

U.P.S.E.T.

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EXT. THE ICE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A PURE WHITE FIELD stretches miles to a PITCH BLACK HORIZON.

The NORTH CHANNEL is the northern-most point of Lake Huron. With St. Joseph's Island, Ontario to the North and Drummond Island, Michigan to the south, the border between the UNITED STATES and CANADA falls somewhere over open water...

Except for the harshest months of winter, like now, when this stretch completely FREEZES OVER and creates what is known as:

THE ICE BRIDGE.

EXT. DRUMMOND ISLAND YACHT HAVEN - NIGHT

A LONE SNOWMOBILE rides from the shore onto the ice, via a MARINA closed for the winter, and up to the Ice Bridge.

The RIDER, in a head-to-toe snowsuit and helmet, cruises down the reflector-lined runway, consulting a GPS on the dash as they look out at the sheer nothingness...

JANICE "BUGG" BUGGINSKI (30s), flips up her visor and peers out through a fog of her visible breath. She checks the GPS and hops off her sled, engine still running.

She grabs a can of RED SPRAY PAINT from her side-bag, gives it a shake then walks off a LONG LINE OF RED over the snow.

On the side of the line she's standing, she writes in big letters: "**U.S.A.**" And there it is, the Northern Border.

Her radio CRACKLES to life and we hear the distinct UPPER-MIDWESTERN TWANG of GLENN LINCOLN.

*GLENN (ON RADIO)
What do ya think out there, Bugg?*

*JANICE
Nothing. Why?*

*GLENN (ON RADIO)
You're not saying much.*

*JANICE
Maybe because I don't have anything
I want to say, Glenn. Some of us
don't need to be saying something
every second of every day.*

GLENN (ON RADIO)
Geez, sorry I asked. Bite my head
off why don't ya.

Janice rolls her eyes as she drives behind a wind-blown snow pile that perfectly conceals her snowmobile.

JANICE
Well, what are you thinking about,
then? I know you want to tell me.

GLENN (ON RADIO)
I don't need to say anything.

JANICE
Oh yes you do--

GLENN (ON RADIO)
I'm thinking Herman might've led us
on another wild goose chase. Got us
out here in the freezing cold to
probably bust Jim Winger's twins
again doing a bit of boozing across
the border. Then I got to listen to
Jim chew me out about wasting his
tax dollars on a bit of boozing.
Thanks for the hot tip, Herm, can't
wait to repay the favor.

JANICE
If you don't like doing your job,
find something else to do.

GLENN (ON RADIO)
Is that what you're doing then?

JANICE
Watch it, Glenn...

GLENN (ON RADIO)
You'll be cruising through "Motor
City" with "DEA Gabe," leaving me
all alone on Herman's goose chases,
geese chases? Goose chases.

JANICE
Is that what this is about?
Gabriel?

GLENN (ON RADIO)
What? Whose talking about Gabriel?

JANICE
You are.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Please. I got a lot better things to do than talk about some troll cop down in D-troit who thinks he's Popeye flippin' Doyle. Guy's probably on the take, you know that, don't you? They all are down there. You get what you pay for in the city, Bugg, justice included.

JANICE

Uh-huh. Sure, Glenn. You know what I think? Is that you're jealous.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Jealous? Me? Of Gabriel? That's a good one! He's the one probably jealous of me, is what I bet.

JANICE

He's not jealous of you, I promise.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

What's that supposed to mean?

JANICE

Nothing.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Did he say something about me?

No response...

GLENN (ON RADIO)

He did! What did that crooked latte-sipper say? Lay it on me.

JANICE

He thinks you're difficult to work with. That's what he said.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

That dirty narc said that? I'm difficult? It's called being discerning, I'll have you know.

JANICE

You think I'm not discerning?

GLENN (ON RADIO)

I didn't say that.

JANICE

Sure you did.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Well, yeah, if we're talking about it then I think you could do with a bit more discernment... And, since we're talking about it, your tone with him is a tad flirtatious.

JANICE

My tone? Wow, okay, we're done now.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Fine by me. I've said my piece.

(1...2...3...)

What are you thinking now then?

JANICE

You're a jackass.

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Yeah well, you're going to miss me, Bugg. I know you will.

She shrugs. Maybe. Just then, across the lake, a HEADLIGHT PASSES THROUGH THE TREES...

JANICE

I see something...

GLENN (ON RADIO)

A shooting star?

JANICE

A vehicle, Glenn!

GLENN (ON RADIO)

Oh. Okey-dokey then. Standing by.

The headlight hovers in the distance, uncertain if it's actually going to go for it...

Janice flips her visor down in preparation...

Then the SNOWMOBILE SCREAMS onto the ice, straight at her!

Janice tightens her grip as they get closer and closer...

And with no hesitation, CROSS INTO AMERICA!

Janice hits her LIGHTS and SIREN as she skids into pursuit!

The perp looks back and sees Janice gaining!

Suddenly, they make a SHARP TURN and leave the outlined bridge, speeding over UNMARKED ICE toward the US shoreline.

JANICE
Hard left towards the cut!

The perp races along the shoreline towards a SMALL CHANNEL IN THE ISLAND, just wide enough for a snowmobile to enter.

JANICE
300 yards!

They pass a BOAT DOCK with a "NO LIFEGUARD ON DUTY" sign.

JANICE
200 yards!

Janice is right on their heels now, about to run up on them as they speed towards the NARROW PASSAGE...

JANICE
100 yards!

Suddenly, Janice SLOWS UP and peels off to the side...

The perp looks back. *It worked! She bailed!*

Then ANOTHER POLICE SNOWMOBILE, lights blazing, emerges from nowhere and slides to a stop directly in front of the cut.

The perp panics, turns too sharp and goes SLIDING SIDEWAYS fifty feet before their SNOWMOBILE FLIPS ON ITS SIDE!

GLENN (late 30s) takes off his helmet and smiles warmly at Janice as she pulls up to the wreckage. He's cavalier in a way that suggests he doesn't get too worked up over anything.

GLENN
You think they're alright?

JANICE takes off her helmet, flashing an adrenaline-fueled smile that lights Glenn up.

JANICE
Let's find out.

She puts one hand on her gun, shines a FLASHLIGHT with the other, and they cautiously approach the upended sled.

GLENN
You okay over there? You took quite a tumble!

PERP (O.S.)
Fuckin A right I did!

JANICE
Slowly raise your arms up over the sled where we can see them.

TWO ARMS slowly raise up over the toppled machine.

JANICE
Now stand up.

PERP (O.S.)
No can do!

His hand points down to a SINGLE BOOT poking out the underside of the track, pinned beneath it. Glenn cringes.

GLENN
Oh gosh, that's awful.

PERP (O.S.)
Yeah, I think I need the hospital!

They step around either side of the sled. Their lights hit the trapped man on his back, arms in the air like a zombie.

JANICE
Take off your helmet.

He does. He's young, bearded and sketchy in a backwoods way.

JANICE
You got some ID?

PERP
In the sled.

Janice opens the glovebox while Glenn keeps his light on the perp. She pulls out an AMERICAN PASSPORT and opens it up.

JANICE
Carl Plinky... So what're ya doing in Canada then, Carl?

CARL
Visiting a lady.

GLENN
Lucky girl.

Janice moves her light to the BACKPACK on the ground.

JANICE
Mind if I take a look in your backpack there?

CARL

Can we do it later? My nuts are
about to take shelter in my lungs.

Janice grabs the backpack and opens it up. She reaches in and pulls out CLOTHES, dropping them to the snow--

CARL

What the fuck?

GLENN

Language, Carl.

JANICE

What the fuck?

GLENN

Bugg, come on, I just told Carl--

She digs deeper and pulls out a RAW TURKEY.

GLENN

Oh boy. Were you aware it's illegal
to import food items into the
United States of America without
passing proper inspection?

CARL

They were on sale and I was coming
home! Come on, are you really going
to arrest me over a fucking turkey?

Glenn notices Janice, eyeing the turkey suspiciously.

GLENN

Bugg?

JANICE

This turkey's been thawed...

GLENN

Yeah... It's been out of the
freezer a while now I'd imagine.

JANICE

It takes a lot longer than that to
thaw a turkey, Glenn.

Janice looks at Carl and registers the panic in his eyes.

CARL

Guys, I'm really starting to turn
blue here! Please, let's get this
show on the road.

Janice takes off her glove and SLIDES HER HAND IN THE TURKEY.

Glenn cringes as she digs around. Suddenly, she looks up, stunned and slowly pulls her hand out to reveal a BAGGIE of MULTI-COLORED PILLS. Glenn can't believe it.

GLENN

Holy Moly, there's narcotics in
that turkey's butt.

He turns the light back to Carl but HE'S GONE! Nothing but an EMPTY BOOT. They quickly scan the area...

And SPOTLIGHT CARL, desperately limping towards the trees, one foot in just a sock. They take off after him!

On foot, Glenn's a little faster than Janice and a lot faster than the hobbled Carl. He catches up to him in no time and TACKLES HIM HARD TO THE GROUND. The handcuffs snap on.

CARL

This is bullshit! I have rights!

GLENN

You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say may be
used against you--

CARL

Who are you people?!

JANICE

We're UPSET.

They hold for a dramatic reaction... But Carl's lost.

CARL

What the fuck is UPSET?

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: U P S E T

JANICE (V.O.)

The Upper Peninsula Substance
Enforcement Team is a multi-
jurisdictional narcotics task force
that serves all fifteen counties of
Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

INT. STAGE - DAY

Janice stands at a lectern, in uniform, no-nonsense.

Next to her is a MAP OF THE UPPER PENINSULA of Michigan, a snowmobile-shaped appendage, riding along the Northern Border of the United States.

JANICE

UPSET's foremost objectives are narcotics awareness, education, and enforcement within our communities. UPSET is the only federally trained Clandestine Lab Team in the Upper Peninsula and we readily collaborate with local, state, and federal agencies in an effort to combat narcotic use, distribution and sale across the U.P. These agencies include the FBI, DEA, BIA, ATF, U.S. Department of Homeland Security, U.S. Customs and Border Patrol, Michigan State Police, Escanaba Public Safety Department, Menominee City PD, Marquette, Delta and Houghton County Sheriff's and U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services.

The floor is now open to questions.

A perplexed group of FIFTY CHILDREN, K-6TH Grade, stare blankly at Janice inside an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYM.

Glenn stands off to the side, also in uniform, and not-surprisingly enjoying this more than Janice.

DUNCAN LINCOLN-STRUP (11) raises his hand.

JANICE

Yes?

Duncan ignores Janice and looks to Glenn.

DUNCAN

Dad, can Stu spend the night?

Next to Duncan is his best friend, STU (also 11).

STU

Please, Officer Lincoln.

GLENN

Not on a school night, boys. Now pay attention to Officer Bugginski.

DUNCAN

*Mom lets him stay over on school
nights...*

GLENN

Duncan, you're being rude to
Janice. Apologize.

DUNCAN

Sorry, Janice.

JANICE

Apology accepted. Are there any
other questions?

A BOY in the back raises his hand. Janice points to him.

BOY

Do you have a gun?

Janice turns her hip forward, firearm in its holster.

JANICE

Yes, I do.

He raises his hand again. Janice points.

BOY

Have you ever killed anyone?

JANICE

No, I have not.

He raises his hand but doesn't wait to be called on.

BOY

Do you want to?

Janice is taken aback by the question...

JANICE

Of course not.

He raises his hand again but the TEACHER shuts him down.

TEACHER

Enough from you, Mr. Wanniken.

A GIRL raises her hand. Janice points to her.

GIRL

You said all those names of FBI and
stuff, but which are you?

JANICE

Depending the circumstance, we're any of them. So we're all of them.

GIRL

How can you be all of them?

JANICE

Because we have to be. Up here we don't have the luxury of just being one thing like they do elsewhere. We're all each other has and, for better or worse, we've got to be all the things for one another.

The kids may not have followed but Glenn did and he was moved. Janice looks to him and his smile tells her as much.

GLENN

Alright kids, I think it's time we move on to the slideshow.

Glenn dims the lights and turns on a PROJECTOR. In a friendly font appears the question: "HOW MANY NARCOTICS CAN YOU NAME?"

GLENN

Who wants to take a "crack" at it?

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Glenn and Janice leave the gym to a SMALL APPLAUSE. Glenn waves back inside. Janice can't get out fast enough.

GLENN

Don't go, Bugg. Think of the kids.

JANICE

There's grade schoolers in Detroit.

GLENN

Yeah, but those troll tykes under the bridge are narcotics experts already. They're using emojis to buy drugs on their telephones!

JANICE

Get out of town with that. Emojis. You don't know emojis.

GLENN

I'm not just an officer of the law, Bugg. I'm a concerned parent. I need to know emojis.

JANICE

Tell me an emoji then, Glenn.

GLENN

Well, a dragon. Dragon is heroin.

JANICE

Baloney.

GLENN

Google it! A magic eight ball.
Cocaine. Or a blowfish, also
cocaine. Or a snowflake, or
snowman, anything snow related
really, could be cocaine. Lots of
cocaine emojis...

Their banter trails off as they see MARGARET STRUP (30s), round the corner at the end of the hall. Margaret is poised and proper, but also dying to let her hair down.

MARGARET

Glenn... Janice.

GLENN

Hey there Maggie.

Janice smiles faintly but keeps her mouth shut.

MARGARET

How'd it go?

GLENN

Ah great. Kids are great. Really
just great stuff... Although Duncan
did say something about having Stu
over on school nights. I thought--

MARGARET

We'll talk about Duncan in private.

He zips it up quick. Margaret turns to Janice.

MARGARET

I hear you're leaving us. Gonna go
be a real detective.

GLENN

I'm a real detective.

MARGARET

I know you are, Glenn. But not like
they are in a big city. Right,
Janice?

JANICE

I don't know about that. Just figure I tried my luck up here long enough, may as well give it a go down south.

Margaret nods, not much more to add.

MARGARET

Well, stay safe.

JANICE

Will do, thanks.

Margaret walks off, maybe a little faster than usual.

JANICE

Nope. Won't miss this at all.

EXT. JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY

A FOR SALE SIGN pokes through the snow outside a rustic, weathered, cabin-style house.

Janice drags TWO FULL GARBAGE BAGS to an OVERFLOWING DUMPSTER set up in the driveway. Next to it are SCATTERED BOXES OF STUFF. She's moving but apparently not bringing much.

She turns back to the house and the open garage door where an ANTIQUE WOODEN CHRIS CRAFT BOAT, in painstakingly maintained, mint condition is the last thing to go.

Janice walks up to it and places her hands against the name "JUNE" emblazoned on the stern, as if she were feeling the heartbeat of a wounded animal.

She's snapped out of it by the crunch of tires against snow, pulling up her driveway. She turns to see a TOW TRUCK park next to the dumpster.

GOOSE (late 60s) a leather-vest in the freezing cold, old-school biker hops out of the truck. He eyes the trash pile next to him and something catches his eye:

A "BIG MOUTH BILLY BASS" SINGING FISH. He presses the button and sure enough it still works, crooning "*Mack The Knife.*"

GOOSE

You throwing this out?

JANICE

Yeah, Goose. I'm throwing that out.

GOOSE
I'll give you a buck for it.

JANICE
Buck-fifty.

Goose considers again.

JANICE
Jesus Christ, just take the fish.

He excitedly tosses the fish in his truck and lumbers over. He eyes the boat beside her with her same nostalgic longing.

GOOSE
You don't have to sell it. I told you, just park it at the yard.

JANICE
What would I do with an old boat collecting dust in the UP?

GOOSE
This is not just some old boat and you fucking know it.

JANICE
Please, Goose. I made up my mind.

GOOSE
(grumbling)
Lucky we burned the son of a bitch or he'd be rolling in his grave.

JANICE
You come over for a reason or what?

GOOSE
I need to take a snap of the engine for this troll coming to buy her.

He climbs up the trailer and lifts the hatch to look at the massive engine. He struggles to operate his flip phone camera, grumbling the whole time until he climbs back down.

JANICE
Thanks again.

GOOSE
Whatever. I'll see you at the Islander later.

JANICE
What's happening at the Islander?

GOOSE
Your thing.

News to her. Goose realizes his mistake.

GOOSE
Oh yeah, fuck, it was a surprise.
Pretend I didn't say anything.

