

CONTROL

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INT. THAMES HOUSE - MORNING

Wearing his duty uniform, prison guard JACOB THAMES (28) has his cell phone to his ear as he gets ready for work.

OFFICER THAMES
Babe, we've talked about this
already. Of course I'm excited.

DING! DONG!

Officer Thames crosses to the front door.

OFFICER THAMES (CONT'D)
I love the name Eli. Less if it's a
girl.

Opening the door, he finds a MAN he doesn't recognize standing on his front porch.

OFFICER THAMES (CONT'D)
Let me call you back.
(ends call)
Can I help you?

The man doesn't answer. Or move. Or smile.

Confused, Officer Thames glances to his left, finds another man casually sitting in one the patio chairs:

COLE GADDIS (36). The kind of human being you don't ever want to meet, much less have sitting on your porch.

Toothpick in his mouth, he looks Officer Thames up and down.

COLE
That'll work.

OFFICER THAMES
I'm sorry?

Cole ignores him, just gazes out across the quiet street.

OFFICER THAMES (CONT'D)
Look, I don't know who you two--

COLE
Wait for it...

Suddenly from inside the house a third MAN throws a wire ligature around Thames' neck--

Violently lifts him clean off his feet.

COLE (CONT'D)
I said wait for it.

Officer Thames thrashes about, but it's useless as he's drug backwards into the house.

Cole and the other man follow, closing the door behind them.

INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING

United States Penitentiary, Tucson.

Two inmates play a game of chess on the floor:

BEAU WARD (35). Some men in prison are truly innocent, but Beau's not one of 'em.

TODD MCGARVEY (26). A scrawny, illiterate redneck of a kid.

TODD
I tell you somethin'?

BEAU
Sure.

TODD
I ain't never really killed a man.

Beau smiles to himself as he moves a chess piece.

BEAU
Yeah, I know.

TODD
Just don't think I got it in me.

BEAU
You say that like it's a bad thing.
If you can go your entire life
without taking one, you'll sleep a
helluva lot better at night.

TODD
Is it true what they say 'bout you?

BEAU
Depends on what they're saying.

TODD
That you was... DEA?

Beau nods.

TODD (CONT'D)
 That you's in here cause you killed
 the men who murdered your family?

Beau drops his gaze - *clearly still haunted by the past.*

He finally glances up at the clock on the wall: 8:00am.

BEAU
 Let's get some chow.

The two of them stand by their cell door. BZZZZZZ!

In unison, every door slides open as fifty loud INMATES
 stroll out of the their cells and into the...

CELL BLOCK

BZZZZZZ! Every door begins to slide closed--

When Beau shoves a stunned Todd back inside their cell before
 the door locks shut.

TODD
 Wait? What...?

BEAU
 Some men deserve to die. You're not
 one of 'em.

A HISPANIC INMATE discreetly passes Beau an old rusty wrench
 as Beau saunters up behind a group of hardened inmates.

The men turn around as Beau meets eyes with their leader, a
 300 lb. beast with "Godzilla" tattooed across his chest.

Beau just stands there. Godzilla sees the wrench, HUFFS.

GODZILLA
 The fuck you think you're gonna do
 with that?

Beau looks down at the wrench in his hand--

As the Hispanic inmate appears behind Godzilla and repeatedly
 plunges a shiv deep into his rib cage.

BEAU
 Nothing.

THE ENTIRE CELL BLOCK INSTANTLY ERUPTS IN CHAOS!

Godzilla's crew tackles Beau to the ground, beating him.

ALARMS BLARE as a dozen guards with riot shields force their
 way through the mass of fifty fighting inmates.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The ALARM continues as more guards sprint past.

Handcuffed and lip bleeding, Beau is forcefully led down a corridor, a GUARD on each arm.

One of them cracks Beau hard across the leg with his baton.

GUARD
That little stunt you just pulled?!
You're never getting out of here
now!

Beau looks over at the other guard--

REVEALING it's Cole in a uniform as he intentionally guides the trio down an empty corridor.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Wait, what are you doing? We're...

Not recognizing Cole, he glances at Cole's name tag: THAMES

Before he can react, Cole brings his baton *hard* across the guard's face with a sickening CRACK.

The guard crumples to the floor unconscious as Cole quickly drags the body into an empty...

STORAGE ROOM

And violently beats the guard's face into an unrecognizable bloody mass with swing after swing of his baton.

BEAU
That's enough.

Out of breath, Cole finally stops.

BEAU (CONT'D)
He was dead after the first one.

COLE
Didn't like him hittin' you.

Cole unlocks Beau's handcuffs.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cole makes his way down the busy corridor supporting Beau who's now wearing the dead guard's uniform.

Beau's hand is pressed against his blood-covered face, completely unrecognizable.

COLE
Officer down! Call an ambulance!

More guards in riot gear run right past them.

EXT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Cole helps support Beau as the two emerge from the building and head straight for a waiting ambulance.

We recognize the paramedic as the man from the front porch as he opens the rear doors: MOSS (32).

Beau and Cole climb up inside the...

AMBULANCE

Sitting behind the wheel and also dressed as a paramedic is the man who strangled Officer Thames: WHISTLER (33).

Whistler turns on the flashing lights and SIREN, pulls away just as the real ambulance arrives.

Beau wipes the blood from his face and hands.

BEAU
And the media calls *me* ruthless.

Cole sits back. Pops a toothpick in his mouth.

TITLE CARD: **C O N T R O L**

EXT. COLORADO WILDERNESS - MORNING

Miles of nothing but majestic Pines. Stunning.

We can make out the LABORED BREATHING of a woman exercising as it grows louder and louder until--

ANNA HOLSTROM (29) sprints past us on a trail.

This is where Anna feels most comfortable. Maybe even the only place. Alone with her demons.

Running alongside is JAXX, her faithful German Sheppard.

Anna's long hair is pulled back in a ponytail.

She's drenched in sweat as she sprints up a hill.

Determined, Anna's giving it everything she's got and when she reaches the top of the hill--

She's suddenly overcome with emotion.

Dropping to one knee, she begins to CRY. *A release.*

Jaxx circles back, waits obediently by her side as Anna regains her composure.

Then continues her run down the backside of the hill, not a hint of civilization as far as the eye can see.

INT. LOG CABIN - MORNING

The front door opens as Anna and Jaxx return.

Anna walks into her bedroom where the shades are drawn and her husband's asleep in their bed:

NATHAN HOLSTROM (35). Physician. Loving husband. Father.

Anna quietly heads to the bathroom where she fires up the shower and gets undressed.

LATER

Anna pulls on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, the bed now empty and unmade behind her.

She removes a .40mm from the small gun safe, shoves it into the holster on her hip.

As she's walking out into the kitchen--

She pauses briefly in front of an open bedroom door, the room decorated for a 10 year-old boy:

Star Wars. Robots. Dinosaurs.

But no little boy. *This was Aiden's room.*

Anna reminisces, then reaches out and gently shuts the door.

In the kitchen she picks up her leather-bound U.S. Marshals badge off the counter, slides it on her belt.

Anna rubs Jaxx's head on her way out.

ANNA

Sorry, Bud. You gotta stay here.

Jaxx WHIMPERS as she steps through the front door...

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin sits in a small clearing, surrounded by Pine Trees and mountains and pristine wilderness.

Nate sits on the porch in his boxers, sipping a coffee.

He looks over, sees the gun and badge on Anna's hip and we immediately sense his disappointment.

NATE
Made yours to go.

ANNA
Thanks.

Anna picks up the travel mug.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Thought you were working today?

NATE
And I thought you were off.

Nate glances up at his wife as Anna drops her head.

NATE (CONT'D)
I'm worried about you, Anna, that's
all. Worried about us. I miss...
(emotional beat)
I miss my wife.

ANNA
If I'm working, I'm not thinking
about him.

NATE
Trust me, I understand. But when
does it become too much?

The two look at one another, the hurt and pain of a recently lost child visible in both their eyes.

ANNA
I honestly don't know.

Anna bends down. Gently kisses her husband.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I just need more time. I'm sorry.

Powerless, Nate watches as Anna climbs into her Jeep Wrangler and heads off down the steep gravel drive.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS RECEPTION LOBBY - MORNING

Grand Junction, Colorado.

FRANK TANNER (45), Chief U.S. Marshal, kisses his attractive WIFE (40) and says goodbye to his two children:

A SON (12) and DAUGHTER (8), spitting images of their father.

SON

Bye, Dad.

DAUGHTER

Bye, Daddy! Happy Birthday!

FRANK TANNER

See you both tonight.

Waiting patiently against the far wall, Anna smiles back at Mrs. Tanner who excitedly waves at her.

Frank crosses the lobby towards Anna.

ANNA

Happy Birthday.

Not prone to smiling, Frank doesn't. In fact, he doesn't even break stride as Anna follows right on her boss' heels.

FRANK TANNER

You want something. What is it?

ANNA

Off probation.

FRANK TANNER

How long's it been now?

ANNA

Almost two months.

FRANK TANNER

(huffs)

That it? Talk to me in another two.

ANNA

Look, I messed up. I know.

FRANK TANNER

No, you fucked up is what you did, Holstrom. Right?

ANNA

The guy was low-risk...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING/COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Anna's all business as she escorts her charge down the marbled hallway:

JOEL SUMMTER (45). Nervous and unshaven. His suit jacket draped over his handcuffed hands.

ANNA (V.O.)
I was transporting him for failure
to pay alimony.

The two turn down an empty hallway.

ANNA (V.O.)
No one could have predicted he'd
attack me.

A few more steps when out of the blue, Summter spins.

*He SLAMS Anna against the wall with his forearms and reaches
for the .40mm in her holster.*

*Anna tries to keep possession of the gun, but Summter rips it
from the holster and takes off.*

Momentarily dazed, Anna sprints after him.

ANNA
Joel!

She rounds a corner, but there's no sign of Summter anywhere.

Hearing COMMOTION Anna darts inside an open office door...

OFFICE

And freezes.

*Summter's taken a female SECRETARY hostage, has Anna's .40
pressed against the terrified woman's temple.*

But even worse--

*He's stretched a rubber band around his trigger finger and
the back of his handcuffed hand.*

*The only thing keeping the gun from firing is him actively
fighting the band's tension.*

Summter's near tears, his lip trembling.

SUMMTER
Anyone tries to shoot me and this
thing goes off.

Anna sees the rubber band, slowly raises her hands.

ANNA
Don't do this, Joel. It's not worth
it.

SUMMTER
*I wanna talk to my wife. In person.
 Get her down here.*

ANNA
Fine. Just lower the gun and--

SUMMTER
Right fucking now, you hear me?!

INT. U.S. MARSHALS DETACHMENT - CONTINUOUS

Back to the present day, Anna still follows Frank.

FRANK TANNER
 What's rule number one of being a
 U.S. Marshal, or have they stopped
 teaching that at the academy?

Embarrassed, she waits until they pass several colleagues.

ANNA
 Always deliver your charge.

FRANK TANNER
 Interesting. Rule two?

ANNA
 Never surrender your weapon.

FRANK TANNER
 And three?

ANNA
 There isn't one.

FRANK TANNER
 Exactly! Just two God damn rules
 and you still fuck one of 'em up.

ANNA
 Well, he surrendered, didn't he?
 And now he's paying his alimony.

Frank stops and eyes Anna - *putting her in her place.*

FRANK TANNER
 You're lucky no one got hurt.
 Otherwise you'd be looking for a
 new career, wishing you were just
 on probation.

He turns back around as Anna follows him straight into...

FRANK'S OFFICE

Where his desk phone is already RINGING.

FRANK TANNER
Wait? Aren't you supposed to be off
today?

Yep. Rolling his eyes, an irritated Frank answers the phone.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Tanner.
(serious beat)
When?
(sits at his desk)
Yeah, I can send some bodies down.
No problem.

Frank hangs up the phone.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Gather everyone in the briefing
room.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

A dozen U.S. Marshals in plain clothes fill up the chairs. In addition to Anna, noteworthy are:

OWEN REEVES (31). Cocksure and aggressive.

JASON KOVAC (28). Good kid with a good head on his shoulders.

KATHLEEN LARSON (39). Older, yet still tough as nails.

OWEN
So, uh, Kathleen. How's that cute
little girlfriend of yours?

KATHLEEN
Suck my dick, Owen. Alright?

OWEN
A few of us have a bet going that
might be anatomically possible.

KATHLEEN
You're just jealous cause mine's
bigger.

Jason rises as he calls the room to attention.

JASON
Room!

Everyone stands as Frank walks in, heads to the podium.

FRANK TANNER
Take your seats. Listen up.

They all sit. Kathleen flips Owen off as he purses his lips at her in a mock kiss.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
If you haven't seen the news yet,
there was a prison escape this
morning down in Arizona. Inmate by
the name of Beau Ward, which some
of you may be familiar with.

OWEN
Shit. DEA, right?

FRANK TANNER
Former DEA. An agent here in town
even worked with him. We've been
tasked with a manning assist and
I'm looking for five volunteers.

Hands go up, including Anna's. Frank points to four Marshals.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
White. Dearn. McManus. Hoyt.

He looks right past Anna for his final pick.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Clayburg.

Upset, Anna lowers her hand.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Two guards were killed. One at the
prison, the other in his home so
you can bet if Ward's recaptured
he'll either be transferred to the
Supermax, or as Marshal Reeves so
elegantly puts it...

OWEN
Sat in a metal chair that plugs
into the wall.

FRANK TANNER
They believe he fled into Mexico.
To the team going down there, be
safe. Ward's dangerous. He knows
how it all operates behind the
scenes. Knows how we operate behind
the scenes. Questions?
(none)
Alright. Dismissed.

Everyone stands, begins filing out. Anna hurries up to Frank.

ANNA
Sir. Please let me--

FRANK TANNER
Answer's still no, Holstrom.

ANNA
(pissed)
Fine. You wanna pay me to schlep
files down to the courthouse, I
don't care.

FRANK TANNER
Yeah you do.

Frank pushes through the door, leaves Anna standing there.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Beau exits the rear of a motel wearing jeans and a T-shirt.

He tosses a plastic bag containing the bloody guard uniform
into a dumpster as two idle cars wait for him:

An all-white Audi A8 with Cole behind the wheel, and a black
Mercedes S-Class with Moss and Whistler inside.

Beau climbs into the passenger seat of the...

AUDI A8

Both vehicles pull out onto the nearly empty street.

BEAU
How long have we known each other,
Cole? Six...?

COLE
Eight years.

The bond between these two palpable.

COLE (CONT'D)
Want you to know that I'd take a
bullet for you. Right here...

He taps on the middle of his forehead.

