



# NANCY

SCREENPLAY BY ALEX GONZALEZ & JUSTIN ANNAZONE



Yeah, okay, so it's Nancy Drew but it's called Nancy 2. Why? Because it's a direct sequel to when Emma Roberts was Nancy Drew in 2007. Yeah, yeah, listen, the script slaps. Just read it.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

A BLUE JEEP hums idly. In the front seat is a WOMAN, 40s, who looks like she's been crying a whole lot. In the back seat is a YOUNG DAUGHTER, 13, who *is* crying a whole lot. And in the passenger seat is a BOY, 18, who looks scared as hell.

INT. BLUE JEEP - SAME TIME

The Woman takes out a small brown paper bag and reaches into it. She takes out a .38 snubnose revolver and hands it to the Boy.

WOMAN

This is it. They're inside. Right now.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

No!! Caleb, don't do this!!

WOMAN

Hush up! Let your man take care of this! Or you want him locked away too?

The Young Daughter starts crying. Caleb, the boy, takes the gun from her and exits the jeep.

INT. HOME - MORNING

Caleb slowly pads through the house. It's quiet. But we can hear something. And it sounds like sex. Caleb moves to a set of stairs that lead down. Caleb cocks the hammer back.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Caleb comes down the stairs quietly. The basement is cozy. Green carpeting. Some workout equipment in the corner. Fun string lights on the walls. And we can definitely hear sex.

And we can see it now too. On a pullout bed a COUPLE FUCKS passionately. The woman is named LISA TURNER, but we'll get to that later. Right now Caleb aims the .38.

Lisa sees the boy first and screams! BAM! A bullet blasts through her forehead. The MAN sits up, horrified.

MAN

Caleb?? What the fu-

BAM! A bullet goes right through his face and he flies off the bed in a collapse.

EXT. HOME - MORNING

Caleb hurries out of the house with the gun. He stops for a quick second and vomits onto the grass.

The WOMAN comes out of the jeep.

WOMAN

Did you get 'em?

CALEB

Yeah. I got 'em.

WOMAN

Quick. Gimme the gun.

Caleb hands the revolver over, and like nothing at all, the Woman points it at Caleb's head and shoots him point blank.

The Young Daughter in the back seat screams and cries hysterically. The Woman wipes off the gun and chucks it into the bushes. Then she gets in the Jeep and peels out of there.

CUT TO:

A Black Screen. Smoke rises. Out of the smoke we see the title: **Nancy 2**

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAYS / APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - MORNING

We hear retching first and foremost. Beyond that, the light audio of the morning news is heard.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

*Child Detective Nancy Drew? Party Girl? The now 30 year old private eye was scene leaving Baby's All Right late last night falling into traffic. Sources say she was white girl wasted - excuse the slur.*

The camera snakes through the hallways of a pretty basic millennial apartment. Hanging plants. Frames of dumb art. A little Bichon scurries away into a different room.

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

NANCY, 30, still played by Emma Roberts, is yacking into a toilet. She's in a towel. Soaked wet. Her hair is wet too.

Between heaving, we hear someone entering the apartment through the front door. The rattle of keys. Heavy foot steps.

NED (O.S.)  
Nancy!! Are you here?

She yacks again.

NED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nancy? Helloooooo.

NANCY  
I'm in here!

After a beat, NED NICKERSON, 31, pretty over weight, enters the bathroom. He pedals back and averts his eyes.

NED  
Oh wow, you're naked.

NANCY  
I'm not naked, I'm in a towel.

NED  
Why are you in a towel?

NANCY  
Because I tried to shower this morning and started vomiting. Then I put it on. Now I'm here and vomiting. Are you caught up?

NED  
I think so.

Nancy pulls up and wipes her mouth. Ned still looks awkwardly at her.

NANCY  
What do you need, Ned?

Ned reaches into his back pocket. He pulls out an envelope.

NED  
You got a mystery.

NANCY  
Don't call 'em that.

NED  
 Okay, you got a solicitation for  
 investigation.

He tosses the letter towards her. It flutters onto Nancy's  
 lap.

NANCY  
 I'm too fucked up for this.

NED  
 I know. You were all over E! News  
 and TMZ tossing your cookies on  
 Broadway.

NANCY  
 Is this a towel shame? Are you  
 towel shaming me?

NED  
 It's from a 10 year old.

Nancy pauses. She looks at the letter. The front of it  
 clearly looks likes it's written in a child's handwriting.

NED (CONT'D)  
 Look at the address. It's from  
 River Heights.

NANCY  
 Shit, man. I can't read this.

NED  
 It's the only one you've gotten in  
 a while.

NANCY  
 Not for any fault of my own by the  
 way.

NED  
 Relax.

NANCY  
 It's the tabloids.

NED  
 I get it.

We see a FLURRY OF TABLOID IMAGES flash across the screen:

*Where's the Fire? Kid Detective Arrested with DUI.*

*Nancy Who? Detective Falls Into Owl Sanctuary*

*What's New Pussycat? Nancy Drew goes commando at Hamilton.*

WE'RE BACK: Nancy recalls the tabloids --

NANCY

That last one wasn't even me. It was that bitch Sophia.

Ned looks at her despondent.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm not reading this.

Ned looks even worse.

EXT. HEAVY WOODS - BRUNCH - MORNING

Nancy sits at a picnic table with some girls. The table is some chipped-paint-blue and there's a small tin bucket that's being used as an artisanal ash try.

Her friends are MOLLY, 31, Asian, rich, and ERIN, 32, Blonde haired, hipster, smokes a cigarette.

ERIN

You were cross faded, who cares?

MOLLY

Exactly. Cross faded.

NANCY

I threw up on a cop car. Ugh.

Nancy hangs her head down. The WAITER arrives.

WAITER

Bloody Mary?

NANCY

That's me.

She places it down and heads off. Nancy starts sipping. After a moment she pulls out the envelope.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And look at this. I got a letter. From a 10 year old.

MOLLY

Oooh - "a solicitation for investigation."

NANCY

Do not quote Ned, dude, that guy is obsessed with me.

ERIN

So he's hung up - you only broke up a year ago.

NANCY

Yeah, for like the fourth time.

MOLLY

They're professional parters now, remember?

ERIN

(rolling her eyes)  
Right, right.

Molly opens the envelope. She pulls out a letter written on a 10 year old's pink stationary. The penmanship is cute and girly.

MOLLY

(reading)

Dear Nancy, my name is Katie Livingston. I live in River Heights and I'm writing because my family was killed. The police haven't arrested anyone but I thought someone always got arrested when people are killed. I hope you take my mystery. I'm a big fan. Go Bullfrogs! Okay! Bye! Katie.

NANCY

You're such a bitch. What does it really say?

Molly looks uncomfortable. She passes the letter to Nancy. Nancy looks it over and, slowly, her face drops.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Fuck me. I guess I have to kill myself?

ERIN

Yeah that letter is a big bummer.

Nancy looks at it for one second before -

HARRY (O.S.)

Hey, Nance.



The table looks at the source. HARRY WILDE, 32, handsome, fit, white, glasses, stands there. Nancy blushes. She tucks the letter back into her bag.

NANCY

Harry. I forgot you were coming.

HARRY

Is that bad?

NANCY

No! No. I'm glad. I just...

MOLLY

She invited you when she was black out drunk last night. But you can sit with us.

HARRY

Molly. Erin. How are y'all doing?

The girls wave and smirk. Harry comes to the table but Nancy stands up first.

NANCY

Actually lets go for a walk.

(to the girls)

You guys got this right?

Nancy grabs her Bloody Mary and walks off.

ERIN

Um. Okay. Bye.

MOLLY

She took the glass. You can't take the glass.

Off Molly annoyed and Erin lighting a smoke.

EXT. BUSHWICK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Harry and Nancy walk. Harry sips Nancy's Bloody Mary and hands it back to her.

HARRY

Oof. Too spicy.

NANCY

How are you so white?

HARRY

You know I have a weak palate. Even  
Modelo's are spicy to me.

Nancy cracks up. She looks at Harry. She likes this guy.

NANCY

I can't believe you came out to see  
me before work. Is that allowed?

HARRY

I think so? I'm allowed to see my -

NANCY

Your?

HARRY

Well.... Last night you called me  
your -

NANCY

My...?

HARRY

You called me your boyfriend. But  
now that I have to remind you of  
it, I'm a little embarrassed.

NANCY

No, don't be. I'm glad I did.

HARRY

Really? Because I won't be  
offended. I mean I will absolutely  
be offended but I won't show it.

Nancy goes in for the kiss. Harry embraces her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Your lips are spicy.

NANCY

I'm really hungover.

HARRY

Want me to get you home?

NANCY

Can I lay down in the back?

HARRY

Do you want TMZ to see?

Nancy smirks. Harry unlocks his car with a *BEEP BEEP* and we

see it: an NYPD Patrol Car waits at the curb.

NANCY  
The company car? Ew.

HARRY  
Oh, come on. It beats the train.

Harry ushers Nancy to the passenger seat. He opens the door and presses her head down with his palm.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Watch your head, street trash.

Nancy laughs as Harry shuts the door.

INT. COP CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy, with big sunglasses on, sits passenger as Harry drives her back home through Bed-Stuy.

A large BLACK LIVES MATTER mural glides by.

Nancy re-adjusts her seat.

NANCY  
Remember when I got rejected from the police academy because they didn't want a kid detective on the force?

HARRY  
Here we go.

NANCY  
Now I don't think I'd be a cop even if you paid me.

HARRY  
They do pay you.

NANCY  
You know what I mean.

Nancy settles in her chair. Harry looks over at her and places a hand on her thigh.

HARRY  
Having a gun is cool.

NANCY  
That's tone deaf, Harry.

HARRY

Sorry.

He pulls his hand back.

NANCY

You can put your hand back though.

He puts his hand back.

EST. BROWN STONE - DAY

A large brownstone in Park Slope sits squat on the street. The garden level floor has a metal sign that says: "Nancy Drew Private Investigator."

HARRY (PRE-LAP)

Still living in your office?

NANCY (PRE-LAP)

It's called working from home.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy leans against the wall in the foyer of her apartment / office / HQ. Harry admires her form. She's fit and drinks too much and probably smokes too much too but there's something irresistible about her. She's already lived a whole life and is onto her second or third. She has eyes that look like she's not surprised anymore.

NANCY

Do you have time to come in?

HARRY

For my girlfriend? I think -

NED (O.S.)

Nancy! I'm glad you're back.

HARRY

(ugh)

- I should get going.

NANCY

Come back after work.

HARRY

K.

Harry kisses her and she pulls him in to make it more passionate.



NED (O.S.)

Nancy!

NANCY

Oh my god! I'm coming! Jesus wept  
on a cross.

Harry chuckles and leaves. Nancy waves him bye.

INT. APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy comes in kicking off her shoes. Ned is on the desk  
computer reading the screen. He looks enthralled.

NANCY

Why are you still here, Ned? We  
said on the weekends this place was  
less worky and more homie.

NED

Why are you even with that guy?  
He's a fucking pig.

She goes to the kitchenette and pops some Advil and water.

NANCY

He's a pig? Have you seen yourself  
at Qdoba?

NED

Was that a fat joke? I'll have you  
know my BMI is perfect.

NANCY

Yeah for a coronary. And you didn't  
answer my question. Why are you  
here?

Ned turns the computer monitor towards her.

NED

Check out the mass murder that  
occurred back home.

Nancy comes over and looks.

ON COMPUTER GRAPHIC: "River Heights Shook After Murder  
Suicide Leaves 5 Dead."

NANCY

Holy shit.

NED  
Murder Suicide. 5 Dead.

NANCY  
Woof.

NED  
And didn't you just get a letter  
from River Heights?

NANCY  
That little girl?

NED  
What did it say?

Nancy looks confused. She pulls out the letter from her bag and tosses it to Ned. After a moment of reading it...

NED (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. She's the murder  
suicide!

NANCY  
No way. Do you think?

NED  
Absolutely. You should go help her.

NANCY  
Help what? She needs a therapist.

NED  
Her family died in a freak tragedy.  
This girl is scared and just needs  
some answers.

NANCY  
Ned, believe it or not, it's not my  
job to fly across the country and  
explain to a little girl how she's  
an orphan now.

NED  
Just go and say hi. What's the big  
deal?

NANCY  
Why are you pushing this so much?

Ned is annoyed. He turns back to the computer.

NED

I just thought maybe you can be helpful for a change. Sorry to push you past your limits.

Nancy is insulted.

NANCY

Go home. It's the weekend. It's my apartment on the weekend.

Ned gets up in a huff. He grabs his bag and heads for the door.

NED

Try not to be in the tabloids tomorrow morning. Your liver is gonna fall out.

Ned slams the door behind him. Nancy looks at the article on the laptop. She regards the letter. She shuts the laptop and tosses the letter in the trash.

INT. 'JEWEL BOX' - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Pounding music. Strobe lights. Nancy is back at it. The place is crowded and Nancy dances with Harry. Molly and Erin are there too. It really seems like this is all she does.

Nancy pulls Harry close and the two make out. She drags him through the crowd to the bathrooms.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy and Harry fuck in the bathroom stall. Nancy is bent over and Harry has his pants at his ankles. It looks like Nancy is talking, but the pounding of the music is too loud.

We see, right above her, someone has a phone peeking over the edge of the adjacent stall. The person is recording.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Nancy wakes up in Harry's bed. The shower is heard outside of the room. She sits up and touches her head and groans.

She looks at her phone.

ON PHONE. There are 15 notifications from Ned.

NANCY  
Give me a break, man.

She looks around for her top.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Harry, I'm taking a shirt!

HARRY (O.S.)  
Okay!

Nancy climbs out of bed. She's naked. She pads across the carpet to Harry's dresser. She opens it up and starts flipping through t-shirts.

