

AWOL-72

by
CECIL CHAMBERS
And
CHRISTIAN SESMA

Based on Original Characters by Cecil Chambers

Revision by
Christian Sesma
5/23/12

TRIUMPHANT ENTERTAINMENT
5300 MELROSE AVE.
BRONSON BUILDING
204W
LOS ANGELES, CA 90037

Revision 7

OVER BLACK

THE JARRING SOUND OF WAR.

MACHINE GUNS RATTLE. EXPLOSIONS. MEN YELLING IN FARSI.

SUDDENLY AN EAR PIERCING SHRIEK.

FLASH TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A low lit room splashes shadows against the cold concrete. A gun fight rages on outside.

CLOSE ON a MAN strapped to a chair, slumped over. He's bloody, sweaty, head covered by a burlap sack.

CRACK! He's hit over the head. We hear the wind knocked out of him.

A LARGE MAN looms over him, face covered in shadow. He pulls out a 9 mill handgun, cocks it and shoves it into the man's temple.

LARGE MAN
(Farsi, subtitled)
We have what we need...

Out of the shadows another FIGURE emerges, nods to the Man with the gun.

CLICK, BOOM!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A US MARINE's eyes snap open, he's gasping for air. CONRAD MILLER, mid 30's, muscular and battle hardened sits up in his bed.

He lifts his right hand, it's trembling. He grabs it, tries to make it stop when we SEE the sheets move next to him.

A gorgeous woman, late 20's, slides up behind, wraps her arm around him. Looks like she's got nothing on under the covers. This is LAURA. Soft, sexy.

LAURA
(beat, softly)
You okay, baby?

He nods. She knows what this is. She grabs his hand, gets him to calm down.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Same one?

He stares off. She kisses him, snaps him back to the moment.

CONRAD
 ...same.

He turns over. They're face to face. She caresses him, he pulls her in.

LAURA
 (whispers)
 It's just a dream...

Nothing about Conrad spells fear. But in his eyes, something weighs heavy.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 We'll be ok...
 (beat)
 ...all of us.

She stares deeply into his eyes, places her hand on his. They both caress her belly.

We know what this means. She's pregnant.

Laura moves on top of him. She's in nothing but a pair of panties. She's not showing at all yet, still hot as ever.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Let me take your mind off things,
 daddy...

He smirks. She begins kissing him. He flips her around. And the two start going at it.

A SERIES OF PULSING CUTS:

HANDS OVER BARE BODIES.

LAURA'S EYES STARING AT HIS.

CONRAD'S BODY...LAURA'S BODY

SHE HOLDS HIM CLOSE, THEY LOCK EYES AS HE FINISHES.

SHE CLIMAXES AND FALLS BACK ON TOP OF HIM...

WE PUSH IN ON THEIR NIGHTSTAND AND STOP ON A PICTURE FRAME. IT'S CONRAD IN MILITARY GARB. A MAN'S MAN. A DECORATED SOLDIER.

FADE OUT:

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

CLOSE ON LAURA, sound asleep. The first bit of sunlight creeps into the room, morning birds chirping. She looks angelic. Peaceful.

WIDER: Conrad stands at the foot of the bed, staring at her. It's eerie. His face, emotionless.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Hot shower runs, Conrad stands there staring at himself in the mirror. It's steamed up. But we can see his eyes. The turmoil. Something *IS* weighing on him.

CLOSE: He's holding a cell phone. His hand's still a bit shaky.

He looks up at himself and makes a decision.

Conrad lifts his cell and starts texting.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Laura wakes, runs her hand over the comforter next to her and realizes Conrad's not there.

She gets up, drapes the sheets around her and we TRACK into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laura walks in, finds Conrad gathering his things.

He's clean shaven, in his civilian clothes, he zips up a military duffle bag and throws it over his shoulder. He turns to her. The look in his eyes say it all.

She takes a seat, it hits her.

LAURA

(beat)

Were you just gonna tell me now?

He doesn't know what to say.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Not good at the whole soldiers wife thing you know...

CONRAD

(beat)

I know...

LAURA

Thank God we were not married.

She teases. Conrad looks at her, he is so hard to read, no emotions on his military face.

Laura understands all too well. She stands, walks over to him, wraps her arms around his broad shoulders. She's on her tippy toes. Her hands on his face.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Always so serious...

She kisses him.

CONRAD

(beat)

You know I have to do this. For us.

LAURA

I know.

Conrad looks over to the counter.

POV: We SEE a pregnancy test box, opened.

CONRAD

When I get back...We can be a real family...

She kisses him again.

LAURA

(beat)

Then hurry...

Laura holds him tight. Conrad finally breaks away and walks out.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 ...I love you, baby.

Laura's at the door as he gets into his truck.

Conrad looks back, caring.

CONRAD
 I know. Be safe.

He turns on the truck and drives off.

Laura stands at the doorway. Alone.

OFF HER WORRIED LOOK.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Conrad's truck treks away from the city scape. A lonely stretch of road, heading nowhere.

INT. CONRADS TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Conrad looks at the time on the dashboard. 12:15 pm. He's on his cell. A map on his lap.

CONRAD
 (on cell)
 Have the rendezvous point.

He circles something on the map.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 (on cell)
 Be good to see you too. Been too long.
 (beat)
 Old times die hard, brutha.

On the passenger seat is his duffel bag, U.S.M.C logo on the side.

Conrad unzips it, rummages through the bag, pulls out a pre-paid cell, still in a box.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 (on cell)
 Okay, Reyes Creek. I'll lay low till then.
 (beat, smirks)
 (MORE)

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Ya, well them days are over now
 aren't they? See you at 0900.

Conrad hangs up, rolls down the window and tosses the cell out.

He reaches over, grabs the new pre-paid cell box, tears it open and slaps in the battery. He puts it on speaker and dials out.

CELL PHONE AUTOMATED OPERATOR
 (on speaker)
 To activate your new prepaid
 wireless, press 1.

INT. LAURA'S HOME - DAY

Laura, looking the hot homemaker part, skimpy shorts, tiny wife beater, tons of cleavage packs boxes. Looks like she's spring cleaning.

THE PHONE RINGS. SHE PICKS IT UP.

LAURA
 (on phone)
 Hello?

Just then the DOORBELL RINGS.

She makes her way to the front door. Opens it.

And staring right at her are two serious looking officials and a few MP's.

The man in the lead is DETECTIVE ALVEZ, Latin, mid 30's. The one in an officers uniform is LT. JACOBS, African-American early 40's.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 Laura Wiley?

Laura lowers the phone.

LAURA
 (beat)
 I'm Laura.

DETECTIVE
 I'm Detective Alvez. This is 1st
 Lt. Jacobs with the US Marine Corp.
 Can we have a minute of your time?

He flashes his badge.

Detective notices she still has the phone in her hand.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Someone on hold?

Suddenly we hear the PHONE OFF THE HOOK TONE.

She quickly hits OFF.

LAURA
Not anymore I guess.
(beat)
What's this about?

Suddenly a brunette comes barreling down the stairs, some boxes in hand. Looks like a model, sexy, cute, in nothing but a bikini and sarong. SAM is Laura's bestie.

SAM
Girl, let's get to the beach
already-
(beat, SEES the cops)
O.M.G. did your man die?!

Laura shoots her a look.

LT. JACOBS
No miss, nothing like that...

LAURA
Sam, just put the boxes over there.
Gimme a minute.

SAM
Oh my bad... sorry, I've seen too
many movies.

Laura turns back to the Detective.

LT. JACOBS
We have reason to believe you're
dating a Marine that has been AWOL
for quite some time. Corporal
Conrad Miller, do you know his
whereabouts?

LAURA
(confused)
AWOL?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Absent without leave...

LAURA
 I know what it means... but...
 Conrad? AWOL? He is Mister
 Military guy... he lives for it.

Lt. Jacobs looks at the Detective.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Is he in trouble?

LT. JACOBS
 He'll be in more trouble if we
 don't get to him immediately. He's
 putting you in alot of danger.
 When did you see him last?

Laura slaps on her game face, shakes her head.

LAURA
 (beat)
 We grabbed some drinks a few weeks
 back...

LT. JACOBS
 Miss Wiley, you have to be honest
 here.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 Neighbors said they saw him leave
 this morning.

Her eyes widen. She plays it off.

LAURA
 What? If he came in while I was at
 the gym and took some of his stuff
 back I'm going to be fucking
 pissed...

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 You guys broke up? Your friend over
 there just said he's your man.

LAURA
 She swears we're getting back
 together.

Detective looks to Lt. Jacobs.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Who do you think those boxes belong
 to?

Laura covers for him. They're buying it now.

LT. JACOBS

Did you overhear any information at all that you think we would find important? Anything military related?

LAURA

Not that I know of...

The Detective offers a much softer voice.

DETECTIVE

... Its just procedure... we need to know where he is...

LAURA

I understand, but *I'm* not really too interested in knowing where he is. Know what I mean?

LT. JACOBS

You sure about that?

Laura gives him a look.

LAURA

Lieutenant...being with a soldier isn't the easiest thing in the world. In fact I could think of a thousand better scenarios. But me and Conrad's on again, off again situation has left me wanting more out of just waiting by the phone, or counting the days till he gets back.

(beat)

Some can handle it. Some can't.

She's good.

Detective is sold for now.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

I get it.

(beat)

Sorry to ruin your Saturday morning...If you do see him or if he calls, please let us know.

He hands her his card. Just then Detective SPOTS a pregnancy test box on the kitchen counter. He takes note.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
Have a nice day, Miss Wiley.

LT. JACOBS
Thank you for your time.

Laura nods. They shake hands and as she closes the door, Detective Alvez turns, stops it before it shuts.

DETECTIVE
I may need to ask you a couple more questions...You're here all the time?

Laura nods again.

The Detective smiles and Lt. Jacobs leads the MP's off the front lawn.

Laura shuts the door and looks back to the pregnancy test on the counter.

LAURA
(to herself)
Shit...

Sam walks back in, frazzled.

SAM
What the hell was that? What's going on?!

Laura peers through her blinds.

POV: Detective Alvez and Lt. Jacobs exchange a few words, look back to the house and get into their cars.

LAURA
(beat)
They were looking for Conrad...

SAM
Conrad? Where'd he go?

LAURA
No idea...

SAM
You sure you're ok?

LAURA

Yea...let's get some sun.

(beat)

You ready?