He hurries back to his truck and drives away. Janice laughs and turns back to the boat. Her phone RINGS. It's Glenn.

JANICE
Hello? A drink at the *Islander*? I don't know, Glenn, I'm pretty busy with all the packing... Oh, okay then. For old time's sake. Uh-huh. See you then.

She hangs up and walks to the house. She gives one last look to June... Then turns out the light.

EXT. ISLANDER BAR - NIGHT

Janice pulls up to the ISLANDER, a faux beach cabana from the 40s, complete with crossed surfboards and a fake palm tree, comically at odds with the desolate winter landscape.

She gets to the door, takes a breath then walks in--

CROWD (O.S.)
SURPRISE!

EXT. ISLANDER BAR - CONTINUOUS

The lights go on and Janice sees the small assembly of COPS, FIREFIGHTERS, and RANDOM DRUNKS.

JANICE
Oh my gosh! What the heck is going on in here?

Glenn steps forward to the front of the crowd.

GLENN
Now I know you said you didn't want a big thing, but we weren't going to let you leave without a proper Yooper send-off.

JANICE
Oh no...

The crowd parts and MERLE (70s), the bartender, steps forward with an OLD WOODEN WATER SKI. People cheer with excitement.

Merle hands the ski to Janice and she sees the BOOZE overflowing inside the OLD RUBBER BOOT attached.

JANICE
Did you wash this?

MERLE
Fuck no. Jack Lemmon rode that ski.

JANICE
What's in it?

MERLE
Fire water.

With a sigh, Janice kicks back the ski and drains the boot. The crowd cheers and she shoots Glenn an "I could kill you for this" look.

GLENN
Surprised?

JANICE
Floored.

He sizes her up, not buying it. He then looks accusatorially over to Goose, who is eavesdropping from the bar.

GOOSE
Ah fuck off, Glenn.

Goose wanders away. Glenn raises his beer to the crowd--

GLENN
Alright everyone, before we get too excited here, I'd like to make a toast. It's a two-parter so buckle up. First, let's raise a glass to the memory of Craig Bugginski.

Everyone KNOCKS ON THE BAR in a roar of respect.

GLENN
Craig once told me there were three reasons someone ends up a cop. One: they love their community. Two: they're chasing the action. And three: pardon my French, shit luck.

Big LAUGH from the crowd.

GLENN

Now, we know Craig had his fair share of all three, as could be said for his daughter here...

He looks to Janice. Another round of KNOCKS ON THE BAR.

GLENN

But this community will forever be a little bit better thanks to them. So here's to your old man and here's to you, Bugg. DEA is getting one hell of a cop.

Everyone takes a long, reflective drink, while Janice and Glenn lock eyes...

The moment is broken when Goose RINGS A BELL over the bar with a sign that says "RING DA BELL, BUY DA WELL."

People CHEER as they belly up to the bar for a free drink.

Glenn and Janice are still looking at each other.

INT. ISLANDER - LATER

Everyone left is pretty small-town wasted at this point.

The decor of the bar really sets in. A local haunt in the best possible way where the art on the walls doubles as a museum of the area and all the infamous inhabitants.

There's an OLD PICTURE of a MAN and YOUNG GIRL riding around on JUNE THE BOAT hanging on one of the walls...

Janice eyes the picture with one ear in a conversation with Merle, who is completely fucking hammered behind the bar, rattling off to anyone who will listen (Glenn).

MERLE

You know smuggling is kind of a cherished pastime in these waters--

MERLE

The old rum-runners trail.

GLENN

The old rum-runners trail.

MERLE

That's right. The old rum-runners trail. None other than--

MERLE

Al Capone.

GLENN

Al Capone.

Glenn and Janice share a smile. Merle clocks it.

MERLE

Know what? Fuck youse. I'm going to bed. Lock up when you leave.

Merle slams his keys on the bar and belligerently stomps over to the stairs that lead up to his apartment above the bar.

GLENN

I guess that's it then.

JANICE

I guess so.

GLENN

You want to hand me the bowl?

Janice leans deep over the bar and grabs a LARGE BOWL with CAR KEYS in it. Glenn tries not to check her out but definitely checks her out.

Janice catches him in the mirror and he avoids eye contact as she hands him the bowl.

GLENN

Wish me luck.

He gets up and shakes the bowl as he stands by the door.

GLENN

Okay, boys. That time of the night.

The few drunks left stumble to the door and grumble as Glenn makes them drop their keys in the bowl. Some go quietly, some argue. One guys slaps the bowl from Glenn's hand.

Janice walks over to the OLD JUKEBOX and drops in a quarter. She knows exactly the button she wants to push.

"TOTAL CONTROL" by The Motels starts to play.

She leans against the jukebox and her hips start to sway a little bit as she nurses a beer and soaks it all in.

Glenn finally gets the last guy out and locks the door. He turns around to see Janice at the jukebox. He smiles.

GLENN

They got to get some new records in that thing.

JANICE

No they don't.

Glenn isn't much for signs but he's really looking for this one. He smiles and offers a hand to dance. She takes it.

The soon-to-be former partners SLOW DANCE in the empty bar, a sad waltz between two people who already miss each other.

JANICE

Thank you for what you said.

Her head finds it's way to his shoulder. He tries to work up the courage to say what he really wants to say...

GLENN

Truth be told, there's a lot more to be said, Bugg. Stuff I should have said a while ago. And I don't expect anything to change, it's just, I don't know, you live with enough regrets and the thought of adding another--

She KISSES him. Glenn is left speechless.

JANICE

So that's it then.

GLENN

What?

JANICE

How I get you to stop talking.

She smiles, challenging him. He kisses her and it escalates quickly. They slam against the wall and end up on a table.

It's the perfect embodiment of their relationship; kind of funny, kind of violent, kind of sad, kind of romantic...

Eventually they end up on the floor.

FADE TO:

EXT. UPSET STATION - DAY

A LIGHT SNOWFALL starts to stick outside the UPSET STATION, which looks more like a hunting shack than a police precinct.

INT. JANICE'S TRUCK - DAY

Janice rolls up looking rough. She sees Glenn's truck outside and leans her head against the steering wheel...

INT. UPSET STATION - DAY

The station is a big room that looks like a depressing studio apartment with a SINGLE CELL in the corner instead of a bed. Other than that it's just a kitchenette, bathroom, and a couple desks on opposite sides of the room.

Glenn is at his desk, looking equally rough but pretending otherwise, as he absentmindedly blows on a cup of coffee. He stares at the empty chair across from him...

He hears footsteps up to the front door and picks up the phone as the door opens and Janice walks in.

GLENN

Upper Peninsula Substance
Enforcement Team, this is Glenn
speaking, is this an emergency?

Glenn tries to flash a normal smile to Janice but weirdly kind of grimaces as he pretends to listen on the phone.

GLENN

Sorry, Alma, we can't force someone
to return the library books if
they're still reading 'em.

He hangs up. Janice looks suspicious. He nods to the CLOCK on the wall, 3:30, and smiles.

GLENN

You're a bit late.

JANICE

Yeah, sorry, I had some stuff to do
for the move.

GLENN

Sure. Quiet day anyhow. So what
time you packing out then?

JANICE

Early. I gotta find a motel to
check into for a couple weeks until
I find a place to stay.

Janice sets an EMPTY BOX on her desk and begins to pack some random stuff inside.

GLENN

You sure you don't want to wait a
couple days? Forecast is looking a
little dicey tomorrow.

JANICE
Gonna take more than a little snow
to stop me...

They make brief eye contact then look away. Awkward tension drops in like a cartoon anvil.

GLENN
Listen, about last night--

JANICE
Fun party.

GLENN
(thrown)
Yeah... Sure was. Super fun.

Janice opens a filing cabinet and flips through her files.

Glenn starts to walk to his desk, but stops--

GLENN
But about the other thing--

Janice panics and cuts him off.

JANICE
Yeah, I am sorry about that, Glenn.
I had too much to drink and I
shouldn't have put you in that
position. It was a mistake.

That hurt him and she knows it. It hurt her too.

GLENN
Oh. I suppose I'm sorry too then.

JANICE
You are?

GLENN
Aren't I?

JANICE
Yeah.

GLENN
Right... Fun party though.

JANICE
Really good party.

GLENN
Yeah... Okay then.

He turns back to his desk. Janice opens her mouth to speak but stops... Fuck it. She just goes back to packing up.

It's deathly silent in the station, and then--

HERMAN (RADIO)
*Hey there UPSET, this is Drummond
Island Ferry, over.*

They are both startled by the RADIO CRACKLING TO LIFE. Janice composes herself and grabs the receiver.

JANICE
UPSET here. How are ya, Herman?

She waits for a response... Then remembers how seriously Herman takes his radio etiquette.

JANICE
Over.

HERMAN
*Oh slow and steady there, UPSET.
Slow and steady. There is one thing
though... Took some snowmobilers
across the island bright and early
this morning. Two men, one woman.
Not locals, but not tourists, you
know? I'm not trying to cast no
stones but they just weren't right.
Told myself I'd leave it be as long
as they came back, but my shift is
just about up and I dunno... Like I
said, not meanin' to judge, but my
gut says they looked suspect. Over.*

Glenn is overly annoyed by the call, but Janice doesn't share his indignation. She thinks on it for a second and looks back at Glenn as he shakes his head "no."

JANICE
Copy that, Herman. We're on our
way. Over and out.

GLENN
Bugg, come on, you really want to
go all the way out to Drummond?

JANICE
These could be the vandals breakin'
all the windows out there.

GLENN
Well, maybe, yeah, but also, no.

JANICE

What?

GLENN

It's just-- Is this really how you want to spend your our last few hours together?

She gives him a bittersweet smile then opens the door to the outside where a now HEAVY SNOWFALL is picking up. She steps out into the snow and closes the door behind her.

GLENN

Oh for Pete's sake...

He quickly grabs his jacket and chases after her.

EXT. DRUMMOND ISLAND FERRY PORT - EVENING

The DRUMMOND ISLAND FERRY is a tank of an old boat. A 24 hour, year round shuttle from mainland Michigan to Drummond; a large, remote island at the northern tip of Lake Huron.

ICE is visible all throughout the waterway, with the LAKE FROZEN a hundred yards away, but the St. Mary's river itself doesn't freeze allowing the ferry to run all day and all night. Even on a night like this in miserable conditions.

The UPSET SUV parks at the docks, towing a LARGE TRAILER. Janice hops down with a lot more gusto than Glenn.

JANICE

What do you say? Just the sleds?

GLENN

No way am I risking getting the rig stuck out there in this muck.

She opens the back of the trailer and flings up the door: the two UPSET SNOWMOBILES are gassed up and ready to ride.

Glenn slides down the ramp and Janice fires up her sled. They ride down and close up the trailer. Together they drive right down the docks and ONTO THE FERRY.

HERMAN, the ferryman who called this in, is as old as the boat it seems. Bundled up and paying the weather no mind, he waves them on. They kill the engines and hop off.

HERMAN

Welcome aboard!

JANICE

Evening there, Herman. We got a
nasty one brewing, huh?

HERMAN

Oh yeah, thanks for coming out,
youse two. I'll sure sleep easier.

GLENN

Well then it was all worth it.
Should we get this show on the
road? Or river or whatever.

HERMAN

Ferry leaves at 5:10.

Herman looks to a CLOCK ONBOARD. It's 5:09. Glenn looks to
the empty parking lot that is slowly disappearing in snow...

GLENN

I think we're it, Herm.

HERMAN

I don't tell you how to police now,
do I, Glenn?

Glenn is about to protest but catches Janice smiling at him.
They wait in the cold for the clock to tick over...

HERMAN

All aboard!

THE ENGINE CHURNS and they slowly pull away from the shore.

EXT. DRUMMOND ISLAND - NIGHT

Weather isn't any better on island.

The ferry is docked and TWO SNOWMOBILES ride off. It's gotten
darker and the HEADLIGHTS are really all you can make out.

GLENN (RADIO)

This is crazy, Bugg.

JANICE (RADIO)

We'll just do a loop 'round Channel
Road and catch the next ferry back.

GLENN (RADIO)

Okay then. Lead the way.

The two snowmobiles ride off into the night...

Up and down EMPTY TRAILS...

Past DESERTED SUMMER HOMES...

And the occasional CLOSED BUSINESS...

But they don't come across anyone, suspicious or otherwise.

EXT. DRUMMOND ISLAND YACHT HAVEN - NIGHT

They reach the end of the road at YACHT HAVEN, the marina on the coast that leads up to the Ice Bridge. A sign reads:

"ICE BRIDGE TO CANADA IS: CLOSED"

Janice sits at the entrance of the Ice Bridge and looks out. Her HEADLIGHTS hit the reflectors and the runway of lights forms in front of her...

GLENN

Time to call it, Bugg.

JANICE

Yeah, okay... Copy that.

Glenn turns away and starts to ride off. Bugg is about to do the same, but something stops her...

A FLICKER OF LIGHT in the distance.

She looks back closer, and SEES IT AGAIN. The LIGHT GROWS.

JANICE

Hang on a second there, Glenn...
Looks like we got a rider.

Glenn stops and looks back. He sees it too.

GLENN

It sure does, doesn't it...

As the LIGHT GETS CLOSER, they can now HEAR THE ENGINE, FULL TILT SCREAMING in the distance, headed right at them.

JANICE

Whoever this is, they just got very lucky or very unlucky.

GLENN

Yeah, wonder which it is.

Glenn rides down the sloped ramp ONTO THE ICE.

The LONE RIDER coming at them is almost close enough to make out now and showing no signs of slowing down.

They hit their LIGHTS -- BLUE and RED echo out on all sides.

Still the RIDER doesn't slow up, now they're closing in fast.

JANICE

Starting to look like they might run right into ya.

GLENN

No... Why would they do that?

JANICE

I don't know but don't be a hero.

Something about how she says that steals his nerve. She's either concerned or condescending... And he wants to know.

He sounds his SIREN and stays where he is. The Rider is a few hundred feet away, still screaming...

JANICE

Glenn.

GLENN

I know what I'm doin'.

He doesn't move. 100 feet...

JANICE

Glenn!

GLENN

I got it, Bugg!

50 feet...

JANICE

GLENN GO GODDAMMIT!

But he doesn't. Instead, at the very last second--

The RIDER VEERS TOO LATE!

CLIPS THE FRONT OF GLENN'S SNOW MACHINE!

Glenn is WHIPPED AROUND AND SENT ONTO THE ICE!

The Rider is THROWN INTO THE AIR, landing thirty feet away up past where Janice watched the whole thing go down.

JANICE

Glenn!

He stumbles to his feet.

GLENN

Wow. I really didn't think they'd do that.

She exhales that he seems okay then rushes over to the RIDER and rolls him over:

A clean-cut, YOUNG HISPANIC MAN, with no helmet and no snowsuit, lays unconscious in the snow.

Glenn hurries up behind her as she checks his pulse.

GLENN

He alive?

JANICE

Ya... Barely. We gotta get him inside.

He crouches next to her and she pushes him over.

GLENN

What the hey--

JANICE

Don't do that!

He smiles a little... She was concerned.

JANICE

Radio Herman. Tell him to bring the boat back. Say it's urgent.

Glenn nods and starts to walk back to his sled. But as he does something freezes him in his tracks.

GLENN

Uh... Bugg?

She looks up from the rider and follows Glenn's gaze to...

A DUFFEL BAG, busted open in the snow, FULL OF CASH.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A MATCH sparks a flame and lights a PRAYER CANDLE.

FAUSTO, early 20s, the Hispanic rider in the snow, looks like he is on his lunch break from a tech start-up. He places his candle in the votive rack and performs the sign of the cross.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A PICKUP spits exhaust, waiting outside the church. ONTARIO LICENSE PLATES promise the slogan, "YOURS TO DISCOVER."

Inside the truck, MIKE (late 20s), Fausto's obviously less religious older brother, eats TAKE-OUT POUTINE. It's too hot to eat and he burns his mouth then spits it out.

Fausto walks out of the church and shivers at the cold. He tightens his jacket and hurries inside the truck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Fausto immediately turns up the heat. He and Mike speak to each other in *SPANISH*.

MIKE
How was it?

FAUSTO
Beautiful. The light is different up here. It makes everything look... I don't know... Pure. You should take a look for yourself.

MIKE
I ask for forgiveness after I commit my sins like a real Catholic.

