

COP CAR

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HIGH PLAINS OF SOUTHERN COLORADO - DAY

A crisp, bright afternoon under a cloudless blue sky. A chilly spring day.

Barbed wire cuts the view. It's a fence, rusty and old.

Two young boys, TRAVIS and HARRISON, both 10, trudge through the arid landscape, dragging sticks. They're both bundled up in second hand winter jackets.

Travis's is dirty. Harrison's looks like a girl's.

TRAVIS
Damn.

HARRISON
Damn.

TRAVIS
God damn.

HARRISON
God damn.

TRAVIS
Ass.

HARRISON
Ass.

TRAVIS
Asshole.

HARRISON
Asshole.

The boys reach the fence, come to a stop and fall silent.

TRAVIS
How far you think we've gone?

HARRISON
Fifty miles.

TRAVIS
We're almost to the woods. Come on.

Travis hits the dirt, scurries under the fence. A pro.

Harrison awkwardly follows, careful not to touch the barbs.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Don't get rust poisoning.

Harrison crawls through, stops to examine a rock.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Let's go.

HARRISON
I thought it was an arrowhead.

FURTHER ON

They keep walking. Travis swings his stick at a yucca plant.

TRAVIS
Bitch.

HARRISON
Bitch.

TRAVIS
Bitch ass.

HARRISON
Bitch ass.

TRAVIS
Son of a bitch.

HARRISON
Son of a bitch.

TRAVIS
Fag bitch.

HARRISON
Fag bitch.

TRAVIS
Shit.

HARRISON
(slight hesitation)
Shit.

TRAVIS
Horse shit. Dog shit. Shitface.

HARRISON
Shit bitch?

Travis shakes his head 'no'.

TRAVIS
ShitHEAD.

HARRISON
Shithead.

TRAVIS
Fuck.

A long beat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Say it. Fuck.

HARRISON
That's the worst cuss.

TRAVIS
Chris said it's just a different
language from Russia and it only
seems bad here.

Harrison spots an old BEER BOTTLE buried in the dirt.

HARRISON
Look!

He runs over and grabs it, dumps out the dirt.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Ready? Watch this.

Harrison throws it as hard as he can against the ground. It
bounces, doesn't break.

TRAVIS
You gotta do it hard. Like this.

Travis grabs the bottle. Throws it.

Still doesn't break.

HARRISON
It must be bullet proof glass.

TRAVIS
Yeah.

HARRISON
Throw it at that rock.

Travis whips the bottle at a rock. It lets out a deep
oscillating hum as it spirals through the air, sailing high
and wide past the rock.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
I know.

Harrison jogs over to the rock, struggles to lift it up out of the ground.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Awww, my spleen!

He waddles over to the bottle. He drops the rock, CRUSHES the bottle.

Harrison brushes the dirt off of his hands, satisfied.

But Travis has already moved on. Harrison races to catch up.

A PRAIRIE DOG BURROW

TRAVIS
Look out. Snake hole.

HARRISON
What should we do?

TRAVIS
Let's stomp it.

HARRISON
Let's stab it with our swords first.

The boys repeatedly jam their sticks into the hole.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
I'm gonna leave mine in there in case they try to escape.

TRAVIS
Good idea.

Their weapons stick straight up out of the collapsed hole as they continue on.

Harrison pulls a half-eaten Slim Jim out of his jacket.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
No way.

HARRISON
Want some?

TRAVIS
Yeah.

HARRISON
We gotta ration it, though.

TRAVIS

OK.

HARRISON

Two centimeters each a day.

Travis takes a tiny bite, hands back it to Harrison.

Harrison takes a tiny bite. Travis watches curiously as Harrison unzips his jacket and slides the Slim Jim up into his sleeve.

TRAVIS

Why don't you put it in your pocket?

HARRISON

Pickpockets. Got my wallet in here too.

He pulls out a camouflage velcro wallet.

Travis is visibly impressed by his friend.

TRAVIS

Hold up a sec.

Travis stops and kneels. He pulls *his* velcro wallet from out of his sock and tucks it in *his* sleeve.

They resume their march, the tips of distant trees now visible over the rolling hills.

CREST OF A SMALL HILL

Travis and Harrison just start to round the crest.

TRAVIS

They should be right over this-

Harrison sees something, suddenly drops to the ground.

HARRISON

Get down!

TRAVIS

Why?

Harrison pulls Travis down.

HARRISON

It's the cops.

They stay frozen, listening.

It's quiet. Just the faint whistle of the ever present breeze.

TRAVIS

We haven't been gone that long.

Travis indicates to Harrison and they slowly army crawl up to the crest of the hill.

A DRY CREEK BED

Cuts a winding path along the base of the shale plateau. Just beyond it, a dense treeline stretches into forest.

Travis and Harrison peek down from the hill.

Twenty feet away, parked in the riverbed, is a POLICE CAR.

TRAVIS

Whoa, you're right.

HARRISON

Did they see us?

TRAVIS

I don't think so.

They stare, transfixed, at the mud brown cruiser, SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT inscribed on the side. From their position they can't see inside the car.

They duck back down.

HARRISON

We can distract them. Throw this on the far side to make a noise and-

Harrison holds out a small rock. Travis grabs it.

He pops up and THROWS the small rock over the car, drops back down out of sight.

DINK!

HARRISON (CONT'D)

You hit it!

TRAVIS

Oh shit.

HARRISON
Shit.

TRAVIS
I hit a cop car.

HARRISON
Let's go.

TRAVIS
Wait, it has my fingerprints on it!

HARRISON
Mine too!

TRAVIS
Go get it!

HARRISON
No way.

TRAVIS
Fine. Chicken.

Travis starts up over the hill, Harrison grabs his sleeve.

HARRISON
Wait.

TRAVIS
What?

HARRISON
Go that way, it's better
camouflage.

Travis and Harrison sneak along the blind face of the hill, sliding down a gravelly incline that lands them behind the cop car. They duck behind a patch of tangled brush.

Travis reevaluates from his new vantage point.

TRAVIS
There's no one in there.

HARRISON
They could be hiding.

Travis considers this.

TRAVIS

My dad said cops sometimes put cop cars with no one in them by the road so that people won't speed because they think they're real cop cars.

HARRISON

But there's no road.

TRAVIS

Where's the rock?

HARRISON

I dunno. It could be any of 'em. They'll never find it. Let's go.

TRAVIS

I dare you to touch it.

HARRISON

The cop car? No way.

TRAVIS

If I do it, you have to do it.

HARRISON

OK.

TRAVIS

Ready?

Travis tightens the velcro straps on his shoes, crawls out from the brush. Harrison stays put, watching in fear.

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

His reflection, distorted in the silver bumper, gets bigger and bigger--

His finger CONNECTS. He whirls around and SPRINTS back to the hiding place.

Harrison can't believe it. Neither can Travis.

They wait.

And listen.

Nothing happens.

TRAVIS

Your turn.

Harrison reluctantly creeps out.

He speedwalks up to the car, TAPS IT, then speedwalks back.

They wait, hidden, totally still. Travis holds his breath.

Harrison notices, holds his breath too.

And then it dawns on them...

There's no one in there.

They look at each other, then look back at the police car.

The boys emerge from their hiding spot, staring at the car.

They silently approach.

Travis peers through his cupped hands into the backseat. A lump of something hidden under a jacket.

Harrison looks in the front. No one.

Travis pulls on the passenger side door handle. LOCKED.

Harrison pulls on the driver's side handle.

The door SWINGS OPEN.

Harrison jumps back, startled.

Travis rounds the front of the car, finds Harrison staring at the open door like he just broke it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

No way!

Travis pushes past Harrison out of the way and climbs in the driver's seat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Get in!

HARRISON

Nuh uh.

Travis twists the steering wheel back and forth, pretending to drive. His feet can barely reach the pedals.

TRAVIS

Get in!

Harrison doesn't want to, he's looking at--

HARRISON

Look.

An empty root beer BOTTLE sits on the hood of the car.

TRAVIS

So?

Harrison scans the horizon as Travis starts making race car sounds.

VROOOOOOOM! SCREEEEEEEEEE! VROOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

There's no one around.

It's too much to resist. Harrison runs around to the passenger side and bangs on the window.

Travis unlocks the door and Harrison climbs in.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

The door slams and Harrison joins in.

HARRISON

Hit the boosters!

TRAVIS

The bad guys are right behind us!

Travis slams his feet against the gas and brake pedals.

HARRISON

I'll shoot em. DUH DUH DUH DUH
DUH DUH DUH DUH!!!!

TRAVIS

You kill em?

HARRISON

Yeah I shot 'em all and their car
was like, SCREEEEEEEECRUSSSSSSSSSS.

TRAVIS

Oh no! Here comes more bad guys and
they've got lasers!!!

Harrison reaches over, grabs the wheel and turns it.

HARRISON

LOOK OUT!

Travis yanks it back.

TRAVIS
You're steering us off a cliff!

HARRISON
Nooo! LAVA!

TRAVIS
KABOOOOOOOOOSHSHHH!!!!!!

Travis flails his arms around as the car "explodes". He smacks his hand against the driver's side visor.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Ow!

Something slips out from behind the visor and drops into his lap with a metallic CHING.

HARRISON
Where's the siren? We need to get out of this lava!

Travis isn't listening - his eyes are locked on...

TRAVIS
Oh shit.

HARRISON
What?

Travis holds up the CAR KEYS.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
(can't believe it)
Nuh uh.

Travis nods.

TRAVIS
Which key is it?

HARRISON
The big one?

