

PIG FARM KILLER

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February 12, 2026

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EXT. PICKTON FARM - NIGHT

Dusk over an expanse of outbuildings and accumulated scrap; the spread of a pig farm in rural Port Coquitlam, British Columbia.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

We're tight on the face of a woman who lies on her stomach, mouth gagged, a look of total terror, as someone rapes her out of frame.

She's choked with a piano wire; we watch the life drain from her eyes.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

We're inside a barn, far enough away not to see the details of a man hoisting the corpse of the woman and hanging her on a hook.

He pulls out a knife and slices her open like an animal.

Tight on her hair and hands dangling over a large bucket as blood spills in sickening amounts, drenching her hair and coating her arms and hands.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE - DAY

Establishing of shops, old apartments and sex workers. It's loud and jarring coming from the last scene.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Downtown Vancouver, lower Eastside. LEAH MARTIN 30s stands on the sidewalk outside of the entrance of the convenience store with CONSTABLE LEWIS ALVAREZ 30s and the STORE OWNER.

Leah's pretty, but rough around the edges. It's clear she's low income and not new to the streets. She wears an old fur coat and a mini skirt and is smoking. Her purse has a distinct happy face stitched onto it.

STORE OWNER

This! She had it tucked under her coat.

LEAH

Bullshit, you've been a little heavy on the oolong tea, Wang.

STORE OWNER

My name's not Wang you racist
whore!

LEWIS

Alright, that's enough out of you
two, Ok? Let's settle this.

STORE OWNER

It's the third time this month.

Lewis looks thoughtfully at Leah, who pipes up her bravado
when she notes his pity.

LEWIS

Same item Mr. Wong?

LEAH

(to the store owner)

Wang Wong same fucking thing. I was
off by a letter, man.

She laughs.

STORE OWNER

I insist on reporting her, officer!

LEWIS

(reaching for his wallet)

How about I pay for the three
loaves, if Miss Martin here
promises to stay away from your
store. If she doesn't I'll take her
down to the station and charge her
for theft, on three counts. Sound
good?

LEAH

What you're gonna make me walk a
mile to the next grocery store,
Lewis? This is where I shop! I live
right around the fucking corner.

LEWIS

You'll get used to the hike, Leah.

He hands the store owner the cash and the owner walks back
inside.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

It's this or another record. Come
on, do it for Dahlia.

LEAH

Don't use her in this, Lewis who do you think this shit's for?!

She shoves the bread in her bag and walks away.

LEWIS

I don't want to come back down here because of you again, Leah. You're better than that!

She continues to speed away and raises a finger high in the air, holding it defiantly.

Lewis smiles and shakes his head.

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Leah enters the lobby of the old apartment building and ascends the stairs.

She opens the door to her apartment.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Leah enters her apartment.

The inside is surprisingly bright, homey and clean.

Leah busies herself in the kitchen, pulling out the loaf of bread.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Is that you, sweetheart?

LEAH

Yeah, Nana. You alright?

We hear a scuffling into the kitchen and ANNIE (80s) enters with a walker. She's short of breath and the movement is exhausting.

Leah approaches her.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Nan, have a seat.

She helps her sit at the table.

ANNIE

Oh, don't fuss I'm quite alright.

Leah moves the walker to the side of the kitchen and pours water in the kettle.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Dahlia's up but I'm not sure how ready for school she is. That girl wouldn't wake for Armageddon I swear.

LEAH

(busy preparing breakfast)
Yeah, well you have to be tough on her Nan, or you won't get anywhere with her. Doll!!!

ANNIE

She's my little Dahlia I couldn't look at her sideways you know that.

DAHLIA (15) enters fully dressed and with her backpack.

DAHLIA

(she kisses Leah and scoops up a finger of peanut butter)
Morning.

She's sweet and bright.

LEAH

Morning baby.
(she hands her a wrapped sandwich)
Pack that up. Eat this.
(she hands her an unwrapped sandwich)
Sorry I'm late. Long night.

ANNIE

I'm not sure how they get away with making you work all night at that diner, Leah.

We see Leah's guilt-ridden expression. She takes a deep breath and smiles before turning to bring Annie a plate.

LEAH

Gotta pay the bills, right?

Annie pats Leah's hand and looks up at her proudly.

ANNIE

My sweet girls.

Dahlia's fussing with her hair in the mirror while she eats the sandwich with her free hand.

LEAH
 (to Dahlia)
 Girl, get going. I'm not raising
 your Momma, go! Learn! Get rich so
 you can afford my old ass.

She swats Dahlia's butt playfully.

DAHLIA
 (kisses Annie)
 OK, luuuuv you both.
 (before she heads out)
 Can you walk with me? After school?

LEAH
 Not today baby I picked up a shift.
 But I'll be here to make dinner.

DAHLIA
 Spag bol?!

LEAH
 Better, KD.

Dahlia makes a face.

LEAH (CONT'D)
 With hotdogs.

DAHLIA
 Obviously.

LEAH
 Obviously.

Dahlia leaves. Annie's watching Leah intently.

LEAH (CONT'D)
 Nana, don't. We need the money.

ANNIE
 You work too much...Too too much.

The kettle screams on the stove. Leah stands quickly.

LEAH
 Oh! Tea.

Off Annie who watches her thoughtfully.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - DAY

Leah walks down the street. We're on her long legs clacking down the sidewalk in heels.

It's cold. She pulls her coat closer to her. She spots a group of girls at a corner ahead and approaches one of them.

JENNA 30s, smiles when she sees her.

LEAH
Slow morning?

JENNA
Board meetings going long today.

Leah lights up a cigarette.

JENNA (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? Weren't you working Powell street all night?

LEAH
I was. The wives must have been going long last night...I'm broke as hell.

JENNA
Yeah aren't we all.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

An old truck pulls in. A livestock trailer is attached to the back.

ROBERT (WILLIE) PICKTON (50s) steps out. Thin, pale, long, stringy hair, he looks around the farm as RYAN KESSLER (20s) steps out of the passenger side. Ryan looks rough. Drug addled, jittery. Pale.

The two men round the trailer and open the back.

Filthy, squealing pigs, stuffed flesh to flesh, fill the space. Willie pulls the ramp and begins yipping and hitting them, ushering them all out. We're tight inside the rush of a high pitched screaming drove, filling the frame with the force of them.

The men pull the trailer out and lock the gate.

Willie carries a heavy bucket to the trough. He heaves it over the edge. He tosses the remnants into the trough;

a mix of sludge, meat and bones. The pigs crowd the row and devour it.

RYAN
They're loud today.

WILLIE
They know the routine.

RYAN
You want me to run 'em inside
after?

WILLIE
No.

RYAN
I can handle it. Been here a month
now.

WILLIE
I said no, got it?

Willie's mousey. Simple. His voice has a pitch that unsettles. But his eyes unsettle more. He threatens with an undertone of madness.

RYAN
Just trying to help.

WILLIE
You help out here. Same as always.

Ryan wipes his nose with the back of his hand and stares at the lock on the door.

RYAN
What's with the lock anyway?

WILLIE
Think of it as biosecurity.

RYAN
Bio-what?

WILLIE
Disease spreads fast if you don't
keep things tight. Stress too. They
get agitated with too many hands.
They're used to my hands.
(he glances at Ryan,
pointed but mild)
I know their rhythms. That's all.

RYAN

Right.
 (he shifts his weight,
 rubbing his arms)
 Feed run come in today?

WILLIE

Tomorrow.

RYAN

Any chance I can get an advance?

WILLIE

You get paid Fridays.

RYAN

Yeah. Just...rough night.

WILLIE

You've had a lot of those.

RYAN

Still grateful. Place to crash.
 Work. Beats the street. Winter
 comin' and everything.

WILLIE

I like helpin' folks struggling.
 You're not the first. You want to
 stay, you keep your hands where I
 tell you to. Got it?

RYAN

Yeah. Of course.

We fill the frame with the pigs' snouts and grunts and the sound of squelching as the "feed" is eaten.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Drone shot of the men as they work.

We push into a barn.

INT. BARN - DAY

A woman is gagged and tied to a post and on a mattress in a small corral. It's one of many along the back wall of the building. In a few moments, the rising sound of the drove leads before we see several pigs approach her, crowding around her corral. She watches them build in numbers on the other side of the bars separating her from them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER ALLEY - DAY

A car pulls up fast and breaks abruptly at the edge of a curb.

Leah steps out angrily. Her hair's a mess.

LEAH

Fuck You, you son of a bitch!!!

A hand from the driver's side grips the handle and slams the door shut.

Leah kicks at the car and screams.

LEAH (CONT'D)

That's two hundred bucks you piece
of shit!!

Pedestrians at the end of the alley walk by and turn to look.

She collects herself, fighting angry tears, humiliated by the onlookers. She turns and walks, defeated down the alley.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Leah fixes her face and hair in the mirror. She washes between her legs with a paper towel.

There's an impatient banging on the door.

PERSON (V.O.)

You finished in there yet?!

She remains unfazed and takes her time finishing up as the banging continues.

She moves to the door and opens it.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

She pushes passed the angry man.

LEAH

Go fuck your hat! Asshole.

The man looks back at her, shocked.

She walks passed a teller.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Thanks, Tony.

INT. BARN - DAY

Willie's at the edge of the barn. He carries a heavy garbage bag. He kicks some dirt and straw away with his feet, exposing a large trap door.

The tied up woman cries quietly on the other end of the barn, watching him.

A worn wooden set of stairs lead down to a hidden cellar under the barn. We can see an old freezer at the bottom.

Willie steps down.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

A dark, musty cellar that holds two freezers and a few rusty chains, hooks and makeshift tables against the wall.

Willie moves to the freezer and opens it up.

We can see that it's half full of the same, black bags. He throws the bag in.

Out of one of them, we see long black hair tailing down against the inside of the freezer.