FAUSTO
I didn't confess anything. Your first prayer in a new church is given special attention from God.

Mike flashes a big-brother smile and ruffles Fausto's hair.

MIKE
Saint Fausto.

He hands Fausto his poutine and drives away.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Mike bowls a strike while Fausto eats another serving of poutine. A WAITRESS drops off a round of beers.

FAUSTO
Gracias.

The waitress smiles and walks away. Mike clocks it.

MIKE
*Whether you're playing hard to get
 or just stupid, it's working...*

Fausto looks over at the waitress staring straight at him, talking to her FRIEND. Fausto snaps back, embarrassed.

Mike nudges him. Fausto pushes him back and it turns into a shoving match that ends with Mike stealing Fausto's glasses.

FAUSTO
Truce!

Mike gives him back his glasses and grabs his beer. His expression turns heavy. He nervously taps his bowling shoe.

MIKE
*Listen, Fausto, I want you to know
 that if you want to back out, you
 can. I'll still give you your cut
 and everything. I appreciate you
 coming this far with me, but I'm
 not trying to force you into this--*

FAUSTO
I know--

MIKE
*Just listen. If something goes
 wrong, you don't look back, okay?
 You have the address and you know
 what number to call, right?*

Fausto nods sternly.

MIKE
Good.

A faint smile escapes Fausto.

MIKE
What?

Fausto leans back and does his best cheesy Cowboy impression:

FAUSTO
New York City.

MIKE

*We're not going to New York City,
we're going to Traverse City and
then Detroit.*

FAUSTO

Detroit City.

MIKE

No, it's just Detroit.

FAUSTO

Just Detroit.

The waitress comes back over, with her friend, and marches straight up to Fausto.

WAITRESS

*Okay, stranger, I've been bringing
you beers for two hours now, what
do you say we get out of here and
you return the favor?*

Fausto stares blankly. Mike replies in English.

MIKE

My brother doesn't speak English.

FRIEND

Bullshit.

MIKE

No, it's true.

The girls share a fun, mischievous look.

WAITRESS

So he won't understand this...

She leans into Fausto's ear and whispers something filthy. Mike overhears and reacts in shock. The friend watches Fausto's blank expression the whole time, laughing. The waitress looks back and her friend shakes her head.

WAITRESS

*That's too bad. Fun as it is, I'm
not trying to work that hard.*

She kisses Fausto on the cheek and the girls walk away laughing. Fausto looks to Mike.

FAUSTO

What did she say?

Mike just shakes his head.

MIKE
There aren't enough churches in Canada.

Fausto pushes him and they get into another brotherly fight.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK / EXT. WOODS - DAY

Mike drives through the snow, down a poorly plowed, secluded road in the middle of dense trees. Fausto has grown anxious.

They finally come across it: A HUNTING SHACK hidden from the world with a MATTE BLACK SNOWMOBILE parked outside...

The truck parks at the edge of the driveway and the brothers take in the scene, mentally in very different places.

Mike reaches into the glove-box and pulls out TWO HANDGUNS. He slides one to Fausto who reluctantly accepts.

As Mike tucks his gun in his pant-leg, he watches his brother sadly do the SIGN OF the CROSS and mumble a prayer...

MIKE
Mama would strike me dead if she could see this... Give me that.

FAUSTO
What?

He mocks his sign of the cross.

MIKE
I'll get killed waiting for you to ask the Virgin Mary to bless every bullet. Just give it back.

FAUSTO
I'm supposed to watch your back.

MIKE
Look at me... You'll have many opportunities.

Fausto gives in. Mike tucks the second gun in the waist of his pants. He then reaches behind the seat of the truck and grabs a CANADIAN FLAG DUFFEL BAG. He looks around.

MIKE
Can't you see it, brother? Me and you in a little cabin in the woods?

Fausto looks at the cabin and imagines...

FAUSTO
Not really.

MIKE
Yeah, me neither.

Mike gets out of the truck. As he walks to the building, he discreetly makes a sign of the cross on his chest.

He arrives at the steps leading up to the cabin and stops to check out the SNOWMOBILE. He runs his hand over it...

FROM THE CAR, Fausto watches his brother walk up and knock on the door then get let inside. Now all he has to do is wait.

It starts to SNOW and he smiles, amazed. He rolls down his window and slides down in the seat so he's looking straight up at the beautiful white powder coming down from the sky...

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mike steps inside and is immediately thrown by the vibe:

VJ, a woman in her 20's, skinny and high in ripped denim, opens the door for him then returns to the couch without saying a word. She picks up her phone and resumes a game.

Next to her is a FUCKED UP GUY (FUG), staring into space and taking deep breaths, desperately clinging to reality.

Mike looks around the otherwise bare cabin...

MIKE
Where is Walter?

No reaction for the couch couple. A TOILET FLUSHES.

From the back room comes SLIP, a bad news biker, in his 40s. His forced smile makes him look very fucking sketchy.

SLIP
Mike?

MIKE
Who are you?

SLIP
Slip. Walter couldn't make it.

MIKE
Couldn't make it?

SLIP

Or more like he was reassigned. To be honest, it's above my pay grade and I don't know a lick more about it. I was told to be here now and now I'm here. You want some chili?

MIKE

No thank you.

Slip turns to VJ on the couch, but her brain's elsewhere.

SLIP

VJ. VJ! Bitch, press pause!

VJ finally looks up from her phone, annoyed.

SLIP

Chili, please. And while you're up, show our friend here a little love.

She sighs and walks over to Mike, placing her hands over his chest and back, feeling around--

He steps away from her and glares at Slip.

SLIP

I'd enjoy my food a lot more if I wasn't worried about getting shot. Call it professional courtesy, huh?

Slip lifts up his jacket and spins around to show Mike that he doesn't have anything on him.

As VJ is about to touch him again, Mike stops her and pulls the gun out from his waist band. Everyone freezes.

MIKE

No need.

He spins the gun around and hands it to her.

MIKE

And I will take some of that chili now. Smells too good.

SLIP

Now we're talking! Light up your belly a little before the midnight ride, am I right?

Slip walks over to the table and as he does he peeks out at MIKE'S TRUCK... Mike tenses up...

But there's NOBODY INSIDE. Mike masks his relief.

SLIP
You come all this way alone?

MIKE
Management's cutting costs.

After a moment of skepticism, Slip erupts in laughter.

SLIP
Fucking management. That's funny
shit right there. Pop a squat.
She's not much for conversation,
but VJ's chili will knock you off
your feet if you aren't careful.

As Slip takes a seat, he remembers something in his back pocket and contorts to pull it out. He tosses it to Mike:

KEYS.

SLIP
Before I forget what we're here
for. She's ready to go.

There's an awkward pause as Slip then looks to the bag expectantly. Mike tosses it to him.

Slip's real smile finally shows as he unzips the bag and looks inside to see CASH. A LOT.

SLIP
Shit, man... So that's it...

MIKE
(in Spanish)
That's it...

Slip nods, keeping his eyes locked on Mike while VJ sets a bowl of chili in front of him. She then sets a bowl in front of Mike. He notices her HAND IS SHAKING while she does so...

CHA-CHICK.

Mike doesn't seem surprised to see A GUN pressed to his temple. VJ trembles, nervous, her eyes glued on him.

Slip holds out his hand, his expression almost apologetic.

SLIP
Sorry hombre, but I'm going to need
those keys back.

Mike's expression changes and he suddenly looks like the craziest motherfucker in the room. He laughs to himself as he slowly pulls the key from his pocket and holds it up...

One hand is noticeably under the table still.

Slip doesn't understand but he laughs along with him.

VJ isn't laughing though. She's stressing.

VJ

What's so fucking funny?

SLIP

No idea. Must be a Mexican thing.

MIKE

Si. Si...

He tosses the keys to Slip--

AND GUN SHOTS FIRE THROUGH THE TABLE!

Slip is HIT SEVERAL TIMES in the chest.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Fausto hears the GUNSHOTS and quickly sits up in the truck where he was watching the snow fall. He looks around in a panic as he tries to figure out what to do.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT! He flinches and looks over at the KEYS in the ignition...

INT. CABIN - DAY

VJ doesn't understand what's happening--

Another GUNSHOT! Her KNEE BUCKLES!

Mike snatches her hand with the gun in it and holds her up by it. She cries in pain and grabs at her BLOODY, MANGLED KNEE.

VJ

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! He made me do it! I didn't even fucking want to!

He finally lifts his hand from under the table, the second gun clenched in his fist. He puts it to her forehead.

MIKE

Fucking addicts.

But her eyes look past him...

Mike spins around to see that the couch is now empty...

A WHISTLE gets his attention. The Fucked Up Guy is still fucked up, but he now has a SHOTGUN.

MIKE

Okay, now we can talk--

The FUG SHOOTS and hits Mike in the STOMACH. The force of the shot blows him back against the stove.

VJ forces herself to her feet, screaming in pain. She grabs her gun off the ground and points it at Mike.

The FUG steps next to her so they are now both standing directly in front of the window...

VJ

It wasn't personal before you shot me in the fucking leg, but now it kind of is--

An ENGINE STARTS outside and turn just as--

FAUSTO'S PICKUP TRUCK DRIVES THROUGH THE WALL!

FUG is mowed down under a pile of wood and glass!

VJ's limp body is draped over the hood, pinned between the grill and the back wall.

Fausto falls out of the driver's seat and looks around in shock. He sees VJ... He sees Slip...

He then sees his brother and dives to his side.

FAUSTO

Come on, Miguel. Let's go.

He tries to help Mike to his feet but Mike pushes him away. He COUGHS UP BLOOD and spits it to the side.

FAUSTO

No, no no. Come on, let's go home...

Mike's eyes dart around and he fights to speak.

MIKE

Fausto...

He nods to the KEYS, on the ground, by Slip's body. Fausto sees them. Mike grabs his brother and pulls him close.

MIKE

Run.

Fausto is still in shock and doesn't move--

MIKE

Run! Now!

He pushes him away. Fausto scrambles away from him and grabs the keys on the ground. The BAG OF CASH is right next to them so he grabs that too. He backs away from Mike...

FAUSTO

I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

Mike smiles at him, and with the little strength he has left, does a very weak sign of the cross. Fausto weeps as he turns away from his brother and runs out.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Fausto stumbles out of the cabin, over to the BLACK SNOWMOBILE. It's pretty clear he has never ridden one before.

He throws the bag over his shoulder, climbs on, looks around for where to put the key and STARTS THE IGNITION.

Then he sees his BLOODY FOOTPRINTS in the snow...

And with a look of determination, he hits the gas. The snowmobile disappears into the woods.

FADE TO:

INT. UPSET STATION - NIGHT

A MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH is stacked on the table.

Glenn and Janice stare at it, wide-eyed and quizzical.

GLENN

Funny, it's kind of underwhelming.

JANICE

I was gonna say the same thing.

GLENN

That wouldn't even fill one of those briefcases from the movies.

JANICE

No. You'd need some bubblewrap or packing peanuts in there to stop it from just flapping around.

GLENN

Imagine that, they open the briefcase at the end of the film and a bunch of packing peanuts go everywhere...

They share a quiet laugh. Then Janice points behind him--

Glenn turns around to the CELL IN THE CORNER, where Fausto has woken up and is on his knees beside the bed, PRAYING.

GLENN

Finally.

He walks up to the cell and taps on the bars.

GLENN

Rise and shine, pal.

Fausto completely ignores him as he continues his prayer. Glenn isn't really sure how to proceed. He feels like he's interrupting, but it is his job to do so.

GLENN

Excuse me.

Fausto prays on. Glenn looks back at Janice.

JANICE

Hey!

Fausto turns and looks at them. She nods to the heavens.

JANICE

He ain't going anywhere.

She gestures to wrap it up. Fausto goes back to his prayer, finally does the sign of the cross then sits on the mattress.

GLENN

My name is Officer Lincoln and this is Officer Bugginski. You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You the right to talk to a lawyer and have them present with you while you are being questioned.

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

If you cannot afford to hire a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent you before any questioning if you wish. Do you understand these rights and would you like to speak to us?

Fausto stares back blankly.

JANICE

You can play the quiet game for as long as you like but it won't do anybody any good. The sooner we figure this out, the sooner we get you where you're supposed to be.

Nothing. Glenn's turn.

GLENN

Come on, now. You were likely to end up dead out there if we hadn't spotted ya. Whatever you got yourself caught up in has clearly gotten all wonky and you've got no choice but to clue us in. What were you doing crossing the border in a blizzard with a million bucks in a bag and blood all over your boots?

He points to his boots. Fausto looks down at the blood and grows somber...

JANICE

Do you speak English? Any English?

Fausto understands the question and shakes his head.

GLENN

Really? No English?

Fausto shakes his head again.

JANICE

Great. That's great.

She turns away in frustration. Glenn walks over with an idea.

GLENN

You know, I speak a little French.

She stares at him, waiting for a point.

JANICE

So?

GLENN

Maybe he speaks French.

JANICE

Why would this Mexican speak
French?

GLENN

Why do I speak French?

JANICE

I have no idea.

GLENN

Seemed useful this close to Canada,
plus I thought it would be romantic
in high school, but that's not the
point, point is, we don't know.

JANICE

Just ask him already and stop
talking to me.

Glenn walks back up to the cell and shakily asks...

GLENN

Parlez-vous Francais?

Now Fausto is really confused.

JANICE

Well, does he speak French?

GLENN

No stone unturned, Bugg. It's just
good police-work.

JANICE

Uh-huh.

She holds up her IPHONE and walks back over to Fausto,
butchering the translation.

JANICE

Como te llamas?

He barely looks up, considers if he wants to engage, then...

FAUSTO

Fausto.

JANICE

Fausto?

FAUSTO
Si.

Glenn excitedly joins her.

GLENN
Alright, good work, Bugg. Now ask him what he was doing out there, ask him about the money, and the blood on his boots!

JANICE
Easy Glenn, give me some space.

JANICE
(reading from phone)
Fausto... Que Haces en Michigan?

Fausto answers in a RAPID LINE OF SPANISH. Janice tries to start typing but stops and looks up at Glenn, he just shakes his head, didn't catch any of that.

Fausto then sticks his hands through the bars and gestures for the phone. Janice smiles. Fausto nods.

JANICE
You type it? Yeah, great. That works.

She hands the phone over. Fausto starts typing. He looks up at Glenn and Janice, smiling expectantly, then turns around and holds the phone to his ear.

GLENN
He's making a call! He's calling someone!

JANICE
I see that, Glenn! Get the key!

Fausto gets an answering machine and he speaks as fast as he can, desperately giving directions or something, looking back at Glenn and Janice as he does.

Glenn gets the key and unlocks the cell. Janice throws the door open and charges in.

Fausto quickly hangs up and holds his hands above his head. She rips the phone from his hand. He has tears in his eyes from the phone call and is breathing hard.

JANICE
Goddammit, Fausto. We had a good thing going and you just ruined it.

She leaves the cell and Glenn locks it up again. They walk off to speak to each other.

JANICE

We need someone to speak Spanish.

Glenn nods, then kind of cringes.

JANICE

What?

GLENN

I know a gal...

JANICE

No. Someone else.

GLENN

Nothing would make me happier but
who else is there?

JANICE

Anyone, for fuck's sake, there's
got to be.

GLENN

You want this done tonight or not?

She paces off, angry, knowing this has to happen.

JANICE

Fine. Call her. Just, whatever.

She turns back to the cell where Fausto watches them,
bewildered... These cops are weird.

EXT. UPSET STATION - NIGHT

Janice watches from the window as the SNOW KEEPS FALLING.

A VAN pulls up and stops outside. The door opens and out
steps MAGGIE, Glenn's ex-wife. Behind her the back doors open
up and his son Duncan hops out, followed by his friend Stu.

Glenn is none too pleased as he moves to the door.

INT. UPSET STATION - CONTINUOUS

Glenn opens the door for Maggie and the boys. They come in
and stomp their boots on the ground.

DUNCAN

Hey Dad!

GLENN

Hey there buddy.

Maggie looks to Fausto in his cell, curious, full of empathy. She then looks to Janice, who gives her a nod. She nods back.

STU

Hey Officer Lincoln!

GLENN

Hey Stu. Boy am I surprised to see you here, it being a school night and all...

MAGGIE

What was that?

