

**BEDROCK**

**Written by**

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EXT. TOWN OF BEDROCK-DAY.

Bedrock is a rural, small farming community in the middle of the south-central California desert. It is the spring of 1914, in the dawn of WWI. An underground military post has been opened in Bedrock, under the guise of being mining caves.

EXT. CITY CENTER-DAY

Laura Hyman Miller, a blonde haired blue-eyed woman, about 20 years old, who is a stranger to the Bedrock, is pulling herself across the ground with her hands and feet, blood running from her ears and mouth. She is nearing death, is breathing quick, labored breaths, obviously in agonizing pain, and getting weaker with every pull.

She nears the middle of town, slowly begins to wipe the blood from her mouth, and writes something in the dirt.

At this point, Sheriff Blain Connelly, a semi-attractive man with nut brown hair in his early 40's comes to the door frame of the town jail.

His demeanor shows he is a friendly, honest man, concerned for the welfare of everyone he encounters, but takes his job seriously and can be tough. He has a distaste for his Deputy Sheriff, Fred Carter, because Fred is often at the bar and saloon, and not attending to his duties, frequently leaving Sheriff to attend to most of the concerns in the Bedrock.

SHERIFF:

Fred, I swear I've about had it with you. I'm not going to keep doing both our jobs.

He sees Laura, runs out from the jail towards her, **and** picks up her head and cradles it in one arm.

SHERIFF:

Ma'am! Ma'am, are you alright?!

Laura's breath is short and raspy now, blood still trickling out of her mouth and ears. She turns her head toward the sign she wrote in the dirt, a large Swastika, and begins trying to point in the direction she had been pulling herself from, but dies before she can. Sheriff Connelly gently lays her head down and closes her eyes. He pulls out his pocket notebook, stares for a moment at the trail of where he think Laura was dragging herself from, and then starts taking notes of the scene.

Several other residents/shop owners are looking out from their doorways, inaudibly talking amongst themselves about the scene, speculating on who Laura is, and what has happened. One of them, Wilma Rubble, an elder lady woman, who is the town gossip and news columnist is pushing her way to the front of the doorway, acting especially interested in this scene.

EXT. BAR/SALOON-DAY

Deputy Sheriff Fred Carter stumbles out of the bar. Fred is in his early thirties, average height, with wavy brown hair. His face is attractive, with pronounced features, but beginning to look worn and swollen, like he's frequently intoxicated. He circles back around one of the posts and starts kissing one of the bar/call girls, a girl named Hazel. Hazel is a girl in her mid-twenties with dark blonde hair, pale skin and extremely skinny build, probably from malnutrition. Fred sees the Sheriff, looks back at Hazel, raises his eyebrows and extends one arm toward the scene, convincingly

intoxicated, then kisses Hazel, and stumbles toward the scene, his whiskey flask in hand.

EXT. CITY CENTER-DAY

FRED:

Now, what seems to be the problem here, Sheriff?

SHERIFF:

Where the hell you been, Fred? The saloon WILL stay in business if you stay out of there for one day, y'know?

FRED:

I was just having Miss Hazel top my whiskey off is all.

Sheriff, staring at Swastika, a frustrated look on his face, as Fred has been in the Saloon for 2 hours.

SHERIFF:

Well, maybe you could go one day without it, actually help me out looking after the other parts of town.

Fred looking at the horizon, smacks his lips and then looks down at the Swastika, walks towards it, but ends up stumbling right through it, making it impossible to read.

SHERIFF:

Dammit Fred, stay clear of evidence, you know that!! Go get Jim at the morgue, and then go home and sober yourself up. You can help me with this tomorrow.

Fred turns around to see the townsfolk who are watching the scene from different store doorways.

EXT. GROCERY STORE-DAY

Dr. Lindsey Hyman, a very attractive blonde haired, blue eyed 37 year old comes out from the grocery store. She is a new Doctor in town who has come to offer new treatments to help people suffering emotionally,

or with mental disabilities. As she comes out, sees the Sheriff next to Laura, rushes over, convincingly concerned.

DR. HYMAN:

What's happened, Blain? Has she fainted? Shall I go get my kit?

SHERIFF:

Well Ma'am, I'm afraid that's not necessary, I only got here a few seconds before she passed.

Dr. Hyman's eyes well slightly with tears.

DR. HYMAN:

Oh, my. Poor dear, she was making such good progress. She came to me in such a fretful state. She'd been having memory problems.

SHERIFF:

When did you see her last?

