

SECOND CHANCE

"Second Chance"

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD:

"Luck only counts with horseshoes and hand grenades."
- Dad

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Pitch black night hides the hundred trees and DARK DRESSED FIGURES moving quietly, meticulously between them.

Rain pours down in buckets obliterating outlines of everything living.

Halogen flashlights pierce the dark rain. In and out, back and forth between the trees scanning.

Sets of heavy, military boots slosh through the wet ground. Water being displaced by each footstep, each throwing water frontward and backwards.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

A yellow light bulb from the molded ceiling sways gently from exposed wiring. It dims with the flash of lightning outside. Then the instant follow of a THUNDER CRASH.

The heavy rains beats on the thin skin of the cabin, begging to come in - and it sounds as if it may.

Thwup. Thwup. Thwup

sounds from somewhere within the room.

Following the wires of the barely functioning light leads in lazy loops across the ceiling. Down the side wall and to a black adapter connected to a car battery.

Next to the battery, the source of the repetitive Thwump. An old record goes round on a cheap player. It too is connected to the car battery somehow. Next to it a car speaker playing the sound.

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

The record is stuck.

Polished shoes lie a short distance from the player. Connected to the shoes, a MAN lies on his side with his back exposed. Wears a well-tailored suit and clipper-trimmed hair. Sweat beads on the back of his neck.

The light dims and sways just above the man.

In front of the man, a part of the cabin's cramped interior looks down upon the man. The aluminum door in the center. On the sides covering almost every available space, PHOTOS.

Tacked haphazardly, the photos, each one of a morbid, bloodied child-figure. Several photos of each victim from different angles. Each figure staring down at the man.

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump

from the radio player continues.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The well-trained combat boots still making their way through the mud and rain. The boots picking up intensity the further they get.

The halogen beams still cut into the rain. The source of the lamps - assault rifles. Barely visible through the rain.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

A man's sweaty face. CLINT NEWCASTLE(30'S) stares ahead. His achievement wall in front of him staring back. Clint's eyes are hollow, looking through the wall of photos at something he can't see.

Twump. Thwump. Thwump.

The record's cry for assistance continuing unheard.

Clint's face getting closer. Closer until his eyes the only things of interest. He closes them.

Blackness.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

The pitch black lightens a little. A black light now providing visual assistance.

Clint stands over bins of developing solution fixing chemicals onto several blank, white photos.

He pushes each one under the solution waiting for the image to appear.

His attention is taken away by the sound of the malfunctioning record player in the corner.

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

CLINT
Shit.

He leaves his work and goes over to the player. Resets the needle.

A woman's eerie voice howls behind smeared violins and electronic sounds. The woman's voice a beautiful, otherworldly thing.

Back at the developing bin, Clint smiles at the ghostly profiles revealing patterns. Several photos of a young girl gagged and bound and stuffed into a wooden box with the top off. Her coffin.

Clint HUMS with the song.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

An empty, white-walled room. Several moving boxes sit on the floor taped and ready to go.

On one wall, a black, turnstile door turns. Clint appears within the turning door from his darkroom. He closes the top of a small, photo-sized, manila envelope and carries the twelve-inch record beneath his arm.

MRS. NEWCASTLE(OS)
Don't be gone too long, Clint.

Startled, Clint looks up to see his wife, MRS NEWCASTLE(30's) entering. A wipe rag and spray bottle in her hand. She doesn't look like the working type, a young, busty blonde.

MRS. NEWCASTLE
You still need to pack.

Clint stops, a wry, teenage smile on his face. Gets directly in front of his wife.

CLINT
Just have to leave the keys with security.

Clint motions to the manila envelope in his hands.

CLINT
It'll take me a half hour.

Mrs. Newcastle is already at the window cleaning the non-existent streaks.

MRS. NEWCASTLE
I know what your half hours are like.

CLINT
Then you know when I'll be back.

Still grinning, Clint turns to leave. Taps the manila envelope with his finger. Leaves.

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

Clint sits on the wasted bed. Tattered, foam, camping mattress supporting him. Head bowed slightly. Still looking at something unseen. Searching.

The rain still begging to get in. Banging on each side of the small, claustrophobic space.

On the wall the newest addition to Clint's photo collection. The young girl in the wooden box. Several new photos tacked over several of the older photos.

Clint looks up at the photos. The scared, young, hurt faces.

Clint stands and moves towards the door. Keeps his eyes on the photos. In particular, the most recent one. Finds a rain coat within the cabin and gets in it. Preparing himself for the outside.

INT. TIDCO OFFICE TOWER - CEO OFFICE - DAY

Clint, in business dress, stands with hands clasped at his back at the large windows overlooking the city skyline. The office is the type where the most powerful people in the city meet.

A plasma television on one wall plays the business report with the sound down.

Oak wood, matching leather furniture and expensive oil paintings adorn the office.

A box of OFFICE BELONGINGS sits on the large desk.

ASSISTANT(OS)

Everyone deserves a second chance, Sir.

The assistant's voice awakens Clint from his daydream. Clint turns to his ASSISTANT(20'S), a young man with an eager but honest face. Clint puts the last of his things in the box.

CLINT

If it were as easy as that.

Clint smiles at his assistant. The assistant returns it.

ASSISTANT

(to box)

Carry that to your car?

CLINT

No. Thanks. Wanna pen?

ASSISTANT

Sure.

Clint throws an expensive, silver pen across the room to the assistant.

The assistant catches it, immediately inspects it. Realizes its worth. Eyes get big.

ASSISTANT

Wow. Thanks, Sir.

(pause)

Good things happen to good people.

(shakes pen)

You'll see.

CLINT

(chuckles)

Thanks. Can't wait.