Laura smiles, sets Sam at ease. Sam nods, goes off to fetch a few towels out of the boxes they've been packing.

Laura looks back out her window. Demeanor switches back, suspicion and worry written all over her face.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Small town strip mall. Conrad parks his truck amidst a bunch of cars.

INT. CONRAD'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Conrad gathers his things. He looks around, makes sure the coast is clear.

He throws on some rubber gloves and sprays down the steering wheel and dash. After a quick wipe he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Conrad walks around, gets rid of the gloves and rag, inconspicuous.

Then he makes his way through the cars and looks around.

POV: We SCAN the lot and ZOOM in on a WHITE SEDAN sitting at the opposite end. No one around it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A deserted road. Conrad's pulled over now at the wheel of the WHITE CAR from the previous scene. An easy lift.

He gets out with his duffle bag and goes to the back bumper.

CLOSE: Conrad pulls out a new set of license plates.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Conrad now driving in the white car. He has the road map on his lap.

He stares out unto the open road. It's quiet. Serene. The sun starting to set. And the look on his face is all business.

We know Conrad is on a mission.

SUDDENLY HIS CELL RINGS.

Conrad checks the caller ID. It's an international call.

CONRAD
(on cell)
Hello...

INTERCUT W/

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

A beautiful LATINA is at her desk, phone in hand.

LATINA
(spanish, subtitled)
I have Senor Cruz for you.

CONRAD
Ok...

She hands the call to SENOR CRUZ, 50's. Typical fat cat banker, tropical setting. Sweat beads off his brow.

SENOR CRUZ
(spanish, subtitled)
Senor Miller. I trust this line is secure?

CONRAD
(spanish, subtitled)
For this call, yes.

SENOR CRUZ
(spanish, subtitled)
Muy bien. I wanted to let you know personally your wire came in. When shall we expect you to retrieve funds?

CONRAD
(spanish, subtitled)
2 days.

SEÑOR CRUZ
(spanish, subtitled)
You know I can't hold this here for
more than 48 hours. Even in my
country the government doesn't like
doing business with these people-

Conrad interrupts, switches back to English.

CONRAD
That's why you guys charge 40% more
than any other bank.

Senor Cruz smirks.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
We'll be there in 2 days. Make sure
everything's ready when I get
there. Understand?

SEÑOR CRUZ
(beat)
Si, Senor.

Conrad hangs up the phone.

POV: Out his windshield we SEE a lone Motel in the far
distance.

He checks his watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SUNSET

Laura checks the time and stares out to the ocean. She's
thinking, worried, wondering.

Sam's laying out next to her, face down. Both sexy, in tiny
bikinis, oiled up on lounge chairs. They're getting the last
bit of sun.

SAM
You sure you're okay?

LAURA
Ya...good.

SAM
Pretty quiet.

LAURA
Just relaxing...

SAM
Conrad's fine. He'll be back.

LAURA
I know...

Sam turns over, shoots her friend a look. She knows something's up.

SAM
Just be careful, cause when the police come knocking on your door, it's never just a one time thing. Believe me I know.

LAURA
(smiles)
How do you know?

SAM
CSI MIAMI. Hello...

They chuckle, when Laura's cell rings. She snatches it up.

LAURA
Hello?

She turns away from Sam, tries to be discreet.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(on cell)
Baby...Everything okay?

INTERCUT W/

INT. CAR - DUSK

Conrad's sitting in front of the Motel.

CONRAD
(on cell)
All good...

LAURA
(on cell)
We had company today...

CONRAD
 (on cell)
 Shit...

LAUA
 (on cell)
 Ya. What do you want me to do?

CONRAD
 (on cell)
 I'll be back for you tomorrow. You
 know what to do. It's now or
 never...You understand?

It hits Laura.

LAURA
 (on cell)
 Okay...Be safe.
 (beat)
 I love you.

CONRAD
 (on cell)
 I know.

CLICK. He hangs up and begins dismantling the phone. Breaks
 it in half, destroys the SIM card.

EXT. BEACH HOME - SAME TIME

Laura hangs up. Her face says it all.

Sam perks up.

SAM
 You're so codependent you know?
 There's like classes for that. He
 leaves, he comes back, he leaves he
 comes back. I don't know why you
 put up with it. You're hot shit.
 You're-

LAURA
 -I'm pregnant is what I am.

Sam stops dead in her tracks.

SAM
 Shut! Up!

She reaches over and pulls Laura in.

SAM (CONT'D)
No way! Oh my God you're going to
be a MILF?!!!

Laura smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)
Wait, you're keeping it right?

Laura smack her leg, playful.

SAM (CONT'D)
Sorry...dumb question! Congrats!

BINOCULARS POV: From a distance we watch Laura and Sam hug,
talk, and ultimately head back into the house...

INT. LAURA'S HOME - NIGHT

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

LAURA (O.S.)
Sam get it, please.

Sam walks in the living room and opens the door.

It's Detective Alvez again.

SAM
Jesus, you got nothing better to do
on a Saturday night?

Alvez smirks. He's holding his shoes in one hand, folder in
the other.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Walk on the beach at night seemed
nice.

SAM
Ya, well Laura don't know nothing.
Okay...

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
What about you?

SAM
Same.

Laura walks in, SEES the Detective.

LAURA
(rolls eyes)
Jesus...

SAM
That's what I said!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Was in the neighborhood, sand on my
feet feels nice, figured I'd stop
by and say hi.

Now he's being a smart ass.

LAURA
Detective, am I under investigation
here?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
No, but I can't ask Mr. Miller the
questions so I need to ask you.

SAM
So annoying!

LAURA
It hasn't even been 24 hours, can
you save all your questions then
come back to me?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Miss Wiley, look I am on your side,
I just want to get as much
information so I can help find your
boyfriend. What do you say we
start over?

LAURA
He's not my boyfriend.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Friend that's a boy.

Sam shakes her head. Now she's being the protective best
friend.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
These questions aren't about him,
its about you to be honest.

LAURA
Okay detective, I get it, let's get
on with it.

Laura gives in, opens the door and invites him in.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

Thanks...

They all settle in on the living room couches. Sam pours herself a glass a wine to watch the show.

SAM

This'll be good.

DETECTIVE

(to Laura)

I see you have the house for sale,
and you're also selling a boat?

LAURA

Left by my parents to me, and I
don't need either any longer.
Figured I could use the money
instead.

DETECTIVE

Young girl like yourself should be
having crazy parties, enjoying the
boat.

LAURA

I don't have time for it.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

I thought your boyfriend put you up
to selling it all so you can run
with him.

SAM

You're a dick.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

(smirks)

Not too subtle? Sorry.

LAURA

Conrad isn't my boyfriend and I'm
not running anywhere.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

Can I see the boat? You're not
hiding Conrad there are you?

LAURA

No.

(beat)

If I say I'll be at the marina in the morning and let you take a look inside will you leave me alone?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

You'd do that for me?

LAURA

I'm showing a buyer at 10. You're not special.

She smiles.

SAM

Look Detective...Laura's my best friend and she's a seriously honest person. If she's hiding something, I would be the first to know. And she's not. Okay? We got movie night plans...painting toe nails, popcorn, girls night type shit. Get it?

Detective Alvez nods, puts his folder underneath his arm. He gets up and heads for the door.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

Fair enough ladies.

(beat)

Gotta go find a military brat. See you at the marina. 10 o'clock.

Laura doesn't like his last comment.

SAM

Ya and don't let the door hit you on the way out!

Door closes. Laura looks to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

What an asshole! Why'd you let him in?

LAURA

(beat)

I think you better go, Sam.

SAM

What?

LAURA

I don't feel good. I have a headache now. I'm sorry. Let's do movie night tomorrow.

SAM

Okay, girl...you sure?

Laura nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

This'll all blow over. You'll see...

She goes, gives Laura a hug.

SAM (CONT'D)

Feel better...

Laura looks at her. Something in her eyes says something different.

LAURA

Take care of yourself, Sam.

Sam smiles and walks out.

Laura sits there for a sec. Looks around.

A BEAT

Laura stands up, throws her hair in a bun and starts gathering her things.

She grabs an oversized bag out of a closet, empties it and looks to the clock.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Detective Alvez sits in his car, watches Sam leave Laura's home.

CLOSE: Detective Alvez lowers the binoculars with a knowing.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

I knew it...

He grabs his cell, taps out a text.

ON CELL: THE GIRL KNOWS WHERE MILLER IS. SHE'S GOING TO RUN. ADVISE NEXT STEPS.

OFF DETECTIVES LOOK.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lt. Jacobs sits at his desk. It's dark, moody, he's alone, only a laptop in front of him.

His CELL GOES OFF. It's the text from Detective Alvez.

Lt. Jacobs nods, knows what he has to do. He picks up his phone and dials out.

LT. JACOBS

(on cell)

This is Lt. Jacobs, division 72.

(beat)

We have a beat on Miller. Sending the girl's location now.

(beat)

Notify asset recovery.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Dark room, only a few things in it. A chair. A lamp. A cell phone on a small wooden desk.

THE CELL LIGHTS UP.

ON SCREEN: CONRADS FACE AND INFO COMES THRU.

A FIGURE grabs the cell. Puts it in his pocket.

CLOSE: We SEE his HAND zip closed a military duffle bag, alot like Conrad's only an S.A.S symbol on it. Inside the duffle we catch a glimpse of a few GUNS. Some clothes.

A BEAT LATER, we hear the door close behind him.

AND THE GAME IS ON.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING - NIGHT

Conrad gets out the car, grabs his things. He takes it all in. No one around. Almost looks deserted.

Something doesn't sit right with him. He checks his watch, continues on in anyway.

INT. MOTEL. FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad walks in. Everything is old, weathered and a bit creepy. Like the motel that time forgot. Old 70's decor.

We hear a TV on in a back room. No clerk in site.

He hits the bell. DING!

CONRAD

Hello?

WOMAN (O.S.)

The fuck?!

A white trash chick, slutty, tattoos sporting a wife beater and daisy dukes struts in. AMANDA, 25, she's seen better days. Hot in a redneck way, sporting a black eye.

AMANDA

Damn, I didn't even know we had a fuggin' bell.

She eyes Conrad up and down, raises an eyebrow.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

We're full, cowboy.

CONRAD

(smirks)

Ya, I could barely find parking.

She smiles.

AMANDA

No, but for reals. We ain't open for business.

CONRAD

Lights on. You're here.