Travis puts the key in.

TRAVIS
It fits.

HARRISON
You know how to drive?

TRAVIS
Yeah. Mario Kart.

HARRISON

Yeah, me too.

He turns the key. The engine CLICKS but doesn't start.

They both seem relieved but try to hide it.

TRAVIS

It's probably out of gas.

HARRISON

Yeah. That's probably why it got left out here. Let's go.

TRAVIS

Too bad. I would have been all
VROOOOOOOM--

And they're right back in to playing.

HARRISON

Use the rocket boosters to get out
of this lava before it melts us!

Travis pushes hard on the BRAKE--

TRAVIS

THREE, TWO, ONE! FIRE ROCKET
BOOSTERS!

He grabs the key and turns it--

The engine ROARS TO LIFE --

The boys SHRIEK and scramble out of the car.

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

The boys run in opposite directions from the police car as if
it was about to explode.

The car idles quietly.

Travis and Harrison keep their distance, staring at the car.

Walking around to see each other, they both have their mouths
gaping.

TRAVIS

Me first.

HARRISON

No me!

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Travis hoists himself back behind the wheel. Harrison stands outside, looking in through the open driver's door at the THREE pedals.

HARRISON

Try this one.

Travis pushes on the parking brake pedal, which CLICKS into place. The PARKING BRAKE light goes on, unseen.

He tries the middle pedal, pushing on the brake.

Last, he pushes on the GAS and the engine REVVS.

TRAVIS

Awesome!

HARRISON

Why isn't it going?

Travis yanks on the column shift and the car LURCHES forward.

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

The police car, now in drive, slowly inches along the riverbed, its speed held in check by the parking brake.

TRAVIS

It's moving!

Travis pushes on the brake and the car SKIDS to a stop.

The momentum swings the driver's side door wide open, then bounces it back shut, closing Harrison out.

Travis rolls down the window.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Come on, get in.

HARRISON

We're gonna get in trouble.

TRAVIS

We already ran away. It doesn't matter.

Harrison takes this in. It's true. It's already too late.

HARRISON

What if someone sees us?

TRAVIS

We'll just tell them we're cops.

Harrison looks at him sagely.

HARRISON

Good idea.

He dashes around to the passenger side and gets in.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

This is our cop car now.

OPEN FIELD

A group of antelope graze.

One suddenly looks up, stares unblinkingly at --

A police light bar, moving across the horizon, seemingly inches from the ground.

In an instant the antelope scatter as --

The rest of the COP CAR comes jouncing out of the ravine.

Yucca plants and scrub brush scrape along the car's undercarriage as it rumbles across the ungraded terrain.

Bone dry branches crack underneath the tires.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Travis and Harrison violently bounce around in the front seat. They're having a blast.

HARRISON

I'm gonna barf!

TRAVIS

Aw yeah, I just ran over two snakes!

Travis struggles to hang on to the steering wheel amid violent jolts.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Shit, man! Shit!

HARRISON

(pointing)

Drive there!

DIRT ROAD

The police car scrapes right across a deeply jugged dirt road, back into the open field.

The car makes a meandering wide turn, running over a large tumbleweed before sweeping back onto the dirt road.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

It's a much smoother ride. Harrison looks out the back window at the dirt road, winding away into the distance.

HARRISON
Where's this road go?

TRAVIS
Past the woods.

HARRISON
Good.

Travis twists a knob on the steering column and the windshield wipers turn on.

They both LAUGH.

They cruise for a bit with the windshield wipers on.

Harrison swivels the car's laptop computer around to face him.

TRAVIS
Any games?

Harrison clicks around.

HARRISON
Nah.

Harrison flips a button on the dash. Nothing happens.

He flips another.

BAWHEEEEEEEEEEE. BAWHEEEEEEEEEEE.

It's the SIREN.

They look at each other. So cool.

He pushes the surrounding buttons, auditioning the different siren effects. BWWAP BWAAP!

He turns it off.

TRAVIS
Leave it on.

HARRISON
What if someone hears?

TRAVIS
What're they gonna do? They can't
catch us. We got a cop car.

HARRISON
Oh, yeah.

Harrison flips the siren back on.

DIRT ROAD

The cop car, sirens blazing, cruises along the dirt road,
kicking up a swirling cloud of dust.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Travis concentrates on the road.

He hits the gas, but can't go past 20 MPH with the bumps and
the parking brake CRANKING angrily.

Harrison aimlessly pokes at some other buttons on the dash.

Travis reaches over and turns off the SIREN.

TRAVIS
It's kind of annoying.

HARRISON
Yeah.

Then he sees --

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Oooh.

The RADIO.

Harrison picks up the mic from the transmitter.

He swallows a big gulp of air. Then another even bigger gulp.

He holds down the transmitter button --

And BURPS.

They both LAUGH.

Travis swallows a big gulp of air, ready for his turn, when he hears--

DISPATCH
Last car, repeat.

Travis lets out a startled BURP.

HARRISON
What do I say?

TRAVIS
Shhh.

HARRISON
They can't hear unless I push down
the button.

TRAVIS
I know.

Travis wracks his brain, gets an idea.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(excited)
Oh, you should say "Cops...
(too excited)
Cops are a -- cops drink
diarrhea milkshakes!"

HARRISON
Cops drink diarrhea milkshakes and
then they poop double diarrhea.

TRAVIS
Say "shit"!

DISPATCH
Last car, repeat.

Harrison raises the mic, excited, ready to do it.

He holds down the button for a moment, is about to talk --

But he slides his finger off the transmit button.

HARRISON
They're gonna know we're not cops.

TRAVIS

Oh. Yeah, they probably know what
all the cops sound like.

Harrison re-prongs the mic. Close call.

HARRISON

Can I drive?

DIRT ROAD

The police car skids to a stop.

A few grazing COWS look over, unimpressed.

They've traveled quite a distance already. The creek bed and
clump of trees where they found the car is barely visible on
the horizon behind them.

The driver's side door opens. Travis starts to climb out.

The car keeps rolling forward.

Travis jams his foot back on the brake.

TRAVIS

Aw, shit. It won't stop.

HARRISON

Why's it doing that?

TRAVIS

I don't know.

HARRISON

You jump out and I'll climb over
and then you can run around and
I'll be all like HURRY GET IN! GET
IN!!!

TRAVIS

Yeah! OK, go!

Travis jumps out, miming a slow motion fall and barrel roll
on the ground. The cows watch.

The car slowly crunches along the road, the parking break
whining.

Harrison scrambles over into the driver's seat as Travis
circles to the passenger side. He leaps in.

HARRISON

Awesome!

TRAVIS

That was so awesome! I was like
NOOOO!

He mimes his dive and fall.

HARRISON

Yeah, that was so awesome.

Harrison is much more nervous behind the wheel.

TRAVIS

You can go faster, you know.

HARRISON

I know.

TRAVIS

(pointing)
You just push harder on that one.

Harrison slowly presses the gas. The car accelerates a bit.

Travis is already bored with riding shotgun.

He twists around onto his knees and looks through the
bulletproof glass into the backseat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

There's a buncha stuff in the back.

HARRISON

What do I do?

TRAVIS

Huh?

HARRISON

Look!

There's a METAL CATTLE GATE two hundred yards ahead.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

That's the real road.

Just beyond the metal gate the dirt road intersects with a
two lane paved road.

TRAVIS

We could go way faster on the real
road.

HARRISON
Can we crash through the gate?

Travis squints at the approaching gate.

There's no cars coming in either direction.

He looks at the speedometer.

30 MPH.

They're seconds away from slamming into the gate.

TRAVIS
Nah.

HARRISON
Ok.

CATTLE GATE

The police car skids to a halt just feet from the gate.

TRAVIS
I'll open it.

Travis climbs out and runs over to the gate.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Aw, shit.

HARRISON
What?

TRAVIS
It's locked.

Travis does a roundhouse kick on the lock. CLANG.

HARRISON
Did that break it?

TRAVIS
No, it's titanium.

He finds a stick, jams it into the loop on the padlock and twists it.

The stick snaps.

Travis looks back towards Harrison and shrugs.

HARRISON

Maybe we can push it open with the car.

TRAVIS

OK.

Harrison eases his foot off the brake.

The police car rolls up to the gate and hits it with a metallic CRUNCH.

Harrison pushes on the gas.

The back tires SPIN in the dirt.

The front of the police car grinds against the gate.

Harrison floors the gas. A cloud of dust swirls around them.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's working!

The old wooden stakes holding the gate in place start to SPLINTER.

The fence suddenly gives way, buckling down under the front tires.

The car careens forward, bucking up and over the flattened gate.

The wheels grab the pavement, sending the car SCREECHING over the road.

Travis watches in amazement as the police car fishtails, sliding back and forth before finally skidding to a halt.

He chases the smoking black skid marks up to the car and swings open the passenger door to find Harrison GRIPPING the steering wheel with white knuckles.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

That was awesome!

Travis hops in and slams the door behind him.

The police car drives away, a long stretch of ruler-straight road extending ahead for miles.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison drives cautiously, still white-knuckling the wheel.

TRAVIS
Let's see how fast we can go now.

HARRISON
Uh... yeah OK.

Travis checks the top speed on the speedometer.

TRAVIS
You have to get it up to the red part.

HARRISON
How fast am I going now?

The needle hovers at 40 MPH. Top speed is 140.

TRAVIS
You should let me try.

HARRISON
It smells like burning.

TRAVIS
Yeah, we're burning rubber.
(beat)
Let me try.

