

EXT. RURAL TOWN - DAWN

Super-Impose : 1914

We see various shots of a farming community.

WHEAT FIELD

DIRT ROAD

TOWN SQUARE

We see a couple of horses mixed with a few Ford model T's on main street. The sun has yet to fully show itself.

CUT TO

INT. SHOP - DAWN

We see a STORE MANAGER, slim, thin hair, 30's prepare to open shop. He sweeps the floor with a broom and makes his way towards the window. He glances outside, sweeps then stops. He looks again outside the window. He drops the broom and exits frame.

EXT. SHOP - DAWN

The store manager rushes out the main door and down the couple of steps to the street

STORE MANAGER

Mam...

His pace quickens.

STORE MANAGER

...mam...

We see the store manager take a knee beside a prostrate body on the ground in the middle of main street.

STORE MANAGER

(yells)

Help! Somebody! Anybody! Eliza!

We see a lady come out from the shop. She is startled by what she sees.

STORE MANAGER

(to Eliza)

Get the Sheriff!

(CONTINUED)

Eliza nods and dashes down the walkway for a couple of store fronts than shoots across the street.

The sun makes its way up from the ground. People begin to populate the square and walk ways. A few approach the Store Manager and the dead body. We hears whispers and gasps from the growing crowd.

We reveal the body, a young woman, dark long ratted hair in a pool of blood, a bloodied knife to her side and just above her blood soaked finger we see a strange pattern, two squiggly lines that intersect in the middle.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

We see a number of items, sheriff's badge, gun and holster. SHERIFF BLAINE CONNOLLY, mid 40's, striking features, dark hair. He lays in bed, We hear frantic knocks. An eye opens. He staggers to his feet and approaches the front door.

We see Eliza.

ELIZA
(out of breath)
Sheriff. Come quick

SHERIFF
(Calm)
What's the matter?

ELIZA
(out of breath)
There's a young girl dead in the
middle of main street.

Blain throws a jacket over his sleeveless white T-shirt and grabs his holster and gun.

EXT. SIDE WALK - DAY

Eliza and Blain haste-fully make their way towards town square. Blain bangs on a door as he passes. We stay on the door for a beat then we see it open.

FRED JOHNSON, thick boned, reddish hair, patch over one eye shows himself in the door frame as he whips the last suspender over his shoulder. He rushes out his house and rushes towards Blaine and Eliza.

(CONTINUED)

FRED

Blain?

Fred, a man who walks with a limp, catches up

BLAIN

We got a body in the street Fred.

FRED

I was just making myself some coffee before you come interuptin'. Any identification?

ELIZA

I've never seen her before, young girl.

FRED

I was not having plans for something like this so early in the morning.

BLAIN

Keep your shirt on Fred. How young?

ELIZA

17,18 maybe. I shouldn't really say I was in such a hurry.

BLAIN

What happened?

ELIZA

I was attending to my duties at the store when I hear Thomas screaming from the street. I come out and see this lady and a puddle of blood.

BLAIN

How long was Thomas out there for?

ELIZA

Sheriff? I don't believe you think my husband killed this young girl.

BLAIN

I'm not accusing anyone, just asking questions.

Blain, Eliza and Fred approach the crowd

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A circle forms around the young woman. The store manager in the center.

FRED
Alright everyone, let's back it on
up

BYSTANDER
What happened?

FRED
We're on the case, everyone please
return back to your daily
agenda. We'll take care of this.

Blain takes a knee right next to the store manager

STORE MANAGER
Sheriff.

SHERIFF
(to store manager)
Hey Thomas. Did you see anybody
else?

STORE MANAGER, THOMAS
No sir. I was inside opening my
store like any other
day. Sweeping. Noticed this woman
outside my window and came running
out.

Blain scopes out the body. We reveal a closer look. A lacerated abdomen and some slight bruises on her head near the temples. The crowd begins to disperse due to the efforts of Fred.

FRED
What do we got chief?

BLAIN
Lacerated abdomen, couple of
bruises on her head. A knife just
to the side of her, a possible
murder.

STORE MANAGER, THOMAS
Murder?

(CONTINUED)

BLAIN

Go on back to your store now
Thomas, we'll take it from
here. But why don't you bring back
a white sheet.

The store manager starts to walk away back to his store. We still see some bystanders surveying the scene at a distance.

FRED

That's quite the knife. We haven't
had a murder here in a long time.

BLAIN

Let's not jump to any conclusions
just yet. I said possible not
definite.

FRED

Well it sure looks definite to me.

Fred starts to reach for the blood stained knife. Blain bats at Fred's hand

BLAIN

Don't touch it.

Fred retreats his hand.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

That is evidence we have here,
don't want to spoil the
fingerprints.