AMANDA

(beat)

Shit, forgot to put the No Vacancy light on...my bad.

Conrad goes into his pocket, pulls out a wad of cash and puts it on the counter.

CONRAD

I just need a bed and a hot shower. I'm out before sunrise.

Amanda gives him another once over.

AMANDA
How'd you find this place?

CONRAD
Just lucky...

AMANDA
Well Mr. Lucky charms, this ain't
your day.

She comes around, grabs him by the arm and walks him out.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Amanda leads him back to the parking lot.

AMANDA
I think you better mosey on down
the road for a while. Lil town 10
miles up. Wish I could help you.

Conrad shoots her a look.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hey, I don't make the rules, I just
gotta follow'em.

He looks at her black eye.

CONRAD
I can see that.

She moves close, looks around and whispers to him.

AMANDA
If I was you I'd get while the
getting was good, you hear what I'm
saying? We don't get drifters
around here much...Most know
better.

Conrad gets it. He nods.

Suddenly we hear a commotion OFF SCREEN.

ANGLE ON THE MOTEL ROOM

One of the Motel Rooms doors bursts open, a man yelling at
someone inside.

POV: Inside we can SEE a room full of shit. Drugs, guns, a few WOMEN gagged and bound.

CONRAD
What the?

AMANDA
Goddamn it...

She whips out a small snub-nosed pistol and shoves it into the back of Conrad's head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hands up motherfucker!

Conrad can't believe it.

CONRAD
You don't want to do this.

AMANDA
(beat)
Tony! Tony get the fuck out here!

TONY, late 30's, tatts, chains, bandana, the redneck works, comes storming out the room, gun in hand.

He SEES Amanda has Conrad.

TONY
The fuck is this?!

AMANDA
Wrong place, wrong time lover!

Tony runs up, shoves his gun in Conrad's face, wild. Conrad doesn't flinch.

TONY
Get his ass in here! Hurry the fuck up!

Conrad shakes his head.

TONY (CONT'D)
Shake your head all you want big man, you dun' fucked up coming to this motel.

Tony tweaked out of his mind, strung out. High on meth.

They start walking him towards the room.

CONRAD

You guys. I can forget this place
real fast, understand?

TONY

Ya, but I can't forget you. This
room just cost you!

He pushes Conrad in and CRACK! Pistol whips him across the
back of the head.

Conrad drops to the ground.

Everything FADES TO BLACK.

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

Look through his shit. Get rid of
the car.

FADE OUT:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Amanda and Tony are looking in the trunk of the white sedan.
They pull out the green duffle.

A pair of headlights comes from out of nowhere. Then flashing
lights. It's CHP.

TONY

(to Laura)
Shit...act cool.

The cruiser pulls up shines a light on the car. Amanda and
Tony get out.

Tony eases, sees who it is.

TONY (CONT'D)

Christ, Hale! Shit's bright as
fuck!

OFFICER HALE, a Highway Patrolman, late 30's, turns off the
spotlight, rolls down his window.

OFFICER HALE

Tony...Thought you two were trying
to steal this car.

TONY

Amanda's aunt, she loaned it to her
for a few days.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
Cleaning out the back seat.
(beat)
Where you been?

OFFICER HALE
On vacay.

TONY
Must be nice...

OFFICER HALE
Was...but back to the grind, what
can we do, right? How's biz?

TONY
Shitty. You know. Same old.
(beat)
Just trying to renovate, do some
work around here...get us open back
in biz soon...

The Officer chuckles. We can tell it's a small town and everyone knows eachother.

OFFICER HALE
Good luck with that.
(re: the car)
Give it a wash will ya? Do your
aunt a solid.

TONY
We'll do that.

Officer Hale looks to Amanda. In the light we can see her black eye.

OFFICER HALE
Nasty looking shiner you got there,
Mandy.

He looks to Tony.

TONY
Hey, don't look at me, these crazy
bitches get in drunk fights just
like us guys!

Officer Hale gives him a suspicious look and nods.

OFFICER HALE
(beat)
Okay, you two be careful. I am on
the scanner if you need me. See ya
later.

He drives off. Tony waves goodbye like a good citizen till the officer rounds a corner, out of sight.

Suddenly Tony reaches over and grabs Amanda by the hair.

TONY

Fucking bitch! Didn't I tell you to put some god damn cover up on that eye? Huh?!

She starts crying.

AMANDA

I'm sorry!

He smacks her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

No, Tony! I'm sorry! Stop!

TONY

You don't tell me what to do!

AMANDA

Okay! Okay!

He throws her on the ground.

TONY

I don't wanna see that shit. Throw some make up on it, whatever.

She nods, tears streaming, mascara running.

TONY (CONT'D)

And stop fuckin' crying already. You're like a big baby...Jesus Christ.

(beat)

Get Ray down here, this is gonna be messy.

FADE OUT:

EXT. MARINA - SUNRISE

Detective Alvez sleeping in his car, binoculars on his lap, still in the same clothes from the night before. His phone rings, wakes him up.

DETECTIVE
 (answers)
 Alvez.

INTERCUT W/

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jacobs is no better. These men are working round the clock trying to find Conrad Miller.

LT. JACOBS
 (on cell)
 Morning, Detective. Where are you?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 (on cell)
 Marina.

LT. JACOBS
 (on cell)
 Good. No activity?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 (on cell)
 Not yet.
 (beat)
 Look Lieutenant, I'm always game to help out the big guys but you gotta give me more here. The hell am I doing?

LT. JACOBS
 (on cell, beat)
 Conrad Miller needs to be back in U.S. Military custody at all costs. He's a threat.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 (on cell)
 And the girl?

LT. JACOBS
 (on cell)
 Collateral.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 (on cell)
 Lets stop the cat and mouse shit. Who's after him?

LT. JACOBS
(on cell)
That's classified...

Jacobs thinks about it for a sec. Should he tell him?

LT. JACOBS (CONT'D)
(on cell, beat)
What I can say is that he's got
pertinent information in his
possession and people way above me
want him dead or alive. Plain and
simple.
(beat)
US Government has a no tolerance
policy on treason. You understand
where I'm going with this?
Cause if this is too much info for
you Detective you can go back to
catching drug dealers and rapists.
This is the hard truth about what
we do.

Alvez doesn't like it.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
(on cell)
Like you said, it's government
business. I'm just a glorified
local cop baby-sitting a chick.

LT. JACOBS
(on cell)
Your country thanks you. Keep an
eye on the girl and report any new
intel.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
(on cell)
Copy that.
(beat)
How do I know if we're close?

PUSH IN ON LT. JACOBS.

LT. JACOBS
(on cell)
When shit hits the fan...

He hangs up and we SEE Lt. Jacobs' laptop screen. Conrad's
info is up.

ON SCREEN: CONRADS MILITARY PICTURE AND DETAIL. IT READS LIKE A MILITARY WET DREAM....SPECIAL FORCES. AFGHANISTAN. CONFIRMED KILLS. DECORATED SOLIDER. PURPLE HEARTS. THE WORKS.

And we really get it now. Conrad is no ordinary Marine gone Awol. He's much more...Dangerous.

EXT. MOTEL - BACK ENTRANCE - DAWN

Amanda's smoking a joint, trying to calm down. She's waiting for someone.

Lights are approaching. It's a SQUAD CAR.

It pulls up, turns the lights off and a man gets out, 50's, silver hair, dressed in pajamas, and a robe. This is RAY, crooked Deputy Chief.

RAY

This better be good, Mandy!

AMANDA

Come see for yourself.

She gestures inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda walks Ray in and we get the scope of it all.

There's a group of ASIAN SEX SLAVES in nothing but bra and panties. Tied and gagged.

RAY

Jesus...

In another corner a table full of kilo bricks, drug paraphernalia everywhere, along with a small stock of automatic rifles and weapons.

And in the opposite corner is Conrad. He's gagged, barely conscious.

RAY (CONT'D)

What's his story?

AMANDA

Drifter marine. He's good and drugged.

RAY
Awol probably...Anyone see him?

Ray's radio goes off. He turns the volume down, too late, Conrad turns toward the noise. Snaps him back. They exit the room. We can hear their convo outside.

ANGLE ON CONRAD.

CLOSE: He squints, opens his eyes.

POV: Everything is blurry, warped. They did slip him something. It's wearing off a bit. He can hear Amanda and Ray talking outside.

AMANDA (O.S.)
No. But Officer Hale came by here a bit ago, saw that guys car.

RAY (O.S.)
Hale's a boy scout. I for sure hope he didn't get those plates.
(beat)
He runs them plates we're gonna have more shit to worry about then them chinks and some dope.

Conrad realizes he's tied up. He's getting back to his senses.

One of the ASIAN GIRLS, looks up. Their eyes connect. She's pretty, her innocent eyes plead. We can tell they've been here for a few days.

Conrad shakes his head...he can't believe the situation he's in.

He start looking around for anything that can help free him.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Tony walks up and meets Ray and Amanda. Ray gives Tony a hug.

RAY
You got me in a real predicament here, nephew.

TONY
Ya, well, the fuck can I do?

RAY

Shit happens I guess. When do we expect payment on them guns?

TONY

Tuesday the latest. Them Nips will get a pretty penny too. Maybe gotta try one out first, know what I mean uncle?

Both share a laugh. Amanda doesn't find it funny. Tony takes note.

TONY (CONT'D)

Hey, go fucking do something already. I can't stand your face sometimes.

Amanda lowers her head and walks off.

RAY

Be nice, she's a good girl.

TONY

Fuck her... plenty more just like her.

He pulls out an envelope of cash hands it over.

RAY

Appreciate it.

TONY

Family first right?

RAY

Don't you forget it.

(beat)

Get rid of the guy, tell me when you do and I'll make sure you get all clears from my end.

TONY

Fucking A. Be done before breakfast.

Both men shake hands and part ways.

Ray gets back into his cruiser, shoots the motel room a look. Something doesn't sit right with him.

But he turns on the car and drives off.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Conrad's still scoping the room.

POV: Focus is getting better. It's coming back to him now,
when:

SPLASH! Amanda comes in and dumps a bucket of water over his
head.

AMANDA

Wakey, wakey eggs and bakey...

She chimes in on the two-way radio.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(on radio)

Gi Joe's up!

She's holding a pistol on him. He looks at her. She glares
back, we see a touch of empathy for him.

THEY SHARE A MOMENT.