She finds a black shirt and she takes it out.

On the shirt. It says "BLUE LIVES MATTER."

NANCY  
Jesus Christ.

She looks around for any witnesses and then opens Harry's window and tosses the shirt out. She keeps digging through the dresser. She pulls out another shirt that has the PUNISHER logo. She groans again and tosses it out the window.

She keeps digging and pulls out a shirt that is simply ugly: "Hillsborough County Bowling League 1999."

NANCY (CONT'D)  
This one's somehow the worst.

She tosses it out the window too. Then she yanks out a collared polo and puts it on.

EXT. BROWN STONE - LATER

A Lyft comes to a stop in front of her place. Nancy comes out holding her shoes. She wears her Polo on top of her "going out" clothes. She looks at her phone again.

On Phone. 22 notifications from Ned.

NANCY  
Oh my god.

INT. APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Nancy comes in and takes off her Polo. She bunches it up into a ball, kicks off her shoes, and tosses it all onto the floor.



NANCY

Ned, I know you're here, what's the emergency? You still can't find your dick?

NED (O.S.)

No, but I found Harry's.

NANCY

What kind of come back is that?

Nancy walks into the

"OFFICE AREA"

And finds Ned, feet on the table, watching what's on the laptop: It's the video of Nancy getting fucked. And it's gone viral. Millions of comments are coming in. It's bad.

Nancy goes white.

NANCY (CONT'D)

No.

NED

Oh yeah baby. Two million retweets. Trending all morning. Hashtag Nancy D. Hashtag the mystery of the hidden salami. Hashtag KID DICK which I think is a play on detectives being called Dicks, but, honestly, that's a risky click.

NANCY

Oh no.

NED

Oh and the memes are great. This one here is spongebob. Hah!

Nancy storms out of there.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Nancy has her luggage on the bed. She's piling clothes into it. She's on the verge of tears. Ned appears in the doorway.

NED

If it makes you feel any better I reported all of the tweets.

NANCY

It doesn't.

NED

I'm also tracking the IP of the original video. We can sue this shit head.

NANCY

It's a fucking sex tape, Ned. I have a sex tape now. Jesus Christ. I have to get out of the city for a while. I need to detox somewhere.

NED

Where were you thinking?

"OFFICE AREA" - CONTINUOUS

Nancy marches back towards the computer station. She digs into the trash and takes out the letter from the girl.

NANCY

Home.  
(re: the letter)  
Maybe I can say hi to this girl.

NED

She was interested in the detective. Not the porn star.  
(off Nancy's look)  
Sorry.

NANCY

Do you think she's seen it?

NED

What? No way. That'd be gnarly.

NANCY

Maybe I can see my dad too. Just try to lay low for a bit.

NED

I can come with you.

NANCY

No, I'd rather be alone.

Nancy reads the address again.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I think you're right. I've been acting like a shit head for a while.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

I have to get my shit together or I'll drag this out all across my 30s. Maybe this little girl can help me get perspective.

Ned places a hand on her shoulder.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Nancy, big sunglasses, bottle of coconut water, eternally hung over, shuffles through the giant crowds.

She passes by a small news shop. Her tabloids and exploits cover some of the rattier pages. She groans.

INT. COP CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Harry is sitting in his car about to bite into a burger when his phone rings. It's Nancy's and he answers it.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL / COP CAR - INTERCUT

Nancy now is seated on a black leather chair in a row of them.

NANCY

Harry.

HARRY

Hey...

NANCY

Are you okay? You didn't get like fired or anything right?

HARRY

No, I'm good. You can't see my face in the video. But some guys at the station high-fived me because, you know, they know I date you.

NANCY

Gross.

HARRY

Hey, did you throw out some of my shirts?

NANCY

What? No.

HARRY

Weird. I had to disperse some homeless guys earlier and one of them had my bowling shirt.

NANCY

Listen, I'm leaving.

HARRY

What do you mean?

NANCY's POV: She eyes the departure time for her flight to O'Hare. It's in 20 minutes.

NANCY

I'm going home to River Heights. I just have to get out of the city for a bit. I think I've been going too hard lately.

Harry sits up in his seat. He puts his burger away.

HARRY

Is this... a break up?

NANCY

No, no. I know it's weird to do long distance so early but I'll be back in a couple weeks. Okay?

HARRY

Okay. Hey. I'm gonna miss you.

NANCY

I'm gonna miss you too.

HARRY

(jokey)

You're putting me in a tough spot. I told people I just got a girlfriend and now I gotta tell them she doesn't live in the city. Nobody is gonna believe me.

NANCY

I'll text you when I land. Oh and Harry? What if when I came back you put in a good word for me at the academy?

HARRY

For real? You serious?



NANCY

I don't know. I've been thinking it might be time to turn legit. To try again at least.

HARRY

You got it, Nance.

She hangs up the phone and we stay with her for a moment. She smiles softly but even behind the glasses and the chugging coconut water, she looks exhausted.

EST. O'HARE - AIRPORT - DAY

A jumbo jet lands on the tarmac.

PILOT (V.O.)

Welcome to Chicago. The local time is 4:30pm. It's a balmy eighty degrees. Enjoy your stay in the windy city.

INT. ENTERPRISE CAR RENTAL - MOMENTS LATER

CU: Nancy's Driver's License. Her much younger face in front of that blue screen at the DMV.

CLERK (O.S.)

Heh. Like the detective?

Nancy, suitcase in tow, is at counter.

NANCY

Yeah. Just like her. I need a car. Something efficient. I'm driving to River Heights. Waddaya got?

INT. CAR GARAGE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy stands before a massive, yellow, H1 HUMMER. She looks disgusted with it. The Clerk looks thrilled.

NANCY

I'm not driving this thing.

CLERK

It's either this or the smart car. But that thing will die before you're two hours out. And there's no charging stations between here and the Heights.

NANCY

People are gonna think I have like  
five kids all named Brantley.

CLERK

This is all I have.

NANCY

Ugh. Fine. Gimme the keys.

Nancy snatches the keys from the clerk.

INT. HUMMER - SECONDS LATER

Nancy gets settled and can just barely see over the steering  
wheel. She sighs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - RURAL ILLINOIS - DAY

The yellow, obnoxious, boat sized H1 Hummer flies down the  
highway. Corn fields border the sides in large patches of  
yellow and green.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Nancy, a bit more relaxed, drives this beast pushing 80mph.

EXT. STATE ROADS - LATER

The multi-lane highway is gone. Now the Hummer moves through  
a more narrow state road. This is gonna get interesting.

EXT. TWO LANE ROADS / INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - LATER

The Hummer moves down a narrow two lane road where cars  
coming towards her have to practically give up their lane  
because her truck is too big. People flip her off out their  
window. People honk and cuss at her.

DRIVER

Your truck is too fucking big, you  
idiot!

NANCY

I'm sorry! It's all they had!

Nancy, now insecure, tries to maneuver this behemoth.

EXT. RIVER HEIGHTS - MAIN STREET - LATER

We see a sign read: "Welcome to River Heights! Hometown of the famous Nancy Drew. Population: 3000."

Right next to that is a smaller sign: "RE-ELECT SEN. BILL BROWN: WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU?" A bald man gives a thumbs up. It's clear from a mile away he's a slime ball.

Nancy's Hummer rolls past the sign dwarfing it in size.

EXT. THE DREW ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Late orange sun comes through tall pines and oaks. A curved road leads through an iron wrought gate to a fancy manor. There's a fountain (that's empty) and an adjacent tennis court (that's ruined).

Nancy's Hummer comes to a stop a few yards before the front steps of the manor. Nancy climbs out of the car and practically has to jump to the ground.

CARSON (O.S.)  
Please get that thing off of my property.

Nancy looks up to see her dad, CARSON, 80s. He's old and white and is wearing black sweat pants and a ratty yellow sweater. He stands fit and with a can of Diet Coke.

NANCY  
Hey, dad.

CARSON  
I cannot let people see that here.

NANCY  
Trust me, I hate it too. It's the only one they had available.

Carson comes down the steps. Nancy regards the can of soda.

CARSON  
(off her look)  
It's all I drink these days.

NANCY  
Sounds like a kidney stone waiting to happen.

Caron chuckles and hugs Nancy. Nancy returns the gesture.

INT. DREW ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy drags her suitcase in and regards the manor. The place is dusty and spacious. Old wood banisters. High climbing stairs. Portraits and busts. Carson leads her in.

CARSON

I don't suppose it feels like home anymore does it?

NANCY

It looks like a haunted mansion, dad.

CARSON

I promise it's more cozy than it seems. Your room is untouched.

NANCY

That's even scarier.

Nancy heads for the stairs with the suitcase behind her.

CARSON

One more thing. I don't know the particulars as to your visit and that's fine. I don't need to know the gory details. But there will be no drinking, no smoking, no anything as long as you're here. I'm sober and you know that and I don't expect you to follow suit completely, but I'm your father and this is how I help.

NANCY

Thanks, dad.

CARSON

I love you, honey. Stay as long as you want.

NANCY

I love you too.

She keeps climbing the stairs.

INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The lights flicker on and bathe the room in the soft orange of nostalgia. Nancy sets her luggage down and closes the door behind her. The bed has a pink and yellow comforter. The small vanity desk has a pink Macintosh computer on it.

The wall is covered in posters, blue ribbons, and framed newspaper articles of all her cases.

She regards one: "Detective Nancy Drew Solves Mystery Of Hidden Staircase." She groans and takes it off the wall, tossing it into the closet.

LATER.

She's piling clothes into her white dresser. She takes out skinny jeans that don't fit her anymore and tosses them to the side. She sees a pair of Skechers that light up PINK when pressed, she tosses them aside. She takes out hideous early 2000s tops and cringes at them. She tosses them aside and then stops. She reaches in and pulls out a photograph.

It's of her and Ned in Scotland both aged like 15. They wear rain splattered parkas in front of a beautiful green hillside.

She turns the photo around and there's writing on the back:

*"Nancy, I love you so much. How you're the best girlfriend will always be a mystery to me. Yours forever, Ned.*

*Scotland. 2009."*

NANCY

Oh, Ned. What happened to us?

She puts the photo back in the dresser.

INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - LATER

Nancy lays in her bed on top of the covers. She's in a shirt she got in like Junior High. She just stares out the window at the high oaks and willows. She sighs.

EXT. THE DREW ESTATE - MORNING

Birds chirp. A sprinkler turns on. The windows of the manor catch the sun in patterned starbursts. Some squirrels dart across the lawn.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - SAME TIME

Nancy comes down the steps yawning. Carson is waiting at the foot of the stairs for her.

CARSON

Honey, you have a visitor.

Nancy comes to the base of the stairs and sees a young boy with a bicycle. He's ENCYCLOPEDIA BROWN, 10, in blue jeans, PF Flyers, and a vintage bomber jacket.

BROWN  
Miss Drew. Good morning!

NANCY  
Hi. Who are you?

BROWN  
Leeroy Brown. But around these parts I'm called Encyclopedia on account of my staggering intellect and vast wealth of facts.

NANCY  
Encyclopedia Brown? You must be very popular in the gifted class. Good chatting.

Nancy moves passed him to -

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The large kitchen of an estate. Granite island. Dark wood table borders a large window that looks out onto the grassy back yard of the property.

Nancy starts pouring herself coffee. Brown comes behind her.

BROWN  
The monicker is really because I'm a detective just like you were.

Nancy, intrigued, leans against the counter. Sips her coffee.

NANCY  
That right?

BROWN  
Yes. In fact, I'm the detective of this here town. Call it my beat.

NANCY  
I'm not gonna call it that.

BROWN  
I know why you're here is what I'm trying to say. You're here because of that family that was murdered.

NANCY

I'm here to detox. You know that word?

BROWN

Detoxification. The medicinal removal of toxins from the human body. The primary function of the liver. I've seen you in the news. You detoxing doesn't surprise me.

NANCY

Encyclopedias shouldn't editorialize.

BROWN

Editorialize. To -

NANCY

Can it, Webster. The police already solved that crime. I have someone else to see. So don't worry, I won't *encroach on your jurisdiction*.

Nancy walks with the coffee back out to -

EXT. THE DREW ESTATE - MORNING

Nancy comes down, sipping her mug, twirling the keys of her Hummer. Brown is behind her with his bike.

BROWN

I'm saying I can help you!

Nancy opens her car door and turns to the kid. He's spunky and aggressive. But that's not really her bag anymore.

NANCY

You wanna help? Get off the drive way before this thing makes a pancake out of you.

Brown pouts. But he does as he's told and rides off down the long, excessive drive way. Nancy watches him go. She climbs in the car and slams the door.

EXT. RIVER HEIGHTS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A small, cutesy school sits against a grassy hill. A gray sign reads: "River Heights Elementary School."

Beneath the sign is a large cartoon Bullfrog. Their mascot.  
Nancy's Hummer pulls up along the curb.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

We're in a classroom with first graders who, at this moment, are knuckles deep in Elmer's Glue, Popsicle sticks, and construction paper. Maneuvering among them is BESS MARVIN, 30. She has small glasses and a striking length of red hair dutifully braided down her back.

She turns when she hears knocking.

BESS's POV: At the door to the class, peering through the window, is Nancy.

Bess's eyes widen.

BESS  
No fucking way.

KID  
Oh! Miss Marvin said a swear word!

BESS  
Oh. Sorry. Sorry. Don't say that word. I did a bad.

Bess ruffles the kid's hair and moves to the door.

INT. CLASSROOM / HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Outside of the class, in the pink narrow halls of the school, Bess wraps her arms around Nancy. She pulls back.

NANCY  
You dyed your hair.

BESS  
Bad?

NANCY  
No, I love it.

BESS  
What are you doing here?

NANCY  
I got something I need to talk to you about. Kinda serious and all.



