

EXT. WATERMAN RESIDENCE - DAY

Cliffhaven rain. Lindell's sedan pulls in beside the flatbed. Maynard's vehicle is no where in sight.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - SAME

Dripping wet, Lindell knocks on the door. A beat. It opens. Kyle is standing there.

LINDELL
Hello, Son.

KYLE
Can I help you?

LINDELL
That's what I'm hoping. Mind if I
come in?

INT. WATERMAN RESIDENCE - SAME

Lindell enters, glancing curiously about.

LINDELL
Parents around?

KYLE
No. Dad's in town.

LINDELL
Hmm.

Lindell turns to him, a grim look.

LINDELL (CONT'D)
Kyle. My name's Lindell Parks.
I'm the District Attorney for the
Portland area. I've come out here
on a very difficult mission.

Lindell hands him a photo -- a mug shot of the Reverend Ardis Jenkins. Kyle freezes.

LINDELL (CONT'D)
Recognize this man?

The eyes. It's all in the eyes.

LINDELL (CONT'D)
You remember him from church, don't
you?

KYLE

Yes.

Hesitation. A victim's subtle blush. Lindell knows.

LINDELL

He's in jail, Kyle. Done some real bad things. I'm here because I want to make sure he stays there.

Lindell watches him differently -- against a CHORUS OF POURING RAIN.

Now for the tricky part. Soften the voice:

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what he might have done wrong?

KYLE

No.

LINDELL

He abused kids, Kyle. Sexually.

KYLE

Really? Glad you put him away.

LINDELL

Well, that's the problem, Kyle. We haven't put him away. Got plenty of victims back in Portland, but no one's willing to testify.

Lindell hesitates, disgusted by his own arriving thought.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

He'll probably walk.

KYLE

So you came here?

LINDELL

Right.

KYLE

All I can say is that I wish I could help you. But I can't.

Lindell tenses his lip, frustrated, gives him a card.

LINDELL

Keep this. Any information, you know, anytime.