compares the pictures of the dead body from Walmart to Greg Lopez's photo. Salas gets on the phone.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Hello, Mrs. Jenkins. I hope this is a right time.

(MORE)

SALAS (CONT'D)

I am Detective Salas and I wanted to talk to you about your husband's case.

(beat)

Mrs. Jenkins, where was your husband going? Where was his destination?

JENKINS WIDOW (V.O.)

South Dakota. He was going to see Mount Rushmore and a rally of some sorts, he had his motorcycle in the back of the truck.

SALAS

(nods)

Thank you very much, Mrs. Jenkins. You've been very helpful.

Salas ends the call and goes to his desk to meet Ronnie.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Ronnie, check for any additional cases from here to South Dakota. Check multiple routes. I need to go see a guy. I'll be back in an hour.

He grabs his badge, car keys, and cell phone, and leaves.

RONNIE

(calls out)

Why south Dakota?

EXT. LUCKY HARLEY-DAVIDSON - DAY

Salas goes to the front door of the bike repair shop and pulls. The door doesn't budge and he sees the CLOSED ON MONDAYS sign on the door.

He cusses and looks for the next bike repair shop close by on his phone. He gets in his car.

EXT. BIKER BOB'S - DAY

Biker Bob's is a white building on black asphalt. Salas enters the open door of Biker Bob's and sees a TEENAGER sitting behind the counter with his focus on his cell phone.

The teenager looks up.

SALAS
 (flashes badge)
 I'm, here to speak to Bob.

TEENAGER
 (eyes wells up)
 I didn't do anything. I promise! We
 were just hanging out.

Salas keeps a straight face.

SALAS
 I need to talk to Bob... now.

TEENAGER
 Well, his name isn't Bob. He bought
 this place from Bob. It's Charles,
 and he's my dad. But he isn't here.
 He went to the rally. He'll be back
 next week.

SALAS
 What rally? Where? Tell me now.

TEENAGER
 The Sturgis motorcycle rally in
 Sturgis, South Dakota. He and mom
 went. I'm just here watching the
 place.

He blows his nose in a paper towel.

SALAS
 Okay, I'll be back next week.
 You... you clean it up - I mean it.
 No drugs, no alcohol, no fucking
 around. Got it?

TEENAGER
 Yes, sir. I got it! I promise.
 Please don't tell Dad.

INT. FORT WAYNE POLICE STATION - DAY

Salas sees Ronnie at his desk as he walks in the police
 station.

SALAS
 What you got?

RONNIE
 August third, 2013. Alliance,
 Nebraska. Population 8,600.
 (MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Alliance is the home of Carhenge, built in 1987, thirty-eight vehicles in the same format as Stonehenge of Wiltshire, England. Did you know Stonehenge dates back to 2400 BC and...

SALAS

Ronnie! I don't give a shit about Stonehenge right now.

RONNIE

Oh, yes. Perhaps later. Alliance has a dead body found in its city park, August third, 2013. Alliance is approximately 190 miles from Rapid City, South Dakota. And outside of Rapid city, there were once fifty minuteman missile silos as part of Ellsworth Air Force Base.

SALAS

Ronnie!

RONNIE

Yes, perhaps later. Well, DB was found in his tent, his motorcycle parked beside the tent. The, the city of Alliance PD figured he'd been dead four or five days. The smell got to the guy mowing the grounds, and he went over to investigate. Cause of death was a blow to the head, perhaps by a hammer or a crowbar. The vic was struck through the tent. The scene, however, was contaminated by the lawn-mower man. No tracks, no weapon, no witnesses. The ID was for James Watson of Manhattan, Kansas. Married with three kids. Per the report, he was on his way to Sturgis, South Dakota, for a motorcycle rally.

SALAS

Height and weight?

Ronnie runs to his computer, types a little.

RONNIE

Five foot two, one hundred twenty-five pounds.

Salas is silent, both hands rubbing his head.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I have another one too, Detective Salas.

SALAS

Another? Okay, let me hear it, but no history lessons.

He sits straighter.

RONNIE

This one was in Valentine, Nebraska, about three hours from Alliance and four hours from Rapid City. Again, a city park. August fourth, 2012. Local kids walking in the park called in a man next to a body under a small walking bridge over Minnechaduza Creek. Local police arrested the homeless man, native American. He was kneeling over the dead body. Cause of death was a sharp pointed object driven under the mandible and through the brain, most likely a screwdriver. The weapon was never found, and the case was eventually thrown out. The homeless man wasn't carrying a weapon, and the autopsy showed that the body had been dead three or four days prior to his finding it.

SALAS

Give me more, Ronnie. I need height, weight. Was there motorcycle?

Ronnie looks at his notes.

RONNIE

Five-five, one hundred fifty-five pounds. White male named Jonathan Riley from Dallas. No motorcycle, but per the interview with the DB's ex-wife, she thought he was riding his Harley to South Dakota. At least that's what he told his two children, twin daughters, age eleven.

SALAS

Bike was probably stolen after it had sat there for a few days. Anything else?

RONNIE

Yes, one more vic. Also on August 2012. This one is a little different than the rest. DB was found in the back parking lot of a motel in Murdo, South Dakota, right off I-90.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

DB was in the cab of a Ford F-150 pickup, pulling a camper. No motorcycle.

SALAS

So, what's the difference?

RONNIE

The murder weapon was still intact. A screwdriver driven under the mandible and lodged into the brain. No fingerprints, and the screwdriver matched the tools in the vic's toolbox. One witness, a clerk, saw the vic helping a guy fix his motorcycle. All the witness could say was that he was short. Both guys were short. The vic was listed at five foot six, and the guy he helped was about same size. The pickup sat in the back of the parking lot for three days before anyone went and checked it.

SALAS

Any investigation?

RONNIE

Local and state police went through video of the grounds, but the pickup and trailer were out of cameras' line of sight.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

The clerk who saw the short guy couldn't ID anyone from the security videos.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Per the DB's wife in Minneapolis, he was headed to Sturgis to meet up with some friends. Nothing but dead ends. Case is still unsolved.

Salas looks at the clock.

SALAS

Are these cases related, Ronnie?

RONNIE

I'd venture to say yes, Detective Salas. All the wounds have the same anatomical point of entry, except the hammer to the head. Same time of the year too. Would be very coincidental.

Ronnie crosses his arms and legs, mimicking Salas.

SALAS

The dead bodies have no connections. Five different states, different jobs, not a lot of money, married and divorced, single. Some are bikers, some are just campers, some going to South Dakota, some going to Wisconsin. Makes no sense.

He sighs.

RONNIE

Yes, the campgrounds, the city parks... but also recall, two parking lots. Hmmm.

He sighs.

SALAS

Why didn't anyone pick up on this, discounting the two DBs over the past two days? That's five dead bodies.

He rubs his head.

RONNIE

Like you said, Detective Salas, five different states. Not to mention small towns, local cops with poor resources, no leads, no witnesses, no follow-up.

SALAS

One thing, Ronnie... the body type of the victims. All little people. He's killing little guys.

He looks at Ronnie.

RONNIE

He's killing midgets? You never told me that! How could anyone kill a midget?

SALAS

Not midgets, Ronnie. Little people. He hasn't killed any midgets.

Salas goes to his desk.

RONNIE

I know it's politically correct to call them little people, Detective Salas, but they're still midgets.

Salas sits at his desk.

SALAS

Ronnie, the victims are not midgets! They're short guys.

He raises both hands.

RONNIE

Detective, I realize midgets are short. Duh... that's why they're called midgets.

He mimics Salas' gesture.

SALAS

Ronnie, shut up. I think we may have a serial killer on our hands. He was killing once a year, all at the same time of the year. Now he has two kills in two days. Something has triggered him to be more aggressive. He could kill again. We need - we have - to stop him. One thing we know, he's headed to Sturgis for a motorcycle rally. Ronnie, get back on your computer. Look for credit card receipts from gas stations and campgrounds. There has to be a common link. This guy isn't a pro - he's just sick.

(MORE)

SALAS (CONT'D)

Sick people make mistakes. Check Alliance, Valentine, Murdo, Sioux Falls, Moline, and Fort Wayne. Small towns mean fewer options for fuel, camping, and food.