COLE (CONT'D)
So would the others.

BEAU
I know.

Cole hands him a cellphone. Beau dials an international
number from memory, puts the phone to his ear.

COLE
Between us, he still feels guilty.
About what happened to Tiffany.
Amy.

EXT. LUXURY MEXICAN ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Tamaulipas, Mexico. *Cartel country.*

A stunning \$30 million dollar home. We can count at least five armed men guarding the jaw-dropping property.

The owner of all this decadence:

CARLOS MALDONADO (50's). Gulf Cartel. One bad dude.

He sits in a cabana as his beautiful wife JUANA (40's) watches their two CHILDREN play in the infinity pool.

A BODYGUARD walks over, WHISPERS in Maldonado's ear before handing him a phone.

MALDONADO
So tell me? How does it feel to be
a free man again?

BEAU (V.O.)
I'm in your debt, Carlos. Thank
you.

MALDONADO
You've paid your dues. Two, three
times over my friend.

INT. AUDI A8 - CONTINUOUS

MALDONADO (V.O.)
Just make it down here in one
piece.

Beau ends the call as he and Cole cruise up the highway.

INT. ANNA AND OWEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna's not present as Owen sits behind his desk, talking to two other Marshals.

The big, muscular one is WES PRICE (27).

Wes sits on the corner of Anna's desk, studies the framed photo in his hand:

Anna's adorable 10 year-old son, Aiden, playing with Jaxx.

WES
Hell, if I were Chief, I wouldn't
have sent her down there either.

OWEN
Jesus, Wes. Do you have to be so--

WES
What? Honest? Tell me I'm wrong? Go
ahead. Either one of you.

Neither man can.

WES (CONT'D)
Exactly.

OWEN
Cut her some slack. She lost her
kid.

WES
Which sucks. But that doesn't mean
I want her on my team. Would you
trust her watching your back?
(beat)
Maybe she should've stuck to
teaching.

Owen CLEARS HIS THROAT as Wes turns, finds Anna standing
there in the doorway.

Wes sets the framed photo back down on Anna's desk.

The three men file out, right past Anna. Owen's last as he
stops in the doorway, can't even look her in the eye.

ANNA
I expect that from Wes. But you?

That one stings - *and it should.*

OWEN
I'm sorry. I feel like an asshole.

ANNA
Imagine that.

Anna closes the door behind Owen, then retrieves a report on
Ward off her printer.

Regarding the framed photo of Aiden for a beat, she begins
reading the report, a highlighter in her hand.

INT. JASON AND KATHLEEN'S OFFICE - LATER

Jason and Kathleen are working when Anna sticks her head in.

ANNA
I'm gonna run across town for a
bit.

KATHLEEN
Got somethin'?

She's referring to the *now* extensively highlighted report on
Ward in Anna's hand.

ANNA
Not yet. I wanna talk to Ward's ex-
partner, see if maybe he--

OWEN (O.S.)
(screaming)
AAHHHHHHHH!!!

There's commotion as all three dart out into the...

HALLWAY

Furious, Owen punches a hole in the wall as Wes and others
try to calm him down.

ANNA
What's going on?!

WES
His cousin's husband was one of the
guards killed in Arizona this
morning.

EXT. OUTDOOR FIRING RANGE - DAY

Anna parks and climbs out of the black SUV.

It's LOUD as a half-dozen DEA Agents fire weapons at paper
and mannequin targets.

She asks a question, gets pointed to the man at the far end:

DEA Agent ROBERT PETERSON (30's).

Anna walks over, watches as Robert finishes unloading his 9mm
dead center of target.

He takes off his hearing protection, finally notices Anna -
and her badge - standing behind him.

ANNA
Nice group.

ROBERT
Could be better considering how
often I'm out here. Prefer early
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
mornings, when the sun's just
coming up, you know? All's quiet.

He slaps a fresh mag into the gun, offers it to Anna.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Care to throw a couple down range,
compliments of the DEA?

ANNA
I'll pass, but thanks.

The two of them share a smile and a warm hand shake.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Anna Holstrom.

ROBERT
Robert Peterson and I'd bet my
badge I know why you're here.

EXT. FIRING RANGE ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Anna and Robert stroll along the isolated gravel road.

ROBERT
Fugitive apprehension isn't part of
the DEA's mandate otherwise I'd be
strapping up and joining you guys.

ANNA
What can you tell me about Ward?

ROBERT
Anything you wanna know. We worked
together for years.

ANNA
The report I have says he went to
college, then served with the Army
Rangers before joining the DEA?

ROBERT
Got assigned to our undercover
unit. He was good too. Like scary
good. In less than three years he
was able to work his way right up
alongside one Carlos Maldonado...

ANNA
Gulf Cartel.

ROBERT
Those two got tight. Still are.

ANNA
What happened?

ROBERT
Greed. Plain and simple. Guys, they see all that money. The lavish lifestyle. Turns some of 'em. Turned Ward.

ANNA
So he turned on the DEA?

ROBERT
The agency didn't know it at the time. Hell, I was his partner and I didn't even know it. But yeah.

ANNA
So he was telling Maldonado everything?

Robert nods.

ANNA (CONT'D)
And what about his family?

ROBERT
That's the real tragedy. Somehow the Juarez Cartel caught wind that Maldonado had this American fed working for him...

ANNA
Put a hit out on Ward.

ROBERT
No. Just his family. He comes home one night, finds his wife and ten year-old daughter dead.

ANNA
Jesus.

ROBERT
I was with him. I'll never forget it.

An emotional beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Lotta folks said he got what he deserved, but I disagree. Corrupt or not, no man deserves that.
(beat)
A week later he turns in his badge. Hunts down those responsible, kills 'em. Six men. All Juarez Cartel.

ANNA
Have you met Maldonado?

ROBERT
Me, no. I was strictly behind the scenes. Only one I ever met was his trigger man, Cole Gaddis.

ANNA
Where do you think he is? Ward?

ROBERT
Find Maldonado, you'll find Beau.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE - DAY

Set back off the road. Surrounded by trees. No neighbors.

The Audi A8 and Mercedes roll up the dirt driveway, park behind the residence - out of sight.

Beau, Cole, Moss and Whistler step out.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

No furniture. Walls bare. Curtains drawn.

COLE
I put a few of the boys on standby. Case we needed 'em.

BEAU
Who?

COLE
Vetter. His crew.

BEAU
Good guys. Violent, but good.

COLE
You never did enjoy that side of the business. Always more of a money guy.

BEAU
I thought we'd stay here a couple days. Let things die down a bit.

COLE
Works for us.

BEAU
I'd like to go somewhere later.

Cole nods - *seems to know exactly what he's referring to.*

COLE
Figured you would.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS DETACHMENT - EVENING

Anna watches a news report as she waits for Frank.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
And finally, the manhunt continues
for fugitive Beau Ward after his
brazen escape from a federal prison
in Tucson, Arizona earlier today.

When Frank emerges from his office, Anna follow right behind.

FRANK TANNER
(irritated)
You've got about ten seconds.

ANNA
I don't think Ward's in Mexico. Not
yet at least.

FRANK TANNER
And you're basing this off some
amazing fucking piece of intel?

ANNA
No. It's just my gut feeling.

FRANK TANNER
Well hell, why didn't you say so?!
Stop everything, one of my Marshals
has herself a gut feeling.

ANNA
It's harder right now to get out of
this country than into it.

FRANK TANNER
Agreed. So where's he hiding then?

ANNA
I don't know.

FRANK TANNER
Oh, that's brilliant. So just
somewhere in the lower 48? That it?

Frank stops, looks at her.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
You're pushing yourself too hard,
Anna. Maybe you can't see it,
blinders on and all, but I can.

Anna's eyes betray the truth behind his words.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Go home. Spend some time with Nate.
Sooner or later something's gotta
give and ninety-nine times out of a
hundred? It's the marriage.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - EVENING

Wearing a white lab coat over his shirt and tie, Nate stands at the nurse's counter, writing in a patient's chart.

He pulls his VIBRATING phone from his pocket, answers.

NATE
Now this is an unexpected surprise.

ANNA (O.S.)
Dinner tonight. At the cabin. Just
you and me.

A smile creeps across his face.

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well, and Jaxx.

NATE
I'd be a fool to turn that down.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Anna smiles as she drives along, phone to her ear.

ANNA
Kinda what I was thinking too.

NATE (O.S.)
What time?

ANNA
I just need to drop off some...

She pauses, glancing over at the report on Ward lying in the passenger seat.

NATE (O.S.)
Babe?

ANNA
Let me call you back.

Anna ends the call and pulls over to the side of the road.

Flipping through the report, WE CATCH GLIMPSES of various things she's highlighted:

"...wife from Grand Junction, CO..."

"...Tiffany Ward, born 1 June..."

She quickly makes another call on her cell phone.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Hey, it's Holstrom. Do me a favor?
Look up where Beau Ward's wife and
daughter are buried. I'll wait.

Anna re-reads one particular line that caught her eye:

"...Amy Ward, born 26 May..."

ANNA (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'm here.
(beat)
You're kidding me? That's the one
over on 5th and Western, right?
(beat)
No. I'll call you if I do. Thanks.

She ends the call and looks at her watch. Not the time, but
the date: 26 May.

Anna sits there thinking, then hangs a U-turn in the street.

EXT. OAK HILL CEMETERY - EVENING

Rolling hills. Perfectly manicured lawns. No one in sight as
the sun begins to set over the horizon.

The Audi A8 rolls to a stop and Beau climbs out.

BEAU
Give me ten.

Cole nods and pulls away, leaves the cemetery.

Beau has a single white tulip in his hand as he heads across
the grass and arrives at two headstones:

Those of his wife and daughter, Tiffany and Amy Ward.

Beau takes a knee.

He places the tulip in the empty vase beside Amy's grave,
then gently lays his hand on her tombstone.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday, sweetie.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Anna slowly drives through the wrought iron entrance of Oak Hill Cemetery.

Her eyes peeled, she doesn't see anyone.

She continues up and over a small hill--

When she spots a man kneeling beside two gravestones, his back to her 100 yards away.

Anna stops the SUV, unable to determine if it's Ward.

ANNA
That you?

GRAVESITE

Beau hears the engine in the distance behind him, turns his head just slightly as he spots the black SUV.

He faces front again. Then waits. Motionless.

BLACK SUV

Still stopped, Anna picks up her cell phone and calls the last number she dialed: OFFICE

Eyes focused on the man kneeling at the gravesite, Anna listens to the phone RING.

ANNA
Come on...

GRAVESITE

Beau stands, then calmly heads for the fence in front of him.

BLACK SUV

The phone RINGS AGAIN as Anna watches the man walk towards the fence.

She gently accelerates but as soon as she does, the man takes off in a dead sprint.

ANNA
Shit!

Anna tosses the phone in the passenger seat and guns it.

Gripping the wheel with both hands, she demolishes headstones as she cuts straight across the lawn.

Beau reaches the fence and easily scales it, then takes off.

Her eyes glued on him, Anna doesn't stop.

She BUSTS right through the fence, mangled metal flying up and over the SUV.

Anna's bearing down on Beau.

100 feet. 50 feet.

But he reaches a row of trees first, forcing Anna to slam on the brakes as the SUV skids to a halt.

Anna jumps out, chases him on foot into a busy...

FARMERS MARKET

Beau slows his pace, tries to disappear into the crowd.

Glancing over his shoulder, Anna's a half-block behind him.

Hesitant to pull her weapon, she pursues Beau through the crowd, gently pushing people aside.

She finally reaches the corner where she last saw him, but he's gone.

Her eyes peeled, Anna finally spots Beau across the street and sprints after him as he ducks inside a...

COUNTY LIBRARY

Beau steals a pair of scissors as he calmly strolls past the LIBRARIAN at the front counter.

He politely nods to an older SECURITY GUARD, then turns left down a row of books.

Glancing over his shoulder, there's still no sign of Anna.

Beau walks past offices and straight through a rear exit...

OUTSIDE

The parking lot's completely empty. Beau gets a good fifteen feet away from the rear door when--

ANNA (O.S.)
Listen to me real close.

Beau stops. Slowly raises his hands.

REVEAL Anna standing 20 feet behind him, her .40mm aimed square at his back. *She never went inside.*

ANNA (CONT'D)
If you so much as flinch without me
telling you to do so, I swear I'll
unload this entire magazine before
you even have a chance to look me
in the eye. Do you understand?

BEAU
I'd say that's pretty clear.

ANNA
Good. Drop the scissors.

The scissors clank to the ground.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Now put your hands behind your
head. One at a time. Real slow.

Beau does as Anna removes her handcuffs.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Down on your knees.

Beau eases to his knees.

Her gun trained on him, Anna cautiously approaches, wrenches
his hands behind his back and cuffs him.

She steps in front of her charge as he kneels there, the two
of them locking eyes for the first time.

INT. AUDI A8 - CONTINUOUS

Cole comes to a stop inside the cemetery.

He stares out at the tire tracks across the lawn. Dozens of
destroyed tombstones. The busted fence.

And no sign of Beau anywhere.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS RECEPTION LOBBY - EVENING

The female RECEPTIONIST is busy working behind the counter
when Anna walks through the front door with Beau.

RECEPTIONIST
Holy. Crap.

Anna leads her charge to the secure door on the far wall.

ANNA
Tanner still here?

Stunned, the receptionist just nods.

RECEPTIONIST
You want me to let him--

ANNA
No. I got this.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank's at the podium. Two dozen Marshals in the seats.

FRANK TANNER
So what I'm telling you guys is--

Frank stops mid-sentence, stares at the back of the room as everyone turns around--

REVEAL Anna standing there alongside Beau in the doorway.

Owen, Wes and several others rise to their feet. They can't believe what they're seeing.

OWEN
No fucking way.

Beau doesn't flinch. Stands there confident, all eyes on him.

Anna simply glares at Frank in the front of the room.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - EVENING

A large, open space with two empty holding cells on opposite sides of the room:

8x12 foot cells. Concrete ledge for sleeping on. One-piece stainless steel sink/toilet. *The bare minimum.*

Anna places Beau inside one of the cells, locks the door.

FRANK TANNER
Kovac, get a hold of our boys at JPATS. Let 'em know who we've got and that we're requesting an immediate prisoner transport. See if they can get a plane here first thing tomorrow.

JASON
Yes, Sir.

FRANK TANNER
I'll call Gabe over at Florence and tell him he's got an inbound. Once Mr. Ward's there, the courts can
(MORE)

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
work out what happens to him next.
(beat)
Holstrom?

Anna's charge, Anna's show. And she's ready for it.