Tony bursts through the door, totting a shotgun and Conrads'
duffle bag.

TONY

Devil's work ain't never done, son!

Amanda backs off.

TONY (CONT'D)

So we went through your stuff last
night. You got a bunch of military
shit up in here, what you some kind
of MP or something? Real badass?

He eyes him up and down.

TONY (CONT'D)

I don't really give two shits who
you are, cause I gotta carve you up
and feed you to the animals in
these backwoods for lunch!

Conrad struggles with the ropes.

TONY (CONT'D)

Go on, big man. I know my knots. I was a boy scout. In fact I got my knot tying badge right here...

CRACK! Tony hits him with the butt of the shotgun. Splits Conrad's brow, blood starts trickling down.

Conrad takes it, looks right back at him. The rage grows.

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh you a tough motherfucker ain't you?

Tony's still lit up. Wired, edgy. His crazy look, surrounded by a sweaty face.

TONY (CONT'D)

Wrong place, wrong time, boss. Ain't your lucky day. Shit happens.

Tony whips out the knife Conrad has in his bag.

TONY (CONT'D)

So, you have \$300 bucks, no cell phone, no I.D. And then in your trunk, no suitcase, just a few clothes.

(beat)

Car registration says it belongs to some old lady. Senior citizen. Who's that your ma'? Hundred bucks says you stole that car too...

Conrad looks to his ropes and the gag.

TONY (CONT'D)

(to Amanda)

Christ, take off his fucking mouthpiece.

Amanda undoes the gag.

Conrad spits blood. Catches his breath.

TONY (CONT'D)

So what's your deal, soldier? You ain't got a chance at livin' so you might as well tell me everything.

Conrad glances at his knife laying next to Tony's chair.

CONRAD

(beat)

Travel light...the corp and all.

TONY

Ya, well it ain't hard to tell you
a Marine.

Tony pulls out a bank card.

TONY (CONT'D)

But what get's me hard is this
right here. The fuck you doing with
a Banco de Belize ATM card?

CONRAD

...like to travel.

Tony stares at him. Doesn't buy it.

TONY

Going nowhere, has a BIG fucking
Crocodile Dundee knife, no ID,
stolen car, a few hundred bucks and
you expect me to believe YOU? Fuck
you, let's chop this mother fucker
up now!

Conrad squirms a bit. Amanda's on edge.

Tony jumps up, cocks the shotgun. He's a loose cannon, we
don't know what he'll do at any moment.

CONRAD

Easy...take it easy...

Tony reaches over and punches him. Immediately he regrets the
decision. He hurts his hand.

TONY

Ow! Goddamn you gotta hard ass
head!

Conrad's seething, spits blood in front of him.

CONRAD

You're making the worst decision.

TONY

That so?

He winks, shoots Amanda a look and exits the room.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Tony pulls her aside.

TONY

Get Junior over here right now and let's bury this marine. As much as I love torturing a fool, today we got shit to do.

(beat)

Tell Junior to get me the tree trimmer, two buckets, and a couple hefty bags. And make sure we put a NO VACANCY sign up. Now get!

AMANDA

Okay...

She exits.

EXT. SAM'S APT. - EARLY MORNING

A MAN, dressed in a suit and tie knocks on the front door. His back is to us. We don't see his face.

AFTER A BEAT, Sam opens it. Groggy she looks up.

SAM

(barely awake)

Man, what're you Jehovah's witness?

MAN

Not quite...

The MAN suddenly rushes Sam, covers her mouth and slams the door behind him.

There's no one else around. No sound. No struggle.

INT. MARINA - MORNING

Laura's standing beside a great looking boat. A few levels, 20 ft deck, the works. She's stares out at the skyline then checks her watch.

BINOCULARS POV: We watch her from a distance. She looks like she's waiting for someone.

REVERSE - It's Detective Alvez slumped in the front seat of his sedan parked 100 yards off. He's watching closely.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
(to himself)
The hell you doing now, Laura?

ANGLE ON LAURA

Just then, CAPTAIN, 50', dressed in a polo, denim shorts, and a cigar in his mouth approaches her. Looks like the Skipper from Gilligan's Island.

Laura takes off her sunglasses and smiles.

LAURA
Hey Cap!

He pulls her in for a big bear hug.

CAPTAIN
Look at you...You look good, honey.
Really, really well.

He takes another look at her.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Is it the hair?

They share a smirk.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Maybe the lifestyle suits you
better.

LAURA
I like to think so...

Captain looks around.

CAPTAIN
Conrad?

She shoots him a look when:

Detective comes walking up, total party crasher. He looks tired, clothes a bit wrinkled, but his sarcastic smile says it all.

DETECTIVE
Morning...I know we said like 10
o'clock right? But I figured...hey
maybe she'll be here two hours
early. And boom! Here you are!

Laura has underestimated the Detective's savvy.

CAPTAIN

Who's this?

LAURA

Detective Alvez seems to think I'm hiding an ex-boyfriend or something on the boat.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

Just doing my job...

CAPTAIN

You have a warrant, Detective?

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

Nope. But if you invite me in, it's kinda like that Vampire rule...It's legal.

LAURA

Up to you Cap.

CAPTAIN

Make it quick...me and this lil' lady got some catching up to do.

Alvez nods.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

It'll only be a minute.

He jumps on and starts looking around.

Captain and Laura share a look. There's something more between these two. A secret.

INT. BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Alvez moves down into the galley. Starts looking around.

Inside it's immaculate. Seems untouched.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

(to himself)

Weird...

He moves over to a bathroom, checks the waste basket. Nothing.

Runs his fingers along the shower. No residue at all.

We SEE the Detective really does know his job. No sign of anyone ever staying here.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. BOAT - SAME TIME

Laura and Captain wait for Detective, too quiet.

CAPTAIN

You okay?

LAURA

Be better in 24 hours.

Captain nods...he's on it.

Suddenly a MAN, sporting a white track suit, gold chains, Gucci shades comes running up. He's holding a leash. Looks like a total Euro-trash douchebag.

EURO GUY

(British accent)

You guys seen a black and white cat run up over here?!

Laura and Captain are taken back.

LAURA

Sorry...no.

EURO GUY

Shit...His name is Felix and he hates getting his bloody walks.

CAPTAIN

You walk a cat on a leash, buddy?

EURO GUY

Ya...for the obvious. The lil' guy runs off! And I get to run around looking like a total idiot...I mean I hate to sweat, let me tell you.

The Euro Guy looks around frantic.

EURO GUY (CONT'D)

Girlfriend's gonna kill me.

Captain chuckles.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT - SAME TIME

Alvez is coming up with nothing.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
(to himself)
Christ...This is all bullshit.

His CELL GOES OFF. Alvez answers, frustrated.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
(on cell)
Ya...

He perks up.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
(on cell)
You're kidding me...

He's all ears.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
(on cell)
White sedan? Stolen plates. Got it.
Guy's getting sloppy. Text me the
address!
(beat)
Copy that. I'll convince her.

Alvez smirks and runs off.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Detective Alvez hops off, ready to roll. Euro guy's still looking for his damn cat.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Love to stick around kids.

Laura knows something's changed.

LAURA
What's happening?!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Laura, you have to come with me!

LAURA
No! Tell me what the hell is going
on?!

Detective stops.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

If you come with me then he might
come quietly. No one wants this to
end badly...

Captain looks to Laura.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)

They found his truck in a parking
lot. Someone stole a white sedan
from the same parking lot.
Patrolman called in plates to a
white sedan in a backwater Motel
before Palmdale. Reyes Creek area.
Bout' 30 minutes out.

Laura's heart drops.

EURO GUY

(clueless)

Who we talking about now?

Everyone ignores him. He keeps eavesdropping.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

Laura, come with me. You have a
chance to be the voice of reason
here. He's in danger!

PUSH IN ON LAURA. She makes her decision, nods.

LAURA

Let's go.

Detective runs off to fetch his car.

CLOSE: Laura hugs Captain. She kisses him on the cheek. Then,
she leans in and whispers something in his ear.

He nods.

CAPTAIN

Hope you know what you're doing,
kid.

She nods as Alvez swings around to the Marina parking lot.

Captain and Euro douche are left alone.

AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

EURO GUY
 Guess I better try to find my cat,
 mate.

CAPTAIN
 You do that.

The guy walks off. This time in a real hurry.

CLOSER: As he rounds a corner we SEE him drop the leash.

PUSH IN ON CAPTAIN. He sees the Euro Guy do that. He realizes something. Something big.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 Shit!

TRACK WITH CAPTAIN AS HE RUNS INTO THE BOAT.

INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Captain grabs a cordless phone starts dialing out. Worry smeared across his face, out of breath.

AFTER A MOMENT...the other line picks up. It's Laura's voicemail.

CAPTAIN
 (on phone)
 Shit. Turn your phone on, L!
 (beat)
 Cleaner on your six. The guy
 looking for his fucking cat! No
 going back now...Nowhere is safe.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE ALVEZ CAR - MOVING - A BIT LATER

Alvez has thrown on the siren and is speeding down surface streets and onto the freeway

Laura stares out the window. Wheels turning.

PING. Voicemail alert.

She grabs her phone, checks her messages.

WE HEAR THE SAME VOICEMAIL CAPTAIN LEFT HER.

SHE LOOKS BEHIND HER THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW, THEN BACK TO THE DETECTIVE.

LAURA'S POV: She eyes the handgun on his hip.

Alvez looks up, shoots her an assuring nod.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Don't worry. It's all gonna be
okay.

She hangs up and her look changes.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
Who was that?

LAURA
(beat)
Sam...wanted to grab drinks
tonight.

She gives him a half-hearted smile.

OFF HER LOOK. The smile fades.

INT. SAM'S APT. - MORNING

PAN a ransacked apartment. Everything's turned over. Place is a disaster.

TV's busted, couches torn and then we SEE it. A puddle of blood....it leads to Sam.

She's dead. Bullet to the head. A terrified look still etched on her cold face.

Cleaner's already been here.

FADE OUT:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Back to Conrad still tied up. He's making tiny movements. Flexing and contracting, over and over. Looks odd.

The Asian Sex Slaves look on. They're scared shitless. A few of them have been beaten already. Tony's handiwork.

Conrad keeps at it...and we see the purpose.

CLOSER: Every time he contracts and expands it creates the smallest amount of space in his ropes. Over and over, he's creating a lil' wiggle room now.