BESS

Oh no. Well, I have ten minutes left in class so -

NANCY

Send 'em out. Call it an early recess.

BESS

They haven't even had lunch.  
(off Nancy's look)  
Okay. This is serious.

Bess opens the door to her classroom -

BESS (CONT'D)

Who's ready for recess??

The class erupts in cheers.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

The kids run and around play on slides and jungle gyms. Nancy and Bess sit on a small wooden bench near the rear by a chainlink fence. Bess examines the hand written letter.

BESS

Katie Livingston? Katie Livingston?

Bess sits back on the bench. She thumbs the letter. Lost in thought. Her eyes darting to each of the kids playing.

NANCY

So can I see her? I know it's weird but, I don't know. Ned really got to me in Brooklyn. I've kinda been in a bad spiral with things and maybe talking to this girl might help both of us out. You know?

BESS

Nancy, I -

NANCY

I know, Bess. I come back all the way from Brooklyn and we haven't spoke in years. And even Ned is just about done with me. But I'm here needing this favor. I just want to talk to her.

BESS

There is no Katie Livingston.

NANCY

What do you mean?

BESS

I mean there is no Katie Livingston. They were a family of three. The dad, mom, and the daughter April. I taught her in fourth grade about three years ago. She was a handful. A little advanced with the boys, but nice enough. Shame what happened.

NANCY

The article said five dead. That's only three. Who were the other two?

BESS

April's boyfriend, Caleb, and then the nanny.

NANCY

So who the hell wrote this letter?

BESS

Someone that wanted you to come back home.

Nancy looks back at the playground. All the kids running and playing tag. The spring sun bright in the cloudless sky.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Bess walks Nancy to the Hummer. It stands out like a sore thumb against all the modest Kias and little electric cars.

BESS

You cannot be driving this.

NANCY

I know, I know.

BESS

So what now? This is weird. I'm hooked. It's like another mystery.

NANCY

I really didn't want it to become one, but I suppose it is now.

BESS

Nancy Drew and the case of the mysterious letter.

NANCY

Stop it.

BESS

The case of the phantom victim.

NANCY

Enough.

BESS

The girl who cried mass murder.

NANCY

(laughing)

That ones just fucked up.

BESS

I'm glad you're back.

Bess hugs her again.

NANCY

It feels weird, but me too. It's nice to see you. And my dad. Maybe we can get dinner with George. See what she's up to.

Bess's face falls.

BESS

... You didn't hear?

NANCY

What?

BESS

She died. Years ago. Rock climbing.

NANCY

Fuck.

BESS

Be safe, okay?

NANCY

You be safe.

BESS

Don't worry about me. I'm the safest one here. You know I took up kick boxing? There's a place right by the new TGI Friday's. I go three times a week. The gym. Not the Friday's.

(MORE)

BESS (CONT'D)

But maybe we should go sometime together. The Fridays not the gym.

NANCY

Yeah. That sounds good. I'd like that.

Bess holds Nancy's hands. Nancy nods quietly.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - DAY

Nancy drives when a call comes in through the Hummer's Blue Tooth. It's Ned.

NANCY

Hey, Ned.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) / NANCY'S "OFFICE" APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Ned swivels in his rolling chair. Bean burrito on a paper plate rests on his stomach. His feet are up. He's chilling.

NED

You play big sister yet?

NANCY

Not yet. Things -

NED

Wait. Are you in a hummer?

NANCY

How can you tell that?

NED

There's an echo.

NANCY

Listen, things have gotten very convoluted here. The girl that wrote the letter doesn't exist.

NED

What? Okay. I'm hooked. That letter did seem pretty convenient, not gonna lie.

NANCY

Seriously. It's probably some obsessed fan boy who wants to tie to me to a radiator.

NED  
Black Snake Moan. Classic.

NANCY  
Oh! And did you hear? George died.

NED  
Yeah. Rock climbing. That was years ago.

NANCY  
You knew?

NED  
Bess and I went to the funeral.

NANCY  
Where the hell was I?

NED  
It was when you left for New York and blew us all off. I remember texting you but you blocked my number. So we thought you didn't care.

NANCY  
Fuck. I was a piece of shit.

NED  
Yep.

There's a quiet pause.

NANCY  
Listen, Harry has to come by the apartment. But he doesn't have a key so you gotta let him in.

NED  
Ugh. Why?

NANCY  
He left his Police Academy box set. He can't wait for me to get home to watch Mission to Moscow.

NED  
I hate my life.

NANCY  
And Ned?

NED

What?

NANCY

If you died I'd go to your funeral.

NED

That's not as comforting as you think. But thanks.

Ned hangs up.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - DAY

Nancy drives pensively. She wipes at her eyes. Are they tears? Or is she just tired? It's hard to say, damn.

EXT. RIVER HEIGHTS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Small town crimes with a small town department. The building hasn't adapted since the late 70s. A stenciled wall art says: "RIVER HEIGHTS POLICE DEPARTMENT." Nancy's Hummer is parked.

INT. SERGEANT BRACKISH'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Nancy sits across from a burly man with a mustache. SERGEANT BRACKISH, 50s, sits with his sleeves rolled up and his knuckles hairy. He fiddles with a bright silver watch as he talks.

A name plate on the desk says SGT. BRACKISH.

BRACKISH

I fucking knew it. I fucking knew you'd come back around when that story hit the news. Listen, Nance, it's open and shut.

NANCY

I got this letter. Here. Look.

Nancy slides it across the desk. Brackish looks at it.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Someone wrote it pretending to be a victim and they don't exist. Just let me look at some details. I'm not gonna be raiding anyone or making arrests. But someone's obviously screwing with me.

BRACKISH  
(reading the letter)  
I'll say. How do you always get  
yourself in these messes?

On Nancy. Unsure how to respond.

BRACKISH (CONT'D)  
Okay. Wait here a sec.

Brackish gets up and leaves. Nancy looks at her phone. She has texts from Harry. They say: "Miss you."

She texts back: "Miss you too. Be nice to Ned."

Harry texts back: "I'm always nice!"

BRACKISH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Okay here we are.

PLOP!

He sets a box of evidence on the desk. Nancy stands up and starts picking through them.

BRACKISH (CONT'D)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Gloves. Finger  
prints. Remember?

Brackish offers Nancy a pair of latex gloves.

BRACKISH (CONT'D)  
This ain't L.A. Confidential. Real  
cops have protocol.

Nancy grabs the gloves and puts them on, happy to oblige.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - DAY

Ned is on the phone, but we don't hear the other side.

NED  
Ma'am, I'm sorry, we just don't do  
infidelity cases like that. Call us  
back if he murders you or if you  
murder him. I know, ma'am. I'm  
sorry. We're just not one of those  
skeezy private eyes. Yes, I am  
aware she has a sex tape. Goodbye.

Ned hangs up. He opens a small mini fridge and takes out an Amstel Light. He cracks it open and takes a swig.

There's knocking on the door. Ned sighs. He already knows who it is. He gets up and lets Harry in. We see Harry, now, in his full NYPD uniform.

NED (CONT'D)  
Hey, Harry.

HARRY  
I'll be in and out.

Ned lets him pass by as Harry goes down the hall and turns the corner.

NED  
So you're working today.

HARRY (O.S.)  
Yeah! This place is on my patrol.

Ned nods. This small talk sucks. Harry comes back around the corner with his DVD Box Set.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Love Police Academy.

NED  
Sure.

Then something catches Ned's eye.

CU: Harry is wearing a badge with a BLACK BAND over the Badge Number. He also doesn't have his name tag on.

Ned recoils. Gets in his way right before Harry can leave.

NED (CONT'D)  
(re: his badge)  
What's up with that?

HARRY  
(caught)  
Oh. Uh. Mourning. Lost a guy a week ago.

NED  
Right. And we're not allowed to know the bereft's badge number because? And where is your name tag?

HARRY  
You know my name.



NED  
That's not what I asked.

HARRY  
Keeping a cop from his patrol car  
is a federal offense.

NED  
No, it's not.

HARRY  
Well we can both go to the station  
and see what my captain thinks.

Ned backs down. He moves out of the way and lets Harry leave.

EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harry comes down the steps and throws his box set into the trunk of his patrol car. Ned stands in the doorway.

HARRY  
Have a good one, Ned.

NED  
Yeah, let me know if you run out of  
homeless people to harass. My  
neighbor's black and there's no way  
he can afford this neighborhood.

HARRY  
Man, fuck yo-

Ned slams the door.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - CONTINUOUS

Ned drinks his beer.

NED  
Fucking pig.

INT. SERGEANT BRACKISH'S OFFICE - DAY

TOP DOWN VIEW: as Nancy removes the lid from the evidence box. She takes out a manilla envelope of files, a clear bag with a hand gun (.38 Snubnose that might be familiar), a bag of five bullets.

NANCY  
This is a .38.

BRACKISH

You're right.

NANCY

But only three of these bullets are .38. Two of them are 9mm. Where's that gun?

BRACKISH

We couldn't place it. And there's this.

Brackish tosses a clear bag with a hand written note.

NANCY

What's this?

BRACKISH

What's it look like? Suicide note.

Nancy reads the note.

ON NOTE: "Our family was perfect until it wasn't. I just wanted it to be perfect again. Sorry all."

NANCY

Now about this Nanny.

BRACKISH

Lisa Turner.

He passes a file to her. Nancy looks at it. She's pretty. Long brown hair. Dark brown eyes. Pursed lips.

BRACKISH (CONT'D)

She was hired out of the agency on Wentworth. I'm worried you're wasting your time.

NANCY

Well, that's the best case scenario isn't it? For you?

Nancy collects the paperwork off the desk and stuffs it into her bag.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Take the letter and the note to a handwriting specialist. I have a hunch.

Nancy leaves. Brackish looks at the evidence left behind.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

We see a tombstone first. It's engraved with "KATHERINE DREW: 1963-2002. A Mother. A Wife. A Curious Mind."

REVERSE REVEAL: Carson is standing before it. He has some flowers with him. White tulips. Shortly, Nancy comes up.

NANCY  
Sorry. I'm here.

Carson puts his arm around Nancy. He addresses the headstone.

CARSON  
Look who came to visit.

NANCY  
Hi, mom. Long time no see.

Nancy isn't sure what to say beyond that. But she holds her dad close. Carson puts half of the tulips on the plot.

LATER

Carson and Nancy walk among the tombstones. The sun heads for the horizon. Nancy has her arm through her dad's.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
It's weird. I've seen the tombstone more times than I remember seeing her.

CARSON  
She was always on the move. It's true. I regret letting her be that way.

NANCY  
It's okay.

CARSON  
George is right up here.

Nancy and Carson turn down an aisle. They stop at one. Carson gives the rest of the tulips to Nancy.

Nancy looks at the stone: "GEORGE FAYNE. 1990-2016."

Nancy tosses the tulips on the ground.

PUSH-IN on her. It's hard for her to say anything. Her lips tremble. She suppresses what she can. She turns and keeps walking. Even Carson looks disappointed, and he follows after her --

CARSON (CONT'D)  
Nancy, wait.

NANCY  
Dad, let's just go.

Carson closes the gap and holds his daughter close.

CARSON  
This is George. This is your  
*friend*. I get why there's nothing  
to say to your mother. She was gone  
all the time. You didn't know her.

NANCY  
She died in another country and we  
didn't find out til we got there,  
dad. We were roaming around  
Scotland like morons and she had  
been dead for years!

Carson holds Nancy close to his chest. She stifles a cry in  
his shirt.

CARSON  
I know. I know. But this is your  
best friend. There are things to  
say to her. You wouldn't have come  
here if there weren't.

They lock eyes.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
I'll wait in the car.

Nancy concedes.

EXT. CEMETERY - GEORGE'S PLOT - MOMENTS LATER

The sun is further along the horizon. Nancy sits on her butt  
in front of the headstone.

NANCY  
I saw Bess today. She's doing great  
like always. So pretty and put  
together. She died her hair red.  
Ned put on a lot of weight. I  
shouldn't say that. Shit. Forget I  
said that.

She's struggling. She picks at the threads of her shirt.

NANCY (CONT'D)

George, I'm so sorry I didn't come home. And - and I wish I had an excuse. But I don't. I just... I just don't have one. I was in New York and I was living this life I thought I deserved for some stupid reason. Like I was cashing in on the celebrity life I thought I had earned. And you fucking ... Just died and I didn't even come home. Because -- Because if I did I, I don't know, I was afraid I'd lose everything and be back to boring Nancy Drew in River Heights. A kid again. But now I'm 30 year old Nancy Drew in River Heights and I realize that back then was probably the last time I was happy. Riding bikes with you and Bess and going on dates with Ned and solving crimes and being... Just being kids. I don't know why I thought I deserved more than that when, really, that was everything I ever needed. I'm sorry. I miss you so much.

We HOLD ON Nancy for a bit. It's hard to watch.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nancy is in her pajamas. Messy bun. Glasses on. She scrapes a pot of macaroni and cheese into a bowl. She grabs a Diet Coke from the fridge.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - NIGHT

She quietly pads along down a hallway to a study with light coming from beneath the heavy wooden door.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - CARSON'S STUDY - NIGHT

The door eases open. Carson has his nose buried in ledgers, text books, old files, and yellow legal pads. He doesn't notice Nancy as she steps up to his shoulder.

NANCY

'Lotta work for a retired guy.

Carson jumps.

CARSON

You almost gave me a heart attack.

NANCY

I brought you dinner. Sort of. It's from the box but it's all you had.

She places the bowl on the counter. She sees something interesting.

HER POV: A TAX RETURN shows the name of WILLIAM BROWN, as well as other pages of his ASSETS and HOLDINGS.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(the paperwork)

The tax return of Senator Brown?

Carson, caught, shuffles the papers away.