ANNA
I want a two-person detail in here
around the clock. There's enough of
us that we should be able to break
it down into three-hour shifts.

BEAU
You honestly think I'm going
somewhere?

Owen bangs the butt of his tactical shotgun against the cell.

OWEN
Was she talking to you?!

FRANK TANNER
Simmer down, gentlemen.

Anna looks at Beau who's perfectly calm.

ANNA
Yeah, I do.

BEAU
Can I trouble you to tell me where?

ANNA
Back to prison. For the rest of
your life.

BEAU
I like your confidence. Definitely
in the right profession.

Beau lays down on the concrete slab, handcuffed hands behind
his head as he watches Anna.

ANNA
I'll take first shift. Volunteers?

OWEN
Right here.

Owen raises his hand, not once taking his eyes off Beau.

FRANK TANNER
We all know Mr. Ward didn't break
out on his own. If anyone feels
(MORE)

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
they need extra security at their
home, the local PD will provide it.

Frank looks at Anna.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
My office. *Now.*

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frank shuts the door. Takes a seat behind his desk as Anna stands there, visibly shell shocked.

FRANK TANNER
You alright?

Anna nods. She takes a DEEP BREATH, her first in an hour.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
I don't know how the fuck you did
it yet, but you did. Congrats,
you're officially off probation.

ANNA
Thank you.

FRANK TANNER
See, there was a reason I didn't
send you down to Arizona.
(serious)
He's your charge, Anna. If you're
not comfortable, just say the--

ANNA
Are you kidding me? This is why I
became a Marshal. Besides, I've got
something to prove.

FRANK TANNER
Not to me. What you've--

ANNA
No. To myself. For Aiden.

Frank can't help but smile at her - *proud.*

FRANK TANNER
Go, get outta here. It's my God
damn birthday and I've got a
shitload of calls to make now
thanks to you.

EXT. SUPERMAX - EVENING

Florence, Colorado.

A fortress with half of its structures buried deep in the earth, this thing is exactly what it looks like:

The single most secure prison in the United States.

INT. SUPERMAX - CONTINUOUS

Armed with assault rifles, two PRISON GUARDS in full tactical gear walk down the bright white, spotless corridor.

Cells to their left and right.

Not with bars, but enclosed rooms with thick doors and modern digital locks on them.

Security cameras dot the ceiling every twenty feet.

This looks nothing like the overcrowded and underfunded shit hole Beau was at before.

Once you arrive here, there's no leaving. *Ever.*

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

High-tech, like a miniature NORAD. From in here all functions of the prison are controlled.

Several PRISON GUARDS watch the monitors as U.S. Marshal GABE ESPINOZA (30's) walks in.

It's his job to facilitate the transfer of all prisoners in and out of the Supermax.

PRISON GUARD
You got a call on line two.

GABE
Who is it?

PRISON GUARD
Chief Marshal from Grand Junction.
And I'm quoting him, he said it's
extremely fucking important.

GABE
Yeah, that sounds like Tanner.

Gabe sits down, picks up the phone.

GABE (CONT'D)
Espinoza.
(beat)
Bullshit.

He sits up straight. The guards look over at him.

GABE (CONT'D)
When, tomorrow?
(beat)
Oh, we'll be ready.

Gabe hangs up. All eyes on him as he sits there, stunned.

GABE (CONT'D)
You'll never guess who they just
captured over in Grand Junction.

PRISON GUARD
You're kidding me? Ward?

Gabe nods.

GABE
Everyone's focused on the border
and that bastard's chillin' two
hundred miles down the road.
(beat)
Call the Warden. Let him know we've
got a transfer coming in by Con Air
sometime late tomorrow or possibly
early Friday.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Beau's still kicked back on the concrete slab while Anna sits
behind the desk - just the two of them.

BEAU
Tulips were always their favorite.
Not yellow. Not red. White.

He's reminiscing about his wife and daughter.

BEAU (CONT'D)
How'd you know I'd be there? At the
cemetary?

After a long beat, Anna finally answers.

ANNA
I visit my son's grave on his
birthday.

BEAU
So you and I have something in
common.

ANNA
No. No, we don't.

BEAU
Sure we do, Marshal...?

ANNA
Holstrom. And if you're looking for sympathy, think again.

BEAU
No, I don't expect any sympathy.
Not for what I've done. But we do
share that unfortunate bond.

Beau studies her from across the room, his gaze unnerving.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Looking in your eyes, you've got
demons to slay. I can tell because
it's like I'm looking in a mirror.

ANNA
Not demons. Promises.

Anna's words hang in the air as Owen struts into the room,
turns on the tv to CNN.

OWEN
We made headlines.
(to Beau)
That's good for us. Bad for you.

BEAU
Oh, you'd be surprised.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
And in breaking news, escaped
convict Beau Ward was captured just
a few hours ago in get this, Grand
Junction, Colorado of all places.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Seedy. Dark. Nearly empty.

The front door opens as three tough-looking SOBs step inside:

VETTER (33). LOBO (31). ROHLAND (29). *Last names only.*

They walk over to Cole, Whistler, and Moss at the bar.

VETTER
Cole.

No hugs. No handshakes. Everyone dead serious.

VETTER (CONT'D)
Got here as quick as we could.

Cole downs a shot of whiskey. Doesn't even look at Vetter.

VETTER (CONT'D)
Rest of my boys are outside.

The television behind the bar catches Cole's attention.

COLE
Turn it up.

The BARTENDER does, then goes back to his work.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Sources tell us Ward's being held
at the U.S. Marshals Detachment
there in Grand Junction while
awaiting transfer to a more secure
facility. No official word yet on
when they'll move him.

INT. MALDONADO'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The living room is decorated with French antiques.

Maldonado sits on an early 18th century couch, reading a book
to his two children when Juana walks in.

He pauses, looks up as she hands him the phone.

JUANA
Niños, vienen.

Translation: Children, come.

Both well-behaved children give their father a polite kiss,
then leave with their mother.

Maldonado's demeanor changes once his children are gone.

MALDONADO
Sí?

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cole stands in the parking lot, phone to his ear.

COLE
They have Ward.

MALDONADO (V.O.)
Then we need to change that, don't
we?

INT. MALDONADO'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Maldonado's on the couch.

MALDONADO
I don't care what you have to do.
Or what it costs. Make it happen.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Owen stands there, eyeing Beau in the cell.

OWEN
The guard you killed down in
Tucson? That was my cousin's
husband.

Anna sits at the desk, silent, taking it all in.

OWEN (CONT'D)
By the way, she's pregnant and now
her little boy's gonna grow up
without a father.

BEAU
He'll be fine. I grew up without
one and look how well I turned out.

Furious, Owen storms over, glares at Beau through the bars.

OWEN
My buddies over at Florence?
They're gonna have a real good time
with you. A real good time.

Owen turns--

Only to spin back around and ram the butt of his tactical
shotgun *hard* into Beau's gut.

Then again, right into Beau's face, busting his lip wide open
as Beau crumples to the floor of his cell.

ANNA
Owen!

Owen SPITS on Beau as Anna rushes over, pulls him away.

BEAU'S POV: A small paperclip lies on the cell floor. Wax
build-up over it. Nearly undetectable except at this angle.

Crawling over to the wall, Beau intentionally places his hand
atop the paperclip and when he moves it--

The paperclip's gone.

Sitting with his back against the wall, Beau CHUCKLES.

BEAU
Know how to play chess?

OWEN
What?

BEAU
Do you know how to play chess?

OWEN
No.

BEAU
Chess is like a mini lesson in
life. And the older I get, the more
I can see that. Bottom line? You
gotta play the board, not your
opponent. *That's* how you win.

OWEN
The fuck are you...?
(to Anna)
What the fuck is he talking about?

BEAU
You, Marshal Holstrom?

Anna nods her head once as Beau just grins, his teeth covered
in blood

BEAU (CONT'D)
And therein lies the difference.
One of you's playing the board. The
other your opponent.

Kathleen walks in the room, ready for her shift. Anna gathers
her stuff and heads for the door.

ANNA
Who's relieving you?

OWEN
Oh, I'm good.

ANNA
Suit yourself. See you both again
in a few hours.

BEAU
Marshal Holstrom?

Anna stops. Looks over at Beau.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 I know what it's like losing a
 child.
 (sincere)
 Sorry about your son.

The two look at one another for a long beat before Anna turns and steps out.

EXT. U.S. MARSHALS DETACHMENT - NIGHT

Warm. Quiet. Peaceful.

On the sidewalk across the street from the building--

A GIGGLING COUPLE walk hand-in-hand when they pass the Audi A8 parked along the curb.

They walk right past Cole, standing there by himself, staring over at the brightly lit Marshals building.

Cole takes the baseball cap from the HOMELESS MAN passed out on the bus bench next to him.

He places it on his head and strolls across the street.

INT. RECEPTION LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Leaving for the night, the receptionist locks up, turns off the lights and is walking away when KNOCK KNOCK.

She turns around--

REVEAL Cole standing there, looking deceptively innocent as he flashes her a smile through the glass door.

The receptionist turns on a light and walks over.

RECEPTIONIST
 Can I help you?

COLE
 Keith Wallbright with The Denver Post. I'd like to ask you a quick question.

RECEPTIONIST
 I'm sorry, we're closed.

COLE
 This will only take a second.

The receptionist glances up at the clock on the wall, then unlocks the front door and lets Cole inside.

COLE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Just the two of them, Cole glances over the receptionist's shoulder, takes in the entire lobby:

CCTV camera in the corner. Secure door against the far wall.

RECEPTIONIST

What can we do for you, Mr.
Wallbright?

COLE

I was hoping you could confirm that
Beau Ward is here in this facility.

She crosses her arms, stares at him.

RECEPTIONIST

You know that I'm not at liberty to
discuss anything with the media.

COLE

Then off the record, can I assume
he'll be transported via Con Air--

RECEPTIONIST

(stern)

Sir. Once again, you'll need to
contact our Public Affairs Division
in Arlington, Virginia.

The receptionist takes a business card from the counter and
hands it to Cole. She opens the door for him.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Now, if that's all...

Cole forces a smile and steps outside, but just before the
receptionist can close the door--

He stops it with his foot, looks her dead in the eye.

COLE

Just wanna tell you guys how much
we Americans appreciate all that
your organization does for our
great nation.

Cole removes his foot and simply walks away.

RECEPTIONIST

(sotto)

Creeper.

INT. JEEP WRANGLER - NIGHT

The Jeep's headlights pierce the pitch black night as Anna parks next to Nate's truck in front of the cabin.

Seeing all the lights off inside, Anna suddenly recalls their dinner plans.

ANNA
Shit. No...

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Anna walks up the porch, quietly unlocks the front door...

INSIDE

Tail wagging, Jaxx meets her there as Anna steps inside and turns on a light.

There's no sign of Nate.

Only the meal he prepared for them left on the dining table:

Shrimp scampi. Cesar salad. Open bottle of vintage Pinot, already poured into two wine glasses.

Completely untouched.

Anna picks up the note he left her on the table:

Guess I was the fool after all.

She walks down the hall, peers into their darkened bedroom where Nate's asleep in the bed.

Anna quietly shuts the door, then lowers her head as she stands there in the hallway.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Owen's at the desk, feet propped up, searching the internet.

OWEN
Tell me this isn't appropriate...

He turns up the computer speaker as we hear Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues."

JOHNNY CASH
*I hear the train a comin'. It's
rolling round the bend. And I aint'
seen the sunshine, since I don't
know when.*

Owen SINGS along, taunting Beau who's sitting in the cell, hands folded politely in his lap.

JOHNNY & OWEN

*I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and
time keeps draggin' on. But that
train keeps rollin', on down to San
Antone.*

Unimpressed, Kathleen rolls her eyes, heads for the door.

KATHLEEN

I'm getting a coffee.

Kathleen steps out. Beau sits motionless, watching Owen--

AS WE REVEAL him imperceptibly working the paperclip into the
handcuff lock.

BEAU

Could I trouble you for some water?

OWEN

You've got water.

Beau looks at the stainless steel sink, then back at Owen.

BEAU

Then how about a cup?

Owen dumps the pens and pencils from a dirty plastic cup on the desk, strolls over to the cell.

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kathleen grabs a clean mug, pours herself a coffee.

HOLDING ROOM

Beau stands, meets Owen at the cell bars. They lock eyes.

OWEN

I didn't wanna say anything in
front of the ladies, but your wife?
Sounds to me like she got exactly
what she deserved.

His anger in check, Beau reaches for the cup but his cuffs stop him just a few inches short - *Owen's plan all along.*

OWEN (CONT'D)

And your daughter?

After a tense beat, Owen finally holds the cup closer.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Same thing.

Beau's eye TWITCHES ONCE as he calmly reaches for the cup, only now Owen intentionally drops it.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oops.

Their eyes locked, Owen finally turns around--

AND THAT'S WHEN BEAU STRIKES!

Before Owen even takes one step away, Beau slides his hands from the unlocked cuffs--

Ratchets one onto a cell bar, the other onto Owen's wrist.

Owen spins back around, finds himself tethered to the cell.

Beau reaches out, grabs Owen by the hair, SLAMS him *hard* against the bars.

He throws his arm *tight* around Owen's neck in a choke hold as Owen fights for his life, but it's of little use.

BEAU
Some men deserve to die.

Unarmed, Owen eyes the shotgun across the room.

BEAU (CONT'D)
You're one of 'em.

Intense seconds pass as Owen's face turns from red to blue.

His THRASHING slowly eases, then stops completely.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Coffee in hand, Kathleen makes her way back. She opens the door and walks into the...

HOLDING ROOM

The mug drops from her hand and SHATTERS on the floor when she finds Owen in Beau's clutches.

Kathleen immediately pulls the tazer from her holster, rams it into Beau's side through the cell bars.

50,000 volts jolt through Beau as he collapses backwards.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Nate, Anna, Jaxx--

And adorable 10 year-old Aiden all climb out of Nate's truck.

AIDEN

Awesome!

Proud parents, they watch as Aiden excitedly takes in the beautiful property for the first time.

NATE

Yeah?

AIDEN

Is this all ours?

NATE

Well, not all of it. But enough.

AIDEN

Sweet! Can I get a dirt bike?!
Please?!

Aiden looks at his father for approval, who in-turn looks over at Anna for approval.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Mom, please can I get a dirt bike?!

ANNA

We'll see. How's that?

Father and son share excited looks, much to Anna's chagrin.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Let's not forget why we're moving out here in the first place, and that's to be closer to the hospital.

AIDEN

For my chemo. I know.

ANNA

It's right down that hill. We could practically walk to it from here.

AIDEN

(sarcastic)

Great.