The pretty Asian Girl watches. Conrad nods when:

The door swings open and standing in the doorway is another crazy looking tweaked out redneck. Overalls, wife beater, chainsaw in hand, his face is scarred, disfigured. Looks like a somebody straight out of a horror film. Meet JUNIOR.

The Asian girls start to freak the fuck out. They know exactly who this is.

Conrad braces himself.

Junior stumbles in. Says nothing.

CONRAD

Look man...

Amanda walks in next. We can tell she doesn't like any of this.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Amanda...you don't have to do this.

Junior, revs up the chainsaw. Buzzes loud, smoke spews out. It's getting real now.

Amanda looks to Conrad.

AMANDA

Sorry mister...

(beat)

Junior?

Junior looks to Amanda, glazed over, zombie like.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You heard what Tony said right?

Junior nods. Amanda looks back to Conrad.

CONRAD

You don't want this...

He turns his cold stare to Junior.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Junior?

(beat)

Put the chainsaw down...

Junior chuckles, evil, demented. We know he's not mentally all there.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Last time I'm telling you kid...

Junior steps forward. This IS going to happen.

PUSH IN ON CONRAD. He looks to Amanda.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
What time is it?

She's taken back by the question.

AMANDA
What?! Who fuckin' asks that!
(beat)
I dunno...like 7:30.

Conrad's face changes completely. He's no longer the victim. He has somewhere to be.

Suddenly Junior yells! He lunges forward, swings the chainsaw. The Asian Slaves lose it. Crying. Screaming. It's chaos!

Conrad spins around, leaps back and throws himself into Junior.

It closes the gap.

CLOSE: The chainsaw grazes Conrad's arm, slices it a little. But more importantly, it cuts the ropes.

Junior stumbles back. He SEES Conrad's rope drop to the ground.

AND CONRAD RISES, SHUCKS THE ROPES OFF. FREE.

AND NOW BOTH MEN SQUARE OFF.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Fucking shit!

Amanda darts out the door.

Junior looks at Conrad. He doesn't care. He's not playing with a full deck.

JUNIOR
FUCK YOU!

Junior starts swinging the chainsaw like a madman.

And now we see Conrad in action.

He ducks, parries, dodges every swing, then BOOM!

Conrad delivers a brutal stomp to the knee, sends Junior crumbling down.

Junior twirls the chainsaw around, wildly, in a last ditch effort.

Conrad catches it mid-swing, spins around, locks the elbow and breaks it. CRACK! We SEE Juniors bone jut out his forearm.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

ARM!!!

Conrad grabs the chainsaw tosses it aside.

Junior, still tweaked out on meth. He jumps up. Guys got a broken knee and elbow and still not stopping.

Every movement we hear bone on bone crunching.

Conrad shakes his head.

CONRAD

It's over, Junior!

Junior screams, leaps forward but Conrad stops him, cold. BOOM! Flying knee to the head puts Junior down for the count.

Conrad grabs his neck, CRACK! Snaps it.

CLOSE ON ASIAN SEX SLAVES. They can't believe it. Conrad.

Conrad quickly moves to gather his things. His duffle's still on the ground. He grabs his watch, throws the knife on his hip and starts looking desperately for something.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The bank card.

Conrad SPOTS something from the corner of his eye. The table full of guns. None are loaded.

He moves towards them when:

Amanda comes back in. She SEES Juniors dead body on the floor.

AMANDA

Junior!!!

Conrad spins around just in time to see:

Tony comes busting through with a few THUG BIKERS. Big burly tough guys, all business.

Tony's eyes bug out. Junior's on the ground, his head snapped to the side, looks nasty.

TONY

Motherfucker! You're fucking dead!

Tony pulls his gun.

Conrad reacts. He starts throwing anything within arms length. Pistols, some rifles and a few KILOS of dope.

The Kilo brick explodes everywhere. Everything's dusted.

Tony's got meth all over his face.

TONY (CONT'D)

My fucking eyes man! Shit burns!

He fires blindly. Conrad leaps for cover.

TONY (CONT'D)

Ice this fucker!

Tony's Thug Bikers rush Conrad. Bad move.

Conrad grabs a chair, hurls it at them. Busts into pieces.

It's buys him a moment to pull his big knife. He spins it around, ready for action.

THUG BIKER #1

I got one of them too, boy!

Thug Biker #1 pulls out a blade too. Conrad smirks.

Before the Biker can even think, THWIP! Conrad's blade flies through the air and buries deep into the Thugs chest.

Guy drops like a sack. Dead.

But Conrad wastes no time. He rushes the other Thug not before he grabs his knife back out of the dead one's chest. Blood sprays everywhere.

And the two men start a knife fight.

Thug Biker#2 starts lunging with his blade like an amateur bar brawler. Wild haymakers, big swings. But Conrad's a trained killer.

He pivots, dodges, slices the leg then his arm mid swing. The guy's knife drops. It's a clean cut across the wrist. Blood gushes everywhere.

THUG BIKER #2

Fuck!

Conrad spins around and in one swift move buries his knife into the man's neck.

The Thug Biker, stiffens, twitches and falls the ground, convulsing until his legs stop kicking.

ANGLE ON: Asian Sex slaves are covered in red. Collateral splatter from the knife fight.

BACK TO CONRAD as he shakes off victim #3.

He wipes the blood from his arm, his brow, takes a few deep breaths, comes up for air.

Conrad turns around and he's staring at the barrel of Tony's gun.

Tony can't believe it. He's freaking out.

Conrad's cool as ice.

TONY

(out of breath)

You....who...are....you?

Conrad steels himself. Tony's checked out. The room is a war zone now. Two dead bodies. Blood everywhere. Asian chicks sobbing.

CONRAD

Pull that trigger and find out.

Tony clenches, his eyes narrow.

SLOW-MO: Tony's hand grips the gun. His breathing slows. And his finger goes to squeeze the trigger.

CLICK. Tony's eyes widen. Conrad, lightning fast shoves his hand between the hammer of the gun and the primer.

TONY

What the fuck?!

Conrad throws a quick elbow, busts Tony's nose and grabs Tony by the throat. He quickly breaks his gun hand at the wrist.

Tony shrieks in pain.

TONY (CONT'D)
My fucking God!

Conrad tosses Tony to the ground.

CONRAD
Where's my bank card?

TONY
(stuttering in pain)
What?!

Conrad buries his fist into Tony's gut.

CONRAD
I don't ask twice!

TONY
(catching his breath)
Okay! Okay! Fuck!

Conrad looks at his watch. Damn. Clock is ticking.

CONRAD
I got somewhere to be ASAP. Do you understand?
(beat)
Where's the bank card?!

TONY
Front office! It's in the front office...

Conrad lifts him up like a rag doll, starts shoving him out of the room.

Suddenly Conrad remembers something. He looks back. The Asian Sex slaves.

Conrad looks at his watch. Shakes his head. No time.

They exit.

INT. FRONT DESK - MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Tony stumbles into the office, shoved into the front desk. Blood still running from his nose.

Conrad has him by the neck. Knife to the back of his head.

CONRAD

Hurry up!

Tony moves around the counter and opens a drawer. Inside is Conrad's bank card.

He hands it to him.

TONY

Okay! Here it is!

Conrad grabs it, throws it in his pocket.

AMANDA

Let him go!

CIRCLE THEM TO REVEAL Amanda at the doorway holding a shotgun.

Conrad lowers his knife.

CONRAD

Come on. Not for this guy...

Tony eases away.

AMANDA

I'll fucking do it motherfucker!

CONRAD

This piece of shit beats you.
Here's your chance. Walk away and
start a new life, kid.

Tears begin streaming. She looks to Tony. Her hands are trembling.

AMANDA

I can't....

CONRAD

Yes you can, Amanda. Walk away.

ANGLE ON TONY

CLOSE: Tony's hand slips under the rim of the counter.

EXTREME CLOSE: There's a small HANDGUN under it.
Conrad doesn't see him.

TONY
Amanda, don't you fucking do it
cunt!

Conrad smacks him across the head.

CONRAD
Shut up!
(to Amanda)
I have to go, now. This is up to
you...

Conrad slowly moves around the counter, hands in the air.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you,
understand?

Amanda's giving in. Her face full of conflict.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
A new life...free of this poison.
This shit hole.

Tony sees his girl folding. He knows what's next.

TONY
Don't you do it, Amanda. I give you
everything!

Tears fall. The shotgun lowers.

AMANDA
No, Tony.
(beat)
You treat me like shit.

TONY
Baby...I love you...

Conrad moves closer to Amanda.

CONRAD
Hand me that shotgun, Amanda. Make
the right choice.

Amanda looks to Tony. Says goodbye.

AMANDA
He's right, Tony.

TONY
What?!

AMANDA
It's fucking over!

It hits him. He has nothing now.

TONY
No....you can't do this...No one
does this to Tony!

Conrad grabs the shotgun.

AMANDA
(looks to Conrad)
Please...get me outta here.

PUSH IN ON TONY. He loses it.

TONY
You fucking cunt!!!

Tony pulls the gun from under the counter and levels it, not at Conrad but at Amanda.

TONY (CONT'D)
You're mine, bitch!

CONRAD
No!

BLAM! BLAM! Two shots to the head sends Amanda crashing into the wall.

Tony points the gun at Conrad when:

BOOM! Conrad blows a hole through Tony's chest with the shotgun. He crashes back into the counter. Eyes bugged out. He takes a few short gasps and dies. A shocked look etched across his face.

Conrad takes a moment...looks at Amanda, blood pouring out of her dirty blonde hair. Then back to Tony.

Worst day ever.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad gets into the White Sedan....keys are still in his duffle.

He grabs them, notices his hand shaking, just like the opening scene. He holds it, tries to get it to stop. Nothing.

Conrad doesn't have time to think about it. He slams the keys in the ignition.

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK DASH. READS 8:30.

CONRAD
Cutting it close, Miller...

He starts the car, throws it in reverse and catches his reflection in the rearview.

Conrad stares at himself.

A BEAT

He hits the steering wheel. Has a change of heart.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!

He throws it in park, grabs his knife, flings open the door and runs out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad barges back into the war zone. He runs over to the Asian Sex slaves and pulls out his knife.

They react in fear...until he slices off their ropes and gags.

The PRETTY ASIAN GIRL, throws her hands around him.

PRETTY ASIAN
(heavy accent)
Thank you....thank you....

They can't believe it. They're free.

CONRAD
Go! Get out of here!