He slams the freezer shut.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. PUB - DAY

Leah pushes through the door.

She walks to the bar where the bartender, GEORGE (60s) stands wiping the counter.

GEORGE

Hi, Leah. The usual?

LEAH

Yes, please George.

EXT. FEED SUPPLY - DAY

Willie and Ryan throw bags of grain in the back of Willie's truck.

RYAN

These feel heavier every year.

WILLIE

I think you're just getting older.

They heave another bag into the back of the truck.

RYAN

Probably right.

The SUPPLIER steps out.

SUPPLIER

You boys loading for the whole county today?

WILLIE

Just staying ahead of the barns.

SUPPLIER

Must be doing something right. Heard from the processor your hogs been coming in top form lately. What've you been feeding 'em?

WILLIE

Just keeping it consistent. This blend, scraps from the farm. Makes them taste real organic.

SUPPLIER

Keep it up. Those rich fuckers in West Van like to keep their freezers full of that quality shit.

WILLIE

That's the plan.

The supplier leaves.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(to Ryan)

Beer and a bite after this? My treat.

RYAN

I won't pass up a pint.

INT. PUB - DAY

Leah sits at the bar.

LEAH

Hey George how much longer?

GEORGE
Yeah it oughta be ready by now
lemme check.

We see Willie's truck pull up outside and Willie and Ryan step out.

George returns with a box and Leah throws a ten on the bar top.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(shakes his head)
No, no. It's on me.

LEAH
(a soft smile)
Thanks George. You're a star.

She stands up and turns to leave and runs right into Willie.

Her takeout box drops and a burger lands partly on Willie's boots.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Jesus, watch where you're going!

Willie's face tightens.

WILLIE
You wanna clean that up?

Leah coils slightly. The air of him disturbingly dark.

George steps around the bar quickly with a rag.

GEORGE
I got it I got it.

LEAH
Fuck.

GEORGE
Don't you worry girl.
(hollers to the kitchen)
Hey Steve-o wanna fire up another
classic for Leah! Pronto!

Leah falls back in the seat as Willie walks passed her, his eyes locked hard on her.

INT. PUB - DAY

It's moments later and Willie and Ryan sit at a table drinking a beer.

Leah sits at the bar. She peers over at Willie every once in a while. He has his eyes on her as Ryan speaks to him.

RYAN

So I got my cheque two weeks ago and wanted to do something nice for Sara. She really likes those...what do you call 'em...therapy coloring books or somethig...

His voice trails off.

Willie ignores him. Leah sits at the bar uncomfortably and snatches the take out bag from George and speeds out of the pub throwing one last look to Willie.

Willie watches her, his eyes following her out and past the pub window out of sight.

WILLIE

(to Ryan)

I think I wouldn't mind keeping these drinks going. See where the night takes us. What do you think?

RYAN

Sure.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lewis sits at his desk biting into a sandwich. He clicks on his keyboard as he does.

A stack of case folders clutter his desk. He shifts back from his computer to a folder.

SERGEANT HOLLIS (50S) approaches with a coffee.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

You're still on those Eastside files?

LEWIS

I've got six disappearances in three months. Same neighborhood. Same general profile.

SERGEANT HOLLIS
Missing persons isn't homicide,
Lewis.

LEWIS
I'm not saying it is. I'm saying it
might become one if we don't start
connecting these.

Hollis flips one folder open.

SERGEANT HOLLIS
Most of these were reported by
outreach workers or family members
who haven't seen them in weeks. A
couple came from shelter staff.
One's from another woman working
the stroll. That's not unusual
reporting for that area.

LEWIS
So what's the likely explanation?
Every one of them just vanished on
their own?

SERGEANT HOLLIS
I'm telling you to leave it.
There's no evidence of foul play
here, you're wasting your time on
this.

Lewis slides the stack of folders aside slightly and exposes
a map of downtown Vancouver. He's marked several points in
red felt of the downtown Eastside.

LEWIS
Look at the last seen locations.
They're tightening up. There's a
pattern here.

Hollis looks for a beat and considers.

SERGEANT HOLLIS
Or it's a high risk population in a
small geographic pocket. We see
that every year.

Lewis pulls another file.

LEWIS
Two witnesses describe the same
truck. Both times claiming to have
been seen headed to and in Port
Coquitlam.

Hollis shakes his head.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

Then you're drifting into RCMP territory.

LEWIS

All of these women lived here. Worked here. Disappeared from here. Disappeared, Hollis not MIA for a few weeks then seen in some other city or returning.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

Last confirmed sighting outside city limits makes it the jurisdiction of RCMP. All you can do is forward the information. That's protocol.

LEWIS

Some of these families are calling weekly. One mother's filed three supplemental reports.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

Half the time the women turn up months later in another province. We can't pull detectives off active violent crime every time someone doesn't check in.

LEWIS

So we just file them?

SERGEANT HOLLIS

We log them. We circulate photos. We flag if new evidence comes in. That's the job. You're assigned to property crime this week. Auto theft ring out of Mount Pleasant. That's where I need you.

Hollis strides away leaving Lewis at his desk, defeated and helpless.

EXT. WOMEN'S SHELTER ENTRANCE - DAY

A tired OUTREACH WORKER (40s) pins a photocopied missing poster on a cork board crowded with overlapping faces.

Written across the top in marker:

Have You Seen Carrie?

A younger volunteer, MAYA (20s), hands her another flyer.

MAYA

That's the third one this month.

OUTREACH WORKER

Sixth. Sixth girl nobody's heard from since spring.

She steps back scanning the board of faces, layered and rain warped.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Jenna leans against a brick wall, lighting a cigarette. Two STREET GIRLS hover nearby, jittery and exhausted.

One of them, TANYA (30s), keeps glancing toward the road.

TANYA

You hear about Carrie?

JENNA

People disappear out here all the time.

TANYA

Not like that. She left her bag at a safe house.

JENNA

(after a beat)

Maybe she scored somewhere and forgot it.

TANYA

Carrie never forgot money.

Silence settles. Traffic hisses.

EXT. OPPENHEIMER PARK - DAY

Leah and Jenna sit on a park bench sharing Leah's burger and a fountain drink.

The park is beaten and unmaintained. Old derelict buildings line the street behind them. Sirens scream in the distance.

JENNA

You hear anything about Carrie?

LEAH

No. Last I saw her she was working Hastings near the alley by Waylon's Pawn.

JENNA

That was over a week ago.

LEAH

Maybe she moved strolls.

JENNA

Carrie barely knew this one. She wasn't gonna start hopping neighborhoods. Not so soon.

LEAH

You asked around?

JENNA

Shelter hasn't seen her. Neither has Tina or Rose. That's three girls gone quiet this month.

There's a beat of silence.

LEAH

You think something's going on?

Jenna shrugs, but it feels forced.

JENNA

You know how it is. Some girls come down here thinking they can handle it. Money looks fast til it isn't. Then they burn out or drift somewhere else.

LEAH

Carrie didn't seem like she was drifting.

JENNA

Nobody ever does at first. Hey, you working tonight?

LEAH

No, ma'am. I promised Doll I'd be home to make dinner.

JENNA

I need a favor. And I'll be home before dinner.

LEAH

What is it?

JENNA

I gotta hit the clinic. Been putting it off too long.

Leah looks at her, Jenna doesn't make eye contact.

LEAH

Not again...honey. You didn't suit up?

JENNA

The fucker slipped it off last second.

LEAH

The fucking moron.
(she looks at her hard)
That's the third time this year, Jenna. You can't abort an STD, you gotta be more careful.

JENNA

Can you do it? I've got regulars that swing by around 4:00. If I'm not there they go somewhere else and I lose 'em.

Leah sighs, considering it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Please, Leah. Nobody else can do this for me and I can't keep pushing this off...you know that.

LEAH

Alright. But be back no later than 6:00. I can't keep skipping out on Doll.

Jenna kisses her and balls up the garbage, tossing it in the trash bin.

Just then a bike rolls up. A man MARSHALL, in a Hells Angels leather jacket. He's a bigger man with a beard and a ponytail. He chews on a toothpick.

The girls tighten up.

MARSHALL

Where've you been Leah? I haven't seen you in weeks.

LEAH
I've been everywhere you aren't,
Marshall.

Jenna gives her a warning look.

MARSHALL
You know I'd catch up to you.
(he looks at her like a
predator)
You got time for me now?

LEAH
No, I'm busy. Maybe another time.

Marshall looks at Jenna.

MARSHALL
How about you.
(he looks at her up and
down)
I'd take you in a pinch I guess.

Jenna straightens.

JENNA
Can't. Got somewhere to be.

He chews on his toothpick, his mouth open in an ominous smile.

MARSHALL
Alright. I'll get you next time.

He roars off. Jenna looks at Leah, she looks terrified.

JENNA
You OK?

Leah shakes her head.

LEAH
No. That guy's bad news. Beat Sonia
up bad last week. Put her in ICU.

JENNA
I think you're lucky if you can
avoid all of them.

LEAH
They're probably what happened to
Carrie. And the other girls.

She can see Leah's distressed.

JENNA

Don't worry about Carrie. She probably just skipped town. Happens all the time.

LEAH

Yeah, maybe.

JENNA

Bye girl.

LEAH

Bye sweetie.

Jenna leaves.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - NIGHT

The sun is setting as Willie and Ryan stagger out of the pub. Ryan's more drunk than Willie. A few young girls walk by laughing and Willie holds a stare while Ryan slides into the passenger seat of Willie's truck.

Willie opens the driver's side door and slides in.

WILLIE

What do you say we look for a little something to take back with us, huh?

Ryan looks confused and then follows Willie's gaze to the group of girls.

RYAN

(shakes his head)
Nah, I don't do that.

WILLIE

You do if you hang with me, Ryan.
(he slaps playfully but aggressively on Ryan's chest)
Huh?! Yeah I think we do a little shopping around.