NATE

Hey? Wanna see your new room?

AIDEN

Yeah!

Nate unlocks the front door and Aiden darts inside, leaving Anna and Nate alone on the porch for a moment.

ANNA

A dirt bike? Really?

Nate shrugs - guilty.

NATE

Sure this is what you want? Your work, the school? It's across town now.

ANNA

I'd commute to Seattle every day if it'd help him. You know that.

Seeing the worry on his wife's face, Nate pulls her into him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Tell me we're doing the right thing, Nate.

NATE

We're doing everything we can.

Then a cell phone RINGS...

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Anna's asleep on the couch, the tv on MUTE.

Her phone RINGS AGAIN, startling her awake as she answers it.

ANNA

Holstrom.

(beat)

What? When?

Anna stands, phone to her ear.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm on my way.

She ends the call, grabs her jacket and quickly heads out the front door as Jaxx watches from his dog bed.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS DETACHMENT - NIGHT

Anna hurries down the corridor, finds a half dozen Marshals gathered outside the holding room.

Jason's the one who stops her short of the door.

JASON
Owen's dead.

ANNA
How?

JASON
Ward got to him.

ANNA
What the hell do you mean by 'got
to him,' Jason?

JASON
Attacked him through the cell bars.

Jason hands Anna the paperclip.

JASON (CONT'D)
Used that to unlock his cuffs.

ANNA
Wait, tell me we still have Ward?

Jason nods, relief washing over Anna, but only for a second
before she steps around him and into the...

HOLDING ROOM

Looking like he just woke up, Frank watches an investigator
snap photos of the crime scene:

Owen, eyes open and glassy, head cocked to one side, slumped
on the ground at the base of the cell.

Anna cover her mouth, then looks over at Beau who's now
standing outside the other cell, handcuffed to it.

Furious, she stomps over to him.

FRANK TANNER
Anna.

Anna SLAPS Beau *hard* across the face, her lip quivering as
she glares at him.

ANNA
You sonuva bitch.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS DETACHMENT - MINUTES LATER

Frank storms down the corridor, Anna on his heels.

FRANK TANNER

This a fucking nightmare. Just spoke with the DA and she wants Ward out of here now. Authorized an immediate transfer.

ANNA

Good. How soon can JPATS be here?

FRANK TANNER

Not for another twenty-four hours.

ANNA

What? Why?

FRANK TANNER

One plane's in the hangar getting an engine replaced or some bullshit, and the other one's busy tomorrow doing pick-ups along the east coast.

ANNA

So, we wait?

FRANK TANNER

No.

(beat)

I want the bus ready to go, hear me?

ANNA

Yes, Sir.

FRANK TANNER

Get your charge into a set of prisoner scrubs. I want a full team on this. Everyone armed and in vests. We don't know who's out there, if anyone, but I'm not taking any chances.

They stop in front of Frank's office.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)

Bus leaves at first light. The sooner Ward's out of my custody, the better.

Anna nods.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've gotta call the parents of one of my Marshals. Tell them they're never

(MORE)

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
gonna be able to talk to their son
again.

MONTAGE

1. LOCKER ROOM - Ten U.S. Marshals put on their gear and arm up: Glocks, vests, shotguns, MP5s, handcuffs, etc.
2. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - Gabe studies a massive, plexiglass-covered map of Colorado on the wall.
3. LOCKER ROOM - Anna tightens the velcro straps on her tactical vest.
4. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - Using a marker, Gabe quickly draws two circles on the map. Then traces a highway.
We're ZOOMED IN, can't tell exactly what he's doing.
5. LOCKER ROOM - Jason shoves a Glock into the holster on his hip. Kathleen racks the slide of a shotgun. Frank slams a fully-loaded mag into his MP5.
6. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - Finished, Gabe steps back from the map as we finally see the exact route the bus will be taking:
Grand Junction circled to the west. Florence to the east. Hwy 50 connecting the two. One mountain pass. Two National Forests. 243 miles total.
7. CELL - Wearing blue prisoner scrubs, Beau stands there peacefully as three Marshals secure his handcuffs to the metal chain around his waist.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Frank addresses his team of assembled Marshals.

FRANK TANNER
This is what we do. Prisoner
transport. It's 243 miles between
here and the Supermax. We've all
made this trip before, some of us
dozens of times.

Anna stands along the wall near the front of the room.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Not once in the sixty year history
of this detachment have we failed
to deliver and I don't intend for
today to be any different.

His team listens intently. Tough. Ready to go.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
 Marshal Gabe Espinoza is expecting
 us to leave here at zero six
 hundred sharp. A four hour ride
 puts us there at ten hundred hours,
 at which time he'll take control of
 the prisoner.

A beat.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
 The transmitter's on the bus so
 Gabe'll be tracking us the entire
 way. That thing goes off-course or
 anything out of the ordinary, he'll
 know even before we do.

(beat)

Are there any questions?

KATHLEEN
 Rules of engagement?

FRANK TANNER
 Same as always.

Lethal force is authorized.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
 Lastly, Marshal Holstrom will be my
 second in command for this
 transfer.

Wes and several Marshals exchange concerned glances. Anna
 notices. So does Frank as he turns to her.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
 Wanna add anything?

ANNA
 Let's make sure this guy's locked
 up where he'll never be able to
 escape from again.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Frank gathers a few items when Wes KNOCKS, then walks in.

WES
 Sir, a few of us were talking and--

FRANK TANNER
 Who's 'us?'

WES
You know. The boys.

FRANK TANNER
I see. Go ahead.

WES
Sir, we have some reservations
about Holstrom. Specifically, her
being second in command for this.

FRANK TANNER
That right?

Frank hasn't once stopped gathering his stuff.

WES
We're not fully convinced she's
capable of handling the--

FRANK TANNER
Let me stop you right there, Wes.
The next time you or any of 'the
boys' single-handedly accomplish
what Holstrom did? Well, *then* you
can be my second in command.

His gear gathered, Frank walks straight up to Wes.

FRANK TANNER (CONT'D)
Do you have any problems with that?

WES
No, Sir.

FRANK TANNER
Me neither.

Frank shuts off the light, leaves Wes there in the dark.

INT. U.S. MARSHALS DETACHMENT - EARLY MORNING

Anna, Jason and Kathleen escort Beau down the corridor.

They push through a set of double doors and into a massive...

WAREHOUSE GARAGE

Numerous vehicles are parked inside, including SUVs and an
SWAT-style armored truck.

But right in the middle is a bad-ass, all-black prisoner
transport bus:

Tinted, bullet-proof windows. Armored siding. Run-flat tires.
Reinforced double axel. *Impenetrable.*

And in big, gold lettering along the side:

U.S. Marshals Service

MP5 in hand, Frank stands by the bus as our three Marshals escort Beau across the garage.

Frank removes the rectangular lockdown key from the lanyard around his neck.

He sticks it into the receptacle by the bus's door. The red LED turns green as the door opens.

Our Marshals lead Beau up into the...

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

The driver and five other heavily-armed U.S. Marshals are already onboard and ready to go.

They all watch Anna lead Beau down the center aisle in his scrubs, handcuffs and waist chain.

BEAU
A bit excessive, no?

Beau steps into one of the empty cells built in the back of the bus and takes a seat.

Anna locks the door behind him, then nods to Frank at the front of the bus as he checks his watch: 6:00am exactly.

The warehouse doors roll open on their tracks and the bus pulls out onto the nearly empty street.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Parked in a lot a block away, one of Vetter's THUGS sits behind the wheel, watches the bus drive away.

He puts his cell phone to his ear.

THUG #1
They just left.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - EARLY MORNING

The bus takes the 'Hwy 50 East' on-ramp as Frank makes a call on his cell phone.

FRANK TANNER
We're en route. How's the signal?

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phone to his ear, Gabe watches his computer monitor.

On it, a map of Colorado with a flashing red dot in Grand Junction - *the transmitter*.

GABE

I'm tracking, but as you know it can get a little sketchy up in the mountains. Good news is I'll be sitting right here watching.

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

FRANK TANNER

Copy.

Frank ends the call.

He takes a seat next to the driver, MP5 ready in his lap.

EXT. REST STOP - MORNING

Thirty miles outside of Grand Junction.

The grade here is much steeper as Hwy 50 snakes its way over the western side of this mountain pass.

All part of Gunnison National Forest and surrounded for miles and miles by nothing but dense, pristine wilderness.

Several vehicles are parked in the rest stop.

One of which is a Colorado Department of Transportation (CDOT) dump truck...

INT. CDOT DUMP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sitting behind the wheel is another one of Vetter's THUGS, wearing a bright orange safety vest.

There's hardly any traffic on Hwy 50 as he watches the prisoner transport bus drive past, heading up the mountain.

Once the bus is out of sight, the thug pulls out--

Then stops right in the middle of Hwy 50, blocking both lanes of traffic heading up the mountain.

He climbs out of the cab.

Radio and stop sign in hand, he ensures the first car driving up the mountain after the bus comes to a stop.

THUG #2
 (into radio)
 I'm in position.

EXT. HWY 50 - CONTINUOUS

Here on the eastern side of the pass, we watch as nearly the exact same thing happens.

A second CDOT dump truck blocks both lanes of traffic headed up the mountain from this direction.

Another THUG climbs out of the truck's cab, keys his radio.

THUG #3
 Same here. The pass is secure.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - CONTINUOUS

Some Marshals stand. Some sit. But all remain hypervigilant.

BEAU
 Can I ask you something personal?

Anna ignores him.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 How'd your son pass away?

ANNA
 That's none of your business.

BEAU
 A parent should never have to bury
 their own child.

Wes looks at Anna, more than happy to shut Beau up for her, but she just shakes her head.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 My daughter, Amy? She was murdered.
 Shot in the head, along with my
 wife...

INT. BEAU'S TRUCK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Panicked, a bearded and slightly younger Beau speeds through a quiet residential neighborhood.

Sitting in the passenger seat is his partner Robert Peterson, also bearded and younger.

BEAU (V.O.)
 One minute she's there. So young.
 So vibrant, full of life.

Rounding a corner, Beau's worst fear is confirmed:

Police cars, ambulances and neighbors swarm around his house.

BEAU (V.O.)
And then the next.... Just gone.

EXT. BEAU'S HOME - SECONDS LATER

Beau's truck skids to a stop in the drive as he and Robert jump out.

Ignoring crime scene tape and police, Beau sprints towards the open front door.

BEAU
Tiffany?!

POLICE OFFICER
Hey! You can't--

BEAU
Amy?!

He darts inside...

INT. BEAU'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Frantic, Beau pushes past investigators and makes his way down the hall.

BEAU
Sweetie?!

Beau stops just outside the open master bedroom door.

Standing there, his eyes moisten. His lip begins to tremble.

Beau slowly steps into the bedroom.

An officer reaches out to stop him but the lead investigator simply shakes his head - let him go.

Beau walks over to the king size bed, drops to his knees.

BEAU (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Oh, God no...

He brings the limp, lifeless bodies of his wife and daughter tight into him as he SOBS.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Please...

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - CONTINUOUS

Back to the present day, Beau stares out the window.

BEAU
I never got the chance to tell them
good bye. Or how much I loved them.
There was never a sense of closure.

He finally looks back at Anna.

BEAU (CONT'D)
It took their deaths for me to
realize there's nothing on this
Earth more powerful, more intimate
than family.

Frank strolls to the back of the bus, addresses his team.

FRANK TANNER
I just checked in with Gabe. We're
on time and still scheduled to
arrive--

He stops mid-sentence as the bus comes to a slow halt right
there in the middle of the highway.

Everyone's surprised, except for Beau who starts QUIETLY
SINGING "Folsom Prison Blues."

BEAU
*When I was just a baby, my mama
told me son. Always be a good boy,
don't ever play with guns.*

Sitting there frozen, the driver stares straight ahead.

DRIVER
Sir.

Frank quickly makes his way back up to the front of the bus.

BEAU
*But I shot a man in Reno. Just to
watch him die...*

He looks out the massive windshield as all the blood drains
from his face:

Standing there in the middle of Hwy 50 on this isolated
stretch of mountain pass is Cole--

With a 9mm pressed to the side of Frank's wife's head.

Her hands duct taped behind her back. Shirt torn and bloodied. Left eye swollen. Tears rolling down her cheeks.

Terrified, she stares at her husband through the windshield.

While Kathleen stands guard over Beau, shotgun trained on him, Anna and the others hurry forward to see for themselves.

FRANK TANNER

Turn off the engine.

The driver does. It's eerily quiet now as Cole and Frank lock eyes. Cole YELLS out to him.

COLE

I'd like to offer you a trade.

Emotional, Frank's grip tightens on his MP5.

COLE (CONT'D)

And just in case this wasn't
enticing enough...

Frank's confused for a second, until Moss and Whistler emerge from the forest along the side of the highway.

They have Frank's 12 year-old son and 8 year-old daughter also held hostage, blindfolds tight over their young eyes.

Anna covers her mouth in horror.

COLE (CONT'D)

What do you say? Is it a deal?

If there was any fight left in Frank, it leaves him the moment he sees his two terrified children.

FRANK TANNER

Open the door.

DRIVER

Sir?

ANNA

Open the God damn door.

The driver does. Frank steps down the stairs and...

OUTSIDE THE BUS

His hands raised, Frank doesn't once take his teary eyes off his family.

COLE
Thought you might agree to these
terms.

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

Wes and several Marshals immediately try their cell phones,
but get odd "Signal Disruption" messages.

WES
Something's up. I can't get a
signal.

Anna tries hers, gets the same thing - "Signal Disruption."

Then she seems to figure it out. Anna keys the bus's radio,
only to get LOUD FEEDBACK.

ANNA
They're using a jammer.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gabe sits at his desk, sipping a coffee, eyes glued to the
computer screen. *Everything normal.*

A PRISON GUARD looks over his shoulder, when the flashing red
dot suddenly disappears.

PRISON GUARD
Where'd it go?

GABE
Happens every time, right here...
(taps on screen)
Mountains. We'll give 'em a minute
or two to get over the pass.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Hands raised, Frank walks cautiously towards Cole.

Then he breaks rule #2 of the U.S. Marshals Service and
gently lays his MP5 down on the ground in front of him.

FRANK TANNER
Please. I'm begging you.

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

Anna and the other Marshals watch through the windshield when
Jason spots movement out a side window.

JASON
Heads up. We got company.

Sure enough, Vetter, Lobo, Rohland and another dozen THUGS step out from the treeline along one side of the highway.

Each of them armed and looking deadly serious.

Kathleen racks her shotgun, aims it at Beau's head.

WES
We need men outside. Right now.

Anna's mind races. Wes grows impatient.