DR. HYMAN:

Just this morning. Everything with how she was receiving the treatment was going as expected.

Fred returns with town mortician, Jim Brown, a stout man in his late 50's. He has white and gray hair and a beard. He takes a look at the woman, sighs in sadness, and opens his sheet and places it over her.

JIM:

Poor gal, Blain, can you help me carry her back to my office please? Wilma, could you go get me Doc Davis? We'll try to figure out what happened to this young lady.

Wilma runs toward Dr.'s office.

Sheriff and Jim lift Laura's covered body, and start walking toward morgue.

Fred turns around to face the still-staring town residents.

FRED:

(snidely)

Nothing to see here anymore. Sheriff and I will come around to question you all tomorrow.

(raises his flask in adieu)

Fred wheels back around, still acting and walking quite drunkenly. As he's walking, he keeps his drunken stagger, but his face has changed to the appearance of being completely coherent.

#### THE NEXT DAY

##### INT. DR. HYMAN'S HOME-DAY

Dr. Hyman wakes up in a cold sweat, shaking and lets out an agonizing cry. She sits up fast, as if out of a nightmare, breathing hard. She starts crying slightly as she calms herself down. She then reaches for a jar on her nightstand, pulls out a lozenge and places it in her mouth. She closes her eyes and wipes a tear streaming from her eye. As she stands and looks in the mirror, she wipes at a trickle of blood coming from her nose. She then proceeds to get ready for her workday.

##### EXT. MORGUE-DAY

Pastor, William Smith, a 28 year-old, attractive young man with dark brown hair comes out of Mortician's office, holding a bible, having just done a blessing and prayer for the body and spirit of Laura. He is looking to make up for lost time in the Seminary, and has his eyes set on the town schoolteacher, Claire. After he comes out of the morgue, he begins walking back to the church, when the school opens a ways down town and the kids hurry to go to the theatre to get ready for their play production, followed by Claire. Claire, the 26 year old school teacher, is a very attractive, slender woman with long, light brown hair and very feminine features. She took the job 9 months prior as the schoolteacher at her lover Marcus' request. Marcus was a 27 year old young man from her hometown in Arkansas, who enlisted in the military to prepare for the looming war. He got news that after his basic training was done, he would be stationed at the underground operation in Bedrock, so he sent word to Claire, and told her once he

got there and was stationed, they could be married and begin their life together. Claire got the news, and sent an application for the job, and received an offer for the position via telegram. She packed up and began her journey to meet Marcus. However, a few days before Marcus was set to leave his training camp, an ambush of undercover German operatives at the camp set off a series of bombs, and Marcus was killed. Claire got the news within the first week of arriving in Bedrock, and has sworn to not fall for anyone ever again, to protect her broken heart and shattered dreams. She knows the Reverend wants to court her, but every advance he makes causes her to relive the pain of losing her Marcus. To bury her pain, she tries to offer her services for helping with anything, and right now the school is meeting in the bar because the old school burned down due to an unknown cause. After the children have gone ahead, Claire looks up and sees Reverend Smith, who smiles and nods his head at her. She gently nods back, then promptly ducks back inside the bar, leans against the wall and starts crying. She then reaches inside the neckline of her dress and pulls out a locket. Claire opens up the locket to show a picture of Marcus in his military uniform. She takes the exit out of the back of the bar, and circles around to the theater entrance, trying to dry her tears, and put on a good face to begin the school fundraiser play.

INT. POST OFFICE

Sheriff Connelly stops inside the post office to send out notice of death for Laura. The post office worker, John Wilson, a tall, white-haired 63 year old man stands and comes to the desk.

JOHN:

What was the big scene in town yesterday, Blain? Wilma hasn't been by today, so I haven't heard everything I would and wouldn't want to know about your lives.

(smiles, jokingly)

SHERIFF:

A young gal, maybe around 20, apparently came into town for treatment with Dr. Hyman. No one knows anything about her, she just kind of

suddenly came from out of nowhere. Thomas White at the hotel is the only person who had any interaction with her other than Dr. Hyman. I'm headed over there after I send this off.

JOHN:

(A shocked and sad look on his face)

That's horrible. Can I help you clear out the things? Women, they don't travel light. I'll be closing up here in just a minute.

SHERIFF:

(Considers the offer for a second)

You know, that'd be great. Thanks, John. You watch out, I'll be offering you Fred's position if you're not careful. Only thing he's ever interested in doing is his keeping his flask full, and being with one of them girls at the saloon. I'm going to head over there, I'll see you soon. Thanks again!