He fires up the truck and they pull out.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Leah stands impatiently on the street. It's quiet, there's not a person or vehicle to be seen.

LEAH
Come on, Jenna fuck...
(she considers for a beat)
Fuck it.

She crosses the street where a payphone is.

She enters and pulls a quarter out of her purse, inserting it and dialing.

INT. LEAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Annie sits in a chair watching television. We can hear the shower running off screen.

The phone rings from the kitchen. Annie starts.

ANNIE
Oh...Dahlia!

She tries to get up but winces in pain.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Dahlia! The phone! Can you get that?!

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Leah listens as the phone rings.

LEAH
Come on, Doll...

INT. WILLIE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Willie and Ryan drive down the street.

RYAN
There's nobody around. Maybe tonight's not our night.

Willie scans the streets like a shark.

WILLIE
We'll find something. I always do.

INT. LEAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The phone continues ringing.

ANNIE

Oh, Dear...

Annie pushes herself up with great effort and pulls her walker in front of her. She takes a couple steps forward.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Leah's getting frustrated as she waits for someone to pick up.

LEAH

Come on, what are you doing?

A flood of lights fill the payphone booth. Leah squints her eyes to it.

INT. WILLIE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Willie smirks with pleasure when he sees who it is.

WILLIE

Look who we've got here. Pretty little whore who stained my boots earlier.

Ryan follows his gaze as Willie pulls over and parks.

Willie opens the door and steps out.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Leah lowers the phone as she processes the man from the pub is approaching her.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Annie has made her way to the kitchen just as Dahlia hurries out of the bathroom drying her hair and in a bath robe.

DAHLIA

Nana, what are you doing? Sit down.

She ushers her to the kitchen chair and Annie falls exhausted into it while Dahlia answers the phone.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Hello?

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Leah drops the phone and it swings downward, hanging from the cable.

She steps out of the booth quickly and moves to hurry away in the other direction.

Willie reaches for her and grabs a fistful of Leah's hair before she can get away.

Ryan steps out.

WILLIE

Not so fast sweetheart.

Leah screams and struggles.

Ryan watches in shock and horror.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dahlia listens through the receiver, confused and afraid, to the inaudible male words and a woman's screams.

DAHLIA

Hello?!

ANNIE

Who is it?

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Leah struggles to free herself and digs a hard heel into Willie's foot.

He loosens his grip and lets go of her enough for her to run a few feet ahead, but he lunges and grabs her again.

She screams and he covers her mouth.

RYAN

What the fuck are you doing,
Willie? This 'aint right.

Willie sees a rock on the edge of the sidewalk and grips it before bringing it down hard on Leah's head.

Leah goes limp. Willie scoops her up and walks back to the truck.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Move!

He does, terrified and in shock.

Willie struggles to get Leah through the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I don't want anything to do with this, Willie.

WILLIE

This 'aint nothing, Ryan. These girls get paid to deal with all of Vancouver. You know what kind of freaks are out there?

As they speak and Leah is slid into the truck, her purse falls to the road just below the truck.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

They're like livestock. Sometimes you gotta stun them to work them.

Willie gets her in, her body slumped against the seat in the middle.

Ryan freezes, unsure whether he should get in as Willie rounds to the other side.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Stop being a fucking bitch, Ryan get in the truck.

He does. They drive off. Leah's purse rolled over by his back tire.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dahlia holds the phone and listens to the silence that follows. She breathes heavy.

ANNIE

Was it one of them prank callers?

DAHLIA

Yeah maybe...I don't...I don't know.

She hangs up and looks at Annie. The old woman sits at the table, breathing painfully. She's in rough shape.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
Let's get you dinner.

INT. WILLIE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

In the truck on the way to the farm, Willie and Ryan are back and forth. Leah's unconscious between them, bloodied head resting on Ryan's shoulder.

 RYAN
This 'aint right, Willie.

 WILLIE
She's still breathin'.

 RYAN
Whatever you plan on doing with her
I'm out.

 WILLIE
Ryan you're already in. You made
yourself an accomplice just by
being with me. Watchin'.
 (he looks over at him)
Come on. You must have enjoyed it a
little. Watched her go limp. Stop
makin' all that noise.

 RYAN
I didn't.

 WILLIE
You'll learn to. Got nowhere else
to go Ryan I'm the only one who's
giving you a place to sleep. How
you supposed to get your next fix
if you don't have me?

Ryan looks down at Leah's bloody head. He pushes her off his shoulder gently.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - NIGHT

Willie's truck rolls in.

It parks and Willie steps out, sliding a barely conscious Leah out.

He lifts her and she slowly opens her eyes. She registers what's going on. She begins squirming and screaming.

Her kicking frees her from his grip and she falls to the ground. Willie laughs and grabs her again. Ryan slowly follows.

WILLIE
Fiery little thing isn't she?

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The tied up woman lifts her head, hearing the screams and Willie's laugh.

Her eyes widen and she cries.

INT. WILLIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The door opens. Leah's thrown by her hair to the entrance floor. Willie steps over her and grabs her again. She struggles but he hits her across the face hard. Her eyes flutter.

Ryan steps in.

WILLIE
You gotta show them who's boss
right away or they'll get you.

INT. WILLIE'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Leah lands on the couch. Willie pulls out a pair of handcuffs and slips them around Leah's wrists, cuffing them behind her back.

He strokes her hair and kisses her cheek.

WILLIE
It's alright. It'll all be over
soon, sweetheart.

Willie pulls out some drugs. Ryan stands in the entrance of the room staring at Leah.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
You wanna go first?

RYAN
I told you I want nothing to do
with it.

WILLIE

With what? She's just doin what she does. It's her job Ryan.

Ryan shakes his head and reaches for the drugs.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

Off screen, Willie rapes Leah while Ryan shoots up. We hold on him as his hit pulls him into a comatose state.

He's distraught, growing increasingly upset. The sound of Willie and Leah's screams off screen build Ryan to the point that he rushes to the bathroom and wretches in the toilet. He falls down to the side of the toilet and passes out.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - NIGHT

Willie drags Leah across the yard toward the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The door slides open. The exterior lights illuminate the space.

Willie drags Leah through to the back and opens the gate to a corral. She falls onto a dirty mattress and her eyes fall on the naked, dirty woman next to her.

LEAH

Carrie?

Before she can say anything else he wraps a cloth tight between her teeth and ties it behind her head. He pulls her up and ties the cuffs to a hook in a metal bar above her head.

She struggles again, but she's weak.

We hold on her and the gate to her corral creaks open and closes. We hear Carrie's open.

Willie unties Carrie, who's weak body falls forward. Willie catches her and throws her onto her stomach.

Carrie's terrified eyes drill into Leah's as Willie cuffs her hands behind her back.

Willie strokes the back of her thighs and up behind her back. He stretches out on top of her and kisses her cheek, stroking her hair.

Leah and Carrie cry.

WILLIE

I got nothing for you tonight.
(he looks over to Leah)
This one got that already, didn't
you honey?

Then he pulls himself up, straddling Carrie. He pulls his belt off and wraps it around Carrie's neck. He cinches it tight.

Leah screams through the rag as Willie pulls the belt tighter. His eyes wild, his upper body shakes with the pressure he's putting around Carrie's throat.

The scene is long and gruesome.

Carrie struggles weakly under the weight of him.

Carrie's eyes grow lifeless.

Willie pulls her out and drags her towards the hook in the center of the building. He hoists her up so she's hanging. We're on Leah's wide eyes, the horror from the first scene plays out again off screen, and she screams.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

There's a knock on the door.

Dahlia, dressed for school, is in the kitchen. Annie sits at the table working on a puzzle.

Dahlia approaches the door and opens it.

Jenna stands on the other side of it. She's holding Leah's purse.

Dahlia clocks it.

JENNA

Hi, honey. Is your Momma home?

DAHLIA

No, she didn't come home last night. I'm pissed. She left me alone to put Nana to bed.

Jenna's clearly concerned, but smiles despite that.

JENNA

I bet you'd be pissed. She had a bit too much to drink last night and crashed at mine.

DAHLIA

What are you doing with her bag?

JENNA

She left it at my place last night. I'll hold onto it, give it to her when I see her today.

DAHLIA

She would have called...if she had to work this morning.

Jenna thinks quick.

JENNA

She probably got called in for work early and panicked. She'll call, I'm sure she will.

Dahlia looks at Annie. Can you do me a favor and get Nana some breakfast? I'm late for school.

Jenna looks inside and Annie clocks her.

ANNIE

Jenna, honey, how are you? I haven't seen you in months.

JENNA

Hiya, gorgeous.
(to Dahlia)
Of course I will, sweetie, get going.

She steps in and takes off her jacket.

DAHLIA

Can you please ask to call the school, when you hear from her? Just to tell me she's OK.

Jenna nods and Dahlia exits.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Robert slams the trailer door shut. Pigs squeal from inside.

Ryan steps out of the trailer and approaches the truck. He looks awful.

RYAN

Can I get a ride in with you. Gotta stop at the shelter for my cheque.

WILLIE

What, am I not paying you enough?

Ryan shrugs.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Sure, get in.

RYAN

What happened to the girl from last night?

WILLIE

I took her back last night while you were passed out on the bathroom floor.

(Ryan's not sure)

You coming or not?

He joins Willie reluctantly and slides into the passenger seat.

INT. BARN - DAY

As the truck pulls away, we're on Leah who's still tied up in the corral.

Pigs devour the sludge and bones in their troughs around her, the bloodied hook now hanging, free of Carrie, in the middle of the building.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A fluorescent-lit lobby. Old chairs bolted to the floor. A bulletin board full of faded missing-person flyers and community notices.

A CLERK sits behind a plexiglass window.

Jenna stands at the intake counter clutching Leah's purse. She's scantily dressed with fish net stockings, shorts, heels and a tight top. An oversized worn, felt coat draped around her.