WES (CONT'D)
Give the order, or I will.

Still undecided, Anna looks at Cole. Then at the thugs.

WES (CONT'D)
Look! Our Chief's out there by himself! I'm not just gonna stand around while--

ANNA
Fine! But no one fires unless fired upon.

Wes and four other Marshals quickly file off the bus as the door automatically locks behind them.

It's Anna, Jason, Kathleen and the driver inside with Beau.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Grossly outnumbered, Wes and the Marshals square off with Vetter and his thugs along the side of the bus.

The only thing present in higher quantities than the weaponry is the fucking testosterone.

In front of the bus, Frank slowly gets down on his knees as he pleads with Cole.

FRANK TANNER
You can have me. Just let my family go.

Cole steps directly in front of Frank.

COLE
I don't want you. Or your family.

Cole looks up, stares at Anna through the windshield.

COLE (CONT'D)
I want what's on that bus.

He swings his 9mm *hard* across Frank's face with a sickening CRACK!, Frank's limp body crumpling to the ground.

MRS. TANNER
NOOO!!

It's Wes who fires the first shot and just like that--

ALL FUCKING HELL BREAKS LOOSE!

The DEAFENING NOISE of 20 weapons firing simultaneously as Vetter and his thugs EXCHANGE FIRE with the Marshals.

Men from both sides drop dead. Others scramble for cover.

Moss and Whistler both OPEN FIRE as the two young children cower together.

Cole swings his 9mm towards the bus.

Empties the entire clip at Anna standing inside.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! CLICK. CLICK.

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

Cole's shots form a tight group in the windshield directly in front of Anna, but none get through the bullet-proof glass.

ANNA
We're in lockdown. Everyone just hold tight.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

With SHOOTING and carnage all around him, Cole grabs Mrs. Tanner by her hair and storms over to the bus.

Tossing the empty 9mm aside, Cole pulls another one from the small of his back.

He presses it against Mrs. Tanner's temple as he glares up at Anna through the bus's secure door.

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

Despite the fear on Mrs. Tanner's face, Anna doesn't budge.

All she can do is mouth "*I'm sorry.*"

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Seeing he's getting nowhere, Cole shoves Mrs. Tanner aside.

He storms back over to Frank's unconscious body, shooting a wounded Marshal dead on his way.

Bending down, Cole quickly digs through Frank's pockets--

Then notices the lanyard as he rips the lockdown key from around Frank's neck.

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

Realizing their stronghold is about to be breached, Anna turns and darts to the rear of the bus.

ANNA

Move it! Let's go!

Jason stops her in the aisle.

JASON

Wait! You don't have to do this,
Anna.

Anna stares at Jason with an angry determination before pushing past him to Beau.

BEAU

You should listen to your friend.

Furious, Anna unlocks the cell door.

ANNA

Get up.

BEAU

Trust me. It's not worth it.

Anna shoves her .40mm against Beau's temple.

ANNA

Get up right now or I'll blow your
fucking head off.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Cole slams the key into the receptacle. Green LED.

The door opens as Cole swings his 9mm up, fires two shots into the driver's chest.

BANG! BANG!

Cole doesn't hesitate, barges up the stairs...

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

He swings his 9mm to the left expecting Anna and company with Beau in the back of the bus--

But it's completely empty.

The rear emergency door is wide open.

Furious, Cole storms to the rear of the bus and jumps through the open door...

OUTSIDE THE BUS

The SHOOTING has finally stopped.

Bodies of Marshals and Vetter's thugs litter the highway.

Cole ignores all of it as he scans the area for the escapees.

Movement in the trees finally catches his eye several hundred yards up the...

MOUNTAINSIDE

Anna, Jason, Kathleen and Wes hurry up the steep incline.

They BREATHE HEAVILY as they near the top of a ridge, forcing a still-handcuffed Beau along at gunpoint.

ANNA

Move! Move!

OUTSIDE THE BUS

It's too far for Cole to take a shot with his 9mm, but it's not too far for Vetter.

COLE

Someone shoot them!

Vetter quickly removes his McMillan Tac-50 sniper rifle from its case stashed along the treeline.

Lying down, he chambers a round, then gently rests his cheek on the rifle and looks through the scope.

POV SCOPE: The five escapees move in and out of the trees 300 yards up the mountainside. Vetter levels the crosshairs on the closest Marshal - Wes - and smoothly pulls the trigger.

BOOM!

MOUNTAINSIDE

Wes is bringing up the rear, climbing as fast as he can when his head explodes in a bright red mist.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Vetter immediately ejects the spent casing.

He chambers another round, looks through the scope again.

POV SCOPE: Jason, Anna and Beau disappear over the ridge as Vetter levels the crosshairs on the only remaining Marshal - *Kathleen* - and smoothly pulls the trigger.

BOOM!

MOUNTAINSIDE

Kathleen's literally one second away from safely disappearing behind the ridge--

When the .50 caliber round rips clean through her shoulder, knocking her off her feet as she SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN.

KATHLEEN

AAHHHHHHH!

Jason guards Beau as Anna doubles back to help her friend who's lying on the ground, clutching her bloody shoulder.

ANNA

Can you walk?!

KATHLEEN

Is there another God damn option?!

ANNA

That's my girl.

Kathleen cowgirls the fuck up as Anna helps her to her feet.

Anna hands Kathleen the shotgun as the four of them hurry through the dense forest, safe for the time being.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Cole checks his watch, then looks around at who's left:

Moss, Whistler, Vetter, Lobo, and Rohland.

COLE

There's a transmitter on the bus. I need someone to drive it all the way to Florence. Buy us some time.

No one volunteers.

COLE (CONT'D)

Maldonado's paying us to ensure Beau makes it safely across the border. He'll double it for whomever drives.

ROHLAND

I'll do it.

COLE

Good.

ROHLAND

What should I do once I'm there?

COLE

Whatever you want.

Rohland climbs aboard the bus as Cole addresses the others.

COLE (CONT'D)

Turn off the jammer. Get these bodies out of sight. Then open up the roads.

Whistler heads for the treeline.

There he opens a large, rigid Pelican case and shuts down the military-grade signal jammer.

The other men start dragging dead bodies to a ditch along the side of the road.

In addition to the bullet-ridden windshield, the entire right side of the bus looks like it was just in a war zone.

Rohland dumps the driver's dead body in the aisle, cranks on the engine and drives off.

MOSS

What about them?

He's referring to Mrs. Tanner who's crouched over Frank's unconscious body, SOBBING.

She protectively holds her two children tight by her side, both still blindfolded.

COLE
Tie 'em to a tree. Or shoot 'em. I
really don't care.

Cole places a toothpick in his mouth.

Stares up at the ridge where Anna disappeared.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's still no flashing red dot on the computer screen.

GABE
How long's it been?

PRISON GUARD
Four, maybe five minutes.

Gabe considers this for a beat, then picks up his phone.

He's just about to call Frank when the flashing red dot re-appears exactly where it's supposed to be.

Gabe lays his cell phone back down and kicks his feet up as he watches the monitor.

EXT. REST STOP - CONTINUOUS

Several cars are now stopped in front of the dump truck as the thug from earlier hears over his radio:

MOSS (V.O.)
Open the roads.

The thug climbs up into the cab.

Pulls the dump truck off the side of the highway as the short line of cars continues up and over the pass.

EXT. HWY 50 - CONTINUOUS

The thug here on the eastern side of the pass does the same as the prisoner transport bus comes rolling down the highway.

Rohland and the thug nod to one another as it drives past.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Jason leads Beau at gunpoint as Anna helps support Kathleen.

Blood flows freely down Kathleen's arm and off her fingers.

ANNA
We need to get you to a hospital.

KATHLEEN
You think?

Anna checks her cell phone. She no longer gets the "Signal Disruption" message, but there's no reception.

ANNA
Nothing. Jason, I want you trying
your phone every five minutes.

Jason nods.

ANNA (CONT'D)
We've got two choices. Hunker down
somewhere and wait for
reinforcements. Once someone
realizes the bus has been hijacked,
this entire area will be swarming
with law enforcement.

KATHLEEN
I'll be real honest with you. I
don't love that option.

ANNA
Or we can keep pressing forward.
Try to walk out of here.

JASON
How far?

ANNA
Ten, twenty miles? Maybe more.

BEAU
There is a third option.
(beat)
Leave me right here and just walk
away.

ANNA
That's not happening.

BEAU
So you three are willing to risk
your lives? For what?

Hiking along, Beau glances back over his shoulder at Anna.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Or maybe it's just you who's
willing to risk your life. Haven't
enough people already died today?

ANNA

My colleagues here can do whatever they want. I won't stop 'em. Me? I'm taking you to the Supermax.

BEAU

Fine. But I can tell you unequivocally that the men following us won't stop until either they have me back in their possession, you three are dead, or all of the above.

(beat)

Seems like a real easy decision to me.

JASON

I say we press on. We'll come across a road or hikers eventually.

Anna looks at Kathleen who's face is growing paler as she continues to slowly bleed out.

KATHLEEN

I second that.

Decision made, the four press on over the steep terrain.

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Cole leads Vetter, Moss, Whistler, and Lobo as they track the trail of blood through the thick forest.

Each man is armed, Vetter with the sniper rifle resting on his shoulder.

Lobo finds more blood droplets and WHISTLES as the men head in his direction.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Gabe watches his computer monitor.

All appears normal, the flashing red dot now further east along Hwy 50 and right where it's supposed to be.

Still, he calls Frank on his cell phone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Vehicles drive past the exact spot where the bus was hijacked, yet nothing appears out of the ordinary.

No one can see the row of bodies lying in the ditch alongside the highway, just out of sight.

Frank's cell phone lies there in the dirt RINGING, completely unheard by the passing cars.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

After several more RINGS, Gabe is surprised when it goes to Frank's voicemail.

FRANK TANNER (V.O.)
This is Frank Tanner. Leave me a message.

GABE
Hey, it's Gabe. Call me back.

Gabe ends the call. Looks at his cell phone. *The first hint of concern.*

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

1.6 million acres of rugged, untamed backcountry.

Everyone's exhausted as Anna and her crew hike along, all three Marshals still wearing their heavy tactical vests.

ANNA
Those men back there. They work for Carlos Maldonado?

BEAU
Someone's done her homework.

ANNA
Well, they just killed five U.S. Marshals in cold blood while you sat back and watched.

BEAU
I seem to recall warning you. No?

ANNA
You could have stopped it.
(beat)
You were one of us not too long ago. Remember that? Or have you somehow conveniently forgotten?

BEAU
Oh, I remember. I also remember I didn't start this.

ANNA
The hell you didn't! And for what?!

JASON

Anna...

ANNA

No, Jason.

(beat)

I'm real sorry, but the death of
your family doesn't justify what
those men have done today. Not even
close.

Anna, Jason and Beau continue up the hill, but Kathleen stops
behind them.

Her face is nearly sheet white now, blood soaked clean
through her shirt as it continues to drip off her fingers.

Anna stops and turns, sees that Kathleen hasn't budged.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Come on. You're doing great.

But Kathleen's eyes say it all - *she's done*.

KATHLEEN

Look at me. Who are we kidding.
I'll never make it.

ANNA

Of course you will. We will.

Kathleen shakes her head, her mind made up. *And at peace*.

KATHLEEN

There's some ammo in here, as well
as my cell phone...

Kathleen grimaces as she removes her tactical vest, tosses it
to Jason.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

If I'm gonna bleed out atop some
mountain, you can bet your ass I'm
taking at least one of those
fuckers with me.

She smiles at her two colleagues one last time before turning
and heading in a different direction.

ANNA

Kathleen.

Kathleen doesn't stop. Doesn't turn around.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Kathleen!

Jason reaches out, places his hand on Anna's shoulder to calm her as Kathleen disappears into the forest.

EXT. WILDERNESS - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Cole and his men come upon the same small clearing when they locate the heavy trail of blood on the ground.

Cole bends down, rubs the fresh blood between his fingers.

He nods in the direction of the droplets as they follow their prey in Kathleen's direction.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - MORNING

A HUSBAND drives along, strokes his WIFE'S hair as she sleeps in the passenger seat.

Glancing in the rearview mirror, he smiles at his SON (6) sitting quietly in the backseat--

When something catches his eye.

He adjusts the rearview mirror, sees it:

The bullet-pocked windshield of the prisoner transport bus as it approaches on his left.

WTF?

The son is the first to see through the bus's door as it slowly passes them.

Rohland looks down at the boy and presses his finger to his lips - *shhhhhh*.

Not knowing any better, the adorable little boy returns the gesture - *shhhhhh*.

As the bus continues past, it's the husband now who gets a good look at Rohland, but he *does* know better:

That's clearly not a U.S. Marshal.

Next, the concerned husband sees the entire right side of the bus is shot to hell as he wakes his wife.

HUSBAND

Babe.

Startled, she sits up and also sees the bus.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Call 911.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Assault rifle in hand, Lobo follows the trail of blood as he creeps silently along.

Flanking him 50 feet to his right is Whistler.

And Moss 50 feet to his left.

Then the blood droplets just stop.

Lobo slowly brings the assault rifle up to his cheek, ready to fire of a quick burst as he scans the nearby forest.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Pssst.

Lobo freezes as we REVEAL behind him--

Kathleen lying on the ground inside a hollow, rotting log.

Just barely alive as she cradles the shotgun to her chest.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I was really hoping it'd be that
other sonova bitch, but you'll do.

His back to her, Lobo GULPS, then spins around--

But Kathleen's ready as she levels the shotgun, pulls the trigger.

BOOM!

Lobo flies backwards, his entire chest cavity torn wide open from the direct hit.

Kathleen snaps the shotgun back against her chest, lies there silent and motionless, ready to go again.

Unfortunately for her she's completely unaware Cole saw the entire thing from 50 feet behind the log--

As we REVEAL him standing there, watching.

Vetter stands alongside him as Cole draws his 9mm.

He aims it at the back of the log and fires.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three shots. Three holes along the length of the log.

Tossing his toothpick aside, Cole walks up to the log, peers over the top of it:

Kathleen lies dead inside. Eyes open, glassy. The shotgun on the ground next to her lifeless hands.

Cole looks out in the direction they were headed.

Then back in the opposite direction. *Realizes they were being lead astray.*

COLE
She's a decoy.

He grabs the shotgun, heads back in the direction they just came from as the others follow him.

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Anna, Jason and Beau hike along when they hear the THREE GUNSHOTS in the distance.

Jason and Anna lock eyes as he sees a rare look of concern on her face. *Kathleen?*

JASON
They're letting us know we're not alone out here, that's all.