GLENN

Thanks again for coming by, Maggie, your county appreciates you.

Stu and Duncan run over to Fausto in his cell, who seems ashamed to have these children see him in here.

DUNCAN

Dad, did you bust this guy? What did he do?

STU

Is he a murderer? Who did he kill?

JANICE

Hey get back from there, come on, this isn't a zoo...

The room gets weird. Janice reprimanding the boys is clearly not something that works in this dynamic.

JANICE

You know, while you do this, I'm going to search his snowmobile. Need to do that still.

She puts her coat on and hurries out. Glenn leads the boys away then pulls up a chair for Maggie to sit by Fausto.

GLENN

Duncan, you and Stu go play over by my desk. Your mother is on official police business now.

STU

Can I shoot your gun?

GLENN

Watch it, Stu.

Maggie takes her seat, shakes off the weirds then smiles at Fausto. Their conversation is in *SPANISH*.

MAGGIE

Hi. My name is Maggie. I'm not a cop. Honestly, I don't really like cops. Especially not these two.

Glenn just smiles, no idea what is being said.

MAGGIE

But they are not bad people. They will listen to you if you let them.

Fausto looks up at her, struggling to figure out what to do, but finally leans in close...

FAUSTO

Help. Please. Help me. They're going to kill me... And all of you.

INT. SNOWMOBILE TRAILER - NIGHT

The back gate of the trailer FLIES UP with a metallic CLANG, revealing Janice outside in the snow.

She jumps into the back and walks to FAUSTO'S SNOWMOBILE, slightly banged up from the crash, but mostly intact.

Janice begins her inspection by taking the SEAT OFF and looking inside the STORAGE COMPARTMENT: empty.

She opens the HOOD and looks at the ENGINE: nothing stashed.

She gets down on the ground and shines a flashlight over the TRACK: still nothing.

Finally, she opens the SMALL GLOVE COMPARTMENT: a whistle, but that's it.

The last thing she does is stick the key in the ignition and FIRE THE ENGINE.

Inside the trailer, the NOISE IS THUNDEROUS and Janice listens closely... There's something odd there.

She KILLS IT, then STARTS IT AGAIN and REVS the engine a couple times, listening, unable to place what's off...

Bugg realizes what she has to do. She turns off the motor and walks over to a TOOL BOX in the corner. Inside is a variety of WRENCHES, SCREWDRIVERS and a KNIFE.

She begins to systematically TAKE APART the engine of the snowmobile. As she strips away various PLATES and HOSES, her growing suspicion is quickly confirmed:

A TAPED-UP, PLASTIC-WRAPPED PACKAGE has been concealed inside the engine.

Bugg frees the package and CUTS IT OPEN...

PILLS.

Nondescript, white, round pills stamped with the number "68."

As she holds one up to her eye to read the number, something changes in Janice. Something scary.

INT. UPSET STATION - NIGHT

Glenn is floored by the story he has just heard from Fausto, as translated by Maggie.

Fausto can barely hold it together as he gets it all out and Maggie similarly fights to maintain a neutral tone.

Fausto finally breaks down as he SPEAKS:

MAGGIE

"My brother... I had to leave him.
I had to run. I couldn't save him.
I let my brother die alone..."

Maggie has to stop to wipe her eye.

The door opens and Bugg stomps in, determined. She goes straight over to her desk where Duncan and Stu have found BATONS and are choreographing a light-saber duel.

JANICE

Hey boys, you want to see something neat?

Of course they do. They gather around while Janice opens a drawer and gathers a SMALL BEAKER, A WATER DROPPER and TEST STRIPS.

Glenn walks over solemnly and joins the boys in the audience.

GLENN
Say, Bugg, we should talk...

He finally clocks the PILLS on her desk and watches her CRUSH one under the beaker then scoop the POWDER INSIDE. She continues on mechanically while she speaks to him.

JANICE
About what?

GLENN
About the story I just heard--
Where did you find those?

JANICE
Oh he didn't tell you? The engine of his sled is packed full of pharmaceuticals. I'm surprised he left that out. It feels important.

She SQUIRTS WATER into the beaker and swirls it all around until the powder has dissolved.

Glenn looks back at Fausto who is straining to see what is going on, but can tell it isn't good. He asks Maggie what is going on, but she doesn't know. She tries to console him.

DUNCAN
Officer Bugginski, what is that you're doing?

JANICE
Great question, Duncan. So, I just found these pills here inside our friend Fausto's snowmobile. Based off the extreme effort spent to conceal them, I am guessing these are bad pills. But exactly what kind of bad is what I need to know. This right here:

She picks up a TEST STRIP and drops it in the solution.

JANICE
Will test for the worst kind of pill, which is called fentanyl. More specifically, if this pill contains a very small amount of fentanyl, because if this whole pill was fentanyl, it could pretty much kill everyone in town.

GLENN
Bugg...

She takes her eyes off the test strip for just long enough to read his expression.

JANICE
Narcotic education and awareness is
our foremost objective, Glenn.

She looks back, waiting for the strip to change. The boys also lean in and nobody can hardly breathe...

Until the STRIP FINALLY BEGINS TO GLOW RED.

Janice's eyes do the same.

STU
What's that mean? Is it a bad pill?

JANICE
Yes, Stu. It's a very bad pill.
Glenn, keep the boys back here. I
need to ask Fausto something.

She walks over to the cell, her HAND ON HER SIDEARM and her focus needle-sharp on Fausto, who is terrified of her.

JANICE
Margaret, would you please
translate for me?

Maggie is also terrified of her and nods. From here on, Maggie repeats what Janice says in SPANISH, but it's like she isn't there as Janie and Fausto are locked in on each other.

JANICE
Fausto, I'm going to ask you a question in a moment, but I want to tell you a quick story first. It's about my dad. He was a police officer, like me. For a long time. And before that, he was in the army. Vietnam. He got some injuries back in those days and dealt with a lot of pain for most of his life. About ten years ago, he was doing a routine traffic stop and a drunk driver panicked and reversed into him while they were trying to drive away. He survived, but his pain got really bad. He started taking some pills to help manage it and it worked really well at first. But as he got older and the pain got worse, he kept taking more and more.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

We didn't fully appreciate it back then, but the truth was, he was completely addicted to those pills. So then the laws change and his insurance no longer covered the pills he had been legally supplied by the pharmacy all those years. Instead he goes through a friend and buys some illegally that were a lot cheaper. What he didn't realize is that the ones he bought were not actually made with oxycodone like his body was used to. They were made with fentanyl. And it only takes the slightest fraction of a decimal mistake in the chemistry for fentanyl to kill you. And that's what happened to my dad. When I found him, I had just run down to the hardware, couldn't have been gone more than an hour, but there he was, in the garage next to his boat and a bottle of his pills. Pills that looked exactly like this one I just found in your vehicle.

She holds up a pill for him to see. Fausto looks away, afraid and ashamed.

JANICE

Now, time for that question I promised, and believe me when I tell you, Fausto, this is the only time I am going to ask you nicely. Whose pills are these and where were you taking them?

Maggie finishes the translation and stares at Janice, who turns to her, the same intensity lingering in her gaze.

JANICE

Thanks.

EXT. UPSET STATION - NIGHT

Maggie, extremely rattled, corrals the boys in the van.

Glenn trails behind, trying to be comforting.

GLENN

Okay then, I'll catch up with youse a little later and we can coordinate plans for the weekend.

Maggie slams the door behind her and gets the hell out of there before any more can be asked of her.

Glenn waves goodbye then turns back to the station and runs back inside before Janice does anything crazy.

INT. UPSET STATION - NIGHT

Janice has her phone in one hand and an ADDRESS ON A PIECE OF PAPER in the other. She stares at the phone:

And the NUMBER FAUSTO CALLED.

She scrolls past the number to "GABRIEL DEA" on her call list. Her thumb hovers over the call button...

Glenn comes back in and she doesn't even look up.

GLENN
You call it in yet?

She shakes her head.

GLENN
I can do it, but I'd hate to be
"difficult" for your boy Gabe.

The joke feels like it's from another life that Janice barely even remembers. She looks up at him.

JANICE
What if we don't call it in?

GLENN
And let him go?

JANICE
Let him go? No. Go see this through
ourselves. It is our case after
all.

GLENN
Our case? We don't have cases,
Bugg. We're none of the above,
remember?

JANICE
We're whatever our community needs
us to be. These drugs are in our
towns. Coming after our people. If
we don't protect them, who will?
We're just a piece of the puzzle to
everyone else, you know that.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Someone dies in the UP. Someone gets rich in Detroit. Someone gets elected in Washington. I'm just sick of it. Sick to fuckin' death.

She makes a compelling argument.

JANICE

This is our chance, Glenn. To strike a real blow. I don't want it to just end up another report on a desk. I want, ya know, justice.

He does love justice, but...

GLENN

I'm obligated to remind you that these are your new bosses you're talking about. I don't know how it's gonna go over you going rogue.

She knows what he's saying and gives it one last thought. Eventually she just shrugs.

JANICE

Just as well. Maybe my place is right here with you.

She moved this decision from his head to his heart and they both know where his heart leans... He inevitably nods.

GLENN

I'm gonna run out and grab us some food. We got a long one up ahead.

He turns back towards the door and pauses...

GLENN

I hope you know what you're doing, Bugg. This feels like one of those things there's no going back from.

He closes the door behind him, leaving her with that...

PARTY GIRLS (PRE-LAP)

(singing)

Let's do drugs!

CUT TO:

INT. COOL "DIVE" BAR - NIGHT

Not really a dive bar though, just designed to look like one.

A group of PARTY GIRLS (early 20s) jump up and down by the jukebox, scream-singing "Let's Do Drugs" by NOBRO.

The song calls out: "the kind of drugs that we used to do!"

And the Party Girls yell in response:

PARTY GIRLS
Let's do drugs!

"Back in the '90s, before I knew you..."

PARTY GIRLS
Let's do drugs!

"We'll throw caution to the wind and you know that we'll do..."

PARTY GIRLS
Drugs, drugs, drugs, drugs!

SPECIAL AGENT LARK, 60, can't believe his eyes. Nor can he trust them because he's hammered drunk, slouched on the bar.

LARK
Gabriel! You see this?

AGENT GABRIEL DAWSON (30s) sets down another round of beers. Gabriel is handsome in an *American Psycho* way, where every smile feels calculated and borders on threatening. He's not nearly as intoxicated as Lark.

GABRIEL
I see it. Wild.

One of the Party Girls sees Gabriel watching them and smiles. Gabriel smiles back. Lark sees the whole thing and scoffs, taking another sip of beer he doesn't need.

LARK
Fuck, I'm old.

GABRIEL
State of mind, boss.

LARK
Stop the boss shit. Okay? I didn't like it when we worked together and now it just sounds like you're pandering to your grandfather.

GABRIEL
You're not that old!

LARK

Yes I am. You know how I know?

GABRIEL

How?

He's only half in the conversation because the Party Girl is really making eyes at him now. He playfully opens his coat and flashes his DEA BADGE.

The girl covers her mouth in faux-shock then puts her finger to her lips, like it'll just be their secret.

Gabriel smiles, then finally realizes he never heard the end of what Lark was saying. He turns back to old partner...

Who is PASSED OUT. Gabriel sighs.

INT. LARK'S CONDO - NIGHT

Gabriel pushes open the door with an unconscious Lark draped over his shoulder. He struggles to get him inside.

HIS PHONE RINGS.

He hurriedly waddles over to the sofa and drops Lark on it. He fishes for his phone in his pocket, but the ringing stops by the time he pulls it out...

There's no missed call on this phone.

A more severe expression takes hold as he reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out A SECOND PHONE, cheaper and simpler than his main one.

This phone DINGS with a VOICEMAIL.

Gabriel holds it up to his ear...

It's FAUSTO'S MESSAGE FROM THE JAIL CELL.

Gabriel has to take a seat next to Lark on the sofa as he listens. When it's over, he takes a deep, controlled breath and flips the phone closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CULLY GAGE'S HOUSE - MORNING

An AX comes down on a LOG, splitting it in two halves.

CULLY GRACE, late 60s, picks up a stack of quartered wood. If you had to guess, you'd think Cully was a roadie by trade, a successful one, for a big band. He is physical and rough around the edges, but organized and confident in his moves.

He carries the logs over to a HIGH-TECH OUTDOOR FURNACE and throws them into the fire.

Behind the furnace is an ELABORATE GREENHOUSE. Huge and visibly lush from the outside.

The surrounding area is extremely remote. Cully is out there.

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He pulls out an OLD FLIP PHONE and his GLASSES to read the CALLER ID. It's a long, INTERNATIONAL NUMBER. He flips open the phone to take the call on SPEAKER.

CULLY
(in MANDARIN)
Hello?

The VOICE on the other end is a young, Chinese woman speaking in slightly-off, American-salesperson-impersonation English.

CALLER (JOANNE)
Good afternoon Mr. Grace, this is
Joanne from WuPharm, how is your
day today?

Cully adds an amused tone to his voice, selling back to her. He walks back to his wood pile and picks up more logs, wedging the phone between his shoulder and cheek.

CULLY
Joanne, please, call me Cully.

JOANNE.
Thank you, Cully. I'm wondering, do
you have a moment to discuss an
exciting opportunity?

CULLY
Oh hell, why not. Fire away.

JOANNE.
Since you are one of our most
preferred customers, we wanted to
tell you first about a special
promotion we're having with one of
your favorite products. Your usual
order of 4-anilino-1-
benzylpiperidine at 2,000 U.S.
(MORE)

JOANNE. (CONT'D)
dollars per kilogram is on deep
discount to our MVP clients
interested in a one-time bulk order.
Do you want to hear more, Cully?

He carries the wood over to the furnace. A knowing smile on
his face as he listens.

CULLY
You know I do.

JOANNE.
Excellent. Now, for a limited time
only, I can offer you that very
same 4-anilino-1-benzylpiperidine
for an unbelievable 1700 U.S.
dollars per kilogram. That is a
remarkable savings of over fifteen
percent, Cully.

CULLY
That *is* remarkable. So how much 4AB
do I need to buy to qualify for
this special promotion?

JOANNE.
The minimum order is only fifty
kilograms. But you can order as
much as you are interested in.

CULLY
Fifty? Five-zero? That's five times
my usual order.

JOANNE.
Yes, but for the price of barely
four times. It is like you buy four
and get one free, Cully. That is a
really special deal.

CULLY
Tell me, Joanne. Would this deal
happen to be because the Chinese
government finally bowed down to US
pressure to *schedule* 4AB making it
no longer legal to sell, therefore
leaving you guys with vats and vats
of the shit lying around that
you'll have to just flush down the
commode if you can't unload all of
it in a hurry?

Silence on the other end...

JOANNE.

Cully, you will not believe what just happened. I told my supervisor you were such an exceptional business partner and he has given me the green light to offer you our platinum buyer discount. 1500 U.S. dollars per kilogram.

Cully smiles.

CULLY

Alright then, Joanne. Count me in for fifty kilos.

JOANNE.

Excellent, Cully. As soon as payment has received we will get that to your location within seventy-two hours.

He hears a DISTANT RUMBLE and turns to see a GANG OF MOTORCYCLES approaching fast through the woods.

CULLY

Sounds good. Give me a shout when the geniuses cook up 5AB.

He hangs up the phone as the motorcycles hit the straight road leading up to his house. He counts FOUR of them. It's unusual, but not unprecedented.

DAVIS MORR, 50s, thoughtfully angry, kills the engine of the lead bike.

CULLY

What happened?

Davis hesitates...

DAVIS

You got a place to talk?

Cully considers then gestures inside the greenhouse.

INT. CULLY'S GREENHOUSE - MORNING

Cully's greenhouse is thriving. He's created a perfect tropical ecosystem in the middle of the frozen woods.

In the center is a POND filled with ALGAE slowly churning.

Davis walks in and immediately starts to sweat. He takes off his coat and gloves. His eyes land on something major...

DAVIS

Jesus, Cully. You really are some kind of genius.

He's looking at a wall covered in MARIJUANA plants, so lush they look like decorative bamboo. Cully laughs.

DAVIS

Why's that funny?

CULLY

It's a weed, Davis. It would be harder for me to kill at this point. But this...

(gesturing all around)
Is infinite power. Completely sustainable, clean energy...

DAVIS

The world's first green meth lab.