CLERK

How long has she been gone?

JENNA

Since yesterday afternoon. She has a daughter and a sick grandmother to take care of she wouldn't just vanish.

CLERK

Adults are allowed to disappear if they want to...

(she looks Jenna up and down)

...Ma'am.

JENNA

She wouldn't just disappear.

The clerk thinks hard for a moment, leaning back and crossing her arms. She chews gum casually.

CLERK

Does she have substance issues?

JENNA

No, she's clean.

The clerk looks at her again.

From behind Jenna, Lewis enters with a tray full of coffees. He moves to the door to the backend.

CLERK

Same...line of work as you?

Jenna stiffens.

JENNA

Her name's Leah Martin and I'd *like* to report her missing.

Lewis stops.

LEWIS

Leah Martin?

Jenna looks at him.

JENNA

That's what I said. She didn't make it home to her family last night and no one's heard from her.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

(she says the last line
hesitantly, her eyes
falling on the clerk)

Today was cheque day. No way she
would have missed that.

Lewis notes Leah's bag over Jenna's arm. The distinct smiley
face stitched to it.

LEWIS

This is Leah's, am I right?

JENNA

I found it on my stroll last night.
She worked it for me. That's why
I'm worried.

Lewis looks at the clerk.

LEWIS

Did you take the full report?

CLERK

She's an adult, Alvarez. No
evidence of violence, no...

LEWIS

She's got dependents and personal
belongings left behind. That
qualifies for a report.

CLERK

We get these every week.

LEWIS

Then we handle them every week.
(he turns to Jenna and
smiles)
When you're done here Diane will
bring you in to my desk and you can
fill me in on this. OK?

Jenna smiles and nods. The clerk doesn't look impressed.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - OFFICE AREA - DAY

Willie stands at a small counter window. He signs paperwork.
A thick envelope is slid toward him.

Across the counter is Marshall.

MARSHALL

Prices held steady this run. You timed it right bringing them in when you did.

WILLIE

I can smell the market now, Marshall. Been doing it for years.

MARSHALL

I hear you've been doing alright outside the barns too. Folks say you've got acreage developers sniffing around.

WILLIE

That's made a mighty good profit.

Marshall looks at him a beat longer and looks cautiously around.

MARSHALL

What would you say to unofficial purchases. An agreement.

WILLIE

What are we talkin'?

MARSHALL

Some of the guys been looking for a place they won't be bothered by anyone. Neutral ground.

WILLIE

You fellas got eyes on you?

MARSHALL

Some places are becoming less discreet. Most land owners lock their briefcases when they hear bikes roll up...

Willie smiles thoughtfully.

WILLIE

Long as you all keep eyes off me and don't start nothin', I'd consider it.

Marshall smiles.

MARSHALL

We remember who helps us. You bringing another load next week?

WILLIE
Depends how fast this one clears.

MARSHALL
Keep 'em coming like this, we'll
keep buying.

Willie nods and exits.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - PROCESSING FLOOR - DAY

Rows of pig carcasses move slowly along overhead rails. Workers in aprons and gloves work methodically, professionally, with practiced precision.

One BUTCHER steadies a carcass suspended on a hook. He positions his knife carefully along the back and begins a controlled cut along the length of the spine. The knife slides downward.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A wrapped pork loin slides across the counter at the deli. Officer Alvarez takes it from the butcher and puts it in his cart.

He pushes the cart away and down an aisle, shopping for items on the shelf.

Someone catches his eye.

Dahlia walks ahead with a basket in her arm.

LEWIS
Dahlia.

She looks but keeps walking.

Lewis catches up to her.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Have you heard from your Mom?

Dahlia stops and looks at items on a shelf.

DAHLIA
No.

He watches her.

LEWIS

(awkward in the silence)
Do you need anything from me? I can help out if need.

DAHLIA

I got money from Colleen at the shelter. Tried to pick up Mom's cheque to cash it but they said I wouldn't be able to. She loaned me money until Mom can do it. I'm good.

(then she turns to him)
Besides, cops don't care about her anyway. I know what she does. Everyone thinks I'm just a dumb kid but I know, OK? Waitresses don't come home from every shift and have thirty minute showers. I can handle what's going on. I don't need your help.

She turns to walk away. Lewis catches up to her again.

He pulls out a business card and hands it to her.

LEWIS

Just in case.

She takes it reluctantly, tossing it in her basket. She walks away and Lewis watches after her, concerned.

INT. BARN - DAY

Leah's bloody head droops heavy at her chest, weak and drained.

She hears a bike roll up. Her head lifts.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Marshall rolls up just outside the barn where Willie stands.

He gets off his bike.

MARSHALL

How's it going, Willie.

WILLIE

Oh, it's goin'.

INT. BARN - DAY

Leah can see through some of the wooden panels at the side of the barn a distance away. It's partly blocked by junk and parts, but she can just make out the leather vest.

She tries to scream through the rag.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Her scream is drowned out.

Marshall pulls an envelope from his vest and hands it to Willie.

WILLIE

That covers this month?

MARSHALL

And the next. Figured we'd keep things steady. It's all about trust here, isn't it?

WILLIE

That's what I always say.

MARSHALL

My guys appreciate the privacy out here.

WILLIE

Nobody comes around here 'less I say so.

MARSHALL

That's why we like it.

Wind rattles loose sheet metal somewhere across the yard.

Then - faint, distant - a muffled scream carries briefly from inside the barn.

It's subtle. Easy to miss.

Willie doesn't react.

Marshall pauses only a fraction of a second. Barely noticeable.

He adjusts his gloves slowly, eyes still on Willie.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Long as we have our arrangement,
whatever you've got going on
here...

(he shrugs lightly)
...ain't our business.

He walks back to his bike.

WILLIE

You've got it.

He starts the engine. The bike roars to life, swallowing the quiet of the farm.

Marshall rides off, gravel crunching under the tires.

Willie stands alone in the yard, envelope still in his hand. He turns to the barn and paces quickly to the door.

INT. BARN - DAY

In moments the barn door slides open. Leah's eyes widen, terrified, as Willie steps in.

He feeds his pigs, ignoring her muffled screams. He's calm and unaffected for a long while as he finishes. Then he approaches the corral she's in and opens the gate.

She pulls back as he unhooks her, she cries and attempts to kick him but she's too weak.

He drags her into the corral Carrie was in, right next to her. The dirty, stained mattress still in the center. He throws her onto it and cuffs her to the pole behind her back. She's crying as he slides up close to her. He's touching her, whispering to her, shushing her cries.

He slides his hand down her side and slips it between her legs. She kicks and squirms, but she's helpless.

WILLIE

I think you're the prettiest one I
caught, you know that?

His face is in her hair. He breathes heavy. Then slides her down on her back, her arms stretched above her head, and gets on top of her. He spreads her legs apart and begins raping her.

As he does, we pan down the mattress until we're on Leah's feet.

At the bottom of the mattress is a lone metal spring that's punctured the lining. We hold on it for a while, the pigs in the background squealing and eating from the troughs.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Ryan walks by the barn with a bucket.

A muffled sound rises from the barn.

He stops and stares at the barn, then looks around before approaching it slowly.

Through the cracks of the wall behind some scraps he peers in.

He sees what Pickton is doing and lurches away quickly, dropping the bucket in shock and sliding up against the barn wall.

His face pales. His expression is a mix of shock and terror. He's battling with what he should do but after a moment he pushes off the wall. Composing himself, he looks around at the farm and walks away.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Willie kneels on top of Leah doing up his jeans. He smirks down at her.

The pig squeals in the background rise to a startling volume and he turns his head to look at them.

He stands and walks out, grabs a butcher knife and returns.

Leah's too weak to resist as he kneels back on top of her.

WILLIE

I think I'm gonna keep you around a little longer. But my girls are feeling a little forgotten over there so I gotta give them a little appetizer, don't I?

He brings the blade down to her hair and slices a chunk through the scalp.

Leah screams in pain.

He lifts it and stands, throwing it out to the pigs. A couple of them hurry to it, one of them pulling it up in his snout.

Willie leaves, locking the corral behind him. We're on Leah's face as she writhes in pain. Her head bleeding through the mattress. She turns to her side and after a beat looks down to her feet.

She can see the spring protruding from the mattress. She stares at it through sharp, fast breaths.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Lewis pulls up in his patrol car, parks and steps out.

He scans the ground as he walks slowly around. He crosses the street and continues looking. He sees the phone booth ahead and walks to it.

The receiver still dangles loose. He looks at it for a beat before lifting it and placing it back. He looks around inside the booth before stepping out.

He glances up, looking at the corners of the abandoned shops and alleys for cameras. He sees none.

He looks ahead at the ground and something catches his eye.

He approaches the gutter and sees a rock with a brown-blood stain on its side. He kicks it over with his foot.

He walks back to his car, pulls out a bag and napkin and approaches the rock again. He lifts it with the napkin and places it carefully in the bag before returning back to the car.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lewis walks down the hall and taps on Sergeant Hollis' office door.

Hollis ushers him in.

LEWIS

Some new evidence has come to light, Sarge. I'd like it upgraded from a routine missing person to suspicious circumstances.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

On what grounds?

LEWIS

I've got a purse found, with ID, at the site she was last known to be. And this...

He slides a photo across Hollis' desk of the rock he found.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

That blood?

LEWIS

I believe it is. I'd like to get FIU on it.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

That's not in the budget, Lewis. You know how shit our resources are right now, we're overworked and understaffed. We don't have enough to justify pulling Major Crime or tying up forensics right now. You're wasting your time just standing across my desk right now.

He's getting heated.

LEWIS

She's got a little girl. I've been a beat cop for years, I know Leah.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

Leah?

LEWIS

The missing woman, Leah Martin.

Hollis thinks for a beat.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

You'd mentioned something about Port Coquitlam.