FRED

Fingerprints? You mean what
they're doing back there in New
York City. Horse Shit. Finding a
murderer by the tips of his fingers
is crazy

BLAIN

There is a man by the name of Peter
Wellington in Los Angelos. He has
the gear to do fingerprints. Get
in touch with him by the end of the
day and get him up here.

FRED

Your the boss chief. What kind of
design is that? What do you make of
it?

(CONTINUED)

Fred points to the squiggly lines made of her blood. Blain pulls out a pad and pencil. Blain copies the image of blood as it is in the dirt onto the notepad.

BLAIN

Not sure?

Thomas comes back out with a clean white sheet. They unfold it and cover the body.

FRED

I'll go wire for that Wellington fellow. Anything else you need from me chief?

Blain puts the pad back in his jacket pocket.

BLAIN

No Fred. I will meet you for a bite to eat at Lilly's later. Thomas, see me at my office later today would you?

STORE MANAGER, THOMAS

Yes sir.

Thomas walks back to his shop.

FRED

Noon?

BLAIN

Yes.

FRED

You payin'?

BLAIN

Yes.

Fred starts to walk away.

BLAIN

Fred, what is the name of that new doctor in town.

FRED

The cute one or the man.

BLAIN

The woman.

FRED

Umm. Hyman. Leslie...

BLAIN

Lindsey?

FRED

That's right, Lindsey.

BLAIN

Let's get her to take a peek at
this body.

Fred holds up his finger as if to say "You got it" and leaves. Blain looks at the laceration and the symbol on the ground in blood.

Blain stands up and hangs around the body. He looks at the drawing he did of the design of blood. We see a young boy staring at the scene. Sheriff looks over to him and softly waves. The little boy softly waves back. We hear some horses and the clink of a wagon then we see

A man on a nicely boxed wagon stops right next to Blain and the body. UNDERTAKER hops down and grabs a wood framed, linen stretcher.

UNDERTAKER

Pretty little lady. What a
shame. Help me would ya Sheriff.

Blain helps the undertaker carefully place the young woman onto the stretcher and lift her into the back of the covered boxed wagon. The wagon leaves.

Blain dips down on grabs the bloody knife's tip with his handkerchief. A photographer comes and grabs a picture of the blood design on the dirt.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The young girl lays on a slab. Blain stands across from the undertaker, the young girl between them. In walks Dr. LINDSEY HYMAN, 30's blonde hair, blue eyes. She holds a case that is full of operating equipment. She approaches.

BLAIN

Dr. Hyman?

LINDSEY

Sheriff Connolly.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIN
Please call me Blain.

LINDSEY
Call me Lindsey.

They shake hands.

LINDSEY
She was a young girl.

BLAIN
Yes, too young.

LINDSEY
(to undertaker)
May I?

Undertaker motions the affirmative. Lindsey approaches the body and pulls out some tools from her bag. She measures the laceration, checks out the bruises on her head

LINDSEY
Were there any witnesses, Blain.

BLAIN
No. Just Thomas, store manager over on main street. Found her this morning in a pool of blood, didn't see anybody else near her. He claims to be the first one.

LINDSEY
Aside from? The killer.

BLAIN
Well we haven't made any confirmations as of yet just mere assumptions. How long have you been in Bedrock, Doctor.

LINDSEY
It's Lindsey. I arrived a couple of weeks ago from Boston where I studied at Harvard medical.

BLAIN
That's quite the school.

LINDSEY
Well Boston is quite the town.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIN
Nothing like Bedrock though.

LINDSEY
Close enough.

Lindsey examines more of the body.

BLAIN
There was a knife found right next to her body. I picked it up with my handkerchief and stored it in a glass jar at my office.

LINDSEY
Fingerprints?

BLAIN
You've heard of that?

LINDSEY
Coming from the big city, I'm able to stay on top of what the latest technology is. You have someone here in Bedrock that can do fingerprints?

BLAIN
We have a guy from Los Angelos coming in tomorrow to help out.

LINDSEY
Anything I can do to help out. Clearly the cause of death was the knife.

BLAIN
Don't tell me you spent all that time at Harvard Medical school to just tell me that.

Lindsey grins.

LINDSEY
Come here.

Blain approaches the body as Lindsey starts to show him the laceration

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
As you can see from the lacertion, the bottom part of the skin overlaps the top portion of the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
skin. She is not too short a
woman, so whoever did this must be
a taller man.

BLAIN
So what you're thinking is the cut
came from above.

LINDSEY
Yes. The knife entered from a
downwards angle.

Blain checks it out again.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
So I hope I narrowed some
information for you.

BLAIN
I hope so. Looks like all I have
to do is round up every tall man in
Bedrock and get this Wellington guy
and get their fingerprints.

Lindsey starts to pack up her stuff.

LINDSEY
Well, I will be on my way. It
appears you have quite the task
ahead.

BLAIN
It appears so.

Lindsey finishes to gather her tools. Leaves the room.