HARRISON
Maybe I gotta push the booster?

Harrison pushes down on the parking brake with his left foot and holds it.

CLICK. The parking brake light disappears.

TRAVIS
No, that didn't do nothing.

Harrison lets his foot off the pedal. It snaps back, disengaging the parking brake.

The speed suddenly picks up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
WHOA!

HARRISON
SUPER BOOSTER!!

PAVED ROAD

The police car gains speed.

It swerves uneasily across the dotted yellow line.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison is doing his best to keep the car steady.

The speedometer is CLIMBING now.

45...50...55...

OUTSIDE

The car weaves down the road, bouncing over the raised DOTS in the yellow line. BUMP BUMP BUMP BUMP BUMP.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Travis presses himself against the back of his seat like they've just hit warp speed.

TRAVIS

How fast are we going?

Harrison checks the speedometer. 65 MPH. He's barely keeping it under control.

HARRISON

Uh... A hundred fifty.

TRAVIS

No way, my turn now!

Harrison eases off the gas, embarrassed but relieved.

The speedometer inches back down from 65 MPH.

PAVED ROAD

The cop car slows to a stop in the middle of the road.

Harrison takes his foot off the brake and the car, still in drive, rolls forward.

HARRISON

Maybe it's this thing?

We hear the sound of the column shift.

The cop car starts to reverse.

TRAVIS
Ok, "R" is go backwards.

Harrison shifts it again.

The engine REVS but the car stays still.

HARRISON
"P" is stop.

TRAVIS
Got it.

Harrison hops out, runs around to the passenger side. Travis climbs over into the driver's seat.

The doors slam shut.

The tires SCREECH as Travis stamps the gas.

The cop car speeds off down the road.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison CLICKS on his seat belt.

TRAVIS
This is SO AWESOME!

The speedometer creeps up past 60...

Then 70...

80...

The car lurches up and over a hill. The boys feel it in their stomachs.

HARRISON
Whoa.

TRAVIS
It's like a rollercoaster!

Travis floors it as they approach another rolling hill.

A MODEST HATCHBACK

-- putts down the country road.

BEVERLY (late 30s), glasses and a nice blouse, is at the wheel.

She listens to commercials on the radio as her mind drifts.

Up ahead she sees the cop car weaving into her lane.

Eyebrows raised in growing worry, Beverly isn't sure what to do.

And suddenly the cop car WHIZZES past.

She gets a blurry glimpse of Travis and Harrison laughing.

Checking her rearview, she watches the cop car vanish behind the next hill.

Everything's suddenly back to normal.

Beverly can't believe what she saw. She isn't sure what she saw.

CAR WASH

Beverly pulls her hatchback into the sleepy car wash at the edge of town, fields and mountains dotted with a few houses.

A jumpsuited CAR WASH EMPLOYEE ambles over.

BEVERLY

Can I get the premium wash? That comes with the interior, right?

The employee nods, while circling the car, checking things off on his clipboard.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I, uh, I'm headed for a date. So...

The employee doesn't care. He shoves a ticket at her. Beverly trails off.

CAR WASH CONVENIENCE STORE

Beverly SIGHS, looking through aisles of junk food snacks.

Her car in the wash is visible through windows behind her.

She sets a bag of corn nuts and her ticket on the counter. The CASHIER, a woman her age, rings her up.

CASHIER

How're you doin' today?

BEVERLY

Good. Yourself?

CASHIER
It's a little slow. Can't complain.

BEVERLY
You know I coulda sworn I saw the
craziest thing out on the road-

CASHIER
So it's the premium wash you
wanted?

BEVERLY
Uh... yep. That's the one. I'm, uh,
I'm meeting a friend in town.

CASHIER
That'll be seventeen ninety.

CAR WASH

Beverly waits, watching two men scrub her car, inside and out. She munches on corn nuts.

A police cruiser pulls into the car wash.

An OFFICER gets out, chatting with the car wash employee.

Beverly watches him, considering what to do.

She eats corn nuts nervously until they're all gone.

She throws the empty package in the trash, finds her resolve.

She approaches the officer, a little nervously.

BEVERLY
Excuse me, officer?

HILLY ROAD

The boy's cop car FLIES over the crest of the hill. Getting serious AIR.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Travis and Harrison SCREAMING. The speedometer shows 95 MPH.

FREEZE FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

CREEK BED - EARLIER IN THE DAY

All is quiet.

A peaceful landscape.

No sign of life other than a handful of birds in the trees.

Then, slowly, the cop car rolls up.

THE FRONT TIRES

-- grind a path through the dusty creekbed as the car rolls to a stop.

The driver's side door creaks open and a pair of worn boots step out.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Late 50s. He surveys the land. Takes a deep breath of fresh air.

He takes a sip from a bottle of root beer and sets it down on the hood of the car.

He slowly unbuttons his brown uniform, stripping down to a white undershirt, tosses it in the backseat.

He strips off his bulky gun belt and tosses it into the backseat with a messy pile of other standard police car items:

A portable defibrillator kit, a bullet proof vest, a shotgun, an AR-15 rifle, a roll of crime scene tape -- all piled up in a heap on the floor of the backseat.

The Sheriff opens up the passenger side door, where a large black duffel bag sits on the seat.

He unzips it, takes out a pair of leather gloves, pulls them on.

He grabs the heavy bag, hoists it over his shoulder and trudges over to the edge of the trees.

He squints into the dense patch of woods, scanning the darkness.

He curls his lip back and lets out a loud WHISTLE.

A few birds scatter. He waits. Listening.

Satisfied, he tosses the duffel bag on the ground and walks back to the car.

He fishes out a ring of keys from his pocket and unlocks the trunk.

He opens it to reveal--

A DEAD BODY stuffed in the trunk.

Male, late 20s. Hog tied. Bloody and bruised.

The Sheriff tucks his keys back in his pocket and pulls out a utility knife.

He grabs the rope and slices the knot connecting the arms to the legs. They flop out, BANGING against the trunk.

Definitely dead.

The Sheriff grabs a Walmart bag from the back seat, pulls out a brand new plastic tarp.

He unfolds it, laying it out behind the car, smoothing it with his boot.

The Sheriff grabs the body and, with a strained heave, lifts it out of the trunk.

He staggers back under the dead weight of the corpse before DROPPING the body onto the tarp.

He sighs to himself. It's heavy.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Dumb fuck.

The Sheriff calmly closes the trunk on A SECOND BODY, still in there.

He pauses to check his watch.

The Sheriff squats down next to the corpse, gets a firm grip on the edges of the tarp, DRAGS the body toward the trees.

The slick plastic slips out of his hands

The Sheriff CHUCKLES to himself.

He readjusts his grip and pulls.

WOODS

The corpse's blood-specked tennis shoes hang off the edge of the tarp, scraping through the tangled underbrush.

It's slow, awkward work and the Sheriff is sweating.

Heavy duffle bag slung over his chest, he stumbles on the uneven terrain and loses his grip on the tarp.

No chuckle this time.

GRINNING with annoyance, he stomps back a few feet, grabs the tarp and KEEPS PULLING.

It's quiet and peaceful other than the sound of leaves rustling and twigs snapping under the weight of the corpse as it's...

slowly...

dragged...

through...

the...

woods.

CLEARING

A small clearing, deep among the trees.

The Sheriff slowly pulls the body into the clearing.

He gives the body a final hard tug, but his hands are tired and they slip.

He stumbles, falling backwards into a pile of leaves.

Pulling himself to his feet and dropping the duffel, he walks over to the body and KICKS it savagely a few times.

Taking a moment to calm down, he walks over to the center of the clearing.

He scrapes away some leaves. Buried underneath is an old piece of weathered plywood.

He roots around for the edges, lifts it up. Millipedes scatter.

Hidden underneath is a WELL.

He drags the body to the edge

He's about to roll the body into the well when he notices --

SHERIFF SHANNON

Goddamnit.

One of the shoes is missing.

WOODS

The Sheriff retraces his steps, searching for the lost shoe.

He spots it, buried under a tangle of branches at the bottom of a small ravine.

The Sheriff awkwardly picks out a few steps down the edge of the ravine, the ground collapsing underneath his boots.

He grabs for a branch to steady himself, but it SNAPS, sending a second branch whipping back into his face.

He slides to the bottom of the ravine, almost twisting his ankle on the uneven ground.

He SNATCHES the white tennis shoe.

CLEARING

The Sheriff tosses the shoe down the well. Blank fury on his face.

He doesn't bother to listen, but it's a while before the shoe hits bottom.

Deep.

He grabs the body, rolls it off the tarp and into the hole.

The sound of flesh SMACKING against hard rock is followed by a dull wet SPLASH.

He unzips the duffel bag and pulls out a sack of quicklime.

He slices it open with his utility knife, dumps the white powder down the well, then tosses the bag down after it.

The Sheriff stares down the well, panting.

That was tough.

He takes off his leather gloves and shoves them in his back pocket.

He checks his watch, taking a seat on a log.

He stretches, cracks his neck, reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

He casually taps the pack, then draws out a cigarette with his lips, enjoying the ritual.

He pulls out a lighter from his shirt pocket, lights the cigarette and takes a long slow drag.

It's actually kind of peaceful.

He looks at the light filtering down through the treetops. Nodding as if to say "not a bad spot".

CREEK BED

The Sheriff emerges from the trees.

He looks puzzled.

No cop car.

He double checks his surroundings. Could he have gotten turned around?

Then he sees it.

He jogs over to --

The root beer bottle, laying on the ground.

