

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Olivia hangs up and shakes her head, tears forming in her eyes.

IRV
I'll go see Sheriff Dinkins.

This does not comfort Olivia.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Dinkins sits at his desk with an old high school yearbook. He sees his picture. He wears an ill-fitting blue tuxedo and has an excuse for a mustache. His face is riddled with pimples.

He looks lower on the page and sees Kirk's photo. He is immaculately dressed in a black tux. His complexion, flawless.

Dinkins grimaces at his photo. He turns the page to the underclassmen. He sees Susanne's photo. A heart long ago drawn over it. He smiles at this.

There is a knock on the door. Startled, Dinkins closes the yearbook and puts it in his desk. Linda stands in the threshold.

LINDA
Mr. Brady is here to see you.

DINKINS (V.O.)
Taken?

INT. SAME - LATER

Dinkins sits at his desk in shock.

Irv sits across from him.

IRV
She's not in the house. Her bed's not been slept in.

At this, Dinkins gulps.

DINKINS
Who do you think coulda did it?

IRV
Well she's got that boy friend.
Kirk or something like that. I
never liked him.

DINKINS
Kirk Jayneway?

IRV
Yep, that's him.

DINKINS
Oh, he's a tough son of a bitch.
(pause)
I was over his place last night for
a noise complaint. He was real
drunk.

IRV
Maybe he might had a few too many,
wanted something Susanne didn't
wanna give him. And he just up and
took...

Irv chokes up.

IRV
What are we gonna do about this
Jayneway?

DINKINS
Oh, I don't know, Mr. Brady. He's a
tough son of a bitch.

IRV
You said that.

DINKINS
Real tough.

IRV
So what are we gonna do?

DINKINS
We better get a posse. He's a tough
son of a bitch.

Dinkins waves to Linda, who walks in and leans on the
threshold.

LINDA
Yes, Mr. Sheriff, sir?

DINKINS

Get all the deputies to report in.
And call Mr. Bowerton, and see if
he and his boys can come on down
too. We're puttin' together a
posse.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Dinkins, Irv, two deputies, BOWERTON (61), and his four sons
make up THE POSSE. Bowerton wears overalls and work boots. No
shirt. All five of the Bowertons dip and carry water bottles
for their spit.

Dinkins steps to the middle of the group.

DINKINS

Okay, men, we've got us a
kidnappin' situation here. We think
Susanne Brady is being held against
her will by Kirk Jayneway. Now,
he's a real touch son of a bitch,
so we gotta be real careful how we
deal with him. I think the best
way...

BOWERTON

Awe hell, Shannon, let's just go
get the pervert!

The Bowerton boys all exclaim agreement.

DINKINS

Well, alright then.

The Deputies and the Bowerton boys pile into the bed of the
Sheriff's pickup.

IRV

I'm drivin'.

DINKINS

I don't know, sir. You might could
be too upset to...

IRV

I'm drivin'.

Dinkins nods and hands over the keys. He looks to see
Bowerton sitting in the passenger seat of the cab.