CARSON

What do you think about Leeroy?

NANCY

Boy Brittanica?

CARSON

He's nice isn't he?

NANCY

He's the son of a senator. He's a wealthy busybody and a know it all to boot.

CARSON

Sound familiar?

NANCY

Point taken. Goodnight, dad.

Nancy kisses him on the head and leaves him. We stay with Carson though. He looks at his papers again and he looks concerned.

EXT. NANNY AGENCY - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

A small, pre-war home sits nestled behind a little garden, beneath an old oak tree and American flag. There's a turquoise sign out front: "NANNIES FOR HIRE! COME SAY HI!"

And, again, there's a smaller sign in the front lawn. "RE-ELECT SEN. WILLIAM BROWN!" This is getting fishy...

Nancy walks up the drive way. She regards the signage. She's impressed at the ubiquity of this bald guy. She turns to the car in the drive way. A WHITE NISSAN SENTRA. But the wheels and bottom half are CAKED IN MUD. In the backseat she sees a COILS and COILS of SILVER CHAIN and TANKS OF GASOLINE.

ELIZA (PRE-LAP)

So you're not here to be a nanny yourself?

INT. NANNY AGENCY - DAY

Nancy sits on a clean white sofa. The house is small but it's cozy. A woman, ELIZA, 40s, prim and proper and business oriented, sets some tea down for Nancy and herself.

NANCY

I'm not so good with kids. I'm actually here about Lisa Turner. The nanny you arranged for the Livingston family.

ELIZA

Are you a detective?

NANCY

Sort of.

ELIZA

What happened was just devastating. Nobody deserved that.

NANCY

So you were fond of Lisa?

ELIZA

Oh, yes. She was a gem. The Livingston's needed someone about, say, a year ago? I arranged Lisa for them and they seemed happy enough. Hadn't heard much from them since, which, in my business, is usually a good sign.

NANCY

Is it normal for families to hire a nanny when their kid is already twelve?

Eliza takes a sip from her tea. Sets it back down. She re-arranges herself on the sofa. Seems on edge.

ELIZA

You never really know what people are going through. Sometimes it's nice just to have an extra set of hands.

NANCY

Yeah. I guess that's true.

ELIZA

Is that all, miss?

NANCY

That's all. Thanks for the tea.

Nancy smiles. She sets the tea down and gets up.

NANCY (CONT'D)

One more thing. I noticed your car outside. You take that thing off roading a lot?

ELIZA

I'm sorry?

NANCY

White Nissan Sentra. Covered in mud. You gotta get a Hummer like me. It's a rental but it's growing on me.

ELIZA

I guess I must've driven through some mud.

NANCY

Hm. Yeah. Okay. Thanks.

Nancy heads for the door.

INT. HUMMER (PARKED) - OUTSIDE ELIZA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy flips through the documents in the manilla envelope. She pulls out Lisa Turner's file. She eyes the address of her apartment. 45 West Robin #3B. She circles it.

Nancy turns and looks out her window to Eliza's home.

HER POV: Eliza is at the window staring back through parted blinds. Caught, she closes the blinds and disappears.



EXT. WEST ROBIN APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Nancy's Hummer pulls to a stop in front of a run down, dingy, housing projects type apartment complex. If it feels out of place for a town like River Heights, you're right.

The place is about 4 stories total. There's a real white trash meth head energy about it.

A COUPLE in a dispute stop when they see Nancy's Hummer pull in. This car is prime for the looting.

On a brick wall there's GRAFFITI: "Sweets for the Sweet?"

Nancy climbs out of the Hummer and shuts the door. She sees the couple staring at it.

NANCY

It's a rental. There's nothing inside.

She moves past them to the stairs.

EXT. STAIRS / UNIT #4B - CONTINUOUS

Nancy climbs the steps of the West Robin Housing. She stops in front of #4B. Before knocking, she turns to survey the scene. From her vantage point she can see the dirty parking lot and her Hummer. Beyond that, a train moving along. Some fences. She turns to the door and knocks.

A moment passes.

She knocks again.

The door slowly opens. The brass chain goes taught. A girl is peering back. HELEN, 30s, is an addict and looks it.

HELEN

I don't have anything.

NANCY

My name is Nancy. Lisa Turner used to live here.

HELEN

Barely.

NANCY

Can I come in and ask some questions? I'm not a cop.

HELEN

Do you have a gun? Are you gonna  
fucking roll me? I told you I ain't  
got nothing.

NANCY

No. I'm not gonna do anything.

Helen's eyes are skittish. They size up Nancy. Head to toe.  
Then she closes the door and unlocks it.

INT. HELEN'S APT - DAY

Helen leads Nancy through the apartment that, for all intents  
and purposes, looks like a meth addict lives there. Run down  
wallpaper, stain browned kitchen ware, a ratty futon facing a  
TV that's just barely hanging in there.

HELEN

I don't know nothing about how she  
died. I can tell you the same thing  
I told the cops.

Nancy looks around the place. She's grossed out for sure.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here too long.  
This place can get dangerous after  
dark. And before dark.

NANCY

You said Lisa barely lived here.  
What did you mean by that?

Helen plops down on the futon. Opens up a Keystone Light.

HELEN

When she got that nanny gig she  
pretty much moved out. Kept paying  
rent though, so I didn't mind.

NANCY

You mean she lived with the  
Livingston's?

HELEN

If you can call it that.

NANCY

What does that mean?

Helen looks at Nancy like she's stupid. She takes a swig of  
her beer.

HELEN

You're really not a cop are you?

NANCY

I swear it. I just came from Eliza's office. It seemed like it was on the up and up.

HELEN

That ain't the real office.

NANCY

It's not?

HELEN

You promise you don't got a gun?

NANCY

I promise. What do you mean it's not the real office?

HELEN

That's just a front. I don't know the particulars, but Lisa wasn't their nanny. She was fucking them.

NANCY

Who? Mr. Livingston?

HELEN

Both of them. She lived in their basement. Was like a permanent sex squatter. Said they were good lays too.

NANCY

What are you talking about?

HELEN

Look. The nanny service ain't a real nanny service. Well, sometimes you do get a real nanny. But most times you get a whore. She tried to get me in on it but, you know, let's just say families in town don't really like track marks. Anyhow, it paid her really well and we pretty much used her room as storage.

NANCY

Storage for what?

HELEN  
What do you think?

Nancy moves slowly to Lisa's room. The door is ajar and Nancy pushes it open. On the ground are several duffle bags filled with money. One of them is open and half empty.

Helen appears behind Nancy.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
(re: money)  
I decided to help myself to it.  
Ain't like she needs it anymore.

NANCY  
This should be confiscated.

HELEN  
By who? The cops don't come here.  
This building is a blight on River  
Heights. They'd much rather us fall  
into the ground.

NANCY  
I'm gonna need the address to the  
real offices.

HELEN  
It ain't really an office, but  
okay.

Helen writes the address down on a piece of paper.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
(as she writes)  
50 miles out. Off the country road.  
Deep in the woods. Don't go alone.

Helen hands her the strip of paper. Nancy nods.

Nancy steps out of Helen's apartment -

EXT. STAIRS - JUST OUTSIDE HELEN'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

- and right into the barrel of a gun. She goes white.

REVEAL: A WHITE TRASH THUG has a grimy revolver pointed right at her face. It's the man from the couple outside. Behind him his is WHITE TRASH WIFE. She's got a brown bag with her.

THUG  
Y'all done talking, Helen?

Helen leans against the door jamb.

HELEN  
Yeah, we're done.

THUG  
(to Nancy)  
Run your pockets. Run your jewels.  
Run everything.

NANCY  
Are you fucking serious?

She turns back to Helen who BAM! Punches Nancy square in the nose. Nancy recoils, blood coming down her face.

HELEN  
Don't you fucking look at me.  
Information ain't free, honey.

Nancy's bleeding through her hands.

NANCY  
Mother fucker.

HELEN  
Now give the man what he wants.  
(an after thought)  
Leave the car. It's a rental.

Nancy groans.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy, now shoeless, walks through the parking lot to her car. Blood is covering her nose, to her chin, to her chest.

She stops before her Hummer.

NANCY  
That's just not fair.

REVEAL: The Hummer's windows are shattered. The hubcaps are gone. On the door is red spray paint: "YUPPIES GO WEST."

BRACKISH (O.S.)  
You shouldn't have come out here.

Nancy turns to Brackish. He's standing next to his civilian car. He's out of uniform.

NANCY  
How'd you find me?

BRACKISH

I had a feeling you'd come to her residence. Get in your car and follow me to the station. I gotta show you something.

NANCY

They robbed me. They took my shit.

BRACKISH

Sorry to hear it. But it's the least of your problems. Follow me.

Nancy, beside herself, throws her hands up.

INT. BODEGA - AFTERNOON

Ned nods at the clerk as he walks to the fridges in the back. There's commotion happening outside but we can't hear it all to well.

Ned grabs a CocoVita and tosses a fiver on the counter. The commotion is clearer now.

BYSTANDER (O.S.)

Man, fuck you! Fuck you guys!

Ned leaves the bodega too look.

EXT. BODEGA - STREETS - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

A small crowd has formed. People shout and curse. In the center are THREE COPS. One of them arresting a BLACK MAN, belly down on the street.

BYSTANDER

He didn't even do anything!

BYSTANDER 2

Let him go!

Ned keeps watching. Another of the Cops is backing the crowd away. And the third cop is Harry. Ned immediately takes out his phone and starts recording a video.

COP 2

Back up! Everyone back up!

Then shit happens. A BROWN GUY and a WHITE GUY, in protest gear, push in on the circle and Harry goes ballistic. With his nightstick he starts fighting the crowd. Chaos is about to break out.

NED  
Holy shit, holy shit!

Harry arrests the white guy and tackles him down. He looks up and for one second he locks eyes with Ned. The second feels like eternity. Harry goes back to his arrest and Ned hurries away from the crowd.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Ned hurries down the road back to his 'office.' He looks over his shoulders. He texts Nancy and sends the video to her.

NED  
Look at your boyfriend now.

He keeps hustling. Looks at his phone.

NED (CONT'D)  
Really? Nothing?

He calls her.

INT. HELEN'S APT - DAY / EXT. STREETS - INTERCUT

Helen answers the phone.

HELEN  
Helen Latimer speaking.

NED  
Who the fuck is Helen Latimer?  
Where is Nancy?

HELEN  
Oh. Hah! Yeah. No. She doesn't have  
this phone anymore. Bye, sweet  
heart.

Helen hangs up.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Ned looks at his phone.

NED  
What the fuck?

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - KITCHEN

An old 90s style wall mounted phone rings. It almost echoes in the big drafty house. A few rings go by when Carson hurries into frame. He's sweating. Wearing tennis clothes.

CARSON

Carson Drew. Ned! How are you, son?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - INTERCUT

Ned talks a little more nervously.

NED

Mr. Drew, is Nancy around? Is she okay?

CARSON

Um. Yeah. I think she's fine. She's been out and about though.

NED

Someone else has her phone. I'm worried about her.

CARSON

Don't worry. That solves nothing. She'll show up. I'm sure of it. I'll have her call you back right away.

Carson hangs up.

INT. SGT. BRACKISH'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Nancy dresses her broken nose with a first aid kit. She flinches as she applies pressure. Before her, Brackish is laying things out on the desk.

BRACKISH

I took the note and the letter to a friend in Chicago. It's the same handwriting. It's in the R's and the A's. How'd you know?

Nancy leans forward and looks at the letter next to the note. They're very similar.

NANCY

Somebody is pretending to write like a woman.

(MORE)



NANCY (CONT'D)

They write one letter pretending to be a mom in her 40s and one pretending to be a little girl. They're not that skilled so they look the same. What's going on here, Brackish?

BRACKISH

I don't know. I'll keep digging. But promise me you won't put yourself in more danger. It was cute when you were a kid. We all got to applaud the little girl solving the harmless mystery. But look at you now. Your nose is busted and you got robbed. This might not be the rabbit hole you wanna go down.

Off Nancy, holding the gauze to her busted nose.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DREW ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Carson comes down the steps of the house. He's scared to see the Hummer pull up in this condition. Even more so when Nancy comes out.

CARSON

Nancy! What happened!!

Nancy tries to calm him down.

NANCY

It's okay, I'm okay. I got mugged.

CARSON

Where the hell did you get mugged?

NANCY

I was out by the Robins projects.

CARSON

With the meth heads?? Why! Why on Earth were you out there?

(then)

You're not...

NANCY

I wasn't buying meth, dad! Jesus. I'm fine.

BROWN (O.S.)  
Mr. Drew? Is everything okay?

Nancy looks at the source. Over at the tennis courts beside the house, Encyclopedia Brown is at the fence. He's in shorts and a shirt and has a tennis racket in hand.

Nancy looks from him back to her dad.

CARSON  
He helped me clean it up. He's a nice boy, Nancy.

Nancy scoffs. She moves past her dad into the house.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy fills a glass of water. Brown comes up behind her. The late afternoon sun comes in orange through the windows.

BROWN  
Any luck?

Nancy turns from the sink.

NANCY  
I don't know what I'm supposed to say to you.

CARSON (O.S.)  
Why don't you ask him to stay for dinner?

They both turn to Carson. He's grabbing OJ from the fridge. Still sweaty from playing tennis. Nancy and Brown exchange glances -- "Fat chance."

NANCY  
I'm going out with Bess tonight.

CARSON  
I thought you said you weren't doing that while you stayed here.

NANCY  
I'm not *doing anything*. We're just getting dinner.

CARSON  
(to Brown)  
Guess it's just a boys night. Your parents need you back?

BROWN

I'll ride over and tell 'em. I'll  
be back later, Mr. Drew! See ya!

Brown heads out of the kitchen and disappears out of eye  
line. Nancy looks at her dad.

