

THE FARM

by

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1 **EXT. HIGHWAY, COLUMBUS, OHIO - NIGHT** 1

A white rental van speeds down an empty highway, the Columbus city skyline disappearing behind it.

2 **INT. WHITE VAN, HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS** 2

MARTHA (75) peers through thick, tinted prescription glasses as she steers the van down the darkened highway. She's sophisticated, wearing a black Prada blazer.

Lost in thought, she nearly misses a sign as she passes it: Amesville. She changes lanes and takes the exit.

3 **EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS** 3

The van heads down the highway ramp and turns onto a pitch-black country road. The headlights pierce the darkness.

The van climbs a steep hill and then disappears, the tail lights gone and the sound of the engine, too. We're surrounded by the sounds of the night: WIND RUSTLING the grassy Appalachian fields.

4 **EXT. GATE, COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT** 4

The van pulls over to the side of the road. The headlights illuminate an overgrown cattle gate.

Martha walks across the uneven ground in heels to the gate. Using a small rusty key she fidgets with the lock, struggling to pry it open. The headlights blind her, but finally she gets it right, and the padlock pops open.

She swings the gate open and stares up an overgrown dirt road leading into the woods.

She drives through the gate and stops on the other side, and locks it. She stares down the road.

The van moves slowly along the uneven driveway. Trees scratch the sides. Martha is transfixed by the branches twisting in the lights.

5 **EXT. THE FARM - NIGHT** 5

The van pulls up in front of a deteriorating farmhouse surrounded by woods and fields. The moon illuminates the property, outlining barns and sheds, desolate and abandoned.

Using her flashlight Martha strides over to a lamp pole in the middle of the yard and flicks on the power switch. Nothing happens.

It's a large old forgotten place. The decrepit two story farmhouse with windows boarded up with rotted planks. A large barn sits idle across the way.

Martha examines the water trough. She pumps the iron water pump, but it's dry.

She climbs the front steps onto the porch of the farmhouse and unlocks the door. She gets in and closes it behind her.

The sounds of the night pulsates around the dark house, hidden away by miles of Appalachian forest. The flashlight flickers in the dark window.

6 **INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS** 6

Martha's flashlight illuminates an old-fashioned sink and wood stove, a small table. Out the window, the barn glares in moonlight.

Martha walks in and slumps into a chair, breathing heavily. She places the flashlight on the table; her hand is shaking.

She removes a pill bottle from her purse, shakes out two pills and puts them under her tongue. She thinks quietly, pausing to catch her breath.

7 **INT. FARMHOUSE, HALLWAY - LATER** 7

Martha navigates a rickety hallway, pausing to shine her flashlight up a narrow staircase. It leads up to the attic.

She gazes at the door upstairs, frozen in place.

8 **EXT. CROSSROADS, COUNTRYSIDE - DAY** 8

Martha's van stops at an empty crossroads in the middle of nowhere. The morning light reveals the vast Appalachian landscape. She turns into a narrow road, wooded on both sides.

She heads into a mist of fog. The tail lights and the sound of its engine get swallowed up by the haze.

She drives, scanning the passing trees. Her mind is racing. She recognizes a spot by the side of the road, pulls over, and stares out at a tall apple tree growing among wild grasses.

She steps out of the van and approaches the tree.

She picks the apples she can reach and collects them into her rucksack. She takes one and smells it. She then bites into it, taking in the woods around her as she chews.

It's calm, serene, but there is something unsettled about her.

Martha loads the rucksack into her van. Lost in a thought. She shuts the back door and steps out onto the road. An engine roars - she freezes - tires screech - a pickup truck swerves to the side, barely missing her.

The DRIVER (40s) stares at her, shocked and furious.

He gets out in panic and attends to a calf tied to the bed of his truck. It bleats pitifully. Injured, its head dripping with blood. It yelps and kicks against the metal.

The Driver tries to calm it. He shouts at Martha angrily, but she can't make out the words.

She stands still in the middle of the road, stunned, staring at the bleeding calf.

9

INT. OSU, MORITZ COLLEGE OF LAW - DAY

9

Martha stands in the center of a large lecture hall, facing a class of fifty students.

MARTHA

Rodney James Alcala was convicted of killing five women - two trials put him on death row twice, both times the convictions were reversed on appeal. Marianne Connelly, mother of one of the victims, brings him to trial for the third time, twenty years later. This time, Alcala dismisses his attorney and chooses to represent himself. Why?

The students are taken aback, not sure how to answer. SUMMER (19) speaks with an attitude.

SUMMER

He's a psychopath. There is no
'why'.

Martha looks at her and then at other students.

MARTHA

To the contrary, there is always
'why'. Especially if he is a
psychopath.

A phone buzzes and one of the students, ADAM (21), reads the text. He attempts to text back when he notices Martha is looking at him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, send it.

ADAM

Sorry.

MARTHA

It's OK, we'll wait.

He doesn't know if she's serious. He sends the reply and puts his phone down.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

He has no experience or any former
education in criminal law. Why does
he do that?

SUMMER

The psycho shouldn't be allowed.

ADAM

It's his constitutional right.

Summer turns back furious.

SUMMER

She was 66 and all she had left of
her daughter were photographs.

ADAM

D'you want to hold hands?

Adam smirks. His buddies also smile. Summer shakes her head and turns to Martha.

MARTHA

He's right; the judge can't
override the constitution. But
that's not the point.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Alcala wasn't just getting his kicks. He had a strategy.

The students listen more attentively.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

He's already survived two trials; he wasn't going down now. He knew that if he dug into this witness, into details of what happened to her daughter, he'd eventually get her emotional and effectively discredit her in the eyes of the Jury. He knew they didn't have much and that if it came down to her word against his, he'd be more credible than a hysteric woman. It worked.

Students are intrigued. Martha locks eyes with Summer for a moment.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Conforming to the stereotype cost her a shot at it, and the psycho got away with murder.

Summer takes that in while Martha pauses as she's suddenly preoccupied with a thought.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Okay, let's stop here.

She hesitates.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

One more thing. I have to cancel the next class, two actually. I'll send you an email. Thank you.

There are murmurs among the students who are slightly taken aback.

Martha turns away and begins to pack her notes, processing what she just said.

10

INT. MORITZ COLLEGE, MARTHA'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Martha sits behind her desk, reading something on her laptop attentively. Her office is full of books, artwork, and photographs, but none are personal.

She stares at something on the screen for a moment and then writes something on her notepad.

IRENE (50) walks in without knocking and heads directly for the window. Martha closes her laptop and turns page on the notepad.

Irene struggles to open the window and gets frazzled.

IRENE

Hey.

MARTHA

Hey.

She finally opens it and looks for something on a shelf between books.

IRENE

Where're the smokes?

MARTHA

Threw them out.

IRENE

What, why?

Martha shrugs.

MARTHA

I'm quitting.

IRENE

Since when?

MARTHA

Why are you so tense?

IRENE

She's killing me. You know when they say, "My baby is so cute I want to eat it-"? I fuckin' regret I didn't!

Martha cracks up but sees that Irene is not laughing.

MARTHA

I'm listening.

IRENE

She wants to become bhikkhunis.

Martha burst out laughing.

MARTHA

What?

IRENE

Yup. She wants to go to Sri Lanka and become the first woman monk from Ohio.

MARTHA

That's... interesting.

IRENE

No, it's not, why can't you ever take my side. Can you talk to her?

MARTHA

And say what?

IRENE

I don't know. Fuck.

Martha sits on the ledge giving in to her frustration.

IRENE (CONT'D)

What're you doing tonight, can I come over?

Martha is taken aback.

MARTHA

I have to pack.

Irene turns to her sharply.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'm going up north for a few days.

Irene is confused and surprised.

IRENE

Where?

MARTHA

I'm selling the farm.

IRENE

What?

Martha shrugs.

MARTHA

I listed it, got a good offer. A local guy. Seems decent.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'll show him the property; we'll see what he says.

Irene looks at Martha, a bit confused.

IRENE

Just like that?

MARTHA

Thought you'd be happy I'm finally letting it go.

IRENE

I am, I guess. When are you leaving?

MARTHA

Tuesday.

IRENE

The graduation is next weekend...

Irene is clearly overwhelmed; she exhales.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'm swinging by tonight, I'll help you pack. It was a stupid idea to quit, you're making me bum a smoke from a student. Fuck it, right?

Martha nods, and Irene exits. As soon as she's gone, Martha's expression changes. She opens her laptop and types in an address.

11 **EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY**

11

Martha pushes a cart across the parking lot towards the van.

She opens the backdoor - it's loaded with tools and supplies. She lifts a heavy coil of aircraft wire and shoves it into the van, then tosses in a pair of heavy-duty wire cutters.

She rests on the tailgate, catching her breath.

She opens a pill bottle, pours two pills into her shaking palm, and swallows them.

J.S. Bach's *Matthaeus Passion* blares suddenly, the music swelling from inside her purse. Martha pulls out her cell, and answers it.

MARTHA

Hello? Yes, this is she. Oh, yes, thank you for getting back to me. Yes, Yes, that's right, to restore power. I'm not sure, it was disconnected years ago. Ok, it'd be under my mother's name, Stallard. Jadwiga. Yes, I can spell it for you.

12

EXT. FARM - DAWN

12

The van pulls up to the center. The pale morning light illuminates the property just enough to see the barn and the house - the planks are removed from the windows.

Martha switches the power on the lamp pole and the sodium bulb turns on. It warms up slowly to full brightness.

Beyond the barn, a collapsing buck-and-post fence opens onto overgrown fields that slope gently down into a valley. Patches of fog linger over the shrubs framed in completely secluded Appalachian woodland.

Martha puts on safety gloves, then lifts the long shaft of a rusty two-wheels bike cargo trailer. She tugs it along and positions it behind the van.

She grabs the aircraft wire out of the van and hauls it onto the trailer. She dumps the wire cutter on top, then pulls the trailer back towards the barn.

She opens the heavy door and disappears inside.

13

INT. FARMHOUSE, ATTIC - NIGHT

13

Martha walks down the hallway, pausing at the bottom of the staircase leading into the attic.

She hesitates, then starts up the stairs.

At the top, she opens the door and enters.

Inside, is a small bedroom with a slanted ceiling. The walls are covered with 1980's decor - band posters, a small disco ball, a shelf of dusty cassette tapes. It was a young girl's room, but no one has entered it for a long time.

Martha parts the curtains and looks out the window. She struggles to open it, but forces it ajar. She pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights one.

She inhales and blows the smoke out the window.

Martha sits on the window ledge and takes in the room. She studies the dusty, red, double-cassette player sitting on the desk. There's a tape lying there, beside it.

She walks over to the desk, puts the tape in the player, and presses play. The spools begin to turn and the brown tape slides along the magnetic head.

The end of a pop song in a minor key plays out and there's a moment of silence. We hear a brief gap in the recording and a voice of ANNA (15) comes out from the speakers.

ANNA (O.S)

...Ok, don't freak out, I'm not going to go all depressing on you, only this one more song on this side, this one is for when you find out that he made out with someone else, OK? I mean, I hope you never have to find that out...

Martha's eyes are fixed on the turning spools as they begin to slow down. Anna's voice gets lower and more distorted.

ANNA (O.S) (CONT'D)

...but if you do, than here it is, from me to you. *Wonderful Life*, top album in the US, UK, Austria, Holland, France, Germany, Italy, and f'ing Switzerland...