Cully is snapped out of his Ted talk. He frowns and lifts a trap door to reveal a STAIRCASE down to another level.

CULLY

Fuck, man. You really know how to hurt someone's feelings.

He heads down below to--

INT. CULLY'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Below the greenhouse is an extremely professional LABORATORY. Immaculately neat, everything is sterile steel and vinyl.

The constant ventilation and VARIOUS MACHINES are LOUD.

SEALED CONTAINERS with CHINESE WRITING are stacked on a shelf to one side.

LARGE DRUMS with INTER-CONNECTED TUBES fill the floorspace so it's like walking through a corn maze.

And in the far corner is an INDUSTRIAL PILL PRESS, taking the raw powder and producing thousands of LITTLE WHITE PILLS.

Also on the counter is a standard COFFEE POT. Cully pours a cup for Davis and one for himself. Davis takes a sip and smiles.

DAVIS

These special beans?

CULLY

Folger's. So what happened?

DAVIS

Things got all fucked up. Walt is dead. The Mexican is dead. The money is gone and so are the pills.

Cully processes this like all problems that need solving, with calm attention.

DAVIS

It would appear that Slip, that fucking tweaker, found out about the deal and tried to cut himself in, but now his ass is piled up with the rest of the bodies.

CULLY

So who made it out alive?

DAVIS

Thinking the Mexican probably had someone with him.

CULLY

Not one of Slip's people?

DAVIS

No, we think everyone Slip brought got caught up in the mess. There's more bodies...

He trails off in a way that Cully picks up on. He looks at his face and registers whatever small amount of emotion Davis is putting out there.

CULLY

Who else?

Cully's scientific exterior cracks.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin has not changed from the shootout, apart from quite a bit of SNOW BLOWN INSIDE through the HOLE IN THE WALL.

VJ'S BROKEN BODY rests on the floor. The fresh snow makes her look a lot more angelic in death than she was in life.

Cully kneels down beside her and takes her hand. Somewhere inside he's crying, but he's too fucking angry to let it out.

CULLY

Who here knows where my drugs are?

Cully stands and faces the GANG OF BIKERS assembled. None of them have an answer.

CULLY

Then why the fuck is everyone standing around. Clean this goddamn place up and fucking find em.

That breaks them into a flurry of activity.

DAVIS

I'll take care of this, Cully. Go do whatever you need to do.

Cully thinks about it... But this is what he has to do.

CULLY

What else do we know?

Davis walks over to the bathroom and pushes open the door to see a MAN strangled with a steel cable and left in the bathtub. Cully and Davis study the body, emotionless.

DAVIS

Well, we know Walter probably wasn't in on it.

He's hesitant to ask, but has to.

DAVIS

You ever talk to VJ about this?

CULLY

I hadn't seen her in months...

They turn back to the main cabin where A GROUP OF GUYS are PUSHING THE TRUCK out of the living room. Others LUG BODIES.

CULLY

Find out who this Mexican is, where he came from, where he was staying and most importantly, who was with him. Start by running the numbers on this shit heap.

Two guys come to VJ's body and look to Davis for instruction.

DAVIS

Cully...

Cully understands the question being asked and pauses.

CULLY

Jesus.

In a sudden fit of rage he picks up a LAMP and SMASHES IT AGAINST THE WALL until there's nothing but a wire left. He collects himself and leaves through the hole in the wall.

CULLY

Put her in the truck.

INT. CULLY'S TRUCK - DAY

Cully sits, engine running, on the side of the road.

He looks in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR where he sees into the canopy-covered bed of the truck and catches a glimpse his DAUGHTER'S BODY under a SHEET.

His resolve waivers but ultimately he turns on a CB RADIO set to hear POLICE CHATTER.

He then does a U-TURN and peels off in the other direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-75 - DAY

The UPSET SUV, trailer and everything, speeds down the freshly plowed highway, huge mounds of snow on either side.

INT. UPSET SUV - DAY

The mood inside is 30% boredom and 70% extreme tension. It's been a long twenty-four hours.

Glenn is driving, a cup of coffee glued to his hand.

Bugg is on her phone, typing a message into a translator and writing down the Spanish version on a piece of paper.

Fausto is handcuffed in the backseat, staring out the window.

JANICE

Okay, Fausto... *Cuando lleguemos,*
nos quedaremos en el camion, tu
subes en la moto de nieve--

GLENN
Is that snowmobile? *Moto de nieve?*

JANICE
Must be, yeah.

GLENN
Moto de nieve.

FAUSTO
Motonieve.

GLENN
Just motonieve?

FAUSTO
Si.

GLENN
Very cool. *Me gusto motonieve.*

Fausto nods, mildly amused. Him and Glenn seem to like each other alright. Janice isn't nearly as chummy.

JANICE
Yeah, okay, that's fun. So... *Tu sabes en la motonieve hasta la casa, les das las llaves y regresas directamente a nosotros. Nosotros haremos el resto. Lo entiendes?*

FAUSTO
Si.

JANICE
Okay. Um, gracias.

She quickly turns back around.

GLENN
Bugg, are we sure this is the best way to do this? I mean, I don't know how I feel about putting this kid in harm's way.

JANICE
He put himself in harm's way. We saved his life. Now helping us out is what's best for him big picture and you know it as much as I do.

GLENN
Yeah, but...

JANICE

But nothing, okay? We've spent all night thinking it through and this is the best option for all of us. All he has to do is drop off the keys and walk away. Then as soon as someone comes out and sits on that sled, we roll up and make our bust.

He sighs.

JANICE

I mean... Right?

He leaves her hanging as something catches his eye.

GLENN

Here it is, Fausto! Check this out!

Fausto leans into the center of the truck so he can see out the windshield as they round a corner into view of...

THE MACKINAC BRIDGE.

Emerging seemingly out of nowhere, the behemoth feat of engineering towers above like nothing Fausto has ever seen.

GLENN

The Mighty Mac. Biggest suspension bridge in the Western Hemisphere. 26,372 feet of human ingenuity. Lake Huron to the east and Lake Michigan to the west, this is the only road connecting the Upper Peninsula to the rest of Michigan.

Fausto is in awe as they enter the bridge. He turns to the window and looks out at the seemingly endless bodies of water stretching out on either side of him.

GLENN

Fun fact about the Mackinac Bridge, it takes a full year to paint so when they finish with a coat, they just go right back to the start...

It's at this point Glenn notices Janice staring at him.

GLENN

What?

JANICE

He doesn't understand you, Glenn.

GLENN

So.

JANICE

So why do you keep talking?

GLENN

Because he may not know what I'm saying, but he darn sure knows what it means if we stay silent.

That's as much of a tone as Glenn gets. It quiets her.

Fausto is still staring out the window as they near the end of the bridge, arriving at Mainland Michigan.

Now it's Janice who can't handle the silence as she leans forward and turns on the radio.

"IN THE END" by Linkin Park is just getting started, the drum beat and piano leading up to the verse--

FAUSTO

One thing, I don't know why, it doesn't even matter how hard you try, keep that in mind, I designed this rhyme to explain it due time, all I know--

Fausto raps the entire verse in perfect English.

Glenn and Janice look to each other in confused surprise, then back to Fausto.

He takes the verse all the way to the chorus, getting more and more into until he finally just starts moshing around in the back of the SUV. Eyes closed, just feeling Linkin Park.

Fausto keeps rocking out while the SUV leaves the bridge.

Janice looks back at the Mighty Mac getting smaller behind them, and the Upper Peninsula disappearing in the fog beyond.

EXT. HESSEL BAY - DAY

Two OLD TIMERS sit out on the ice around an ICE FISHING HOLE.

Finally, one speaks:

OLD TIMER 1

You hear about that Mexican they got over at Glenn and Janice's place?

OLD TIMER 2
 (nods)
 Found him out on the ice off
 Drummond.

OLD TIMER 1
 Well, what the heck was he doing
 out there?

INT. RED OWL GROCERY STORE - DAY

An ELDERLY SHOPPER in the check out line of the grocery
 speaks to another WOMAN in line.

ELDERLY SHOPPER
 Kathleen's grandson, Stu, was there
 at the station, school night and
 all. He said the fella had enough
 narcotics on him to kill the whole
 town. Stashed away in a snowmobile!
 Ya know, like, concealed. Away from
 the eyes of the law...

EXT. DUMP - DAY

A Grizzled DUMP WORKER sits in his booth by giant dumpsters
 and chats away to a MAN in a pickup full of EMPTY BEER CANS.

DUMP WORKER
 Herman says he was one of those
 Cartel-fellas.

BEER CAN BOB
 Cartels in da U.P... I've been
 sayin' it for years now.

DUMP WORKER
 Have you?

BEER CAN BOB
 Ya. I've been sayin' it.

DUMP WORKER
 Oh... You were right about that
 then.

INT. ISLANDER BAR - DAY

A YOUNG FEMALE BARTENDER chats with some LOCALS at the bar,
 her true-crime passion showing in her thirst for clues.

BARTENDER

Glenn was here last night. He came by and picked up perch baskets for him and Janice. And an extra...

LOCAL

Like, for later?

BARTENDER

No, for the cartel fella. He had the perch...

LOCAL

He's probably not used to freshwater fish.

BARTENDER

(like he cracked the case)
I bet you're right! Geez, that's interesting, isn't it? And you know, I drove by the station on my way to work and Glenn's truck was not there, and you know he arrives early, so...

LOCAL

Wait... Station isn't on your way to work.

BARTENDER

(busted, indignant)

I'm curious by nature and I never claimed not to be! I wonder where they're taking him?

INT. UPSET SUV / EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

They drive down what feels like a backroad, with LONG DRIVEWAYS disappearing off it into dense trees. ADDRESSED MAILBOXES are the only sign this is in fact a neighborhood.

Janice spots the address she's looking for.

JANICE

That's it...

Glenn keeps driving down the road til he reaches a cul-de-sac at the end and pulls over

They hear Fausto PRAYING in the backseat. Eyes closed, muttering in rapid Spanish.

Glenn looks to Janice... "you sure about this?"

JANICE
Let's get unloaded.

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Glenn and Janice open the back gate of the trailer. Fausto's snowmobile is inside, all put back together.

Bugg climbs in and disconnects it from the tie-downs while Glenn slides down the ramp. Janice straddles the sled and turns the ignition--

INT. UPSET SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SNOWMOBILE ENGINE rattles the SUV.

Fausto's eyes open, his prayers trailing off... He looks down at his hand:

They're SHAKING.

OUTSIDE, Janice backs the snowmobile down and nods to Glenn. He walks over to the back seat to get Fausto...

GLENN
Jesus!

Fausto has shrunk onto the floor of the truck, gasping for air, his whole body shaking violently.

FAUSTO
No puedo respirar... No puedo respirar...

Glenn pulls Fausto out of the truck and lays him down on the snowy ground. Janice stands over top of him.

JANICE
What's happening to him?

GLENN
It's a panic attack. Guys had them in the Army all the time. Give him space.

Glenn takes hold of Fausto's hand and begins to guide him in square breathing.

GLENN
Follow me, Fausto. Ready, in-2-3-4, hold-2-3-4, out-2-3-4... Again.
(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)
In-2-3-4, hold-2-3-4, out-2-3-4...
Slow it down, that's it.

He counts with his fingers as he does it again. Slowly, Fausto begins to get his breathing under control.

Janice steps back, it's all falling apart. She looks over to the running snowmobile... And without much thought, takes off her UPSET jacket and drops it to the ground.

Glenn is still on the ground with Fausto when he hears her RIDE AWAY. He jumps up and chases after her for a second but she's already gone and not looking back.

Janice doesn't even slow up as she approaches the driveway, just turns in and goes for it.

It is a long, winding road that feels like it is leading deep into a forest...

EXT. DREAM HOME - CONTINUOUS

Until it opens up to a BEAUTIFUL, TWO-STORY HOUSE.

Far from a meth-den in the woods, this is a winter dream, Hallmark card kinda home, complete with American flag window awnings and a wreath on the front door.

She's completely disarmed as she rolls up and kills the engine... Can this be right?

Suddenly, one of three GARAGE DOORS OPENS.

Inside is a TRICKED OUT PICK UP TRUCK.

The door from inside the house opens and TRAVIS, 18 and jacked, steps into the garage, shirtless in athletic shorts, and walks over to a refrigerator full of protein shakes.

He finally turns to the open garage and sees Janice looking back at him. He smiles at her.

TRAVIS
Can I help you?

Janice steps off the snowmobile and looks around, confused. Travis is waiting...

JANICE
I was told to drop this off at this address.

TRAVIS
Drop what off?

She points to the snowmobile. His jaw drops.

TRAVIS
Oh sick!

JANICE
Are your parents home?

TRAVIS
Nah. Just me and my brother.

Janice nods, disappointed, and is about to call it when--

COLE (O.S.)
Yo, close the fucking door, I'm
trying to sweat in this bitch!

COLE, 19, emerges into the garage. He's a more jacked and more animated version of Travis. Also shirtless.

COLE
Well fuck me... What's up, girl?

TRAVIS
She was told to drop this off.

Cole laughs. Janice notes the manic, speedy edge to him. Maybe this is the right place after all.

COLE
No shit. These motherfuckers are
crazy. Sending this MILF my
direction. Well, come on in then.

JANICE
Sorry, I was told to just leave it.

His attitude shifts as he walks up to the edge of the garage.

COLE
You some kind of good girl? Because
I don't really fuck with good
girls. They're the ones that always
get me in trouble.

Janice weighs her options... And smiles back at him.

JANICE
I'm gonna get you in trouble? Feels
kind of like the other way around.

COLE
(winks)
Only one way to find out...

She knows this is a bad idea. But she also has a mission. And the mission was always going to win out today.

She walks into the garage, Cole doesn't move, forcing her to brush past him closer than she would like.

COLE
You smell good. Like gasoline.

JANICE
You stink. Like sweat.

Cole laughs and bounds up the steps inside. He hits the garage door button as he does passes it.

Travis joins his brother in the house, leaving Janice to watch as the outside world slowly disappears...

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Glenn gets Fausto to his feet and leans him against the SUV.

He walks over and picks Janice's jacket off the ground, concern pulling him in two opposite directions.

He looks down the road where she disappeared...

And back to Fausto getting his breathing under control...

GLENN
Dammit, Bugg.

Just then, her jacket VIBRATES in his hand. He feels around. She left her cell phone in her pocket. Glenn pulls out the phone and sees the caller ID:

GABRIEL DEA.

Glenn looks busted and frantically debates what to do. Finally, he answers and does his best to stay cool.

GLENN
Morning there, Gabe! How ya doing today?

INT. DEA OFFICE - DAY

Gabriel rolls his eyes at the sound of Glenn's voice. He's alone in his office, anxiously squeezing a stress ball.

GABRIEL

Glenn? Did I call the wrong number?

GLENN

Ha. No, no you didn't. Bugg just stepped away from her phone.

GABRIEL

Bugg?

GLENN

Janice, sorry. Just a little nickname.

GABRIEL

Got it, that's fun. Listen, word is you had a busy night last night.

Glenn stiffens up. This is his worst nightmare.

GLENN

What do you mean by that?

GABRIEL

I mean the Mexican you found out on the ice.

GLENN

Oh... Yeah. You heard about that?

GABRIEL

We did and we've got some questions. Who is this guy? You guys find anything out?

Glenn's mind is racing, a new concern dawning on him...

GLENN

We don't really know who he is, guy doesn't speak any English. Hey, how'd you know we found him?

Gabriel smiles, more than ready to play Glenn's game.

GABRIEL

We're the DEA, Glenn. We know everything. But I am curious why I didn't hear about it from you. You hiding something from me?

GLENN

Nothing to hide, Gabe. Didn't call ya because it wasn't a drug matter. Just another straggler on the border as far as we could tell. Unless you know something I don't.

Gabriel takes a second to respond, debating his next move.

GABRIEL

Tell you what. Sit tight up there, okay? I'll be in touch soon.

He hangs up. And THROWS THE STRESS BALL against the wall!

He then looks around to make sure nobody saw that.

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Glenn is shook. It takes him a second to move.

He flips to the CALL HISTORY and scrolls to last night:

GLENN, GOOSE, UNKNOWN NUMBER...

He looks to Fausto, who registers Glenn's distress.

Fausto stares back at him, fear in his eyes.