CARSON

Be nicer to Leeroy. This house is  
holistic. No poison in, no poison  
out.

Carson walks out of the kitchen.

CARSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And Ned called.

Nancy looks at the phone on the wall. She changes her mind.

EXT. TGI FRIDAY'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

This is River Heights first *TGIF* and they're amped. Banners  
and flags say "GRAND OPENING." The parking lot is packed.

INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - NIGHT

Bess sits at a high table with her purse to the side. The  
place is bustling. In front of her is a horrendous  
multicolored frozen drink. She looks at her phone and sips  
from a squiggly straw when she glances back up she spits up  
her drink.

REVERSE REVEAL: Nancy there with two plugs of paper towel up  
her nostrils. Eyes blackened as they do. She's now in a  
different sweater, khakis, and pink light up sketchers.

BESS

What the frick happened??

NANCY

I was robbed by meth heads. How are  
you?

INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - NIGHT - LATER

Bess is on her third crazy looking cocktail. She's a little  
drunk. Nancy is sipping water. Their meals look about  
finished.

BESS

So what next?

NANCY

How good are you with concealer?

BESS

Pretty good. I can cover up that black eye but your nose will still be sideways. Why?

NANCY

I got a lead about a sex club somewhere in the woods. I gotta check it out tonight.

BESS

I'm in.

NANCY

No way.

BESS

Hell yeah. I'm in.

Bess takes a long pull from her fruity cocktail.

BESS (CONT'D)

Just like old times. Let's ride.

NANCY

I'm saying no.

BESS

When we were younger George always got to do the fun shit with you and I always had to be look out. You owe me this one adventure.

NANCY

What the hell do you know about sex clubs anyway?

BESS

Not much. But I know about sex tapes.

The comment lingers in the air. Nancy knows what it means.

NANCY

Shit. You saw?

BESS

Mhm.

NANCY

Bad?

BESS

Yeah. Carter, the gym coach at class was watching it and I slapped his phone out of his hand. It broke and everything.

NANCY

Damn, Bess.

BESS

I'm not a little kid anymore. I got your back. Always. You know that.

NANCY

I mean we can get hurt. Look at me. Look at my face.

BESS

I've already made up my mind.

NANCY

Alright. But you're not finishing this one.

Nancy pulls Bess's cocktail away.

INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - NIGHT / EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The overhead light is on as their truck eases to a stop. Nancy regards the hand written map.

NANCY

It's off this road somewhere.

BESS

Let's go then.

Bess is already out. Nancy is impressed. She follows.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy and Bess trek through the woods following a just-barely-visible path. The thicket is dark. The moon comes through the gnarled trees in narrow splotches. We can faintly hear the pounding bass of music. Rhythmic. Very Clubby. Sounds like an early 2000s techno hit. Sounds like Sandstorm by Darude. When Nancy walks her light up sketchers flicker pink.

BESS

What's with the shoes, dude?

NANCY

The meth heads took my Sperry's.  
These were the only pair in my  
closet.

BESS

Look, if we're about to go into a  
sex club we cannot be looking like  
an elementary school teacher and  
their student with giantism. We  
need to slut you up, bitch.

NANCY

I d-

Bess yanks Nancy's sweater collar. It rips downward in the  
least sexy way possible. Just torn threads dangling down.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

BESS

Trust me.

Bess rips a few inches of her skirt off and tosses it to the  
side.

NANCY

We don't look sexy we look  
homeless.

BESS

I said trust me.

Bess keeps walking. Nancy follows. The music gets louder.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - OUTSIDE THE SEX CLUB - NIGHT

The place looks as nondescript as a sex club in the woods  
would look. From the outside, anything can be inside the  
moderately sized, windowless warehouse. But there are cars  
parked haphazardly to the right of it as well as a ton of  
dirt bikes. Like around 20.

Nancy spots among the dirt bikes... a WHITE NISSAN SENTRA.

She makes a mental note as the pair approach the BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

The women's shelter is down the  
road, ladies.

BESS

We're here for the sex club.

The Bouncer looks up -- "The sex club??"

BOUNCER

Yeah? I don't know about a sex club.

NANCY

Don't bust our balls, man. We came a long way.

BOUNCER

What's the password?

BESS

Who cares? Probably something stupid like I want dick or pussy power. Just let us in man. I'm loaded on Hang-Ten Coolers from Friday's.

NANCY

Give him a few bucks.

BESS

Why don't you?

NANCY

I got robbed. Remember?

BESS

Oh. True.

BOUNCER

You just got robbed? Fuck it, you need this. Come on in.

Nancy smiles. She heads in. The Bouncer stops Bess.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Be honest. Is the new TGI Fridays as good as they say?

BESS

Oh, man. Let me tell you.

INT. SEX CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Nancy makes her way through heavy leather curtains into the club proper. The opening is wide and expansive. On the perimeter of the room are hollowed out rooms with mattresses.

Everyone's fucking. People dance in the middle. Some in cages. Some on poles. Everything is pink and black and strobe lights. Upon entering, Sandstorm ends and we hear Closer by Nine Inch Nails.

NANCY

Holy shit.

AT THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy bellies up to the bar. The BARTENDER, a man in his 40s, wearing leather chaps and a spiky collar sees Nancy. More over, he sees how much she doesn't belong here.

BARTENDER

What can I get for you?

NANCY

I was actually hoping to get some answers. I had some questions about Lisa Turner. I'm not a cop. Just a friend.

BARTENDER

Lisa didn't have many friends.

NANCY

Well I was one of them.

BARTENDER

You know there's a rule at this club. First timers gotta dance.

NANCY

This isn't Fight Club.

BARTENDER

I said what I said. So why don't you take off that ugly sweater, shimmy out of those Anne Taylor Loft khakis, and get on that pole. Or you can pick a room and wait for me.

On Nancy.

HER POV: The Bartender's got his grip on something.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - TV ROOM - NIGHT

Carson and Brown sit shoulder to shoulder in a plush leather couch. Carson is fast asleep. A bowl of popcorn spills out.



On the HDTV is Die Hard. Brown drinks a Coca Cola and watches, enamored, when he notices Carson snoring.

Quietly, Brown moves the popcorn bowl aside and gets off the couch. He turns off the TV and puts a blanket over Carson.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Brown tip toes through the big and spacious manor. He's being a little snoop.

INT. SEX CLUB - BAR - SAME TIME

Nancy and the Bartender stare each other down. It takes a second before she realizes that everyone has stopped fucking. They're all just watching her.

BARTENDER

You've made a big mistake coming here.

The Bartender climbs onto the bar. Nancy backs away. Nine Inch Nails still comes in heavy over the speakers.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, we got ourselves a narc! And a prude too!

Leather clad gimps and spiky headed weirdos start coming from the wood work. Gags and dildos and crops. Uh-oh.

NANCY

I'm not a narc. I swear.

BARTENDER

I'm gonna tell you one last time, girly. Get off or get offed.

He takes a hand cannon out of his waist band. A Dirty Harry size .44 magnum. He stands atop the bar, staring down at her. Gun to her face.

NANCY

Buddy, that's the second time today someone's pointed a gun at me.

BARTENDER

I know why you're here, Miss Drew. He warned me you'd come snooping around.

NANCY

*Who?*

WHIP TO THE DJ:

He's a grotesque looking motherfucker. Tiny little Morpheus glasses. Tight in leather. He looks like Butterball from Hellraiser (I'm sure you know that character, right?)

BUTTERBALL DJ

Enough talking!! Let's fuck!!!

The stereos erupt in the dirtiest synth, bassest, grimiest, music you've ever heard. Remember that "Ass to Ass" scene from Requiem for a Dream? This music sounds like that scene makes you feel.

Suddenly, the gimps charge Nancy. She grabs a bottle of Corona Premier and beams it at the bartender! The gun goes off into the ground. People come at her from all angles. She kicks and fights as much as she can, but she's no pro.

Eventually, she grabs the .44 Magnum and fires off into the ceiling. The crowd backs off but they're champing at the bit to get her. She makes them clear a way and then runs for it!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF SEX CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Bess is still talking to the Bouncer about TGIF's.

BESS

And don't even get me started on the potatoes. They're like perfectly cooked. Like *perfectly*.

BOUNCER

Word? Because I like -

BLAM! Nancy bursts out of the sex club. She grabs Bess's arm -

NANCY

Time to go!!

Nancy hauls ass and Bess tries to keep up. Out of the door come 8-10 gimps. They're hot on their heels. The Bartender surveys the scene.

BARTENDER

They're going for the road! Mount up!!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy runs with Bess right behind her. We can see Nancy's sketchers flickering in the dark.

BESS  
What the hell is happening??

NANCY  
Just keep running!

They hop over logs and under branches and run pellmell. In the background we can hear the revving of dirt bikes. Then, with it, the beam of several headlights cutting through and panning through the dead trees of the forest.

BESS  
Why are they chasing us!

NANCY  
I don't know!!

They exit the woods to -

EXT. COUNTY ROAD / WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The Hummer sits right where they left it. Nancy slides over the hood and wraps around. Bess climbs in to.

INT./EXT. HUMMER / WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Nancy turns the sucker on.

NANCY  
Let's see what you this baby can do.

She revs it up and just as the headlights turn on we see ten DIRT BIKES FLY FROM THE TREES. AIRBORNE GIMPS land on the asphalt. They circle the Hummer.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

BESS  
Let's just fight them!

Bess comes out of the truck.

BESS (CONT'D)  
I spend all day with little kids!  
I'm ripped up on Hang-Ten Coolers.  
(MORE)

BESS (CONT'D)

I take classes three times a week.  
Let's go, you fucking clowns!

A PERSON on a dirt bike dismounts. They have a leather ski mask with a zipper mouth. They unfurl a METAL CHAIN about 70 feet. It falls to the ground in big heavy coils. From their other hand they squirt lighter fluid on the chain.

NANCY

Bess. Get back in the car.

BESS

So he's got a chain. Big whoop.

Zipper Mouth takes off their leather mask. It's ELIZA. The Nanny Agent who drives the White Sentra. Nancy's eyes widen.

NANCY

I'm very confused.

ELIZA

You shouldn't have come snooping around. You were bound to find something you didn't understand.

NANCY

I just want to know what really happened to Lisa. She was your friend!

ELIZA

She was no friend of mine.

Eliza kicks her metal boot against the side of the bike and a spark comes out and IGNITES THE CHAIN. She then whips it out like some Ghost Rider wet dream.

BESS

Damn.

Bess turns back and runs into the Hummer.

BESS (CONT'D)

GO!!!

Nancy floors it and the Hummer lurches forward like a freight train and RUNS RIGHT Eliza! Her bones crack like kindle!

EXT. COUNTY ROAD / INT. HUMMER (MOVING) - SECONDS LATER

The Hummer flies down the midnight road. The stars are out but who gives a shit right now? Nancy and Bess hit 90mph as seven more sex club lunatics swarm around either side.

Right when they think that's it, from the trees bursts out a behemoth of a MONSTER TRUCK with like 6 wheels and horns on the front. But also on it, are mounted SPEAKERS. Two on each side, facing forward the action like it's some Mayan Death Horn. The Bartender is driving.

In the back of the truck is none other than the Butterball DJ from the club. He has a sick turntable set up, the power lines tangling from his rig to the speakers on the truck. He's DJing while they move!

BUTTERBALL DJ  
Enough Running! Let's Fuck!!

He drops the needle onto yet another hideous techno song. Something so grimy you wanna take a shower afterwards.

And the truck SPEEDS UP and SLAMS into the back of Nancy's hummer. Bess and Nancy scream!

BESS  
What do we do!!

NANCY  
I don't know! Here!

She hands Bess the heavy magnum. Bess looks at it, terrified of the implication.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Aim for his wheels!

Bess, gun in hand, sitting in the passenger, turns back and starts SHOOTING the Magnum wild and crazy and without aim.

ON THE TRUCK

Bullets hit the front but it's still coming strong.

BUTTERBALL DJ  
Enough shooting!! Let's fu-

A bad luck bullet explodes through Butterball's head and erupts out the back of his skull in a vomit of gore. He falls forward and the turntables flip over. Another bullet bursts through the front tire of the truck and, buddy, that thing FLIPS HEAD OVER TAIL about 6 TIMES. Butterball gets launched to the side and careens into a pair of bikers. The pick up truck flips forward and on to the other side and explodes in a fire ball.

IN HUMMER:

Bess pulls her gun back. All of that was an accident.

BESS

Whoa.

NANCY

Fucking Ace, Bess!! Yes!!

Behind Bess though, a BIKE and SIDE CAR pull up. Let's call them WALLACE & GROMIT. Wallace is at the wheel. Spiky helmet. Gromit is in the side car. He's got a gag and a collar.

WALLACE

Fetch!!

The side car slams against Bess's passenger door and before Bess can react, Gromit is already STANDING UP and PULLING HER THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

BESS

Help!! What the fuck!!

NANCY

Holy shit! Holy shit!! Bess!

Nancy tries to keep the car in control while also grabbing at Bess's ankles as she's being yanked out of the window.

Gromit man-handles her roughly and pulls her from the Hummer entirely, her legs being sliced down the middle from left over glass, turning them into bleeding pin stripes.

BESS

Help!! Nancy!!

Nancy reaches into the passenger seat and grabs the magnum and fires! *Click, click, click*, but it's empty!

NANCY

Bess!!

But Nancy is too slow. The Bike/SideCar pulls off and disappears into the woods. The remaining bikers follow and just as quickly as they appeared, they're gone.

That's when Nancy looks back at the road. And realizes there's no more road left.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The HUMMER soars over the CAMERA and lands front first into the river. Nancy, mid air, leaps from the car and lands with a splash, the Hummer crumbling on itself mere feet from her.