ASSISTANT

Good luck, Sir.

The assistant waves, turns to leave.

CLINT

Son...

The assistant stops, turns.

CLINT

Quit calling me Sir.

ASSISTANT

Sorry.

The assistant smiles, politely leaves.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The black-clad, MILITARY FIGURES moving through the rain and muck. Weapons at the ready. Halogen flashlights moving with every movement of their rifles.

Up ahead, a clearing. Lights from a house coming into focus. The figures moving straight for it. Their target.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Clint buttons the rest of the buttons on the raincoat. Pulls the hood secure. Clint goes for a gasoline can nearby. Douses every inch of the place with the liquid. Done, throws the can on its own mess.

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

The radio still calling out.

A match lit. The bed quickly in flames.

Clint leaves in a hurry taking the shovel leaning against the wall with him.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

The flames of the burning, floating trailer penetrating the rain and darkness. Not even the monsoon-like rain can put it out.

EXT. MARSHLAND - NIGHT

A lightning FLASH lights up the thick fauna just enough to show Clint, shovel in hand, heading somewhere in a hurry. The wet ground and maze-like vines pulling against him.

A BOOM from the chasing thunder.

INT. NEWCASTLE RESIDENCE - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Large, wood-trimmed, twelve-foot high ceilings surround tons of packed moving boxes and cellophane-wrapped furniture. Even wrapped, the expensive taste is apparent.

Mrs. Newcastle lays asleep on the plastic-wrapped sofa. The empty bottle of wine and wine glass on the floor her reason for not caring where she slept.

The rain knocks gently outside, hiding the downpour that's actually occurring.

EXT. MARSHLAND - NIGHT

Clint stabs the shovel in the ground, dumps the dirt to the side. Stab. Dump. Stab. Dump. Getting a good hole formed.

The wet dirt is easy work for Clint's shovel. The heavy rain the only problem, almost filling the hole as the dirt's removed.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Flames consume anything and everything.

Beneath the roar of the flames, the familiar

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump

of the record player.

The pictures on the wall melt from the heat.

The newest pictures of the girl in the box some of the last to finally melt. The figures wrinkling into black nothing.

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump

the sound picking up speed, like someone's turned the player up to high speed.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Thwump. Thwump. Thwump. Thwump.

Sounding more like the blades of a helicopter.

The black clad men at the clearing, the backyard of a large, multiroomed, isolated residence surrounded by forest on all sides.

A black, POLICE HELICOPTER flies overhead placing a spotlight within the backyard of the house and on the house itself.

As the men approach, large SWAT insignias on the back reveal the identities of the men.

Each SWAT member takes an offensive position within the residence's backyard. Aim weapons towards the house.

More SWAT MEMBERS emerge from the shadows. The entire place is now surrounded by SWAT. Despite the size of the group and with help of the rain and thunder, their presence goes unnoticed.

EXT. MARSHLAND - NIGHT

Clint digging still. Now waist deep in his own freshly dug hole. The next thrust of the shovel hits something hard, something other than earth.

The water running off his raincoat.

Clint continues. Removes the dirt from the top of whatever it is he's hit. Gets on his knees, frantically pulls the soaked dirt out with his hands.

With most of the earth removed, the outline of a wooden box is now identifiable.

EXT. RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The front of the colonial style, Carolina mansion sits alone in the rain. The house has been there since the Civil War. A small "sold" sign waves back and forth in the wind.

Mossy Oak trees surround the front and line the drive coming into the place. The trees many years older than the house.

SWAT members coming from everywhere. The entire front, like the back, is surrounded. They prepare themselves to enter. All have weapons trained and ready to kill.

The helicopter still overhead, its spotlight illuminating the entire area.

EXT. MARSHLAND - NIGHT

Clint stands in the waist deep hole. Pulls at the top of the wooden box. Finally, the top budes. Clint removes the top and throws it on the formed dirt pile.

Clint stands there a moment looking at the box's contents.

In the box, the GIRL(10) from the picture, bound and gagged still lies in the box. The rain hitting her face. Her eyes swollen from hours of crying. Seeing Clint her thankful eyes turn to fear.

Clint lifts the weightless child from the box. Sets her on the ground next to him. Unties her hands and mouth.

The girl still visibly afraid, shaking. Recognizes Clint.

CLINT

Go.

The girl doesn't move.

CLINT

You can go.

The shaking girl finds what remaining strength she has and heads in the most accessible direction.

Clint stops her. She recoils.

Clint turns her in the direction out of there.

CLINT

Head that way until you hit the road.
(points)

The girl looks, obeys. Gets going fast.

Clint watches. Lets the rain run down his face without bothering it. Smiles, satisfied.

INT. NEWCASTLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mrs. Newcastle still sleeping on the sofa.

A BANG from the front door. Someone forcing their way inside.

This startles Mrs. Newcastle awake. Immediately she senses something wrong. Reaches beneath the small sofa cushion and pulls out a pistol.

Another BANG followed by breaking glass from the rear of the house.

Mrs. Newcastle holds the gun in a firing position. Defending herself.

EXT. RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The SWAT team storms the house. Every available exit has been taken by armed swat members.

Chaotic YELLING from within the house.

Mrs. Newcastle's SCREAMS

A POP from a small caliber weapon is immediately followed by SEMI AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

Then all falls silent from within the house.

The rain and the sound of the helicopter all that's left.

EXT. MARSHLANDS - NIGHT

Clint walking through the dark. Knows the route well. Suddenly, the rain lets up. A light sprinkle now.

Clint looks up. Pulls his rain coat hood back. Smiles a wide happy smile. Gets going. Hums his favorite tune from the old record.

The sound getting lost in the darkness. Like everything else.

FADE OUT.

THE END