GLENN

Oh, for Pete's sake.

INT. DREAM HOME - STUDIO - DAY

The room off the garage is a hybrid GYM/SOUNDSTAGE.

Free-weights, medicine balls, resistance bands in one corner. Some small equipment but nothing crazy. Chin up bars and American Ninja Warrior type stuff.

Mirrors line three of the walls, but the fourth has a GREEN-SCREEN BACKDROP.

There are different FREE-STANDING LIGHTS set up all over, ready for a photoshoot.

Travis carries all those protein shakes he got from the garage over to the chin up bar and stages them, label out.

Cole does a couple sets of push ups and gets amped.

JANICE

So, are you two some kind of
personal trainers?

Cole laughs and looks to Travis.

COLE

Personal trainers, this MILF...
(back to Janice)
Let me do one thing then we can
talk it out, okay? Enjoy the show.

TRAVIS

Ready.

Travis has set his cell phone up on a tri-pod facing the chin up bar. Cole struts over and Travis gives him a quick spray with an oil mix that makes him glisten.

Cole beats his chest several times and YELLS. He then hops up on the chin up bar and turns upside down.

COLE

Let's go!

TRAVIS

Action!

Cole sticks his tongue out and screams like a maniac while he does bizarre upside-down pull ups for about ten seconds.

Janice has no idea what the fuck is going on.

TRAVIS

Cut!

Cole drops down and grabs a towel to wipe off some of the excess oil. He gives Janice a nod as he walks upstairs.

COLE

Alright, let's go.

She tentatively follows him upstairs to the main house...

INT. DREAM HOME - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

One look around and Janice isn't sure there actually are any parents who live here.

The beautiful kitchen doesn't seem to be in use, the living room all focuses in on a huge tv surrounded by tech and toys.

Suddenly the MUSIC COMES ON VERY LOUD, making her jump.

Cole laughs as he lights a joint and offers it to her.

JANICE

No thanks. Do you own this place?

Cole looks at her curiously.

COLE

They said they were sending a new guy... But I thought it'd be, you know, a guy.

JANICE

Yeah, well, you're not exactly what I was expecting either.

COLE

Thank you, thank you.

He not-so-subtly flexes while taking a drag. She smiles, but this whole thing makes her say and not great at hiding it. But Cole isn't particularly observant of that type of thing.

COLE

So what are you doing here?

JANICE

Excuse me?

He crosses over to her, closer than she would like.

COLE

Just being real with you, I work out, get high and fuck. If you ain't getting high, and I just finished my work out...

Janice keeps her cool and smiles back as she reaches into her pocket and pulls out the SNOWMOBILE KEYS.

JANICE

Maybe next time.

He looks at them hanging from her finger.

COLE

You gonna leave once I take those keys?

JANICE

I'm gonna leave either way.

COLE

You don't like to have fun?

JANICE
Not when I'm working.

Cole still doesn't take the keys, instead he keeps smoking his joint and walks behind her, eyeing her up and down. Janice turns her head to keep an eye on him.

COLE
Then that's your problem right there. My dad always says if you love what you do, you'll never work a day in your life.

JANICE
He sounds like a smart guy. I'd love to meet him sometime.

He steps up behind her, way too close, and runs his hand down her arm towards the keys...

COLE
So stick around...

His pelvis presses up against her... He freezes.

COLE
Is that a gun in your pants or am I just happy to see you?

JANICE
I think it's both, Cole.

COLE
Shit, if it wasn't before...

She spins around to face him. He's smiling.

COLE
Let me see it.

JANICE
No.

COLE
C'mon. I'll show you mine, if you show me yours...

JANICE
Pro tip. Don't play kids games with a grown woman. I'm not a babysitter.

She tosses the snowmobile keys on the kitchen table and turns to walk away--

TRAVIS
Bro, check this out!

Travis almost runs into her as he charges in with a cell phone, showing off the insane TikTok they just made. Cole is stoked and hands the phone to Janice.

COLE
Last chance at some superstar dick, girl.

Janice watches the insane TikTok: Cole drinks a protein shake then the world explodes behind him and he suddenly does a series of insane workouts while screaming. It's loud, intense and loops every fifteen seconds.

Then Janice notes all the EMOJIS in the description:

CHOCOLATE BAR – ROCKET SHIP – BANANA – MAPLE LEAF

Even more pop up in the comments section.

JANICE
That's a lot of emoji...

Then something else pops up. A MESSAGE FROM DAD:

"DON'T LET HER LEAVE."

Janice looks up from the phone and sees Cole looking up from his own phone at the same time...

Beat.

Janice RUNS!

Cole chases after her!

She runs around through the living room back towards the front door but gets cut off by Travis!

Janice lowers her shoulder and trucks him, Madden-style.

Cole catches up from behind and wraps her up. She throws her head back and connects with his jaw!

She reaches for her HANDGUN, tucked in her back waistline, but as she pulls it out is TACKLED BY TRAVIS.

The gun flies from her hand across the entryway.

Travis and Janice both crawl towards the gun...

But Janice is pulled back by Cole, who has her ankle.

Travis reaches the gun and swings around to aim it at her. She keeps kicking and clawing at Cole so he points it to the ceiling, clicks off the safety and FIRES a round straight up.

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Glenn heard the GUNSHOT. His heart drops.

INT. DREAM HOME - CONTINUOUS

Janice finally stops fighting, out of breath. Cole climbs on top of her, knees pinning down her arms. He smiles.

COLE
Always the good girls...

He PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE.

INT. UPSET SUV - TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Glenn quickly loads Fausto into the snowmobile trailer.

GLENN
I'm really sorry.

FAUSTO
No, no, no, por favor!

Glenn pulls the gate closed, locking Fausto inside. He runs over to the door and POUNDS AGAINST IT.

The trailer starts to ROCK SIDE TO SIDE as it is disconnected from the SUV.

Fausto hears the SUV drive off and he slides down to the ground... Then a LIGHT hits his face.

A TOOLBOX in the corner reflects a glimmer of sunlight, coming from a VENT IN THE CEILING...

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The SUV skids on the snowy gravel as it turns down the driveway.

Inside, Glenn fights back all the bad thoughts in his head.

GLENN
You're okay... I know you are...

He reaches the dream house and sees FAUSTO'S SNOWMOBILE outside. A fresh dusting of snow building on the seat.

No visible signs of distress.

He hops out of the SUV, takes a quick look around him and with his hand on his sidearm, marches up to the door.

GLENN

Be smart, Glenn. Just be smart...

He thinks about kicking the door down but ultimately decides to ring the doorbell--

INT. DREAM HOME - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DING DONG!

Janice's eyes blink open.

Her hands are duct-taped. So is her mouth, tape wrapped all the way around her head. She looks around the room:

EMPTY HEALTH SUPPLEMENT CONTAINERS.

BOXES, TAPE AND A POSTAGE PRINTER.

All that's missing is the drugs...

DING DONG! KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

Downstairs she can hear Travis and Cole shuffling around and arguing. Then she hears the door open:

COLE (O.S.)

Can I help you, officer?

GLENN (O.S.)

Yeah, sorry to bother ya, but I'm looking for a, uh, wanted person.

Janice hears Glenn's voice and her heart sinks.

COLE (O.S.)

Whoa. No shit?

GLENN (O.S.)

No crap. Has anybody come by here at all? Anybody you don't know?

Janice crawls across the floor towards the voices:

It's the BULLET HOLE from where Travis shot up earlier.

COLE (O.S.)
Nope. Just me. Doing homework and
shit.

She puts her eye up to it and sees down:

Glenn and Cole talking at the front door...

And Travis hiding around the corner, with JANICE'S GUN.

She panics and tries to rip the tape around her mouth, but can't get a good grip. Frantic, she runs to the door but it's LOCKED.

She looks around for a move, any move she can make...

Then she sees the WINDOW FACING THE DRIVEWAY.

EXT. DREAM HOME - CONTINUOUS

Glenn stands on the porch with Cole, awkward, both of them clearly lying to the other.

GLENN
I see, well, uh, you mind telling
me where that came from then?

He points to the snowmobile. Cole forgot it was out there.

COLE
Santa.

THUMPING FROM ABOVE causes them both to look up. Then a THUD.

Janice ROLLS OFF THE ROOF above their heads and lands hard on the driveway!

GLENN
(so relieved)
Bugg!

He turns back to Cole who SLAMS THE DOOR in his face. Glenn runs over to her, on the verge of tears.

GLENN
I got ya, Bugg. I got ya...

He rips the duct-tape from around her mouth and they're about to have a moment when--

The front door flies open and Travis busts out, GUN IN HAND.

GLENN

Okay, son. Let's calm--

He FIRES! TWO, THREE TIMES! Snow flies up around Janice's feet where the bullets land!

Travis jumps down the steps to get closer and raises the gun--

Glenn attempts to shield Janice and at the same time Janice grabs Glenn's sidearm--

BANG!

Glenn turns around to see Travis fall to his knees. BLOOD SEEPS from the single GUNSHOT WOUND IN HIS CHEST.

Janice immediately looks heartbroken.

Cole steps out the front door...

COLE

Bro? Bro!

He runs over to him, crying and screaming, but doesn't know what to do. Travis coughs up blood. His body shakes.

Janice crawls over and applies pressure to the wound, blood running over her hands into the snow. She starts to tear up.

Glenn has run over to the SUV and calls it in on the radio.

GLENN

Requesting immediate medical assistance! 4242 Marquette Circle. Teenage male, single gunshot wound to the chest. Repeat immediate assistance required!

Travis' eyes lose focus and his body stops convulsing.

JANICE

No. No, no, no...

COLE

Bro! Please!

Janice is pulled away by Glenn. She fights against him, but he keeps hold of her. She finally gives in.

GLENN

Hey! Listen to me! Take the SUV and meet me at the trailer. I'll get the sled. We have to move. Now.

He gets her in the SUV and slams the door. It takes her a moment to pull it together enough to start the ignition.

She looks back in the rear-view mirror to see Glenn, crouched down over Travis' body with Cole, who then looks up as Janice pulls away... They lock eyes in the mirror.

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The UPSET SUV skids to a stop next to the trailer.

Janice rapidly turns around and backs up to the trailer. She hops out and hurries back to the TRAILER.

Her hands are shaking too much to fasten the hitch.

Just as Janice finally gets the trailer secured, Glenn rides up on the snowmobile. She runs to the back of the trailer to open the doors for him and she does they both see:

The trailer is empty. The loose vent cover hanging open and the contents of the toolbox spilled all over.

GLENN

Get in the car.

JANICE

Glenn--

GLENN

Now, Bugg, we gotta go!

INT. UPSET SUV / EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn hauls down the highway.

Janice is asleep in the passenger seat. Some bumps in the road cause her to wake up. She snaps to attention, confused.

JANICE

Where are we going?

GLENN

Home. I don't trust being anywhere else right now.

JANICE

What about Fausto?

GLENN

He made his choice.

Glenn is weirdly resolute. It all feels wrong to her.

JANICE
We should go back.

GLENN
We can't.

JANICE
We're fleeing the scene! I need to
answer questions. I need to try to
try and explain--

GLENN
We can't go back, Bugg!

She finally acknowledges his distress.

JANICE
What's going on?

GLENN
It's Gabriel. He's the one behind
all this.

JANICE
Are you making a joke right now?
What's the matter with you?

GLENN
It's not a joke. He called while
you were in the house. He knew
about Fausto. He knew everything.

JANICE
So?

GLENN
How'd he know that?

She can't answer.

GLENN
I'll tell ya how he knew. He knew
because Fausto called him. Right in
front of us, with your phone. We're
in the middle of an absolute
cluster, Bugg. Bigger than we
could've ever known.

Janice sees her phone on the dash and grabs it. She scans the calls and mulls it over.

JANICE
This is wrong. This is all wrong...

GLENN
You can say that again.

The wave of emotions hit her all at once.

JANICE
What have I got us into... Ah
Jesus, Glenn, what have I done?

Tears starts to roll down her cheeks.

JANICE
That boy...

She's fighting a complete meltdown. Glenn softens.

GLENN
You did what you had to do.

She shakes her head.

GLENN
It was either him or us--

JANICE
It didn't have to be any of us. Not
like that--

GLENN
No, no way. He did what he did--

JANICE
As did I.

GLENN
As an officer of the law!

She looks at him, grateful for his naiveté but not accepting.

JANICE
I was looking for trouble, Glenn. I
wanted... I don't know.

She barely gets it out before crying again.

GLENN
That's not true. You're angry and
you're hurting and you want someone
to pay for it, and so do I... But
you didn't want to do that.

JANICE

But what if I did? What if it's all my fault, Glenn? I ruined your marriage. I knew what my dad was doing and I didn't stop him--

Her shame is overwhelming. And Glenn can't take it.

GLENN

Jesus Christ, Bugg. Get over yourself. Your dad was an addict. I loved the guy but he was a drug addict. And ruin my marriage? I married my high school girlfriend before I went to Afghanistan. We had a kid because everyone kept saying it would make us love each other again, but I don't know if we ever did in the first place. But I love my son and I respect his mother enough to be honest with her. And she was relieved when I brought it up. I'm proud of my divorce and you don't get credit for it. She and I did that.

JANICE

And Travis back there? Did he shoot himself in the fucking heart?

GLENN

He fired a weapon at a uniformed officer. If you hadn't done it, I would have.

(reassuring)

We're the good guys.

Janice turns away from him.

JANICE

I don't know if there are any good guys anymore.

GLENN

What's that supposed to mean?

JANICE

It means more and more it just seems like, like God doesn't answer prayers. And parents don't answer the phone. And the Government doesn't answer to anybody. So what are we supposed to do? What are we supposed to believe?

GLENN
Believe in me, Bugg.

She looks back to him. The momentum of his emotions has finally gained enough speed that the words burst out.

GLENN
I love you.

Janice is shocked. Not that he loves her, she knew that, but that he would choose this moment to finally say it.

JANICE
Don't do this.

GLENN
You're all the things to me, Bugg.
All of them. My best friend and my partner and my lover--

JANICE
Ah Jesus...

GLENN
And I know that it's messy but who cares? We've got our whole lives to clean up. Or not. I love you as you are, as you've always been--

JANICE
You need to stop this. Now.

GLENN
Tell me you don't feel the same.

JANICE
Don't make me do that.

GLENN
If you want to run away, that's your right, but it doesn't mean I need to make it easy for you. So look me in my eye and tell me you don't love me. If you can do that, I'll step aside and that'll be that.

She looks at him and for a moment it's all there, everything he described. But then all the rest of it takes hold.

JANICE
I don't love you, Glenn.

Glenn has been shot before and can definitively say it hurt less than that. But he made a deal, so...

GLENN
Okay then. That's that.

He turns away from her and back to the road. She opens her mouth to say something else but nothing comes out.

The snow is really coming down now.

EXT. CULLY GAGE'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

A BACKHOE plunges its bucket into a HOLE in the snow and dirt, scooping a mound of soil into the air.

Cully turns off the engine and hops out of the cage. He walks over to his pickup truck, backed up to the hole and opens the tailgate.

Inside the bed is VJ's body, still wrapped in the sheet. He has also filled the bed with FLOWERS and GREENERY he cut out of his greenhouse.

He picks up her body, cradling it in his arms, and holds it over the grave. He fights with himself to let go...

But drops her in. The sheet slides off as she hits the ground. Cully gets in the backhoe and uses the shovel to scoop all the flowers into the grave.

VJ's body disappears under a blanket of color amidst the dirty white ground all around her.

EXT. CULLY GAGE'S HOUSE - LATER

Cully feeds logs into the FURNACE outside the greenhouse. He's very particular about it, placing in a specific number and a specific size of log.

He steps back and takes a look at everything he's built here. In the distance, he sees his daughter's grave.

Cully turns his back on all of it, hopping in his truck and driving off.

INT. CULLY'S TRUCK / EXT. SAULT STE. MARIE BRIDGE - DAY

Cully drives across the old steel bridge, the St. Mary's River raging below.

Up ahead, he sees the GIANT WAVING AMERICAN FLAG, marking the US BORDER INSPECTION STATION.

He calmly moves over to the lane with the least traffic and puts the car in park. He opens the glove box and searches around for...

A maroon AMERICAN MILITARY PASSPORT. Old and faded, having been through some shit.