EXT. RIVER/ COUNTY ROAD / WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy climbs from the river bank soaking wet.

NANCY

Bess!! Bess, I'll find you!!

The roaring of the motorbikes dies off in the distance. Slowly, the regular sounds of a rural night return.

In the far distance, where the pick up exploded, a large swathe of the woods have caught on fire. Nancy stands in the night under the pale moon and shivers as the flames up ahead light up her face in soft shades orange and yellow and red.

She doesn't know what to say.

FADE TO BLACK.

**"FOUR DAYS LATER"**

INT. RIVER HEIGHTS HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Nancy sits with her knees pulled in. She's on a dirty cloth chair. The place is well lit but not very comfortable. White and sterile and uninviting.

REVERSE REVEAL: It's Carson. Her father. Intubated and unconscious. His heart rate softly beeps on a monitor at his side.

Nancy watches a NURSE move around and take vitals.

NANCY

I don't understand. How does some just get poisoned?

NURSE

We don't know for certain what poison it is yet. We're still waiting. But honey, sometimes it can just be pesticides on produce.

NANCY

That's bullshit and you know it.

The Nurse places a hand on Nancy's shoulder. They lock eyes. The Nurse sighs and exits the room, leaving Nancy alone with her in-firmed father. She grabs the remote and turns on the TV - a small gray monitor from the corner of the room.

ON TV. Local news covering the kidnapping of Bess Marvin.

LOCAL ANCHOR (V.O.)

*Police are still on the hunt for kidnapped school teacher Bess Marvin. Locals say she went missing out near County Road 95, the origin site of the biggest forest fire in recent Illinois history. Fire officials fear the worst for Miss Marvin as -*

She changes the channel.

ON TV. Footage of New York City in absolute bedlam. Police brutality. Protests. Chaos in the streets.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

*Protests continue in New York for the fourth consecutive day. Mayor DeBlasio considering a city wide curfew. Sources say that -*

ON THE TV. We see footage flip from protesters to marches to the very iPhone footage Ned took of Harry beating some guys.

Nancy goes white.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - DAY

Nancy enters with groceries. She throws her dad's keys on the counter.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

She sits on a stool and breaks in her new pair of Pumas. She presses the Answering Machine on the counter.

MACHINE (V.O.)

You have three unplayed messages.  
Tuesday. May 4th. 8:33pm.

NED (V.O.)

*Nancy! You need to fucking call me back. I tried to get a hold of you.*

MACHINE (V.O.)

Wednesday. May 5th. 7:30am.

NED (V.O.)

*Ned again. I'm not joking around. Call me, please. It's about Harry. The fucking city is on fire!!*



MACHINE (V.O.)  
Thursday. May 6th. 11:24am.

BROWN (V.O.)  
*Hey, Mr. Drew! Was wondering if you  
wanted to play tennis again today.  
And can we watch Die Hard 2??  
Yippee Kayee Mother Fricker!*

MACHINE (V.O.)  
End of messages.

But just as Nancy stands up the phone RINGS. She grabs it and already knows -

NANCY  
Ned! What!

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - KITCHEN / NANCY'S "OFFICE" - INTERCUT  
Ned is pacing around. He keeps checking the blinds.

NED  
Nancy! I've been trying to reach you. Did you see the news? Did you see the video?

NANCY  
Jesus Christ, Ned. *Yes!* But what the hell am I supposed to do? I'm stuck in River Heights. My dad is in the ICU. Bess got kidnapped. And I destroyed the rental. What am I supposed to do, Ned? Huh? Literally tell me what I'm supposed to do.

NED  
Did you break up with the guy at least?

NANCY  
Oh my god, get fucked!

Nancy slams the phone on the receiver. She screams.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - SAME TIME

Ned winces as Nancy hangs up. He shakes his head. When suddenly there's a BANGING ON THE DOOR.

Ned's stomach drops. He goes over and

PEEPHOLE POV: It's just some GUY. We haven't seen him yet. He's wearing sunglasses and black t-shirt.

NED  
Who is it?

The guy can't hear Ned though. Ned opens the door and -

BAM! The GUY kicks the door wide and sends Ned flying back onto the floor.

NED (CONT'D)  
Hey, man, you can't just -

WAP! The GUY, 40s, jacked, kicks Ned square in the jaw. Ned falls back, his head smacking against the hard wood floor.

The Guy marches in and starts trashing the place. Flipping open cupboards, pulling out drawers and dumping them everywhere.

NED (CONT'D)  
You need a fucking warrant, you pig!

The Guy is tearing the place apart. He takes out a Walkie Talkie --

GUY  
You're clear to enter.

The Guy leaves out the front door as Harry walks in. He's got his vest on. Black stripe over badge. Leather gloves on.

HARRY  
Why'd you have to send that video, Ned?

NED  
I'm not afraid of you.

BAM! Harry throws a fist right across Ned's cheek.

HARRY  
You got a real problem with authority, you know that?

NED  
Fuck you.

BAM! Harry punches him again.

HARRY

I'm shutting this office down. Your private investigator license has been removed.

NED

You can't -

BAM! Harry punches him again. Ned spits out blood onto the wood floor.

HARRY

The city is on fire right now. I still have my job. Do you even know who my father is? I'll eat you alive. And as for Nancy? She's a nice piece of ass. Can't wait for her to get back to me. I'll make sure to tell you how she is.

BAM! Harry knocks Ned out.

EXT. RIVER HEIGHTS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

It's raining. Storming actually. Thunder cracks as Nancy jogs her way up the side walk, caught in the rain.

INT. RIVER HEIGHTS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She swings the door open and the place is as empty as it was the first time we saw it. There's a light coming from Brackish's office. She makes her way -

NANCY

Brackish?

BRACKISH (O.S.)

I'm in here.

INT. SGT. BRACKISH'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Nancy enters and finds Brackish examining the evidence box from earlier. All the pieces lined up on the desk.

BRACKISH

How'd you get here? I thought we pulled your truck from the river.

She flashes a set of Mercedes Benz keys.

NANCY  
Daddy's car.

BRACKISH  
I heard he was sick.

NANCY  
He was poisoned.

Brackish nods to the evidence on the desk. Nancy takes it as a cue to come forward and look with him. Brackish takes out a set of KEYS and slides them across the table.

BRACKISH  
In the basement. Locker 47. It has everything you need to know.

NANCY  
What the hell am I gonna find down there?

BRACKISH  
That I'm weak. Just go. While there's still time.

Nancy takes the keys and backs away. She's got a bad feeling about this. But she turns and goes.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lights flicker on. There's about one bulb for every other aisle. The place is dank and eerie. Thunder cracks and rumbles through the workings of the building.

Nancy makes her way through. She counts the lockers, barely legible in the dark shadows.

AT LOCKER 47.

She pauses for a second and looks back. We can hear foot steps creaking above her head. Is someone upstairs?

She unlocks the locker and there nothing but files. Tons of them. She regards a small wooden table with a goose neck lamp in the corner. She grabs an armful of files and places them on the desk.

She pauses again. There's more foot steps creaking around up there. She spins around and sees nobody. The dark aisles are shades of black and gray. The dim bulbs flickering above.

AT DESK.

She opens the manilla envelope and sees a Post-It note from Brackish: "Start in the 60s."

She turns the page and we enter a brief montage where we see a series of words and images, circled in pen and hi-lighter.

FILE 1: 1967 - WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN RIVER. "Eliza Cuthbert."  
"Nanny for three years." "No arrests."

FILE 2: 1969 - WOMAN MURDERED IN FIELD. "Mary Seekol."  
"Employed Nanny for two months." "No arrests."

Nancy, eyes wide, flips through the pages faster.

FILE 4: 1975 - WOMAN FOUND HUNG IN TREES. "Denise Micheals."  
"Live-In Nanny for 2 years." "No arrests."

We see a flurry of images of dead women and the words "Nanny" and "No arrests." It's harrowing and finally we land on

FILE 29: 2020 - 3 MURDERED. "Lisa Turner." "Live in Nanny for Livingstons." "Suspects on the loose."

Nancy turns the page and we finally see an image of Lisa's corpse. Pale. Gray. Bullet in her forehead.

She flips the page one more time and sees another file stapled to it.

**FILE 29B:** 2020 - SUSPECTS SLAIN. "Livingston Mother and Daughter shot down in woods." **"No arrests."**

NANCY

It was two murders? That explains the different guns. Why did they combine them into one?

Nancy shudders. She lifts the files for a better look when a Newspaper Clipping slides out. She grabs it and reads the headline. It's from the 90s.

"WHITE KNIGHT DA POISONED."

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy scans the files one after the other. The bright NEON GREEN flashes on her, illuminating the basement in a sickly green. She grabs a phone off the wall and dials Ned. It goes to voicemail but she talks panicked.

NANCY

Ned, I'm sending you a ton of files.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Something is really fucked up  
around here. All these girls are  
getting killed and nobody is being  
arrested. I don't have a cell  
phone, but I'll call you.

She hangs up and grabs the files.

INT. RIVER HEIGHTS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Nancy comes charging up the stairs with the files in her  
arms.

NANCY  
Brackish! What the hell is going  
on?

She marches through the department. Empty now. The sounds of  
the storm are coming down harder.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
You fudged the files, Brackish!  
Why!

INT. SGT. BRACKISH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nancy turns wide into the room and stops short.

REVEAL: Brackish is there with his THROAT SLIT WIDE OPEN. In  
his hand is a straight edge razor, dripping blood onto the  
carpet of his office.

NANCY  
Brackish. Goddammit.

INT. RIVER HEIGHTS POLICE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

EMTs and other deputies mill around. A gurney is pushed out  
of the office. Brackish is in a body bag. A DEPUTY approaches  
Nancy. He thinks he's a big shot.

DEPUTY  
Where were you when he did this?

NANCY  
I was in the basement. Looking at  
old police reports.

DEPUTY  
Why?

NANCY

What difference does it make?

SENATOR BROWN (O.S.)

Miss Drew!

Nancy turns. SENATOR BROWN, 50s, is there in a sharp suit and tie. He wipes some rainwater off him and shakes out an umbrella. He approaches casually.

NANCY

Hi. Do I know you?

SENATOR BROWN

Not yet, no. My name is Bill Brown. Senator of Illinois. I believe my son has been hanging out with you. He's a big fan.

NANCY

Your Encyclopedia Brown's father?

SENATOR BROWN

Gosh, he loves that nickname. You know he gave it to himself.

NANCY

Funny. And he's been hanging out a lot with my dad actually. They get along pretty well.

SENATOR BROWN

He told me your father was sick. I'm so sorry.

NANCY

What are you doing here?

SENATOR BROWN

Brackish was a dear friend. I was on my way to talk to his wife but when I heard you were here I thought I'd swing by. If you'd like to come with me?

NANCY

To tell his wife? I don't know.

SENATOR BROWN

It'd help me to have a woman's softer touch.

Off Nancy. Unsure as hell.

INT. BLACK CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nancy is in the passenger seat. Sen. Brown is driving. The road is slick with rain and the windshield wipers do their best.

SENATOR BROWN  
It never rains like this.

NANCY  
Hm.

SENATOR BROWN  
You're from here right? That's so nice to hear. A River Heights native growing up and making something of themselves.

NANCY  
Guess we have that in common.

SENATOR BROWN  
I guess we do.

The car drives in silence.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - NIGHT

Ned has a bag of frozen peas to his head. He sees that he missed a call. He plays the voicemail that we just heard Nancy record.

He jumps to his laptop and opens an email of all the scanned PDFs she just sent him.

NED  
Whoa Nelly. That's a lot of Nannies.

He starts reading them over. He starts clicking and typing.

GOOGLE: "River Heights, Illinois Nanny Service." We see links and images of Eliza, that prim and proper business woman Nancy visited so long ago (also the Zipper Mouth maniac).

NED (CONT'D)  
Alright, lady. Why do so many of your nannies end up dead?

He clicks the link for the nanny service and finds a tab that says: OTHER LOCATIONS. He clicks that.



THE PAGE LOADS A MAP. This nanny service is all over the country. He scrolls to the bottom of the page and something catches his eye.

On the bottom of the page is fine print that reads: A SUBSIDIARY OF BROWN HOLDINGS.

Google: Brown Holdings

Click. Type. A link loads.

WEBPAGE.

A digital portfolio for everything that the Brown family owns and operates. Hotels. Charter Airlines. Luxury Yachts. Private Island Resorts.

He keeps scrolling when he sees a tab of FAMILY VALUES. He clicks.

NED (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck out of here.

REVEAL: The webpage has loaded and there's a title of "FAMILY VALUES" with a paragraph of everything they believe in and stand for blah blah blah real Red Blooded American type shit.

But under that is a picture of the family proper. Senator Brown sits in a big arm chair. Next to him is his wife MARSHA BROWN, 40s, pearl necklace and Jackie-O fashion. And by them are their two sons: Encyclopedia Brown and fucking OFFICER HARRY!

ZOOM IN on Harry standing there in a blue blazer. Hair parted neatly. Million dollar smile.

NED (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. They're like the Kennedy's of being evil.

He grabs his phone and tries calling Nancy, but then realizing she doesn't have a phone, he yells in frustration.

INT. BRACKISH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy leans against the back wall as Senator Brown and MISS BRACKISH, 50s, hug. She cries into his shoulder. Senator consoles her and rubs her back. He glances at Nancy and holds her gaze.

MISS BRACKISH  
I'm just so confused.

SENATOR BROWN  
I know, Loraine. I know. I don't  
understand it either.

He brings her back into his embrace.

SENATOR BROWN (CONT'D)  
Nancy, do you wanna come give a hug  
to Miss Loraine?

NANCY  
I'm gonna get some water.