He picks it up, not quite ready to believe...

Instinctively, he checks the ground. No clear tracks.

He scans the horizon. Nothing.

Panic starts to built but he breathes, steadying his nerves.

Standing alone in the middle of nowhere, with his cop car stolen...

-- *with a body still in the trunk* --

...he does the only thing he can do.

He THINKS.

A thousand possibilities run through his head.

He narrows them down.

One...

By...

One...

They flash in his eyes as he dismisses each one.

What. The. Fuck.

Then, slowly and deliberately, as if he was standing on a land mine, he reaches for --

His cell phone.

He DIALS.

He clears his throat. Auditions his voice:

SHERIFF SHANNON
Hello Miranda, this is Mitch
Shannon. Hey there Miranda.

Hits send.

It RINGS.

DISPATCH
Dispatch.

SHERIFF SHANNON
Hey there, Miranda, this is Mitch
Shannon.

His voice is disarmingly droll and friendly. Even charming.

DISPATCH
Hey there Sheriff, everything ok?

SHERIFF SHANNON
It's been better I'm afraid.

DISPATCH
Oh no, what's wrong?

SHERIFF SHANNON
Well, I been having some trouble
with my radio. I'm not sure what it
is.

DISPATCH

Is this in your patrol car or the one you got in your truck?

SHERIFF SHANNON

In the patrol car. Been getting some real odd interference. Maybe a trucker channel coming through. Or those fellas out east with their remote control airplanes. Who knows. You hear anything odd?

DISPATCH

Nothing too out of the ordinary.

SHERIFF SHANNON

I tried radioing in to y'all ladies. You didn't hear that?

DISPATCH

Must not be coming through.

SHERIFF SHANNON

See now, I thought y'all were just giving me the cold shoulder.

She laughs.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)

I'll see if it's a short in the receiver. In the meantime if you need to reach me, you just go ahead and ring me on my cell.

DISPATCH

You don't want me to send Gary down to have a look?

SHERIFF SHANNON

No, I'm gonna see if I can handle this one myself.

DISPATCH

Alrighty.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Thank you kindly. Bye now.

He hangs up.

Ok -- that's taken care of.

He grabs the rootbeer bottle and runs into the woods.

CLEARING

The Sheriff drops the tarp down into the well, pulls the plywood closed. Covers it with leaves.

He tosses the bottle into the duffel bag. Untucks his undershirt.

He hoists the duffel bag over his shoulder and backs out of the clearing, surveying it one last time.

FIELD

The Sheriff runs up over the crest of the hill where the boys first spied the car.

He's running as fast as he can, struggling with the heavy duffel bag.

He races past the two sticks stabbed into the snake hole.

He tosses his duffel bag, then vaults over the barbed wire fence the boys crossed.

He stops to catch his breath.

Spits.

Then takes off running again.

In the distance, about five miles away, is the only sign of civilization:

A TRAILER PARK

A few BARKING dogs, but otherwise seemingly deserted.

The Sheriff, panting and sweat-soaked, staggers past a rusted swing set at the edge of the park.

He steadies himself behind a dead tree, catching his breath.

He wipes the sweat from his brow and canvasses the desolate park.

All of the trailers are run down, but one stands out.

The yard is choked with weeds, the windows covered with plywood. Mail piled up by the front door.

And parked behind it, partially hidden from view, is a rusted out '85 Cutlass Ciera.

Careful not to be seen, the Sheriff makes his way to the car.

He tries the doors, all locked.

A CAT watches him from the window of the trailer next door.

The Sheriff puts his palms flat against the passenger side window and pushes.

His hands are sweaty and they SQUEAK and slip.

He wipes the sweat off on his pants, blows lightly on his hands and tries again.

Pushing down on the old window, it slides open ever so slightly.

A door SLAMS.

The Sheriff ducks down out of sight.

He watches through the dirty windows of the Ciera as a MAN across the park walks over to his truck.

Starts it.

And drives away.

All the while the Sheriff has been unlacing one of his shoes.

He takes the shoelace and ties one end into a small slip knot.

He feeds the slip knot through the crack in the Ciera's window and lowers it down to the manual lock pull.

He loops it around and gingerly PULLS.

The knot tightens --

The Sheriff pulls harder and--

It slips off.

Undeterred, he yanks the shoelace out, re-ties the knot and tries again.

He lowers the slip knot in. Hooks the lock pull.

CLICK. The door unlocks.

He climbs in, tears out the underside of the driving column and gets to work hot-wiring the car.

The engine turns over with a pathetic CLUNK. Nothing.

No one has started this car in a long time.

He pumps the gas, tries again.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Come on, you fucking white trash-

IT STARTS.

He waits for an agonizing amount of time as the engine warms up.

He REVS it.

The cat disappears from the window.

REVS it again.

Across the park, a curtain opens. An OLD LADY peers out.

He shifts the car into gear and drives out of the overgrown yard and into the street.

And GUNS IT.

ROAD

The Sheriff races the Ciera down the empty road away from the trailer park. It spews dark smoke out the back.

INTERSECTION

He blows through a stop sign, steers the car towards a stretch of tract homes.

SUBURBS

The Sheriff cuts through a half-finished suburban development.

EDGE OF TOWN

A few gas stations, a car wash, and some run down buildings.

The Sheriff approaches a traffic light.

It turns yellow--

His gut says run it. But no.

He slows to a stop.

A few people mill around.

KIDS skipping school.

DRUNKS riding around on bicycles. One makes eye contact.

The Sheriff leans against the steering wheel and hides his face with his hand.

He stares up, unblinking, at the red light, for what feels like an eternity.

Then the engine DIES.

One of the drunks starts ambling over.

The Sheriff desperately tries starting the car back up.

Click. The light turns green.

The drunk is getting closer.

He REVS the engine.

He hits the gas. The Ciera shits out a cloud of black smoke and pulls away.

HIGHWAY

The Ciera cruises along a brand new highway.

INSIDE THE CIERA

The Sheriff's vision is focused on a house in the distance, a modest rancher on a couple acres of land with a truck parked out front.

As the Ciera approaches a turnoff from the highway, the Sheriff hears--

WHOOOP! WHOOOP!

A police siren. He checks the rearview. Sure enough, a sheriff's car - just like his - trails him, lights flashing.

He's got no choice. He signals, slowly starts to pull over.

As he does, he reaches for his cellphone. Hits REDIAL and SPEAKER.

HIGHWAY

The Ciera sputters to a stop.

The cop car pulls up behind it.

INSIDE THE CIERA

The Sheriff keeps an eye on the rearview as his cell RINGS.

DISPATCH

Dispatch.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Miranda, it's Mitch again.

DISPATCH

Hey there, Sheriff. Any luck with the radio? I tell you, you haven't missed a thing. It's been--

IN THE REARVIEW

A DEPUTY climbs out of the patrol car.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)

--quiet all morning and-

SHERIFF SHANNON

We got any units out by Jefferson area?

DISPATCH

We should.

The Sheriff reaches into his trusty black duffel, pulls out a REVOLVER.

He checks it.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Looks like I might have a 211 in progress, suspect on foot somewhere in the vicinity of--

He looks for the street sign but the Deputy is standing right behind his car, examining his plates.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)

(quietly)

In the vicinity of Widefield Drive and Imperial. Can you call that in for me? Code 3.

DISPATCH

Sorry Sheriff, I didn't catch that last part. Widefield and-

The Deputy starts walking towards the drivers side window.

The Sheriff hides the revolver under his leg.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Imperial. Code 3.

The Deputy's at his window. The Sheriff HANGS UP. He turns awkwardly away from the window.

DEPUTY

Roll down your window please, sir.

The Sheriff pretends he's trying to open the glove compartment but it's locked.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Is there a problem?

He doesn't respond. He *can't* respond.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Sir would you mind stepping out of the car for me.

That's it. His other hand goes for the revolver.

DISPATCH

(through Deputy's radio)

All units, potential 211 in progress, Widefield and Imperial.

The Deputy frowns, twists his neck to speak into his radio.

DEPUTY

Dispatch, this is 55. I'm currently 11-95 on Imperial and Cherokee.

The Deputy steps back from the window.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Sit tight. I still need to see that registration.

The Deputy stands there, right outside the window, waiting.

The Sheriff takes his hand off the glove compartment. It swings open.

Inside, there's a withered rodent carcass.

DISPATCH

55 copy. Proceed to Widefield and Imperial. Code 3.

DEPUTY

10-4.

The Deputy turns away from the Sheriff and jogs back to his patrol car.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

(calling back)

Get those tags replaced!

The Sheriff watches in the rearview as the officer gets in his car, turns on his siren and drives away.

He CLICKS the safety back on his revolver.

OUTSIDE OF THE CIERA

The Ciera sits abandoned by the side of the road.

In the distance the Sheriff is visible running along the perimeter of a drainage ditch towards his house.

THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE

The back gate swings open and the Sheriff sprints through the well kept yard over to his truck.

INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S TRUCK

The Sheriff swings the door open, powers on the police radio.

A small amount of CHATTER.

Then he turns on the normal truck radio.

He twists the dial to the far end of the AM, turns up the volume.

A static-y EVANGELICAL SHOW hisses from the speakers.

He holds the police mic up to the truck's speakers and presses down the transmit button...

PREACHER (O.S.)
and let us not be saving up
 earthly possessions, where moth and
 rust consume...

He turns the volume up and down, flickering the transmitter button.

He silently counts to ten then takes out his phone and dials.

DISPATCH
 Mitch. We're starting to get some
 radio interference now too.

