

OUT FOR BLOOD

Episode 1: First as Tragedy, Then as Farce

by

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TEASER:

OVER BLACK:

JEFF
Put the gun down.

FADE IN:

EXT. STATE ROUTE - NIGHT

A ridiculously over-fortified, flood-light lit police roadblock, somewhere in northern Washington State.

Red and blue POLICE LIGHTS strobe over APRIL ROOT (mid 20s, F) - a semi-permanent annoyed look, the type of person who would absolutely take a *nom de guerre* for dramatic flair.

She stands, hands in the air and an assault rifle slung diagonally across her chest.

APRIL
...Kinda hard to do right now.

Beside her is JEFF (mid 20s, M) - unkempt from weeks on the run or, more aptly, weeks of being dragged through hell.

JEFF
(Hushed reminder)
Don't kill cops-

A SHOTGUN COCKS.

From behind the blockade, a SHERIFF (40s, F) and a DEPUTY (20s, M) step forward, armed with military surplus equipment.

SHERIFF
Hands behind your heads!

April and Jeff comply.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(*chick-chick*)
ON YOUR KNEES!

They kneel.

The Sheriff locks eyes with April. She lowers her shotgun a bit... then -

-- BUTTS April in the face with the stock.

APRIL

Gah!

The Sheriff kicks April in the ribs. The Deputy follows her example. They WHALE on her.

SHERIFF

How's the revolution now, bitch?

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Bitch.

April sits up and spits blood at the deputy.

SMACK.

The Sheriff punches April across the face and chokes her with the assault rifle.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Stop resisting. Stop resisting.

APRIL

I'll fuck you in the ass in hell!

April kicks the Sheriff in the groin.

The Sheriff stomps on April.

It is grotesque how much abuse the body can take.

Jeff looks over and sees a road sign. The Canadian border is just a few hundred feet up the road and through the trees...

While the Law is distracted, Jeff BOLTS towards the North.

SHERIFF

We got a runner!

Jeff sprints for his life, as -- **ZAP** -- Taser nodes sink into his back. He drops and writhes in electrified agony.

The Deputy gloats over the spasming body as he pulls out his actual gun.

DEPUTY

(To April)

Some comrade you got here, huh?

JEFF

F-f-f-fuck----ing p--pigs.

DEPUTY
(Disingenuously)
Hey Sheriff, I think he's got a
gun. Sir, put down your weapon!

BANG.

A tracer round flies past the Deputy, grazes his cheek, and
SLAMS into the cop car's roof-lights.

SHERIFF
...what-?

STREAMS of bullets fly from the trees on both sides of the
road. The flood lights BURST. SPARKS from bullet-hits blink
in the night like murderous fireflies.

Silence.

DARK.

Jeff lies on the ground and gains control of his body again.

A dark FIGURE picks itself up from the pavement, but it's too
shadowy to tell who it is...

JEFF
...April?

In the dark, a rifle loads.

The figure takes a step towards Jeff...

BAM.

One last nail in the coffin. The figure drops.

Another indiscernible shadowy figure groans and stirs a few
feet away from Jeff.

Another clink as a rifle loads again.

Jeff picks himself up and FLEES into the night.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

The sound of a steel knife carving into wood.

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A dim concrete bunker.

Through a camera: April, now a few years older and impossibly battle-hardened, sits on a stool facing an UNSEEN DOCUMENTARIAN (F, 30s.) The interviewer speaks with the restraint of a seasoned professional, but the vim of someone on the verge of a career-making scoop.

April engraves a name into the stock of an antique bolt-action rifle.

Behind April, barely visible in the shadows, hangs a PROPAGANDA POSTER with April's face on it.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)

Are you ready?

APRIL

You betcha.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A parallel set-up, but this time with Jeff, also older. He sits on the porch of a nondescript cabin in the Canadian wilderness.

He buries his hatchet into the top log of his firewood pile.

[NOTE: Chronologically, the Documentarian interviews Jeff long AFTER she has finished interviewing April...]

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)

Everything okay?

JEFF

Let's just get this over with.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)

We don't have to-

JEFF

If she talks, then I should too.

BEGIN INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO INTERVIEWS:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY, RESUMING

April still carves letters into her gun. "L-Y-U..."

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)
I'm here with April Root-

April coughs.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Probably better known to most as
"Paril Apastna."

APRIL
'Atta girl.

CUT TO:

CABIN:

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)
I'm here with Jeffrey... actually
could you say your name, just so
they know it's you?

JEFF
(Annoyed, softly)
Epstein...

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)
I'm sorry can you say that a little
louder just so the mic -

JEFF
Epstein. Jeffrey Epstein.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)
And that's been your legal name
since birth?

Jeff gives a peeved shrug.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Right...Wow...So...when was the -

CUT TO:

BASEMENT:

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
- last time you saw your former
partner?

APRIL
I haven't spoken to that menshevik
in years.

CUT TO:

CABIN:

JEFF
(Rolling his eyes)
Yeah... I don't even know what that
means, but it sounds like something
she would say.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)
Your quote: "revolution" is still
ongoing, and you've been called
folk heroes, terrorists, and
cowards -

CUT TO:

BASEMENT:

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
- but the conflict has made
credible sources scarce and people -

BOOM.

A distance explosion sends a slight reverberation their way.

Beat.

APRIL
That's still a little ways a way.
Keep going.

DOCUMENTARIAN
Right, uhmm...
(Clears throat and
resumes)
People have never officially heard
from either of you on your own
story. Are you ready to tell the
world about the real Paril Apastna
and Jeffrey?

APRIL
Somebody has to - history's
watching.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)
Alright... I guess then -

CUT TO:

CABIN:

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
- start by telling us about how you
first became acquainted with
those... radical political ideas.

Jeff folds his arms and looks to the side.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT:

April flashes a gluttonous, shit-eating grin.

END OF INTERCUT BETWEEN APRIL AND JEFF'S INTERVIEWS.

END TEASER