The three of them push on through the dense forest.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Cell phone up to his ear, Gabe stands there as he studies the oversized map on the wall.

He draws a circle around the mountain pass.

Gabe ends the call when no one answers. A SUPERVISORY GUARD walks over, sees his concern.

SUPERVISORY GUARD
Nothing?

GABE
No. I've just called four different Marshals on that bus and not one of them's answered.

Gabe crosses the room to his computer monitor.

The flashing red dot is now over halfway to Florence and still right on course.

GABE (CONT'D)
Something's up and I don't like it.

One of the guards at the computer console is on a phone when he covers the mouthpiece, turns to Gabe.

PRISON GUARD
Sir.

GABE
Take a message, I'm busy.

PRISON GUARD
I think you're gonna wanna hear this.

Gabe sees the seriousness on the guard's face as he crosses, takes the phone.

GABE
Espinoza.

The entire room is silent as Gabe listens. Growing agitated, he suddenly SLAMS the receiver down.

Then again and again and again until it's just a busted piece of plastic.

All eyes are on Gabe as he slowly regains his composure.

GABE (CONT'D)
The bus has been commandeered. It appears there's only one person on board, a driver. No Marshals. No Ward.

EXT. HWY 50 - CONTINUOUS

The prisoner transport bus cruises along at a steady 65 mph.

Trailing behind it are at least seven Sheriff's vehicles, each one with their lights flashing and SIRENS BLARING.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Anna, Jason and Beau hike uphill, each one exhausted.

BEAU
This is fun. The three of us out here for an early morning stroll.

ANNA

Shut up.

BEAU

Don't know about you two, but I
could use a little break.

ANNA

We'll stop once I can see what's
over this ridge.

Jason drops back, talks to Anna.

JASON

You know where we are?

ANNA

I have a rough idea.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Cole and his men move silently uphill as they follow a fresh
set of bootprints.

Suddenly, Cole stops dead in his tracks.

He listens - hears voices.

They're faint, but unmistakable: Anna and Beau talking.

Cole signals to his men as all four of them head silently up
the hill, weapons at the ready.

MINUTES LATER

Looking down the barrel of Kathleen's shotgun, Cole creeps
along, eyes peeled.

Anna and Beau's voices grow even louder - *must be just around
this group of trees.*

Then Cole spots it:

The edge of Anna's tactical vest as she sits with her back to
him.

Signaling to his men, Cole silently moves in for the kill.

He rounds the Pine Tree--

REVEALING it's not Anna at all, but Kathleen's empty tactical
vest propped up against a log.

In fact, there's no one there as Cole removes Kathleen's cell
phone from a vest pocket.

ANNA (V.O.)
 You were one of us not too long ago. Remember that? Or have you somehow conveniently forgotten?

BEAU (V.O.)
 Oh, I remember. I also remember I didn't start this.

Set on loop, the phone is playing the recorded conversation from earlier.

ANNA (V.O.)
 The hell you didn't! And for what?!

Furious at being duped again, Cole hurls the phone deep into the woods.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Anna's by herself as she reaches the top of the ridge.

Getting her bearings, she stands there and looks out on Gunnison National Forest.

It's stunningly beautiful country, but there's not a man-made structure in sight.

They are truly isolated.

A river snakes its way through the valley floor below her.

Using her hand, Anna trace a line from a mountain peak up to the sun as it rises in the sky.

She turns 90 degrees, slowly drops her hand straight down.

They need to travel in that direction.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Jason's guarding Beau, both men looking somewhat refreshed when Anna returns.

Jason has his cell phone in his hand. He looks at Anna and shakes his head - *no reception*.

ANNA
 There's a river a mile or so away.

Anna walks over to a massive, ten-foot tall granite wall covered in vegetation.

From it, a steady stream of crystal clear spring water flows down the face.

ANNA (CONT'D)
We'll follow it for a bit, then cut
over and head due west.

Anna drinks directly from the wall, savoring it, then allows
the cool water to flow over her entire head.

ANNA (CONT'D)
That should put us right there on
the outskirts of town.

JASON
You think the vest and cell phone
thing bought us any time?

ANNA
Out here I'll take any edge we can
get.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - MORNING

The patrol cars still on his ass, Rohland passes a sign:

"ADX Florence Next Exit"

It's decision time as he checks his mirrors.

Nearly passing the exit, Rohland makes up his mind at the
last possible second--

Jerks the steering wheel to the right as he takes the off-
ramp without even slowing down.

INT. SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driving lead behind the bus, the SHERIFF keys his radio.

SHERIFF
He just took the prison exit.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gabe and the others wait for an update.

PRISON GUARD
The bus is headed this way, Sir.
Our men at the gate are standing-by
for instruction.

Pacing, Gabe thinks for a minute.

GABE
Someone confirm with me that there
are no Marshals aboard that bus.

SUPERVISORY GUARD
Affirmative.

PRISON GUARD
ETA is less than two minutes, Sir.

More tense silence.

GABE
When it reaches a quarter mile out,
raise the pylons. There will not be
a breach of this facility.

EXT. SUPERMAX, MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

High-tech guard shack. Chain link fence. Armed guards.

But what we're really focused on are the pylons, or at least
what we can see of them:

Five massive, solid, stainless steel hydraulic pylons flush
with the road.

Each one is three-feet in diameter and ready to be raised at
the push of a button.

Off on the horizon, the bus barrels across the flat land
towards the gate, patrol cars in hot pursuit.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - CONTINUOUS

Rohland can see the main gate a half-mile ahead.

He grips the steering wheel and floors the accelerator as the
bus picks up speed.

70 mph. 80 mph.

The bus plows straight through two police cruisers set up as
a road block.

Then over a spike strip like it wasn't even there.

A quarter-mile out now and just seconds away from crashing
through the gate--

Rohland's eyes go wide as the five massive pylons emerge from
the ground directly in front of him.

ROHLAND
Oh, crap.

MAIN GATE

The pylons only raise four-feet out of the ground--

But that's more than enough to stop the 17 ton bus as it hits them at 90 mph.

In fact, they don't just stop it, they fucking annihilate it.

The bus compresses and tears and twists itself into a mangled mass of fiery metal.

Skidding violently across dirt and pavement--

The carnage finally comes to a grinding halt fifty yards past the main gate.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Red warning lights flash. An ALARM sounds overhead.

GABE
Contact the Governor. Tell him
we're requesting a Blue Alert be
issued ASAP.

Gabe studies the map on the wall.

He draws an even larger circle, this one including all of Gunnison National Forest.

GABE (CONT'D)
I want every available law
enforcement entity in the state to
descend upon this area here...
(taps on the circle)
And locate those missing Marshals.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Anna, Jason and Beau emerge from the treeline and walk along the shore of the river she saw earlier.

With Beau in front of them, Jason falls back, lowers his voice as he talks to Anna.

JASON
I don't like this. We've been out
here, what...
(checks his watch)
Four hours now and not a single
police helicopter overhead.

ANNA
There's a lot of acreage to cover.

JASON
Okay, but--

ANNA
They're coming for us, Jason. Give
'em time.

BEAU
It's not too late to call it quits.

Apparently Beau *can* hear them.

BEAU (CONT'D)
History's full of dead men trying
to be one thing. Overly courageous.

JASON
You know what, man? Fuck you!

For the first time since we've known him, Jason loses his cool.

He catches up to Beau and shoves him *hard*, nearly knocking him to the ground.

JASON (CONT'D)
Let me tell you something...

ANNA
Jason...

JASON
No!

Anna has to hold Jason back from attacking Beau.

JASON (CONT'D)
What do you know about courage,
huh?! Nothing, that's what. The
Marshals back on that bus? They
know about it. My father and his
father, both Marines who died for
this country? Yeah, they know
something about it. But you?

Jason chokes down his anger and his emotions.

JASON (CONT'D)
You're nothing but a traitor. You
don't know the first God damn--

BOOM!

The .50 caliber round pierces straight through the rear of
Jason's vest and exits the front--

Killing him instantly and peppering Anna's face with blood.

ANNA

NOO!!

Reflexively, Anna FIRES OFF SEVERAL SHOTS in the direction the round came from, but doesn't see a soul.

She shoves her gun into Beau's side, grabs him and hurries towards the safety of the treeline.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Move! Go!

EXT. RIDGELINE - CONTINUOUS

Nearly a mile away on a ridge overlooking the stream:

Vetter lies on his belly, sniper rifle against his cheek.

Cole, Whistler and Moss watch him eject the spent casing, then load another round and look through the scope again.

POV SCOPE: Anna and Beau disappear into the woods.

Vetter relaxes. Turns his head, looks up at Cole who's cold gaze is still focused on the treeline.

COLE

And then there was one.

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Anna has Beau pinned against a massive Pine, her gun pressed under his chin as she CATCHES HER BREATH.

BEAU

Look around, Marshal Holstrom!
You're being hunted! Your friends
are all dead! You're out here
alone! No one's going to blame you
for giving up!

Furious, Anna fights back tears.

BEAU (CONT'D)

What is it you're trying to prove?!
Huh?! This isn't your fight.

Anna peers around the tree, sees Jason's body lying in a crumpled mass by the river.

ANNA

The hell it isn't.

BEAU
 Whatever your demons or promises,
 they're not worth it. *I'm* not worth
 it. Go home. Be with your family.
 (beat)
 Don't make the same mistake I made.

Anna stares at Beau. Her eyes moist. Lip trembling.

ANNA
 God as my witness right here, right
 now, I *will* deliver my charge.

She gives Beau a shove, follows him into the thick woods.

INT. CSP VEHICLE - MORNING

A Colorado State Patrol (CSP) vehicle creeps along the
 shoulder of the mountain pass at barely 5 mph.

Sitting behind the wheel is CSP Trooper IRENE MCKEE (32).
 Veteran of the force.

Next to her in the passenger seat is CSP Trooper LUKE BECKER
 (22). First week on the job.

It's Luke who spots something in the ditch.

LUKE
 Whoa. Stop.

Irene does as both Troopers step outside the vehicle...

MOUNTAIN PASS

There they find the dead bodies of Vetter's thugs and the
 Marshals lying in the ditch.

IRENE
 Sweet Mary Mother of God.

Luke throws up as Irene gets on her radio.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Dispatch, this is Unit Twelve.
 Requesting all units proceed to my
 location immediately. Officers
 down. I repeat, officers down.

Then something - *movement* - catches her eye in the woods and
 she immediately draws her duty weapon.

IRENE (CONT'D)
 Police!

Luke draws his gun as the two Troopers carefully weave their way into the forest.

Using the thick vegetation as cover, they nod to one another, then swing out with their guns aimed--

Find the Tanners duct taped belly-first to separate trees.

Frank. Mrs. Tanner. And the two children.

Each one gagged, but still very much alive.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Sweet Jesus.

Irene and Luke quickly free the terrified family.

The two children remove their blindfolds and collapse into their parent's arms, all four of them WEEPING.

FRANK TANNER
It's okay. Everything's gonna be
alright.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Beau and Anna hike through the woods when she notices they're surrounded by a distinctive green vegetation:

Marijuana plants. Thousands of them.

An illegal grow operation on national forest land.

Anna stops. Takes in the sight.

But something's wrong.

It's quiet. Too quiet for an operation of this size--

When the blade of a hunting knife is pressed *tight* against the front of her neck by:

EMMETT WHITE (28). Jeans, no shirt. Shaved head. All muscle. Swastika tattoos and an AR-15 slung across his back.

EMMETT
Reach for that gun on your hip and
I'll draw this blade so deep it'll
sever your spinal cord.

Anna slowly raises her hands as Beau turns around, sees Anna held hostage, staring back at him.

Sensing something himself, Beau turns his head--

Finds another Aryan Nation thug standing to his right, aiming a camouflaged hunting crossbow at him:

LIL RAY RAY (25). Skinny, maybe 105 lbs soaking wet. Yellowed teeth. Wearing an old, confederate civil war cap.

LIL RAY RAY
Same here, mother fucker.

BEAU
You're not that bright, are you?

Confused, Lil Ray Ray just scowls at Beau.

ANNA
I'm a federal officer and right now
you're interfering with--

EMMETT
Yeah, I know what you are. Question
is, what are you doing way out
here?

BEAU
If you guys let me go, you can do
whatever you want with her.

EMMETT
Don't look to me like you're in any
position right now to be making
deals. What's it look like to you,
Ray?

LIL RAY RAY
Like they's screwed.

Blood trickles down the front of Anna's neck.

BEAU
Believe it or not, there are men
following us right now that are a
helluva lot scarier than you two.

EMMETT
Bullshit.

LIL RAY RAY
Yeah, bullshit! What do we look,
stupid?! You's just saying that so--

In the blink of an eye Beau spins, grabs the crossbow, shoves Lil Ray Ray against a tree and fires from his hip, THWOOP!--

All while still handcuffed to his belly chain.

The arrow goes clean through Lil Ray Ray's thigh and lodges deep in the Pine, literally pinning him to the tree.

LIL RAY RAY (CONT'D)
AHHHHHH!

Anna immediately grabs Emmett's knife hand and elbows him *hard* in the ribs as she breaks free.

Emmett stumbles backwards as Anna drops to one knee, draws her .40mm and trains it on him.

Standing there stunned, Emmett's first instinct is to reach for the AR-15 on his back.

ANNA
Don't even think about it.

Beau stands there - watching. *He recognizes the danger.*

BEAU
What are you waiting for, Marshal?
Pull the trigger.

Emmett's eyes dart nervously between Anna and Beau.

BEAU (CONT'D)
He's gonna kill you. Pull the
trigger.

Sure enough, Emmett locks eyes with Anna.

Testing her, he lays a hand on the rifle strap across his chest. Anna's grip tightens on the gun.

ANNA
Please don't make me do this.

With nothing to lose, Emmett quickly swings the assault rifle around as Anna double taps.

BANG! BANG!

The shots hit Emmett in the dead center of his chest as he crumples to the ground. *Dead.*

Beau eyes the AR-15, but Anna already has the .40 trained on him.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(re: the crossbow)
Drop it.

Useless to him without reloading another arrow, he does.

BEAU
You did the right thing.

It's clear Anna's never killed anyone before.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 If you hadn't, it'd be us lying
 there on the ground instead of him.

Lil Ray Ray squirms on the tree, watching helplessly.

Anna removes the AR-15 from Emmett's lifeless body, holsters
 her .40.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 We both know if I make it to the
 Supermax, that I'm never leaving
 there.

Beau locks eyes with Anna.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 I'm not going back to prison.

ANNA
 We'll see about that.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - MORNING

This stretch of Hwy 50 is shut down, completely taken over by
 law enforcement: Patrol cars. Command post RV.