At some point her voice gets very distorted. Martha hits stop and stares at the arrested tape.

14

EXT. SUPERMARKET, COLUMBUS - DAY

14

Through the storefront window, HUGH(75), white-haired, skinny, and feeble, is being watched.

Hugh stands in the check-out lane. He wears worn-out dress pants and an outdated jacket.

He places plastic bags filled with groceries into his bag cart and heads towards the exit.

Martha watches him from the van, across the busy street.

Hugh moves past the rows of cash registers and exits the store. He heads down the sidewalk, taking his time, pulling the shopping cart behind him. He is smiling to himself.

15 **EXT. HUGH'S APARTMENT, COLUMBUS - NIGHT**

15

A poor and run-down neighborhood of Columbus. Vacant, once-elegant Victorian houses are boarded up, windows and doors covered with plywood.

Martha exits the van and walks along a back alleyway. She peers into the backyard of a badly maintained rental house. She approaches a ground window to a basement apartment. The light glares from below.

Martha crouches over the window, looking down into the apartment. She sees a bed in the far corner, and a small table with a fork and knife set on it with several pills left out next to the place setting.

She scans the room, then notices thick steam rising, coming from what must be the kitchen. She leans in and sees Hugh's bare back. He stirs a pot on the stove and he's bare-naked.

He turns around, but Martha pulls back just in time, to spare herself from getting a full-frontal.

She hears a thud on the balcony above. She goes completely still, listening. After a moment of quiet, she sneaks away.

16 **INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT, COLUMBUS - NIGHT**

16

This is a conservatively decorated hallway. Bookshelves, memorabilia, and art lines the walls. A toilet flushes.

Irene exits the washroom and glances at a small, empty picture frame on the shelf. Dried apple seeds are strewn in front of it. The picture is gone, but the glass remains.

17 **INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

17

Irene enters a spacious living room that functions as a dining room, library, and bedroom.

Martha sets up the fold-out bed. She wears a white nightie and slippers, her hair pinned into a bun.

Irene joins her, together they spread out the top sheet and square the corners.

Martha throws on the pillows and sits down. She kicks off her slippers exposing her bare and aged feet. She slides under the covers and switches off the night lamp.

Irene stands in darkness watching Martha's turned back. Martha feels her gaze.

MARTHA
You're not tired?

Irene understands that Martha does not want to engage. She gets into the bed.

The two lie motionless separated by arm length. After a moment, Irene turns towards Martha.

She looks at the thinning grey hair on her wrinkled neck and touches it gently.

Martha's eyes are open. She is still.

IRENE
Now I'm sad you're selling it. It was beautiful out there. Too bad we didn't go more often. You were happy there.

Irene waits for Martha to respond, but Martha doesn't.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Do you want me to come with you?

MARTHA
Teresa wants you here.

Irene considers this and gets vulnerable.

IRENE
This graduation is messing with me. Am I going crazy?

MARTHA
Just your normal.

Irene hits Martha playfully.

IRENE
Fuck you, Your Honor!

She uses the moment to break the ice and moves closer to Martha. She snuggles in and spoons her from behind.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I'll be good, 'cause I have you. Do you feel me?

Irene sees that she won't get anything out of Martha.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Where do you go when you get like this?

Martha turns over and faces Irene. She leans in and kisses her on the forehead motherly.

MARTHA

I'm here.

Irene moves to kiss her on the mouth, but Martha pulls back. Irene looks her in the eye.

IRENE

Will you come with me to see her walk?

Martha thinks about it.

IRENE (CONT'D)

She'd like to see me with you. She really likes you.

MARTHA

I like her, too.

IRENE

Such a bad liar.

Martha doesn't know what to say.

MARTHA

I'll come.

Irene whispers tenderly as if this meant a lot.

IRENE

Thank you.

Irene smiles in a sneaky way and pokes Martha playfully.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Don't forget to dip your ass in the river.

Martha understands what she means and forces a smile. She turns away. Irene slaps her behind.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Soggy ass!

She slaps her again. Martha pushes her hand off and they have a moment of playful wrestling.

Eventually Irene stops bugging Martha and turns away. She spreads herself over her half of the bed and lets out a long breath.

The room gets quiet. They look comfortable sharing the bed.

18

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

18

KEBE DAVIS (69) sits across the table from Martha. She wears jeans and a t-shirt. A deep scar in shape of wavy line runs down her cheek.

Kebe sips a vodka martini. Martha has a glass of water with lemon. They are unsure what to say to each other..

KEBE

I was surprised to hear from you.

MARTHA

End of a big chapter.

Kebe knows what she means but doesn't comment.

KEBE

Are you and Linda keeping in touch?

MARTHA

Not really.

Kebe recognizes an old grudge.

KEBE

Too bad.

She finishes her martini.

KEBE (CONT'D)

You didn't touch your water.

She looks for a waiter. Martha glances at her scar. Kebe notices.

KEBE (CONT'D)

It's Yoruba. After I buried Michelle, I didn't know what to do with myself. I tried to run away. To fucking Togo. My mother is from there.

She runs a finger down her scar.

KEBE (CONT'D)

It was supposed to be three lines, but it hurt so much, I couldn't finish. I think I already knew that cutting my face wouldn't change anything.

Kebe sips her Martini.

MARTHA

Do you feel any different, knowing
he's out?

KEBE

No.

MARTHA

Would you ever want to talk to him?

KEBE

What for?

MARTHA

To see what he has to say.

KEBE

Who cares.

MARTHA

Did Linda ever talk to you?

KEBE

About what?

MARTHA

About Bonnie?

Kebe clearly doesn't want to go there. She looks away and waves for a drink.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

So there was someone else on
campus?

Kebe shrugs; she's willing to accept that.

KEBE

I don't know, Martha. Linda got a
fair trial. I don't think she ever
thought it was him - who cares.

MARTHA

Not her, that's for sure. I don't
think they ever took her seriously -
a hungover drunk, falling apart
like a baby. She's good now.

Kebe sees that this is still very alive in Martha.

KEBE

What do you think he'd tell you?

Martha shrugs.

KEBE (CONT'D)
After the trial, he wrote me from
jail asking for a meeting.

Martha looks at her sharply.

KEBE (CONT'D)
I went.

She pauses, seeing Martha's attention.

KEBE (CONT'D)
He broke down into tears and begged
my forgiveness. And then he looked
at me to see if I was buying it. He
acted it out. He didn't give a shit
about what he did to Michelle, or
me. He's a psychopath. No wonder
his own daughter never visited him.

Martha processes it. Kebe waves to the waiter for another
drink and notices several WOMEN dancing in front of the DJ.

KEBE (CONT'D)
Fuck'im. Come on.

Kebe gets up and invites Martha to come along. Martha is
confused.

KEBE (CONT'D)
Let's dance.

MARTHA
Oh, no thanks, I'm okay.

Kebe smiles bitterly. She looks at Martha knowing she's not
okay. They'll never be okay.

KEBE
Come on. Fuck the psycho, Martha!

Martha waves her away. Kebe gives up and steps onto the dance
floor. Martha stays seated and silent, watching Kebe move her
arms freely, dancing with the others.

Martha eats apple pie ala mode, looking out the window at the
small park across the street, where CHILDREN play in the
playground.

She lifts the spoon to her lips and slurps the melting ice-cream.

She puts the spoon down as she observes Hugh enter the playground, now donning a suit and tie. He sits on a bench and looks towards the other end of the park.

Martha follows his gaze and sees a hospital entrance. It is elevated several steps above the sidewalk.

EMMA (40s), wearing blue scrubs, exits and walks down the steps.

Hugh perks up - he watches Emma as she cuts across the park towards him. He anticipates her, moving to a shaded area near the swings where she won't see him.

Martha watches intensely as Emma gets closer to the swings. She passes by while Hugh remains motionless. He turns his head only after she's passed, marking her movements as she unlocks her car and drives away.

Martha stares at Hugh. There is defeat and vulnerability in his body language. He walks the other way.

Martha puts the last piece of pie in her mouth, gets up hastily, and leaves, keeping sight of Hugh.

20 **EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT** 20

From her van, Martha surveys a group of ELDERLY PEOPLE gathered in front of the entrance to the hall. They talk and laugh for a moment and then enter the building.

21 **INT. DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS** 21

Dim colorful lights create a moody atmosphere. Martha enters the space. Two ELDERLY COUPLES slow-dance to *Fancy's Flames of Love*.

A line of chairs runs along the wall. An OLD MAN sit on one side of the room and he looks over at an ELDERLY WOMAN. Once he catches her eye, he pulls away quickly.

Martha scans the place.

She sees him. Hugh, sitting at the bar, sipping a beer.

It startles and unnerves her. She doesn't want him to see her so she quickly slips down into a chair, to make it seem as though she's there to dance.

She observes him from a distance.

Hugh exchanges a few words with the bartender, they laugh. When he lifts one foot up onto the foot rest, the cuff of his pants rises and reveals an ankle bracelet.

Martha stares at it. She then looks away quickly and catches the eye of the Old Man. He smirks at her.

Martha ignores him. When she turns back to Hugh, he's finished his beer. He puts down some change and readies himself to leave.

Martha is unsure what to do. As he walks towards the door, he passes by and momentarily they catch each other's eye. He smiles politely and nods. She nods back.

At the door, he turns back to look at her again. He smiles, this time maintaining longer eye contact.

She has an impulse to follow him but stops herself. The Old Man stares at her and smirks as if understanding what's taking place.

Martha stares back at Him vacantly as a new idea unfolds rapidly in her mind.

22 **INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

22

Martha watches a YouTube video on her laptop with headphones. The narrator's voice spills out, but can't hear what is being said.

Martha hits the space bar and makes a note in her notebook. She stares at screen, her face illuminated by the video, but we don't know what she's watching.

23 **INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

23

Martha stands in the hallway in front of the mirror applying lipstick. She practices different "looks." She presses the stick to her lips and the tip breaks.

She picks up the keys and places a small water bottle inside her purse.

She makes a round checking if the windows are closed and drawing the curtains shut.

She scans the kitchen and turns off the stove light. She opens a cubbyhole in the hallway and shuts off the water main.

She turns off the light in the hallway. The apartment becomes dark and quiet.

She leaves and closes the door behind her. We stay watching the door for a moment.

24

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

24

Red and green lights pulsate to the music illuminating a small dance floor. A few elderly couples dance to a lively tune. A MAN turns his PARTNER around, she enjoys it, others admire the move.

Martha sips a scotch neat at the bar. Her hair is carefully groomed and the red lipstick livens her face, but perhaps too much.

The BARMAN looks at her and winks as if understanding what she's looking for. She's not sure how to respond.

Hugh enters the hall. He walks around along the edge of the dance floor and arrives at the other end of the bar.

The barman puts a beer in front of him. Hugh takes a few sips and wipes his mouth with his hand.

Martha straightens up as if she wants his attention. Hugh turns and sees her. He's happy to see her, but turns back to his beer, sheepishly. After a moment, he turns back to her and they catch each other's eye.

Hugh lifts his glass. Martha tips hers slightly.

Hugh smiles to himself, like a teenager. He takes a sip to conceal his excitement while thinking of his next move.

From across the dance floor, through the dancing bodies, we see Hugh get up and walk over to Martha. They greet each other. He puts his drink down and sits beside her, then beckons to the bartender.

25

INT. DANCE HALL - LATER

25

Hugh swirls the left over beer in his glass and finishes it.