(he stands)

I'll tell Captain Green we've got a lead.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Albert walks to the free breakfast stand. He notices the members of the Bikers for Jesus Crew are busy discussing with other bikers. He collects his food, finds an open space at the end of a table, and constantly keeps food in his mouth, hoping no one asks him questions.

RJ sits in a folding chair, hungover, and watches Deuce come out of the tent.

DEUCE

It's so fucking hot in that fucking tent.

He struggles and grimaces as he stands, resting one hand on his knee and another on his back.

RJ

Let's get your back checked out today. Find a chiropractor in Rapid City. Could do you some good. Why fight it?

DEUCE

Yeah, this isn't getting any better. Nights are the worst. Sweat like a bitch.

(opens a bottle of water)

I need to rehydrate too.

INT. RV - DAY

Kevin is awake and Matt still sleeps. Kevin switches on the radio and cranks up the volume. He opens the shades of the RV and Matt rolls over.

KEVIN

Get your ass out of bed and meet me outside! I'm making breakfast, and then... we're going to ride today!

Matt gets up -- straightens the bedding -- brushes his teeth while peeing.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Matt steps outside, still in his boxers and sits at the picnic table.

MATT

Man, I didn't need that Jameson last night. I maintained pretty good till I came back here. You're a bad influence on me, Uncle Kev.

KEVIN

I must have done the zip line like five times.

MATT

(turning his head left and right)
Where's Jericho? Where are Deuce and RJ?

KEVIN

Jericho never came back last night. RJ and Deuce, well they were gone when I came out.

Kevin places a plate of bacon, eggs, and grapes, and a cup of coffee in front of Matt.

MATT

(sipping coffee)
Thanks, Kev. Where do you want to ride today?

Kevin sits down with his own plate of food.

KEVIN

Let's do Custer State Park. I want to ride by the buffalo.

MATT

It'll be a bitch riding through town. Let's go to Belle Fourche and through Spearfish. That's my favorite ride.

He rubs his temple. Jericho walks toward the RV, shirtless, scratched, and bloodied.

KEVIN

Well, look who made it home! We were worried about you! Stayed up till three, then went to bed.

MATT

What happened to your arm? Where's your shirt?

JERICHO

Fell into another damn culvert this morning walking back. I couldn't find my shirt.

He sanitizes his hand.

KEVIN

Wait a minute. Another culvert? You've fallen into a culvert before?

JERICHO

Yeah. One night I was really drunk walking home from a bar. Today I was on my damn phone and wasn't paying attention. Girlfriend wants me to call more often. I need water.

He turns his back at them and tries to get in the RV.

MATT

(peers at Jericho's back)
Wait! What the hell happened to your back?

JERICHO

Oh, is it bad?

He tries to see his back.

MATT

Bad? It looks like it hurts like hell. Gouges, man - she got you with all four fingers like four times.

He counts with his fingers.

JERICHO

(smiles)
Yeah, she's a scratcher!

He goes into the RV. Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

Shit, what's wrong with young people today?

Jericho soon comes back out.

JERICHO

I got to meet Jessica at their cabin. She's pretty. You struck out?

MATT

(shrugs)

Didn't really try. She's just amazing. I don't want to rush her. We talk like we've known each other forever.

JERICHO

Ugh... I don't want to heat this Hallmark shit.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Albert gets lost finding his tent but soon reaches it with the help of the American flag on Kevin's RV. He sees that Kevin and the two line-backers are on their bike and ready to leave the Chip. He hurries to join them. He gets on his bike, hits the start button but nothing happens. He goes into his tent to retrieve his barrel key. He inserts it in the ignition, turns it, and notices Kevin and the men are out of sight. He starts the bike but it jerks forward and the motor dies. He tries again and cruises out of the Chip.

INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Deuce and RJ walk into the small waiting room of the Chiropractor. They see images of spinal cords and bones.

Deuce sights a bad one.

DEUCE

That's me.

He approaches the RECEPTIONIST and talks to her quietly. She gives him some papers to fill, and collects his insurance ID card. Deuce fills the paper out and hands them back to the receptionist. He sits beside RJ.

A DOCTOR in white coat opens a door in front of them, peering down his glasses. He announces to the waiting room

DOCTOR
H.P. Wozniack? Harold P. Wozniack?

Deuce stands and RJ quickly holds his arm.

RJ
(whispers)
The great and powerful Woz.

DEUCE
(turns to RJ)
Ever say that again, and I'll shoot
you in your sleep.

RJ
(smiles)
Got it, Harry.

DEUCE
(smiles back)
Ever say that again, and I'll set
you on fire in your sleep.

RJ
Whatever you say, HP.

He lets go of Deuce's arm and watches as he follows the
Chiropractor into his office. RJ picks a copy of the People
magazine to read. He soon drops it and fiddles with some
plastic models of vertebrae. The yellow nerves in the bones
fall out and he tries to put them back in but fails.

The door opens and Deuce comes out walking past RJ and out
the door.

EXT. RAPID CITY BACK PAIN CENTER - DAY

RJ follows Deuce as they go their bikes.

RJ
So how you feel?

DEUCE
Okay. No different.

He gets on his bike. RJ does the same.

RJ
And?

DEUCE
And what? My back hurts. That's it.
Let's go.

He starts his bike and takes the lead. RJ trails him, puzzled. They approach another building and soon, Deuce stops, shuts off his bike, puts it on kickstand and waits. RJ joins him.

DEUCE (CONT'D)

The chiropractor got me an appointment with a doc in there. Doc said I have a tumor - looked like it was into the bone - and I need more tests, like an MRI and blood work. He called some oncologist there. That's who the doc wants me to see. Gotta be bad for him to get me in today. I mean, he made a call and got me in ASAP.

RJ

Let's go then.

DEUCE

Look, if I got bone cancer in my back, I'm fucked.

He squints at the sun through his sunglasses.

RJ

You don't know. Could be a bad X-ray, could be curable, could be you just need chemo.

He walks toward the entrance, not looking back to see if Deuce follows him.

INT. RAPID CITY REGIONAL HOSPITAL - DAY

They get in the hospital. RJ talks to the LADY at the information desk and she directs them to the third floor.

They exit the elevator and walk down the hallway and locate the Oncology door. They locate DR. SAMUEL BENSON on the names on the door. RJ opens the door and nudges Deuce in.

INT. FORT WAYNE POLICE STATION - DAY

Ronnie, with some paper in his hands, rushes to Salas' desk.

RONNIE

(breathing hard)

Detective Salas, we did it. We got him.

SALAS

Tell me.

RONNIE

Well, I ran credit-card processing for the campground in Fort Wayne and the KOA in Sioux Falls... no hits. But when I ran gas stations near both campgrounds and compared them to the campgrounds' credit cards, I got three matches. But it gets better. I ran the same search for gas stations in Alliance, Nebraska, and one of the names matched the other locations. This puts him in the same town where three of the murders took place.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(stops for breath.)

So, I figured let's try another. After all, he must be paying for gas with his credit card, right? Sure enough, I got a hit at a Conoco station in Valentine, Nebraska, the same week as the estimated time of death of the guy they found under the bridge.

SALAS

You're shitting me.

RONNIE

(confused)

Ah, no, I'm not shitting you, Detective Salas.

SALAS

Anything in Murdo or Moline?

RONNIE

No, nothing for the Murdo or Moline killings. I can keep digging if you want. But Detective Salas, this has to be him, right?

He holds out his hand for a fist bump. Salas ignores the fist, walks past Ronnie, stops, and turns to him.

SALAS

Well, who is it?

RONNIE

Oh, yeah, I got his billing address and ran his name through the Indiana DMV. Our suspect is Albert Christianson of Auburn, Indiana. DOB: June seventeenth, 1987. DMV lists him at five six, one hundred sixty-five pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, organ donor. Albert lives about thirty minutes from here, Detective. Oh, and he has a motorcycle endorsement on his driver's license, but no cars or motorcycles registered in his name.

SALAS

Address?

Ronnie goes to his cubicle and types.