(Smiles, turns and leaves post office)

John rests his arms on the desk and is almost beside himself for a moment.

John had met Laura while visiting his brother, Brian on the east coast. She had informed him about the group her mother is a part of, and what she's been sent to Bedrock to do. He planned with Laura to expose Dr. Hyman. She had informed him that the last letter from her mother was disturbing enough that she was going to be coming out in the next couple of weeks. John shuts his desk, closes the post office, and starts making his way toward the hotel.

EXT. CITY CENTER-DAY

As John is walking to the hotel, Dr. Hyman comes out and hurries toward him.

DR. HYMAN:

John, can I put this with the things to be sent out later? It's a prescription refill I need to get here quick.

JOHN:

Sorry ma'am, I just closed, and I actually have something else I have to head to do right now. I'd be happy to hold on to it and send it out first thing in the morning, though.

DR. HYMAN:

(Gives a small smile)

Ok, thank you.

(Hands him envelope, walks back toward her office)

INT. HOTEL-DAY

As John enters the hotel, he sees Sheriff and hotel owner, Thomas White. Thomas is a middle aged man with light red hair who works with the underground U.S. military post just outside of Bedrock. Sheriff asks John to stay with the stuff while he goes and does one more look around the room.

THOMAS:

I was just telling the Sheriff about how bright and early this morning, Dr. Hyman walked our dear old Deputy Sheriff over here, and Fred tried to come in and get the girl's stuff without Blain. I didn't know Fred has a thing for Dr. Hyman too, but I don't like the sound of it. All of her patients prepay, so he couldn't have been after money. Said he was just trying to do his job, but he knows that Sheriff has the go ahead on getting evidence from a crime scene.

Sheriff Connelly comes back downstairs.

Sheriff:

Well, appears I got it all, hopefully. I'm sure Thomas filled you in on the morning's events?

John nods.

Sheriff:

Well, sounds like I have something to look into good besides this girl's things. Hmm, makes me wonder if that little scuffle through the

thing that the girl wrote in her blood yesterday was really an  
accident. Thanks, Thomas.

John and Sheriff Connelly leave the Hotel, and make their way toward  
the jail.

INT. JAIL-EVENING

Sheriff Connelly and John are going through the contents of the two  
bags Laura had brought with her, one by one. Sheriff Connelly happens  
upon a large file filled with two collections of newspapers, one being  
the local paper, the Bedrock Daily. The other is a German paper, with  
the same big sign (Swastika) that Laura had written in blood.

Sheriff:

What in the world is this? Who the hell was this girl, and what was  
she actually doing in this town? She one of those damned Germans  
coming in to try and wipe us all out?

John:

(Trying to figure out how to convince the Sheriff to look back at  
Fred)

Well, maybe talking to the Deputy and seeing just what his objective  
was with trying to get the girl's things with Dr. Hyman would answer  
some questions. She obviously had a reason to be concerned about what  
Lau-- the girl brought with her.

SHERIFF:

(his fingers through his belt loops)

Yeah. Yeah, I don't like when my Deputy starts looking like he's on  
the wrong side of things. We'll finish up with this stuff later.

Sheriff leaves, as John is getting ready to leave, he sees among the  
stack of things in the folder some letter between Dr. Hyman and Laura.  
He grabs them, puts them in his vest pocket, then leaves the jail.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Sheriff Connelly has called a town meeting to discuss the recent events. He holds up a copy of the German newspaper that was in Laura's things. Everyone is there, except Dr. Davis, Fred, and Hazel.

SHERIFF:

I don't know who we're dealing with here. This is the symbol that this woman who came to town drew on the ground next to her just before she died. She's also been getting copies of our own town newspaper somehow. I just want to warn you all and ask you to be on your guard, because I don't know who we're dealing with.

Room erupts in alarmed chatter. Once it quiets down, Samuel, one of the town's young Native American boys looks at his dad, Joseph D. Whitehorse.

SAMUEL:

Daddy, look, their paper has the same sign on it that our book at home has.

The room goes completely silent for a moment, and then the men start shouting over each other at Joseph in anger. Sheriff walks back, asks Joseph and his oldest son, 17 year old Joseph Junior to come with him.

EXT. CITY CENTER-DAY

SHERIFF:

I will give you the chance to explain what Samuel was talking about. Right now, in light of everything that's been happening, until I can talk to you both more, I think it's safest for you to stay in my jail.