HUGH

Another?

Martha smiles and shakes her head.

MARTHA

I'm driving.

Hugh points his finger at her acknowledging the sensible choice.

HUGH
D'you mind if I do? I'm walking.

He smiles and gestures to the waiter for another beer.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Hey, listen, I hope I don't you
know, talked your ear off or
anything?

MARTHA
You're fine. I'm sure you'll find a
way and talk to your daughter.

He takes a deep breath and exhales, not entirely sure of himself.

HUGH
Yup.

They sit awkwardly for a moment.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Ok, I'm going to visit the Men's
room. If you were thinking of
splitting, now is your chance.

He smiles, gets up, and leaves.

Martha watches him walk away. He sways his body to the music as he steps across the dance floor and disappears into the Men's.

The bartender puts down Hugh's beer and grabs the empty glass.

MARTHA
I'll take the bill, for both.

He glances at her with a sleazy smile as if knowing what's going on and moves to the other end of the bar.

Martha looks towards the Men's room. She takes a few gulps of his beer, then pulls out her water bottle and pours it into Hugh's beer to level it.

She slides the bottle back to her purse and takes a long sip of her scotch.

26

EXT. DANCE HALL, PARKING LOT - LATER

26

A few cars are parked near the entrance of this wide and nearly empty lot. Martha's van is parked further away.

The door opens letting out faint music as Hugh stumbles onto the sidewalk laughing, struggling to keep balance. Martha laughs with him.

He sways and is about to fall but she grabs his arm keeping him upright. He apologizes but she waves it off and offers her arm. He grabs onto it and together they stumble across the parking lot.

Martha helps him into the van. He slides into the passenger seat still laughing. He struggles pulling at the seat belt.

Martha helps and fastens him. She reclines the seat and he leans backward.

She shuts the door, walks around the van, and gets behind the wheel. She starts the engine and drives out of the parking lot.

27

EXT. BRIDGE OVERPASS - LATER

27

The van is parked on an overpass above train tracks.

28

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

28

Hugh lies unconscious on the floor. His pant leg is folded up and his ankle is iced.

Martha goes through his pockets and pulls out a wallet, keys, a daily pillbox, and then -- a letter. She looks at it and packs everything into the rucksack.

She removes the ice pack. Hugh's ankle is blue. She slops on Vaseline around his ankle, rubbing it in. The grease oozes between her fingers.

She grabs the bracelet and tries to pull it off his foot. It moves down the ankle, but gets stuck on the bone. She yanks it harder, but it won't budge.

She wedges her leg against his knee to get some leverage and pulls with all her strength. Hugh groans, unconsciously, as she bends his foot out of shape. The bracelet scrapes the skin - little red bubbles appear.

33 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT** 33

A warm light streams out of the kitchen window - a tiny beacon surrounded by giant night woods.

Martha appears in the window, looking out at the barn. She shuts the curtains, and after a moment the light in the kitchen goes off. The sounds of the woods crescendo and swell, overwhelming the property with music of the night.

34 **INT. BARN - NIGHT** 34

Hugh is slumped against a wall and only partially conscious. His hands are cuffed and attached to a wire that runs through a pulley hanging high above him - it's a part of an old hay lift.

Drugged, he drifts in and out of consciousness. The intense sounds of the night woods washes over him.

35 **EXT. FARM, BARN - DAY, DAWN** 35

Martha leaves the house and walks across the yard towards the barn. The farm is still shrouded in fog.

She arrives at the door, but hesitates to enter. She goes around the back of the barn instead.

She moves along the back wall. She kneels down and gently pulls a brick out of the wall. She peeks inside through the square peephole.

The stall is barely lit. She notices Hugh's legs stretched on the ground. One foot is bare and one wearing a shoe - Skechers Relaxed Fit.

She quietly slides the brick back into the wall.

36 **INT. BARN - DAY, CONTINUOUS** 36

Martha walks inside the dingy barn - the roof is held up by thick wooden beams. It's divided into several stalls, each with a sliding door and a feeder. There are old horse saddles, harnesses, and whips scattered about. No animal has lived here for years.

Martha approaches the stall and looks in through the feeder window.

Hugh lies on the straw floor. There is enough slack on the wire for him to lie down, but not enough to leave the stall. He looks at her inquisitively.

HUGH
Hey, what's going on?

Martha looks at him but doesn't respond. She slides open the stall door.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Did you spike my drink or something?

She brings over a bucket with water.

MARTHA
Move away.

He steps back. She sets the bucket just inside and slides the door shut.

HUGH
What is this? Where am I?

MARTHA
If you have to go.

HUGH
What's going on?! Listen, you seemed like a nice lady, I hope I didn't do anything to offend you?

Martha looks at him with a blank stare. He gets a bad feeling seeing her serious face.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Listen, I have a heart condition. I feel a little light-headed. I need my medication, okay? I have to go.

She places a water bottle and two pills on the ledge. He looks at her surprised that she anticipated it.

HUGH (CONT'D)
I really have to go, okay?

Martha shakes her head very matter of fact. Hugh gets alarmed.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Do I know you?

Martha studies him.

HUGH (CONT'D)
I don't remember, I'm sorry. Can
you tell me what's going on?

Martha hesitates for a moment.

MARTHA
No idea?

Hugh genuinely shakes his head. Martha considers his
reaction.

She pulls out a passport photo of Anna (19) - slightly
damaged. She holds it in his view.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
You remember her?

Hugh looks at the picture.

HUGH
No.

Martha stares at him. He looks at the picture again.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Who is she?

MARTHA
You don't recognize her?

HUGH
No, who is she?

MARTHA
I thought that after so many years,
you'd be tired of lying.

HUGH
I don't know who that is, it must
be a mistake.

MARTHA
You blocked it out?

He looks at her confused.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that. I know
what you're doing. Take a look.

Hugh looks at the picture again. He remains confused.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Nothing? Not even her name?

Hugh shakes his head.

HUGH
What's her name?

Martha pauses and stares him down.

MARTHA
You tell me.

HUGH
I don't know. I never seen her in
my life.

He looks genuine. Martha is taken aback. She tries to conceal her growing irritation.

MARTHA
I watched you through the trial.
You're a good actor but you're not
going to lie yourself out of it
this time. I have time.

He stares at her getting progressively worried.

HUGH
I don't know her, or you. You got
me mistaken for someone else.

She shakes her head with certainty and places the photo on the plank where Hugh can see it.

MARTHA
Call me when it comes back.

She heads for the door. Before leaving, she winds the crank to pull the wire tighter.

HUGH
Wait! I'm serious! I don't feel
well! I have a heart condition! Do
you hear me?!

Hugh watches her through the window as she disappears into the house. His face changes as his mind spins.

Martha shakes out two pills and puts them in her mouth. She swallows them with water. She sits down panting.

After a moment she darts to a bucket underneath the sink and vomits - the pills hit the metal bottom.

She leans over the bucket and dry heaves. When her convulsions subside, she pulls back and sits on the floor.

She seems surprised by her body's reaction. She thinks hard and gathers her breath.

We hear Hugh yelling from the barn. It startles her and she hits her head against the sink.

HUGH (O.S.)

Hey! Hey! Can anybody hear me?!

She gets up and looks at the barn through the window. She's unsettled and closes the window, as if this would muffle his calls, but Hugh's yelling is still annoyingly audible.

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

Help! I need help!

With a shaky hand, she takes out her pill-bottle and drops another pill onto her palm, but the pill bounces and falls to the ground.

Martha gets down with effort and looks for the pill on the floor.

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

Hey! Anybody?! Help!

She gets irritated not being able to find the pill. The yelling drives her crazy. She runs out of the kitchen.

38

EXT. FARM YARD - CONTINUOUS

38

Martha runs out of the house and yells towards the barn.

MARTHA

Don't waste your breath, nobody's gonna hear you! Help! Help!

HUGH

They know my tag is off. They'll be looking for me.

MARTHA

In British Columbia.

He pauses and realizes she's thought this through.

HUGH
What do you want from me?

MARTHA
First, tell me her name?

HUGH
I don't know her.

Martha thinks for a moment.

MARTHA
Keep on yelling.

She goes back to the house.

39 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

39

Martha, wearing a night shirt, picks up a pot of hot water from the stove and sets it on the table.

She sits on a chair above a tin tub and pours the steaming water from a cup over her hair. She lathers her head with soap.

As Martha's old hands work the lather, young woman's hands appear in frame and touch Martha's. She relaxes and the young hands begin to gently massage her hair.

Martha's face calms and there is a quiet bliss in her eyes. She dips the cup in water and pours it over her head. The water drips down her hair into a basin. The young hands disappear.

She bundles her wet hair in a fist and squeezes the water. She wraps it in a towel and leaves. The lather floats on the water in the basin.

40 **INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

40

Martha, wearing a night shirt, sits on the bed, tying her hair. Her old fingers bunch up the grey hair into a bun.

We hear Hugh's faint yelling coming from the barn outside. We can't hear the words, but it sounds desperate and fearful.

She lies down and pulls the blanket over her body. She stares at the ceiling looking mortified.

41 **INT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING**

41

The wood-stove is burning hot. Flames snake out of a burner, and a large pot with boiling potatoes is steaming on the other.

Martha opens the stove door. The flames crackle inside. She throws in another log.

She sets a cast-iron pan over the fire and lines it with bacon. It instantly starts sizzling. She breaks an egg onto the hot grease.

42 **INT. BARN - DAY**

42

Martha approaches the stall holding a steaming bowl of boiled potatoes. Hugh gets up and confronts her angrily.

HUGH
I almost died last night!

MARTHA
But you didn't.

He is taken aback.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Do you want to eat something?

He looks at the bowl and nods. She puts the food down but out of his reach. He looks at her frustrated.

HUGH
You find this funny?

Martha clearly doesn't.

MARTHA
Did you think about it?

HUGH
What'd you think?

Martha waits for him to continue.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Does this have anything to do with my release?

Martha looks at him as if he was on the right track.

HUGH (CONT'D)
What about it?

She doesn't know what to say.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Look, I know what I've done if
that's...

MARTHA
Good.

HUGH
So what do you want?

She looks at him. He appears to have asked genuinely.

MARTHA
I want to show you something.

She produces another photograph, and shows it to him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
You must remember this.

He looks at a girl, BONNIE O'CONNOR (18), surrounded by a crowd of university students at a football game. They're posing for the shot, smiling. Behind Bonnie is an older man. His hand is on Bonnie's shoulder. His face is motion blurred.

HUGH
What is it?

MARTHA
Buckeyes' Spring game, 1987. It was
taken three weeks before you killed
Michelle Davis.

Hugh looks again at the photo.

She shows him an old newspaper clipping with a photo of Hugh, escorted by two officers, covering his head with a jacket.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Look at the jacket and here.

The blurred man in the Buckeyes photo is wearing the same jacket.

Hugh looks at her confused. She brings the photo closer and points to the breast pocket.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Look here.

Hugh looks at it close and shrugs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

An OSU pin.

She shows him the clipping and points to the same pin.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Left pocket, right on the lapel...

Hugh looks at her trying to understand her logic. Martha looks at him as if knowing he's pretending. She points to Bonnie.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You know who that is?

Hugh looks at the picture and then at Martha.

HUGH

No, I don't.

MARTHA

You don't remember Bonnie O'Connor?

Hugh remembers the name. He looks at the picture again, now longer. He clearly recognizes the girl.

HUGH

I remember her.

