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INT. LYONS BAKERY - DAY

16

A DING sounds from the door as Francis walks into the quaint little bake shop.

The inside is different from what you would expect when looking at the dull exterior. It's lively, vibrant. Every table white, but every chair a different color. Even the floor has a wavy pattern that invites you in.

Francis can't help but smile at it.

MATTY (O.S.)

I'll be with you in just a moment!

FRANCIS

No worries.

Francis slowly passes the color-filled abstract art pieces that line the walls -- they look hand painted, and all with the same signature, *ML*.

MATTY (17), a big fan of reading people, comes to the counter and notices Francis observing the art. She smiles.

MATTY

What can I get you?

Jumping a little, Francis turns. She offers an embarrassed smile and shuffle over to the counter and looks at the overwhelming amount of choices in the display case.

FRANCIS

Oh, um... what would you suggest?

MATTY

All of our lemon products are bomb. They're the perfect ratio of sweet and tart.

FRANCIS

That's hard to come by.

MATTY

Tell me about it.

FRANCIS

I'll take two lemon bars and two of the mini lemon tarts.

(beat)

Oh, and throw in an oatmeal cookie sandwich.

MATTY

(nods)

Great choices.

Matty grabs a box and carefully selects the deserts. Francis starts to look around again.

MATTY (CONT'D)

You're the new sheriffs daughter.  
Aren't you?

Francis turns back to Matty.

FRANCIS

...how did you know that?

MATTY

Townies like to know everything and everyone. Makes spotting the new people that much easier.

FRANCIS

And you're a 'townie'?

Scoffing, Matty grabs a bag to put the box of baked goods in.

MATTY

Oh god, no. I couldn't give two shits about the people here. My mother on the other hand, she likes to be in people's business. So you could say I'm...townie adjacent. I know everything by default.

FRANCIS

What else have you heard about me?

MATTY

Honestly, I've learned less about you than I have about the doggy daycare two doors down whose food is giving the animals diarrhea.

FRANCIS

I can't tell if that's a good thing or a bad thing.

MATTY

From the smell I'd say its pretty bad.

FRANCIS

(chuckles)

I meant about me.

Having tied the bag, Matty slides it across the counter to Francis, but Francis doesn't take it.

MATTY

(shrugs)  
People here love a story and you're the new town mystery. You and your dad both.

FRANCIS

How long is that going to last?

MATTY

(ominously)  
Until someone discovers your secrets.

Francis pauses, smile falling a bit and face reddening.

MATTY (CONT'D)

(smiles)  
I'm kidding.

Relieved, Francis lets out a small nervous laugh. Then the door DINGS as another customer comes into the shop.

MATTY (CONT'D)

I'll be right with you!

Matty goes back to the display case and grabs a chocolate chip cookie, handing it to Francis.

MATTY (CONT'D)

On the house.  
(beat)  
Call it a 'welcome' cookie.

FRANCIS

(smiles)  
Thank you.

Francis takes the cookie and grabs her bag of baked goods from the counter.

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INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

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Sawyer walks into the small police station, finding it almost deserted. He looks around at the desks and office but finds only one soul in sight -- DEPUTY CHARLIE TANNER (29), a determined pencil pusher.

Charlie didn't see that Sawyer walked in, but she turns and stands as soon as he says:

SAWYER  
Where is everybody?

CHARLIE  
Oh, um, I'm the only one here, sir.

Sawyer moves towards Charlie.

SAWYER  
I see that. Why?

CHARLIE  
Well, sir, I guess after what happened to the last sheriff, a lot of people were too scared to stick around.

SAWYER  
You're telling me, this office was full of cowards?

CHARLIE  
No, no, not at all sir.

Inches away from Charlie, Sawyer stops.

SAWYER  
Then what aren't you saying, Deputy...

CHARLIE  
(clears throat)  
Tanner, sir. Charlie Tanner.

Sawyer looks at Tanner, waiting for her to continue.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
They didn't want to, um... 'work for an outsider who had no business coming here and taking over.'

Nodding, Sawyer continues walking over to the door of his office. Charlie follows.

SAWYER  
Why'd you stay?

CHARLIE  
Sir?

Looking inside the door, Sawyer notices the pile of boxes that lie everywhere. He grimaces, then turns back to Charlie.