SHERIFF SHANNON
 Yeah, I'm having a hell of a time
 with this radio.

DISPATCH
 It might be - it's the damndest
 thing - got a report of a stolen
 Sheriff's cruiser.

SHERIFF SHANNON
 What?

DISPATCH
 Could be what's causing the
 interference.

SHERIFF SHANNON
 But everyone's accounted for?

DISPATCH
 Of course. It's just this lady is
 sure she saw two kids driving a
 cruiser out on one ten.

SHERIFF SHANNON
 Kids? How old?

DISPATCH
 Uh... she says under ten.

The Sheriff lets out a charmingly reassuring LAUGH while his face is a mask of fury.

SHERIFF SHANNON
 Okay, Miranda. I think we can toss
 that one in the nut file. Since
 everyone's accounted for.

DISPATCH

Of course.

SHERIFF SHANNON

How about this? Let's get everyone to switch over to channel seven till we can get this sorted.

DISPATCH

Well, we normally keep channel seven open just in case there's--

As she talks the Sheriff hits MUTE on his cellphone, then CRANKS the Evangelicals on AM radio into the police mic.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)

Oops, there it is again.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Just for my peace of mind, Miranda.

DISPATCH

I hear you. I'll switch the rest of the boys over to seven.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Just to be safe.

He hangs up. Waits for it.

DISPATCH

(on the police radio)

Attention all units, 10-6 to channel seven. Attention all units, please 10-6 to channel seven until further notice. Please confirm.

The Sheriff goes down a mental checklist as the units respond.

POLICE RADIO

This is 55, switching to channel seven.

(beat)

This is 37, switching to channel seven.

(beat)

Dispatch, this is 22, switching to channel seven.

(beat)

45, switching to channel seven.

(beat)

-annel seven.

DISPATCH
Please repeat.

POLICE RADIO
21 switching to channel seven.

And after that, a moment of quiet.

The Sheriff holds the police mic up to the truck speakers, about to pump up the radio volume one more time.

SHERIFF SHANNON
(under his breath)
55, 37, 22, 45, 21...
(beat)
17?

POLICE RADIO
Dispatch this is 17, switching over
to channel seven.

DISPATCH
Confirmed, dispatch switching over
to...

The Sheriff cranks the radio dial to an earsplitting HISS. He turns up the VOLUME.

Inside his house, three DOGS charge the sliding glass door and BARKING FRANTICALLY.

He sends it out to the police channel.

If anyone was still on, they're not anymore.

The dogs keep BARKING.

THE SHERIFF'S BACKYARD

The Sheriff calmly walks over to the sliding glass door, stares his three barking dogs in the eye, and quietly says...

SHERIFF SHANNON
(icily)
I said hush.

The dogs retreat from the glass, instantly silent.

The Sheriff stands on his porch.

He sees a flowerpot, tipped over.

He sets it back up, brushing away the spilled dirt. Stares at the plant.

Then he suddenly grabs it, THROWS it against the patio where it shatters.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He picks up the police radio mic, and presses down the transmit button.

SHERIFF SHANNON

All right, kids. Fun's over. I know who you are. And you're in a whole hell of a lot of trouble. Do you understand?

INSIDE THE COP CAR

The Sheriff's voice CRACKLES out of the radio. But no one is in the car.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.)

It is downright stupid to steal a cop car, but you done it. And what's done is done. What we're looking at is a felony offense. A felony offense. That means guaranteed jail time. The only thing that can help you now is if I can get that car back in one piece.

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

The cop car is pulled over by the side of the road. The backseat door is open and everything is cleared out.

The Sheriff's voice can faintly be heard on the radio.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.)

And what that means is you have a chance to work something out. IF you tell me RIGHT NOW where you are. Do you understand?

No sign of Travis or Harrison.

The radio goes quiet as he waits for a response.

OUT IN THE FIELD

Crime scene tape, tied to a fence post, flutters in the wind.

The contents of the police car's back seat is spread out in the dirt. Latex gloves, binoculars, accident reports, flares.

Harrison wears the BULLETPROOF VEST over his girl's winter jacket. He's standing stiffly, arms to his side.

Twenty feet away Travis is aiming the AR-15 RIFLE. At Harrison.

TRAVIS

On three... One...

HARRISON

Aim for the vest!

TRAVIS

Two... Three!

He pulls the trigger.

Harrison braces himself, eyes squeezed shut.

Nothing.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit!

Harrison opens one eye.

HARRISON

Maybe it's out of bullets.

TRAVIS

I think the trigger is stuck.

He spins the AR-15 around and stares into the barrel.

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

Where's the little gun?

HARRISON

... I don't know.

Harrison shuffles over to the MOBILE DEFIBRILLATOR.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

What do you think this does?

Harrison sits cross-legged in the dirt, starts flipping switches on the defibrillator.

BWEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

It's on and charging.

TRAVIS

I think maybe we need more bullets.

Travis runs back to the car, while Harrison investigates the defibrillator.

AT THE COP CAR

Travis climbs into the backseat and starts rooting around for extra bullets.

He freezes when he hears:

SHERIFF SHANNON

(on the radio)

Once again, to the two children who have stolen my car. Listen up. This doesn't have to be a felony offense. Hell, this doesn't even have to be a misdemeanor. What's important is that the car gets returned. IMMEDIATELY.

OUT IN THE FIELD

Travis RUNS back out to Harrison.

Harrison's got both the defibrillator panels on his chest and is about to pull the trigger. BWEEEEEE...

He looks up as Travis approaches. For the first time Travis looks scared.

AT THE POLICE CAR

The boys listen to the Sheriff's tinny voice on the radio. A hint of desperation in his voice.

SHERIFF SHANNON

If you don't know how to use the radio, it's easy. You just pick up the mic, hold down the yellow button and talk. When you're done, you let go and then I can talk. No one else can hear, this isn't... I just... I just want my car back.

The boys look at each other. Should they respond? Should they turn back?

HARRISON
We should get out of here.

TRAVIS
Yeah. I'll get the supplies.

HARRISON
No. I mean leave the car.

TRAVIS
What? Why?

HARRISON
Cause we're in big trouble!

TRAVIS
You're just chicken to drive fast enough to get away.

HARRISON
I drive fast!

TRAVIS
I saw it, you were only going sixty. You're a pussy.

HARRISON
No I'm not! I went as fast as you!

TRAVIS
You're just a grandma's boy.

HARRISON
Screw you! I'm gonna leave and you can go to jail when the cops get here.

TRAVIS
I'm not going to jail.

HARRISON
Why not?

BAM.

A metallic thud SURPRISES them both.

BAM. BAM.

They zero in on the source of the sound. The trunk.

BAM. BAM. BAM.

Travis holds his finger to his lips. Shhhhhh....

AT THE TRUNK

The trunk swings open, inside is ZANN. 30s, bruised, beaten and hogtied like the other body. Except he's very much alive.

And FREAKING OUT:

ZANN

PLEASEDON'TKILLME-PLEASEDON'TKILLME
 PLEASEDON'TKILLME-PLEASEDON'TKILLME-
 FUCK! FUCKING SHIT PLEASE! PLEASE
 OH FUCK, FUCKING CHRIST PLEASE
 SHERIFF DON'T KILL ME! DON'T KILL
 ME SHERIFF, YOU FUCK. YOU FUCKING
 ASSHOLE PIECE OF SHIT! YOU COWARD
 FAGGOT BASTARD. WHERE'S MY BROTHER
 YOU FUCK! YOU MISERABLE SHIT! I'LL
 FUCKING DO ANYTHING, I'LL DO
 ANYTHING PLEASE DON'T KILL ME,
 PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, IT WASN'T OUR
 FAULT, WE JUST WAITED TOO LONG, OK,
 WE JUST WAITED TOO LONG, BUT NO ONE
 KNEW, WE WEREN'T GONNA TELL ANYONE,
 I SWEAR! I TOLD HIM, IF WE'RE DOING
 THIS WE HAVE TO DO IT NOW, BUT HE
 SAID NO, HIS WIFE, HIS FUCKING WIFE
 SHE DIDN'T KNOW, BUT HE WAS FUCKED,
 IT WAS ALL FUCKED...IT WAS ALL
 FUCKED...I'm fucked... I'm fucked,
 you fucker... just do it... do
 it... fucking do it already...
 fucking do it... DO IT!!!!

His tirade breaks into an unintelligible SOB as he braces himself for death.

But it doesn't come.

He slowly opens one eye, adjusting to the light, peering through tears and crusted blood at --

Two little kids. One with a shotgun. One with an AR-15.

TRAVIS

Are you a bad guy?

Zann opens his mouth but nothing comes out. It's too much to process.

It starts to dawn on him --

Maybe he's not about to be killed.

He tries to wriggle free, but he's so badly hogtied that he can't move an inch.

He changes tack:

ZANN

I'm a good guy!

Travis and Harrison aren't buying it.

HARRISON

Then why are you tied up?

ZANN

Because... I'm a good guy... and...
I need someone to rescue me. You
boys are gonna rescue me, right?

TRAVIS

Maybe.

ZANN

You know who the bad guy is? It's
the sheriff! He's the bad guy.
Where is he?

HARRISON

How can he be the bad guy if he's
with the cops?

ZANN

Sometimes, a bad guy secretly joins
the cops so he can do bad stuff,
like a spy! So, where's he at?

The boys share a look. Time to discuss.

A FEW FEET DOWN THE ROAD

ZANN (O.S.)

Hey! Don't leave me here! HEY!

HARRISON

I think he's a good guy.