Nancy crosses the main area into

INT. BRACKISH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We can just barely hear the soft crying of Miss Brackish. Senator Brown coos and calms her. Nancy shakes the weird scene off. She sees a telephone on the counter. She looks back to make sure nobody is coming and she grabs the phone and dials Ned.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - INTERCUT

Ned is printing out all of the "evidence" he can. When his cell rings he leaps for it, practically taking the desk down with him.

NED  
Nancy??

NANCY  
Hey, did you get my file-

NED  
Holy fucking shit.

NANCY  
What's up?

NED  
Where are you? Can you sit down?

Nancy looks around. She can hear the others still talking.

NANCY  
Not really. What's up?

NED  
It's the Brown Family. They own  
everything.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

They own the nanny service and they're probably covering up the murders.

NANCY

Why would they be doing that?

NED

I don't know the details yet but holy fucking shit guess what?

NANCY

Ned, just tell me!

NED

Harry is a Brown.

NANCY

What?

NED

You're fucking boyfriend. Officer Harry Wilde? He's not Harry Wilde he's Harry Brown.

NANCY

Get the fuck out of here.

NED

Nance, I'm serious! You can see for yourself. Get online. Google Brown Holdings. The picture of the whole family is right there.

NANCY

I don't understand any of this.

NED

Someone's setting you up, Nancy. Why the hell would you get lured back home by the family of your boyfriend? Something is really fucked up.

Nancy's gears are turning a million miles a minute. When she looks up she *jumps!* The phone drops and clatters to the ground. Standing in the door way of the kitchen is Senator Brown. He looks like he heard everything.

SENATOR BROWN

Everything okay, Miss Drew?

Nancy says nothing. She backs away slowly.

NED (PHONE)

The Browns are fucking evil, dude!  
Get out of there! I'm coming to get  
you!

Nancy looks at the phone on the ground as Ned's voice comes out pretty clear. Senator Brown looks too.

SENATOR BROWN

Is he talking about me?

Nancy turns and hauls ass out the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - SECONDS LATER

Nancy runs across the back yard of Brackish's home. Senator Brown's silhouette moves into the doorframe blocking out the light behind him. Nancy runs and climbs a fence and keeps running.

On Senator. He takes out his cellphone.

SENATOR BROWN

This is proving to be a real mess.  
Clean it up.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - "OFFICE AREA" - NIGHT

Ned jams papers and evidence into a backpack. He grabs cords and phone chargers and hastily packs up as fast as he can. He grabs a set of car keys and bolts out of there.

He grabs a giant bag of dog food and rips it open and pours piles of it into a little tin bowl.

NED

Clue! Come here, Clue!

Nancy's little Bichon comes toddling towards him.

NED (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be away for a while.  
Don't eat all of this at once.

Ned pets the dog.

EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Ned hustles down the steps. He runs to his parked Dodge Caliber and throws his bags in the back seat. He sets his GPS to River Heights, Illinois.

NED  
15 Hours?? Fuck me. Okay. I'm  
coming for you, Nance.

He turns the car on and peels out of there.

We PAN over to a FIGURE in shadow watching him go.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nancy comes down the florescent halls of the hospital tired and exhausted and like she's been running for hours. She bumps into orderlies and nurses.

INT. ICU - NIGHT

She swings open the door to find her dad, still in bed, watching TV.

CARSON  
Nancy! Christ. You nearly gave me a  
heart attack.

NANCY  
It's the Browns. They're behind  
everything. I can't explain it but  
it's true.

Carson sighs a deep sigh.

CARSON  
So you found out?

NANCY  
You knew?

CARSON  
I had my suspicions. I've been  
slowly compiling evidence against  
them for years. The land they own.  
The women they traffic through that  
bogus nanny service. I never could  
make the puzzle pieces fit.

NANCY  
They've poisoned you. I know it.

CARSON  
Yes. Perhaps you're right.

Nancy is about to cry.

NANCY

Why didn't you tell me?

CARSON

I didn't want you to end up like one of those nannies.

NANCY

But you're gonna end up like that DA. They're all monsters.

Nancy hugs Carson and she starts to cry into his shoulder. He tries to soothe her.

CARSON

It's okay, my dear. Look. You're the smartest person I know. You will solve this case. I have no doubt about that. But the boy, Nancy. The boy.

NANCY

Encyclopedia?

CARSON

He's good. That's why I took to him so well. He's a good boy, Nancy, with a good heart. He doesn't know what his family is about. Please. You must protect him.

NANCY

I don't wanna leave you.

CARSON

I'll be okay. The sweet nurses have said I'm recovering quite well. Go. End this tonight. Protect the boy. Solve the case you were born to solve.

Nancy kisses Carson on the head. They hug and she hurries out.

EXT. THE BROWN ESTATE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A colossal manor sits behind a large iron wrought gate. Thunder cracks and lightning strikes across the sky.

A big brown plaque that says "THE BROWN ESTATE" is crooked and rusting in the rain, tilted in the wet soil.

Nancy's car pulls up in the foreground. She climbs out, the rain coming down hard on her, soaking her.

THE GATE

Nancy comes to the speaker box and sees that its broken. The gate, too, is busted, slightly open, creaking wider in the rain.

She runs through the gate opening.

INT. THE BROWN ESTATE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The front door eases open. The sounds of rain and thunder and muffled after she closes it behind her. Before her, the Brown Estate greatly humbles the Drew's. The place is BIG.

Marble floors. Mahogany walls. Busts and statues. A roaring fireplace crackles to her left, further into the tea room.

Nancy doesn't know what she's looking for but she jumps when she hears

BANG BANG! A gun shot echoes across the mansion.

INT. TEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy tip toes further along and stops. On a fainting chair before the fire is ALYSSA BROWN, 50s. She's in an expensive FUR ROBE and wearing even more expensive LINGERIE. Next to her is a decanter of the finest cognac. It's half empty. In her hand is a sterling silver 9mm with a fish scale grip. On the barrel are the initials H.B.

ALYSSA BROWN

Bill, if that's you, and you're coming home, then that skank out there better be very much dead.

Nancy steps forward more. Compelled.

NANCY

Is that how you treat your guests?

Alyssa turns - startled.

ALYSSA BROWN

Guests are invited. You, however, are vermin. A rat in the trash.

NANCY

I'm here for Leeroy. I'm taking him away, far from here.

ALYSSA BROWN

Is that right?

NANCY

Yes.

ALYSSA BROWN

And what if I stop you?

Alyssa levels the 9mm at Nancy. She's about 4 yards away and she seems drunk but it's still kinda fucked up. Nancy stops her in tracks. Scared. Then Alyssa starts laughing.

ALYSSA BROWN (CONT'D)

Oh, honey, the look on your face.

NANCY

Where is Leeroy?

ALYSSA BROWN

Who?

NANCY

You're son.

ALYSSA BROWN

Oh. The boy wonder. Who cares? Pour yourself a drink. Relax. Believe it or not, you're safer with me drunk then out there with my husband sober.

Nancy comes forward. Alyssa holds the gun limply in her hand. Nancy goes for it and snatches it away, and Alyssa doesn't give much of a fight. She just scours at Nance.

ALYSSA BROWN (CONT'D)

That's his big brother's. Harry's. The favorite.

NANCY

Is it true he's a cop in New York now?

ALYSSA BROWN

You mean, is it true Leeroy black mailed him into being a cop? Yes. Is it true that little shit has ruined this family since the moment he slipped out of me? Yes.

(MORE)



ALYSSA BROWN (CONT'D)

Is it true I wish for my own son to be dead? Yes.

NANCY

What the fuck kind of mom are you?

ALYSSA BROWN

I'm not a mom. I'm a business woman who happens to have 2 boys and a husband. Are you gonna shoot me with that thing or what?

Nancy looks at the gun. She puts it in her waistband.

NANCY

Just tell me everything and I'm out of here.

ALYSSA BROWN

Fuck you.

Nancy leaves the poor drunk behind. She heads back to the front door when, just then, Senator Bill comes INTO the house. With him are FOUR TACTICAL ASSAULT GUARDS armed with M16s. Nancy stops in her tracks.

SENATOR BROWN

That's her! Get her!

The Four Guards raise their guns and start FIRING. Nancy runs back into the Tea Room proper and JUMPS over the FAINTING CHAIR. Thousands of rounds are emptied into Alyssa Brown, caught in the crossfire!! Her drink explodes out of her hand. Bullets rip through her skull, her neck, her chest. Thick slabs of skin and meat are shredded off of her like a parade of gore, flying over the back of the fainting chair where Nancy crouches with the 9mm.

ALYSSA BROWN

Bill. You cuck.

Alyssa dies, a hemisphere of her skull slipping off into the marble floor - slapping the ground like a wet patty.

SENATOR BROWN

ALYSSA!! NO!!!

Nancy pops up from behind the Fainting Chair and BAM BAM BAM!! Takes out two of the Four Guards. Bill runs deeper into the mansion while the two remaining guards come forward laying suppressing fire and 'slicing the pie.'

NANCY'S POV: Towards the back of the Tea Room she spots an open door.

She runs for it - shooting the 9mm pellmell behind her. The two guards flinch and look and she's already gone.

INT. THE BROWN ESTATE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Nancy runs through the personal Brown Library. She ducks behind a bookshelf. She checks her ammo -- 5 rounds left.

The TWO ARMED GUARDS come in hot, sweeping, flanking, pointing their rifles every which way. Nancy has to think fast.

GUARD 1

Come out, Kid Detective. You ain't gonna win this one.

Feeling frisky, Guard 1 shoots at the book shelf and a confetti of pages burst out and flurry down.

Nancy steels herself and ducks behind the next shelf. She sees Guard 2 coming around and she acts fast.

Just as he turns the corner BAM BAM she puts two into his knee and as he falls she BAM BAM puts two into his skull.

She grabs the rifle from him.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Joe! Are you okay??

Guard 1 comes around and Nancy jumps backwards and unloads a full magazine into Guard 1. It's like slo-mo and it's bad. Every single bullet lands. Every single bullet exits. Guard 1 is swiss-cheesed right before our eyes, his blood splatters everything.

She tosses the rifle to the side when BOOM! To her left, a bust of ROBERT E. LEE explodes. Nancy dives out of the way and turns to see the culprit.

SENATOR BILL is in the doorway with a BLUNDERBUSS. He's already pouring gunpowder in from a powder horn and ram rodding it home.

SENATOR BROWN

I will not let you ruin me, you little cunt!

NANCY

What the fuck is going on!!

She makes a run for it when BOOM! A blunderbuss shot wets her back and sends her flying over a BILLIARDS TABLE.

SENATOR BROWN

Gotcha!

Brown hurries forward and peers over the table. No sight of her. But there's a blood trail leading around another stack of book shelves.

SENATOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Leeroy was born different. He knew that what we were doing was wrong, but he didn't ever go to the police. He wanted someone to solve it. He was obsessed with someone solving it. He was obsessed with you.

He spins around the book shelf. Nobody there.

We see Nancy, back against a different pillar. Bleeding bad. Sweating.

NANCY

You're gonna have to be a little more detailed. I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

Brown rounds the pillar but Nancy is faster. She moves the gun out of the way and BAM! It fires near her ear. It rings, almost deafeningly. He HEAD BUTS HER and she stumbles back into a display holding a CONFEDERATE CUTLASS. He starts reloading the gun. She grabs the sword and unsheathes it.

NANCY (CONT'D)

If you're so eager to spill your guts... LET ME HELP!

WOOSH! She swipes the sword across Brown's stomach. It opens like a ripped bag of chips. His white and pink cords spill out like a jumble of jump ropes. They splat to the ground like a pile of loose spaghetti and he stumbles to the ground.

Nancy stands before him with the cutlass. She kicks the blunderbuss out of his hands. Senator Brown is pale. Sweaty. Blood pouring out and soaking the carpet. He mindlessly tries to pack his own guts back into the cavern of his torso.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Just tell me where your son is.

SENATOR BROWN

You fool. He's at your house. Now just kill me.

NANCY

I'll let you wait. Here. Catch up on some reading.

She grabs a book off the shelf and tosses it at him. He looks at the cover. It's JERRY SEINFELD'S "SeinLanguage"

SENATOR BROWN

I bought this?

But Nancy is already gone.

EXT. THE BROWN ESTATE - NIGHT

Nancy hurries back to her parked car. She still has the 9mm she confiscated. She checks the ammo as she hurries.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT

We see a sign: "NOW ENTERING PENNSYLVANIA"

Then Ned's car ZOOMS past it, kicking up dust and debris.

INT. NED'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ned drives panicked and tired. He takes a long pull from a styrofoam cup of coffee. He tries, for the millionth time, to call Nancy. It works. But Encyclopedia Brown answers.

BROWN (O.S.)

Hello?

NED

Nancy! I'm coming! I'm like 12 hours out but I'm going fast. Just lay low.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - INTERCUT

Encyclopedia Brown has the phone. He has a knife too and he's cutting bourbon aged gouda and eating it off the tip of the blade.

BROWN

Nancy's not here. But she will be soon. Then I'm gonna going kill her. So you'll be about 11 hours late.

He cuts the cheese.

INT. NED'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Ned puts the pedal to the metal.

NED  
Why are you doing this, you little  
shit?

BROWN (O.S.)  
Because I can. Good bye.

Brown hangs up. Ned floors it even more before - shit - he  
sees sirens behind him.

NED  
No, no, no, no, no.

The COP car is approaching fast on him.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Ned pulls over to the side. The COP car pulls up behind him.

INT. NED'S CAR - SAME TIME

NED's POV: The rear view mirror shows the COP car. And from  
the light of the siren's he can see that it says "NYPD."

NED  
Long way from New York...

COP MEGAPHONE (O.S.)  
*Roll down the windows and turn off  
your engine, sir. Place your hands  
on the dashboard. Thank you.*

Ned complies.

NED  
You gotta be kidding me.

And sure enough, stepping up to his window, is Harry.