They grab him, holding on for dear life. He's the hero.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I have to go!

Conrad checks his watch. Shakes his head.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Let me go...Help is coming okay?

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad comes running out, the half naked Asian Sex slaves right behind him.

Conrad freezes. His eyes widen. And after a BEAT he throws his hands in the air.

CIRCLE TO REVEAL Ray, the crooked deputy chief and Officer Hale standing outside of their police cars, guns drawn.

RAY

Drop the fucking knife now!

Conrad looks at his watch.

CONRAD

God damn it.

He drops the knife.

RAY

Put your hands on your head and drop to your knees!

Officer Hale walks up carefully.

OFFICER HALE

(to Sex Slaves)

Hey, move! Move!

CONRAD

Officer, you're making a mistake.

OFFICER HALE

Shut your God damn mouth. Hands behind your back!

CONRAD

You're arresting the wrong guy...

OFFICER HALE

I said shut up!

Officer Hale reaches for his cuffs when:

Conrad jumps up, snatches the gun from Hale and puts him a choke hold, gun to the temple.

Ray can't believe it. It happens so fast.

RAY
Drop it! Drop the fucking gun! Let
Officer Hale go!

CLOSE ON CONRAD

Hale's struggling to get free.

CONRAD
(to Hale)
Do not move, understand?! I'm not
going to hurt you!
(beat)
You're deputy chief over there is
in on all of this, you hear me?

OFFICER HALE
Shoot him, Ray!

CONRAD
(to Hale)
Him and Tony are selling drugs,
guns and these poor girls...Look
around you! Do the math!

Officer Hale calms a bit...It sinks in.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
(to Ray)
Drop your gun, Deputy Chief. It's
over! This entire place is done,
understand?!
(beat)
For once play the good cop, put
down your gun and let me leave.

RAY
Not gonna happen!

Conrad glances at his watch.

CONRAD
I have to leave now!

He begins walking forward towards Hales police cruiser.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
These girls need help! Pretend like
you care!

Ray looks to the poor sex slave girls. The pretty one steps
forward, nods.

Ray looks around, finally lowers his gun.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Kick it over.

Ray drops it and slides over the handgun.

Conrad grabs that gun too and begins cuffing Officer Hale to his own police cruiser bumper. He then does the same to Ray.

RAY
We'll get you, boy...

CONRAD
No...you won't.
(beat)
Officer Hale...when this all
over...Know Ray here was in on it,
understand?

Officer Hale looks to Ray. They can't believe they just got taken by this stranger.

Conrad looks to the pretty Asian girl, nods goodbye. But not before he goes over and shoves his knife into the tires of the police cars.

AIR SPEWS OUT THE TIRES.

RAY
God damn it man!

Conrad smirks.

CONRAD
Thank you for your cooperation...

He jumps into the White Sedan, checks his watch and takes off.

INT. DETECTIVE ALVEZ CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Laura's antsy. Nervous. They're out of the city now, back roads, small two lane stretch of road.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Crazy how you leave LA and in 20
minutes, hit the hills and you're
in bumfuck Egypt.

Suddenly we hear the distinct sound of a heavy engine roar by when:

EXT. BACK ROAD - SAME TIME

Detective Alvez's car is passed by a Ferrari, brand new and badass, going about 150. Only a dust cloud in hits wake.

INT. DETECTIVE ALVEZ CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Laura's eyes widen. It hits her.

LAURA
That's him!!!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
What?!

LAURA
Step on the fucking gas! Now!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Calm down! I'm going 90!

She grabs the wheel.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
The hell's wrong with you!

LAURA
The Ferrari! You have to catch it!

They struggle for a moment, then Detective pushes her off.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Have you lost your fucking mind?!

THEN HE SEES IT.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
What're you doing?!

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL Laura holding the Detective's 9 mill handgun. In the struggle for the wheel she lifted it right under his nose.

Laura cocks it.

LAURA
Chase the fucking Ferrari now or I swear to God I'll put a bullet in your arm and drop you by the side of the road.

Detective looks at her...who is this chick?

AND HE'S RIGHT. LAURA IS DIFFERENT.

INT. FERRARI - MOVING - SAME TIME

CLOSE: We pan the Italian leather seat and STOP on a custom CHROME HANDGUN, silencer, scope, engraved handle. Looks like a piece of deadly art.

And we find none other than Euro Guy at the wheel!

The gold chains and shades are gone now, along with the goofy grin and douchebag persona. Lost cat? All his act.

Real name is MYRON, early 40's. Battle hardened too. Nothing about him says killer, but those are the most dangerous ones.

He takes a drag off his cig, flicks the butt and answers his cell.

MYRON
(British accent)
Reyes Creek. ETA 10 minutes.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(on speaker)
Asset retrieval. Dead or alive.
Hold and detention already in
place.

MYRON
(British accent)
Copy that.

He hangs up his phone, rolls up his sleeves and shifts gears.

CLOSE: GOD SAVE THE QUEEN tattooed on his forearm. The other forearm a SPECIAL FORCES insignia.

He grips the wheel, eyes on the road, whistling away. Another day on the job.

REARVIEW POV: In the mirror we SPOT Detective Alvez' car on his tail.

He grins.

MYRON (CONT'D)
No time to play, mate.

EXT. BACK ROAD - SAME TIME

Myron's Ferrari screeches around a corner and hits the brakes.

Detective Alvez's car slows down and finally brakes too. Not wanting to get too close.

Myron throws the speedster in reverse, skids out, turns around.

They're face to face now, about 100 yards apart.

Myron revs the engine...SCREEECH! He peels out, burnt rubber smoke everywhere and he comes flying right at Alvez's car.

Myron rolls down the window, leans out the driver side, gun blazing.

INT. DETECTIVE ALVEZ CAR - SAME TIME

POV: We SEE the Ferrari closing in.

LAURA
Move! Move!

Detective Alvez hits the gas. Nothing happens.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Put it in fucking DRIVE!

Alvez is freezing up here.

EXT. BACK ROAD - SAME TIME

PAP! PAP! Myron fires a few more rounds. Bullets pelt the Detective's car. He's frozen in park.

We think the Ferrari is gonna ram it. It's about to hit when...The passenger door flies open and Laura jumps out.

The Ferrari screams by, misses by inches...all a scare tactic.

Myron skids to a stop, turns around and passes them again. This time shooting out the Detective's front tire.

LAURA
No!

Laura jumps up, aims and fires a few rounds as the Ferrari speeds away. She looks like she's done this before.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Shit!

She runs over to Alvez who's still sitting behind the wheel. Frozen.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you do something!

He turns and looks to her. Fear in his eyes, inches from death.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He's after Conrad!

Alvez takes a few breaths.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Useless I swear to God!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

(snaps back)

What does he have, huh? What's he holding that they want?!

Laura knows. We SEE it across her face.

LAURA

(beat)

Nothing that they'll find out there.

(beat)

Call for back up...I gotta get to Reyes Creek!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

You're staying here!

LAURA

Says the guy without a gun?

Laura suddenly SPOTS an old PICK UP TRUCK coming down the road and starts flagging it down.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Here's help right here!

MOMENTS LATER

LAURA (CONT'D)
Please! Help us!

The PICK UP TRUCK pulls over, an OLD MAN behind the wheel.

Laura moves to the driver side, playing the part.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Sir, my friend he needs help!

Old Man nods, opens his door when...CLICK! Laura puts the gun to his head, nearly gives him a heart attack.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Sorry...I need your truck.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE ALVEZ

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
What the fuck?! Laura! No!

But Laura is gone in a hurry. Beat up pick up truck is off.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! They're both crazy!

Alvez grabs his radio and calls it in.

EXT. REYES CREEK - MORNING

A small stretch of town. Woodland area. Looks like an pioneer town, lots of turn of the century character. It's quiet. Peaceful.

Conrad's white sedan comes pulling up. Stops in front of a small BAR & GRILL dive.

Looks like a Biker bar, Harley's lined up out front.

CLOSER: Conrad steps out of the vehicle. He looks like shit. Doesn't care.

INT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens and Conrad walks in. It's a dark and grungy dive bar. You can almost smell the alcohol on the furniture.

It's dead. Only a few BIKERS at the bar. Another Biker in a booth and a sexy brunette server, handling it all.

ANGLE ON - A LONG HAIREB BIKER IN A DARK CORNER OF THE BAR.
HE LOOKS UP, SEES CONRAD.

REVERSE - Conrad spots him, heads over.

MOMENTS LATER

Conrad slides in the booth and sits across from APACHE. He's Mexican, long haired, mean looking, tatoos, chains, the works.

He gives Conrad a once over, then smiles. Both men shake hands. They have a history.

APACHE
You look like shit, amigo.

CONRAD
Feel like it too.

APACHE
I was about to leave you know.

CONRAD
Thanks for waiting, brutha.

APACHE
The fuck happened to you?

CONRAD
You don't wanna know this one,
man...

Apache looks at the cut on his brow, his arm, the blood on his shirt.

APACHE
And you're walking around like
this? Nice trying to keep a low-
profile, bro.

CONRAD
Got no time...

Apache nods.

APACHE
Word on the street is that they
sent a cleaner after you...

Conrad's eyes widen.

CONRAD
When?

APACHE
24 hours.

CONRAD
Laura!

APACHE
No...just you.

Conrad settles back in, almost relieved.

APACHE (CONT'D)
(beat)
You two are some crazy mother fuckers you know that?

CONRAD
I know...
(beat)
What can we do man? Only chance we got to start new...to start a family.

Apache looks at him...smiles.

APACHE
No...

Conrad nods...finally we see a smile.

CONRAD
Ya, man. Laura's having a baby.

Apache whistles, calls over the server.

APACHE
Then you got time for one drink.
For old times sake...Real quick.

Conrad looks at his watch.

CONRAD
Gotta be in the air by sunset.
Belize is calling my name.

APACHE
You call my boy?

CONRAD

(nods)

He's holding the wire.

APACHE

He'll do you right...No worries.

A sexy server, MONICA comes walking up.

APACHE (CONT'D)

Baby, do me a favor, two tequilas
for me and my boy here.

Apache checks out her ass.

APACHE (CONT'D)

You just start? Thought I knew all
the hot pieces of ass around here?

She smiles, winks.

MONICA

Few days back...Girl's gotta do
what a girl's gotta do ya know?

APACHE

(grins)

You got that right...

She gives Conrad a once over.