LEWIS

Two witnesses reported girls getting in a maroon pickup truck headed to Port Coquitlam. A boyfriend of one of them followed it out to that area before he lost him.

SERGEANT HOLLIS

I'll place a call to Staff Sergeant Mike Fraser out that way. Pass along what we've got.

(MORE)

SERGEANT HOLLIS (CONT'D)

See if they've heard anything similar. But that's all I can justify right now.

LEWIS

Think they'll act on it?

SERGEANT HOLLIS

They'll log it, same as us. What I'd like you to do is bag and label that rock and lock it up for now.

Lewis grabs the photo, nods, and leaves.

SERGEANT HOLLIS (CONT'D)

And Lewis.

(Lewis turns)

After all these years you really should have learned to not take these things personally. She's Leah Martin, not Leah. Just another broad who made bad choices and landed in the Eastside. Keep that in mind, alright?

Lewis leaves, defeated.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Ryan walks cautiously around the back of the barn.

He holds a bottle of water.

He examines the rotten old boards of the wall, pulling at each one.

INT. BARN - DAY

Leah opens her eyes and peers around. The rummaging and shifting outside gets her attention.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Ryan finds a large wall panel loose and wide enough for him to pull back and squeeze through.

INT. BARN - DAY

Ryan enters the barn and peers around. He finds Leah, who looks at him, hesitant at first. She recognizes him.

Leah starts breathing fast, anxiety building.

He looks around carefully and makes his way to Leah slowly.

He opens the corral and she begins to cry out.

He lunges for her and covers her mouth, looking around in fear.

RYAN

Sssshhhh...please don't scream. I brought you water.

She looks at the bottle and settles slightly.

He removes his hand and slowly pulls the rag loose from her mouth.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Here, drink it.

He lifts the bottle to her lips and she drinks it desperately.

After she's done she looks at him long.

LEAH

Why are you helping me?

RYAN

(shrugs)

Don't know. Don't know if I am really. I can let you leave.

LEAH

(her face twists in agony)
Why?

RYAN

Cause I need this place...
(he pauses for a beat)
I can't do it on my own out there.

LEAH

I can help you.

RYAN

(scoffs)

You can't help. You're just like me. Street living, hooked.

LEAH
No I'm not. I have a home. Food.
(her face softens)
I have a daughter.

Ryan shifts and stands. Pacing. He scratches at his arms.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Please. Help me.

Ryan shakes his head and comes down to her again reaching for the rag.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Then please just call the cops. You
don't have to tell them...

He pulls the rag back up and slips it in her mouth. Tears run down her face.

RYAN
I can't.

Leah keeps her eyes on him as he steps out quickly, closing the corral gate and slipping through the back wall again.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - DAY

Ryan steps onto the driveway and makes his way back to the trailer.

WILLIE (O.S.)
Ryan!

Ryan jumps and turns to see Willie.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Gotta drop a few more off. You can
come with me.

Ryan nods stiffly.

INT. WILLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

Willie and Ryan drive down the road. Except for the rumble of the truck and quiet country music from the radio, there's a heavy silence.

RYAN
Can you drop me at the shelter?

WILLIE

What for?

RYAN

I-I missed my check-in last last week. Can't miss it again.

WILLIE

God damn it Ryan. You're like a child. I'm a farmer not a babysitter.

Ryan remains silent.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Alright. I'll pick you up after. I gotta go into the city quick.

INT. BAR - DAY

Ryan's had a bit to drink. He sits at the bar. A bartender, LISA, pours a beer for another patron.

RYAN

Get me one more, Lisa.

LISA

Can't do that, Ryan. I shouldn't have given you the last one.

RYAN

Just one fuckin' more, Lisa don't be a bitch.

A man walks out from the back and hears Ryan.

MAN

Hey, Ryan, get out! I won't tolerate that shit go somewhere else.

RYAN

Fuck you!

He rises from the stool and staggers out the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ryan steps out and makes his way down the street.

At the end of the block, Jenna is showing a photo to people who pass.

JENNA
Have you seen her?

People look and shake their head.

Ryan nears her to pass and she stops him. She shows him a picture of Leah.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Hey, have you seen this woman?

He holds on it for a beat and looks at Jenna. There's a beat of silence.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Have you?!

Ryan pushes passed her.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Hey!

Jenna rushes up to him.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Buddy, look at the picture. Have you seen her?

RYAN
Leave me the fuck alone! I ain't seen nothin.

He staggers away. She watches after him for a beat and stops a few more pedestrians.

We're on Ryan's face. It's heavy with emotion, anger and fear. He picks up his pace.

INT. WILLIE'S TRUCK - DAY

Willie drives down the Eastside streets looking for Ryan. He sees him staggering on a sidewalk a distance away.

WILLIE
Fucking Christ Ryan.

He slows and pulls over.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE - DAY

Willie steps out.

WILLIE

Ryan!

Ryan stops and turns. His face is red with rage and terror.

He walks to Willie with purpose – anger barely holding him upright.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Where the fuck did you go? I told you to wait in the truck.

RYAN

They're looking for her.

Willie keeps busy.

WILLIE

Looking for who.

RYAN

(he yells, a little too loud)

That *girl* from the other night.

Willie looks around as a few people look their way.

He grabs Ryan by the shirt and shoves him against the truck.

WILLIE

I took her back, that's all you need to know.

Ryan's eyes fire.

RYAN

Then where did she go?

WILLIE

Girls go missing all the time. What's it to you?

RYAN

Because I remember things... pieces of things. You weren't gone that long.

WILLIE

(laughs)

You don't remember anything. You took too much of that shit and nodded out. Out like a dead light.

(he looks around and pulls cash out of his pocket)

(MORE)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

You best go stock up. It'll keep
your mind off things.

Ryan looks at the money. He's torn, but his need for it
triumphs. He takes it shamefully.

Willie pushes off him and Ryan straightens out and watches
him.

RYAN

I'm sorry, Willie. I didn't mean
anything by it.

WILLIE

You can stay at the shelter
tonight. Think about what you just
did. I take care of you, Ryan.
Don't forget that.

Willie walks away.

RYAN

There 'aint no room for me there
tonight!

Willie moves to step into the truck.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Can you at least take me back to
Raincity?!

Willie ignores him, gets in his truck, and speeds off. Ryan
watches him, looks down at the money, and puts it in his
pocket.

He turns and walks away.

EXT. FARM PROPERTY - NIGHT

The night hums with low music from a battered portable
speaker.

Headlights sweep across the open field as two pickup trucks
and several motorcycles idle near the back edge of the
property.

A bonfire crackles inside a rusted oil drum.

Several BIKERS stand in small clusters. Leather vests. Calm,
watchful eyes. No chaos. They drink beer in quiet movement
and presence.

MARSHALL stands near the tailgate of a truck, surveying the land like it's familiar territory.

A younger PROSPECT approaches him.

PROSPECT
We clear to unload here?

MARSHALL
We're clear.

The Prospect nods and signals to the others.

A truck tailgate drops open.

Crates are lifted out – heavy, locked cases and wrapped packages passed from hand to hand. No one speaks about what's inside.

Efficient. Routine.

Two bikers laugh quietly over bottles of beer near the fire.

Another checks the road beyond the tree line, acting as lookout.

Marshall watches everything with measured calm.

BIKER #1
Ground's dry tonight. Makes it
easier getting trucks in and out.

MARSHALL
Thank Christ for that. Look at this
haul.

Biker #2 glances toward the Pickton farm silhouetted in the distance.

BIKER #2
Guy really never comes out while
we're here?

MARSHALL
He keeps to his side. We keep to
ours.

BIKER #1
Works for me. Last place we used
had neighbors with binoculars and
too much free time.

BIKER #2

And a councilman who thought he was
the sheriff.

They chuckle low. Marshall keeps his eyes on the unloading.

BIKER #2 (CONT'D)

This guy better know to keep his
eyes off.

MARSHALL

(thinks deeply,
remembering)

You don't have to worry about old
Willie. He's got his own thing
going on. He minds his more than
most. We got an arrangement.

Engines begin starting across the lot.

Cases snap shut. Tailgates slam.

The Prospect jogs over to Marshall.

PROSPECT

Everthing's loaded. Exchange is
squared.

Marshall scans the crates, counting silently.

MARSHALL

Then we're done here.

The Prospect signals the rest of the crew.

Bikers mount their motorcycles. Engines roar alive in
staggered waves.

Trucks pull into position.

Marshall pulls his gloves on, watching the property one last
time.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(to the prospect)

Let's keep it clean. Same rules
next time.

PROSPECT

(nods)

Yes, sir.

Marshall swings onto his bike.

The crew rolls out in formation – motorcycles first, trucks following behind – disappearing down the dark rural road.

The field empties.

INT. WILLIE'S TRUCK - NIGH

It's evening. The farm's orange and yellow light glows through the windshield from the inside of the truck as Willie drives down the gravel road towards it.

We see the back of Robert's head and hear muffled screams out of frame. Robert's truck pulls up.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Leah's feet grip and pull at the spring. They're stripped and bloodied, gashed from the failed attempts to loosen it and pull it out.

She winces in agony and stops for a moment as she sees the headlights spill into barn. She freezes for a beat and frantically pulls at the spring. It's so close to coming out but she can't quite make it before the doors open.

She looks up to see Willie dragging in another woman. Robert's enjoying the fight this one has.

WILLIE

(hoots excitedly)

Got another fighter, didn't I?

Leah slips her feet over the edge of the mattress in an attempt to cover the blood and to avoid exposing her efforts in extracting the spring.

Willie doesn't enter her corral. He gives her a glance and exits. Leah and the new girl share a look. Leah watches her cry in terror, screams with the same energy she'd had the first night she'd arrived. Leah gets back to working out the spring.

EXT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Ryan paces outside the front entrance of the building. He glances up to the door, then paces away.