HARRY  
In a hurry, Ned?

NED  
A little out of your jurisdiction  
right?

HARRY

I think we both know jurisdiction  
doesn't apply to me.

NED'S POV: In the rearview mirror, Harry's PARTNER is also  
getting out the car, hand on gun.

NED

Why are you doing this? What does  
your little brother want with  
Nancy?

HARRY

What can I say? I was helping run  
the family business. Sex  
trafficking is very lucrative as it  
would happen. Then my little bro  
takes my gun and decides to shoot  
some bitches and then black mails  
me become a cop in NYPD. But I  
guess it ain't so bad. I get to do  
hate crimes free of prosecution  
and, when I'm off, I'm tapping  
Nancy Drew. There are a lot worse  
jobs. But this, Ned, this right  
here, is what I'm going to love  
most of all.

(a beat)

I'm gonna have to ask you to step  
out of the car, sir.

On Ned. Scared shitless.

EXT. THE DREW ESTATE - NIGHT

Nancy's car pulls into the big drive way. She runs for the  
front door, but she's limping. She's lost blood.

INT. THE DREW ESTATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy enters with the 9mm. She's pale. Her back is very  
bloody. There's rain and sweat dripping down her face.

NANCY

Leeroy! I'm here!

She wobbles around and grabs the wall for support.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm bleeding bad though...

NANCY'S POV: Encyclopedia Brown slowly descends the stair case. It gets blurry though. Fainter and fainter still...

NANCY (CONT'D)

Your parents are really fucked up.  
I think I'm gonna pass o-

Nancy falls to the side and is OUT.

BLACK.

INT. NANCY'S ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is cutesy pink and blue and very much for a child. Hedgehogs are on the shower curtain. It's all girly.

Nancy wakes up slowly. She's shirtless except for her bra but a ton of gauze and bandages on her back where the blunderbuss shot hit. She's weak but she's there.

BROWN (O.S.)

Wake up, Miss Drew, it's almost  
time for the grand opening.

There's a small SPEAKER on the bathroom floor with a cord fed out the door and around the corner.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You'll see that I dressed your  
wounds. I can't have you dying  
before I have the chance to do it  
myself. This is, after all, your  
museum.

She reaches for the speaker but TING! She looks and sees she's hand cuffed to the radiator of the bathroom.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I couldn't resist  
cuffing the great Nancy Drew. The  
key is in the toilet. Hurry up. And  
don't worry. It's not mine. It's  
yours incidentally. Every single  
movement you've made since you've  
arrived.

Nancy opens the TOILET LID and it's filled with shit and piss but, beneath it, is the barely visible hand cuff key. She reaches into it and pulls the key out but, fuck, she vomits onto her own lap. She unlocks the hand cuffs and stands up. She instinctively reaches for the gun.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Looking for the gun? I have it. But  
 it's yours to take. Honestly. Just  
 come. And please, wash your hands.

She does so.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy comes out. She tip toes down the hall. Right now she's shoeless, shirtless, in puke covered jeans, and looking very, very weak. Speakers line the floors with cables and wires extending all throughout the house.

NANCY  
 Come out River Heights. Detox. Have  
 a laugh...  
 (then)  
 Where are you, you little shit!

BROWN (O.S.)  
 Please, go to your room.

Nancy does so.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy eases the door open. The first thing she sees isn't the projected video on the wall, but rather, the dozens of printed out Newspaper Covers and Tabloids pasted on the walls.

NANCY  
 What the...?

BROWN (O.S.)  
 Our first exhibit is donated by the  
 Club Trash of New York City...  
 We're calling it "Studies in Urban  
 Decay."

She sees the Covers more clearly. They're all of her. All of the tabloids that recount her drunken journey and black-out, drug addled adventures.

"NANCY JEW? KID GOYIM ACTS LIKE MISHUGENNA AT TEMPLE" From the Catskills Weekly.

"NANCY STEW? KID DETECTIVE SPILLS GUMBO AT PARTY" From Bon Appetite.



"CHOO CHOO KA-DREW? NANCY CAUSES TRAIN DERAILMENT" From Catskills Weekly.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Baby, the Catskills hate you.

NANCY  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

BROWN (O.S.)  
Me? Nothing! Don't you get it? I'm your biggest fan. Except for maybe, the guy that filmed you doing this.

The SEX TAPE is projected on the wall. It's Nancy getting reamed by Harry in the bathroom of that club way before.

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Although, technically, I did hire him. So. Transitive property. I'm still your biggest fan.

Nancy can't handle it anymore. She runs out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She hurries down the hall and ducks into another room.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Where before the wall was covered in tabloids, this one is covered in accolades. Specifically, newspapers covering all of her solved mysteries over the years

BROWN (O.S.)  
Ah, yes, welcome to the trophy room. I really am so proud of you, Nancy. Honestly. You're my hero.

Nancy looks at the walls.

"DREW SOLVES SECRET OF OLD CLOCK."

"KID DETECTIVE DISCOVERS SECRET STAIRCASE."

"KID SOLVES HOLLYWOOD GHOST."

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Your mother would be so proud. And yet, that was the one mystery you failed at solving. How did she die again?

(MORE)

BROWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Shot in the back of the head in  
 Glasgow? Her body left in the mud?  
 Don't worry. I'll give you a better  
 exit.

Nancy leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nancy keeps walking. Weak. Tired. Thunder claps in the  
 distance.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy enters another room on this macabre tour.

BROWN (O.S.)  
 And our penultimate stop. The hall  
 of side kicks.

Front and center is Bess in a chair with a sack on her head.  
 Nancy pulls the sack off her head and Bess is extremely dead.  
 Her teeth are bashed out and her cheeks are cut to her ears.

NANCY  
 I'll fucking kill you!!

BROWN (O.S.)  
 Keep looking, Nancy. Look at  
 everyone. This is a multimedia  
 exhibit.

There are three PULL DOWN SCREENS. On each one is a projected  
 movie.

MOVIE #1

It's of George Fayne and it's 480p early digital quality. We  
 PUSH-IN on it slowly and it transforms into --

EXT. ROCKY CLIFFSIDE - DAY

We're in the POV of the CAMCORDER. We toddle forward on a  
 cliffside. The sky is bright blue and it's sunny. People are  
 vaguely heard murmuring in the background. We see a rope that  
 leads off the cliff downwards.

POV walks to it. And there's GEORGE FAYNE, 22, rappelling  
 down a flat canyon side.

George looks up. She waves at the POV.

GEORGE  
Hey, kiddo!

The POV waves back - the hand that waves is small. Belonging to a kid's. Suddenly, the hand takes out a small pocket knife and starts cutting at the taught climbing rope.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?? Hey, kid,  
stop!

Then SNAP! The rope breaks and George falls all the way down the canyon - her body shrinking and then snapping along the rocks, folding onto itself and pinwheeling into a ravine.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy recoils at the ghastly footage.

NANCY  
No!!

BROWN (O.S.)  
I was six years old when I killed  
her. That's how early I knew I  
wanted to meet you. But keep  
watching the movies. It only gets  
better.

MOVIE #2

It's her dad. Carson. Back in the hospital. PUSH IN and we...

INT. ICU - NIGHT - SECURITY FOOTAGE

Nancy leans over her dad in the bed. This happened only an hour ago.

NANCY  
I don't wanna leave you.

CARSON  
I'll be okay. The sweet nurses have  
said I'm recovering quite well. Go.  
End this tonight. Protect the boy.  
Solve the case you were born to  
solve.

Nancy kisses him and hurries out but we stay locked on the ICU room from the POV of a security camera.

Carson is still weak in bed. He clicks the remote when, out of the closet, emerges a person in all black.

He steps forward with a FIRE AXE.

It takes a second before Carson notices him. Then, suddenly -

CARSON (CONT'D)  
Who are you --!

THWOCK! The guy drives the axe deep into skull of Carson, blowing right down to the thrapple. He rips the axe out and Carson's skull waggles along with it. Then THWOCK! Again, the guy brings it down, Carson's skull halving like a weak melon - both sides of it flapping around the neck stump like bat wings.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy vomits onto herself. She sinks to her knees traumatized.

BROWN (O.S.)  
Yeah, I'm gonna have to apologize for that one. He was only supposed to be smothered but the guy insisted on axe play. I liked your dad too. The way he died was just... Man, if you can have one back. Boy howdy. Anyway! Screen 3! Lookie! This one is live!

Nancy looks.

MOVIE #3

Live footage from a body cam.... A body cam looking at Ned in the driver's seat of his car. And we transition to...

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Harry is at the door. Ned is worried sick.

HARRY  
I'm gonna have to ask you to step out of the car, sir.

Ned gets out. He stares daggers at Harry. Then WOP! Harry punches Ned deep in the gut. Ned doubles over, goes into a coughing fit. BAM! BOOM! Harry leans into Ned, just beating the shit out of him.

Harry's PARTNER steps a few paces from the car.

PARTNER  
Easy, man.

Harry doesn't listen though. He keeps beating Ned.

NED  
Please... Please...

Harry lets up. Backs away.

HARRY  
You fucking simp.

PARTNER  
Dude, you went too hard.

Harry turns to his partner -

HARRY  
Did I? Do you know who the fuck I  
am??

Just then, Ned gets to his feet and scrambles forward. He GRABS the gun from Harry's holster and backs away. The partner pulls his gun! Harry puts his hands in the air.

PARTNER  
Put the fucking gun down!

HARRY  
What are you doing, dork?

NED  
Police Academy fucking sucks.

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!!! Ned unloads the clip into Harry. A bullet shatters his skull. Hollow points, baby. The back of his brain blasts out onto Ned's car like an escaped raccoon. Bullets rip through his body. Then, Harry's PARTNER shoots NED!! BA-BA-BA-BA!! Ned gets absolutely riddled. A bullet catches Ned's jowls and rips his mouth open. Another bullet catches him in the solar plexus. But Ned doesn't go down. He raises his gun. The Partner SHOOTS MORE! Bullets explode along Ned's meaty torso like a Chinese Firework Display. But Ned gets one shot off. Right between the eyes of the PARTNER. Both collapse dead into the dirt road.

NED (CONT'D)  
Nancy...

He dies hard.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Nancy watches the body cam footage of Ned be blown away.

BROWN (O.S.)

That wasn't even as bad as the axe guy, holy shit. I would've made Ned 2nd if I knew the axe guy was gonna do his thing.

NANCY

Ned...

BROWN (O.S.)

I'm impressed though. He took out my shit for brains brother too. Not a bad side kick you had there.

NANCY

Where the fuck are you? Huh! Show yourself!!

BROWN (O.S.)

So you're ready, huh? Go down the hall, love.

Nancy moves.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nancy hurries down the rest of the house.

INT. THE LAST ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy swings through the doors. The room is stark empty. Except for two things. Well, three. On a small stool is the 9mm with the fish scale grip and the H.B. initials.

Behind that is a big brown leather chair.

And in that is Encyclopedia Brown. PF Flyers. White short sleeves. Baseball cap for the White Sox.

BROWN

So you've made it. I hope you enjoy that, but as you know, all tours must come to an end. You see that gun there. You already know. Only one of us is getting out of here.

NANCY

I'm not going to kill a little boy.

Brown stands up - incensed.

BROWN

I'm not a little boy!! I'm a genius!! I directly murdered your friend George. I've ordered and orchestrated the murders of Bess, your father, and your reply guy! I brought you here to this room all the way from New York! You fell in love with my brother because of my plans. You flew to Chicago because of my plans. You've done *everything* because of my plans. You *have* to kill me.

NANCY

So your family is corrupt. And you wanted to bring them down. Why me?

BROWN

It's always been about you. I'm the smartest boy in Illinois. In the country. But you're *the kid detective*. You're the River Heights icon. I had to bring you here to bring down my family. I deserve a fucking Oscar for the way I directed you. I had to ruin you. I needed my own chapter in a Nancy Drew book. Fuck, I needed my own book!

NANCY

Okay fine. All of your family is dead. Now what?

BROWN

Not everyone. I'm ready. I can only die if it's by your hand. Free me and free yourself.

NANCY

I don't kill children.

BROWN

I'm *not* a *child*!

Suddenly, like that, Nancy grabs the 9mm and BANG! Blows out the top right quadrant of Brown's head. It explodes backwards and rains onto the carpet. He stands still, stammering. His exposed brain matter twitches and shivers in the air conditioned room.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
S...Sh---Shoot me again...

BAM! BAM! BAM! She explodes the TOP LEFT, BOTTOM RIGHT, BOTTOM LEFT of his SKULL. Until he's just a standing boy... the scaly reaches of his neck bone glistening under the dome light. An absolute travesty of a sight and the former smartest boy in the country.

NANCY  
Guess I'm your ghost writer.

She passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EST./EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain falls on top of the dead and buried. Stone angels and grave heads line the columns. We spot an UMBRELLA moving it's way through, bobbing over the shoulder of a woman bereft.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Nancy walks among the tombstones. She's wearing an ankle length black coat. She has the umbrella. She passes a series of tombstones. A few tears come down. She wipes them away.

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Nancy heads to her car. We follow her along, strafing through the parked cars until we settle on a RANGE ROVER. The license plate says: "HRDYBY1"

Nancy opens her car door when -

FRANK (O.S.)  
Nancy Drew!

Nancy turns. Stepping out of the range rover is FRANK HARDY, 30, handsome but tired. He comes forward with a package.

NANCY  
Who are you?

FRANK  
Frank Hardy. Maybe you heard of me.  
I got this in the mail.

He hands the package to her. She opens it and out slides a publisher's copy of a book:



"Encyclopedia Brown and the Death of the Detectives."

NANCY

What is this?

FRANK

My brother was killed last week.  
Brown might be dead, but someone's  
still after us.

Off Nancy. "Shit."

END.