She pushes the bowl of potatoes towards him.

MARTHA

Tell me.

HUGH

There's nothing to tell. They tried to push her on me because I had a record in Ohio but I was never charged, I hardly remember who she was.

He picks a potato with his fingers and bites it. It's hot and he spits out a piece on his hand. He blows on it and puts it back in his mouth and chews carefully.

Martha looks at him eating; he feels her stare.

MARTHA

You say this as if you done nothing wrong.

HUGH

I know what I did.

Hugh continues eating casually.

MARTHA

Three girls from OSU disappeared a few months apart, what are the odds?

HUGH

I don't know. I never been to any Buckeyes' game.

Martha watches him, trying to read his reactions.

HUGH (CONT'D)

And if you want to know about Bonnie, the PA was eager to push her on me because he was eyeing a promotion and bought a new house. That's about it.

MARTHA

You remember that?

HUGH

I got a Full House and did my time to the minute.

She looks at him suspiciously. He stops eating.

MARTHA

Why'd you shout in court that there were others?

Hugh pauses; doesn't know how to respond.

HUGH

I didn't.

MARTHA

I remember like it was yesterday.

She recalls the way he shouted but in a calm matter of fact voice.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

"You'll never find them!"

He takes that in seemingly has no memory of it. He thinks for a moment and then pushes away the bowl and wipes his fingers.

He looks at Martha and points to the photo of Anna.

HUGH

That's not me in that photo.

MARTHA
Hard to tell.

HUGH
Listen, I honestly don't know her.
Are you her mother?

Martha looks at him intensely.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Is she...?

Martha knows what he's asking and dares him to finish. He nods with empathy.

HUGH (CONT'D)
What was her name?

MARTHA
I know what you're doing.

She looks at him intensely. He gets alarmed.

HUGH
I know Bonnie only from the trial.

Hugh points to the picture of Ana.

HUGH (CONT'D)
And I don't her. You should let me go.

Martha doesn't react stuck in a thought. He sees an opportunity.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Look, I talked to you at the bar because I thought...

MARTHA
I know why you talked to me.

He stops in his tracks.

HUGH
What'd you want me to tell you. I can tell you anything, I have nothing to hide.

MARTHA
Let's start with her name.

Hugh fumes, tries really hard not to explode.

HUGH
I want to go home.

MARTHA
Just say it.

She doesn't give him an inch and Hugh boils over.

HUGH
I don't know her name, okay?! I
don't know her! I want to go
home!!!

MARTHA
You get 'angry' a lot, Hugh? Mostly
at women? Like your wife? Is that
how you got your record? What did
Michelle do that ticked you off?

Hugh is clearly affected by this. Tears appear in his eye.

HUGH
I know what I did.

MARTHA
What did you do?

HUGH
I killed her, okay?

She points to Anna's photo.

MARTHA
Tell me her name.

He makes a sudden aggressive move towards Martha. She instinctively darts back. He looks her in the eye angrily and sneers.

HUGH
Nancy.

He sees that Martha sways and stumbles back, and laughs. She tries to catch herself but falls awkwardly to the ground and hits her hip.

He laughs out loud.

Martha fumes. She pulls herself up and grabs a horse whip. She raises it and storms into the stall.

Hugh protests but before he has a chance to step away, she cracks the whip across his back. He bends his body and screams in pain.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Fuck, Jesus!

MARTHA
What's her name?!

HUGH
I don't know!

She whips him again.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Fuck! Stop!

MARTHA
Stop lying! Tell me what's her name!

She hits him again, hard. He breaks down, weeping and begging at the same time.

HUGH
Please, stop! I don't know her name! Please!

Martha stops. She is completely out of breath and stunned by what just happened. She tries to compose herself. She leans the whip against the wall and looks at Hugh still flinching from the pain.

She heads for the door.

43 **INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

43

Martha lies in bed. A faint streak from the lamp outside illuminates her face.

She is mortified, listening to the deafening sounds of Hugh moaning muffled by the woods at night.

She crosses her arms and closes her eyes. She looks as if lying in a coffin.

44 **EXT. MEADOWS - DAY**

44

Martha walks across the rolling meadows briskly. She carries a beach bag over her shoulder and a towel under her arm.

Her shoulders glow in the sun. Blissful summer sounds contrast the expression on her face.

45 **EXT. RIVER, BEACH - DAY, LATER**

45

Martha sits on the sand and bathes in the sun. She listens to the river. She hears footsteps on the sand, splashes in the water.

ANNA (O.S)

Cold.

She looks toward the voice. A young hand, brushing the surface of the water.

Anna stands in the water with her back to Martha. She begins to turn towards Martha, but before we see her face, we cut to Martha looking at her.

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

You gonna come?

Martha smiles and shakes her head. She encourages Anna to go on. We hear Anna moving through the water splashing and gasping like she's reacting to the water being very cold.

Martha turns her eyes away and gets serious. When she returns, she stares at the river quietly gleaming in the sun.

She gets up and walks to the edge. She takes off her clothes and plunges into the water. She swims away from the shore and disappears under the surface.

She sinks slowly, her long hair drifts in the current.

She lands on the sandy bottom and lies motionless. Her eyes are open. A web of dark roots grips the riverbank behind her.

46 **EXT. FARM, YARD - DUSK**

46

Martha walks across the lot towards the house. The meadows behind her glow in the setting sun. She avoids looking at the barn as she passes.

47 **INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY, EVENING**

47

Martha walks across the kitchen. She pulls out her pills and arranges them along the edge of the table.

She cuts through the live-stock section - everything from white geese to wild turkeys and wailing pigs. She glances at a group of BREEDERS showing off a large bull.

One HEAVY-SET BREEDER points the large testicles on his bull. The others nod and smile.

Martha passes as her eyes land on a white goat that's tied to a post. The goat bleats pleadingly and stares at Martha with big green eyes. Her swollen udders looks like it's about to burst.

The OWNER (40) texts on his phone. The goat continues to bleat.

MARTHA
She's bagging up!

The Owner looks up from his phone, nods, and goes back to texting.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
You need to milk her, she'll get
Mastitis.

He looks up again, annoyed.

OWNER
Okay.

Martha looks like she wants to punch him.

MARTHA
You ever have your dick clogged
with puss?

He looks up confused.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Right? Imagine having two dicks,
all clogged up. How much do you
want for her?

52 **INT. VAN, MAIN STREET, AMESVILLE - LATER** 52

Martha milks the goat, tied inside the van. She squeezes one teat then the other, and milk streams into a plastic bag.

53 **EXT. VAN, MAIN STREET, AMESVILLE - CONTINUOUS** 53

Martha empties the milk on the ground. It soaks into the dirt.

A figure appears in her peripheral. NURI (50), a local man, approaches her with a warm smile. Martha stands up.

NURI
Mrs. Stallard, I thought it was
you.

Martha doesn't recognize him.

NURI (CONT'D)
Nuri Hart, Olivia's dad.

MARTHA
Oh, wow!

NURI
It's okay, it's the hair.

He laughs at his own joke.

MARTHA
Little Olivia. I hope she's doing
well?

NURI
Yes, she's doing great, she's a
lawyer in Columbus and everything.
How are you? What're you doing in
town, can I help with anything?

MARTHA
Oh, no, I'm just wrapping up a few
things with the farm.

NURI
Oh, I thought you sold it after
your mom passed.

MARTHA
No, I've kept it.

NURI
Sorry, it's way out there, thought
it was long gone.

MARTHA
No, it's okay, I rarely visit
myself. I'd love to catch up, but I
have to run, I'm so sorry...

NURI
Sure, listen, I know everyone in
town. I can ask around, maybe
someone will want to look at it.

MARTHA

No, thank you, I'm keeping it for now. It's been in the family forever.

NURI

Totally, your mother told me this was her first property she bought when she came from...

MARTHA

Yes, from Poland.

Nuri smiles.

NURI

She told me that.

MARTHA

It was really nice to see you, Nuri, please say hi to Olivia.

NURI

Oh, she'll be thrilled. I'm really happy I bumped into you.

He nods and leaves. Her smile shifts into a look of concern.

54 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER** 54

The van drives down a winding road.

55 **INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS** 55

The goat bleats continuously as she tries to balance on the metal floor.

Martha looks lost -- the road blurs ahead of her and she slows down. She pulls the van over.

56 **EXT. VAN, COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS** 56

Martha stumbles out and crosses the ditch by the edge of the road and sits down on the grass, trying to keep her breath steady.

As she regains her strength, she sees a vehicle coming down the road from the opposite direction. As it approaches, she notices it's a cruiser. She pretends to look away.

The cruiser passes by and then stops, turns around, and pulls over behind her van. It has a Sheriff sign on the door.

Martha panics, but quickly pulls herself together.

She smiles up at Sheriff MATAMOROS (35) as he puts on his hat and approaches Martha.

MATAMOROS
Are you okay, Ma'am?

She nods and smiles.

MARTHA
Yes, just taking a break.

He looks at her not knowing what that means. Martha sees that.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
When you're my age, you'll understand.

He still doesn't, but puts on a smile and nods.

MATAMOROS
Are you from here? I'm looking for
6078 County Road 24.

Martha skips a beat and thinks fast how to respond.

MARTHA
Why?

Matamoros looks at her reading something in her face.

MATAMOROS
Are you the owner?

MARTHA
No... it used to belong to my
mother.

MATAMOROS
Oh, so it is you. My grandad told
me to drive by, but apparently this
is no longer 24, it's now County 6.
I had a feeling, I saw the rental,
and you, forgive me, you don't look
local.

He smiles as if it was cute to be local while taking out his cellphone. He finds the email and reads her name. And then checks in with her.

MATAMOROS (CONT'D)
Martha Stallard?

MARTHA
Yes, what's it about?

MATAMOROS
Oh, the Columbus Parole called our office this morning, they had no number for you, but had this address on file and asked me to stop by and see if it's current.

Martha looks at him, alarmed. Matamoros reads this as confusion and makes a "rewind" gesture with his hand.

MATAMOROS (CONT'D)
Sorry, so...

He opens the emails again, scrolls down, and reads.

MATAMOROS (CONT'D)
So this guy... Hugh Reider, do you know who that is?

MARTHA
Yes, I do.

MATAMOROS
He violated his parole or something and the CPD is getting in touch with everyone they had on file for this case, it's a drill.

He pauses, giving Martha a chance to respond. She shrugs and shakes her head.

MARTHA
Ok. What do I need to do?

MATAMOROS
Nothing, unless you have some information for them.

MARTHA
No, I don't.

MATAMOROS
Cool. I'll let them know.

MARTHA

Ok, thanks.

He looks at her with a coy smirk on his face and hesitates for a moment.

MATAMOROS

My granddad, he remembers your mother. He asked me to pass on warm regards for her.

MARTHA

Thank you. She's passed away some years ago. I'm actually selling the farm.

MATAMOROS

Oh, he'll be real sad to hear this. He told me about the farm and... Well, very good to meet you, Ma'am, I'll tell him. Do you need any help?

Martha cuts him off.

MARTHA

No, thank you, I'm fine. I'm heading home tonight.

MATAMOROS

You got an offer?

Martha makes a face as if keeping it a secret but "hopefully maybe."

MARTHA

It was nice to meet you. Warm regards for your granddad.

MATAMOROS

Thank you, he'll appreciate it.

He smiles warmly, nods, and goes back to his cruiser. Martha watches him cautiously as he climbs in and types into his phone.