SAWYER  
 Why didn't you leave with the rest  
 of them?

Sawyer watches her closely. Charlie stands up straighter.

CHARLIE  
 I have a job to do. Doesn't matter  
 who it's for.

SAWYER  
 Hm. How old are you?

CHARLIE  
 29, sir.

Sawyer takes a moment.

SAWYER  
 Would you ever lie to a superior,  
 Deputy Tanner?

CHARLIE  
 No, sir. Of course not.

SAWYER  
 Good.  
 (step closer)  
 Cause I need you to fill in some  
 blanks for me.

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INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

18

A NEWSPAPER slaps onto the desk where Sawyer sits. Deputy  
 Tanner stands on the opposite side as he looks at it. The  
 Headline reads -- *SHERIFF BLAKE MURDERED.*

CHARLIE  
 Shot up. Right outside the mayors  
 house.

SAWYER  
 Someone got past her security?

CHARLIE  
 She didn't have security then.

Surprised by this, Sawyer thinks for a moment.

SAWYER  
 Who was supposed to take his job?

CHARLIE  
Lieutenant Jones.

Charlie turns the page of the newspaper and points at a photo of LT. JONES (53) next to a headline that reads -- *New Sheriff in Town??*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
He was supposed to be sheriff but then got passed over for Blake. Everyone expected him to be the next choice after Blake was gone.

SAWYER  
Where is he now?

CHARLIE  
Took a sheriff job out in Fall View once they said you were coming.

SAWYER  
Did they ever suspect him?

CHARLIE  
They didn't have to suspect anyone.

Charlie slaps a crime scene file onto the desk next, opening it up. On top of the crime scene photos and documents sits a photo of a young man, CHRISTOPHER (16).

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
This kid, Christopher Danvers, was found sitting next to the body, covered in blood, and the gun in his hand.

SAWYER  
Did he say why he did it?

CHARLIE  
Not a word. But get this...

Grabbing the file on Christopher from behind her, Charlie hands it to Sawyer who looks through it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
He had no priors, no tickets, not so much as a B on his report card. No one saw it coming.

SAWYER  
(beat)  
What do you think?

CHARLIE  
(shakes her head)  
I'm just a Deputy, sir--

SAWYER  
That's not what I asked.

Charlie sighs, grabbing the crime scene photos and spreading them out a little on the desk to look at them.

CHARLIE  
(beat)  
I think it was made to look like an amateur job.

Charlie points to a couple photos.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Seven shots, all in random places in the body, sure. But none missed?

SAWYER  
How do you know?

CHARLIE  
That close to the house, there would have been holes or scratches or something. But nothing.  
(beat)  
Also, he policed his brass.

SAWYER  
(shrugs)  
Any kid watching cop shows knows to do that.

CHARLIE  
Sure. But if this was your first time killing someone? The adrenaline would speed you up, not slow you down.

Taking a moment, Sawyer nods.

SAWYER  
I agree. Something's missing.

The phone at the front desk starts to ring. Charlie goes over to answer it while Sawyer continues to look through the files in front of him.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Sheriff Station...Hey,  
Frank...again?... Alright, we'll be right over.

Shaking his head, Sawyer mutters to himself:

SAWYER  
It doesn't make sense.

CHARLIE  
Hey, Chief? We've got a situation  
over at Franks.

Sawyer looks up.

SAWYER  
At whose?

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INT. FRANK'S BAR - SAME

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A beer bottle SHATTERS on the ground after accidentally being knocked from the counter by a clumsy WESTON (29), who very clearly doesn't handle alcohol well.

The bar is fairly empty -- unsurprising given that it's 3pm on a Wednesday.

Weston's words are slurred despite trying to sound genuine.

WESTON  
I'll clean that up Frank. Don't you  
worry your pretty little head.

FRANK (60's) silver haired fox, stands behind the bar over by the door, arms crossed, and rag draped over his shoulder.

With a bell RING, the front door opens and Charlie walks in, followed closely by Sawyer.

CHARLIE  
Hey, Frank.

FRANK  
Charlie.

CHARLIE  
How long has he been here?

FRANK  
Since the morning.

CHARLIE  
Okay. Thanks.

Charlie heads towards Weston. Sawyer nods at Frank. He then walks to the other side of where Weston sits, blocking the back exit.