

OSCAR #2

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Lauren fades in on the dingy details-- rotting rafters, rusty equipment. Across the room

OSCAR

Blurry in her vision, sits at a wood table. He picks glass out of his hand, unaware she's awake.

He's connected to an IV, its bag filled with BLOOD.

Lauren is restrained to a chair, mouth gagged.

Oscar looks over, sees her eyes open. Somehow embarrassed, he stands, rolling the IV stand out of her sight.

She blacks out again.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - LATER

Oscar washes Lauren's face with a cloth.

Lauren's eyes blink open. He smiles at her, offers a hospital cup and straw.

She nods. He starts to remove her gag.

OSCAR

You have to promise not to scream.
I know we're in the middle of
nowhere, but it would still upset
me.

Lauren nods. Oscar pulls her gag and she DRINKS.

LAUREN

Who are you?

OSCAR

The one who rescued you. You're
free.

He grins. Aware of the irony. She takes in her surroundings.

LAUREN

They're going to come looking for
me.

OSCAR

Half the state's looking for you.
That's why we're here. We have to
lay low for a couple days before I
bring you home. It's insane. How
could they ever think you'd do
something like this?

LAUREN

How do you know I didn't?

He looks at her. Lauren puts it together.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You set me up...?

OSCAR

No, I saved you. Just like you
saved me.

Lauren stares at him in confusion, situation looking worse
and worse.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I've been wanting to meet you for a
long time.

He smiles at her softly.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

You need to rest now.

He starts to replace her gag. She twists away--

LAUREN

Help! Somebody help --

Oscar grabs her throat, suddenly furious.

OSCAR

How about a little *gratitude*? You
were on your way to death row. I
set you FREE.

Oscar reinserts her gag.

Shaken and winded, Oscar falls back to fumble for his meds.
He opens his vial of PILLS, one falls to the ground.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm just not myself lately.

He swallows, sinks back on a chair. Lauren's eyes drift to the forgotten pill.

EXT. RURAL INTERSECTION - DAY

~~POLICE TAPE cordons off the roadway. Rigid body laid out on the dirt, Bates covers the Driver with a BODY BAG.~~

CHURCH

Examines the back of the damaged Cruiser, eyeing the signs of Lauren's escape.

He moves to the front seats, glass and blood everywhere. Bates joins him, examining the micro-fragment impact markings along the dashboard.

CHURCH

Twelve gauge?

BATES

Yup. But get this--
 (indicates with a pencil)
 These look like double-ought buckshot. Your standard, nine pellet do-it-all load. But I'm pretty sure these here--
 (different pattern)
 --are PDX-1 slug.

CHURCH

Meaning what?

BATES

It's a tactical load. Guy knew what he was doing. Two shots. First round is low-recoil, keeps the barrel on target. The second round has the tighter pattern-- the stopping power.

CHURCH

What about the tires?