He struggles with the idea of going in, and finally strides away.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

The small apartment is crowded and tense. PARAMEDICS maneuver a stretcher through the narrow space. Annie lays on it, pale, eyes closed.

Dahlia sits on the couch, arms gripping her stomach, staring forward.

An officer sits with her.

OFFICER

You're sure your Mom's coming back, honey? I don't want to leave you here alone.

DAHLIA

She's on her way.

OFFICER

You're welcome to come in the ambulance. Your mom can meet you at the hospital.

(Dahlia's silent)

It would be nice for your grandma to see your face when she wakes up.

DAHLIA

No. I want to wait here for my mom. We'll go together.

A second officer nods from the door for his partner to leave with him.

OFFICER

OK. If you're sure.
(she pulls out a business card)

This is me if you need anything, alright?

The officer places the card on the kitchen table and the two officers leave, closing the door quietly behind them.

Dahlia's composure breaks and she tosses the card. She rises and moves for her coat digging through the pocket.

She pulls out Lewis's card and moves to the phone.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT- WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dahlia sits in the waiting room. She hears escalated voices behind the intake desk.

She looks nervous. Uncertain.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lewis stands across from Hollis at his desk.

LEWIS

I'm telling you something's happening to these women. One of their kids is outside right now claiming her mother still hasn't come home. She's got her grandmother in the hospital...

HOLLIS

Jesus Christ, Lewis, I feel like a broken record here. You're spinning your tires, once again, on zero evidence.

LEWIS

Call it an instinct. I just got another report come in today. Same radius, same profile.

HOLLIS

You keep chasing dead-end files like this, I start writing it up as performance misdirection. That means reassignment. Maybe desk rotation. Definitely no advancement.

LEWIS

I'll take my chances.

Hollis' phone rings. He's had it.

HOLLIS

Get out of my office, Lewis.
(he answers the phone as
Lewis storms out)
Hollis.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Lewis approaches Dahlia and sits next to her.

LEWIS

I'm at a standstill, Dahlia. I can't move forward with anything.

DAHLIA
You said you'd help me.

LEWIS
I am, it's just happening a little
slower than you and I both want.

She looks down, defeated.

DAHLIA
What about her purse?

LEWIS
Her purse?

DAHLIA
Yeah, Jenna had it the morning
after Mom disappeared. It was all
torn up.

LEWIS
We have the purse here. In
evidence. It doesn't really give us
anything.

DAHLIA
What about cameras? There's cameras
everywhere.

LEWIS
Not in the area your mom would have
been. I've looked. Nothing there
but a payphone and old buildings.

Dahlia thinks.

DAHLIA
I got a call that night. I didn't
know who it was but I heard a woman
scream and men yelling.

Lewis processes.

LEWIS
You didn't hear names? Nobody said
anything to you?

DAHLIA
No, I thought it was just the wrong
number, but now...

Dahlia tears up.

LEWIS

I'm going to do everything to find her. I promise.

Dahlia stiffens, composing herself and fighting back tears.

DAHLIA

I have to go see Nana...
(she stands quickly)
I shouldn't have come here.

She walks out, pushing through the door angrily.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The sun is setting over the farm. Leah has pulled the rusted spring with her cut up feet. She curls her feet up and lets the spring fall between her legs. She slides them back down, the spring now covered by her thighs.

Willie enters the barn and approaches Leah's corral. She readies herself. He steps in and kneels on the mattress.

WILLIE

It's your turn now, girlie. I got another little squealer to play with. She's got a lot more fat on her than you.

The woman next to her cries in terror as Willie unhooks Leah's wrists. They fall to her sides, limp and weak. One cuff still gripped to one wrist. He moves to pull her to stand but Leah acts quickly and reaches for the rusted spring between her legs, driving it into his eye.

Willie falls back in shock, screaming in pain. She lunges for the open gate. Willie grabs her and she pulls her foot back, sending it forward into his bloody eye socket. He coils and she scrambles to her feet. She struggles with the lock on the gate of the other woman's corral but fails. Willie's on his feet.

LEAH

(to the woman)
I'll come back for you.

She scrambles up and moves weakly to the door.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - NIGHT

Willie's on her tail as she weaves through outbuildings, eventually losing him, tucking in between piles of scrap at the edge of one of the buildings.

At the end of the driveway, a car pulls up and Ryan gets out.

Willie clocks him and retreats back inside the barn, closing the door behind him.

Leah clocks him too, recognizing him from the other night, and tucks in tighter.

Ryan closes the door and the car drives away. He makes his way down the driveway.

Leah finds a rusted boning knife knotted up in chicken wire and car scraps. The handle has broken off. She grips the exposed snapped tang of the knife blade and gets to her feet carefully. She makes her way around the building, scanning the grounds as Ryan moves toward the trailer.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Willie pulls the woman from the corral. She screams. He covers her mouth.

EXT. PICKTON FARM - NIGHT

Ryan stops in his tracks. He turns and heads back to the barn. His path to it leads right past Leah who freezes, terrified behind a barrel. She tucks in, knocking over a stack of two by fours. Ryan turns to see her. The scream rises from the barn again, Ryan turns towards it and Leah lunges. Ryan holds her back.

RYAN

Wait! Please! I wanna help!

Leah's wild and frantic, his hands around her arms nothing but restraint and control.

He gets her to the ground against the building.

She keeps struggling.

He manages to lock her wrists with his hands and push her against the wall. He brings his face close to hers.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Please! I'm gonna get you out of here. Be quiet.

He peers around the corner of the building to the barn. Leah settles.

Suddenly, a BANG sounds from the barn and reverberates in echoes around them.

They flinch. Ryan lets go of Leah and she drives the rusty blade into his stomach. He falls back.

Leah stands, shaking, and skirts the building.

The sunset spreads bloody red light across the farm, as Robert makes his way from the barn.

He whistles. It echoes loudly and eerily around the farm.

Ryan squirms against the building. Leah steps away, but Willie has moved out in the wrong direction. Willie has closed the gap. He grabs her.

He's on top of her, his bloody eye oozing. Her arms flail towards his face, the knife still gripped firmly in her fist. Willie grabs her wrist and pulls the bloody knife from her hand and tosses it. Willie's growing more and more angry as Leah's fight becomes more of a struggle and he punches her across the face.

Her eyes flicker. A startling surge of squeals from the pen make his head turn, Leah takes the chance and brings her thumb to his eye socket, lunging upward and digging it in. Robert screams and punches her side. She gasps for air in complete pain.

His hands grip her throat. He squeezes, Leah's face reddening, eyes widening. Suddenly Ryan appears behind him with one of the two by fours and knocks it across the back of his head. Willie's thrown to the side, Leah gasps for air. Ryan, too, has fallen down, weak from the loss of blood. Leah struggles to get to her feet as Willie twists slowly, dazed, pulls a .22 revolver from his waist and pointing it towards Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to Leah)

Run!

Willie pulls the trigger. Startled, she takes a beat and scrambles to her feet, running around the corner of the building.

She runs toward the truck and is opening the door when a bullet fires, hitting her shoulder. She falls to the ground, a hand gripped tightly around the handle.

She looks back and sees him making his way towards her. She pulls herself in painfully. She digs for the keys, unable to find them at first.

Willie rounds the building and makes his way to the driveway, between the exit and Willie's truck. Leah sees him in the rearview mirror.

Willie fires the gun and she ducks. The back window SHATTERS. As she dives downwards she sees the keys on the floor and slips it into the ignition. Willie fires again, shooting one of the back tires. She reverses the car, closing the gap between her and Willie.

Willie doesn't move, he continues firing, taking out another tire just before the back bumper punches into him. He falls. Leah continues backing out of the driveway and pulls the car out onto the gravel road. She holds on the break and looks back up the driveway, Willie's body in a crumpled mound. Moments of silence and Leah's fast breath and cries, before she puts the car in drive and moves down the road.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Leah drives down the road in tears, looking in the rearview mirror.

Willie's farm is out of sight at this point.

After a beat the truck slows to a stop.

LEAH
No! No! No! No!

Leah gets out cautiously. Terrified. The cuff still wrapped around one wrist.

Her shoulder is covered in blood. She's pale and weak. She looks at the flat tires and starts making her way down the gravel road.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Leah drags her feet along the shoulder of the road, gripping her shoulder.

Ahead she sees headlights coming towards her. The opposite direction of the farm.

She lunges out in front of them with just enough time for them to brake abruptly.

Leah's hands land on the hood.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A couple sit inside the car looking at Leah in shock.

HUSBAND

What the fuck?

He moves to open the door.

His wife stops him.

WIFE

Don't. We don't know what's going on she could be dangerous.

He takes his hand off the handle.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD

Leah slams her hand on the hood.

LEAH

Please!! I need help! He's coming!

She sobs desperately and rounds the hood of the car to the passenger door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The woman clocks the handcuff on Leah's wrist.

WIFE

No, she needs help.

She opens the door.

HUSBAND

Honey, wait.

WIFE

Somebody hurt her. She needs to go to the hospital.

She steps out and wraps an arm around Leah as Leah falls into her arms crying.

LEAH
Please help me!

The wife guides her to the back seat and opens the door, her eyes scanning the road in front of them.

WIFE
It's alright. Get in sweetie, we'll
take you to the hospital.

Leah slides into the car and the wife gets back into the front.

The car pulls forward.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Jenna and Dahlia make their way quickly through the entrance. We pull them in for a beat as they walk forward, their eyes wide with anticipation and panic.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Leah lays on a hospital bed. She's asleep, cleaned and bandaged.

A nurse is changing her IV bag.

Jenna and Dahlia burst in and stop to contain themselves when the nurse brings a finger to her lips.

She approaches them at the door.

NURSE
You're welcome to stay but she
needs her sleep. If you could wait
for her to wake up?

Dahlia's eyes remain on Leah.

DAHLIA
What happened to her?