RONNIE

435 Cedar street in Auburn. Hold on...

He does some more typing.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

The house is owned by TED CHRISTIANSON. Must live with his parents or a brother.

SALAS

Nice work, Ronnie. Let's go for a drive and check it out.

He looks at the clock.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Albert parks his bike in a spot and goes into the store. He returns to his bike with a diet Dr. Pepper and a PowerBar.

He sits on the curb beside it, his legs stretched, absently watching the bikers in the gas station. He walks to the trash can, tosses the PowerBar wrapper into it and empties his soda in the can, smiling.

A BIKER honks from behind him.

BIKER 2

Careful, little buddy! Don't want you to trip over me.

Albert lowers his head in apology and returns to his bike and leaves.

EXT. CHRISTIANSON HOME - DAY

Salas sits in his car and looks the house over, from the driveway. The two-story home has a broken window at the south dormer. Its shingles are cracked and curled, with dented siding and cracks in several places that expose the wood underneath. In front of Salas' car is a sun-faded red car.

Salas and Ronnie exit the car and approach the red car. They notice that the front passenger tire is flat, there is rust above the rear wheel wells, and the windshield is cracked.

They walk to the front porch, Salas in front, Ronnie close behind. They avoid the gaping holes on the second and third steps to the front porch.

SALAS

House needs a little help.

RONNIE

Yes, and the yard hasn't been mowed for a while or watered. The place looks abandoned.

Salas knocks on the front screen door and pushes a button that looks to be a doorbell. No sound or response. Ronnie cups his eyes with his palms and peers through the window.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Nothing. Doesn't look like anyone's home. Do you smell something, like sewage backup?

SALAS

Methane gas to me. Could be dangerous and gives us probable cause, Ronnie.

Salas tries the doorknob, but it is locked. He raises his foot and kicks the door open. They pull their weapons.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Fort Wayne Police. Is everything okay? Please call out if you hear me. Fort Wayne Police.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Albert takes the first Chip exit and is excited when he spots Kevin, Matt, and Jericho. He follows them till they reach their their camp.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Kevin, Matt, and Jericho enter the Chip and go straight to their RV.

KEVIN

Man, what a ride! That was nearly two hundred miles.

JERICHO

I need a beer!

MATT

I'm hungry.

Matt stares across the road and catches the stare of Albert.

INT. CHRISTIANSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

No response. Salas and Ronnie walk through the main floor.

SALAS

(points at photos on an end table)

Ronnie, check out those family pictures, a son and mother. Looks like the picture of the father is cut out.

RONNIE

Yeah, you can see the arm of the man, but he was definitely cut out. What do you think that means, Detective Salas?

SALAS

Someone doesn't like Daddy.

They continue to the kitchen.

RONNIE

What a mess. Smells horrible.

He pulls his shirt over his nose.

SALAS

That's why we entered, Ronnie. Make sure you put that in your notes.

He holsters his weapon.

RONNIE

Dirty dishes, empty pizza boxes, empty soup cans, dirty clothes. They can't cook or clean.

He comes out of the laundry room.

SALAS

Yeah, I tried the faucet. Water's been turned off or shut off. Lights don't work either, and the food in fridge is spoiled, no electricity.

Ronnie reaches his side as he exits the kitchen.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Let's keep looking.

RONNIE

For what? A house cleaner?

They climb the stairs, Ronnie has his weapon drawn.

SALAS

Check that bedroom and the bathroom. I got this one.

He opens the door to the master bedroom. Ronnie can be heard GAGGING. He sees a body on the bed. He checks under the bed and inside the closet, nothing seem to be disturbed.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Ronnie, come in here. We got a DB!

Ronnie runs into the bedroom, goes to open the window, and leans out of it, sucking in fresh air.

SALAS (CONT'D)

What's with you?

RONNIE

The bathroom. Wait till you see it.

He leans back into the bedroom and pulls the window closed.

SALAS

(points at the dead body)
Leave it open.

(MORE)

SALAS (CONT'D)

Can't bag and tag odor. See what we got here? Has to be the mother or the wife.

RONNIE

She seems at peace. Her hair isn't messed up, and her arms are on her chest, fingers crossed as if in prayer. Her dress is in place. Shoes are even on.

SALAS

I don't see any bullet wounds, bloodstains on the dress, or stab wounds. Looks like she's been dead a couple of months. Notice the decomposition. The maggots are dead, body fluids gone but the smell isn't.

He takes out his phone and calls the station.

RONNIE

Maybe she died in her sleep or had a stroke? An aneurysm? Long bout with cancer?

SALAS

What was in the bathroom? Another DB?

RONNIE

I wish. Come look.

He leads Salas to the bathroom. Salas gags when he enters the bathroom. He pulls his shirt over his nose and mouth.

SALAS

Shit, it stinks in here. My eyes are watering.

RONNIE

Look at the toilet, then check the bathtub.

Salas looks. OFF HIS LOOK, the toilet is filled with feces, urine, and toilet paper, only the seat is holding it from running to the floor. He pulls back the shower curtain and sees that the bathtub is also filled with feces, urine, toilet paper, and paper towels.

He leaves the bathroom.

SALAS
Shit. Seriously. Shit.

RONNIE
You think he used the tub as a
toilet?

SALAS
Good detecting, Detective.

They walk to the second bedroom. The room appears to be a kid's room. Ronnie opens the closet and finds alarm clock and the distinct smell of urine.

SALAS (CONT'D)
Let's check the basement. I gotta
get out of this smell before I
puke.

He barely finishes his statement before he leaves the room and heads downstairs. Ronnie opens the door to the basement, steps on the first step and hits the light switch. He hits the switch four more times.

SALAS (CONT'D)
No electricity, Ronnie.

He pulls out his cell phone and turns the flashlight on.

RONNIE
Oh, yeah, you said that. You go
first.

He steps aside. The basement is dark, moldy, and dusty. Salas scans the width of the basement and can feel Ronnie's breath on his neck.

SALAS
(turning around)
You got a flashlight app?

He pushes Ronnie back a few inches.

RONNIE
No, Detective Salas.

SALAS
Make a list of stuff you need,
Ronnie: flashlight app, longer
pants, breath mints.

He scans the walls and floor. In the center of the room, he sees a weightlifting bench and an iron cage for squats and military presses.

One a wall, there are racks of dumbbells in pairs, increasing from twenty-five pounds to ninety-five pounds.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Strong little shit. Three fifteen on the bench.

He spins a forty-five pound plate on the bench bar.

RONNIE

How do you know that, Detective Salas?

SALAS

Three forty-five pound plates on each end of the bar. The bar weighs forty-five pounds too. That's three fifteen.

They go up the stairs.

EXT. CHRISTIANSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

They step out of the house. Two Auburn PD cars are at the curb with lights flashing and no sirens. An ambulance is also at the curb.

Two MALE PARAMEDICS pull a metal gurney, with white sheets and a thin mattress out of the ambulance. They wheel it into the house. Neighbors begin to gather. The POLICE OFFICERS from Auburn PD come forward.

Salas turns to Ronnie.

SALAS

The kid sleeps in the closet. My bet is water and electric were shut off for nonpayment. Shut-off date probably was a couple of weeks after the woman died. Pictures of the father were cut or taken down. Dad is dead, gone, or dead and gone. My bet... he's a mama's boy. Now that she's dead, he can't function. He, Albert, was killing once a year, but that doesn't get him off anymore. Without Mom, he needs more.

RONNIE

(fingers interlocked behind his head)

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

And for sure, without Mom, he
doesn't know how to clean.

SALAS

Agreed. That's detecting,
Detective. He'll kill again and
soon. His world is upside down
right now.

He walks down the driveway.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Ronnie, direct the officers and
crime-scene techs to the DB. Warn
them about the bathroom. I'm going
to talk to a few neighbors. And see
if you can find the whereabouts of
the owner of this fine house, Ted
Christianson.

RONNIE

Will do. And Detective Salas, is
this a crime scene? The woman could
have died of natural causes, and
shitting in the tub isn't a
crime... is it?