Ambulances receive the dead in body bags.

A police helicopter circles overhead.

Dozens of armed LAW ENFORCEMENT PERSONNEL scour the
 mountainside for any trace of Beau or the missing Marshals.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Lil Ray Ray's near tears as he very gingerly tries to slide
 himself off the crossbow arrow.

He looks up to find Cole and his men staring at him.

LIL RAY RAY
 You gotta fucking help me. Please.
 I think it hit bone.

Cole calmly retrieves the crossbow off the ground. Loads
 another arrow from the quiver.

COLE
 Which way'd they go?

LIL RAY RAY
 Huh?

Cole shoves the crossbow against the front of Lil Ray Ray's
 neck who immediately points in the direction.

Then Cole pulls the trigger, THWOOP!

The arrow pierces Lil Ray Ray's neck, lodges in the Pine.

Blood flows down his chest as he struggles to remove the arrow, but can't.

After several intense seconds he drowns on his own blood, his slack body suspended against the tree.

Snap!

The faint sound of a branch breaking in the distance.

Cole and his men freeze. Listen.

Snap!

The four of them quickly split up into the woods.

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Anna and Beau trudge through the forest when he intentionally steps on a fallen branch.

SNAP!

Looking around her, Anna seems to recognize the terrain.

ANNA

Stop.

Beau does, Anna growing more excited by what she sees.

ANNA (CONT'D)

To the top of this hill. Move.

She follows Beau as they climb to the top. There's not a hint of civilization, yet Anna's eyes light up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes...

She turns around several times, gets her bearings.

With a new hope and energy, she shoves Beau down the backside of the hill as she checks her phone for reception.

EXT. WILDERNESS - LATER

There's a gleam in Anna's eye as she and Beau follow a small path now - a running trail.

Checking her cell phone, there's finally a signal as she quickly dials 911, presses it to her ear.

Fifty yards ahead of them and barely visible in the clearing just beyond the trees is a log cabin.

Anna's log cabin.

Which is exactly where they're headed.

She shoves Beau in the back with the assault rifle as her cell phone RINGS in her ear.

BREATHING HEAVILY, she looks to her right - *only forest.*

Another RING in her ear.

ANNA
(sotto)
Come on...

The clearing and the cabin, just twenty yards in front of them now.

Yet something compels Anna to glance to her right again.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911. What's your emer--

Anna ends the call.

She grabs Beau, drives him face-first against a Pine Tree, presses the barrel of the AR-15 against the back of his head.

ANNA
(barely a whisper)
Don't. Make. A sound.

Anna braves a peak around the Pine--

REVEAL Cole moving silently through the woods, crossbow at the ready.

Anna snaps her head back.

Heart beating out of her chest, she tightens her grip on the assault rifle.

Braving another peak, she's relieved to find Cole moving away from their position--

When Beau WHISTLES.

Soft like a bird's, yet distinct.

Cole stops dead in his tracks as Anna snaps her head back.

BEAU

Sorry.

Cole returns the EXACT SAME WHISTLE as Anna glares up at Beau, his cheek pressed against the tree.

BEAU (CONT'D)

I told you I'm not going back to prison.

WILDERNESS

Cole scans the forest when he sees just the hint of a shadow move behind a large Pine Tree - *Beau and Anna*.

He points it out to Moss and Whistler who get in position.

The only one missing is Vetter.

BEHIND PINE TREE

Anna presses Beau even harder into the tree.

COLE (O.S.)

You alright?

BEAU

Yeah, I'm fine.

COLE (O.S.)

That woman Marshal hurt you?

BEAU

If she had, not sure I'd admit it.

Beau cranes his neck, looks at Anna.

BEAU (CONT'D)

All this to end up here. So close.

Anna glances over her shoulder at the cabin. *Too far.*

BEAU (CONT'D)

In chess, this is called the endgame. It's your move. What are you gonna do?

Anna's not just determined, *she's fucking pissed.*

ANNA

Play the board.

WILDERNESS

Cole, Moss and Whistler stand there, weapons aimed.

Anna tosses the AR-15 aside.

Then slowly emerges from behind the tree, her .40mm pressed tightly against Beau's temple.

But there's something different about Anna.

Her hair's down now. No ponytail. *WTF?*

FURTHER AWAY

Vetter watches the entire scene unfold as he lies motionless on the ground 50 yards away.

His cheek on the sniper rifle, he looks through the scope.

POV SCOPE: Anna's head, dead center of the crosshairs.

Vetter slows his breathing. Begins to squeeze the trigger.

WILDERNESS

Anna stands there as she eyes Cole, Moss and Whistler.

COLE
Wait for it...

We've heard that before. Know exactly what's coming.

But so does Anna as we REVEAL--

Her elastic hair band stretched tightly around her trigger finger and the back of her hand.

A little trick she learned from Joel Summter.

ANNA
Call off your sniper.

Cole sees the band. He raises his hand, SHOUTS to Vetter.

COLE
Stop!

FURTHER AWAY

Vetter's a split second away from firing--

When he hears Cole's command and eases off the trigger, moves the rifle just an inch to the left.

POV SCOPE: Cole stands there, hand raised in the air as he looks back in Vetter's direction.

WILDERNESS

Beau held hostage, Anna's in total control.

ANNA

Lower your weapons. Now.

Moss and Whistler both comply as Anna slowly begins to lead Beau backwards towards the cabin.

COLE

(to Beau)

Don't worry. We're not going anywhere without you.

BEAU

I know.

Cole locks eyes with Anna.

He swings the crossbow up, aims it right at her as she shoves the .40mm even tighter against Beau's temple.

ANNA

Do it. I dare you.

COLE

Just a matter of time.

ANNA

Yeah, until the entire U.S. Marshals Service arrives.

COLE

Oh, I'm sorry. Maybe you didn't get my text. I don't plan on being here when that happens.

ANNA

We'll see about that.

Anna and Beau finally emerge from the treeline.

Nate's truck is gone as they cross the gravel drive...

LOG CABIN

Then up the porch steps as Jaxx BARKS inside.

Cole and his three men watch from treeline as Anna opens the front door and Jaxx darts outside.

ANNA

Jaxx!

Jaxx is excited. And then...

COLE

Here puppy, puppy!

Jaxx spins around. He spots Cole at the treeline and lowers his head, starts to GROWL.

ANNA

Get in here!

Cole begins to GROWL back, antagonizing the German Sheppard who takes off in a dead sprint towards him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Jaxx! No!

150 feet.

Whistler raises his MP5 at Jaxx, but Cole reaches out and gently lowers it with his hand.

100 feet.

Jaxx BARKS. Canines barred. Running full speed.

50 feet.

Cole stands there calmly and when Jaxx launches in the air for him from only 10 feet away--

He swings the crossbow up and fires an arrow deep into the dog's shoulder.

THWOOP!

Jaxx let's out a heart-wrenching YELP as Cole steps to the side, Jaxx crashing to the ground beside him.

Anna watches in horror from her doorway.

ANNA (CONT'D)

NOO!!!

She finally shoves Beau inside and SLAMS the door shut...

INSIDE

Fighting back her rage, Anna removes the elastic hair band from around her hand, aims the .40mm at Beau.

ANNA

In the corner! Now!

Beau walks to the far corner of the cabin, slides down the wall as he sits on the floor.

EXT. TREELINE - CONTINUOUS

Jaxx hobbles to his feet, then limps off into the woods to die, the arrow lodged in his shoulder.

Cole's focus hasn't once left the front door.

COLE

I want one of you on each side of that cabin.

He loads another arrow into the crossbow.

COLE (CONT'D)

We leave here with Ward in the next five minutes, or not at all. Clear?

The men nod, then split up.

INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Anna rips off her tactical vest, tosses it aside.

She quickly draws all the curtains closed, then slides a large wooden cabinet in front of the door.

Anna holsters the .40mm and grabs a hunting rifle.

She dials 911 on her cell phone and sits on the floor in the corner opposite Beau, rifle across her lap.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

ANNA

My name is Anna Holstrom. I'm a U.S. Marshal and I'm requesting immediate law enforcement back-up to my home. I have Beau Ward in custody and I'm expecting imminent hostile fire. I live at the end of Twin Creek Road, just outside Grand Junction, Colorado.

She immediately ends the call in order to listen for any sound of Cole or his men outside.

Beau sits across the cabin from her, perfectly relaxed.

BEAU
How long before the cavalry
arrives?

ANNA
Fifteen minutes, tops.

BEAU
The guys outside? They're not gonna
wait that long. You know that,
right?

ANNA
They don't have a choice.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room's a flurry of activity as Gabe scribbles down notes
before hanging up the phone.

GABE
Listen up! 911 in Grand Junction
just received a call from one of
our missing Marshals, Anna
Holstrom. She has Beau Ward in
custody here...

Referencing his notes, Gabe draws a dot on the oversized map
on the wall:

The location of Anna's cabin which sits along the western
boundary of Gunnison National Forest.

GABE (CONT'D)
At her residence.

PRISON GUARD
Jesus. How'd they end up there?

GABE
Apparently they walked.

Bewilderment from everyone - *that's one long ass hike.*

GABE (CONT'D)
Every available unit is responding
to her location as we speak.
(beat)
I'm not religious, but if anyone in
here is, now's one helluva good
time to say a prayer.

EXT. GRAND JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Three CHILDREN laugh and play in their front yard.

Out of nowhere, a dozen vehicles speed past on the road that leads to Anna's property:

Police. Sheriffs. U.S. Marshals.

Lights flashing. SIRENS BLARING. *The cavalry.*

The children watch in awe as they fly by, one after another.

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Rifle in hand, it's eerily quiet as Anna sits there.

Across the room from her, Beau looks at a framed family photo on the table next to him.

BEAU

May I?

Anna nods once. Beau struggles, but is just able to reach it:

Nate, Anna and Aiden. *Together. Happy.*

ANNA

You wanna know what drives me? Why I won't give up? You're looking at him. Right there in your hands.

Anna stares at Beau, then at the photograph in his hands.

ANNA (CONT'D)

He's the reason I became a Marshal and I'd give anything... literally anything if I could just...

(emotional)

Just bring him back.

BEAU

Unfortunately, that's not the way it works.

The two sit in silence for a beat when Anna does something completely unexpected:

She picks up her cell phone and calls her husband.

It RINGS twice before going to his voicemail.

NATE (V.O.)

You've reached Nathan Holstrom.
Please leave a message.

ANNA
Hey, it's me. I, uh... I, uh, just
wanted to tell you that I love you.
And that I'm sorry.

Respectful, Beau watches in silence from across the room.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I haven't been fair to you. I
realize that now. I just hope... I
just hope it's not too late. For
us.

Anna ends the call. Wipes her cheek dry.

BEAU
Sounded to me like a message you
leave someone if you thought you'd
never see them again.

ANNA
You never know, right? I mean, look
around.

It's a brief, but still much needed moment of levity.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I had a conversation with your old
partner yesterday. Told me you
started off as a great DEA Agent.

This makes Beau smile.

BEAU
Robert was a good guy. Honest.
Better than me, that's for sure.

ANNA
I'm guessing the man outside is
Cole Gaddis?

Beau's smile slowly fades as he stares at Anna.

BEAU
Come again?

ANNA
The bastard with the crossbow. Is
that--

BEAU
No, I heard what you said. *How'd
you know his name?*

ANNA
Robert mentioned they had met once.
Why?

His mind racing, Beau sits there when all of the sudden--

BANG! One of the windows SHATTERS.

BOOM! Then another.

BANG! And another as Cole and his men shoot them out.

Anna and Beau shield themselves from the flying glass until things once again grow quiet.

Outside, a series of WHISTLES and COMMANDS between Cole and his men.

Anna glances up at the clock. *Has to do something.*

She crawls over to one of the windows, peeks through what's left of the curtains--

Sees Vetter moving along the treeline.

Anna rests her rifle on the window sill. Aims. Fires.

BANG!

OUTSIDE

The bullet rips into Vetter's leg as he collapses to the ground SCREAMING OUT IN PAIN.

VETTER
AAHHHHHHH!!!!

LOG CABIN

Anna hurries over to another window and peeks through the curtains, spots Cole behind a tree.

She rests the rifle on the window sill. Aims.

Anna's just about to pull the trigger--

When Beau lunges at her, tackling her to the ground as the rifle slides across the floor.

He's on top of her in an instant, the handcuffs drawn tight across the front of her neck.

Anna fights back, trying to breath but can't.

BEAU
I'm not sure what you're trying to pull, but Robert Peterson and Cole Gaddis...? They've never met before.

WTF?

COLE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Beau?! You alright in there?!

Beau doesn't respond. His focus solely on Anna and what she told him only moments earlier.

Her face bright red now, it's all she can do to get the words out as Beau continues to throttle her.

ANNA
That's what... he said....

BEAU
It doesn't make sense.

ANNA
I... swear...

COLE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Ward?!

Again he ignores Cole, Beau's mind racing as he stares down at Anna, the life slowly fading from her eyes.

Then he releases his grip, Anna immediately GASPING FOR AIR.

BEAU
Tell me again, *exactly*.

It takes Anna several seconds to be able to speak.

ANNA
That he never met Maldonado. That he *had* meet with a guy named Cole Gaddis. Called him a trigger man.

Beau sits there atop Anna, his world clearly rocked and not sure what to believe--

When suddenly there's movement in the nearby window.

THWOOP!

Cole fires and the arrow hits its mark, plunges deep inside Anna's abdomen as she SCREAMS OUT.

ANNA (CONT'D)
AAHHHHHH!!

Beau doesn't move, eyes locked on Anna's as she lays there.

The cabinet CRASHES to the floor as Vetter, Moss and Whistler rush inside.

Vetter limps, clutching his bleeding leg.

Cole's the last to walk through the front door, casually pops a toothpick in his mouth.

Beau slowly gets to his feet.

Cole focuses his cold gaze on Anna, then walks over, crouches down beside her.

Weak, Anna glares up at him, her hands covered in blood as she clutches the arrow.

COLE
Don't ever dare me, bitch.

Cole reaches into Anna's pocket.

He takes her keys, tosses them to Beau who frees himself from the handcuffs and belly chain.

Beau rubs his sore wrists, then calmly reaches down, removes the .40 from Anna's holster.

He checks the mag. *Fully loaded.* Slaps it back in.

COLE (CONT'D)
Now let's get you outta here.

Cole and the other three men turn to leave, but not Beau.

The men take a few steps before turning around. Beau's eyes are locked on Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)
What? Why are you looking at me like that?

BEAU
I'm gonna ask you this one time, Cole.

Confused, Cole glances at the other men, then back at Beau.

COLE
Alright?