NURSE
We don't know yet, sweetie she was
unresponsive when she arrived. We
couldn't get her to calm down after
she woke up, until just an hour
ago. Officers are on their way, you
can speak to them.

The nurse leaves. Jenna and Dahlia approach Leah.

Jenna slips her hand around Leah's.

JENNA
 (crying)
 Oh, honey. What happened to you?

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lewis makes his way to his desk. When he approaches it he's stopped by Hollis before he can sit down.

Hollis looks defeated.

HOLLIS
 I need you to go confirm something.

LEWIS
 What's up?

HOLLIS
 Dispatch got a call late last night. St. Paul's ER.

LEWIS
 Yeah?

HOLLIS
 They admitted a female. Picked up by a couple out on Dominion in Port Coquitlam.
 (Lewis goes stiff,
 processing)
 She matches your missing person?

LEWIS
 Leah?

HOLLIS
 Hospital staff recognized her. One of the triage nurses has seen her before. Outreach worker confirmed it this morning.

LEWIS
 Still alive?

HOLLIS
 (nods)
 Critical. She's got a gun shot wound to her left shoulder. Signs of sexual assault...restraint marks.

(MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

They got a first name out of her.
That's what triggered the
connection.

LEWIS

So it's not just a missing person.

HOLLIS

(exhales)
No. You may have been right.

LEWIS

You want Major Crime looped in?

HOLLIS

Let's not outrun the facts yet.
RCMP have already been, but I
thought I owed it to you to be the
one on our end.

Lewis strides away.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Lewis.

(Lewis stops)
If this is what you thought it
was...we handle it properly.

LEWIS

I'll call you from the hospital.

He leaves.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Lewis's patrol car pulls in but stops for a lit up ambulance.
It passes and Lewis continues forward.

We follow the ambulance with a drone shot and hover just
above it as it backs into the ER.

Paramedics exit and round to the back. They open the door and
ready a stretcher as it's pulled out.

We see Willie's strapped to the stretcher with an oxygen
mask.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - DAY

Jenna and Dahlia sit next to Leah looking at her hard. She's
cleaned but her face is in rough shape.

DAHLIA
Is she gonna be OK?

JENNA
Of course she is Doll. Your Momma's
a fighter. She'd never leave you.
She got out of wherever the hell
she was to come back to you. Don't
forget that.

Leah stirs awake. Dahlia stands and gets closer.

DAHLIA
Mom?!

Leah processes.

JENNA
Hey girl. We're here for you.

Leah scans the room.

JENNA (CONT'D)
You're in the hospital. You came in
last night. Do you remember?

LEAH
Is he here?

Her voice cracks. She sounds terrified.

JENNA
Is who here?

A tear slips from Leah's eyes and looks at Dahlia, composing
herself.

LEAH
Hi, baby.

Dahlia cries and falls into Leah. Leah winces.

DAHLIA
I'm sorry.

She pulls back horrified.

LEAH
Don't be sorry, Doll. That was
nothin'.
(she looks around the room
again)
Where's Nana?

Dahlia looks at Jenna.

DAHLIA

She's downstairs. In-in her own room. She's OK though!

JENNA

She had a mild stroke the other night. She's going to be fine.

Leah puts a hand on Dahlia's face.

LEAH

My poor girl. I left you all alone to take care of her. I'm sorry.

DAHLIA

What happened to you?

Leah winces again.

Lewis enters. All three turn their heads to him and he gingerly steps in after a soft knock.

LEWIS

How's the fighter?

JENNA

She's seen better days, I'm sure. Come on Dahlia. Let's go get your mom something other than day old pudding.

DAHLIA

I'll be right back, Mom.

She walks Dahlia out. Lewis steps up next to Leah.

LEWIS

I don't want to bug you too much right now, you should rest...

LEAH

He's a fucking pig farmer.

LEWIS

The man who did this...

Leah's lip quivers and she nods before looking away, attempting to regain composure.

LEAH

He killed two other women while I was with him.

(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)

One of them was my friend. And some young kid. Some guy.

LEWIS

Do you have any of their names?

LEAH

I only know Carrie's. Carrie Watts.

LEWIS

(he nods knowingly)
She was reported missing a week ago. I'm sorry Leah, I knew there was something going on.

LEAH

Then why didn't you do something about it?

LEWIS

I've tried, but it doesn't play out the way you think. I need permission to investigate.

LEAH

Permission? And what, all those fuckers at the station don't think we're worth looking into? Protecting?

Lewis lowers his head. Ashamed.

LEWIS

You surviving him gets us a whole lot. We'll get him, for everything. Put an end to it.

LEAH

Don't tell me that. You can't promise me anything.

Lewis pulls out a notepad.

LEWIS

I'm just going to ask you a couple questions, for now. Then I'll leave you to rest. How did he get you out to Port Coquitlam? What happened that night.

Leah looks up at the ceiling, recounting with control.

LEAH

I was working a stroll for Jenna, she had an appointment at the clinic so I said I'd take her regulars.

Lewis writes in his notepad.

LEWIS

Where was this?

LEAH

Corner of Lakewood and Cambridge. She gets a lot of the terminal guys out there...

LEWIS

Then what happened?

LEAH

I'd seen him, this guy, at the pub earlier that day. Skinny, stringy hair, shark eyes. Big rubber boots. He stank...just like the barn...

(she's struggling to keep calm)

He pulled up, right when the sun was setting, with some other guy. He grabbed me...he grabbed me and I tried to fight him but then it went dark, and I remember waking up in his driveway.

LEWIS

Can you describe it?

LEAH

(she's getting tired)

I don't know...a pig farm? It was dark I couldn't see much. I know it was a mess. Scraps and garbage in the yard. Outbuildings...He got me into his trailer. Was worse than the outside. Then he cuffed me and...and...

LEWIS

It's alright. You don't have to give me those details right now. Just anything you can remember. About the property.

LEAH

He held me, and the other girls, in a barn. With pigs. And there was a hook hanging in the middle of it. He...he killed Carrie and I watched him hang her on it like an animal, and gut her. There was so much blood.

Leah breaks down.

LEWIS

OK. That's enough for the night. I'm gonna leave you with your family.

Jenna and Dahlia enter.

LEAH

Lewis. You have to find him. Stop him. Please.

Lewis nods and walks out.

Leah reaches for Dahlia and Dahlia carefully joins her on the bed. She holds her.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lewis steps into Hollis' office.

HOLLIS

How is she?

LEWIS

Alive.

HOLLIS

Did she talk?

LEWIS

She said enough to open an investigation. Said two other women were with her, that they were killed while she was there.

HOLLIS

Jesus. RCMP's already opened a file.

LEWIS

Of course they have.

HOLLIS
She was found in their
jurisdiction. Their patrol took it.

LEWIS
Don't tell me they think this is
random.

HOLLIS
I spoke with Sergeant Fraser. He
asked me how many missing women
we've logged in the last year.

LEWIS
Why would he ask that?

HOLLIS
Because they've had similar
incidents east of the river.
Assaults. Disappearances. Nothing
solid enough to connect publicly.

LEWIS
You're telling me they've been
seeing this too?

HOLLIS
They've been seeing pieces, yes.

LEWIS
And we didn't know?

HOLLIS
Information stays where it lands
unless someone pushes it across.

LEWIS
And we look like idiots.

HOLLIS
He asked if we'd considered the
possibility of a repeat offender
operating across jurisdictions.

LEWIS
So this isn't just Leah.

HOLLIS
No it's not. They're not calling it
anything yet. And neither are we.

LEWIS

Yeah, you go look at Leah Martin and tell me that charging *someone* for that isn't worth the paperwork.

HOLLIS

(he processes that)

We're upgrading the file to suspicious assault with pattern review. I'll notify Missing Persons to cross-reference open disappearances.

(he stares at Lewis a beat)

You were right to push this. You've got instinct. I should have pressed it more.

LEWIS

What about FIU? Can I call them in?

HOLLIS

We'll bring them in on the clothing and the suspected abduction location, including the rock. I've already cleared it...If this is what it smells like it's going to get bigger than both departments.

LEWIS

Then we start now.

HOLLIS

Start now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Leah lays alone in her hospital room. She stares at the ceiling.

An orderly enters pushing a small linen cart inside and steps up to Leah.

ORDERLY

Hi Leah. I'm just checking in on you. You warm enough?

Leah shakes her head.

LEAH

No. I'm freezing.

ORDERLY

Sometimes after shock, folks feel cold even if the room's not.

(she gestures to the cart)

I've got heated blankets if you want one. They help bring a sense of calm. Safety.

(she looks at Leah softly)

I'm sure you really need that right now.

LEAH

Sure. I'll take one.

The orderly pulls one out and approaches Leah, unfolding the blanket. She places it on Leah who raises her arm.

The orderly clocks the bandages on Leah's wrist.

ORDERLY

You poor thing. I heard it was quite the task removing those from your wrist. I can get the nurse to put a fresh pair of gauze on for you. You let me know if you need anything at all.

As she speaks a nurse moves a stretcher down the hall and passed Leah's room.

Leah starts to breathe heavy. Panicked.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Honey? You OK?

Leah becomes more distressed.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Sweetie?

LEAH

It's him! It's HIM! It's HIM!

She's hysterical. Nurses rush in and we dissolve out as Leah continues screaming.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

John enters Hollis' office without knocking, holding a file folder. He looks wired, exhausted, but focused.

Hollis sits behind his desk, finishing paperwork.

HOLLIS
You look like you haven't slept.

LEWIS
You knew Pickton was admitted to
the same hospital.

HOLLIS
I knew he was treated there, yes.

LEWIS
New wing over from her.

HOLLIS
Lewis, until the key there was no
connection.

LEWIS
You know how they confirmed it?

HOLLIS
I read the supplement.