TRAVIS

Yeah me too.

HARRISON
OK, let's let him out.

BACK AT THE TRUNK

TRAVIS
We're gonna let you out, but you
have to promise you won't tell on
us.

ZANN
Of course! I swear.

HARRISON
You can't tell my grandma or his
mom or any of our teachers.

TRAVIS
Or my stepdad.

ZANN
I won't. I won't tell a soul.

TRAVIS
OK.

Travis and Harrison set down their guns and try to untie the knots.

HARRISON
This one's really tight.

TRAVIS
Yeah.

Harrison yanks on the rope. Zann winces as it digs into his skin.

ZANN
I think you need to cut 'em.

HARRISON
Maybe we can shoot them off.

ZANN
No, no, no -- don't do that.

The boys are annoyed at being told what to do. They stop.

ZANN (CONT'D)
You both seem tough. You must have
a knife? Right? A pocket knife at
least?

HARRISON

I had one but it got taken away at school, so now my grandma says I have to save up and get a new one.

ZANN

(to Travis)

How about you? You got a knife?

Travis shakes his head 'no'.

ZANN (CONT'D)

Ok, well. You know there's got to be something sharp around here you can use.

TRAVIS

No. We'll get you out later. We gotta go.

ZANN

Come on. I... It really hurts. I need help. If you don't let me out I might die.

Travis is unmoved.

HARRISON

We can look.

Harrison runs around to the front of the car.

IN THE FRONT SEAT

Harrison digs through the seat cracks, rifles through the glove compartment.

AT THE TRUNK

Travis listens to Zann go on and on.

ZANN

-so glad to see you guys instead of that sheriff. He's a really, really bad guy. And believe me, I'm gonna-

HARRISON (O.S.)

I found one!

Harrison runs up and shows Travis. It's a pen knife keychain.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

The tweezers and the toothpick are missing but it's got a knife part.

He opens it up.

ZANN

That's great! Great job! Now start cutting!

Harrison gets to work sawing the rope with his tiny blade. Travis stops him, leans in close to Zann.

TRAVIS

This is our cop car, ok? You can't have it.

ZANN

Deal. Don't worry. You can have it. I never want to see another cop car as long as I live. In fact, for saving me I'm gonna give you guys a whole bunch of money. And presents. You like candy?

Harrison resumes sawing away. The pen knife slowly works its way through the nylon rope.

THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE

Quaintly decorated. Walls covered with pictures. An ex-wife maybe, some children, nephews...

A toilet FLUSHES.

BATHROOM

The Sheriff slices open a brick of heroin, dumps it down the toilet.

He grabs another from a pile of stacked five high, slices it open, dumps it down the toilet.

Some of it spills out on the toilet seat and floor.

He hurries to scoop it all up. He's just barely keeping his panic down.

He tries his breathing exercise.

He waits a second for the tank to refill.

And FLUSHES.

BEDROOM

The Sheriff drags a heavy safe out from the bottom of the closet.

Underneath is a hatch. He opens it up.

Stacks of CASH. He grabs it all, hundreds of thousands of dollars and stuffs it into his duffel bag.

Fake ID's -- drivers licenses, passports.

Two gold bars. He drops them in. CLANK.

Last item -- an UZI. Definitely not police issue.

BACKYARD

The Sheriff tosses the duffel bag into the truck and turns back to the house when he hears, faintly, a child's voice on the police radio.

HARRISON

(on the police radio)

Hello? Is there anybody there?

The Sheriff freezes, listening.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

(on the police radio)

Uh, Mr. Sheriff, my friend and I, we have your car and we're really sorry and uh... we found it and we thought no one wanted it anymore so we took it... uh... we don't want to get in trouble but... uh... we don't know how to get back.

He RUNS over to the truck.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

(on the police radio)

Oh right... Over.

The Sheriff grabs the mic. He holds down the transmit button-

And starts LAUGHING.

A warm, good natured chuckle...

Then a long satisfied SIGH.

SHERIFF SHANNON

(into the mic)

You boys had me, wow. Nothing to worry about, what's important now is that we get you boys home safe. You didn't touch anything now, did you? There's a lot of dangerous equipment in my car. You didn't open the trunk, did you?

HARRISON

(on the police radio)

No. No, sir.

SHERIFF SHANNON

(into the mic)

That's good. Now I want you boys to go sit yourselves down in the backseat and don't touch anything. If anyone comes by you say help is on the way, all right? You're doing a real special job and guarding the car for the Sheriff. You understand?

HARRISON

(on the police radio)

Yeah.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Now you say you don't know how to get home? Do you know where you are? What road you're on?

HARRISON

(on the police radio)

I dunno.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Ok, you see anything else? Any street signs?

HARRISON

(on the police radio)

No.

The Sheriff pulls a worn topographical map out from his glove compartment. He scans it as he speaks.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Alright. Ok, now the road you're on, is it a dirt road?

HARRISON
(on the police radio)
No.

SHERIFF SHANNON
Ok, that's good. Now tell me is it
a hilly road?

HARRISON
(on the police radio)
Huh?

SHERIFF SHANNON
Is it a hilly road or is it a flat
road?

HARRISON
(on the police radio)
Flat.

SHERIFF SHANNON
You see anything else? Any houses
around? Anything that might help me
find you?

HARRISON
(on the police radio)
I see... uh... I see a windmill.

He traces a path on the map.

SHERIFF SHANNON
A windmill. That's great. You know
what, I think I know where to find
you.

The Sheriff starts his truck.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)
What's your name, son?

HARRISON
(on the police radio)
Harrison.

SHERIFF SHANNON
And your little partner there,
what's his name?

HARRISON
(on the police radio)
Travis.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Travis, Harrison. You boys did the right thing by calling me. Now sit tight. I'll be there soon. Don't worry, you're not in any trouble.

THE WINDMILL

- rattles in the breeze.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison grips the radio mic.

He carefully hooks it back onto the receiver looks over at-

Zann

Pointing the AR-15 rifle at a very sullen Harrison.

ZANN

Good job. Now come on, git.

Zann pulls Harrison out by his coat. Zann opens the door to the backseat.

ZANN (CONT'D)

In.

Zann SHOVES him roughly in. Travis is already in the back, looking scared and sad. The fun's over.

The door SLAMS shut. Harrison yanks on the handle. Locked.

ZANN (CONT'D)

Stop fidgeting you little shit!

TRAVIS

That gun doesn't even work!

Zann FIRES a round into the air, STARTLING Travis and Harrison who sit back in perfect in silence.

ZANN

That's right.

Zann backs away from window, turns and jogs away.

Travis watches Zann as he wanders around the barren landscape, looking for something.

TRAVIS

Look.

HARRISON

Shhhh!

TRAVIS

He can't hear.

Harrison scoots over, watches Zann.

HARRISON

What's he doin'?

TRAVIS

I dunno.

Zann wanders around the field, shielding his eyes from the sun, occasionally casting a look back towards the police car.

OUTSIDE

Zann examines one of the few bits of cover near the car, a scraggly bush.

He crouches behind it, trying to conceal himself.

It's not working.

He looks around for another bit of cover.

IN THE BACKSEAT

HARRISON

Maybe he's looking to go to the bathroom.

TRAVIS

I hate him.

Travis fidgets around on the hard plastic seat. Harrison sees Zann approaching, scoots back over to his side.

HARRISON

Here he comes.

Zann walks up to the car, gets in the front.

He starts it up, slowly drives along the edge of the road.

TRAVIS

Where are we going?

Zann doesn't respond.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Are we going home?

Still no response from Zann.

Zann pulls the car past the windmill and parks.

Zann gets out and SLAMS the door.

The boys slump.

HARRISON
What if he shoots us?

TRAVIS
This sucks.

HARRISON
Yeah, this... *fucking* sucks.

He looks to Travis for approval. Travis continues to stare out the window.

Zann walks around the base of the windmill, trying out firing spots back toward the car.

He hops down into a small irrigation trench behind the windmill, disappearing from sight.

Harrison slides over to the window.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Where'd he go?

TRAVIS
He's hiding.

The barrel of the rifle slides out from the trench.

OUTSIDE

Zann pops up, checking his field of vision, squinting into the sun.

He fishes around the trench, finds an old soda can.

He jogs over to the side of the road, sets the soda can down, then jogs back to his hiding spot.

The barrel slides out.

BANG!

INSIDE THE CAR

The boys flinch. A small burst of dirt pops up to the right of the can.

TRAVIS
He's gonna shoot us.

Zann adjusts his aim, disappears back down into his hiding spot.

POP!

The can FLIPS up into the air.

HARRISON
Maybe he won't.

Zann climbs out and walks over to the car, opens the door and leans in.

ZANN
OK, now the man who owns this car is going to be here real soon, you understand? And when he gets here I need you boys to do something for me, OK? You can't tell him where I'm hiding. You can't even tell him I'm here. He's gotta think I'm still in the trunk.

HARRISON
Why?

Zann suddenly SCREAMS savagely at them.

ZANN
SHUT UP! You just do like I said. You keep quiet. Cause if not -- you know what I'll have to do?

HARRISON
Shoot us?

ZANN
No. I won't. What I will do, though...
(to Harrison)
You, you got a mom and dad?

HARRISON

My grandma.

ZANN

You got a pet?

HARRISON

A guinea pig.

ZANN

(to Travis)

You?

TRAVIS

A snake. And a dog.

ZANN

And you live with your mom or dad?

TRAVIS

Mom and my stepdad, Chris.