The passport is heavy in Cully's hands. He opens it up to the photo page and there he is: a YOUNG MAN, smiling, naive...

TAP TAP.

The BORDER GUARD is outside the window, gesturing for Cully to roll down the window. He does so.

CULLY
Afternoon, son.

BORDER GUARD
Afternoon, sir. You leaving or returning today?

Cully hands the passport over.

CULLY
Returning... But it's been a while.

The guard flips through the passport and sees the old photo. He flips further and finds some VIETNAM WAR DOCUMENTATION.

The guard looks back up to the old man in the truck, a little more reverence in his demeanor.

BORDER GUARD
Sure has, this passport expired a good while ago now.

CULLY
Yep. Never intended on coming back.

He holds the guard's gaze with an unflinching confidence.

BORDER GUARD
Ok... So, why are ya?

There's a genuine hitch of emotion in Cully's eyes.

CULLY
My daughter's funeral.

The guard considers, peeking into the empty bed of the truck, and back at Cully. He finally hands the passport back.

BORDER GUARD
Just a sec, sir.

Cully rolls up the window and watches the guard walk over to the station and talk to someone else inside...

Cully waits patiently, still calm as could be.

When the guard reappears, he WAVES HIM TO AN OPEN GATE.

Cully drives through, giving the guard a nod as he passes.

And just like that, he's back in the United States.

INT. CULLY'S TRUCK / EXT. HESSEL MAIN STREET - DAY

Cully drives through the SMALL TOWN OF HESSEL.

He passes the ISLANDER BAR, HESSEL GROCERY, the MARINA...

His eyes scan around, taking note of how much, or how little, has changed since the last time he was here.

It doesn't take long to reach the outskirts of the town, driving down a TREE-LINED BACKROAD until he sees a sign:

MALFUNCTION JUNCTION.

EXT. MALFUNCTION JUNCTION - DAY

Cully steps out and looks around:

It's technically a scrap yard, but could just as easily be a museum of old vehicles, appliances, whatever. A disproportionately large amount of REFRIGERATORS.

GOOSE (O.S.)
I knew it was cold, but I didn't
realize Hell froze over.

Cully turns to Goose, a tense familiarity between them.

CULLY
Love what you've done with the
place.

GOOSE
I ain't done shit.

CULLY
I know. Bold choice.

Goose lets out a laugh.

GOOSE

Bold choice, my ass. Come on. I got some beer in one of these fridges.

INT. GOOSE'S WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

CHHKT. A beer is opened on the edge of a workbench.

Goose hands it to Cully and opens one for himself.

Contrary to the junk outside, the workshop is HUGE and full of all kinds of cool shit: a MUSCLE CAR, A SNOWCAT, a GLIDER, all in various states of rebuild or dismantle.

Cully walks up to the muscle car.

CULLY

This a '68?

GOOSE

'66. That why you came all the way down here? Because as a friend, I'd say it's a little impractical.

CULLY

Not really what I had in mind...

Goose is waiting for the explanation. The tension returns.

CULLY

Terrible about Craig.

GOOSE

Yeah. It was.

CULLY

I was sorry to hear it... And I understood you not coming around any more. But that was Craig's doing. Not yours. Not mine. You know that, right?

Goose just nods, unable to make eye contact.

CULLY

Did you know VJ was tangling around with that piece of shit, Slip?

GOOSE

I'd heard about it. Haven't seen either of them in a minute though.

CULLY

Well, she's dead now. I put her in
the ground this morning.

Goose just shakes his head, angry at someone.

GOOSE

I'm sorry, Cully. She was a good
kid.

CULLY

She was, yeah... Deserved better.

Goose notes Cully's grip tighten around his beer. He weighs
his options... And walks over to an OLD FRIDGE in the corner.

Inside is a SAFE, welded into place. Goose enters the
combination and opens the door.

He comes back carrying the CANADIAN FLAG DUFFLE.

Cully's eyebrows raise as the bag is thrust into his arms.

GOOSE

Here. Just take it. Go back up
north and disappear again.

Cully unzips the bag and looks at the CASH inside... He then
notices a SPOT OF BLOOD on outside. An intense melancholy
washes over him.

CULLY

Driving around town, I kept having
these memories hit me. All kinds of
stuff... You remember when me and
you, and Craig, thought we could
find The Griffin?

Goose laughs.

CULLY

I don't think we dried out that
whole summer, spent every minute in
the water. We dove every cove and
shoal from here to Manitoulin
looking for that damn ship. I was
certain we would find it.

GOOSE

Stupid kids.

CULLY

Yeah... But imagine if we did. It
all would have been different.

He zips up the bag and tosses it back to Goose.

CULLY

I didn't come for the money... I
need a sled. Fast, preferably.

GOOSE

Cully, please. Let it go.

CULLY

Never have been very good at that.

GOOSE

Well, I don't have any. Too late in
the season, they've all sold.

CULLY

In this whole fucking motor
graveyard you're running here,
there isn't a single snowmobile?

Goose just shrugs. Cully's anger rises again.

CULLY

I'm going to get my pills, Goose.
You can't stop me. Nobody can. Just
one of those things. So whatever
you're doing, it's pointless and
frankly, fucking frustrating.

GOOSE

(beat)

It's Craig's daughter. Little
Junebug. Her and her partner found
some Mexican on the ice last night,
had the cash and the pills. They
left this morning, taking him
somewhere. Told me to hold onto the
bag until they got back. That was
hours ago now. So, sorry to say it,
but your pills are gone.

CULLY

If that's the case, no harm in
helping out your old buddy.

(off Goose's resistance)

I don't want anything to do with
Craig's girl, her partner, or any
cops for that matter. Something was
taken from me and I'm simply going
to get it back. I need some way to
get back across the ice once I do.

(MORE)

CULLY (CONT'D)
 I don't want to kill anybody,
 Goose. I've had enough of that for
 two lifetimes and you know it.

GOOSE
 (considers)
 Promise me you won't hurt her.

CULLY
 Oh, you can help me now?

GOOSE
 Promise me you won't hurt Bugg--
 (begrudgingly)
 Or Glenn, I guess. And I'll show
 you what I got.

CULLY
 Fine.

GOOSE
 Fuck fine. Promise me.

CULLY
 I promise you, Goose! I swear. On
 my daughter, on Vietnam, on the
 fucking Griffin. I won't hurt her.

GOOSE
 You break that promise and I'll
 kill you.

CULLY
 Obviously. Now, what have you got?

Goose leads Cully into the back where SOMETHING BIG is
 covered in a painter's tarp. He pulls the sheet off--

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBY'S PARKING LOT / INT. COLE'S PORSCHE - DAY

The exhaust in the cold makes a cloud around the silly car.

Cole crushes a pill on the center console and snorts it. He's
 on fucking tilt from the whole thing.

He turns up the music way too loud and feels it for a second
 before SLAMMING HIS HANDS AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL.

COLE
 Fuck! Fuck! Motherfucking fuck!

A black, tricked-out, PICKUP TRUCK pulls into the lot and pulls into the parking spot next to him.

Cole composes himself and steps out of the car.

He's in athletic shorts, flip-flops and a hoodie with no shirt underneath. He looks insane as he anxiously looks around making sure no one watches him get in the back seat.

INT. GOONS' PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

A HOCKEY GAME is playing on the radio.

Two Midwestern goons sit up front: LES, sporting the bald white guy with a huge beard look, is behind the wheel, while BRENDAN, with a borderline insensitive man-bun, sits shotgun.

Cole shuffles awkwardly in the back seat.

COLE
What the fuck are we waiting for?

Brendan finally turns off the game.

BRENDAN
Why'd you even let her in the house? When a grown-ass woman, a stranger, clearly not fucking Mexican, shows up riding a mobile prison cell, why wouldn't you just play dumb?

LES
All you had to do was be your-fucking-selves.

They laugh to each other. Cole unzips his hoodie to reveal his torso is COVERED IN BLOOD. That shuts them up.

COLE
We have two choices right now.
Clean up the loose end or become a loose end, and get cleaned up.

BRENDAN
How do you know where they went?

COLE
The guy's jacket said UPSET.

LES
What the fuck is UPSET?

Cole pulls out his phone and holds up the screen where he's googled "UPSET."

COLE
Upper Peninsula Substance
Enforcement Team.

BRENDAN
What are a couple of Yooper
Troopers doing down here?

COLE
Besides killing my brother, I don't
really know, man. Ask fucking them!

Brendan and Les still don't match his intensity.

LES
If they were real cops, I'd say we
cut bait...

BRENDAN
But since they're not real cops...

LES
I'd say we reel them in.

BRENDAN
Same.

But they don't move. Cole is bewildered.

COLE
So, do I have time to run inside
and get a beef and cheddar or are
we actually going to leave this
fucking parking lot!

No reaction. DING! DING!

Les and Brendan each look at their phones.

BRENDAN
It's on.

Les very casually backs out of the parking spot and pulls out onto the street. They speed off in silence.

Cole looks down at his phone:

He didn't get a text.

INT. UPSET SUV / EXT. I-75 - DAY

The snow is coming down in thick clumps, heavy against the windshield wipers.

It's quiet on the road, the weather keeping people home.

It's also quiet in the SUV, individual devastations combining into one brutal collective funk.

Through the snowfall, the MACKINAC BRIDGE comes into view, the last barrier of entry before they're back home...

BRERRAAAAAPPPPPP!

TWO MOTORCYCLES ROAR past them in the opposite direction, interrupting the moment.

Glenn and Janice don't think all that much of it... Until the motorcycles U-TURN OVER THE MERIDIAN.

Glenn and Janice look to each other, then out the windows as--

The MOTORCYCLES come up next to them, on either side, and stare inside. In their goggles and winter gear, the RIDERS look like some kind of Mad Max Vikings.

They race ahead onto the bridge ahead of the SUV, their taillights disappearing into the flurries.

Glenn reaches into his collar and pulls out a KEY ON A NECKLACE. He takes it off and hands it to Janice.

GLENN
Unlock it. Just in case.

Janice reaches under the seat and slides out a RIFLE CASE. She unlocks it and opens the case. Inside is REMINGTON 700 RIFLE, complete with a scope, magazine, and ammunition.

She begins to load the ammunition into the magazine.

Fausto clutches his knife and says his prayers.

Glenn squints to see the road ahead...

AND SLAMS ON THE BRAKES!

The loose ammunition spills onto the floor--

EXT. MACKINAC BRIDGE - DAY

Davis Morr, the Two Mad Max Vikings, and FOUR OTHER MEN on SNOWMOBILES have formed a BARRICADE on the bridge.

They hold ASSAULT RIFLES at the ready, patiently waiting for this moment to finally arrive.

INT. UPSET SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SUV comes to a stop thirty feet in front of them.

Janice unholsters her gun, her hand shaking slightly, being forced to hold it again so soon.

GLENN

You alright?

JANICE

Yeah...

Glenn nods, unconvinced. He takes a couple calming breaths.

GLENN

Okay. Let's see what they want then.

He opens his door and leans against it, standing on the edge of the car to get a good look at them over the hood.

GLENN

You boys aware that it's illegal to close down a public road without a permit? Clear the way now and we'll just forget about it. Given the current conditions, I don't think anybody wants to stay out here longer than needed.

Davis looks to his warboys and they all smile.

Janice moves as little as possible as she reaches for the fallen ammunition and continues to load it in the magazine...

DAVIS

You must be Glenn.

GLENN

That's right.

DAVIS

That would make your son, Duncan,
right? Lives with his mother,
Margaret, at 77 Marquette Road?

Glenn's demeanor shifts, Janice recognizes it.

GLENN

You don't know me. If you did,
you'd never, ever, threaten my
family.

DAVIS

I'm not threatening them, Glenn.
I'm trying to save them. That
Mexican you got in there, he's the
threat to your family. Because when
those Cartel boys come to get him,
they're going to kill you, your
son, your partner, your pet ferret,
whatever you got, they'll kill it,
and burn your town to the ground as
they leave. Doesn't have to be that
way, though. You can just give us
the pills, give us the Mexican,
then you and lady justice in there
go home to your loved ones.

GLENN

We don't have Fausto. He gave us
the jump back in Traverse.

The Bikers murmur amongst themselves, "they don't have the Mexican," "where's the Mexican then?" Davis silences them.

DAVIS

We'll just take the pills then.

Glenn looks to Janice as she plugs the magazine in the rifle and sets it on the seat next to him...

HONK! HONK! HONK!

Glenn whips around to see a BEATER VAN idle up next to him, AN OLD YOOPER hangs his head out the window, furious. He's screaming at Glenn, at the bikers, at the heavens.

OLD YOOPER

What the fuck's going on here?
Stopping on the bridge in a
blizzard like fucking morons,
where'd you learn to drive?

Davis and the bikers look to one another, then to Glenn.

GLENN

Sir, this is a police matter--

OLD YOOPER

I give two shits what it is! Move these fuckin' hackers and get me home!

DAVIS

Turn around, you old loon, or you're gonna get yourself killed!

OLD YOOPER

Who the fuck do you think you are, telling me what I should do. I'm going home, goddammit! Youse can do what the fuck you like!

He REVS his engine a few times, showing his intent to plow on, whether they move or not.

Davis rolls his eyes and signals for a couple of the bikers to clear a path.

Glenn and Janice watch as the Old Yooper impatiently creeps forward, leaning his head out the window to make sure he doesn't scrape his paint against the bikes. He stares them all down until he's safely past.

Davis shakes his head while the bikers pull back into formation. He looks back to Glenn.

DAVIS

Well, what'll it be, Glenn?

GLENN

Just a sec.

INT. UPSET SUV - CONTINUOUS

Glenn slams the door shut and warms up his hands.

He looks to Janice, who shakes her head, apologetic.

JANICE

It's your call...

EXT. MACKINAC BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The SUV, trailer and all, slowly starts to reverse away.

Davis shakes his head.

DAVIS
Son of a bitch... Okay, go get him!

The bikers rev their engines and pull out--

But the SUV doors fly open and Janice hangs out the side
FIRING HER SIDEARM!

The Bikers take cover and come up FIRING THEIR AUTOMATICS!

A BARRAGE OF BULLETS hits the SUV!

They don't see Glenn rest his rifle on the hinge of the door,
body shielded, as he calmly takes aim and FIRES.

He hits a BIKER, who topples off their motorcycle!

They RETURN FIRE!

Janice ducks down for safety.

Bullets shatter the windshield!

They whizz past Glenn, but he remains totally at ease-- BANG!

One of the snowmobile bikers is hit!

BANG!

Davis is hit in the shoulder!

The remaining four bikers, one motorcycle and three
snowmobiles, speed after them, spreading out and zig-zagging--

BANG!

Glenn hits the other BIKER. He's an incredible shot, but the
snowmobiles are too close and too fast now.

He slams the door closed and gets behind the wheel, SLAMMING
HIS FOOT ON THE GAS and FLYING IN REVERSE!

The snowmobiles attack the SUV like raptors taking down a T.
REX, swarming on all sides, SHOOTING THE SHIT OUT OF THEM,
darting up and down the sides.

Glenn swerves and tries to knock them over, but with the
trailer in the back, plus the conditions, it's hard enough to
just stay on the road.

One RIDER is right outside Glenn's door and FIRES!

Glenn and Janice duck as the window blows out!

When they raise up again--

The RIDER JUMPS ONTO THE RUNNING BOARDS OF THE SUV!

Glenn brake-checks and the rider DROPS THEIR GUN, but grab Glenn by the throat--

And Janice FIRES THREE ROUNDS into their chest. The rider falls under the SUV and they BUMP over the body.

Davis gets off his motorcycle and picks up one of the dead biker's snowmobiles. He rips off, racing to catch up.

The entrance of the bridge is coming up fast behind Glenn and Janice...

Two snowmobiles continue in pursuit...

The trailer punches through the curtain of visibility, revealing the road ahead, twenty feet ahead at a time...

Davis catches up and the three snowmobiles spread out and speed up, fielding a fresh attack--

HEADLIGHTS IN THE SNOW!

A BLACK PICKUP TRUCK APPEARS RIGHT BEHIND THEM!

Glenn HITS THE BRAKES and the TRAILER STARTS TO JACKKNIFE--

He quickly spins the wheel the other way and switches to the gas! The trailer straightens out and hops the shoulder, scraping against the railing of the bridge--

Barely squeezing past the pickup truck, CLIPPING THE SIDE MIRRORS before SPINNING OUT and finally coming to a stop PERPENDICULAR on the other side of the parked car.