BEAU
Why'd you meet with Robert Peterson?

In poker it's called a "tell" and Cole's expression just told Beau everything he needed to know.

COLE
Oh, I see what's going on. She's got you all brainwashed. That it?

BEAU
You didn't answer my question.

Cole HUFFS and in that fraction of a second--

Beau has the .40 aimed at Cole. Pissed, Cole's smile fades.

COLE
I'm not sure I like you pointing
that at me.

BEAU
Maldonado knew a lot of stuff, but
I never once mentioned Robert's
name.

The two stand there, eyes locked.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I can only think of one reason why
you two would know eachother.

COLE
Yeah? And what's that?

BEAU
Don't make me say it.

COLE
Sorry. Doesn't work that way,
amigo. Not when you're accusing a
man.

(beat)
So if your reason involves the
Juarez Cartel just as an example,
then I'm gonna need you to come out
and say it. Or if your reason
involves, I don't know, maybe your
wife and daughter? Then yeah, I'm
gonna need you to say that too. Or
perhaps your reason involves...

While still talking, Cole turns only to look square into the
eyes of the other three men--

And we instantly know it's a signal to kill Beau.

Moss, Whistler and Vetter quickly raise their weapons, but
Beau's too fast.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Four shots. Four hits. Three kills.

The only one still alive is Cole - *barely* - who took a round
straight through his lower back.

Lying there helpless on the ground, Cole rolls himself over.

Blood trickles down the corner of his mouth as he clutches the bloody exit wound on his belly.

The life fading from her eyes, Anna watches as Beau steps up to Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)
For a money guy, that was pretty damn impressive.

Cole clutches his gut, COUGHS UP bright red blood.

BEAU
Who's idea was it? Yours or Peterson's?

COLE
Here's a better question. Does it matter?

Beau aims the .40 at Cole's forehead as he stares up at him unflinchingly.

BEAU
Wait for it...

Several intense seconds pass before Beau pulls the trigger.

BANG!

He places a bullet right between Cole's eyes - *exactly where Cole said he'd take one earlier.*

Beau tosses the gun aside.

He looks over at Anna, bleeding out on the floor.

ANNA
This is what you wanted all along, right? Well, here's your chance.

She watches as Beau turns, then simply disappears through the front door.

Unable to move, Anna spots her cell phone lying clear on the other side of the cabin. *Too far to reach.*

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Beau's already a hundred feet away when he stops, glances back at the cabin.

He considers turning around. Considers going back.

But in the end he presses on, leaving Anna to fend for herself.

INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Barely clinging to life, Anna picks up the framed family photo lying next to her.

She smiles, a tear rolling down her cheek as she looks at it.

Hearing something behind her, Anna turns her head--

Finds Beau standing there in the doorway.

BEAU
I don't hear those sirens yet.

He shoves the door open even further, then walks over and kneels next to Anna.

Anna winces in pain when Beau gently touches the arrow. *It's bad and they both know it.*

He carefully lifts Anna up, cradles her in his arms.

ANNA
What are you...?

BEAU
The right thing.

Beau carries her through the front door and...

OUTSIDE

He begins walking down the gravel drive when Anna, barely conscious, points towards the woods.

ANNA
There's a... just down the...

Beau seems to understand as he turns that direction and disappears into the Pines with Anna in his arms.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Gabe paces back and forth.

GABE
Anything?

PRISON GUARD
Not yet, Sir.

He looks up at the clock on the wall, then continues pacing.

GABE
 What's taking 'em so God damn long?
 Hell, *I* could've been there by now.

EXT. LOG CABIN - MORNING

The dozen vehicles come flying up the gravel drive.

They surround the cabin as police and Sheriff Deputies and Marshals jump out.

Weapons drawn, they carefully enter the...

LOG CABIN

Find the bodies of Cole, Moss, Whistler and Vetter.

But no Anna. And no Beau.

One of the Marshals immediately gets on his cell phone.

U.S. MARSHAL
 Holstrom's gone. So is Ward.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gabe hangs up the phone. He sits there in silence.

Then bows his head and begins to pray.

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

His colleagues busy around the cabin, a lone SHERIFF DEPUTY walks the treeline.

Then, movement out of the corner of his eye.

He quickly draws his gun, aims it into the forest.

SHERIFF DEPUTY
 Sheriffs Department!

Jaxx pokes his head out from behind a tree.

The Deputy slower lowers his gun and takes a knee as the German Sheppard limps towards him.

The arrow still lodged in his shoulder, Jaxx WHIMPERS with each step.

SHERIFF DEPUTY (CONT'D)
 Come here, boy. I won't hurt you.

Favoring his lame front leg, Jaxx finally reaches the Deputy who gently strokes the wounded dog.

SHERIFF DEPUTY (CONT'D)
There we go.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Beau hikes through the forest, Anna in his arms.

Her face is pale. Her belly bloody. Barely alive, she stares up at him.

ANNA
Leukemia.

Beau looks down at her.

ANNA (CONT'D)
You asked me on the bus how my son died. Aiden had leukemia.

BEAU
I'm sorry.

ANNA
And you're right. A parent should never have to bury their child.

Beau hikes along, Anna staring up at him.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I want you to know if I make it through this... I'm still delivering you to that prison.

An emotion-filled CHUCKLE from Beau as he looks down at Anna, only now her eyes are closed, body limp.

BEAU
Anna? Anna?

He shakes her, but there's no response. Beau picks up his pace down the mountain.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Stay with me. You just hang in there.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Pediatric Oncology Suite.

Slightly younger, Anna plays chess with Aiden right there on his hospital bed.

Aiden's bald now and thinner than we've seen him before.

AIDEN

Nurse Parker asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up.

ANNA

And what'd you tell her?

AIDEN

Either a professional dirt bike racer or an astronaut.

ANNA

Alright. Well, you'd be absolutely amazing at either one of them.

Aiden moves a chess piece.

AIDEN

What about you? What do you want to be when you grow up?

ANNA

Me? I'm a teacher, silly. You know that.

AIDEN

But is it what you've always wanted to be?

ANNA

Actually, no. When I was a little girl, I used to dream of catching bad guys. In fact, I wanted to be this tough U.S. Marshal, just like your Grandpa Fletcher.

AIDEN

So why didn't you?

Great question. Anna moves a chess piece.

ANNA

Things change. Life happens. You happened.

AIDEN

Well, I think you should follow your dreams. We all should.

Anna looks at her dying son - couldn't be more proud him.

ANNA
Then maybe I will.

AIDEN
Promise? Or are you just saying
that because you know I won't be
around long enough to check?

Her eyes moisten as Anna chokes back her emotions.

ANNA
I promise.

Now we know about Anna's promise.

Now we know exactly why she's a U.S. Marshal.

Aiden smiles lovingly at his mom, then slides his rook across
the entire length of the board.

AIDEN
Checkmate.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - MORNING

Beau hurries across the nearly empty parking lot with Anna in
his arms, unconscious.

BEAU
(shouting)
Help!

Behind him, the foot of the mountain and treeline he just
emerged from.

He heads straight through the double doors and into the...

EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT

BEAU
Someone help us, please!

A variety of MEDICAL PERSONNEL rush over, gently transfer
Anna from Beau's arms to a waiting gurney.

The PHYSICIAN immediately recognizes Anna.

PHYSICIAN
Get Doctor Holstrom.

Between Beau's prison scrubs and his face plastered all over
the news--

There's no hiding who he is as a NURSE behind the counter
quickly dials 911.

Beau tries to follow Anna back, but he's stopped by another FEMALE NURSE.

FEMALE NURSE
Sir, you'll have to wait out here.

As she's being wheeled away, Nate rushes up, sees his unconscious wife on the gurney.

NATE
Anna?! Anna, can you hear me?!

Beau stands there until the gurney's out of sight.

Then he walks over, takes a seat in the waiting room and buries his face in his hands.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The nurse that dialed 911 waits on the curb as a police cruiser pulls up and two COPS jump out.

Weapons drawn, they quickly follow her inside to the...

WAITING ROOM

Only to find the chair Beau was sitting in empty.

There's no sign of him anywhere.

INT. SUPERMAX CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Pacing, Gabe practically dives for the phone when it RINGS.

GABE
Espinoza.

The room grows quiet. All eyes on Gabe.

GABE (CONT'D)
Okay. Thank you.

Gabe hangs up. Collects his thoughts.

GABE (CONT'D)
Marshal Holstrom's been located,
and she's alive.

A collective sigh of relief from the entire room.

GABE (CONT'D)
She's undergoing surgery at a
hospital in Grand Junction as we
(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
speak, where apparently she was
brought by Ward.

People look at one another, confused.

GABE (CONT'D)
By the time police arrived, Ward
had already disappeared. That's all
I have for right now.

Gabe turns and walks over to the oversized map.

The supervisory guard joins him. Pats Gabe on the shoulder.

SUPERVISORY GUARD
You alright?

GABE
Yeah. I'll be fine.

It's impossible to read Gabe's emotions. Sad? Disappointed?

The understanding guard strolls away, gives Gabe his space as
he gazes at the oversized map.

Standing there by himself, Gabe wipes a tear from his cheek.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Despite the IV and hospital gown, Anna looks much healthier
as she sits upright in the bed.

Jaxx lays in a dog bed in the corner, also recovering, his
shoulder wrapped in a bandage.

There's a KNOCK on the door as Nate walks in.

Anna smiles, genuinely happy to see her husband. So is Jaxx
apparently as he BARKS, tail wagging.

NATE
Look who's awake.

ANNA
Morning, Doc.

NATE
How are you feeling?

ANNA
Honestly? Like I've been shot with
an arrow.

Nate checks her with his stethoscope.

NATE

You lost a lot of blood. You're lucky Ward brought you here when he did.

ANNA

I'd argue he's the reason I was shot in the first place.

NATE

I was scared, Anna. I'm not gonna lie. The thought of losing you too...

Seeing Nate's eyes well up, Anna takes his hand in hers.

ANNA

Did you get my message?

NATE

Did I get your... I've listened to it about a hundred times.

The two smile lovingly at one another.

NATE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

ANNA

I think I'm ready to try again. To have another child.

(off Nate's smile)

I mean, if you are.

Of course he is. This is what he's wanted all along.

NATE

Yes, please.

They kiss before Nate heads for the door.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'll send the nurse in with some--

ANNA

Did they find Ward yet?

Nate stops. Turns and looks at Anna. It pains him to answer, but he shakes his head no.

NATE

I'm sorry.

EXT. PETERSON HOME - EARLY MORNING

Robert kisses his WIFE good-bye, climbs up into his F-150.

Cradling their adorable NEWBORN in her arms--

Mrs. Peterson smiles and waves to her husband as he pulls out of the drive.

EXT. OUTDOOR FIRING RANGE - EARLY MORNING

Robert's truck is the only vehicle parked out front as the warm sun begins to peak over the horizon.

Firing off shots, he has the range all to himself.

BANG! BANG! Click.

Robert sets the empty 9mm down on the table behind him, grabs one of the other two lying there.

He turns, aims, unloads the mag at a paper target.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Click.

Robert turns to retrieve the third 9mm, only now it's gone.

Standing there with an empty gun, Robert doesn't panic. *Seems to know exactly what this means.*

ROBERT

Beau.

He looks up and finds Beau sitting on a bench, the 9mm in his hand.

BEAU

You always did prefer shooting in the mornings.

The light blue prison scrubs have been replaced with jeans and T-shirt.

ROBERT

Listen. Whatever you think happened, you're wrong.

BEAU

Am I, Robert?

Beau slowly spins a single 9mm round between his fingers.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Because that look on your face right now? It's painting a different picture.

Robert GULPS.

BEAU (CONT'D)
You told the Juarez Cartel I was
DEA, didn't you?

Yep. Guilt and regret visible in Robert's eyes.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Why?

ROBERT
Why do you think? Same reason you
turned. Same reason everyone turns.

BEAU
How much they pay you?

Robert doesn't want to answer.

BEAU (CONT'D)
(voice raised)
How much did they fucking--

ROBERT
A hundred thousand!

Beau sits there, disgusted.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Alright?! I split it down the
middle. With Cole.

BEAU
So that's what my family was worth
to you? A hundred thousand bucks?

ROBERT
I swear on my fucking life, Beau, I
didn't know they'd hurt Amy or
Tiffany.

BEAU
What did you think they were going
do with that information?
(beat)
I protected you too. But you? You
sold me out.

Emotional and broken, Robert pleads for his life.

ROBERT
I was a different man back then.
Right? We both were.
(begging)
I've got a wife now. And a child.

BEAU
So did I.

Beau considers the round in his hand, tosses it to Robert.

ROBERT
Please...

BEAU
Chamber it.

Beau has the 9mm resting on his leg, trained on Robert as he watches him slowly load the round into the gun.

BEAU (CONT'D)
You do it yourself, I won't touch
your wife. Or your kid. Promise.
(beat)
But if you make me do it...?

Robert stands there, the 9mm hanging limp at his side.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I'm giving you an out, which is
more than you ever gave my family.

An emotional wreck, Robert turns his back to Beau and stares at the paper target downrange.

Tears roll down Robert's cheeks as he slowly raises the 9mm to his temple.

Beau sits there. Watches.

BANG!

Beau doesn't even flinch.

He sets the 9mm down on the bench. Stands.

And as he walks away we finally see Robert's lifeless body lying on the ground behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

Several days have passed.

Anna looks even better as she checks out at the front desk.

Jaxx right there by her side, she thanks the kind nurses then turns and walks outside...

EXT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Anna heads across the parking lot to her Jeep Wrangler where she helps Jaxx up into the back seat.

She takes a seat behind the wheel, pulls out of the lot.

INT. JEEP WRANGLER - MINUTES LATER

Anna waits patiently at a red light.

The highlighted report on Beau Ward lies in the passenger seat, right where she left it nearly a week ago.

Anna casually glances over at the report--

When something dawns on her.

She grabs the report, quickly thumbs through the pages until she's staring right at it:

"...Tiffany Ward, born 1 June..."

Anna checks her watch. Not the time, but the date: 1 June.

She floors it straight through the red light.

EXT. OAK HILL CEMETARY - MINUTES LATER

Anna comes flying through the entrance in her Jeep.

The place is empty as she speeds up and over the hill.

She's hoping to find Beau kneeling there once again in front of his wife and daughter's graves--

Only this time he isn't. No one is.

Anna comes to a stop.

She grabs her gun, jumps out of the Jeep.

Her eyes scan the property, but he's simply not there.

Lowering her weapon, Anna looks down at Tiffany's grave:

There in the memorial vase is a single freshly-cut white tulip as we CUT TO BLACK.

THE END