ZANN

(to Travis)

What I'll have to do is go to your house, and first I'll kill your dog. I'll take a hammer and I'll hit him in the head until the hammer's covered in brains. Then I'll grab that snake of yours and slice him open from top to bottom. Then, your mommy will probably have heard that, so she'll wonder what's going on. And when I see her, you know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna shoot her right in the face. And your stepdad too. Make both of their faces into ground beef.

(to Harrison)

And you? I'll grab that, what was it, a guinea pig, and I'll throw him against the ground as hard as I can. But that probably won't kill him. So as he's squirming around down there, down in the dirt, I'll stomp on him with my boot. Crush that little guinea pig. And your grandma? I'll slit her throat with a big old knife. And she'll try and scream for you to help her, but no sound will come out, you know why? Because you can't scream when you got a slit throat. You boys understand?

Travis and Harrison nod, eyes wide in terror.

ZANN (CONT'D)
So when that Sheriff shows up
looking for his car, what are we
gonna do?

HARRISON TRAVIS
Be quiet. Be quiet.

ZANN (CONT'D)
Great!

Zann slams the door, runs back to his hiding spot.

The boys sit for a quiet beat, both scared but not wanting to show it.

Harrison reaches into his jacket.

TRAVIS
(whispering)
You eating a Slim Jim NOW?

HARRISON
(whispering)
No, look.

Harrison pulls a GLOCK out from his jacket sleeve.

He hands it to Travis.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Next time he comes back, you should
shoot him.

TRAVIS
Ok.

They wait.

HARRISON
Here he comes.

TRAVIS
I'll shoot him in the heart so he
dies right away.

Zann runs back to the car.

Travis holds the gun down low, out of sight.

Zann opens the passenger door and lets it swing open, then immediately turns and doubles back to the gully behind the windmill.

The boys both SIGH.

HARRISON

Why didn't you shoot him?

TRAVIS

You do it.

He tosses the gun back into Harrison's lap.

Out the back window, the SHERIFF'S TRUCK approaches.

The boys turn and watch as it makes its way along the empty road.

It pulls to a stop and parks, a good fifty yards up the road.

INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S TRUCK

The Sheriff sizes up the scene from a distance.

The cop car parked by the side of the road --

...the passenger door wide open...

...the expressionless faces of two ten year old boys staring at him from the backseat.

He scans the surrounding land.

Dusty hills.

A rusted cattle fence.

An abandoned windmill, slowly grinding away.

WINDMILL

The truck idles.

The door creaks open and the Sheriff steps out.

The UZI held low by his side.

IN THE RAVINE

Zann waits.

Close on his eye aiming through the sight.

He watches the Sheriff slowly approaching the car.

It's too far to take the shot, but the car is angled so that Zann will have a perfect angle once the Sheriff approaches the trunk.

Zann's finger anxiously taps against the trigger.

IN THE BACKSEAT

The boys watch the Sheriff creep towards the car.

They talk to each other, trying not to move their mouths.

HARRISON
Should we tell?

TRAVIS
I dunno.

HARRISON
He just wants his car back.

TRAVIS
But what if that trunk guy kills
our families?

THE SHERIFF

Approaches at a slow but steady pace, his boots CRUNCHING against the dirt.

He eyes the windmill.

The odd positioning of the car.

His gaze drifts to the trunk -- something's off...

His footsteps hesitate for a fraction of a second.

IN THE RAVINE

Did Zann notice?

The Sheriff passes for a split second through his sight line.

The can sits near the trunk, half the distance between them.

It's still a long shot.

Zann sucks in air through his teeth, steadying himself.

THE SHERIFF

Subtly changes direction as he approaches the car.

THROUGH ZANN'S SIGHTS

The Sheriff disappears behind the car.

The sight tries to follow his movements.

The boys are positioned directly between himself and Zann.

THE SHERIFF

Approaches the window and squats down, so he's eye level with the boys.

SHERIFF SHANNON

You boys sure gave me a fright!
Holy hell. What do you say we get
you home?

But the boys don't speak.

They stare at the Sheriff blankly, unsure what they're supposed to do other than stay quiet.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)

Nothing to be afraid of, boys.
Heck, I've gotten myself into a
fair amount of trouble over the
years.

The Sheriff studies their terrified faces.

His eyes narrow.

Travis glances back at the windmill, nervous. The Sheriff sees.

He looks up over the car.

THE RAVINE

The Sheriff stands RIGHT INTO ZANN'S SIGHT.

Zann tightens his finger on the trigger.

But the Sheriff suddenly DUCKS behind the cop car.

Zann CURSES to himself, he missed the shot.

THE SHERIFF

Presses himself against the cop car, hiding by the rear wheel.

He takes his gun out of its holster.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)

Boys, now answer me. Did you open the trunk? Did you? Was there someone in the trunk?

Harrison and Travis make no sound.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)

Did you open the trunk? Did you open the trunk? Did you open the-

The Sheriff notices a bloody finger smear by the trunk. A single bloody smear.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)

You answer me now or I'll shoot you dead right through this door. Where is he?

HARRISON

We're not allowed to talk to you.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Son, I am the only person here you can trust. I am the only person who can help you.

The sound of an approaching car quiets the Sheriff.

He checks the road - but it's coming from the other direction, on the far side of the cop car.

He hears the car pull off the road, onto the dirt and come to a stop.

THE OTHER CAR

It's Beverly.

She's looking in amazement at the cop car - at the two little kids peering at her from the back seat.

She gets out of her car, marching over.

BEVERLY

I knew it! I knew I saw you! Just what is going on here?

THE RAVINE

Zann watches Beverly's back through his sight.

His mind is racing, trying to parse what his move should be.

THE SHERIFF

Hidden behind the cop car, listening to Beverly scold the boys.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Don't play dumb with me. I saw you boys! I saw you driving! What are you thinking? How old are you?

Beverly reaches the cop car, leaning into the window to scowl at the boys.

Harrison and Travis watch her in mute fear.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Where are your parents?

Beverly reaches out for the door handle.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Ma'am - do not open that door.

Beverly, startled, jumps and cries out in surprise.

BEVERLY

Oh my goodness! What are you-

She peers over the hood at the Sheriff. He lays against the cop car, his legs spread out awkwardly, clutching his stomach.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Ma'am! Calm down and listen to me, okay? Can you do that?

BEVERLY

Uh, uh, yes. Are you okay-

SHERIFF SHANNON

Ma'am. I need you to stop talking and listen up, okay? Just give me a nod.

Beverly nods.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)
 I've been injured by a perpetrator,
 the father of these two boys here.
 You're okay, he's fled the scene.
 Everything is okay. But what I'm
 gonna need you to do is help me out
 right now, okay? Now listen up.
 After I was attacked the
 perpetrator threw my keys away off
 the side of the road. What I'm
 gonna need you to do is go ahead
 and see if you can find the keys so
 I can radio in for assistance. I
 can't walk. Do you understand?

BEVERLY
 Yes! I mean-

Beverly nods.

SHERIFF SHANNON
 Okay now go ahead and take a good
 look around. He threw them out by
 the windmill here. Go ahead.

THE RAVINE

Zann watches as Beverly turns and starts heading in his
 direction.

He ducks lower, CURSING, but keeps the rifle trained.

IN THE COP CAR

Harrison and Travis watch Beverly leaving them. Confused and
 scared.

THE SHERIFF

Stops pretending to be hurt, curling back up into ready
 position hidden behind the cop car.

SHERIFF SHANNON (CONT'D)
 (calling out to Beverly)
 Now go on WAAAY back in there. Take
 your time, cover all the ground you
 can. Keep your eyes peeled, okay?
 Okay?

BEVERLY
 Okay!

The Sheriff gets low, peeking under the car, around the rear tire at Beverly wandering through the tall grass.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Were you the woman who reported the children driving the cruiser?

BEVERLY

Yes. I - They said I must've seen wrong but...

SHERIFF SHANNON

Well you did a real good thing. It's citizens like yourself who make a difference in our community. Taking an active role.

BEVERLY

Are you okay? Are you bleeding?

SHERIFF SHANNON

I'm going to be okay. You see anything out there? Anything at all? Any marks?

BEVERLY

I'm looking.

The Sheriff checks the clip in his UZI.

SHERIFF SHANNON

Well, keep at it a while longer. But if we can't find 'em you can help me into your vehicle and-

The Sheriff notices Beverly has suddenly stopped, startled.

BEVERLY

Oh my goodness! There's a man-

POP!

Beverly drops into the tall grass, spurting blood.

The Sheriff focuses past her - at a thin, white puff of smoke rising from the ground.

THROUGH ZANN'S SIGHTS

Whipping from Bev's body, back to the cop car.

Zann's POV dips down to the car's undercarriage, where the Sheriff is laying on the ground-

HIS UZI POINTED RIGHT AT Zann!

A BURST OF GUNFIRE

Kicks up a cloud of dust.

IN THE BACKSEAT

The boys cover their ears and duck down.

Another BARRAGE of uzi fire.

POP!

Zann fires back.

The Sheriff rolls back behind the tires, presses his face against the backseat window, trying to catch a glimpse of Zann.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Travis and Harrison stare in horror at his twisted expression, distorted against the glass, fogging it up with panicked breaths.

He disappears from view.

The boys stay down against the seat, staring up through the windows at the clear blue sky, gradually descending into dusk.

All is quiet.

POP!

The front passenger window STARS.

Another POP!

A front window shatters, but holds in place.

The Sheriff swings out from behind the hood, FIRING at Zann, unloading his clip in a BLIND FURY.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

He ducks back down out of sight.