LEWIS
An orderly doing property inventory
found the key in Pickton's
belongings. Had a gut instinct and
tried it on the cuffs they removed
from her wrist. Perfect match.

HOLLIS
Chain of custody clean?

LEWIS
Hospital documented removal.
Evidence bagged. Key logged when
discovered. It's solid.
(silence sits heavy)
That's kidnapping, assault,
attempted murder-minimum.

HOLLIS
It's strong circumstantial
evidence.

LEWIS
It's more than circumstantial. She
claimed he killed two women and a
young man while she was there.

HOLLIS
RCMP's secured the property and are
taking a look now.

A beat.

LEWIS
Who brought him in?

HOLLIS
One of his associates. Motorcycle club type. Name Marshall Warren.

LEWIS
H.A.

HOLLIS
Allegedly.

LEWIS
He found him where?

HOLLIS
Farm property. Said Pickton was attacked by a cracked out hooker.

LEWIS
He *would* say that. What kind of chance do you think she has?

HOLLIS
It all comes down to testimony.

LEWIS
You think she won't hold up?

HOLLIS
I think defense is going to dismantle her on the stand. Her occupation is going to be front and center. Prior arrests. Lifestyle. Credibility attacks. You know how these cases go.

LEWIS
So you're saying we don't pursue it?

HOLLIS
I'm telling you what a jury hears when a sex worker accuses a property owner with no criminal record and backing from people who can afford very good lawyers.

LEWIS
If we don't push this, he walks.

HOLLIS

And if we push it without airtight evidence, he walks anyway – and we lose any chance of touching him again.

LEWIS

So what do we do?

HOLLIS

We build around her testimony, not just on it. We verify timelines. Associates. Property searches. Vehicle records. Financials. Anything that corroborates her story without relying solely on her word.

Lewis looks determined. Certain.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Just prepare yourself for this not turning out in her favor. That's all you can do, Lewis.

Lewis nods stiffly and leaves the office.

LEWIS

So we wait for him to take a West Van housewife.
(he looks back at him)
That would get the pens pushing in this place.

EXT. LEAH'S APARTMENT – DAY

Establishing.

INT. LEAH'S BEDROOM – DAY

Leah looks at herself in the vanity mirror. She straightens her hair. She wears a pant suit. She's trying her best.

Caption reads : **ONE YEAR LATER**

Dahlia and Jenna enter.

JENNA

You ready, honey?

Leah nods. Dahlia wraps her arms around her shoulders and stares at her in the mirror.

DAHLIA
Why can't I come with you? Just today.

Leah turns and kisses her cheek.

LEAH
Because there are things I don't want you to hear.

Jenna and Leah share a look.

LEAH (CONT'D)
(to Dahlia)
Can you go pick out the perfect shoes and jacket for me?

DAHLIA
You only have two pairs.

Leah looks at her softly.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
OK.

She leaves. Jenna approaches and strokes Leah's hair.

JENNA
You're going to be great.

Leah looks down at a picture of her and a younger Annie.

JENNA (CONT'D)
I wish she was here for you.

LEAH
I'm glad she's not. I wouldn't want her going through all this.
(she sighs heavy)
I don't think any of this is going to work.

JENNA
Leah, you can't go in thinking that.

LEAH
They found nothing. They have nothing. That piece of shit Marshall and his friends helped him cover all of it up.

Jenna rubs Leah's shoulders.

JENNA

You still gotta try. Fight as if
you're gonna win. At least you know
you did everything you could.

LEAH

Aren't you tired?

JENNA

Of what?

LEAH

(her eyes fill with tears)
Being disposable.

She hears Dahlia coming and wipes her tears away, forcing a smile.

Dahlia holds up two pairs of shoes. One pair of old tattered heels, and a worn out pair of stained sneakers.

Leah sighs heavy. Jenna sits on the bed and removes hers.

JENNA

You can wear mine.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A crowded courtroom. The quiet hum of observers shifting in wooden benches.

Among them is Jenna and Lewis.

Leah sits in the witness box. Pale but composed.

Across the courtroom. DEFENSE COUNSEL stands, sharp suit, controlled smile. Willie sits beside him, expression blank.

The JUDGE watches carefully.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Ms. Martin, you've testified that
you met my client while working.

LEAH

Yes.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Working as a prostitute.

LEAH
(Leah swallows but remains steady)
Yes.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
And part of that work involves...consensual sexual arrangement with clients?

PROSECUTOR
Objection. Relevance.

JUDGE
Overruled. Keep it brief, Counsel.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
You voluntarily enter vehicles with strangers for money, correct?

LEAH
Yes.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
So it would not be unusual for you to participate in... unconventional requests during those encounters?

LEAH
No.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
You've never engaged in consensual restraint during a transaction?

LEAH
Not like that.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
But you have engaged in sexual activity involving restraints before?

LEAH
Not without being able to leave.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
So restraints were not entirely unfamiliar to you...Isn't it possible the handcuffs were placed on you with your consent during a negotiated encounter?

LEAH

No.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

When payment was disputed, you attacked Mr. Pickton?

LEAH

That's not what happened.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

You stabbed him, correct?

LEAH

I defended myself.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

After a disagreement over money.

LEAH

After he attacked me.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Ms. Martin, your livelihood depends on convincing men to trust you, does it not?

PROSECUTOR

Objection. Argumentative.

JUDGE

Sustained. Rephrase.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

You rely on persuasion in your profession.

LEAH

I rely on survival.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

And survival sometimes requires telling stories that protect you.

LEAH

No. Survival meant getting away from him.

Leah looks at Willie, who sits composed.

The defense counsel turns to the jury.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Mr. Pickton was found with his eye punctured, a broken femur and pelvic fractures. Is that correct?

LEAH

If that's what it took to escape him, then yes, that's correct.

He gives the jury a smug look, Leah's hint of a lack of remorse working in his favor.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

And you sustained injuries during this altercation, including a gunshot wound to your shoulder while fleeing his property.

The door to the courtroom opens quietly. Leah clocks Marshall step in, along with two other of his crew. They sit in the back, eyes locked on Leah.

Willie follows her stare. When he see Marshall, he turns back and smiles smugly at Leah.

DEFENSE COUNSEL (CONT'D)

Ms. Martin?

JUDGE

Answer the question please, Ms. Martin.

Leah pulls her attention off Marshall. She's clearly distressed.

LEAH

I'm sorry, can you repeat the question?

DEFENSE COUNSEL

You had sustained these injuries during this altercation, including a gunshot wound to your shoulder while fleeing his property. Is that right?

LEAH

Yes.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Was this before or after you attempted to steal his truck?

PROSECUTOR
Objection, your honor, he's
speculating.

JUDGE
Overruled. Answer the question Ms.
Martin.

LEAH
Before.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
So both you and my client suffered
injuries consistent with a violent
struggle between two people engaged
in physical activity.

LEAH
(she looks again at
Marshall)
I-I don't know.

Jenna and Lewis turn to see the three foreboding men sitting
with their arms crossed. Eyes burning into Leah.

DEFENSE COUNSEL
Or perhaps, Ms. Martin, a
transaction escalated...and my
client became the victim of your
retaliation.

Leah looks back at Marshall and breaks down.

DEFENSE COUNSEL (CONT'D)
No further questions at this time.

PROSECUTOR
Your Honor, in light of the
witness's condition, the Crown
requests a brief recess before
redirect examination.

The judge studies Leah carefully over his glasses. He takes a
moment before speaking.

JUDGE
Ms. Martin, are you able to
continue at this time?

She looks over at Lewis and Jenna who smile comfortingly.

LEAH
I-I could use a few minutes.

JUDGE

Very well. Members of the jury, we will take a short recess. We will reconvene in fifteen minutes.

COURT CLERK

Order in court. All rise.

Leah stands. We see the end of the scene and the following play out in slow motion as the V.O. of the newscaster reports.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Today, charges were formally withdrawn in the assault case against Port Coquitlam pig farmer Robert William Pickton after the complainant unexpectedly chose not to proceed with testimony. The case centered on allegations that thirty-five year old Leah Martin had been assaulted, restrained, and shot while on Pickton's property.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Leah exits followed by Jenna, Lewis and the prosecutor.

She makes her way out of the courthouse, through reporters. She follows Lewis and Jenna downstairs and avoid the reporters, moving to a parked car on the street.

Across the street, Marshall and several other members of the Hells Angels line the sidewalk.

She looks at them and freezes for a beat before Jenna ushers her into the car.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

We see news footage as the newscaster reports.

NEWSCASTER

Crown prosecutors told the court they could not continue without the cooperation of the primary witness, leading to the charges being stayed before the case could proceed to full trial.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Leah stands in front of reporters. She wears a different outfit. It's another day. Dahlia stands with her.

LEAH

There are a lot of things people don't see when cases like this go to court. I made the choice I believed would keep my daughter safe.

Leah leaves. We hold on her walk away with Dahlia.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Leah and Dahlia sit at a park, they're playful and smiling. The following voice over plays over this scene.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Legal experts note that withdrawing testimony in violent crime cases is not uncommon, particularly when victims face personal, financial, or safety pressures. Advocacy groups say the development highlights ongoing concerns about how vulnerable women are supported within the justice system. Pickton has denied all allegations and faces no further charges at this time.

CUT TO BLACK

Between the following caption over black, we cut to several archival footage from between the dates of 1978 and 2000 of women from the Downtown Eastside.

CAPTION:

Between 1978 and 2001, approximately 65 women from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside disappeared.

The investigation that followed became the largest criminal investigation in Canadian history, eventually leading to Pickton's arrest.

Wendy Eistetter escaped Pickton, but her credibility was questioned due to her lifestyle, and threats against her life by members of the Hells Angels eventually put a stop to Eistetter pursuing the case.

Pickton went on to kill several more women until his arrest in 2002. He was convicted of only six counts of second-degree murder, of the 49 women he admitted to killing.

END CREDITS

(CONT'D)