INT. JAIL-DAY

JOSEPH:

I understand you have to do what you have to do, and I promise you we can get this cleared.

Sheriff nods his head, locks jail cell, turns and leaves.

EXT. CITY CENTER-DAY

Sheriff is walking out from jail to go find Fred, noticing his absence at the town meeting. Suddenly, Fred comes running out of Dr. Davis' office with a crazed look on his face, like he is out for blood.

FRED:

(Screaming)

Lindsey!!!!

The townspeople have slowly been milling around town talking about the town meeting. Dr. Hyman breaks out from the crowd, walking toward Fred with an alarmed/maddened look on her face.

FRED:

(Still screaming)

Why? Why the hell did you lie to me about what you did last time we did a treatment?

SHERIFF:

Fred?! You've got some explaining to do, what in the name of all that's holy are you yelling about??

FRED:

(Now on the verge of tears)

Dr. Hyman's been treating me for the disability they said I had back in the Police Academy in New York. I met her there right after I got done taking the tests, and they told me I was messed up and not able to function in a job like this. I met Dr. Hyman the next day, she said she was a Doctor who specialized in equipment that deals with mental illness. She also said I didn't have to worry about the department in New York, because they'd been advertising for a new Deputy here, and

she was looking to transfer here in a couple of years because of the nice, quiet location. She sent me out with this stuff to add to the water, she said it had enhancements that would help everybody's brains. So, I came out, got the job, and started adding the treatments she'd send me to the water. So that was back then. Now, about a month ago, good old Doc says she's got a new treatment she wants to try out on me, but it's one she needs to Chloroform me for. I remember after it was over, and she brought me out of it, there was such a burning pain down there. When I asked about it, she said it was nothing but a common minor side effect, and that'd I'd heal and be fine. I did think it was strange that my head didn't hurt at all.

SHERIFF:

What did you do, Doc?

DR. HYMAN:

Nothing that matters, this town will be nothing in a few days anyway. And, Fred, his genes are useless anyways with his illness. Nobody wants to be around children born with that.

John steps forward at that point, having gone and gotten the things he gathered before leaving the jail the night before, now including Laura's jacket.

JOHN:

Lindsey, I know exactly what you've been up to, and I have the letter between you and Laura to prove it.

SHERIFF:

Who's Laura

JOHN:

Dr. Hyman's daughter. The dead girl. And that woman right there is all you need to look at to find who killed her.

DR. HYMAN:

You crazy old man? Why is anyone going to believe you? That wasn't my patient's name, but I don't disclose my patient's names, so you'll never know.

John holds up the jacket and opens it. On the inside of the collar is stitched the name, Laura Hyman Miller. John also gets out the letters that had been among the newspapers that had been exchanged between  
Laura and Dr. Hyman.

JOHN:

Oh, really? How do you explain all of this then?

Dr. Hyman's shoulders sink, she looks defeated.

DR. HYMAN:

(Sighs)

Ok, fine. It's true. I've been out here as a part of a German operation to test out methods to break and manipulate minds with electroshock therapy and drugs. I did meet Fred in New York, the way he told you. He was such an easy case. So vulnerable. Had just been rejected from the police department. I saw a great, willing accomplice in him. But you see, all this explanation does not matter. I sent out the signal yesterday for my troop to come and test out more bombs on this small, insignificant town. And Laura, she was supposed to just follow orders. But she decided she didn't want to be involved with what I was part of. I disowned her to try to break her, but, until the other day, I hadn't seen her in a few years. When she came, I knew I had to try the treatments to try and bring the German back out in her, and so I gave her a higher than normal dose of the shock therapy. It rendered her unconscious, and so I put her in a room until she regained consciousness. Then I could start again. When she came to, I struggled to get her on the table again. She wouldn't get on the table, so I just applied the shock prongs to her, and the intensity killed her.

JOHN:

Well, actually, they won't. Since Laura told me about you, I've been suspicious of any and all communications you've been sending out. So, I took the liberty to open it, and when I saw what it was, I decided it could wait.

Dr. Hyman gets an enraged look on her face.

FRED:

I'll be damned if I was meant to be someone's fools coming out here.

Mother and daughter are about to be reunited.

(He pulls out his revolver and shoots Dr. Hyman)

Screams come from the crowd.

Fred, realizing what he's just done, and what he's been a part of,

knows what he must do. He looks at Hazel.

FRED:

I'm sorry, I wish we could have been together.

(He sticks the revolver in his mouth and pulls the trigger)