Travis peers over the bottom edge of the window, gets an obscured view of the Sheriff, struggling to reload the gun...

...fumbling with the clip.

Harrison peers out his window, sees Zann emerge from his hiding spot. He charges the car, his rifle trained on the Sheriff's position.

Travis's eyes widen as the Sheriff slides in the new clip.

Harrison watches Zann round the front of the car and START FIRING.

POP! POP! POP!

The SHERIFF FIRES BLINDLY.

THE SOUND IS DEAFENING --

HARRISON COVERS HIS EARS AS HE SEES --

Zann --

SNAPPING BACK IN A CLOUD OF RED --

TRAVIS FLINCHES AS --

THE SHERIFF'S BLOOD --

SPRAYS ACROSS HIS WINDOW.

Zann FALLS TO THE GROUND.

THE SHERIFF STANDS AND STUMBLES BACKWARDS --

HIT, BLEEDING --

HIS FINGER STILL SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER

FIRING AT THE SKY --

Until...

Click. Click. Click.

The Sheriff collapses out of view...

The gunfire ECHOES across the countryside.

And once again.

It's quiet.

The boys are curled up on the back seat, still covering their ears, shell shocked.

The Sheriff's blood slowly drips down the window.

HARRISON
Are they dead?

TRAVIS
Yeah, I think they're all dead.

HARRISON
No way.

Travis slowly lifts his head to look out his window.

He sees a pile of shells...

...the lifeless Uzi, still smoking...

He scoots up a little bit higher and--

SMACK!

The Sheriff's bloody hand hits the window.

The boys SHRIEK!

The limp hand slides down the window, disappears out of sight with a wet THUD.

WIDE AT THE WINDMILL

The Sheriff's body is crumpled in a heap next to the car, blood pooling out.

Zann's bullet riddled body is splayed out in the middle of the road.

The sun hangs low in the sky, sending long shadows across the brutal scene.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

The boys YANK on the door handles, but it's no use.

They're locked in.

Travis puts his feet against the mesh guard separating them from the front seat and PUSHES.

Harrison joins him.

They push AS HARD AS THEY CAN.

Not a chance.

They're both panting. Their breath now visible.

It's starting to get cold.

Harrison breathes on the window, fogging it up. He writes "HELP".

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

The word HELP appears backwards.

The last sliver of sun disappears behind the mountains.

A beautiful sunset lights up the sky...

Then fades away to a deep twilight.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

They sit curled into two little balls, shivering.

HARRISON

What time do you think it is?

TRAVIS

I dunno. I'm cold.

HARRISON

We have to go.

Harrison reaches into his sleeve and pulls out the GLOCK.

TRAVIS

I think they're dead.

HARRISON

I was gonna shoot out the window.

TRAVIS

Oh, OK.

Travis covers his ears.

Harrison raises the gun and aims it past Travis.

He squeezes the trigger.

It doesn't move.

HARRISON

Dang it! How do these work!?

TRAVIS
Can I try?

Harrison reluctantly hands it over.

Travis squeezes the trigger, but it still doesn't move.

He flips the gun around, looking at it.

HARRISON
Try like, try to smash the window
with it.

TRAVIS
I'll throw it.

HARRISON
Ok.

Travis winds up and THROWS THE LOADED HANDGUN AT THE WINDOW.

It bounces off the glass and clatters onto the floor.

The boys lean in and inspect the window.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Lemme throw it.

Travis fishes out the gun and hands it to Harrison.

He throws it at the window, CRACK!

It bounces back.

They check the glass again.

TRAVIS
I think it's working.

Travis whips the gun against the window.

Harrison picks it up, squeezes the trigger.

HARRISON
I wish it would-

BAM!

The gun FIRES, shoots a hole straight through the roof of the car.

Harrison SCREAMS and drops the gun.

TRAVIS
How did you do that?

HARRISON
I don't know. My ears!

Travis grabs the barrel.

TRAVIS
Ow! It's hot!

Travis gingerly picks it up by the handle. He closes one eye and aims at the window.

Harrison covers his ears.

Travis closes both eyes, pointing somewhere towards the top corner of the window.

BAM! PING! CRASH!

The window SHATTERS.

Harrison reaches out through the broken glass, the shards cutting ribbons out of his puffy winter jacket.

He gropes around for the door handle and pulls.

Behind him, Travis is still WINCING.

The door CLICKS open.

WINDMILL - NIGHT

Harrison pushes the door open and RUNS out of the car.

He's running as fast as he can. To somewhere. To home.

He looks over his shoulder for Travis.

He's not there.

Harrison stops.

Travis slides out of the car, clutching his side.

HARRISON
(yelling back)
Come on, we gotta run!

TRAVIS
I think something bit me.

Travis lifts up his jacket.

A shard of metal frame, sticking out from his side, blood oozing down.

Harrison can't process it.

HARRISON
Let's just run home!

TRAVIS
It hurts.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison gets behind the steering wheel. He looks back at Travis, slumped in the backseat.

HARRISON
You shoulda worn the bulletproof vest.

He turns the key.

OUTSIDE

The cop car coughs out a cloud of exhaust.

The Sheriff's limp body slides down the side of the car.

His head flops underneath the car, between the wheels.

His eyes flicker open.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison shifts into drive.

Presses his foot against the GAS.

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

The car starts to MOVE.

The Sheriff, barely alive, rolls himself out of the way just in time to avoid the tire.

He's left laying by the side of the road, staring at the sky.

He SPUTTERS in rage.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Harrison focuses on the road. But it's dark. He can barely see. Wind WHIPS in through the broken windows.

TRAVIS

It's okay. It doesn't hurt as much anymore.

The speedometer hovers at 60mph.

Then, a TERRIFYING VOICE--

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.)

(on the police radio)

You boys listening?

Harrison ignores it.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Boys. Hey...

(beat)

I'm a'comin' for you.

THE SHERIFF'S TRUCK

The Sheriff the truck ROARS to life.

He lifts the radio mic to his mouth and growls into it--

SHERIFF SHANNON

You don't... steal... a fucking...
COP CAR.

He hits the gas. The truck SKIDS away.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

The truck's headlights glimmer in the rear view mirror.

It's far away, but gaining.

Harrison sees the headlights.

As he watches, the cop car DRIFTS.

The wheels CRUNCH against the dirt shoulder.

Harrison straightens the car, pushes on the gas.

The road ahead is DARK and getting DARKER as twilight fades.

He looks around for a light switch, randomly flipping everything he can find.

The windshield wipers scrape across the glass.

The side mirror rotates.

The dome light turns on, but that's worse. He shuts it off.

He twists the headlights knob and the speedometer illuminates...

But--

THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS

Are shattered, torn apart by gunfire.

BACK INSIDE

Harrison grips the wheel, squinting into the growing darkness.

A flash of light passes over his face.

THE SHERIFF

Is gaining on them.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.)
(on the radio)
You might just be two dumb little
kids. But I'm going to kill you.

He FLASHES his high beams at them.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here I come.

The gap is closing.

THE TRUCK

Taps the bumper of the police car.

The sound of the Sheriff's maniacal laughter hisses out of the police radio.

Harrison pushes on the gas, but the car is barely under his control.

The truck's high beams FLASH.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.)
(on the radio)
BOO!

He kills his lights completely and the road plunges into darkness.

Harrison focuses on the dim, barely visible white line on the road, trying to keep the car straight.

SHERIFF SHANNON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(on the radio)
FUCKING BOO!

He FLASHES the high beams again.

The cop car veers off the other side of the road.

Harrison straightens the wheel, but the Sheriff kills his lights again.

Harrison drives blind now. He listens as--

The cop car tires hit DIRT --

Harrison corrects.

The Sheriff's LIGHTS FLASH.

Harrison's eyes go wide as he sees--

A COW --

STANDING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

Harrison tweaks the steering wheel ever so slightly -

THE COW STANDS FROZEN IN THE TRUCK'S HEADLIGHTS.

The cop car WHIZZES by --

-- missing the animal by inches --

Followed immediately by --

A SICKENING CRASH.

IN THE REARVIEW

The Sheriff's headlights spin, flash--

Then disappear.

Harrison lets out a deep breath.

Then CHEERS!

HARRISON
WE DID IT!! TRAVIS!!! WE DID IT!!!

Harrison eases off of the gas.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
He crashed!

Harrison turns on the dome light, looks in the back.

TRAVIS

Is pale, barely breathing.

The back seat is SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

TRAVIS
(weakly)
I wanna go home.

Harrison looks at this red mess with terror.

He fumbles to turns the dome light back OFF.

HARRISON
Yeah, almost there.

The last hint of dusk light fades.

He turns on the police lights.

A disorienting swirl of RED and BLUE lights flicker on the empty road.

Enough to drive by.

Harrison's foot presses against the gas pedal.

The car weaves back and forth across the yellow line.

Harrison clutches the steering wheel.

As the speedometer CLIMBS.

Past 90 MPH.

OUTSIDE THE COP CAR

The flashing blue and red lights of the car cut a path across the dark landscape.

A handful of stars starting to materialize in the night sky.

BUT INSIDE THE COP CAR

The red and blue lights flicker across Harrison's deadly serious, unblinking face.

TRAVIS
(weak, whispered)
I wanna go home.

HARRISON
Don't worry. I'll go fast.

The speedometer climbs.

110 MPH...

The cop car vibrates dangerously.

120...

130...

The vibration becomes violent, like a earthquake.

About to hit 140...

CUT TO BLACK.