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Albert sits in his tent, nervous. He brings out his ice pick
and rubs it with a towel. He sees Kevin, Matt, and Jericho
set up grill and bring out coolers, whiskey bottles, and
food. He can hear Matt and Jericho talking.

EXT. COOPER RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Salas walks toward the house opposite the Christianson house.

He walks past the neighbors who have come to witness what's
going on. He notices the contrast in this house and the one
he has just left. He opens the latch of the metal gate and
walks through the yard.

He RAPS three times on the front door. The door opens and
COOPER, a black man with graying hairs, stands before him.

COOPER

I hear you. What do you want?

SALAS

(producing his badge)
 Sir, I'm detective Mike Salas, Fort Wayne Police Department. Mind if I ask you a few questions about your neighbor?

COOPER

James C. Cooper, officer. Please call me Coop. Thirty-five years with the US Postal Service. Retired now, marine for life.

He extends his hand to Salas for a handshake. He steps outside and they face the Christianson home.

COOPER (CONT'D)

He killed her, didn't he?

He scans the vehicles and the crowd as he leans on the banister.

SALAS

We don't know for sure yet, but yes, between you and me, Mrs. Christianson is dead. Any idea why Albert would kill her?

COOPER

Albert? Hell, he didn't kill her. He loved his mom. But he would have killed his dad if he could have.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Ted was the biggest ass in the history of asses. Ted's the killer.

SALAS

Ted lived in the home?

COOPER

(shakes his head)
 No, he left years ago. Went to work one day and never came back. Left the woman, Elaine and boy alone. That was at least eight years ago. I was with the postal service. This entire block on my route... delivered mail to that house every day, saw it all.

SALAS

So why do you think Ted killed her?

COOPER

(sighs)

Hell, he used to beat her, beat her bad. Beat the little boy too. I called the police on the bastard at least ten times. Elaine never filed charges, never admitted he beat her. Never admitted he beat the kid. Always made excuses: she fell down, ran into the door; kid wrecked his bike. We could hear the crying, the screams. Drove my wife, Betty, to an early grave.

He crosses his heart, looked up in the sky and blows a kiss.

SALAS

I'm sorry about your wife's passing. But again, Coop, why do you think Ted killed her?

COOPER

Ya know, after he left, at first he'd just drive by at night. I'd see him drive by in his minivan. Then a couple of times, when the boy was at school or work he'd go into the house. Must have kept a key. Once Albert got out of high school, he became a muscular little shit. I don't think Ted wanted to mess with him then. But Ted would come over when Albert was at work - again, he'd go into the house.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Come out fifteen to twenty minutes later. I know he had to have beaten her, raped her, threaten to kill her. So, ya know, I just figured he came back one day. I must have missed seeing him, and he finally killed her. Haven't seen Elaine for a couple of months. I probably should've gone over and checked myself.

He looks down at his feet.

SALAS

Why wouldn't Albert have called the police or an ambulance?

COOPER

Albert? I don't know detective,
Albert is a strange kid.

SALAS

Coop, where does Albert work? Do
you know?

COOPER

Kid is a janitor at some school.
Works nights mostly, I think he
just cleans and scrubs the floors.
Easy stuff.

SALAS

When was the last time you saw him?

COOPER

(thinks for a beat)

Friday around noon. He cranked up
that damn motorcycle. He like to
rev that damn motor. Makes him feel
like a big shot. He took off that
way.

He points west.

SALAS

(shakes Cooper)

Thank you, Coop.

Salas returns to Ronnie.

EXT. CHRISTIANSON HOME - DAY

Ronnie motions to Salas to come look at his cell phone.

RONNIE

I've got a Ted Christianson,
Detective Salas, rural route
address about twenty-five minutes
from here.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Ronnie and Salas arrive in front of a pea-green, single-wide
trailer. Most of the roof is held down with discarded tires
and the front window is cracked. The siding is held together
with wires, duct tapes, screws, and nails. The base of the
trailer is exposed. In front of the trailer sits a minivan.

Salas looks at the two wooden stairs that lead into the house.

SALAS
Christianson, Mike Silas, Fort
Wayne PD. Come outside, please,
sir. We need to talk.

The door opens and a middle-aged man wearing blue jeans descends the stairs. His greasy hair and unbuttoned wrangler doesn't help his appearance.

TED
What the fuck?

SALAS
Sorry to bother you, sir. Lovely
place you have here. Are you the
owner of the house at 435 Cedar
Street in Auburn?

TED
This place is a piece of shit. And
yes, I own another piece of shit in
Auburn, why? The crazy bitch burn
it down?

He retrieves a Pall Mall and lights it.

SALAS
No, sir. Your wife - or ex-wife -
was found dead this morning.

TED
Bitch is - was my wife. Never got a
divorce. Lawyers wanted too much
fuckin' money.

He takes another drag on his cigarette.

SALAS
We need you to ID the body as soon
as you can get to Ft. Wayne. We
need to perform an autopsy, sir.
Are you aware of any medical
conditions your wife, ex, er,
Elaine had?

TED
She had headaches all the time, and
was on blood pressure crap, really
expensive shit.

He pulls a pack of cigarette from his back pocket.

SALAS

Anything you'd like to share with us would save us some time.

He steps forward and looks Ted in the eyes.

TED

I didn't kill her. Bitch was a good piece of ass. Too bad she had that fuckin' retard of a son or I would've stayed around.

RONNIE

Not your son, sir?

TED

No, married her when he was two.

RONNIE

What can you tell us about Albert?

TED

Told you not mine. Brick shy of a load.

He exhales smoke.

RONNIE

Where did Albert work?

TED

Hell if I know.

RONNIE

Do you know, did he ride a motorcycle to Sturgis, South Dakota this week?

TED

Hell if I know. Paid that house off a few years ago. I'll move back in and kick that fuckin' tard out.

SALAS

Good for you, Mr. Christianson. Appreciate your cooperation. I'd recommend that after the investigation you go to your home and take over. Your wife will have funeral expenses, and of course the home is in need of a little upkeep.

He turns and gets in the car, with Ronnie in tow. As they drive off he hears Ted.

TED
 (yells)
 I ain't paying for no fuckin'
 funeral!

INT. FORT WAYNE POLICE STATION - DAY

Salas goes to Captain Green's office as Ronnie arranges for their flights to Sturgis on his computer. He KNOCKS the door and peers in.

Captain Green is seated behind his desk.

SALAS
 Tom, I know you'll say no, but hear me out.

He sits and Green shakes his head from left to right.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN
 It's a federal case now. You know that. Multiple states, multiple murders. You and Ronnie did great work. I agree... it's gotta be this Albert Christianson. Now hand it off. End of Story.

Ronnie KNOCKS on the door as Green opens it for Salas to leave.

RONNIE
 Detective Salas, I have a credit card hit on Albert in Sturgis. Buffalo Chip Campground. He charged two hundred fifty dollars on his Visa.

He looks from Salas to Green.

SALAS
 See, Tom, we have him. By the time we get the feds involved, do all the paperwork bullshit, he could kill again. We know where he is for God's sake. Let Ronnie and me fly there, go to the campground, arrest him, and nail the son of a bitch. We'll be back by Wednesday or Thursday.

Ronnie nods.

RONNIE

There's a flight at three,
Detective Salas. Fort Wayne to
Chicago on United. Puts us in Rapid
City at five. Two-hour time change
helps us. I called Sturgis PD. A
Chief Branningan said he would
welcome the help. They can meet us,
surround the camp, and assist in
the arrest.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN

Okay, okay. Go now before I change
my mind. I want a report in my
inbox as soon as you get back. You
got it, Salas?

He goes back to his desk and sits.

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (CONT'D)

And Salas, I got Davis coming in
this week. He IDs you and you are
done. So, finish this fast.

Salas shuts Green's door and gives it the finger. He pats
Ronnie on the shoulder.

SALAS

Great work. The timing on the
credit card is perfect. Go home,
pack your stuff, and get some
clothes that blend in. We don't
want to look like the police. Meet
me at the airport. We're going to
Sturgis.

INT. WALMART - DAY

Salas looks at his watch and goes into the store. He grabs a
basket and goes to the men's department. He picks a three-
pack Fruit of the Looms briefs, a three-pack of white V-neck
t-shirts, one pair of white socks. He goes to the travel
section and picks toothbrush, toothpaste, solid deodorant,
AXE body spray.

He is looking for a towel when he sights Dan Davis with a
plastic around his neck. He pulls down his boonie hat to the
side and walks briskly past Dan Davis.

DAN DAVIS

Hey, isn't that the son of a bitch
who broke my neck?!

He groans as he tries to turn for a better look.

ANGELINA

No, honey, that's not him. Watch it
- don't try and turn your head!

Salas hears Angelina and looks back. They make eye contact and with Dan Davis's back to Salas, she makes the "phone call sign" with her hand and mouths the sign. She smiles.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Salas and Ronnie drive their rental car across the road, Salas behind the wheel. They see a hotel.

SALAS

You try those guys?

RONNIE

No, Detective. I didn't try La
Quinta. Frankly, I've never heard
of them.

Ronnie pulls out his cell phone and punches numbers.

SALAS

I got it.

He pulls the car under a canopy, parks.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Salas walks into the foyer. He flashes his badge at the YOUNG WOMAN behind the counter.

SALAS

I need two rooms this evening,
miss. Most likely two nights.

YOUNG WOMAN

Sorry, sir... er, officer. We don't
have any vacancies for the rest of
the week, but usually with the
rally, we get a few who leave
early, so we might have room for
you by Thursday. Would that work?

Salas checks her name tag, she is JUDY from Minnesota.

SALAS

No, I need them tonight. Can you check the surrounding hotels for an opening, please? I'd appreciate it.

JUDY

Oh, Officer, you're not going to find a hotel room in the area tonight. It's rally week. We've been booked full for a year. It's the seventy-fifth year of Sturgis - this is the largest rally ever. There are a million people here.

She smiles.

SALAS

Are you shitting... sorry, are you kidding me? A million? I thought this was just a motorcycle rally.

JUDY

It is, sir. The largest in the world. You might want to buy a tent. Good luck.

She leaves Salas standing at the counter.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Salas returns to the car.

SALAS

(to Ronnie)

This is a really big rally. No rooms in the area. She told us to get a tent.

RONNIE

Yes, Detective Salas. I was just reading about it.

He shows it to Salas on his phone.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

The Sturgis event started in 1938, and this is the seventy-fifth year. They have hundreds of thousands of motorcycle enthusiasts from across the globe.

SALAS

Ronnie, maybe that would have been a good information to know a little earlier today. Thank God Albert Christianson is at a little campground. That'll make it way easier to grab him. Let's go buy a tent. We'll stay at the same campground where he checked in.
 (points to Ronnie's phone)
 Find a place to buy tents on that thing.

He starts the car and leaves the parking lot.

EXT/INT. CABELA'S - DAY

Salas and Ronnie reach Cabela's and find somewhere to park in the already filled parking lot. They step in and Salas stops in his tracks. Ronnie rushes into him.

RONNIE

Look at all this taxidermy work. There are a lot of dead animals in here.

SALAS

Look at the fish tanks. Those are some huge fish.

RONNIE

Look at that one, Detective Salas. A mountain lion attacking a deer.

SALAS

I like that flock of geese hanging from the ceiling. Looks like they're going to land on us.

He points at the ceiling. He picks out a two-man tent, two light-weight sleeping bags, and a mattress pad. They check out and return to the car.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Ronnie's phone gives them direction. There is a continuous line of cars, trailer, and motorcycles as far as their eyes can see. Their car is flanked on both sides by motorcycles and it is NOISY.

SALAS

What the fuck are all these people doing here?

RONNIE

(loudly)

Oh, God, the noise, Detective. It's a constant roaring groan!

Salas shakes his head.

SALAS

I had no idea this existed. I've never seen so many motorcycles in one place.

RONNIE

Looks like we have only about three more miles, as per the GPS. Up here to the right.

SALAS

Only an hour away!

He LAUGHS.

EXT/INT. BUFFALO CAMPGROUND/BUILDING - DAY

Ronnie and Salas pull into the Buffalo Chip campground. Salas parks the car and approaches the admin building. He looks before him and to his side, nothing but tents, motorcycles, and RVs. He approaches a YOUNG MAN wearing bright Yellow Security T-shirt with Buffalo Chip on the front. Salas shows him his badge.

SALAS

I need to talk to the head of security.

YOUNG MAN

That'd be Marvin. He's at the campground. You'll have to go in there to find him.

He points eastward.

SALAS

Marvin? Marvin what? Take me to him.

YOUNG MAN

Marvin Kezler. Can't. Supposed to stay here. Go talk to Donna in the white building over there.

He points to another building.

Salas goes in the direction he is pointed to. He waits in line and meets DONNA.

SALAS

Donna, I need to get into the campground. We're looking for a possible felon.

Salas places his badge on the counter. He looks Donna over with her manly haircut.

DONNA

Indiana PD... long way from home. It's two hundred fifty dollars to tent, seven hundred fifty for a camper, higher for an RV. What you got?

She looks Salas in the eyes.

SALAS

A tent, but I really need to meet Marvin, the head of security.

DONNA

Two hundred fifty gets you in - that and this wristband. No wristband, no entry.

She looks behind Salas at the queue.

SALAS

Okay, I need two wristbands.

DONNA

That's five hundred dollars, or please leave the line, sir. I have folks behind you wanting to get in.

She smirks as Salas gives her his credit card.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I need your left wrist. Place it under the glass.

Salas motions Ronnie forward.

SALAS

She needs to put a wristband on you. Slide your hand through there.

He nods at the open slot. Ronnie places his hand in the slot and Donna puts the wristband on him. It is loose.

DONNA

Don't lose that!

SALAS

Where do we set up our tent?

DONNA

Anywhere you want, but be careful if you tent behind a vehicle. I'd hate to see you get run over. Next!

They drive through the Chip.

SALAS

You've got to be shitting me. I thought we could walk in here and pick up this guy. This place is a cluster fuck. Gotta be a hundred thousand people here!

RONNIE

The rigs these people drive. How can they afford these things? What do they do for a living? That's a Ford F-350 Dually King cab pulling a fifth-wheel trailer that's bigger than my mom's house.

(takes pictures with his cell)

Look, that one has a walk-out deck with a hot tub on it.

They find space to park off the dirt road and tent.

SALAS

Ronnie, set up the tent... like that guy's.

He points to a tent.

He approaches the tent next to their car. An OLD MAN with long grey beard sits there. His left hand strokes the beard and his right index finger and thumb are yellow.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Evening!

OLD MAN
Hotter than hell today, boys.
Hotter than hell. Welcome to the
Chip!

SALAS
Great view you got.

He looks at the setting sun.

SALAS (CONT'D)
What ya smokin' there bro?

OLD MAN
It's medicinal. Helps my glaucoma?
Want a hit?

SALAS
No, thanks. I don't have glaucoma.

OLD MAN
Nice to see you boys here at the
Chip. Mind you, though... your
lifestyle ain't real popular here,
not that there's anything wrong
with that, anything wrong at all.

He continues to look at the setting sun.

SALAS
Oh, no, sir. We're not together.
He's my partner. We're here to find
someone.

OLD MAN
Sure, boy. Your partner. It's fine
with me, fine with me.

He grins.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(to Ronnie)
Nice boat shoes, boy!

SALAS
No, really. We just work together.

OLD MAN
Reality is for people who can't
handle drugs. Somebody famous said
that once.

Salas peers into the old man's tent and sees an old woman sleeping. A battery-powered fan points at her belly and the rest of her upper body is bare.

SALAS

She okay?

OLD MAN

Oh, yeah. She hit it hard early.
But she will rally. She will rally.

Ronnie struggles with the tent poles and Salas ignores him.

SALAS

You been here before, I take it?

OLD MAN

That I have, bro. That I have.

SALAS

Where's a good place to eat?

The Old man takes another drag of his medication.

OLD MAN

Big concert tonight, Godsmack.
Never heard of 'em. Feels like
rain's comin'.

SALAS

Too damn hot to rain. Godsmack,
huh? I'll have to check it out.

Salas turns to their tent.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Ronnie, you got that damn thing
ready?

RONNIE

Well, I hope so. It's the first
time I've ever set up a tent.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Like I said, I prefer a midlevel
hotel chain.

Ronnie is sweating.

SALAS

Let's head to the main camp area. I
want to find security, that Marvin
guy. And you need to change
clothes.

They walk away.

EXT. ADMIN BUILDING - DAY

Salas KNOCKS HARD at the door of the building three times. A BRUNETTE with a headset on and a microphone near her mouth answers. Salas flashes his badge.

SALAS

I'm looking for Marvin.

She shuts the door in his face. Salas lifts his fist to knock again. The door opens and a LARGE MAN with "Marvin" over his bowling shirt appears at the door. He exits the door walking sideways.

MARVIN

What?

SALAS

Detective Mike Salas, Fort Wayne,
Indiana, PD.

He offers Marvin a handshake, but Marvin doesn't take it. He is punching numbers on his cell phone.

SALAS (CONT'D)

I'm here looking for a guy who
registered Sunday with a credit
card. He's in a tent.

MARVIN

And what do you want me to do?

SALAS

I need the assistance of your
security team to help me track him
down, so I can arrest him. Today.

MARVIN

(chuckles)

Dude, Salas, there are over 150,000
people here, man. That's like
looking for a needle in a haystack.
I'm knee-deep in shit already and
the concert has not even started. I
got drunk adults, drunk kids, drunk
people driving cycles, and drunks
driving four-wheelers. I have four
state patrol officers here
arresting two guys for dealing and
another for stealing a Harley.

(MORE)

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I just busted a camper of three hookers. They're sitting over there, waiting for more state P's to take them to town. Sorry, bro. You're on your own.

Marvin turns to go inside.

SALAS

Marv, here's a picture of him, and here's my card. The man is armed and dangerous.

Salas hands him a business card and a black and white photograph.

MARVIN

What'd he do?

He looks at the picture and puts it in his pocket.

SALAS

Killed someone. He's armed with a knife.

MARVIN

Detective, nearly everyone here is armed with a knife. A knife is the least of my worries. If we see him or he walks in and confesses, we'll call you. No promises.

He opens the door and goes inside.

SALAS

Great. This is going to be harder than I thought, Ronnie. I don't know what I'm going to tell Green.

He turns and walks back to the crowd.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Let's get you some jeans and boots. You look like a douche bag.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP MAIN STAGE - DAY

Kevin walks around the open field, looking for the perfect spot to view the concert. He settles for the VIP bar.

He looks around for Matt, Jericho, RJ, and Deuce. Preparation for Goldsmack is underway. He sits on his barstool and holds on to the rail.

SAME SCENE - NIGHT

The concert has begun. Albert follows Kevin to the VIP bar.

The SECURITY at the entrance stops him from entering. He leaves the area and goes to the regular floor. He sits and watches the VIP bar. It becomes windy and rain starts to pour. People run for cover and the music stops. Kevin is drenched and people are leaving the bar. The waitress entices them back.

WAITRESS

Half-price beer!

Some men and women stay back. The waitresses open beers as fast as they can. Kevin begins to sway and stagger and brings out his camera for more booby pictures. He stays in front of a circle of men cheering TWO WOMEN on in their erotic dance.

The women soon start to kiss and play with each other. Their men interrupt them.

Albert waits in the rain, watching the entrance as people bounce off the stairs.

Kevin tries to convince some women to show their boobies for the camera. They agree. He approaches a BUSTY BRUNETTE, with her HUSBAND beside her.

KEVIN

I'm getting pictures of all the ladies on the floor, just their boobies. Can I get yours?

BUSTY BRUNETTE

Well, sure!

She pulls her t-shirt up but a right arm crosses her body and stops the exposure. He husband leans over to Kevin and pulls him in.

HUSBAND

You rotten little shit. Who the fuck you think you are, asking to see my wife's tits?

Kevin closes his eyes but opens it to see the Husband leaning to the right, his ear touching his shoulder. RJ is behind him, holding his traps.

RJ

Now, the little fella meant no harm. He was just being nice to your lady.

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)
 And your lady is a fine-looking
 thing. You should be proud of her.

He releases his grip and the man remains on one knee.

RJ (CONT'D)
 Let's go, Kevin. The rain's died
 down. Let's head back before it
 gets worse.

Kevin stops at the top of the stairs, turns to see the man
 and woman.

KEVIN
 Sorry.

He shrugs and follows RJ down the stairs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 For a guy that don't want to go
 back to jail you sure do press the
 issue. They call security and you
 go to jail. I had that covered.

RJ
 Yeah, I know. I should have stayed
 out of it. That's how I went to
 prison the first two times.

Albert sees RJ and Kevin come down the stairs and follows
 them. They are talking but he can't hear what they are
 saying. They get on the golf cart and drive to camp.

Albert kicks the air furiously.

INT. BAR 1 - NIGHT

Matt is seated at the bar as Salas walks in with Ronnie and
 they stand close to him. Salas looks at Matt's shoulder
 tattoo.

SALAS
 Nice ink. Must have a story. Tell
 me.

MATT
 My mom's a breast cancer survivor.
 See the cancer loops? The roses are
 for my sisters.

SALAS

That's cool, my friend. Wish I had a story for mine, but it's just barbed wire.

He rubs his biceps.

MATT

Yeah, well, you got the biceps to pull it off. What about the rosary tat on your wrist? You Catholic?

Salas shakes his head.

SALAS

Nah, my mom was. I got this for her. She likes it but don't like tattoos. I take it you wrestled or did MMA?

He looks at Matt's deformed ear.

MATT

Yeah, wrestled. Forty pound ago. Minnesota. How 'bout you?

SALAS

Yeah. Nebraska back in the day. When they were Big Eight not Big Ten.

MATT

Tough conference, lots of history. OU, OSU, the Tigers, Cyclones.

He raises his cup.

SALAS

Salas, Mike Salas.

He extends his hand.

MATT

Matt Buckles.

They shake hands.

Jessica comes around and grabs Matt by the beard. She kisses him on the lips.

JESSICA

(into his ear)

I'm with you tonight, sweetie.

SALAS
I'll have a Coors Light
(looks at Matt)
She with you?

MATT
Yeah, I guess.

SALAS
Lucky fucker.

He raises his bottle to touch Matt's plastic cup -- pulls out his cell and turns to Matt.

SALAS (CONT'D)
Gotta take this. Save my place,
Ronnie! Order a drink. I'm buying.

He walks off with his cell phone to one ear and a finger in the other.

SALAS (CONT'D)
Yeah, Salas here!

CAPTAIN THOMAS GREEN (V.O.)
Salas. Davis positively ID'd your
photograph. You are to get your ass
home tonight if possible. You are
done Salas, off the force.

SALAS
What? I can't hear you. Let me call
you in the morning.

He shuts off his phone.

SALAS (CONT'D)
You gotta be shitting me.

He walks the concert stage, thinking.

Ronnie steps into Salas' spot, sleeks his hair back and puffs his chest.

JESSICA
What can I get you, sweetie? Nice
boots.

RONNIE
Why thank you. I just got them at a
vendor here at the Chip. I was torn
between lace ups and zippers.

JESSICA
 Drink sweetie, what would you like?

RONNIE
 (rubs his hands)
 Hmmmm. I've always wanted to try a
 mojito.

JESSICA
 Sorry, sweetie. This is Sturgis,
 not Cancun. No mojitos here.

She looks him over.

RONNIE
 I see. A mojito is tropical drink.
 How about a mimosa?

JESSICA
 Oh, sweetie, you're so cute. We
 don't have any champagne. How 'bout
 I introduce you to our three most
 popular gentlemen here? Jim, Jack,
 and Johnny.

She places bottles on the table.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 Meet Jim Beam. Meet Jack Daniels.
 And meet my personal favorite,
 Johnny Walker.

She shows him each bottle and places them in front of him.

RONNIE
 Interesting. These are the most
 popular drinks here in Sturgis?

JESSICA
 Yep, sweetie. These are what the
 guys are drinking.

RONNIE
 (turns to Matt)
 Which do you recommend?

MATT
 Try all three. Your buddy, Mike,
 says he was buying.

RONNIE
 That he did, so let's do it. I'll
 have a glass of all three, please.

JESSICA

How about a shot, sweetie, not a full glass. You try all three and see which one you like, and then can have a bigger glass if you want.

She pours the shots.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Now listen, sweetie. This is a shot. Drink it all at once. This ain't sipping whiskey.

Ronnie takes the first shot. He smells it and recoils from it.

RONNIE

My Lord, this smells horrible! Are you sure people drink this?

A BURLY BIKER looks at Ronnie.

BURLY BIKER

Don't smell it, man. Drink it!

Ronnie downs it and bends at his waist, wheezing for air.

Matt and the Burly biker LAUGH and tap him on the shoulder.

He drinks the remaining two shots.

Salas returns from his phone call.

SALAS

Trouble back home, Ronnie.

He looks at the shot glasses.

SALAS (CONT'D)

A shot? We having shots? Great idea. I need one. Ronnie, you ever try a shot? Two shots of Jager, please.

He gives Jessica the peace sign.

RONNIE

Tastes like licorice! I like it.

SALAS

One more for me too.

Ronnie downs it with speed. Salas looks at him, baffled.

SALAS (CONT'D)
 (leans over the bar)
 Hey, you wouldn't happen to have
 any Jameson back there, would you?

JESSICA
 (looks from Salas to Matt)
 You know, you two could be related.
 And yes, we have Jameson.

SALAS
 All bald guys look alike.

He places his arm on Matt's shoulder.

SALAS (CONT'D)
 Give us each a shot of Jameson, and
 I'm done.

They take their shots.

SALAS (CONT'D)
 Gotta run! What do I owe you?

RONNIE
 Defective Dallas?

SALAS
 Ronnie? Are you drunk?

RONNIE
 I think I'm going to regurgitate.

JESSICA
 Twelve shots is eighty-four
 dollars, and the beer makes it
 eighty-nine.

She holds her hand out.

SALAS
 Twelve shots? What the hell? Ronnie
 we haven't been here an hour.

Ronnie leans his head on Salas' shoulder. Rain starts. Salas
 hands Jessica a hundred-dollar bill and a ten-dollar bill.

SALAS (CONT'D)
 Keep it.

He turns to Matt.

SALAS (CONT'D)

I'd better put him to bed. Nice talking to you.

He hoists Ronnie over his shoulder and leaves.

INT. RV - DAY

Kevin wakes.

KEVIN

This late nights are killing me!

He checks his e-mails and surveillance camera. He sees nothing on the camera. He rewinds and sees Gloria and Skip leave the bar.

He walks the RV and sees Jessica sleeping next to Matt. He stares at her a little too long. Jericho's bed is unoccupied.

He grabs some eggs, bacon, bread, and fruits from the from the fridge before stepping out.

EXT. RV - DAY

Matt comes out of the RV, grabs the OJ and drinks directly from the jug. He keeps it for himself. RJ, Deuce, and Kevin are all seated outside.

Jessica comes out of the RV, stretches and yawns, all the men stare. She sits at the picnic table and smiles at them.

Everyone is silent.

KEVIN

I say we ride to the Spoike today and sit by the pool, watch the people.

MATT

Sounds good to me. What time do you have to be at work, Jess?

JESSICA

Two. I'm sure it'll be a huge crowd tonight for Lynyrd Skynrd.

DEUCE

We got work in town.

Deuce and RJ are still looking at Jessica. Jericho arrives and joins them.

JERICHO

Hello!

KEVIN

Hey, help yourself to some food.

Jessica stands from the table and goes into the RV.

JESSICA

Hey, a quarter!

She bends over and gives the men another view. Matt blushes.

He joins her in the RV.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Salas's phone is RINGING from call from Green and he chooses to ignore them. He's irritated as he waits in line to shit, shave, and shower. He gets back to the car to see that Ronnie is prepared.

RONNIE

Detective Salas, I have an amazing headache.

SALAS

You must have slept wrong. Maybe your head was at a bad angle.

Salas stops by the Old man's tent, peers into his tent and sees that the elderly woman is SNORING.

SALAS (CONT'D)

How's she doing? Sure she's okay?

OLD MAN

Can't snore like that, bro, unless you're healthy. Can't snore like that. It is health that is real wealth, bro, not pieces of gold and silver. Somebody famous said that once.

SALAS

We're headed into town. You need anything?

SALAS (CONT'D)

Could bring you back a sandwich, case of water. What do you need?

OLD MAN
Got all I need here, bro, right here.

He holds his joint in the air.

SALAS
Save our space, okay? Don't let anyone park here.

OLD MAN
Lay your sleeping bags on the ground. Put some rocks on them. They will stay. Never know where I'll be. Never know.

EXT. ROAD/STURGIS LIQUOR - DAY

Salas looks for where to park in Sturgis and finds a spot at Sturgis Liquor. Salas and Ronnie join the feet traffic but Salas soon joins the motorcycles on the road. A POLICE OFFICER stops him and talks to him for a while. Salas shows his badge.

SALAS
Thank you, Officer. Please, direct me to your Chief of police. And what's his name?

POLICE OFFICER
Chief is Ben Branningan.

He points to a brown brick building with green grass. They shake hands.

SALAS
Thank you.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Salas walks into the police station, Ronnie following. Salas approaches a desk.

SALAS
Good morning, officer. Please I'd like to see Chief Ben.

The WOMAN behind the desk points him toward an office with steel double doors. An OFFICER opens the door for them.

CHIEF BRANNINGAN, a large man is seated behind a desk. His office has a view of the Main Street.

SALAS (CONT'D)

Chief, Detectives Mike Salas and
Ronnie Higginbotham. Here from Fort
Wayne, Indiana, sir.

Branningan and Salas shake hands. Branningan remains in his
seat.

BRANNINGAN

Long ways from home. I take it this
isn't for fun.

He gestures that they sit.

SALAS

No, sir. We have a murder suspect
we've tracked to Sturgis. Honestly,
I didn't know the rally was of this
magnitude. I thought we would have
arrested him by now. We know he's
staying at the Buffalo Chip, but,
so far, we haven't had any luck
finding him.

Branningan nods.

BRANNINGAN

I understand. Unless you're in the
biker world, you probably wouldn't
know about this rally. We get
complaints from tourists every
year, as if we're at fault for
their vacation being ruined. So,
what can I do for you, Detective?

SALAS

I'd like your team to have a look
at this photo. Name is Albert
Christianson. If you see him or
arrest him on any charge, please
call me. He carries a knife or some
type of pick.

He hands a copy of Albert's picture and his business card to
the Chief.

BRANNINGAN

Detective, Salas, during this
rally, we'll have over two hundred
bikes stolen, three hundred DUIs, a
dozen deaths, hundreds of
accidents, fights, domestic
disputes, and drunk and
disorderlies.

(MORE)

BRANNINGAN (CONT'D)

Unless this Christianson comes up and introduces himself, we won't be of much help.

SALAS

I understand, sir. We know we can get him back in Indiana, but my gut tells me he'll kill again and kill this week. We have to try.

BRANNINGAN

I'll send his photo and name out to all our officers and to report any knife fights. Good luck.

Branningan lowers his head in his file. Salas and Ronnie leave.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP CAMPGROUND - DAY

Salas and Ronnie return to the campground. Salas approaches their neighbor with bags of chips and cookies.

SALAS

Here. Got you some goods. Thanks for watching our spot.

OLD MAN

No problem, bro. No problem.

SALAS

You go for a ride today?

OLD MAN

No bike, bro. Just here to party, just here to party.

Salas puts the groceries in the tent. Watches the elderly woman for some time.

SALAS

How's your wife doing?

OLD MAN

She hit it hard this afternoon, bro, but she will rally.

SALAS

She hit it hard yesterday too. She okay?

OLD MAN

Each day is a scholar of yesterday,
bro. Somebody famous said that
once.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP MAIN STAGE - DAY

Salas grabs a few short men as he walks through the crowd
around for the concert. The concert comes to an end and
Salas motions to Ronnie. They leave the main camp for their
car. Ronnie checks his e-mail on his phone.

RONNIE

Elaine Christianson's autopsy came
in. Cerebral aneurysm. Probably
laid down with a headache, died
soon after.

SALAS

Well, at least he didn't kill his
mom.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP - DAY

Salas approaches Ronnie and the old man as a commotion is
settling.

RONNIE

Detective, Mr. Pierce here is quite
the observer. It seems he doesn't
sleep well and thus spends a great
deal of time in his chair,
observing. He feels he may have
seen our suspect.

SALAS

Please, Ronnie, tell me more.

RONNIE

I described our suspect and told
him about the dead body in Fort
Wayne. I mentioned that he has
perhaps killed several people.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Listen to what Mr. Pierce has to
say.

OLD MAN

Son, I evaluate things and people,
which helps me avoid mistakes.
Somebody famous said that once.

(MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I've seen him. 'Bout five foot four or five-five. Stocky little fella, like a weightlifter. Wears a leather jacket. Young man, baby-faced. Maybe a little slow around the edges. You know what I mean?

Salas now pays attention.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

He's walked by here a couple of times - early, about now or earlier, I'd say.

He points behind him to a big tent, not looking.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Missed him yesterday.

SALAS

Why do you think he's a little slow?

OLD MAN

Talks to himself. Eyes are a little crossed when he looks at ya. Won't look you in the eyes. Blushed like a baby when he saw my old lady without her top. I always take blushing as a sign of guilt or ill-breeding. Somebody famous said that once.

SALAS

Does he walk back this way or just go toward the tent?

OLD MAN

One way, bro. One way.

SALAS

What's at the tent?

OLD MAN

Damned if I know, bro.

SALAS

Mr. Pierce - would you recognize him if I showed you his picture?

OLD MAN
 Sure would. We don't remember days
 - we remember moments. Somebody
 famous said that once.

Salas shows him a picture of his nephew.

SALAS
 This him? Maybe a little younger
 version?

OLD MAN
 No, sir. That's not him.

Salas shows him Albert's picture.

SALAS
 How about this guy?

OLD MAN
 That's your boy.

He gives Salas a thumbs up and leaves for the tent.

INT. BUS - DAY (MOVING)

Albert sits in a tour bus with Kevin, Matt, and Jericho. He sits behind the DRIVER and gets a shot of fireball. He drinks it and almost pukes. Kevin and others LAUGH at him. Kevin produces another bottle. He sips and makes no face. It reaches Albert and he puts his hand to his mouth struggling to keep the drink in his body.

Another fit of LAUGHTER from Kevin and others. Albert starts to COUGH and keeps his head low. The bus stops and he waits for Kevin to alight. He follows him, Matt, and Jericho.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) EXT. THE DUNGEON - DAY

Kevin crosses the road to a bar and takes pictures of a shirtless tattooed man. Albert follows but stays outside when they go to THE DUNGEON.

B) EXT. ROADHOUSE - DAY

As Albert comes out of the Roadhouse, two officers accost him and after talking for a few seconds, they collect his cup and empty the content in the trash.

C) INT. OASIS BAR - DAY

Albert stays with Kevin in Oasis bar, leaning against the wall as he goes and through songs that he does not know. When Kevin leaves the bar through the exit, Albert follows him.

D) EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Kevin and Albert make eye contact in the dark alley and Kevin spins into darkness, hastening his step. Albert follows him and smiles when Kevin goes into a port-a-potty.

END OF SHOTS.

EXT/INT. PORT-A-POTTY - NIGHT

Albert stands in front of the door, listening to the trickling of water in the pipes. He pulls his ice pick from his leather jacket, his grip on the wooden handle tight. A ZIPPING SOUND is heard and feet SHUFFLING. The door opens and Albert steps forward.

KEVIN
(makes eye contact)
Oh, excuse me.

Kevin jumps back into the urinal. He sees Albert go down.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Before him is RJ. He is calm.

RJ
This guy's been following you for a few days. He was gonna kill you.

He feels Albert's carotid artery, his pulse his steady.

RJ (CONT'D)
See his ice pick there?

KEVIN
Kill me? Why?

He steps out of the port-a-potty and kneels beside RJ. He rests his hands on his knees and reaches for the Ice pick.

RJ
Don't touch it. Leave it for the cops.

A MAN in hairnet and an apron comes out of a door behind RJ.
He packs cigarette and a lighter in his hands.

MAN

Hey! What did you do to that guy?

RJ

Shit, I don't need this. I can't go
back in prison.

KEVIN

Get out of here now. I got this.

RJ slips behind the port-a-potties and blends into the crowd.

The man keeps YELLING and attracts people. Kevin hears boots
hitting pavement and holds up his hand when they reach him.

TWO OFFICERS, male and female, stop at the scene.

OFFICER

Lie on the ground, hands behind
your your back!

Kevin obliges. He is cuffed with plastic ties. The officer
helps him to his feet and illuminates Albert.

FEMALE OFFICER

He has an ice pick in his hand.

KEVIN

Yeah, he was going to kill me with
that thing.

FEMALE OFFICER

He's unconscious, blood on the back
of his head. We need an ambulance.

She gets on her radio and more OFFICERS arrive.

KEVIN

I was in there peeing, came out,
and he attacked me. I knocked him
out. I'm lucky to be alive. Hey,
you two are the ones who got me for
the open container!

OFFICER

Shut up.

MAN

There was another guy here, a big
guy.

Kevin keeps quiet.

Albert starts to GROAN and roll over. One of the officers places her foot between his shoulder blades. Another officer cuffs his hands behind him.

FEMALE OFFICER

Stay down, sir. You're under arrest.

Two police cars and an ambulance arrive. The paramedics attend to Albert. Two officers hold his head and Kevin sees his face.

KEVIN

Hey, hey! That guy's camping across from me at the Buffalo Chip. I've seen him!

Kevin is placed in a patrol car and Albert in the other.

INT. STURGIS POLICE STATION - DAY

Kevin is in a room, standing and pacing about. The door opens and a barrel-chested Branningan enters.

BRANNINGAN

Sit.

The Arresting Officer comes in, his hand across his chest.

BRANNINGAN (CONT'D)

You've had a busy night. Uncuff him, please.

The officer cuts the plastic cuff with scissors. Kevin rubs his wrist and hands.

KEVIN

Well, the open container, now that was total bullshit. But this... some guy tried to kill me. I just defended myself. I'm lucky to be alive.

BRANNINGAN

Yeah, we have his weapon. And you're lucky. The guy who attacked you is wanted for questioning regarding several murders.

KEVIN
 (wide-eyed)
 No way.

OFFICER
 Yeah, you're lucky. Tell us about the big guy who was with you. We have a witness who claims another guy was there. Who was he?

KEVIN
 I don't know anything about a big guy.

He looks the chief eye to eye.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 It was dark in the alley. Hell, I didn't even know the police were there until I heard Chubby Boy here breathing.

OFFICER
 Fuck you, you mouthy ass.

BRANNINGAN
 Quiet! Mr. Buckles, we have a witness.

KEVIN
 Can't help you there, Chief. I knocked the guy out myself.

INT. BUFFALO CHIP CAMPGROUND - DAY

Salas stands at the east exit watching the people, looking for Albert. He feels his phone vibrate and puts it to his ear.

SALAS
 Salas.

BRANNINGAN (V.O.)
 Detective, Chief Branningan here, Sturgis PD. We have a young man here in holding. Driver's license says an Albert Christianson.

BRANNINGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You told us to call you. You got lucky, Salas - he tried to kill someone tonight. It didn't go as planned.

SALAS
Keep him there! Don't try and talk
to him!

BRANNINGAN
He ain't talking.

SALAS
I'll be bright there.

Salas replaces his phone and waves frantically at Ronnie.

They meet in the middle of the dirt road.

SALAS (CONT'D)
They got him, Ronnie. He tried to
kill someone tonight. He's at
Sturgis PD.

RONNIE
Did he kill someone?

SALAS
Nope, tried and missed. The vic got
lucky and so did we.

They leave the east exit to get their car. As they jump into
their car, they look ahead at the traffic in front.

FADE OUT.