They can't believe they made it. Nobody can.

The doors of the truck open and Brendan and Les step out, holding their own ASSAULT RIFLES.

JANICE
Who the fuck are these guys now?

Davis and his riders look to each other, equally confused.

DAVIS
Who the fuck are these guys now?

Brendan and Les are in the middle, one pointing his gun at Glenn and Janice, the other pointing at Davis and the bikers.

LES
Who the fuck are these guys now?

They all stand in a tense stand-off...

INT. GOONS' PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Cole is in the backseat and sees Janice through the window.

Tearful rage flash boils and he picks up a HANDGUN.

HE FIRES AT THEM!

EXT. MACKINAC BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

And the STAND-OFF ERUPTS!

Brendan and Les OPEN FIRE in all directions.

Davis and the bikers OPEN FIRE ON Brendan and Les!

BULLETS FLY EVERYWHERE.

INT. UPSET SUV - CONTINUOUS

Glenn is HIT IN THE NECK!

JANICE
Glenn!

She dives on top of him and clutches his neck, blood running down her arms.

Bullets and glass continue to rain in.

Instinctively, desperately, she puts the car in drive and slams her foot down on the gas!

The SUV PUNCHES THROUGH THE RAILING!

They drive straight over the edge of the on-ramp, hit the steep slope and--

Glenn and Janice are THROWN VIOLENTLY INSIDE THE CAB as the whole rig rolls down the hill and SLAMS TO A STOP.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. TRAVERSE CITY STREET - DAY

Fausto runs down the sidewalk, exhausted, not having stopped since breaking out of the UPSET trailer.

He sees a POLICE CAR coming in the opposite direction and slows down to look less suspicious...

They slow down too and takes a long look at him.

Fausto doesn't look back for as long as he can help it, but finally he has to:

And sees the cop turn around and drive back towards him.

He takes off running!

The cop hits the SIRENS!

Fausto turns down an alley and runs towards a chain link fence at the end.

The cop stops at the entrance of the alley and considers...

Fausto climbs over the fence and falls hard to the ground. When he stands up, he sees the cop car round the corner up ahead and spot him.

He looks around for something, anything, and sees A CHURCH.

Fausto sprints to the church, the cop gaining on him fast.

He reaches the stairs and bounds up.

The cop car slides to a stop and the OFFICER jumps out.

INT. TRAVERSE CITY CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Fausto throws open the doors and falls to his knees.

The Officer walks up behind him, gun drawn.

Fausto looks up at the CRUCIFIX above the alter and says his first prayer in the new church.

FADE TO:

EXT. MACKINAC BRIDGE / INT. CULLY'S TRUCK - DAY

Cully drives onto the bridge, pulling his own trailer, with a VEHICLE WRAPPED TIGHT under a tarp.

The storm is still ugly and the road's bare.

He comes along the first DEAD BIKER.

CULLY
Jesus Christ...

And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

SMASHED MOTORCYCLES.

DESTROYED SNOWMOBILES.

He arrives at the FINAL SHOOTOUT and stops.

He puts on his HAZARD LIGHTS and gets out of the car:

Brendan and Les -- BOTH DEAD IN THE SNOW.

He looks inside the SHOT-OUT SUV:

The back seat is EMPTY. No Cole to be found.

On the road he finds TWO MORE OF HIS BIKERS...

And finally Davis.

Cully gets out of the car and wipes the snow off his friend's face. He hangs his head...

Then he sees the BUSTED RAILING and walks over to it.

Looking over the edge he sees the UPSET SUV and TRAILER, fifty feet below at the base of the slope.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Cully walks up to the OVERTURNED VEHICLE and looks inside:

Glenn and Janice's bodies are tangled up inside, bloody, not moving, in an almost intimate embrace.

He lets out a heavy sigh...

Cully then moves his eyes over to the trailer. He walks to the back gate and unlocks it, the HEAVY DOOR FALLING OPEN.

Inside is the snowmobile, on its side and banged up.

With great difficulty, he rolls the thing off onto the track.

He then unlatches the engine cover and digs around...

And there they are. HIS PILLS.

INT. UPSET SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Janice's eyes open.

It sounds like a JET ENGINE firing up outside.

She lifts her head off Glenn's chest, there's blood on her face, but not from her, from Glenn's GUNSHOT WOUND.

JANICE
Glenn! GLENN!

No response. There's too much blood on his neck to check for a pulse.

JANICE
Glenn, please! Don't do this to
me... I believe in you...

She puts her hands on his lifeless face.

JANICE
I believe in you! Glenn! Please...

Her cries go unheard.

The JET ENGINE OUTSIDE fires up again and pulls away...

EXT. SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

Janice crawls out of the wrecked SUV to see:

A HOVERCRAFT. Antiquated and futuristic at the same time, like a tank mixed with the DeLorean from Back To The Future.

The hovercraft lumbers over the snow bank and seamlessly passes on to the ice, driving off under the bridge.

She turns to the snowmobile, engine still exposed, and the PILLS GONE, and SCREAMS in rage.

She stumbles over and tests the ignition-- IT FIRES UP.

Janice climbs on the machine and explodes out of the trailer!

As she speeds on to the ice, it CRACKS and GROANS, not thick enough for this kind of activity.

Alongside her is OPEN WATER, a stream of moving current where the lake deepens and doesn't freeze.

She races behind the faint dot of the hovercraft--

INT. HOVERCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Cully sees the SNOWMOBILE speeding up from behind...

CULLY

No shit...

The hovercraft is no match for a snowmobile in a straight race. She's gaining on him fast.

He looks out at the open water and weighs his options before CRANKING THE WHEEL--

EXT. LAKE HURON - CONTINUOUS

Janice watches the hovercraft fishtail as it makes a sharp turn off the ice and ONTO THE WATER.

The big machine does as it's supposed and hovers straight over the lake, the blower sending ripples out on all sides.

She slows and watches him get away, crossing several hundred yards of water until safely reaching ice on the other side.

INT. HOVERCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Cully turns on the ice and continues on his way. He looks back to the opposite shoreline and sees Janice, speeding off ahead of him and disappearing into the fog...

EXT. LAKE HURON - CONTINUOUS

Janice comes up on a spot with a decent run up to the lake and turns around on it.

Her engine revs as she stares down the open water ahead...

The hovercraft comes into view...

JANICE

Shit luck.

She FULL THROTTLES the snowmobile down the shore, across the ice and RIPS OUT ONTO THE WATER.

The TRACK KICKS UP A ROOSTER TAIL behind her, the ass of the sled sunk scarily low in the water and her nose propped up.

The ENGINE SCREAMS against the water, straining to keep the RPMs, any drop in speed or bad bump will sink her.

INT. HOVERCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Cully can't believe his eyes.

The snowmobile, and the wall of freezing water in it's wake, is coming straight at him...

600 FEET...

500 FEET...

EXT. LAKE HURON - CONTINUOUS

400 FEET...

Janice lowers her body, bracing for the impact of the ice...

300 FEET...

200 FEET...

She can see Cully inside the hovercraft, mouth agape.

100 FEET...

50 FEET...

A BLOCK OF ICE!

She has to swerve! One of the skis catches the edge and pops up in the air, breaking her stride--

And the SNOWMOBILE SINKS.

It happens quickly, the track going under and the sled bobbing straight in the air before being consumed.

Janice kicks to the surface, gasping for air, her body failing fast. She's disoriented in the water and frantically tries to swim.

Her motions turn erratic and slow, her hands slapping against the water, reaching out until--

She touches the ICE. She gets her fingers on it...

But is too weak to pull herself up. She gives everything she has left--

And her fingers slip off. She goes under...

A HAND PUNCHES INTO THE WATER AND GRABS HER!

Cully fights to pull her up, almost going in, but with one big yell of exertion, rolls her onto the ice next to him.

She can't speak or move, but she sees him...

The SNOW AROUND THEM STARTS TO BLOW DIFFERENTLY.

Janice looks up and sees a BRIGHT LIGHT...

A HELICOPTER.

A LOUDSPEAKER.

SIRENS.

Then Cully Gage. Squeezing her hand with a smile...

CULLY

You're even crazier than your old man, you know that?

She then watches as he pulls a GUN FROM HIS JACKET and points it to the helicopter, FIRING OFF a couple shots--

Before he is SHOT SEVERAL TIMES IN THE CHEST.

Cully falls backwards into the water.

All Janice can do is blink, her eyes showing her disbelief, as her body starts to tremble violently.

A tear breaks free and freezes against her cheek.

FADE OUT.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cole knocks back a shot. He looks rough, still in his hoodie and athletic shorts, hand still trembling.

He's the only person in the bar who isn't watching the NEWS ON TV showing footage of the massacre on the bridge.

The news cast cuts to an interview with the OLD YOOPER who drove through the standoff:

OLD YOOPER (ON TV)
Absolute morons, stopped in the
middle of the bridge in conditions
like that.

The NEWS ANCHOR comes back on.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
The authorities have one suspect in
custody in connection with the
carnage on the bridge:

FAUSTO'S MUGSHOT superimposes on screen.

The BAR PATRONS all mumble and groan about cartels.

Cole's phone BUZZES on the bar. He got a text.

From DAD. It's an ADDRESS.

He looks confused.

Another BUZZ brings a message:

A ROCKET EMOJI.

A SMILING CLOWN.

And finally, a CANADIAN FLAG.

EXT. CULLY GAGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cole's Porsche fishtails up the driveway to the house and haphazardly comes to a stop by the house.

He stumbles out of the car, drunk and high, and looks around.

COLE
Hello?

Nobody. He spots the GREENHOUSE and walks over, passing the FURNACE as he steps inside.

IN THE FURNACE, the very last EMBERS OF A LOG burn out...

INT. CULLY'S GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Cole sees the MARIJUANA PLANTS and his eyes light up.

COLE
Wowie Zowie...

He walks over and takes a big sniff. He laughs out loud and looks around for somebody.

COLE
Hello-o-o-ooooh!

Nobody. Cole smiles, laughing to himself some more and mumbling, as he pulls out his phone...

INSIDE THE FURNACE, that last ember extinguishes...

INT. CULLY'S LAB - NIGHT

Cully's lab is empty, quiet, immaculate...

A THERMOMETER on the wall reads 70 DEGREES.

After a second, it ticks down a notch to 69.9--

CUT TO:

COLE'S LIVE STREAM IN THE GREENHOUSE

A forest of marijuana leaves fills the frame--

Until Cole pops out! He does his patented tongue wag and maniac scream!

Suddenly A BANG! A FLASH!

INT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The BLAST explodes the GLASS, creating a BACKDRAFT and a MASSIVE FLAME consumes the entire house.

The fire burns bright, causing the snow all around to glow orange and red.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Janice is wrapped in a blanket, drinking hot tea, staring out the window at the CITY OF DETROIT.

There's a knock at the door and in walks Gabriel.

Janice's rage has calcified, now a permanent fixture.

JANICE
Gabriel...

GABRIEL
Janice. My God--

Janice springs up and PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

Gabriel falls against the bed, stunned.

JANICE
You get what you pay for in the big
city, right, Gabe?

GABRIEL
What the fuck are you talking
about?

JANICE
You smug piece of shit, you may
think we're just a bunch of dumb
Yoopers, but let me tell ya, where
I come from, a person's integrity
is all they've got and you live by
what you stand for--
(remembers, emotional)
And you die by it too.

Gabriel stands up, rubbing his jaw.

GABRIEL
Listen, you've been through a lot.
You're upset--

JANICE
And you're a rat! Dirty as sin. How
long have you been on the cartel's
payroll, huh? The whole time I've
known ya?

GABRIEL
The cartel?

JANICE
Oh please! The proof is right here
on my phone. He called you. Fausto.
When we first had him at the
station, he called you and tipped
you off. Glenn was right, he knew
it all along.

Gabriel's demeanor shifts. He calmly walks back to the door and closes it. He then turns back to Janice, who holds her phone in the air like a weapon.

JANICE

You take one more step and I'll send this message, letting everyone know what the fuck's going on here.

GABRIEL

Janice. Partner. If you want to make it down here, you will need to expand your thinking a little.

JANICE

Go fuck yourself.

GABRIEL

I'm not working for the cartel, for Christ's sake, they were working for us!

That stops her. He takes a seat on the bed and leans in.

GABRIEL

Fausto's brother, Miguel, was picked up six months ago for smuggling Fausto into the country. The drug lords down south had taken over their hometown and were forcing the men to join up so he fled. Miguel had already been running errands for them up here. We'd been investigating a fentanyl ring that's taking over the area; highly sophisticated, global operation, and we saw an opportunity to get inside. They were expecting cartel and we figured if we sent in an actual Mexican, we might be able to gain access. Really learn how this thing works. Fausto, he didn't even know. Miguel made the deal. They help us out and we grant them asylum.

Janice knows in her gut she's telling the truth.

JANICE

There never was any cartel...

GABRIEL

I wouldn't say that. The cartels are everywhere this stuff is made and sold. They're like the government, or the internet; everywhere, yet nowhere.

JANICE
But who are they?

GABRIEL
(beat)
We don't know.

JANICE
Do you know anything?

GABRIEL
Oh yeah. We know lots of stuff.
Chemicals from China become
narcotics in Canada and get sold
here in America. And yes, the
cartels in Mexico are somehow the
ones connecting all the dots.

Clearly that isn't enough for her.

JANICE
All these people. All this death...
It was for nothing.

GABRIEL
Now, that's a matter of
perspective. Over the last couple
days, we gained pieces of the
puzzle. Essential pieces if we're
ever going to put the whole thing
together.

JANICE
And what about Fausto? What happens
to him?

GABRIEL
We hold on to him until we figure
that out. Something will come up
though. It always does.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a LEATHER WALLET.

GABRIEL
I see you're struggling with this
and I get it. I really do. But,
don't worry, you get comfortable
living in the grey.

Gabriel smiles as he holds the wallet out to Janice.

GABRIEL
You almost made a huge fucking mess
here, but luck is half the job.

Janice opens the wallet and sees her shiny new DEA BADGE.

GABRIEL

I gotta be honest, when they told me my new partner was a woman, I was a little concerned that you wouldn't have that thing, that do whatever it takes, killer instinct, but I was wrong. You got it.

(rubs his jaw again)

And then some. I think we're gonna make some real fucking noise together.

Gabriel stands up and gives her one last smile.

GABRIEL

Welcome to the DEA, Bugg.

Him saying "Bugg" rings like feedback in her ears.

Janice doesn't even register him leave the room, she just studies the badge in her hand...

And her WARPED REFLECTION staring back at her.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Janice steps out of the hospital and into the cold night. She looks around, gets her bearings, and considers which way to go...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE comes in to turn over the room. She strips the sheets off the bed and tosses them in a hamper.

Something catches her eye:

The DEA Badge has been left behind.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HESSEL MARINA - MORNING

The sun rises over what's already a BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY.

Janice is inside JUNE, her dad's boat.

She starts the engine and places her hand against the wood dash, feeling the boat RUMBLE BACK TO LIFE.

GLENN (O.S.)
What are you thinking, Bugg?

A smile spreads across her face and she opens her eyes...

And there he is. Glenn, alive, and looking not too bad at all. He's got a bag of supplies from the marina, ready to go.

His VOICE has changed as a result of the bullet, a slightly lower register with some permanent gravel to it.

The SCAR on his neck is still fresh and shines in the sun.

JANICE
I was just thinking about you
there, Glenn. About us.

She takes the bag and then helps him step down into the boat.

GLENN
Oh yeah? What do you think then?

She kisses him. A nice kiss, nothing too fancy.

JANICE
All the things.

He pulls her into an embrace. It's beautiful but a little sad, just the two of them against the entire crazy world.

They stay like that for a moment until the RADIO CRACKLES ON.

HERMAN (RADIO)
Hey there UPSET, this is Drummond
Island Ferry, over.

Janice looks up at him and smiles.

JANICE
What do you say? Fancy a boat ride?

CUT TO:

EXT. HESSEL BAY - DAY

The old wooden boat thunders across the water and out towards the endless horizon of the Great Lakes.

BLUE WATER. GREEN SHORES. PINK SKIES.

Up here it's anything but grey.

THE END.