MONICA

Anything else for you handsome?

Conrad looks at his watch.

CONRAD

No...

(beat)

Let's make this fast, man.

Monica smiles.

MONICA

Two patrons...coming up.

Monica saunters off, eyes locked on Conrad. He pays it no
mind.

Apache notices Conrad is really shaken up. Sees his hand
trembling.

APACHE
 (re: the hand)
 You okay, bro?
 (beat)
 You holding up?

Conrad nods, grabs his hand, a bit embarrassed.

APACHE (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Get's to us man...and no matter how
 far we run we can't never get away
 from what we done.

CONRAD
 Well we're gonna give it a shot.

Apache knows him too well.

APACHE
 They caught up to you didn't they?

Conrad, surprised by his friends instincts finally nods.

CONRAD
 Ya, man. Got to Laura yesterday
 morning. MP's, a Lieutenant, local
 cop. Right after I left to come
 here.

APACHE
 Lieutenant?

Conrad nods...

CONRAD
 Not good man. That's why I gotta
 leave now...

APACHE
 You're here in one piece you lucky
 son-of-a-bitch.
 (beat, something hits him)
 They don't know about her do they?

Conrad looks around, cautious, shakes his head.

CONRAD
 No...

Apache smirks.

APACHE

Like I said. Lucky son-of-a-bitch...

Monica comes back, sets down a few tequila shots.

MONICA

Here we are fella's.

Apache grabs his shot.

APACHE

To new beginnings...

CONRAD

To new beginnings...

Conrad grabs his shot too.

Monica watches them, a bit too interested. She's def got a thing for Conrad.

Suddenly a bottle breaks OFF SCREEN.

MONICA

(to Bikers)

Damn it, I gotta pay for those outta my salary!

She darts off over to the rowdy group of men.

BACK TO APACHE AND CONRAD.

Apache downs his shot, slams the glass down.

Conrad lifts it to his lips, a bit of tequila burns his cut. He pulls away, winces.

CONRAD

Jesus that stings...

He has a small busted lip, obviously from Tony's pistol whip.

APACHE

Ah, no worries. Another time brutha...You look banged up.

CONRAD

(smirks)

Should see the other guy...I gotta run man...

Conrad sets down the shot, doesn't drink it.

Apache looks around.

APACHE'S POV: The place is empty. Monica behind the bar, gives the Bikers a few more bottles of beer. Everyone is preoccupied.

Apache pulls a manila envelope from his leather jacket and slides it over to Conrad.

Conrad opens it.

CLOSE: Inside is everything Conrad and Laura need to start a new life. Fake I.D.'s, birth certificates, social security cards, a small stack of money.

APACHE
You still got that bank card?

CONRAD
Ya...

APACHE
Then you're good to go.

Conrad looks at his friend. He's grateful.

APACHE (CONT'D)
Don't even say it brutha...What you did for us over there? Never, not even in two fuckin' lifetimes, could we repay you...
(beat)
Now get...and keep your old lady safe. Most important of all right?

CONRAD
I will...

They both slide out of the booth and give each other a hug.

APACHE
(smiles)
See you on the other side, huh?

Conrad smiles, checks his watch.

CONRAD
Cutting it close...

A BEAT

Apache doesn't say anything. Conrad looks back up, sees Apache's eyes roll into the back of his head.

He drops on the floor.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Apache?!

He goes to help him, looks to the bar.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Call 9-1-

Then he SEES the Bikers at the bar slump over and drop too.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
What the?

Conrad looks to the tequila shot. His is still full. He didn't drink!

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Shit...

He pulls his pistol when we hear.

MONICA (O.S.)
DROP IT!
(beat)
Target acquired...

Conrad turns around to see Monica, talking into her ear piece, holding a silencer pistol at him. Another undercover agent.

He lowers his gun, knows this game all too well.

CONRAD
(beat)
Didn't see that one coming...

MONICA
Most men don't.

CONRAD
I should've known better.

She nods.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
How'd you find me?

Monica smirks, shrugs.

MONICA
(beat)
Where's the asset?

CONRAD
Not here...

MONICA
I saw him give you the envelope.
Hand it over now!

CONRAD
You've got it all wrong...

MONICA
Doubt it...

CONRAD
Do you even know what you're
looking for? Why they're after me?

MONICA
Not my job to know, Mr. Miller. My
job is this...Hold and detain.

Conrad stands up, leaves his gun on the floor.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Another move and I put one in your
leg and let you bleed out....

The line sounds familiar.

Then we hear DOORS OPEN...

PAN TO THE FRONT DOORS OF THE BAR. Enter Myron, gun in hand.

He's a character, still in the Euro Guy track suit and sneakers, smiling ear to ear.

He swipes a bottle of beer off the bar and takes a swig.

MYRON
You are a tough man to keep up with
Mr. Miller...

He looks him up and down.

MYRON (CONT'D)
Left a mess at the motel didn't
you?

Conrad says nothing.

MYRON (CONT'D)

I just don't think today's your
day, mate.

(beat)

Saw that lovely girlfriend of yours
on the way up here...Detective too.

Conrad clenches his fist.

CONRAD

What did you do?!

MYRON

She's fine. Just a bit stranded
that's all.

(beat)

We're not monsters, Mr. Miller.
We're soldiers...Something you used
to be. Before you went "AWOL",
right?

CONRAD

That's how you guys want to put it.

MYRON

That's how it is.

CONRAD

US Government always tells the
truth is that it?

Myron throws up a salute.

MYRON

Good ol' US of A!

Myron shoots a look to Monica.

MYRON (CONT'D)

Asset?

MONICA

Says he doesn't have it.

MYRON

Bullox...Mr. Miller...make this
easy. We're both men of action.
Lies do not become us.

Conrad smirks.

CONRAD

Don't have it.

Myron's getting pissed. He pulls his gun, takes a few steps forward.

MYRON

Then tell me who does.
(beat, losing patience)
You're selling classified
information to foreign governments,
Mr. Miller! I'm sure it pays big
but not very NATO friendly!!!

Conrad's doesn't give it up.

CONRAD

(cold stare)
Sorry, "mate".

Myron backs off, throws his hands in the air.

MYRON

Fine...have it your way!

He grabs his cell dials out.

MYRON (CONT'D)

(on cell)
Myron, asset recovery. Conrad
Miller's detained. Do I kill this
bloody yank or not?
(beat, listens, looks back
to Conrad)
Copy that.

ANGLE ON CONRAD

He looks around. Anything he can find. A
distraction...something.

Monica doesn't take her eyes off him for a beat.

POV: Near Conrad's boot. A half-broken bottle.

CLOSE: He inches his boot near it. Puts the lip of the boot
right under the broken bottle neck.

Conrad looks around...They don't see the move.

BACK TO MYRON

He closes his phone and tosses it aside.

MYRON (CONT'D)

Well, Mr. Miller, this isn't going to be pleasant. They need to know where you're keeping that buyer list...

CONRAD

Don't know what you're talking about.

MYRON

...We can do this one of a few methods...

Conrad stares at Monica...Myron keeps yapping. He loves to hear himself talk.

MYRON (CONT'D)

...the choice is yours Mr-

Suddenly Conrad flips up the boot, kicks the broken bottle at Monica. It shatters at the bar. Glass goes everywhere.

BOOM! Her gun goes off.

Conrad rushes Myron in an instant. They wrestle for control of his gun. Both men are big, strong, equally matched.

Monica jumps over the bar, tries to get a shot off.

GUN POV: Both Conrad and Myron are all over the place. No clear shot.

MYRON (CONT'D)

Take the shot!

Monica aims. BLAM! BLAM! She misses.

Conrad ducks down, picks up Myron and slams him on a table. Gun comes loose, falls on the floor. He spins Myron around using him as human shield against Monica.

But it doesn't last long. Myron steadies and it's a fight in the clench. Knees, elbows, uppercuts...dirty short punches drive hard from each skilled fighters.

They slam each other against the wall. They've moved near the door.

Conrad SEES this. He creates some space, pushes Myron back and kicks him hard in the chest, sending him tumbling.

Monica takes the shot. BLAM!

But Conrad is fast, he ducks out the door.

MYRON (CONT'D)
Cover the back!

He gets up, grabs his gun and heads out the door.

Monica disappears into the back kitchen.

ANGLE ON THE BAR FLOOR: They've forgotten Conrad's manila folder.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad is running...Trees providing cover. He slides behind some shrubs, catches his breath.

CLOSER: He leans against a stump. Grabs his shoulder. Monica didn't miss. She got one in the shoulder.

He puts his hand inside his shirt, pulls it out. It's bloody.

CONRAD
Shit...

He rips off a piece of cloth, wraps it around his shoulder tight. He bites down, bears the pain.

Suddenly we hear footsteps closer.

WIDE: It's Myron. Gun drawn.

He walks into the area. Calm. Cautious.

WE HEAR A TWIG SNAP.

PAP! PAP! Like lightning he turns and fires in that direction.

CLOSE ON MYRON. He stops. Closes his eyes. Listens.

Only the sound of ambient noise smothers the scene.

ANGLE ON CONRAD

He's holding his breath. Not even blinking. Both men are master assassins.

We hear Myron take a few more steps.

The suspense is at a climax. Conrad looks around, like a good warrior. Anything can be a weapon. A rock. A branch. Anything.

BACK TO MYRON

He eases. Doesn't see or feel anyone.

WE HEAR SOME RUFFLING IN THE DISTANCE. He heads off in the opposite direction of where Conrad's hiding.

CLOSE ON CONRAD

He eases, peeks through some shrubs, SEES Myron walking away.

Conrad thinks, wheels turning. Finally he stands up, looks around and EXITS FRAME...silent.

EXT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - BACK DOOR - MORNING

Monica keeps watch. Eyes peeled.

Her radio goes off. She touches her earpiece.

MYRON (O.S.)
(on earpiece)
Anything?

MONICA
(to Myron)
Nothing back here.

We HEAR MYRON through her ear piece.

MYRON (O.S.)
(on earpiece)
He'll circle back. He has to.
(beat)
Do not engage. Keep your distance.

MONICA
(to Myron)
Copy that.

Not a moment later Conrad's standing behind her. Like a shadow. And before she can react he snatches the gun away, picks out the earpiece from her her in one swift move.

CLOSE: He crushes the earpiece with his boot.

BUT MONICA IS TRAINED. She hits him in the balls, breaks away, spins with a kick and attacks. A barrage of strikes, Conrad blocks.