He looks up and catches Martha's stare and waves.

The cruiser does a three-point turn and drives away. Martha drops her calm mask, revealing panic.

The goat bleats from the van.

57

EXT. FARM - LATER

57

The van arrives in the center of the lot. Martha gets out, opens the back, and unties the goat. She coaxes her to jump out but the goat refuses.

Martha grabs an apple from her rucksack and offers it to the goat. The goat leaps out and gobbles it down.

Martha ties the goat to the lamp post and turns on the water pump. Fresh water falls into the basin. The goat drinks it down.

Martha drinks as well, scooping up the water as it pours down.

She shuts the water off and eyes the barn. The property is oddly quiet.

MARTHA

I brought you company.

She crouches by the goat and looks at her udder; it's not as full as it was before, but it's filling up again.

Martha puts a tin pot underneath and the squirting milk hits the tin bottom rhythmically.

Martha speaks to herself as if reliving a moment of telling this to someone in the past.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Have you ever milked a goat? Very different from a cow. You can yank a cow silly, here it's all about the touch. She decides whether she gives or not.

(to goat)

Right?

Martha pats the goat on the neck. She gently runs her hand along her back.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

If she doesn't want to, there's nothing you can do. You'd have to kill her.

Martha picks up the pot and walks over to the barn. She looks inside through the window. Hugh is out of sight. She puts the pot on the ledge and blows the warm steam into the barn.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Can you smell it? Do you like goat
milk?

She notices a black fly fallen into the milk - paddling and buzzing. She scoops it with her finger and gets a sniff of something foul inside.

A swarm of big black flies circles around the pot and buzz around her face. She steps back.

58 **INT. BARN - DAY, CONTINUOUS**

58

Martha walks inside the barn and covers her nose and mouth with her elbow.

She walks slowly toward Hugh's stall, leans over, and looks inside through the feeder. Hundreds of flies swarm inside.

Hugh stands shamefully in the corner. His pants are soiled.

HUGH

I got ill.

59 **INT. BARN - DAY**

59

The goat devours fresh hay, roaming freely in the stall across from Hugh's.

The saddle is no where to be seen.

Hugh stands, holding his hands straight up. A bed sheet covers his naked body.

Martha hauls the water hose into the stall, cautious not to get too close to him.

He says nothing, but submissively turns away as she pulls away the sheet, exposing his naked body.

Horrible burn scars cover his back. Martha averts her gaze but looks again as if mesmerized by the scars. He catches her eye.

She opens the hose and a blast of water shoots out. She aims it at his back. He cringes but quickly settles into the cold water.

She rinses him down, silently studying the rivulets of water as it runs down through his thin hair and over his wrinkled face and neck.

Hugh looks at her through the water, turning so the spigot hits hard-to-reach places and begins to wash himself.

HUGH

The prosecutor spun that story that I planned to kill Michelle. I didn't, it was an accident. I think about her every day. I asked her mother to visit me.

Martha shuts the water off and tilts her head, curious.

Hugh doesn't look away even as the water from his hair drips down into in his eyes. He shrugs genuinely.

HUGH (CONT'D)

She didn't want to come.

Martha takes a step forward.

MARTHA

No?

HUGH

No.

She looks at him as if she caught a little boy lying.

He sees this and turns away. She turns the water back on and he washes his chest and arm pits. Then takes a wider stance and cleans his groin.

Martha shuts the water off and throws him a towel. He covers his private parts and stands wet looking at her. The water drips down his toes and sinks into the straw on the floor.

She throws him his washed pants and a new pair of underwear.

He tries to put on the underwear, but it sticks to his wet skin. His aged legs wobble; he can barely stand.

She watches him struggle to cover his sagging butt. He turns and catches her staring at him.

She notices that he begins to shake.

MARTHA

What's wrong with you?

HUGH

My sugar dropped.

He gets progressively more unsteady. She brings over the pot with goat milk and hands it to him.

He gulps fast and coughs - tiny white droplets land on Martha's face.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She wipes them off.

Hugh drinks more and then looks at her intently.

MARTHA

Michelle's mom came to visit you.
She told me all about it. You faked
a confession.

He is taken aback and looks caught.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I saw you spying on your daughter.

Hugh puts the bowl down unsure if this is true.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Why did you never send her your
letter?

He realizes she's read it. Martha stares at him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Why did you leave the car on the
side of the road?

He knows what she's asking about.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Why did you leave the car?

He doesn't know what to say.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Did you drag her through the woods?

He moves away and sits in the far corner.

Martha stares down at him through the feeder.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Your daughter looks a lot like you.
I showed her the letter. She didn't
want to read it.

Hugh gets emotional and suspends his head between his knees.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 She told me she always had a
 feeling about you.

He turns towards her, fighting tears.

HUGH
 Fuck you! I want to get out of
 here! Do you hear me!?

She watches him falling apart.

MARTHA
 Do you think she'd believe me if I
 told her you confessed to me?

Martha looks at him sobbing curled up in the dark corner.

60 **INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY, DUSK**

60

Martha sits at the table and opens a man's wallet. She takes out a folded hand written letter. She unfolds it, places it at the table, and reads.

She puts the letter down and gets close to the window glass. She looks at the barn. Suddenly a small, dark object bangs violently against the glass.

She is startled. She notices a scratch and a tiny feather stuck to the glass. She moves closer to the glass, looks down, and notices a hummingbird on the ground, flapping its wings.

Se watches until it goes still.

61 **INT. HOUSE, ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

61

Martha is lying on Anna's bed. A dialing signal on speaker phone. Answering machine kicks in.

Beep - Martha takes a moment before speaking.

MARTHA
 Hey, it's me. Sorry I missed your
 call. Just letting you know that
 I'll be there to see her walk.

She pauses.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 With you.

HUGH (O.S.)
What'd you wanna see?

She pulls away, and slides the brick back in the hole and walks away.

66 **EXT. FARM, YARD - CONTINUOUS**

66

Martha walks towards the van parked in the center of the lot.

HUGH (O.S.)
Hey, where you going all done up?

She opens the door.

HUGH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can I get something to eat?

She gets inside.

HUGH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I know it was stupid...
Wait, can I get some more milk?

MARTHA
Get her to squirt some your way.

She starts the engine.

HONK! HONK!

Martha freezes. She turns off the engine and listens. More honking comes from the direction of the main road.

HUGH (O.S.)
(yelling)
Help! Over here! Anybody, help me!

67 **INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

67

Martha storms in and begins to crank the wire, pulling Hugh's hands and eventually his whole body up. He yells even louder on top of his lungs.

HUGH
Over here! Help! Over here! Help!
In the barn!

She cranks the shaft harder and eventually Hugh's toes lift off the ground. He starts to wheeze under the strain and he slowly loses his voice and gargles.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Help... help...

MARTHA
Are you done?!

He pants and looks at Martha, terrified. We hear the honking again.

Hugh struggles to take small breaths through his nose - clearly not enough. He panics.

She runs out, leaving him dangling and suffocating.

68 **EXT. GATE - DAY, CONTINUOUS**

68

Nuri and OLIVIA (37) stand by the gate. Nuri leans into his car and honks.

Martha's van drives out of the path and brakes abruptly by the gate. Martha gets out, she's slightly out of breath.

MARTHA
Hi there!

Nuri approaches her with a basket. He notices that she's disturbed.

NURI
Everything okay?

MARTHA
Yes. Hi, Olivia, what a surprise!

OLIVIA
Hi, Mrs. Stallard. Sorry to come unannounced, I told him we should call.

Martha smiles politely and waves it away.

MARTHA
Wow, look at you! You look great! And congratulations, I hear you're practicing.

OLIVIA
No, I switched to corporate law.

MARTHA
Still, I'm sure making your father very proud.

OLIVIA
It's not that hard.

NURI
I'm tired of hearing about the
firm, I want to be a grandpa, you
know what I mean?

Olivia rolls her eyes. Martha smiles.

MARTHA
I had no doubt you'd do well,
Kiddo.

OLIVIA
I had an amazing teacher.

Martha waves it off as unimportant, but is really touched.
She smiles warmly looking at Olivia.

MARTHA
Anna really liked you coming over.

They skip a tiny beat.

NURI
We brought you a little something.

Hugh hands Martha the basket.

MARTHA
Oh my goodness, you didn't have to.

NURI
You'll see, the eggs are to die
for. We're all about free cages.
The healthier the chickens, the
tastier the eggs. Are you on
Facebook?

MARTHA
I'm not.

NURI
We have all our products there, and
over a thousand followers.

MARTHA
I'd invite you over, but I'm
actually heading to Columbus. My
best friend's daughter is walking
today.

OLIVIA
That's a big deal, pass on our
sincere congratulations to her!

MARTHA
I will.

She unloads the produce into the van.

NURI
Oh, please, you can keep the
basket, I'll pick it up another
time.

She continues to unload.

MARTHA
No, I'll forget. Here you go. The
eggs do look amazing.

She returns the empty basket to him.

NURI
Wait until you try 'em. I want to
hear what you think.

Martha nods impatiently. Olivia senses she's in a rush.

OLIVIA
Dad, we should get going.

MARTHA
It was really great to see you,
Olivia.

OLIVIA
Very nice to see you too, Mrs.
Stallard.

MARTHA
Bye, and thank you again.

NURI
Our pleasure, enjoy!

They get into the car and wave as they drive off. As soon as they disappear, Martha hops in the van, and hastily backs out.

69

INT. BARN - DAY, LATER

69

The metal toilet bin is lying on the floor with its contents spilled all over the floor. Hugh hangs by arms, hyperventilating.

Martha releases the line and approaches the stall. Hugh stumbles trying to catch his breath. He's on the verge of passing out.

MARTHA

Are you okay?

He darts towards her and spits right in her face through the feeder. She startles, loses balance, and falls.

On the way down, she bangs her head against a beam, and lands in the wet mess spilled from the bin.

HUGH

Fuck you, stupid cunt! I could have died! You better stop this, now!!!
Get me out of here!

She holds her forehead in pain and gropes her way back on all four.

She backs out and leans against a wall looking at Hugh still fighting for breath. Her blue jacket is completely soiled.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I didn't hurt anybody, no Bonnie,
and not this girl! I didn't fake
any confession, I was fucking
nervous! I don't even know why I'm
telling you this!

Martha scrambles out of the corner in a panic. Hugh sees that she's falling apart.

HUGH (CONT'D)

That's right, you should check your
head!

70

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

70

Martha sits by the window. Her washed jacket hangs on the window-frame, dripping. She pads a small cut on her eyebrow with a tissue.

She considers what just happened, overwhelmed. Her hand rests on the table, her fingers shake.

Matthaeus Passion plays from inside her purse.

Martha pulls out her phone and looks at the screen, then rejects the call.

The *Passion* comes on again. Martha shuts off her phone.

71 **EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

71

Martha drives on the interstate. Headlights from oncoming traffic slide across her face.

The Columbus skyline rises in the distance ahead.

72 **INT. IRENE'S CONDO, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

72

Martha moves along a hallway in a modern condo. She arrives at a door and listens to muffled sounds of a party inside.

She takes out her phone and sends a text, and waits.

After a moment, Irene comes out and makes a WTF gesture.

MARTHA

I'm sorry.

IRENE

I was calling you. What happened?

Martha shrugs and makes a 'stupid me' face.

MARTHA

I ran out of gas.

IRENE

What?

MARTHA

I know. I had to walk like... just plain stupid...

Martha waves her hand as if all her fault.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

How was it?

Irene is on the fence, not sure whether to get angry or pity her. It's clear, she's happy to see her.

She gets close to her and gives her a tight hug.

IRENE
You're an old lady, you shouldn't
even be driving.

Martha plays along and smiles at the joke.

Irene gives her a big 'I was worried' hug and clings to her
tight.

MARTHA
I was going crazy you silly old
cow.

TERESA (23) appears in the door. Irene pulls back feeling
that Martha feels awkward.

TERESA
Oh, hi Martha. What are you guys
doing sneaking around?

MARTHA
I'm so sorry I missed it.

IRENE
She ran out of gas.

TERESA
Oh no, are you Ok?

MARTHA
I really wanted to be there.

TERESA
Don't worry, it was boring.

MARTHA
No, really, I'm really proud of
you, kiddo. Congratulations!

She kisses Teresa on the cheek.

TERESA
Well, why are we standing outside?
Come on in.

MARTHA
Oh, no, I'm all dirty, I should go
home and clean up. I just wanted to
stop by and say hi.

Teresa is surprised, while Irene gets deadly serious.

IRENE

There's no way you're leaving,
fairy godmother, or a grim tragedy
will strike this princess. Get your
ass over here.

Irene pulls Martha inside and the door closes behind them.

73

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

73

Martha sits at a table set with food and drinks. GUESTS talk and laugh; a pop song plays. A PERSON reaches for a drink, while ANOTHER PERSON pops the champagne and pours it into raised glasses.

Irene appears behind Martha and puts her arms around her. Martha startles but forces a smile. Irene looks at Teresa proudly. Martha watches her. Irene's face glows.

Suddenly the room explodes with a cacophony of toasts

GUESTS

To the Graduate!!!

Someone puts on loud music; people raise their hands and clap.

Irene looks tenderly into Martha's eyes. The music drowns her voice, but her lips read "I love you."

Irene moves closer and kisses Martha passionately. Martha lets her.

Irene moves away ever so slightly, still very close, and looks at Martha sincerely. Martha tries to match the look.

Irene stands up and leaves her. Martha sips champagne. From up close we see that she's in two places at once.

74

EXT. HOSPITAL PARK, SWINGS - DAY

74

Martha stands by the swings in the park across from the hospital. She opens the camera on her phone. She flips from photos to the camera.

She frames a selfie, but the camera view is the other way. She looks for the button to change it and presses it.

She looks at herself in the screen: a somber cast down face against a grey sky. She stares at her eyes when she notices Emma approaching.

MARTHA

Emma?

EMMA

Yes?

MARTHA

I'm Martha Stallard.

EMMA

Who?

MARTHA

My daughter was murdered at the same time as Michelle Davis, and Bonnie O'Connor. You probably don't remember me, you were very young.

Emma takes a moment and actually recalls a vague memory.

EMMA

You're that crazy lady.

MARTHA

Yes. That's me. Can I ask you something? I know you never visited your father.

EMMA

Yeah... that's none of your business.

MARTHA

I know, but... do you think he may have killed other women?

Emma is taken aback. Martha has gone too far.

EMMA

I'm sorry, I have to go.

MARTHA

I just want to know if you ever thought that.

Emma continues to walk, Martha follows her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Do you think he may have?

Emma can't shake her off and gets frustrated.

EMMA

Why don't you ask him, he's out.

MARTHA

He reached out to me and said he did.

Emma stops and turns to face her. She's stunned hearing this.

EMMA

Is this true?

MARTHA

I don't know, that's why I wanted to talk to you. Do you think he could've? The way you remember him from then?

Emma looks at Martha processing this.

EMMA

Is this a joke?

Martha looks completely serious expecting an answer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No.

Martha takes that in; she's not satisfied.

MARTHA

And you never felt...

EMMA

No.

Martha realizes she's not going to get her to talk. She pulls out her phone.

MARTHA

Here, let me show you something.

Emma looks at the screen. Martha flips the view to camera and steals a selfie with Emma.

Emma pulls back, surprised, and offended.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I don't blame you, I'd stay away from him, too.

Emma stares at her in disbelief.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You're a liar, just like your father.

Emma turns and leaves in hurry. Martha stays behind. The rusty chains clink on the swings.

75 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

75

Hugh stands on the saddle, trying to reach the pulley. He stretches as far as he can, trying to derail the line from the block - the rusty pulley squeaks, but he can't loosen the wire.

The saddle flips and Hugh falls, grabbing onto the wire. He tries to hold on but the wire slices his hand, and he drops to the ground. Dust particles and rust land on his hair.

He breathes heavy; he's been trying this for awhile. He turns the saddle over and unbuckles the boot strap, when he discovers something underneath.

He stares at it for a moment, thinking intently. He hides the saddle under the hay in the corner.

The goat bleats from the other stall. He goes over to the feeder and looks at the goat - she stares back and bleats even harder.

76 **EXT. FARM - NIGHT**

76

The van pulls into the yard. Martha gets out and approaches the barn window. She looks inside; it's quiet.

77 **INT. BARN - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS**

77

Martha enters the barn and turns on the light. The goat lies dead on the ground, strangled by the wire. Her eyes are open and lifeless.

Hugh sucks on her teats. Streaks of milk drip down his mouth onto the dusty ground. He's not getting much.

When he sees Martha and sucks faster. Martha yanks at the rope and pulls the teat out of his mouth.

He wipes his lips, savage-like. Martha doesn't seem to be sad about the goat. She focuses on him as if expecting this.

MARTHA

I knew you had it in you.

Hugh knows what she means. He shakes his head angrily and walks away into a corner.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Is it like riding bicycle?

HUGH
I want out.

MARTHA
It's a lot of excitement, you
should watch your heart.

HUGH
I want to eat something and I want
to get out!

MARTHA
Should we eat her?

Hugh looks at Martha. He knows what she's driving. He looks over at the goat.

He gets nauseous. He tries to contain it but begins to vomit all over himself. Martha enjoys watching him struggle.

HUGH
I want to go home!

MARTHA
It's good that you're getting
angry.

HUGH
You're so pathetic! Sitting on a
high horse, getting angry because I
found a way to deal with my fuck-up
and you're stuck. Do you want to
beat me some more, let some of that
steam out?!

MARTHA
How come you didn't take Bonnie to
the woods?

HUGH
You're crazy, you know that!

Martha points to the dead goat.

MARTHA
Did that get you going?

HUGH

You have no idea. They weren't interested in looking at your blurry photo? So lucky I turned my head.

He laughs.

HUGH (CONT'D)

They had nothing on me and Bonnie.

He watches her reaction. She stands mesmerized as if he slowly was getting inside her head.

HUGH (CONT'D)

She was a lot of fun. We went to movies a lot.

He puts on suggestive sleazy smile.

HUGH (CONT'D)

We saw Nightmare like twenty times. One time she brought a friend. Real cute.

He enjoys watching Martha get overwhelmed as he invades her head and fills it with gruesome memories.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Did your daughter like to go to the movies? I'm trying to remember this girl's name. What was it? Come on, tell me, what was her name!? No? Come on, you're my girlfriend now, Nancy!

Hugh's comes out of the dark corner. His eyes are dark, he looks like a different person. He pretends to sound like Freddy Krueger from Nightmare on Elm Street.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You're my girlfriend now, Nancy.

Martha looks at him terrified but also realizes what this means. She points at the dead goat.

MARTHA

How did you get her to come to you?

He knows what she's doing.

HUGH

It was easy.

Martha nods acknowledging his success at luring the goat out. She turns away as if recalling something.

MARTHA

I could smell you in her car.

She turns to him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Did you rape Michelle before you killed her, or after?

He takes that in and is deeply impacted. It brings back memories of that moment.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Is it easier to rape them when they're dead?

HUGH

Yes! It's easier!

MARTHA

How did you kill Michelle?

HUGH

I pushed her neck under the headrest so hard it broke. Are you happy?! And then I dragged her to the woods and buried her in a swamp, like the animal I am!

MARTHA

Show me. I want to see.

Hugh darts toward the goat and takes hold of her neck. He clenches his fingers around it and yanks it up. Her head bounces back. He holds her up, embodying the moment he killed Michelle.

HUGH

Like this! Look, like this! Are you looking?! Like this!!!

Martha is heavily impacted by seeing this violent spectacle. She begins to cry.

Hugh sees her cry and also breaks down. He drops the goat. It thumps dead on the floor and he starts to sob.

Martha stops crying and wipes her face.

MARTHA

Stop it! You have nothing to cry about! Sad born-again psychopath moved by his own fake confession feeling sorry for himself!

He stops crying, too, and looks at her. She stares back. They are at a standstill.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

We're gonna go there and you'll find her.

She leaves in tears. Hugh is deeply affected by what just happened.

78

INT. BARN - DAY

78

The goat is hung upside down on the door and Hugh skins it with a small knife. His hands are bound to the wire, but Martha still stands at a safe distance, aiming a hunting rifle in his direction.

He looks out through the window.

HUGH

It's gonna rain.

She doesn't respond. Hugh cuts the skin around the hooves and yanks it off the hind legs, exposing raw thighs. He looks up at Martha.

HUGH (CONT'D)

It was stupid what I said. I wanted to hurt you, I'm sorry.

She doesn't respond and he doesn't know what else to say. He gets back to pulling the skin off the goat.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You know, nobody really cares about any of this. Me, you, your daughter.

He gets reflective.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I was raped in prison. Several times.

He looks at her vulnerably.

MARTHA

I don't care.

HUGH

I know, but I wanted to tell you.

She takes it in but doesn't respond. He points to the scars on his back.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You were looking at my scars.

Martha doesn't engage.

HUGH (CONT'D)

When it came out what I did, they set me on fire, like in the movie.

Martha conceals her reaction. They sit silently for a moment. Martha points to the goat.

MARTHA

Finish up, it's getting dark.

He yanks the skin and pulls it off the goat exposing the raw flesh of the carcass. He looks back at Martha.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Clean her up.

From across the barn, we see Hugh slicing open the goat's belly. A blob of intestines fall onto the ground. He begins to pull out the rest of the guts by hand.

Rain drops hit the metal roof and soon a heavy downfall rattles the eaves.

79

INT. BARN - NIGHT

79

The barn is dim, illuminated only by a bulb above the entrance door. Heavy rain clatters on the metal roof, water drips down the planks. Martha watches Hugh chewing a loin chop.

MARTHA

Good?

He nods while taking another bite.

HUGH

Very good.

He continues chewing.

HUGH (CONT'D)
If you let me go, I wouldn't be
making any claims.

Martha ponders it. He sucks grease from his fingers.

HUGH (CONT'D)
I can sign whatever you like. I
have more important things, you
know that.

Martha looks at him understanding.

MARTHA
Why did you take Michelle to Wolf
Run?

He is taken aback but wants to give her an honest answer.

HUGH
I knew the park. I used to go there
hunting with my dad.

She opens her rucksack and pulls out a lap top. She brings it
to the ledge and opens it - the screen under-lights her face.

She zooms in on Google Maps until a green area emerges that
reads Wolf Run State Park. She zooms in further on a road
entering the Park and turns the lap top.

MARTHA
Here?

Hugh looks at the map.

HUGH
No, I went in from the north
entrance.

Martha moves the map down with her fingers.

MARTHA
It's farther away.

HUGH
There's a marsh there.

She zooms in on the area.

MARTHA
Where?

HUGH
Down the streak.

Martha zooms on the streak and moves along the blue line until it ends and turns into irregular blue shapes.

MARTHA

Here?

HUGH

Yes.

Martha watches him grow uneasy as he examines the blue shapes on the map. He turns to Martha, genuine now.

HUGH (CONT'D)

When you talked to her mom, what did she tell you?

Martha doesn't respond. He gets very sincere.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I know what I've done to her.

(beat)

I was really scared to get out. To see my daughter.

(beat)

Do you feel like it's your fault? That you failed to protect her or something?

(beat)

You think you'll make that go away if you dig her out from one hole, and shove her into another?

Martha weighs his sincerity.

MARTHA

You can turn this into whatever cleansing redemptive thing you need to.

She gets him; he gets her; they connect.

HUGH

Did you really talk to my daughter?

Martha shows him the selfie with Emma.

MARTHA

Do you know how they found you? She tipped them. Smart for a nine year old.

Hugh doesn't know if she's bluffing.

HUGH

Angry stuck up sad old lady, that's all, not much more than that.

MARTHA

We're going there.

Martha is dead serious. Hugh approaches her and they lock eyes. With great concern he probes.

HUGH

What if I don't remember?

Martha can't tell if this is a genuine question or a threat.

He waits for her answer; Martha doesn't say anything. She leaves.

80

EXT. FARM, THE FENCE - NIGHT

80

Martha pushes a wheel barrel outside the fence. The heavy rain thunders down from a dark sky. Martha parks the barrel next to a mound of earth and stands above a freshly dug hole.

Drenched by the storm, the rain washes over Martha's face as she gauges the hole. Water drips from her nose and eyebrows.

She grabs hold of the barrel and tilts it. The goat's mutilated remains splash down into the water collecting at the bottom of the hole.

Martha shovels the earth, heaving it down to cover the carcass. It's so wet she's now digging into soaked mud.

As she lifts up her next load, the shovel breaks. Desperate, she gets down on her knees and shoves mud into the hole using her hands and the shovel head.

From a distance, we see Martha in pouring rain kneeling in the mud and scraping at it with her hands.

81

INT. FARMHOUSE, ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, LATER

81

Martha sits in a chair, exhausted. Water drips from her hair and clothes. She fixates on the tape turning in the cassette player, the volume up, listening to Anna's song.

Her muddied hands rest on her lap - black dirt under her fingernails. A light spot drifts across her hand.

Hundreds of light spots slide across the walls. Some slide across her face as the mirror ball turns above her.

They reflect in her eyes. Cigarette smoke appears in front of her lips - she sniffs it.

MARTHA

I told you not to smoke.

ANNA (O.S.)

I didn't.

Martha smiles.

MARTHA

Such a bad liar.

ANNA (O.S.)

D'you wanna see a movie tomorrow?

Martha doesn't answer.

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

They're playing Nightmare on Elm Street.

Martha gets serious, as if understanding something and shakes her head.

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

(teasing)

I'm your boyfriend now, Nancy.

Anna's fingers move along the wall barely touching it. She makes a screechy sound, as if wearing imaginary finger-knives. She pretends to sound like Freddy Krueger from Nightmare on Elm Street and speaks in gravelly voice.

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

I'm your boyfriend now, Nancy. I'm your boyfriend now.

Spooked, Martha shifts in her seat, looks for something to defend herself with.

She turns in the direction of Anna's voice. Her eyes read as if she actually sees Anna. What was a tender smile morphs into a grin of horror.

From afar, we observe Martha standing alone in the empty room. Hundreds of tiny lights from the disco ball swirl across the walls.

She looks out the open window at the dark night. Sounds of the woods creep into the room.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Probably getting married in Las Vegas, right?

MARTHA
Or climbing the Rockies.

She picks up the pup and sits opposite Martha. She sticks a bottle into his mouth. The pup has difficulty latching.

LINDA
No, no biting! It's a mad house. Norm is talking to more shelters in Amesville. We're building kennels in the back. You wouldn't believe what people do to dogs.

Martha nods, but it's clear she doesn't share the sentiment. She points to Bonnie's portrait.

MARTHA
I have one just like that of Anna. Really nice.

Bonnie looks up casually and puts on a burnt out painful smile.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Did she like movies? Anna really liked movies.

Linda doesn't respond and continues to feed the pup.

LINDA
It's about eating now, ain't it? And pooping.

Linda laughs at her own joke. Martha doesn't.

MARTHA
Listen, I hope this won't be a bother. Could I look through Bonnie's pictures later?

Linda gets a bad feeling.

LINDA
I don't even know where they are.

MARTHA
I'll just skim through them.

LINDA
You already saw them.

MARTHA

I'll be quick, promise.

Linda realizes what this 'visit' is about.

LINDA

I don't have them anymore.

Linda's a bad liar.

MARTHA

Just let me take a look.

LINDA

There's nothing there.

MARTHA

So let me take a look.

Linda turns away and puts down the pup. She pushes him to join the others.

LINDA

I'm sorry, Martha.

MARTHA

What are you sorry about?

LINDA

I think you should go.

MARTHA

Let me look at the pictures and then I'll go.

Linda gets agitated.

LINDA

This is... not healthy. You should see someone, it helped me.

MARTHA

Fuck you and your healthy! You know I've always wanted to say this to your face. I feel sorry for your daughter, Linda, you gave up on her. They turned her into a whore and you let them.

LINDA

I want you to go now.

MARTHA

We had a shot at it, and you fucked
it up!

Linda collapses over and breaks into sobs. Martha's words have hit home. Martha gets pleasure from seeing Linda break. It means Linda was at fault.

Martha heads for the door but stops. She grabs a few cookies and holds them in front of Linda's face.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

If I ever see him, I'll say they're
from you.

Linda recovers enough to look up and regard Martha with pity.

Martha doesn't like it. She leaves swiftly, shutting the door behind her.

85

INT. HARDWARE STORE, AMESVILLE - DAY

85

Martha waits at the cash register, ready to pay for a shovel. She eats one of Linda's cookies, deep in thought.

The door opens behind her and Matamoros enters the store wearing civilian clothes. She quickly turns away so he doesn't see her face.

Matamoros passes behind her and disappears down an aisle. Martha steps back and looks down the aisle to make sure he's gone, but the aisle is empty. She returns to the counter and looks anxiously for the cashier.

Matamoros appears at the end of another aisle and notices her from afar. Martha turns away pretending not to recognize him but he approaches her.

MATAMOROS

I thought it was you.

MARTHA

You look different without the
uniform.

MATAMOROS

The weekend, time for family, and
killing dandelions.

He shows a jug of a weedkiller. She forces a smile.

MATAMOROS (CONT'D)

So, I called the CPD. They're putting out some fires there. They found his ankle monitor in Grand Forks, on the Canadian boarder. They're calling every county. My buddy, over in Wolf Run, told me this guy actually buried a girl in that park. Jesus!

Martha shakes her head in disbelief.

The store OWNER (60) returns and puts a second shovel on the counter next to the other.

OWNER

You're in luck, I found the last one in the back.

MARTHA

Great, thanks.

Owner puts the two shovels into a large plastic bag. Martha gives him her card.

Matamoros takes in her purchases - the shape of the shovels show through the plastic.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

How's your granddad doing?

Matamoros shakes his head.

MATAMOROS

Not good, we're gonna have to put him in a home.

MARTHA

I'm sure you'll find the best one.

He gets emotional and nods.

MATAMOROS

So the offer fell through?

Martha is momentarily thrown off, but quickly recovers.

MARTHA

You know how it is. I'm not in a rush.

She pays and signs her receipt. She picks up the ungainly bag with two shovels.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Well, enjoy the weekend and family time.

MATAMOROS

Will do. Listen, if you need any help around the property, I can send a couple of guys over.

Martha keeps her cool despite her alarm. She smiles.

MARTHA

Thank you, that's very nice of you. I'm going home tonight.

He nods and puts on a sad face.

She gives him another warm smile and leaves. But the panic makes her hand shake as she opens the exit door.

86

INT. VAN - DAY

86

Martha drives on a country road, unnerved, suspended in thought. She glances at the side mirror - empty road behind her.

The next time she looks there's a car behind her, keeping its distance. Martha tenses up. She sees a side road coming up and makes a sharp turn down it. She steps on the gas and speeds off down a wooded road.

She swerves off the road into a clearing. The van bumps violently on the uneven path - Martha bangs her head on the door frame. She slams the breaks and halts right in front of a tree.

She breathes fast, holding on to the wheel, listening for the car. She takes out an inhaler and breathes in. A streak of blood runs down her temple. She wipes it and it smudges over her face.

She takes out a pill bottle and tips it onto her bloodied palm. Only one pill rolls out. It gets stuck in the blood. She picks it up and places it under her tongue.

Martha walks out of the woods onto the dark road. She looks both ways. No sound of the car. She's confused and wary - blood dripping down her face, a car key shaking in her hand.

87 **EXT. GATE - NIGHT**

87

Martha opens the gate. She rushes back to the van and quickly drives inside.

She disappears in the dark driveway, leaving the gate open.

88 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

88

Martha walks in and turns on the lights. She's carrying a rifle.

MARTHA

Wake up!

He doesn't answer. She walks toward his stall and looks inside. Hugh lies lifeless on the ground.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hey, wake up, we have to get ready.

He doesn't move; his legs are twisted along the floor. His face is flat on the ground.

She gets inside and kicks his leg; it falls numbly to the ground.

Martha kneels down to check his vitals - he springs up and grabs her arm. She pulls back but he holds on tight. They struggle - he grabs the rifle and aims at her - she dashes out of the stall.

HUGH

Hold still!

Martha hides behind a stall. Hugh doesn't have a clean shot.

It's a stale mate.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Don't move, or I'll shoot!

She catches her breath and sees that in order to escape, she'd have to cross his shot.

MARTHA

I'm impressed.

HUGH

Give me your phone.

MARTHA

Slide the gun along the floor where
I can see it and we can talk about
it.

HUGH

I don't believe you. I'll shoot.
Give me your phone.

Martha takes a moment to regroup.

MARTHA

I can't do that, Hugh. I have a
better idea, maybe I leave you
here, and move to British Columbia,
and let someone else find you,
completely dried up, with a mad
look in your eyes.

Martha begins to laugh.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Which corner would you crawl into?
Take a look, how'd you like to be
found, lying or sitting?

HUGH

I die in a corner and you never
find your daughter.

Martha listens. He laughs.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Not so funny?

Martha sticks her head trying to see him. He notices and
points the gun as if to shoot. She quickly pulls back. He
laughs.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You should see your face! Phone or
no gun!

Martha darts through the line of fire towards the door. He
considers shooting but does not pull the trigger.

89

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

89

Martha runs out of the barn. She notices a drain hose hanging
on the wall and drags it under the window.

Hugh watches her getting in the van. She drives the van close
to the window and keeps the engine running.

She mounts the hose onto the exhaust pipe - thick black smoke blows from the other end.

She sticks the smoking end in through the window and closes the shutters.

HUGH

Hey, what are you doing? Stop it!

She stares inside through the window. Dark smoke slowly fills the space.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Cut it out! I'll give you the gun!

Black smoke begins to ooze out from the cracks. Hugh coughs.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Hey, cut it off! Ok?! Cut it off!

She watches as more smoke oozes from the windows and Hugh coughs.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Hey, stop! Here is the gun, shut it off!

Hugh slides the gun along the floor, but Martha waits and doesn't shut off the engine.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I gave you the gun, shut it off!

He speaks while coughing.

HUGH (CONT'D)

It's me in the photo, my jacket with OSU pin.

Martha is listening.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I'll show you where it is! I left the car because I can't drive.

MARTHA

What's her name?

There is a moment of silence.

HUGH

Anna.

Martha's heart skips a beat. She stares at the thick smoke oozing out of the window, listening to Hugh coughing his lungs out.

She runs to the van and shuts off the engine. She rushes to open the doors and windows - clouds of smoke pour out.

90

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

90

Martha walks in and picks up the rifle from the ground. She looks at Hugh, down on all fours, coughing his brains out.

She throws him a bottle of water. He reaches for it, opens it and gulps, still hacking away. He pours water into a cupped hand and washes the soot off his eyes, then drinks some more.

He notices that she watches him weirdly as he drinks. He stops and looks at the bottle. He looks at her. Her blank stare says it all.

HUGH

What're you doing?

Martha doesn't answer and walks away leaving him on his knees.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I'm serious, what are you doing!
I'm not fit for this.

Martha leaves the barn. He shouts after her.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Listen... Wait! What're you going
to do?!

91

EXT. FARM - NIGHT, LATER

91

Martha comes out of the barn and heads towards the house when she notices lights in the driveway.

A car emerges and parks in the center of the lot. The lights blind Martha, she covers her eyes.

Someone gets out of the car and a silhouetted figure approaches Martha.

She recognizes Irene.

MARTHA

Jesus, you scared the shiet out of
me.

IRENE

What're you doing? I called you like million times, why didn't you answer?

MARTHA

What happened?

IRENE

What'd you mean what happened?! You leaving without a word and in the middle of the woods not answering my calls happened! Why didn't you tell me you were going back?

Irene notices Martha's face is smudged by soot. There is a streak of dry blood on her forehead.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Did you hit yourself?

Martha wipes it, but some of it is already caked in. She shrugs dismissively.

MARTHA

Yeah, it's nothing. Come on, let's get inside.

92

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

92

Martha washes her face. Irene looks at her. When she's done, she passes her a towel.

IRENE

What is taking you so long, I thought you had someone?

MARTHA

It fell through.

Irene looks at her and catches her lie. Martha turns away.

IRENE

So what're you doing here?

I'm going through Mother's things...

IRENE (CONT'D)

It's not listed. Why can't you tell me?

Martha's annoyed.

MARTHA
You checked?

IRENE
Are you digging it up again?

MARTHA
It's not IT.

IRENE
I'm sorry. Are you?

Martha forces emotions.

MARTHA
I have to let go of it, you know?
I'm exhausted.

IRENE
I don't want you to go there again.
I can't.

MARTHA
Me neither. And after this, we
won't. I want to be done.

Irene comes closer to her face. She takes the towel and gently wipes the water and the remainder of the soot off of her face.

IRENE
Promise?

Martha nods, tears trickle down her face.

IRENE (CONT'D)
After you left, Teresa said that we
looked good together. She really
likes you. We can be happy, you
know. I see it.

Martha smiles at her sincerely and gently nods.

Irene turns and leans closer to Martha's face. She brings her forehead to touch Martha's. Martha smiles, but there is something vacant in her smile.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Do you want this?

Martha nods.

ANNA (O.S.)

It makes me sad to see you like
this.

Martha thinks about it.

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

Don't go there.

MARTHA

Where?

ANNA (O.S.)

Such a bad liar.

Martha sits at the table in an empty dark kitchen. She's framed by the glowing window. Outside, the night changes to dawn.

95 **EXT. DIRT ROAD, WOODS - MORNING**

95

Wheels bump and squeak as Martha hauls the loaded bike trailer down the road. Her heavy breathing and trudging footsteps marks the effort this takes.

Through the spinning spokes, fog drifts along tall grasses of the adjoining fields, glistening in the morning dew.

Hugh lies inside the trailer cuffed to the shaft. He's half-conscious; his face still covered with soot. He barely mumbles.

HUGH

I don't feel well.

Martha ignores him, her mind set on another goal as she pulls the trailer towards the deep woods.

96 **EXT. WOODS, ENTRANCE - DAY**

96

Martha arrives with the trailer at the edge of the woods - a tiny figure dwarfed by a massive wall of trees.

She sets the trailer down and catches her breath. She looks inside. The woods are dense and dark. The green tops sway and hum in the breeze.

She looks back at the path to make sure there's nobody to be seen, picks up the shaft and pulls the trailer inside.

97

EXT. WOODS - DAY

97

Martha pulls the trailer along a narrow path through the woods. She stops and sets it down. She looks at Hugh.

MARTHA

If you have to go, now'd be the time. I'll be back.

HUGH

My heart's bad.

She walks away. Hugh watches her with hazy eyes.

Martha gets behind a bush, pulls down her underwear, and squats. She relieves herself while looking at the soft moss patch in front of her.

She fixes her clothes and goes to the patch. She lies on the moss, closes her eyes, and allows the earth to swallow her.

From above, through the swaying tree tops, we see her lying on the green bed. Her arm rests peacefully on the moss, as if she's spooning someone.

98

EXT. WOODS - DAY

98

Hugh pulls the trailer, his hands still cuffed to the shaft. He stumbles from time to time. Martha walks behind, carrying the rifle.

Hugh takes in the creaking tree trunks. Martha stares at the back of his head.

HUGH

There's nothing there.

Martha doesn't respond. She keeps on walking.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I lied, I couldn't breathe. I showed them everything, where I left Michelle, and how I dragged her, I showed it with an actress. They dug up the whole marsh.

He pauses and turns back to look at her. She kicks the trailer jolting his hands violently forward - it's painful.

99

EXT. MARSH - DAY

99

They emerge from the path and look at a large marsh enclosed by a ring of forest. Several overgrown islands. Dead trees stick out of the water.

Exhausted, Hugh kneels down at the edge of the marsh.

MARTHA

Do you recognize it?

He nods, catching his breath.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

This is where you brought Michelle?

He nods.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Where?

He looks over the marsh and then at her.

HUGH

It looks different.

MARTHA

Look.

Hugh looks at the surroundings. His eyes fix on a small overgrown island in the middle of the marsh.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

There?

Hugh nods. Martha looks at a small bay in front of the island and then at him.

HUGH

It's deeper there, I was afraid the animals would drag her out.

He looks at her staring at the bay.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I can show it to you. I'm telling you everything as it was.

She turns to look at him, revealing a genuine vulnerability in her face.

MARTHA

Where is she?

Hugh looks deflated and helpless.

HUGH
I was messing with you.

Martha pauses and thinks intently about his answer. She gets emotional but quickly restrains herself and refocuses.

She points towards the water.

MARTHA
Let's go.

Hugh doesn't move. She kicks the back of the trailer that jolts his hands and he stumbles into the water.

HUGH
I was scared, that's all.

MARTHA
You said that already.

She kicks the trailer again. He's forced to get deeper into the water.

HUGH
Stop it! We can get there from the other side, I'll show you exactly where it is.

She attempts to kick it again, but he pulls it away further into the marsh standing knee high in the water.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Wait!

MARTHA
For what?

Hugh doesn't know what to say.

HUGH
I was messing with you...

MARTHA
You said that already!

HUGH
I'm sorry.

MARTHA
About what?!

HUGH
I don't know.

MARTHA
How did you know her name?

Hugh looks at her sharply as if it this was his life line.

HUGH
From the saddle.

She is taken aback - doesn't understand.

HUGH (CONT'D)
There was a saddle in the barn. It
had a tag underneath: Anna S. I
took a shot.

She's thrown off her game.

HUGH (CONT'D)
I didn't do anything. I know you
believe me.

Martha appears calm.

MARTHA
Turn around! Turn around and walk!

She points the gun and Hugh takes a few steps into the water.
He stops and turns back to her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Don't look at me! Turn around and
walk!

He begins to cry.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
Shut up! Don't start crying! Do you
think I care about that more than
about the life my daughter never
had!?

HUGH
I didn't do anything...

MARTHA
She's gone! I can't even say
goodbye to her!

She cracks. Her sealed under high pressure for decades
feelings burst out.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Someone took her away from me!
Someone hurt my baby! And I can't
even say goodbye to her...

Hugh looks at her as she breaks down. He is relieved to see her open up and cry.

HUGH

I'm sorry. I really am. You know I
didn't hurt your baby.

She looks up at him sharp and her eyes darken. She charges at the trailer, grabs onto the back rail, and pushes it deeper into the water.

Hugh's hands are pulled by the shaft and he stumbles a few steps deeper into the water. His hands are pulled under the water.

He attempts to lift the shaft up and push the trailer out, but it's too heavy. He gets panicky.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Stop it!

Martha sees that he's trying to push the trailer out and uses her weight to force it in. The shaft drags his hands deeper into the water.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Stop! You're hurting me!

He loses balance and dips his head under the water. He fights to get up and grasps for air, but Martha keeps on pushing the trailer, dragging him deeper under the water.

He fights to get above the surface, desperately pulling at the shaft, but can't. The trailer drags him progressively deeper.

She leans against the trailer with all her weight and watches him fight frantically underwater. After a while, he lets out a large air bubble out of his mouth, convulses violently, and stops moving.

Martha watches as his face slowly sinks to the bottom and his open eyes disappear in the murky water.

Tiny air bubbles escape from his clothes as he drifts to the bottom. He hits it and only a rough shape of his body glares from the dark beneath. He looks as if he was kneeling and praying.

Martha stands still neck deep in the water watching the tiny bubbles burst on the surface. They slowly dissipate and the water becomes perfectly calm.

The marsh turns quiet and serene. The reflection in the water mirrors the overgrown island surrounded by woods.

100

INT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

100

Exhausted and dirty, Martha sits at the table, her hair and clothes in disarray.

She looks at Irene who sleeps quietly on the bed in the adjacent bedroom.

Martha takes off her jacket and her blouse. She takes off her shoes and slides down the dirty skirt.

She walks to the bedroom and quietly gets onto the bed.

She lies beside Irene who feels her presence and opens her eye slightly. She's still groggy from being drugged.

IRENE

What time is it?

MARTHA

Shhh. Go to sleep.

Irene closes her eye.

IRENE

I'm cold.

Martha pulls up the blanket and covers her. She moves close to her back and spoons her. Irene wiggles back and fits herself tightly into Martha's body.

They lie peacefully lit by the dawning light. Irene's eyes are closed, Martha's wide open.

Sounds of morning in the Appalachian woods seep into the bedroom.

101

INT. MORITZ COLLEGE - DAY

101

Groups of STUDENTS walk down the hallway towards an open lecture hall. Sounds of conversations and laughter echo in the hallway. One by one, students enter the classroom and the hallway gets progressively quieter.

A few students who hang by the door notice someone approaching from the other end. They wrap up their chat and hastily go inside.

Footsteps approach and after a moment, Martha enters the frame. She walks down the hallway carrying her briefcase.

Summer runs behind Martha and stops her at the door. She engages her in a conversation. We can't hear what they say, but Summer is excited, while Martha nods and smiles.

After a moment, Summer bows politely and enters the hall. Martha follows her and disappears inside. The door shuts behind her with a dull thump.

The hallway goes dead quiet. The morning light falls in through the windows and lingers on the floor. Sounds of traffic bleeds in from outside.

THE END