She's not strong and rough like Myron. Monica's agile. Fast. Conrad's taken back.

CONRAD

I don't want to hurt you!

BAM! She lunges forward with a flurry, a few land. Conrad swings, misses. Monica counters with a spinning kick to the gut.

Impressive, but Conrad is a beast. He's had enough.

She goes for another move when Conrad grabs her, blocks her attack, spins her around and throws her in a standing chock hold.

Monica's gasping for air. She SEES his shoulder bloody.

In a last ditch effort she shoves her fingers into his shoulder.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

AHHH!!!!

Conrad squeezes tighter on the hold and Monica is out like a light. Choked out.

He puts her on the ground. Checks her breathing. She's still alive.

Conrad grabs Monica's gun and heads back into the Bar.

INT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Conrad stumbles in. He's bloody, beaten, tired. All he wants to do is get out.

He frantically looks for that manila envelope. It's gone.

CONRAD

No....

BOOM! We're back to the action.

Myron fires from the doorway.

MYRON

It's over mate!

Conrad ducks behind the bar. Fires back.

CONRAD

Not till the fat lady, "mate!".

Myron rolls in, takes cover behind some tables.

Conrad runs, slides behind another table, not before Myron fires away.

All misses.

MYRON
We're the same you and I!

CONRAD
Not anymore!

MYRON
Right...you went rogue and I'm
still the puppet, is that right?!

Myron's trying to keep busy talking, working an angle closer.

CONRAD
I cut my strings...

MYRON
Wrong. Only they can cut your
strings!

Myron SEES an opening and fires.

Conrad runs closer...better position. Fires a few more shots.

It feels like CHESS. Every shot. Every word. They move a little closer to one another.

MYRON (CONT'D)
You should never have tried to
leave! You can never have a normal
life!

CLOSE ON CONRAD

He tries not to listen to his yammering. He pulls out his mag, checks it...only a few more bullets left.

CONRAD
Shit...

CLOSE ON MYRON

He puts in a fresh clip.

MYRON
Shall we do the it the American
way...two cowboys...blaze of glory
and all that?!
(MORE)

MYRON (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're not leaving this bar alive!

Conrad closes his eyes, thinks for tick.

He makes a decision.

CONRAD

If I surrender, will you promise to
let her go?!

PUSH IN ON MYRON

It hits him. And he gets it finally.

MYRON

Bloody hell...

(beat)

You're joking, mate!

Conrad steels himself. He's ready to do this.

He looks over his cover, SEES Myron only a few yards in front
of him. They're both in shitty positions.

Conrad's said too much.

CONRAD

Yes or no?!

Myron grins...he loves these sick games. He grips his pistol
ready for the final shoot out.

MYRON

After I kill you...I will go to
you're girlfriends house and put a
bullet in her pretty lil head...

(beat)

Just like I did her friend.

Conrad loses it.

CONRAD

No!!!

He erupts from his cover and rushes Myron's position. He
fires....

Myron slides out from behind his table cover and fires
back...Conrad rolls and evades.

CLICK. CLICK. Conrad is completely out. Myron's not.

He stands, brushes off his all white track suit and sneakers...smiles.

MYRON

Good show, Mr. Miller...Good show.

Conrad's still on the ground, he tosses his gun to the side. He knows what's coming next.

Myron walks over to him, full of himself.

MYRON (CONT'D)

It's her isn't it?

Conrad stares at him.

MYRON (CONT'D)

She's the asset. It's not something that you have....

(beat)

It's some ONE you have.

CONRAD

(beat)

You'll never know.

Myron smirks, shrugs.

MYRON

I'm sure she's still where I left her...

He lifts his gun.

MYRON (CONT'D)

See you on the other side, mate.

Conrad closes his eyes. He's ready to die. Honorably.

CLICK. BOOM!

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK

WE HEAR A BODY HIT THE GROUND. Then...

A familiar voice calls. It's angelic...sweet..

WOMAN (O.S.)

Open your eyes, Conrad...

The darkness fades away and we:

FADE IN:

INT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

BLURRY POV: A gorgeous face hovers over us. CAMERA FOCUSES AND IT'S LAURA.

LAURA
We have to go...

CLOSE ON CONRAD

CONRAD
Laura???

Then he SEES something. He looks over.

ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO HIM IS MYRON. DEAD. A BULLET STRAIGHT TO THE FOREHEAD.

WIDER: And we SEE she's holding the gun.

LAURA
You alright, baby?

She caresses his face. Tears well.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I thought I lost you...

He puts his hand on her face.

CONRAD
Never...

She stands him up. He looks down at Myron's body and gives her a look.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I thought he had me...

LAURA
(smirks)
I'm still a better shot than you.
Or did you forget?

Conrad can't believe it.

CONRAD
(beat)
Let's get out of here.

Laura nods. They make their way to the exit.

Conrad takes one last look back. His buddy Apache, laid out in the corner.

EXT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Conrad and Laura walk out. Parking lot has Conrad's white sedan, the beat up truck Laura took and Myron's Ferrari.

She shoots him a look.

INT. FERRARI - MOMENTS LATER

Laura get's behind the wheel. Conrad in the passenger seat. He's in pain, holding his shoulder.

Suddenly Laura pulls out the manila envelope and tosses it on his lap. She smiles and dangles the keys to the car. He looks at her.

CONRAD
How did you?

LAURA
Inactive doesn't mean I've lost my touch, baby...

She smiles, turns on the ignition and:

EXT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Ferrari peels out and zooms off out into the open road.

FADE OUT:

EXT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Officer Hale, Detective Alvez and a few more cops are taping off the crime scene. Tons of activity.

Forensics snapping photos...a few media outlets outside trying to take video.

It's a mad house.

CORONER LIFTS MYRON'S BODY ONTO A GURNEY.

We SEE a few COPS questioning the Bikers in the corner.
Officer Hale walks over and meets up with Detective Alvez.

ANGLE ON OFFICER HALE AND DETECTIVE ALVEZ

OFFICER HALE

Bikers say Conrad was in a corner booth talking with a long haired Mexican biker, before they passed out...

(beat)

No sign of him.

They shake their heads.

OFFICER HALE (CONT'D)

One guy...One guy caused all this?!

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

A guy and a girl.

Hale cocks his head, curious.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)

We had it all wrong man...

(beat)

It was always both of them.

FLASH TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

WE'RE BACK TO THE OPENING SCENE.

The low lit room. A gun fight outside.

CLOSE ON the MAN strapped to a chair, slumped over. He's bloody, sweaty, head covered by a burlap sack.

CRACK! He's hit over the head. We hear the wind knocked out of him.

A LARGE MAN looms over him, face covered in shadow. He pulls out a 9 mill handgun, cocks it and shoves it into the man's temple.

We get a better look now. Who this big man is...It's CONRAD MILLER. He's in full military fatigue. Camouflage on his face.

CONRAD
 (Farsi, subtitled)
 We have what we need?

Out of the shadows another FIGURE emerges, nods to the Man with the gun.

We get a better look at who this is now too. It's Laura! Dressed in all black. She reaches down into the man's chest pocket, pulls out a small black book.

CLOSE: She opens it. See's her picture in it. It's a military clearance of some sort. She's a CIA agent.

LAURA
 (Farsi, subtitled)
 We were never here...

CLICK, BOOM!

FLASH TO:

EXT. REYES CREEK BAR AND GRILL - MORNING

Detective Alvez stares off, recapping the day.

LT. JACOBS (O.S.)
 Above your position, Detective.

Detective turns as Lt. Jacobs walks up.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 Excuse me?

LT. JACOBS
 I apologize, this was far above your abilities...Should never have put you in this position. Had we known-

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
 (interrupts)
 Had you known what?! That all fucking hell would break loose? That we'd have 4 dead bodies on our hands over what? An AWOL marine?!

LT. JACOBS
 (beat)
 I'm sure you know by now, Conrad Miller was no AWOL Marine.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Ya...no shit. Question is...What
about the girl?

Lt. Jacobs is at a loss. He's said too much already.

LT. JACOBS
Laura Wiley died 15 years ago.
Silva Yulovsky took over her
identity. CIA double agent selling
classified intel to the highest
bidder.

(beat)
Didn't know who she was till we ran
the prints on the truck she jacked
an hour ago.

Detective shakes his head. He can't believe all this.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
This is real...spy vs spy shit?!

LT. JACOBS
You people sleep better thinking it
only happens in the movies...

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
So what the hell was this all
about?!

Lt. Jacobs smirks, pats him on the shoulder.

LT. JACOBS
Above your position, Detective.
(beat)
Now go home. Take a hot shower.
Tomorrow's a new day.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
That how you sleep at night with
all this?

LT. JACOBS
That's exactly how I do it.

Detective Alvez extends his hand.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ
Can't say it was a pleasure.

LT. JACOBS
(smiles)
No shit...
(MORE)

LT. JACOBS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Take care of yourself, Alvez.

Detective breaks away not before he shoots the Detective a final look.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ

You know Laura's pregnant.

Lt. Jacob's eyes widen.

DETECTIVE ALVEZ (CONT'D)

Would you do the same for your family?

LT. JACOBS

(smirks)

That's where Conrad and Laura messed up...

(beat)

Love is something we can't afford, Alvez.

Just then Monica comes walking up, holding her neck from the fight with Conrad. She meets Lt. Jacobs and the two walk off.

Alvez shakes his head. This was all above his pay grade.

OFF THE DETECTIVE'S LOOK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Captain sits against the Ferrari as he watches planes take off from the airport.

The smile on his face says it all.

CAPTAIN

(to himself)

Take care of yourself kids...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Conrad and Laura lay out overlooking the ocean.

We hear the clamor of a Latin speaking country behind us. The music, the cars, the people.

SUPER: PLACENCIA, BELIZE. WEEKS LATER

They're in heaven.

Conrad still has a wrap around his shoulder, but the rest of his injuries have healed.

Laura takes his hand, places it on her belly.

LAURA
You did it, baby...

CONRAD
(beat)
We did it...

He kisses her. She smiles, then notices something.

LAURA
Baby...your hand.

She lifts up his right hand...it's not trembling, shaking, nothing. Conrad's calm finally...at peace.

He hugs her.

CONRAD
(beat)
...to new beginnings.

He places his hand over Laura's belly and the two look back out to the sunset. A soldier at rest...a family united.

FADE OUT: