

DIABLO RUN

by

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¡TODO O NADA!

EXT./INT. BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE - HIGHWAY - DAY

Behind the wheel of this 2002 rap video music staple sits PATRICK, early 30's, with a DGAF attitude.

He's the President of the Fraternity who never grew up.

Riding shotgun is STEVE, early 30's, and the polar opposite of Patrick. He wears a polo shirt tucked into his pants.

The guys are on the road from sunny San Diego.

Steve's face is buried in his iPad.

PATRICK

Are you seriously going to read the entire trip?

STEVE

I'd let you borrow it, but being literate would help.

PATRICK

Fuck you. I read all the time.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Cereal boxes don't count.

KEVIN, early 30's, chimes in from the back seat. He's the meekest of the group with gender-neutral eyeglasses, but that doesn't stop him from challenging the big dog.

PATRICK

You only read French Vogue, dicklick. Go back to sleep.

KEVIN

I do not.

Yes, he does.

Kevin surreptitiously stuffs a few decidedly unmanly reading materials into the top of his bag on the seat next to him.

PATRICK

(still driving)

Look, if we're gonna talk about something, can we please talk about the trip? We're almost to Tijuana and we only have three days to enjoy it.

STEVE
(locking his iPad)
Two. We have *two* days to enjoy it.

PATRICK
What'd I say?

STEVE
I'm serious. I warned you before we left. Friday and Saturday in Tijuana and then we head right back Sunday morning.

Patrick and Kevin mouth along the following words with Steve:

STEVE (CONT'D)
I finally made VP. I *can't* miss my first day.

PATRICK
Bank jobs are for pussies, why do you have to care about work so much?

STEVE
Some of us live in the real world, Pat.

Patrick makes no bones about it.

PATRICK
You needa get laid, fool.

That hits a chord. We can tell from Steve's reaction that it's a been a while.

STEVE
I *do* get laid.
(beat)
I'm just in a dry spell.

PATRICK
This isn't a dry spell, it's a full on fucking famine.

STEVE
I'm in my 30's now. There's nothing wrong with being choosy. We can't all hump bar skanks behind Chili's.

PATRICK
Dude, twice that happened. Get over it.

KEVIN
I agree with Steve.

PATRICK
Nobody asked you, showtunes.

Patrick FLOORS the gas and the Caddy burns up the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARAIZA MOTEL - TIJUANA - LATER THAT DAY

The guys park their SUV in front of the ARAIZA MOTEL and climb out. It's basically the Mexican version of a Days Inn.

PATRICK
I need a burrito and a toilet.

STEVE
You're gonna use them at the same time, aren't you?

PATRICK
(adjusting his package)
YOLO, bro.

KEVIN
I have some energy bars in my bag...

PATRICK
Nobody wants your vegan shit, Kev, stop trying to push your agenda on us.

A Mexican STREET KID comes up to them trying to sell TICKETS to something.

STREET KID
¿Senores aqui para Diablo Run?

Patrick doesn't give him the time of day.

PATRICK
Not in this economy!

STEVE
(to Patrick)
You don't have to be a *total* dick.
(to Street Kid)
What's the Diablo Run, little man?

The boy excitedly hands him a FLYER.

STREET KID
¡Mira, mira!

PATRICK
(annoyed)
We don't have time for this. We're
gonna miss check-in.

He shoves Steve forward.

Steve puts the flyer into his back pocket without looking at it.

STEVE
(trying to be nice to the
kid)
Adios, muchacho.

The Street Kid moves on to his next mark.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm thinking we get some
cocktails and lay out by the pool.
This is my last weekend before I
say goodbye to the next decade.

PATRICK
And you want to spend it at a motel
pool? Did you pack your sarong,
too?

STEVE
Well, what'd you have in mind?

PATRICK
Don't ruin the surprise. Let me be
your guide to the wonderful world
of Meheeco.

Patrick leads the guys inside the motel with their bags slung
over their shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - HALL WAY

MUSIC CUE: "**LITTLE GREEN BAG**" - by George Baker

The guys STRUT down the hall in SLOW MOTION.

The Reservoir Dogs they are *not*, but they are the coolest
yuppies you'll see in the motel this weekend.

Patrick takes out the ROOM KEY CARD and smoothly TWIRLS it in one hand.

Then Kevin HALF-TRIPS and kills the illusion.

They come to their room, 6C, where they find --

JESSICA, 27, a fiery redhead and easily the sexiest white woman this side of the border.

A LARGE SUIT CASE sits on the ground next to her.

She tries JAMMING her own key into the door slot, and when it refuses to open, she starts KICKING IT OPEN.

The cheap door is seconds away from splintering apart.

ON THE GUYS:

PATRICK

Woah...

(seductively)

Can I help you, Senorita?

Jessica, realizing she's being watched, drops the kickboxer act and turns her head to look.

JESSICA

(cool as ice)

Door's stuck.

She turns around without another word and delivers one more hallway shaking blow.

Patrick obviously finds power sexy.

PATRICK

Let me help you with that.

Patrick rears back and kicks the door, too.

It doesn't even rattle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Wow, they sure build 'em solid down here.

JESSICA

(unimpressed)

Thanks, I've got it.

Steve has been taking it all in. He's smitten to say the least.

STEVE
(piping up)
Actually, Miss, I think you have
the wrong room. This one's ours.

He holds up their RECEIPT.

Jessica makes eye contact.

She likes what she sees, but does her best not to show it.

JESSICA
(checking her card)
6D. One door down. I'm sorry, I
can be so careless.

Patrick can't believe Steve is taming the shrew.

Like, for real. He's really doing it.

STEVE
That's okay. We all make mistakes.
I work in a bank, I see them all
the time.

JESSICA
(mock scared)
Oh no, an evil banker. Please
don't foreclose on me.

PATRICK
(genuinely confused)
Wait, what's going on here? What
am I seeing?

Steve doesn't seem to be aware that (somehow, someday)
Jessica is actually *flirting* with him.

STEVE
I just made VP. That stands for
Vice President, you know. I'll see
what I can do...

PATRICK
It took him like 8 years, FYI. So
it's not *that* impressive.

JESSICA
(to Steve)
I like a persistent man.

STEVE
(still not getting it)
That's me.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Anyway, your room's right down the hall. We just passed it.

JESSICA

Thanks.

(beat)

I'm Jessica.

STEVE

Nice to meet you, Jessica. I'm Steve. This is Patrick and Kevin.

Steve's innocuous innocence is working for him. Despite herself, Jessica warms up to him.

JESSICA

Well, Steve, I could use a hand with my bag.

PATRICK

I've got two right here. And I've been told I have magic fingers.

JESSICA

Well, then you should have no trouble carrying your own bags.
(to Steve)
How about it?

STEVE

Sure, I'd be happy to.

Steve picks up the bag. It's way heavier than it looks.

He walks Jessica down the hall to her room.

Patrick slides his key in the door and lets himself and Kevin in.

PATRICK

(to Kevin)

Whatever, she was an obvious lez.

KEVIN

I'm pretty sure she's strictly dickly.

PATRICK

You would know.

ON STEVE AND JESSICA DOWN THE HALL:

Jessica's slides her KEY CARD into the door and it instantly BEEPS green.

Steve struggles to hand over the bag. Jessica takes it without breaking a sweat.

JESSICA
Thanks for the help.

STEVE
Maybe I'll see you around?

JESSICA
Yeah, maybe.

She closes the door with a coy look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - THE GUYS' ROOM

Steve walks in to find the guys settling in.

It's not a luxury suite by any means, but what loser stays in their motel room the entire trip?

There are TWO BEDS and a COUCH.

KEVIN
Steve, that was so cool! You're
like Johnny Depp.
(wistful)
Or Taylor Lautner.

PATRICK
Tone down the mo-factor, Kev.
We're in TJ now.

Kevin hurls himself onto the first bed like a kid at Summer Camp. One with less molestation, of course.

KEVIN
I call top bunk!

PATRICK
(to Steve)
Why did he have to come again?

KEVIN
You know I can hear you, right?

Patrick looks directly at Kevin.

PATRICK
Yes, I said it *loudly*.

Steve, always the peace maker, tries to settle things down.

STEVE
Let's just unpack and head out.

PATRICK
Great idea.

Patrick slams his bag onto the second bed and opens it up.

It's literally nothing but LIQUOR BOTTLES AND CONDOMS.

STEVE
Travelling light?

Patrick scoffs.

PATRICK
We're here for two days. All I
need is the clothes on my back and
enough booze to get the clothes off
some *other* backs, naw mean?

STEVE
Please don't say "naw mean".

KEVIN
I agree. It's vaguely racist.

PATRICK
Your *face* is vaguely racist.

KEVIN
That doesn't even make sense.

PATRICK
It doesn't have to.

Steve moves to the dresser and meticulously starts unpacking his clothes.

It looks like he's brought enough for a whole week.

He stuffs SIX PAIRS OF PERFECTLY ROLLED UP SOCKS into the top drawer.

He pulls out a ZIPLOC BAG of what looks like KITTY LITTER and puts it in the drawer, as well.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(excited)
Dude, you brought *blow*? I didn't
know you had it in you. That's so
fuckin' sick!

Steve closes the drawer.

STEVE
It's not blow.

PATRICK
I know every drug known to mankind.
Lemme see.

Patrick pushes past a protesting Steve, opens the top drawer,
and takes out the baggie.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
There's enough of whatever this is
to kill a Mexican horse.

Patrick holds it up to the light.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What is it?

STEVE
It's my Dad.

Patrick lets out a little yell and instantly HURLS the bag
out of his hands.

Steve catches it.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Be careful!

PATRICK
Why would you bring *that*?!

STEVE
Why would I bring *him*.
(beat)
And you wouldn't understand.

PATRICK
No, seriously, answer the question.

Steve lets out a little sigh.

STEVE
Look, growing up, my Dad never took
a vacation.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

He worked hard all the time. One of the reasons I agreed to this stupid trip was so that I could spread his ashes. I wanted to give him the great time I couldn't when he was alive.

Kevin is welling up.

KEVIN

That's so beautiful, Steve.

Even Patrick seems a little touched. Until:

PATRICK

Whatever, man. Just cram him in the room-safe. He's freaking my shit.

Steve sees the wisdom in this and does as he's told.

Patrick looks visibly relieved when Steve locks the safe.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Out of sight, out of mind.

(beat, to the guys)

And now, out of body.

Patrick carries on and sets up THREE SHOT GLASSES on the TABLE by the couch.

STEVE

Wait, safety first. Everyone make sure they have their passports, ID's, and cash in case we get separated.

Steve pats down each pocket making sure he has everything.

Kevin does the same.

Patrick looks at them. What knobs.

PATRICK

Are we done? We're already behind schedule. We've been in Mexicali for fifteen minutes and we're not knee-walking drunk yet.

Steve and Kevin walk over and pick up their glasses.

They each hold up their shot for a TOAST.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
To Steve's last hurrah!

MUSIC CUE: "**PARTY UP**" - by DMX

CUE DRINKING MONTAGE: As day fades to night, the guys get fucked up in every bar and cantina within a two mile radius.

--They start by getting blasted in the motel bar. They're the loudest, sloppiest group in the place. TOURIST FAMILIES and Native Speakers alike hide their children in pure fear.

--The guys roam the streets winding up at THE SLOPPY SOMBRERO. They slam more shots in between scarfing down quesadillas.

--As they move on, the class of venue gets lower and lower (even for TJ) until they wind up at:

EXT./INT. EL GALLO BAR - NIGHT

The guys, led by Patrick, are drunk. *Sloppy* drunk. *Vacation* drunk. The kinda drunk where you don't give a fuck because you're an American with big balls and no one can touch you.

They stand outside EL GALLO, the diviest dive bar in all of Tijuana. The NEON SIGNS flashing out front show pictures of ROOSTERS in action poses.

STEVE
(slurring)
Patrick, did you bring us to a gay bar?

KEVIN
Dude, I'm sooooo down!

PATRICK
Ha, I *knew* it! No, boys, this isn't what you think it is.

A VENDOR walks by selling CERVEZAS out of a little fridge/cart thing. Patrick grabs one and DOWNS it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
To infinity and beyond!

Patrick BOLTS inside and Steve and Kevin stumble in after him.

INT. EL GALLO BAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the place is fucking BARTER TOWN.

There's straw all over the floor and ANGRY MEXICAN MEN from all walks of life hooting, hollering, and throwing PESOS into the middle of:

AN OCTAGON.

The bright lights coming from above cast WEIRD SHADOWS everywhere.

How do you say *sinister* in Spanish? Because this is it.

Inside the ring, two OPPONENTS KICK, CLAW, and PECK the shit out of each other.

This is a COCKFIGHT.

If it took place in Thunderdome.

Two gigantic ROOSTERS fight each other tooth and beak.

Patrick has already made his way ringside.

STEVE
(sobering up from the
carnage)
How could you bring us to a place
like this?

Patrick yells out to a passing WOMAN CARRYING A TRAY:

PATRICK
Tamale!

Kevin practically trips all over Patrick.

KEVIN
(slurring his words)
Ask her if she has any vegetarian
optionsss!

PATRICK
(to Kevin)
I'm not fucking asking that in a
place like this!
(to Woman)
¡Tamale aqui!

The woman sees Patrick and hands him a tamale in exchange for some sweaty cash.

Patrick tears into it. Kevin looks drunkenly disappointed.

STEVE

This is wrong, we should leave.

PATRICK

(chewing)

Dude, live a little. I Yelp'ed the
shit out of this place. They fight
to the death here.

Steve tries PULLING on Patrick's sleeve when, suddenly, one
of the roosters lets out a sharp death rattle as its opponent
tears its throat out.

The house lights go down. Steve and the guys freeze.

A SPOTLIGHT comes on as:

A MEXICAN EMCEE, looking like the ringleader of the most
horrifying circus ever, walks into the middle of the octagon.

A low CHANT begins to emanate through the crowd.

EMCEE

(in Spanish)

Now for the main event, the moment
you cabrons have all been waiting
for...In this corner, welcome,
PLUMAAA DELLLL MUERTE!

A second SPOTLIGHT shines down on the other side of the ring.

The BIGGEST COCK you have ever seen (haha) comes stomping out
of the gate.

PLUMA DEL MUERTE is a big, bad rooster from Hell.

It locks eyes with Kevin across the crowd. Seeing straight
into his soul. Something clicks.

KEVIN

(sotto)

Oh, shit...We're having a moment,
aren't we?

EMCEE

And in this corner, weighing in at
72 pounds...ELLLL POLLLOOO LOC0000.

EL POLLO LOCO is given the same SPOTLIGHT treatment from the
opposite side of the ring.

But this isn't a chicken.

It's a MAN!

Well, technically.

El Pollo Loco is a LITTLE PERSON wearing FULL BODY ARMOR and carrying a NASTY KNIFE. He struts into the middle of the ring to raucous applause!

STEVE

What the hell is going on? What are we watching here?!

EMCEE

(in an accented Michael
Buffer voice)

Let's get ready to rrrrrrrumble.

He rolls his R to perfection. The crowd goes nuts.

El Pollo Loco has Moves Like Jagger.

He breakdances in the middle of the ring and wields his knife like a fucking samurai sword.

Kevin, still drunker than anyone here, begins to sweat.

KEVIN

(sotto)

He's gonna kill him!

The Emcee signals for the match to start. PESOS rain down into the ring.

The BELL dings.

MUSIC CUE: **"MAMA SAID KNOCK YOU OUT"** - by LL COOL J

El Pollo Loco and Pluma Del Muerte each get in a good lick.

Pluma draws first blood.

Pollo retreats and touches his face. There's a deep scratch on it. He dabs the wound with two fingers...

AND THEN LICKS THE BLOOD CLEAN.

The crowd is whipped into a frenzy.

Pollo CHARGES Pluma and drops a ROUNDHOUSE KICK to its head. The bird goes down hard; it's slow to get back up, but it gathers itself and spins away.

Pollo senses his opportunity. He zens out, raises his knife in front of him, and RACES towards the dazed bird.

In the crowd, Kevin makes a snap decision. He grabs a PONCHO off a SWEATY FARMER next to him...

AND BOLTS INTO THE RING.

As Steve and Patrick (on his second tamale) shit a collective brick, Kevin WRAPS up the bird in the soiled poncho and races out the back door SCREAMING:

KEVIN (CONT'D)
MEAT IS MURDER!!!!

The record literally scratches, the house lights come up, and every Mexican Man in the place stares at Steve and Patrick with the cold-blooded eyes of killers.

PATRICK
¡ÁNDALE!

Patrick tosses his tamale and runs across the bar towards the back door Kevin exited through. Steve is right behind him as they bail into the TJ streets.

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The guys are forced to split up as what feels like the entire town chases them through separate back alleys.

Patrick runs for dear life until he sees a WHOREHOUSE; it's a little hovel with neon signs of boobies and what have you.

With no other choice, he slams inside to escape the crushing crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. CASA DE CULO

To Patrick's surprise, the whorehouse is relatively empty for a Friday night.

Thinking he's made it, Patrick creeps inside. Until he finds the exact reason for the lack of business.

A LEGLESS OLD HOOKER SITS IN A WHEELCHAIR TWEAKING HER TORTILLA-SIZED NIPPLES.

She WHISTLES at him.

Literally witnessing a fate worse than death, Patrick runs back outside and PUKES HIS GUTS OUT.

Luckily, the mob has already passed him by. He's safe.

Traumatized, but safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Steve runs with the crowd still HOWLING behind him. He turns a corner and comes upon another PACKED BAR and decides to blend into the group waiting outside.

He controls his breathing and pulls his collar up, trying desperately to hide in plain sight.

It seems to work as the mob runs past looking for Kevin and their beloved Pluma Del Muerte.

A group of WASTED FRAT BOYS and SORORITY GIRLS bump into Steve.

FRAT BOY

Dude, are you stoked for the show?!

His friends let out a giant YELL OF EXCITEMENT.

Steve just wants to get inside. The line starts moving.

STEVE

Uhh, fuck yeah, I am?

The Frat Boys let out another CHEER and get even giddier as they approach the door.

Steve is a five dollar cover from sweet sanctuary.

He hands it to the SAD MAN running the door and heads inside.

The place is a smokey mess. Steve walks further into the bar only to literally see:

TWO GROWN MEN DOUBLE PENETRATING A DONKEY.

The animal brays in delight/terror.

Steve runs outside and continues down the street back to the motel.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I FUCKING HATE MEXICO!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, weighted down by the kicking and clucking Pluma Del Muerte, slows as his legs begin to tire.

The mob is right behind him. He hears them screaming for blood in the distance.

Sensing the end, Kevin clutches the bird and prepares for the beating of a lifetime until his drunken eyes fall on the open door of a rundown house.

He heads inside and comes to face to face with the cast of MACHETE.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mexican LEATHER gangbangers look up from chopping COCA.

The leader, a man known only as EL HOMBRE, looks up.

EL HOMBRE
Look what the gato dragged in.

KEVIN
Please, help!!

Kevin GASPS FOR AIR.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm an American!

The group lets out sadistic laughs, an understanding moving across them.

EL HOMBRE
No shit?

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - TIJUANA STREETS

El Hombre and a few choice GANGSTERS come out onto the front porch to find the angry crowd from EL GALLO waiting for them.

The Emcee fights his way to the front.

EMCEE
(in Spanish)
Give us the bird!

A dead silence passes between both factions.

El Hombre raises his hand slowly, and curls it into a massive middle finger.

EL HOMBRE
(in Spanish)
Here's your bird.

With his other hand, he pulls out a SIX-SHOOTER that even RoboCop would have trouble lifting and fires it into the air.

The crowd gets the message.

EMCEE
¡Gracias!

They BOLT.

El Hombre and his men head back into the house.

The door SLAMS SHUT.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - THE GUYS' ROOM

Steve, looking like shit, finally stumbles back into the room.

Patrick arrives seconds after.

STEVE
Where's Kevin?

Patrick is still drunk, but that's the least of his problems. He's too tired to care at the moment.

PATRICK
He's on the other bed,
whogivesashit.

Patrick weakly points to a mound on the second bed that roughly resembles someone in the fetal position.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
When he wakes up tomorrow, I'm
gonna kick his PETA-loving ass. I
hate animals.

Patrick plops down on the sofa and knocks the fuck out.

Steve's stomach turns at the word "animal".

Remembering the donkey show, he goes to the bathroom, wraps himself around the toilet, and vomits the bad memories away.

CUT TO:

INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - THE GUYS' ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The morning sun pours into the room.

Sunlight being the hung-over man's natural enemy, Patrick stirs when it cruelly hits his face.

He reaches for a TEQUILA BOTTLE on the table next to him. He croaks out a:

PATRICK
Hair of the dog.

And takes a deep slug.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Kev, I hope that chicken was worth
your life. We're leaving you
buried up to your eyeballs in the
desert.

No answer.

Patrick gets angry. He gets up and throws the sheets off Kevin's bed looking for a fight.

But under the blankets is merely a CLUMP OF PILLOWS.

Kevin is missing.

Shit.

Patrick is confused. He stumbles over to the bathroom where he finds Steve still clinging to the toilet for dear life.

His pants and boxers are down revealing his PASTY WHITE ASS.

Patrick gives it a slap. Steve jolts awake.

STEVE
Stop it! What time is it?

PATRICK
Time to get the day started by
ramming a traffic cone up Kevin's
ass.
(beat)
Where is he?

Steve pulls up his pants. He puts the toilet lid down, takes a seat on it, and starts rubbing his temples.

STEVE

What do you mean? You said he was on the bed.

PATRICK

No, I guess I was wrong. It was just some pillows and shit.

STEVE

(looking up at Patrick)
Kevin didn't come back last night?

The gravity of the situation finally seeps in.

STEVE (CONT'D)

We have to find him. He could be hurt.

BEEP BEEP.

Steve's iPhone registers a TEXT MESSAGE.

BEEP BEEP.

Patrick's phone also receive a text.

STEVE (CONT'D)

That has to be Kev. He's probably lost and scared shitless. I knew this weekend was a bad idea.

Steve brings out his iPhone and plays an MMS movie. He and Patrick watch as:

ON THE SCREEN: Grainy footage shows Kevin tied to a chair, beaten to a bloody pulp.

Steve and Patrick each sharply take in air.

El Hombre's face appears. He looks into the screen, and in heavily accented English:

EL HOMBRE

We have your cock-loving little buddy, amigos. Americans talk too much. Thank him for your phone numbers.

Kevin lets out a MUFFLED SCREAM through a PULP FICTION BALL GAG stuffed in his bloody mouth.

PATRICK
(sotto)
What is this?

El Hombre continues.

EL HOMBRE
50,000 American in 36 hours or KFC
here gets fed to the coyotes. No
cops, no tricks. We'll send you
the address for the drop off point.
No dinero, no muchacho.

PATRICK/STEVE
Oh, shit!

EL HOMBRE
We know *who* you are and *where* you
are.
(beat)
Don't fuck with us, gringos.

The MMS video ends. Patrick and Steve stare at each other in
stunned silence.

KNOCK KNOCK.

The guys visibly FLINCH.

Someone is at the door.

A near catatonic Steve opens it. A member of the STAFF
stands there with a box sloppily-labeled KEVIN.

Steve takes it and closes the door on the STAFF MEMBER
holding their hand out for a tip.

Steve sits on the bed. Patrick walks over and Steve opens the
box like he's defusing a bomb.

Inside...

IS THE SEVERED HEAD OF PLUMA DEL MUERTE.

They SCREAM their fucking nuts off.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - HALL WAY

Jessica, wearing a cute sun dress, walks past the guys' door
having just left her own room.

Hearing the screams, she pauses, a look of concern on her face.

She raises her hand to knock on the door, but thinks better of it and continues on her way.

She has more important things to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jessica leaves the motel and walks down the crowded streets.

She's all alone, but from the way she carries herself you can tell she's not the least bit worried.

Almost like she's home.

She continues on. Knowing exactly where she's going, never once seeming unsure or looking around to gain her bearings.

She passes through a little STREET MARKET.

Before leaving, she stops by a SWEET OLD WOMAN selling CANDLES and FLOWERS.

She indicates a MODEST BOUQUET OF FLOWERS and pays way more than they could possibly cost.

The Sweet Old Woman takes the money and thanks her profusely, BOWING until she leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD CATHOLIC CEMETARY - LATER

Jessica comes to an OLD CATHOLIC CEMETARY in a quiet part of town.

She heads inside and gravely reads the stones finally coming upon one lonely plot.

The name written on the marker is the only NON-MEXICAN name in sight because:

"HERE LIES JOHN COMPTON - Beloved Father and One Hell of a Racer."

Jessica lays the flowers on the grave and kneels down beside it.

JESSICA
Miss you, Daddy.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - THE GUYS' ROOM

The guys are now in a FULL BLOWN PANIC.

STEVE
What the fuck are we gonna do? I
think I'm gonna shit my pants.

PATRICK
Wouldn't be the first time.

STEVE
Now, *really*?!

PATRICK
Insulting people is my defense
mechanism! Don't judge me!

Steve WHIPS out his phone and starts dialing Nueve Uno Uno.

Patrick grabs Steve's phone, throws it down, and STOMPS all over it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
They said no cops!

STEVE
You couldn't just hang up?! That
was a 4S!

PATRICK
I wasn't thinking!

STEVE
What're we gonna do?

PATRICK
We need to calm down!

STEVE
I agree!

They force themselves to calm down.

Only their PANTING BREATHS can be heard in the room.

Suddenly, Patrick GRABS Steve.

PATRICK
Just calm down, man!

Steve looks at Patrick.

STEVE
I *am* calm!

PATRICK
(beat)
Okay, maybe *I* need to calm down...

STEVE
The cops will know how to help.

PATRICK
Wake up, this place is crawling
with Federales. They'll probably
join the kidnappers and shove all
kinds of burritos up our asses!

STEVE
We *have* to call them.

PATRICK
I said we *can't*!

STEVE
Why not?!

PATRICK
I have a ton of bench warrants out
on me. If we call them, I'm gonna
get arrested. And I do *not* want to
spend time in a Mexican jail!

STEVE
So? Then you drive back, *I'll* call
them.

PATRICK
(sotto)
You can't do that either.

STEVE
What?

PATRICK
(louder)
I said you can't do that either! I
might, err, *definitely*, have used
your name for some of my more
ignoble crimes...

STEVE
What kind of crimes, Patrick?

PATRICK
It rhymes with...*mail-fraud*.

STEVE
Oh my God! Were you ever going to tell me this?!

PATRICK
Obviously not!

STEVE
Wait, if we're secret fugitives, how did we get past the Border Guards?

PATRICK
I bribed them. You didn't think it was weird they didn't ask for your passport?

STEVE
I thought they were just sloppy...

PATRICK
Steve, please. Big picture here. We're just gonna have to pay them.

STEVE
Where are we gonna get 50k? I have nothing in my savings. I was counting on my pay raise to kick in to get me out of the red.

Steve is spiraling looking for a way out. This isn't pretty.

STEVE (CONT'D)
We can sell your car.

PATRICK
I'm not selling the Caddy.

STEVE
You're right, it's not worth that much anyway.

PATRICK
Dude, Kelly Blue Book says -- Right, it's not worth that much.

STEVE
We're fucked, aren't we?

PATRICK

No. *Kevin* is fucked. No one told him to kidnap a god damn Teenage Mutant Ninja Chicken!

STEVE

He wouldn't have done it if you hadn't have dragged us to that hellhole. We shoulda just stayed at the pool like I said. Or better yet, never come here anyway. What was I thinking, I can't miss work on Monday! This is my life here!

BEEP BEEP.

Steve's iPhone rings from the floor.

The screen is cracked, but it still works.

Expecting a call from El Hombre, Steve bends down and shakily raises the phone to his ear.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hello..?

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BANK - OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT - SAN DIEGO

A bank president, think ELLIS from DIE HARD, sits behind a too-big desk and a name plate that reads JACK PERRY, III.

MR. PERRY

Steve, you there?

Perry plays with a paperweight on his desk.

INTERCUT:

INT. ARAIZA MOTEL - THE GUYS' ROOM

STEVE

Shit!

(mouthing to Patrick)

It's my boss!

(beat)

Uh, yes, sir. I'm here. Just going over some reports for Monday.

MR. PERRY

Good man, working on the weekend.
Just wanted to tell you we need you
about an hour earlier on Monday.
Orientation stuff.

STEVE

Can't wait, sir.

MR. PERRY

Perfect, see you Monday, Mister
Vice President.

Steve mumbles some meek gibberish before hanging up.

STEVE

Great, Kevin is gonna die *and* I'm
gonna lose my job.

Patrick eyes the floor.

Steve finally cracks.

STEVE (CONT'D)

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?!

PATRICK

I don't know!

Steve jams his hands into his back pockets in total defeat.

He feels something in one of them and pulls out:

The DIABLO RUN FLYER from yesterday.

He CRUMPLES it up and throws it on the floor.

With nothing else to do, Patrick picks it up and starts
reading.

He scans the flyer and catches glimpses of:

"OFF-ROAD RACE"

"1,000 MILES"

"32 HOURS"

"NO RULES"

"WINNER TAKE ALL"

And most importantly:

"FIRST PRIZE - 1,000,000 PESOS"

PATRICK (CONT'D)
How do you feel about dune buggies?

Steve looks at Patrick like he just asked to blow him.

STEVE
What the fuck are you talking
about?

Patrick hands him back the flyer.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(reading)
One million??

PATRICK
We can make the ransom money and
then some. We can live like
fucking kings!

STEVE
It's in *pesos*, you moron.

PATRICK
Oh.
(beat)
Well how much is that in First
World money?

STEVE
Based on current currency exchange
rates --

Steve does some quick math in his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)
About 77 grand.

Patrick lights up.

PATRICK
I can put dubs on the Caddy!

Steve looks like he's about to choke a bitch.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I mean, *after* we save Kev, of
course.

STEVE

Are you even *listening* to yourself?
We don't know the first thing about
racing. We could *all* wind up dead.

PATRICK

We don't have a lot of options
here, Steve. We're already in it.
It's sink or swim. Sometimes in
life you just have to make lemonade
out of lemons.

STEVE

There are safer ways to make
fucking lemonade, dude!

PATRICK

Look, I believe in us. We're a
team. We always have been. We've
been buds longer than we've had
pubic hair. If we're all gonna
die, we might as well do some
living before then.

Steve is beginning to waffle.

STEVE

(disbelieving)

You really want to join Mexican
Death Race 3000??

PATRICK

You don't?!

STEVE

I *want* to save Kevin. I *want* to go
back in time and cancel this
fucking trip. And I *want* to make
it back to America in time to start
my new life. I *want* a lot of
things. A Death Race is pretty low
on the list.

PATRICK

If you can think of a better way to
get the money to save Kev, I'm all
ears.

Steve looks around the room desperately trying to think. His
eyes fall on the box.

The one with the dead chicken head in it.

STEVE
Start your engines.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - OTHER SIDE OF TOWN

Going off the flyer, Steve and Patrick head to SIGN-UPS for the race.

The "address" is a BUS STOP that would look shitty in Downtown LA.

An OLD MAN WITH AN EYE PATCH holding a CLIP BOARD stands there with a THREE-LEGGED CHIHUAHUA.

PATRICK
We have until Sunday at 8 to give the money up for Kevin. All we have to do is win the race and he's home free.

STEVE
What if we lose? It's off-road. I can barely drive stick.

PATRICK
Kevin's a dead man anyway. What choice do we have?

STEVE
I hate you so much, Patrick.

PATRICK
Hey, "hate" is a pretty strong word.

Steve approaches Eye Patch.

STEVE
We'd like to register for the race, please.

Eye Patch eyeballs, ahem *eyeball*, them.

EYE PATCH
(in heavily accented English)
Entry fee.

The guys shake out their pockets.

No cash.

STEVE

Do you accept Traveller's cheques?

Eye Patch answers by SPITTING OUT A LONG STREAM OF TOBACCO.

The Chihuahua LAPS it up greedily.

PATRICK

Ewwwwwww.

STEVE

(to Eye Patch)

So that's a *firm* no?

Eye Patch points at Patrick's WATCH. It's a nice one.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Why would you wear that to TJ?

Patrick rips the watch from his wrist.

PATRICK

(angrily)

Obviously to use as an entry fee in
a death race to save my closeted
former friend from getting beheaded
in the desert. Why else?!

Patrick begrudgingly hands the watch to Eye Patch who pockets
it in one smooth motion.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

That's fucking silver. Take care
of it.

Eye Patch pulls out TWO BLIND FOLDS. A BUSTED DOWN VAN pulls
up from around the corner.

EYE PATCH

Put on.

STEVE

Can I ask why?

EYE PATCH

Race start in secret location.

The guys BLINDFOLD themselves with looks of sheer terror.

STEVE

We're gonna die out here, aren't
we?

PATRICK
I just hope Kevin goes first.

The guys cinch their blindfolds and hop into the VAN as it whisks them away to the infamous Diablo Run...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - LATER

Kevin sits tied down to a chair just as he was in the video El Hombre sent earlier.

He looks like shit. The hangover of all time coupled with a very bad beat down.

We're talking black eyes, a missing tooth, and maybe even a partially-barfed up heart.

He groggily comes to.

KEVIN
(weakly)
Please... Let me go.

The gangbangers in the room, still sorting their DRUGS, look up.

Each man grins like he hasn't eaten in a week.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Please... Wat --

SLAP!

El Hombre comes from out of nowhere and BITCH SLAPS KEVIN BACK TO SAN DIEGO.

EL HOMBRE
¡Silencio!

Kevin recovers. He spits out a STREAM OF BLOOD and, what the hell, maybe another TOOTH.

KEVIN
My friends will give you whatever you want. Just please stop hitting me...

EL HOMBRE
You need to learn the rules of the casa, ese. You habla when habla'ed to. Comprende?

Kevin nods a fearful YES.

EL HOMBRE (CONT'D)
We make this easy. We get the
money, you get to walk. If you
still can.

Kevin visibly GULPS.

EL HOMBRE (CONT'D)
If not, we feed you to Los Perros!

Kevin looks behind El Hombre to a KENNEL FILLED WITH VICIOUS
PITBULLS.

One of the GANGBANGERS throws in what remains of Pluma Del
Muertre and the dogs go FUCKING NUTS TEARING IT TO SHREDS.

EL HOMBRE (CONT'D)
We get them from Michael Vick!

Kevin PEES HIS PANTS.

Again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - DESERT RALLY POINT

The guys roll up in the beaten-down van. It comes to a
lumbering stop.

Their TUBBY DRIVER gets out, opens the door, and all but
kicks them out.

Steve yanks off his blind-fold. Patrick follows suit.

STEVE
Oh, good Christ...

WIDE TO REVEAL: The guys are surrounded by the Mexican
equivalent of a Super Bowl Tail Gate party on acid.

MARIACHI BANDS are everywhere. It looks like every other
person is carrying an ACCORDION and singing their brains out.

VENDORS selling all kinds of food push in and out of groups
of people of all shapes and sizes.

The CRUSH OF PEOPLE is horrific.

Like a Black Friday crowd collectively sweating it out in the
107 degree heat.

Steve turns around to ask their Driver a question.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Sir, how do we get started?

He's answered by BURNING RUBBER as the Driver and his shitty van peel out.

The guys wilt.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Let's just go this way.

Steve starts moving north. He turns to look back to make sure Patrick is still following him.

He is, but mostly because he doesn't have a clue where he's going either.

Steve turns back and walks *right* into GABRIEL, a suave yet dangerous Spaniard who definitely looks like he appreciates his personal space.

GABRIEL
(in an Antonio Banderas
accent)
Watch where you're going!

STEVE
I'm -- I'm sorry, sir, I didn't see
you there.

PATRICK
Chill out, Zorro.

Gabriel's eyes tighten.

He's PISSED.

In one smooth motion, he shoves Patrick backward and, *holy shit*, pulls a SWORD out from under his poncho.

Gabriel slices it through the air in champion fencer fashion before pointing it right at Steve's throat.

Everyone around them takes notice and a RING OF DEATH forms.

BLOODLUST permeates the air.

GABRIEL
I'll show your friend what *Zorro*
can do.

A light TRAIL OF BLOOD DRIPS DOWN STEVE'S THROAT as Gabriel pushes the blade in ever so slightly.

Steve shuts his eyes tight and prays for mercy before --

He hears the COCKING OF A SHOTGUN and an audible GASP from the crowd.

Steve dares to open one of his eyes.

Gabriel has lowered his blade.

A FIGURE CLAD ALL IN BLACK with a matching BLACK MOTORCYCLE HELMET stands holding a sawed-off shotgun to the side of Gabriel's head.

The Figure says something in Spanish.

Gabriel holds his ground for another second before pulling back his sword and resheathing it under his poncho.

He gives one last look to the Figure and stomps off.

The crowd dissipates as the Figure walks over to Steve.

STEVE

Uh, thank you.

The Figure doesn't move a muscle.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh God, does this mean I'm your bitch now?

The Figure takes a step back. Uncasps their helmet, and raises it.

A swath of RED HAIR cascades out of the helmet.

It's Jessica.

JESSICA

(shaking her hair out)
Only if you wanna be.

Patrick's jaw hits the dirt.

But not before Steve's.

STEVE

It's you!

JESSICA

What are you doing here?

She waves a hand indicating all...this.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
This isn't exactly a tourist spot.
(beat)
And wasn't there *three* of you?

Patrick steps forward.

PATRICK
The Bieber-fan was kidnapped. Some
Cholos are holding him for ransom.

Jessica doesn't look surprised.

JESSICA
Narco-terror is pretty bad around
here. Why aren't you with the
police? No offense, but if the two
of you don't want to die you picked
a really bad place to get
margaritas.

STEVE
We're not here for margaritas.
We're here for the race.

A look of concern flashes across Jessica's face.

JESSICA
Look, you don't wanna be here.

STEVE
We don't have a choice. We're
gonna win the race and use the
prize money to get our friend back.

PATRICK
How hard could it be? We used to
off-road all the time in SD when we
were kids.

JESSICA
You have *no* idea what this is. The
Diablo Run is a *death* race. *For*
real. That man you just pissed off
is Gabriel. He's won 9 out of the
last 10 races.

STEVE
Is he your...boyfriend...or
something?

JESSICA
(eyes to the distance)
He's my father's killer.

PATRICK
Your father?

JESSICA
He was the only other man to win
the race in the last decade. He
broke Gabriel's winning streak so
he fucking killed him for it.

STEVE
Why isn't he in prison?

JESSICA
Gabriel is a legend around here.
Even if there was any proof,
nothing would happen to him.

PATRICK
You just had a gun to his head, why
didn't you just blow him away?

Steve looks surprised at Patrick's casual murder talk.

Jessica puts on her helmet back on.

JESSICA
Because *beating* him will hurt him
even more.

She flips down the visor and stalks past them.

PATRICK
I am so hard right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACER RENTALS

Steve's eyes land on a FADED SIGN. It reads:

RACER RENTALS

And it stands in front of what can only be described as a
Jawa Junkyard.

STEVE
We need some wheels.

INT. RACER RENTALS - CONTINUOUS

The guys head inside. Weak salsa music filters in from a busted-ass radio.

They find a very small man filling out one RACING FORM while fanning himself down with another.

This is JAIME ESCALANTE.

No relation.

And definitely *nowhere* near as inspiring.

STEVE

Excuse me, sir. Do you rent cars
for the race?

JAIME

(looking up from his form)
Jou? Jou guys are racing?

STEVE

Why else would we be here?

Jaime can't think of one god damn reason why, but there's money to be made and he knows it.

JAIME

What are jou looking for?

Jaime heads out back, not waiting for the guys to follow, where a FLEET of racing vehicles in all stages of decay stand.

There's rusted out hulks from nearly every era here.

PATRICK

What's the cheapest one you can
rent us?

JAIME

For two thousand American, you can
have this beauty.

Jaime walks them up to the bastard offspring of HERBIE THE LOVEBUG.

JAIME (CONT'D)

She may not look like mucho, but
she got it where it counts.

STEVE

We were thinking of something a
little more...economical.

Jaime's face implodes in on itself when he hears the E word.
These guys are broke jokers.

JAIME

Maybe jou better off just watching,
huh?

Jaime heads back into the storefront. Steve and Patrick
follow again.

STEVE

Look, we're racing one way or the
other. Can you help us or not?

JAIME

Not.

STEVE

What if you sponsor us?

PATRICK

Actually, that's not a bad idea.
Give us one of these, and when we
win, we'll give you a share of the
purse.

JAIME

What makes jou think jou'll win?

STEVE

(determined)
Because we have to.

JAIME

Not good enough.

Jaime holds up his RACING FORM.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Gabriel *always* wins.

STEVE

He's been beaten before.

Something about the way Steve says this gives Jaime pause.

Patrick senses an opening.

PATRICK
We'll give you *half*. What do you
have to lose?

Jaime looks intrigued. Steve SHOVES Patrick from behind.
They go into a bro-huddle.

STEVE
(loud whisper)
What the fuck are you doing? We
need every cent to get Kevin!

PATRICK
(equally loud whisper)
We're not gonna pay him, you
goober. No one down here sticks to
their word. Trust me.

Steve plays it cool.

JAIME
I'll need some collateral.

STEVE
(without hesitation)
Pat, leave your credit cards.

Steve shakes his head wildly.

PATRICK
Dude, no way. My Mom will eat my
liver if she loses her miles.

STEVE
Fuck your, Mom. Leave 'em.
They're maxed out anyway.

PATRICK
How do you know that?

STEVE
I ran your credit the last time you
asked me for money.

PATRICK
Dude, uncool.

Patrick digs out his wallet and SLAPS FOUR CREDIT CARDS onto
the counter.

JAIME
(taking the cards)
I might have something then.

EXT. RACER RENTALS - BACK LOT

The guys come face to face with a:

TRUGGY.

Part truck, part dune-buggy. And all attitude.

20 years ago.

Now it's a piece of shit.

But it has four wheels and an engine.

Good enough.

STEVE

Sold!

(beat)

Do you think we need insurance?

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - DESERT RALLY POINT

The Truggy CHUG-A-LUGS it's way to the STARTING LINE.

It moves like a SHOPPING CART with one busted wheel.

Steve is in the driver's seat and Patrick sits shotgun.

The enormity of the moment really hits them as they're locked into their RACING STALL.

All around them racing teams from Tim Burton's wet dreams prep their vehicles (all of which have modifications that are anything but street legal).

STADIUM-STYLE SEATING carved straight into the CANYON WALLS surround the opening gate of the race. They're packed with screaming SPECTATORS.

A HUSH falls over the crowd as a man dressed in a SUIT way too nice for the desert steps up to the center of a raised DAIS.

This is JUAN JOSE HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ, the Race Master.

He looks like Scarface's better-dressed uncle.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ

Ladies y hentlemen. Welcome to the
2012 Diablo Run! One thousand
miles of death, destruction, and
mayhem!

Steve looks up. He has to yell to be heard.

STEVE
What'd he say?

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ
Each cursed soul here must face
1,000 miles of the hardest, most
unforgiving desert in the world!

TECHNICIANS begin to move through the assembled racers.

A lowly tech with THICK GLASSES grabs Steve's arm and violently slaps a strange-looking device onto his wrist.

PATRICK
The fuck is that?

STEVE
(looking at his new
"watch")
I have no idea.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ
Each racer is having a GPS
transponder strapped to their
wrist. But each comes with a
little C4 surprise!

Hernandez-Hernandez picks up his showmanship.

PATRICK
(to Steve)
Wait, did he just say C4?

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ
Like always, cheating will not be
tolerated.
(holding up one of the
wrist devices)
Veer off course and --

CROWD
BOOOOOOOOM!

The same tech works his way around the Truggy and slaps an identical device on Patrick's wrist.

PATRICK
(to the tech)
I'm almost positive he said C4!

The man answers by crossing himself.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ
To win the race, you need three of
these!

THREE BIKINI-CLAD BEAUTIES strut onto the stage.

You can almost hear the crowd's collective BONER.

Each women holds up a little MARKER - a medallion stamped
with the logo of the race itself.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
The first team to cross the finish
line, back here, with all three
markers will be declared the
winner.

The crowd screams again, the anticipation is palpable.

The course flashes onto the screens of the GPS units as they
power on. Steve and Patrick look at them and try their best
not to freak out.

1,000 miles in the Mexican desert looks way worse than it
ever sounded.

The THREE MARKERS flash on their screens, indicating the
location of each one.

PATRICK
Uhh, we might be in over our heads
here...

STEVE
I think I feel my penis crawling up
inside my body.

Steve looks over to the empty STALL next to them.

A BLACK NINJA BIKE ROLLS UP NEXT TO THEM.

Jessica sits on top of it REVVING her engine.

She's still wearing her helmet, but there's no mistaking the
mane of red hair falling down her shoulders.

She turns her head. Still wearing her visor, she somehow
manages to lock eyes with Steve.

She SALUTES him and he wordlessly nods back.

On the dais, A LEADER BOARD powers on a massive LCD screen
behind Hernandez-Hernandez. It lists every team entered in
the race.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ
¡Todo o nada!

The crowd repeats the slogan back, louder.

CROWD
¡Todo o nada!

Hernandez-Hernandez RAISES A FLAMING TORCH and swings it down.

Then the sound drops out.

And all that's heard is an EAR-PIERCING BLEEP.

The STARTING LIGHTS FLASH GREEN in front of the RACERS and --
EVERY SINGLE CAR, TRUCK, BIKE, and WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION
GUNS IT OUT INTO THE DESERT!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Patrick are in the thick of it as the pack races out onto MILE ONE of one thousand.

All around them, the guys see:

--A PINK LIMO driven by a gang of BLACK THUGS. Using hydraulics, the car manages to drop it like it's hot while still pushing almost 100 mph.

--A TRICKED-OUT DUNE BUGGY, way better than the guys' sad little Truggy, tears up the dirt. Two guys looking like the hosts of AMERICAN CHOPPER, with handle-bar mustaches, haul ass inside it.

--A RICE ROCKET with a crazy JAPANESE DRAGON MURAL going from hood to trunk. A posse of Yakuza-types are inside it screaming out loud and slapping their doors.

--A SMART-CAR looking like a ROCKET ENGINE has been shoved up its ass. The more discerning viewer will notice El Pollo Loco CRACKING HIS KNUCKLES inside it.

--Jessica hauls ass on her Ninja bike, darting and weaving in the mayhem.

Steve and Patrick feel their balls drop when their eyes settle on:

--GABRIEL. Now dressed all in black, like Jessica but even scarier, he's crammed into the cockpit of a one-seater, four-wheel ATV MONSTER.

It's so advanced, it's come back from the future to kill John Connor.

He guns it and SPEEDS AHEAD.

The guys are toast as they quickly fall to the end of the pack, struggling to keep up.

The TRUGGY has shit for shocks.

Steve and Patrick bounce around like Kardashian titties.

THUMP THUMP THUMP.

STEVE
(yelling)
What's making that noise?

PATRICK
What?!

STEVE
I said what's making that noise?!

PATRICK
What noise?!

THUMP THUMP THUMP.

STEVE
That noise! Something is rattling
around in the back.

Steve keeps his foot permanently MASHED ON THE GAS PEDAL.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Take a look back there, we don't
need any dead weight.

PATRICK
(still yelling)
Right away, Captain.

As Steve continues to bravely push the TRUGGY to its limits, Patrick unbuckles and TWISTS AROUND IN HIS SEAT.

He looks in the REAR CARGO AREA and moves a TARP. It goes FLYING OUT THE BACK.

Steve yells behind him:

STEVE
Don't litter!

Patrick answers by SLAPPING HIM IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

The Truggy SWERVES; Steve recovers.

Patrick goes back to his work and finds a FOOTLOCKER rolling around.

It's marked MEDICO in faded letters.

THUMP THUMP THUMP.

PATRICK
(to Steve)
It's some fucking first aid box,
I'm gonna ditch it!

A MONSTER TRUCK comes too close and easily overtakes them.
It SPEWS dirt in its wake.

Steve has to grit his eyes, and his teeth, as he moves them through it.

STEVE
Do it fast, we're falling behind!

Patrick awkwardly grabs the footlocker by two hands and tries to lift it out, but it's too heavy.

PATRICK
How many ace bandages do people
need?!

He crawls back and gets all the way in the back, trying to lift with his knees, when he notices another TARP. He lifts it and sees what looks like:

TWO LARGE OXYGEN TANKS.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I found something else!

Steve can't hear him over the howling wind; it's too loud and he's too focused.

The TRUGGY hits a BUMP and Patrick almost goes flying out the back like the tarp from earlier.

He recovers and notices NOZZLES AND HOSES running from the tanks.

They're both connected to a HALF-BROKEN LEVER.

STEVE
(yelling back)
We have no chance in this thing.

Curious, Patrick ignores Steve as he reaches out and TOGGLES the lever.

Suddenly, the TRUGGY jumps into HYPERSPACE as two WHITE PLUMES of, yep, NITROUS OXIDE GAS EXPLODE from the rear of the vehicle.

Steve and Patrick can't find their voices to yell as the TRUGGY blows past the competition.

All of it.

Every other vehicle around them fades into BLURS as Steve somehow manages to keep the runaway TRUGGY on course.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - FURTHER BACK

Jessica watches as Steve and Patrick hurtle to the front of the pack and stay there.

But she doesn't care.

Her visored vision falls on Gabriel.

She pulls up next to him, timing her approach as she threads in between the other racers.

She comes up right in his peripheral line of sight. If Gabriel sees her, he doesn't give her the time of day.

Until he RAMS her that is.

These two have bad blood.

Lots of it.

Jessica recovers and turns her eyes forward to steer. She slips her hand into a VEST POCKET and pulls out:

A BURNED KEY CHAIN.

The letters J and C, for her father John Compton no doubt, are the only markings left legible.

She pulls up to Gabriel again and throws the key chain in his lap.

Gabriel palms the key chain and holds it up in front of his GOGGLES.

He cracks an evil smile revealing a serious set of chompers.

Jessica PULLS HER BIKE UP ON ITS REAR WHEEL and races ahead, kicking up dirt to fill his ugly mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN DESERT RUN - LATER

The Nitrous tanks finally SPUTTER OUT and the TRUGGY returns to its normal speed.

It's RATTLING even more than it was before, but it's holding together.

Patrick collapses back into the passenger seat. He and Steve both look like they've been through a wind tunnel.

Steve finds his voice.

STEVE

Can you warn me before you do that again, please?

PATRICK

Dude, don't look at me. I didn't know what I was touching.

STEVE

So next time, don't touch anything.

The GPS units on their wrists starts to FLASH. They're nearing the first MARKER.

PATRICK

Why would they put the first marker so close to the beginning?

STEVE

Obviously because half the people die getting out of the gate. I can't believe we even made it *this* far.

BOOM.

THE TRUGGY IS RAMMED FROM BEHIND.

The guys look behind them to see a WHITE FORD BRONCO 4x4 right on their tails.

PATRICK
(screaming)
OJ Simpson is trying to kill us!

STEVE
Everyone is trying to kill us!

The Bronco pulls up alongside them. A couple DELIVERANCE looking mother fuckers grin and flash their corn-niblet teeth.

The Bronco rams them from the *side* this time.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What do we do?!

PATRICK
Ram 'em back!

STEVE
What're you talking about?!

PATRICK
Fuckin' a!

PATRICK REACHES OVER AND GRABS THE WHEEL.

He yanks it to the right and they SLAM THE BRONCO back.

The hillbillies obviously didn't expect a fight. They come in for one more SMASH, but this time --

THE GRILLS ON THE FRONT OF EACH VEHICLE GET LOCKED TOGETHER.

Steve PULLS on the wheel with all his might. Nothing budes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look!

Patrick points ahead.

They are heading *right* for the mouth of a canyon. There's a narrow gap between TWO MASSIVE ROCK WALLS.

Room enough for one.

And it's coming faster than a virgin on Prom Night.

Both trucks try pulling away from each other again, but they're still locked together tight.

The Hillbillies' faces, what can be seen from their cabin anyway, show the first traces of fear.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I can do this.

Patrick unbuckles again. He crawls over the WINDSCREEN with one hand gripped tight on it.

STEVE
What're you doing?! Get back in here!

Patrick HALF-CRABWALKS across the hood, using his right foot to repeatedly kick the BUMPER off the TRUGGY.

Steve is turning white behind the wheel. The rock walls are fast approaching.

They're almost at the mouth of the canyon. A burst of ADRENALINE fuels Patrick and he keeps kicking.

ONCE.

TWICE.

THREE TIMES NICE.

BOOM! The bumper goes flying off!

The Bronco pulls away with it as Steve BLASTS the Truggy into the canyon.

The Bronco isn't so lucky.

IT COLLIDES INTO THE WALL AND EXPLODES ON IMPACT.

THE NEWLY-MADE FIREBALL PLUMES OVER THE CANYON WALLS.

Patrick crawls back into his seat. The Truggy never slowing down.

It's eerily quiet with the walls cutting off the screaming wind.

PATRICK
(beat)
I think we just killed them.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - DESERT RALLY POINT

Juan Jose Hernandez-Hernandez reclines in his BOX SEAT near the dais he entered upon.

He lasciviously feeds grapes and nacho chips to one of the RACER GIRLS lounging in his lap.

A ROAR OF EXCITEMENT goes through the spectators as, up on the LEADER BOARD, the graphic representing the BRONCO goes dark.

Hernandez-Hernandez grabs his mic.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ
 Congratulations to our patrones who
 bet on TEAM ALABAMA-JAMA to meet
 their muertes first!

Another loud ROAR. Hernandez-Hernandez SLAPS the ass of another Racer Girl slinking by.

HERNANDEZ-HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
 ¡Delicioso!

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - LATER

Back in El Hombre's house of horrors.

Kevin is all alone. Unconscious and still strapped to the chair.

The house is empty, El Hombre and his muchachos are nowhere in sight.

Kevin groggily comes to and finally seems to realize no one is watching him.

Well, almost no one. The pit bulls are disconcertingly staring at him.

Familiar feathers line their cage...

Kevin starts ROCKING himself back and forth trying to loosen the thick rope around his wrists.

He rocks a little too hard and FALLS BACKWARD.

He hits his head, but the chair mercifully comes apart on impact.

Remember, hecho en Mexico.

Kevin can't believe his luck. He slides his arms back and manages to scramble away from the remnants of the chair.

His arms are still behind his back, but he's able to stand.

Sweet freedom!

Kevin RUNS out the front door --

And then walks slowly *back* in.

Once he crosses the threshold, we see why.

THE BARREL OF EL HOMBRE'S GUN IS IN HIS MOUTH.

He and his men have returned.

The gangbangers have food from Taco Alley in their hands.

EL HOMBRE
(mocking)
We didn't know what to get you.

El Hombre still holds the gun in Kevin's mouth. And he keeps it there until Kevin wisely finds another chair to sit in.

El Hombre says something in Spanish and one of his men re-ties Kevin.

He starts sobbing quietly again.

El Hombre throws him a taco.

EL HOMBRE (CONT'D)
Want something to drink, gringo?

Kevin sees SODAS in some of the guys hands. Parched, he licks his lips.

KEVIN
A Coke would be nice.

Everyone laughs, but there's nothing friendly about it.

El Hombre grabs a baggie of cocaine off a nearby table and BLOWS THE CONTENTS in Kevin's face.

He now looks like he spent the weekend at Lindsay Lohan's house.

EL HOMBRE
Have all the coke you want, cabron!

The room erupts into more laughter as Kevin slowly starts to trip balls.

His eyes turn into saucers.

KEVIN
I feel wiggly...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - LATER

Steve and Patrick, still inexplicably in the lead, BURST out of the cramped canyon and find themselves on the outskirts of a RING OF MESAS.

Their GPS UNITS go nuts.

STEVE
(eyeing his wrist)
Wherever that first marker is,
we're right on top of it.

PATRICK
I think I see something.

Steve speeds up even more and the guys do indeed spot something in the distance:

AN OASIS AT THE RIM OF A MESA.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
That has to be it.

STEVE
We must be near Ensenada by now.

Steve pulls them up to the oasis, verdant PALM TREES surround a pool of water.

STEVE (CONT'D)
This must lead out to the ocean.

Patrick hops out of the Truggy. Steve puts it in neutral and, yes, hits the E-BRAKE like the perpetual tool he is.

EXT. DESERT OASIS

A CRYSTAL CHANNEL cut right into the rock leads to an estuary of sorts.

In the distance, the FIRST MARKER hangs above the water from a low-standing palm tree.

PATRICK
Well, go get it. The rest of those
speed freaks are right behind us!

STEVE
You go get it.

PATRICK
I can't go in there. You know I'm
afraid of the water.

STEVE
What is it you *can* do?

PATRICK
I can suck my own dick.

STEVE
Because no one else will.

PATRICK
Don't be jealous. It took years to
perfect.

Steve gives him a look and kicks off his shoes. He wades
into the water.

STEVE
Get the car ready.

Steve starts swimming as he moves deeper into the water.
Patrick heads back to the Truggy.

Waiting for Steve, Patrick gets bored. He finds the
FOOTLOCKER once again and opens it.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Holy shit!

STEVE
(still swimming)
What?

ON PATRICK

PATRICK
I think Scarface drove this thing
before we did.

Patrick looks down into the open FOOTLOCKER.

Definitely not First Aid supplies, IT'S PACKED WITH WEAPONS
OF ALL KINDS.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Surprised that turd didn't charge
more for this stuff.

Patrick holds up a GRENADE CLUSTER: basically five hand grenades haphazardly DUCT-TAPED together.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Whoa...

ON STEVE

Steve continues to swim towards the marker.

Something BRUSHES HIS LEG.

He thinks nothing of it until something *else* brushes his leg.

Curious, Steve stops and DOGGY PADDLES. He dips his head under the surface where he finds:

A SCHOOL OF HUNGRY HAMMERHEAD SHARKS.

Steve tries very hard not to panic.

STEVE
(whisper-yelling)
Patrick! Patrick! Help meeee!

Patrick doesn't hear him. He's still fiddling around with the weapons locker.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(sotto)
I can't die like this.

Steve is coming apart at the seams, but he keeps it together. He begins slowly back-stroking his way towards dry land.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(frightfully)
It's just like Sea-World. It's
just like Sea-World. It's just
like Sea-World...

Patrick finally notices him and gingerly walks over to the shore, still holding the grenade-cluster.

PATRICK
What're you doing? The marker is
back *that* way.

Steve doesn't answer and Patrick figures out why when THREE DORSAL FINS JUT OUT OF THE WATER.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(loud as shit)
SHARKS!!!!!!!!!!

Steve, still paralyzed with fear, looks at Patrick like he's going to murder him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
They're right behind you, swim, you
beautiful bastard, swim!

Steve gives up any sense of composure and SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE. He kicks up water in every direction.

The three Dorsal Fins are closer than ever, they line up in attack formation.

You can almost hear the theme song from JAWS.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'll save you, Steve!

Patrick yanks on the cord tied to ALL FIVE GRENADE PINS and HURLS the cluster into the water behind Steve.

KA-FUCKING-BOOM!

Steve runs out of the water and collapses as the oasis turns into Old Faithful.

Only Steve's frantic panting can be heard as the water starts BUBBLING.

Count 'em up.

17 DEAD HAMMERHEADS FLOAT BELLY-UP TO THE SURFACE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah! Extreme Fishing for the
win!

Steve looks like he has a permanent case of PTSD.

VROOOOOOM.

The sound of the other racers fast approaches. Patrick looks at the water and swallows hard before he takes charge.

He grabs a tarp out of the Truggy and wraps it around Steve.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(helping Steve into the
car)
Okay, buddy.
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The big, bad racers are on the way
and we need to get the fuck out of
here.

Patrick sweetly helps Steve into the passenger seat and buckles him in.

Patrick grabs a PISTOL from the footlocker and swims back into the water.

Caught between the racers and the sharks, Patrick chooses the fucking sharks.

He closes his eyes and crawls into the water avoiding the hammerhead carcasses until he's right under the marker.

He jumps up and grabs it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Gotcha bitch!
(to the dead sharks)
Don't mess with Texas!

Patrick holds the marker between his teeth and the gun above the water's surface as he paddles back with one hand.

Just before he reaches the shore, the BIGGEST HAMMERHEAD YET breaches the surface and comes at him with its JAWS GAPING OPEN.

EXTREME SLOW-MOTION as Patrick reacts without thinking.

He fires the pistol without aiming and the hammerhead lets out a thundering growl before it CRASHES into the water right next to him.

Patrick sees why when it listlessly floats by him:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Awww, gross! Right in the fuckin'
eyeball!

The hammerhead's right eye looks like someone popped a giant zit. Nothing but blood and puss remain.

Patrick gets back onto dry land and looks at the water not believing what he just did. He hops behind the wheel of the Truggy.

He PEELS OUT and the guys are fucking outta there.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OASIS - MOMENTS LATER

A PICK-UP TRUCK MOUNTED ON TANK-TREADS comes to a stop.

It's carrying a team of ANGRY RUSSIANS; these guys don't fuck around.

Seeing the worst aquatic disaster since WATERWORLD, they realize the marker has already been taken.

DRIVER

Chush' sobach'ya! [Bullshit!]

They floor it ahead in hot pursuit of whoever took it.

ON STEVE AND PATRICK

Patrick drives while Steve cries like a little baby.

STEVE

I've never seen anything die
before! Now the blood from a car
full of hillbillies and a school of
sharks is all over me!

Steve rubs his hands like he's trying to wash them.

STEVE (CONT'D)

The blood's not coming off!

PATRICK

Steve, I need you to pull it
together!

STEVE

I don't even like watching horror
movies, I'm a god damn pacifist!

PATRICK

This is war, and the pacifists
always die first. Be cool, man!

Steve sucks in air and starts to calm down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

That's it buddy, you're safe now.

PING!

A BULLET RICOCHETS OFF THE TRUGGY'S CHASIS.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Maybe not!

Steve and Patrick look into the Truggy's cracked REARVIEW MIRROR and see the Pick-Up Truck Tank in hot pursuit.

One RUSSIAN hangs out the passenger side window while ANOTHER rides in the bed.

Both carry AK-47's and *both* look rather pissed off.

Their guns continue barking fire in Russian:

RAT-A-TAT-TAT, COMRADE!

STEVE
They're after the marker!

PATRICK
I can see that!

Suddenly, Steve's iPhone rings. He grabs it while keeping his head down.

Patrick is doing his best to avoid the hail of Eastern European gunfire.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Better let this one go to voicemail!

STEVE
I can't! It's my boss again!
(answering)
Hel --

Patrick RIPS the phone out of Steve's hand and SCREAMS INTO IT.

PATRICK
He'll call you back!

CLICK.

STEVE
Now Perry's gonna think I'm ignoring his calls!

PATRICK
Dude, fuck that shit right now!

Another VOLLEY annihilates the Truggy's back tire. It BLOWS OUT, but Patrick doesn't dare stop.

He tries desperately to keep them on course while outrunning them, but it's no use.

The Russians are gaining.

The Shooter riding in the bed gets Steve's head in his sights...

His finger SQUEEZES the trigger, but his shot goes wide when:

A CHAIN WRAPS AROUND HIS GUN ARM AND HIS WHOLE BODY GETS YANKED RIGHT OFF THE TRUCK.

The now-airborne Russian goes screaming to a high-speed death when the chain unfurls from around his arm.

It's being swung like a whip in the hand of:

JESSICA

Riding her bike from out of nowhere.

She gets alongside the Pick-Up Truck Tank and WHAPS the chain across the hood in a very mean intimidation game.

Patrick and Steve are literally driving blind as their eyes stay glued behind them on the female version of GHOST RIDER: SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE.

Jessica swings the chain again and it SHATTERS THE WINDSHIELD into a spider web-cracked mess.

Jessica peels off as the truck hits a natural rock ramp and GOES FLYING INTO A CHASM JUST AHEAD.

Jessica doesn't flinch as the truck crashes and goes nova.

She kicks the throttle and blows by the Truggy.

But not before YELLING OUT:

JESSICA
Follow me!

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - DESERT RALLY POINT

All eyes are once again drawn to the LEADER BOARD as another one bites the dust.

The graphic representing the Russians, aka TEAM COLD WARRIORS, goes dark.

They join ALABAMA-JAMA and a couple others teams we won't have the misfortune of meeting.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - LATER

LOUD SINGING can be heard from inside the house. Along with HOOTING, HOLLERING, and a few CAT CALLS. Because...

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN IS HIGH AS SHIT.

MUSIC CUE - **"YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT"** - by John Travolta and Olivia Newton John

Kevin sings *both* parts.

He's doing a one-man, acapella version of GREASE.

KEVIN
(crazed singing)
You better shape up 'cause I need a
man and my heart is set on you!

El Hombre and his men throw coins and paper money at Kevin who doesn't even know where he is anymore.

He's actually quite good considering he's ingested enough blow to kill a baby hippo.

EL HOMBRE
(dying of laughter)
Maybe we don't give him back after
all!

The thugs laugh even harder as Kevin hits his crescendo.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - AVE - MID-DAY

Steve and Patrick limp along in the wounded Truggy.

Jessica, just ahead of them, mercifully brings them to a PIT AREA.

Everything looks like shit; there's MECHANICS and CAR PARTS everywhere.

And a healthy smattering of spectators eating, drinking, and screaming.

Steve and Patrick come to a stop and a PIT CREW with crappy clothes and even crappier equipment comes up to them to replace the tire.

As they get to work, Steve and Patrick mumble a few *gracias* and head over to Jessica.

PATRICK
Thanks for the help back there.

JESSICA
Don't mention it.

OFF JESSICA noticing a stain across Patrick's crotch.

He quickly turns and walks off.

PATRICK
Uh. I'm gonna go take a leak...

ON STEVE AND JESSICA

STEVE
They have pit crews on this thing?

JESSICA
Thousand miles is a long way to go without gas.

Other RACERS pull in for refueling.

Gas, bullets, or *both*.

STEVE
(still slightly shaking)
Those psychos almost killed us back there.

JESSICA
It only gets harder from here on out.
(beat)
Do yourself a favor, don't tell anyone you've got the first marker.

STEVE
That won't be hard.

JESSICA

I'm serious. I doubt anyone even realizes you two pussies have it. Just keep it that way.

STEVE

Did you just say pussy?

Jessica digs TWO WATER BOTTLES out of her bike's saddle bags. She throws one to Steve and gestures for him to sit on a nearby bench with her.

They sit.

JESSICA

Why are you here?

STEVE

I told you. To save my friend.

JESSICA

No, why are you *really* here?
There's easier ways to get money.

Steve is intimidated.

And turned on.

He's intimi-turned-on.

STEVE

I don't know how to answer that.

JESSICA

This race meant everything to my dad. *He's* why I'm here.

STEVE

Were you two close?

JESSICA

I was raised in his garage. I can strip an engine in five minutes flat.

The Pit Crew has jacked-up the Truggy. It looks like it's about to fall down as the oblivious crew swaps out the tire.

Jessica shouts at them:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

¡Cuidado!

The Pit Crew is cowed by her tone, they get back to work.

STEVE

I was close with my dad, too. Even though I didn't get to see him that much.

JESSICA

He's gone, too, huh?

STEVE

Yeah, a few months ago. Heart attack. Right out of the blue. He worked so hard and he didn't even get to enjoy it.

(beat)

He almost made it to see me get my promotion.

There's a moment between these two.

But it's gone just as fast as it came when Patrick stumbles back to them.

PATRICK

All my dad ever taught me was that fat chicks are an easy lay.

JESSICA

Charming.

Jessica finishes her water, stands up, and moves to put her helmet back on.

Steve rises abruptly and stops her before she gets back on her bike.

STEVE

Wait!

Jessica slows her roll.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Join us.

JESSICA/PATRICK

What?

STEVE

We have no chance in this thing without you. We need your help.

PATRICK
(false bravado)
No offense, but Danica Patrick here
doesn't look like she can handle
our ride.

Jessica walks wordlessly up to Patrick. She shoots out her hand and gets Patrick's balls in a VICE GRIP.

JESSICA
I can handle a lot of things.

As Patrick turns interesting shades of red and purple, Steve doubles his attack.

STEVE
We have the first marker. Help us
get the other two. When we cross
the finish line, you win the race
and we keep the money to save
Kevin.

Jessica looks tempted.

JESSICA
I could just take the marker from
you right now, if I wanted to.

Patrick whimpers.

STEVE
(firmly)
Yes, you *could*.

He then looks directly into Jessica's eyes. Another moment passes between them.

She releases Patrick's nuts and he lets out an audible GASP.

JESSICA
I take lead.

Steve smiles from ear to ear as Patrick tries to find his voice.

PATRICK
(strained)
Happy to have you.

The Pit Crew lowers the Truggy, it's back wheel now fully repaired.

Jessica leaps on her bike and tears out.

Steve pushes Patrick into the car and they take off after her.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - NIGHT

The sun is down and night has set in.

Jessica cuts a path with the lamp on the front of her bike. The Truggy powers along behind it.

They've been on the road for hours.

It's dark.

And cold.

Suddenly, the guys' GPS units start BEEPING in tandem again. The second marker is close.

Jessica slows until the guys can pull up along side her.

JESSICA

The marker is right around here.
Let's get it and get the hell out
of here.

STEVE

I don't see anything.

JESSICA

Just keep your eyes open.

Jessica takes lead again and shines her light up ahead.

She stops when she sees the SECOND MARKER resting in the sand just ahead.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Can't be this easy.

STEVE

(yelling)

You find it?

JESSICA

(yelling back)

Looks like it.

Jessica hops off her ride and approaches the marker.

ON THE NINJA BIKE as it slowly starts to sink...

Ahead, Jessica bends down to pick up the marker, but the thing is apparently stuck in the ground.

She heaves with all of her might and pulls up the marker...along with THE CLENCHED FIST IT'S ATTACHED TO.

SHE GASPS AND STEPS BACK TO FIND HERSELF SINKING.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
What the hell...

Patrick and Steve come closer.

PATRICK
What's she doing?

Before she realizes it, Jessica is knee deep in:

JESSICA
Quicksand!

Steve and Patrick park the Truggy and run to the rim of the giant quicksand pit Jessica has accidentally just driven into.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Little help?

Jessica tries to remain as calm as possible while Steve and Patrick panic like teenage girls.

Jessica sinks lower.

STEVE
What do we do?!

JESSICA
Throw me a line.

STEVE
We don't have one!

JESSICA
You better think fast, I literally don't have all night.

Jessica raises her arms as she sinks up to her shoulders.

Her ninja bike has already been swallowed up.

STEVE

I got it! Pat, gimme your belt!

STEVE RIPS OFF PATRICK'S BELT and feebly throws the other end of it to Jessica.

It takes a couple of pathetic attempts before she grabs onto it.

Steve pulls the belt.

Patrick pulls Steve.

Jessica is freed up to her waist.

But the belt SNAPS!

Steve and Patrick tumble backwards onto the ground. Steve is on top of Patrick.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Dude, do you have a boner right now?

PATRICK

It's the adrenaline!

STEVE

Unbelievable.

JESSICA

(voice rising)

Can we talk about Patrick's rager later, I'm up to my tits in quicksand here!

Jessica starts sinking again.

STEVE

I've got an idea.

Steve strips out of his pants.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(to Patrick)

Take 'em off.

Patrick tries hiding his hard-on with his hands.

PATRICK

(embarrassed)

Dude!

STEVE
Take 'em off!

PATRICK
Fine! Just don't try and look at
my dick.

Patrick clumsily kicks off his pants.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to Jessica)
Same goes for you, eyes up here,
honey.

JESSICA
Your shriveled penis doesn't sound
too appealing right now anyway.

Jessica is almost up to her neck. She finally seems a little rattled.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(panic rising)
Now or never, Steve!

Steve finishes tying their jeans together.

As he and Patrick stand in their shirts and underwear, Steve throws the knotted jeans to Jessica.

They resume the position.

Steve pulls the pants.

Patrick pulls Steve.

And Jessica slowly but surely is pulled out of the muck before she's buried alive.

She comes free with one final POP and collapses on solid land.

With the marker clutched in her gloved hand.

Steve and Patrick fall on their asses next to her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(panting)
You can put that thing away now.

Patrick balls his pants up and holds it in front of his groin.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "**IMMIGRANT SONG**" by Trent Reznor and Karen O

Gabriel tears through a pack of other racers lit by the glow of the moon.

He doesn't so much as blink as he takes them out one by one.

He pulls up alongside a CONVERTED YELLOW SCHOOL BUS before shredding its wheels SPARTACUS STYLE with his ATV's bladed-hubcaps.

He takes out the BACK and FRONT right side tires in the span of about three seconds.

THE BUS CRASHES OUT.

Gabriel pulls up alongside his next victim, a DUNE BUGGY driven by a group of ANGRY AFRICANS.

He pulls a GRENADE from the bandolier he wears over his poncho and LOBS IT INTO THE DRIVER'S LAP.

IT BLOWS UP ON IMPACT.

He comes up behind a smaller ATV.

With one hand on the wheel, he pulls out a LONG WHIP.

With a flick of his wrist, he ensnares the ATV RIDER AND PULLS HIM OUT OF HIS SADDLE.

BUMP

GABRIEL DRIVES RIGHT OVER THE POOR BASTARD.

Although he *does* finally show some emotion.

A cold-blooded grin.

He REVS into the lead.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - DAWN

Jessica is now behind the wheel of the Truggy.

Even *more* time has gone by.

The sky is pink, purple, and orange.

It would be beautiful but for the crazy fucks turning each other into road kill all around them.

Steve rides shotgun. His eyes are red-rimmed from a lack of sleep.

Patrick, on the other hand, SNORES loudly in the back.

It sounds like a couple of pigs fucking.

STEVE

If you want, I can take the wheel
for a while.

JESSICA

We're in the pocket; somehow we're
still out front. I don't wanna
risk it.

Steve goes back to awkwardly trying to think of something clever to say.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

But thanks for offering.

Steve brightens.

STEVE

Oh, don't mention it.

The silence resumes.

Until it's cut by a BUZZING NOISE.

An engine.

A *close* one.

Gabriel is hot on their tails!

JESSICA

Fuck, I was hoping he was further
back.

STEVE

Patrick, wake up!

Steve slaps the shit out of Patrick who snaps awake.

PATRICK

Jesus, don't wake me up like that.
I almost scissor kicked your balls.

STEVE
We have bigger problems.

Patrick finally catches on when Gabriel rips right up next to them.

He tries to shred their tires as well, but Jessica manages to avoid his wheels of death.

It looks like Gabriel tries again to come in for the finishing blow, but, instead, he zooms ahead and disappears out of sight.

STEVE (CONT'D)
He could've taken us out right now.
Why didn't he?

JESSICA
Because he's going for the third marker.

Jessica tightens her grip on the wheel.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
And he wants me to know it...

PATRICK
So? He needs the first two to win
and we have those.

JESSICA
Which means he'll be coming to get
them.
(beat)
And he won't be very nice about it.

Jessica seethes.

The Truggy SHAKES.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Fuck.

STEVE
What now?

Patrick leans forward as Jessica indicates the WATER GAUGE.

JESSICA
(shifty eyes)
We're running too hot.

Jessica indicates a SHALLOW GULCH just ahead of them.

She pulls over.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
We need water.

She reaches in back and throws a GAS CONTAINER at Patrick.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Fill 'er up.

PATRICK
Fine. But only because *I* want to.

Patrick gets out and heads to the gulch.

STEVE
I'll go help him.

Steve follows suit. Just as he closes the door, Jessica calls out to him.

He turns around.

JESSICA
How much did your father mean to you?

STEVE
(beat)
Everything.

JESSICA
Mine too.

JESSICA STOMPS ON THE GAS PEDAL AND DRIVES AWAY LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL.

Patrick walks up.

PATRICK
She going to get help?

STEVE
You *can't* be this dumb. She just ditched us!

PATRICK
Well, how far can she get with an overheating car?

Patrick holds up the GAS CONTAINER.

STEVE
She *tricked* us, the car's fine!

PATRICK
Why? What did you say to her?

STEVE
I told her I wanted to lick her
butthole.

Patrick pauses.

PATRICK
How is that a bad thing?

STEVE
I didn't say *anything*, you idiot.
I can't believe she just left us
here to die.
(wistful)
I thought we had something.

PATRICK
Had something? You sound like a
nut-bumper. We're the walking dead
right now, can we focus on that?

SQUAWK!

Yes, the BUZZARDS are *already* circling.

Steve and Patrick look up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I thought that shit only happened
in cartoons.

Patrick sits down on his ass with his hands in his lap.

Steve starts pacing.

He breaks out his cracked cell phone.

No Service.

He jamms it back in his pocket.

STEVE
I don't know what the fuck we were
thinking doing this. Kevin's in
serious trouble. Let's flag the
next racer down and see if we can
call the cops. I don't care about
bench warrants. It's not worth
Kevin's life.

Patrick suddenly looks very guilty.

Steve catches on.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(restrained anger)
There *aren't* any bench warrants,
are there?

PATRICK
Well, not *technically*...

Steve reaches the breaking point.

HE LUNGES DOWN AT PATRICK AND YANKS HIM UP BY THE NECK.

Steve looks like a man possessed as he CHOKES the life out of Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(garbled)
Ste-e, st-p! Yo-'re ki-l --ng me!

Steve keeps on choking Patrick until, almost blue, Patrick KICKS STEVE IN THE NUTS and he finally lets go.

Both guys try to catch their breath.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I only said that to keep us in
Mexico!

STEVE
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Why would you *do* that?!

PATRICK
I didn't wanna go back to SD.
You've got your new job and a new
life.
(lower)
I don't have anything.

Steve softens a bit.

But not by much.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I wanted one amazing weekend with
my bros before settling into my
life as a permanent loser. I
didn't see any other way. I wasn't
expecting it to be like...*this*.

STEVE

You want me to feel sorry for you?
I didn't tell you to lose every
shred of ambition you ever had.

(beat)

You weren't born a loser, you just
grew into one.

That last part hurts. More than the choking.

Well, almost.

Steve just starts walking.

PATRICK

(suddenly scared)

Where are you going?

Steve spins around.

STEVE

I'm walking back!

Steve keeps on going.

Patrick's emotions get the better of him.

This is the first time we've seen the vulnerable guy hiding
behind all the fake swag.

PATRICK

Fine! Go! Go back to your fucking
office and your suburban life.
Just leave me behind, because you
already did years ago!

Patrick picks up the GAS CONTAINER and THROWS IT INTO THE
GULCH.

SQUAWK!

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE

Kevin is now doing a ONE MAN CONGA LINE. El Hombre and his
men are SHOOTING AT HIS FEET to keep him dancing.

KEVIN

(sing-song)

Can you feel the rhythm?! Can you
feel the rhythm?!

One of the bullets goes wide and BLOWS OFF KEVIN'S PINKY TOE.

He doesn't even notice.

But he *does* look a bit gimpy now.

He keeps dancing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - ROCK CANYON

Steve walks aimlessly. His shirt is tied around his head.
He looks like a sweaty-ass LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

We don't know how long it's been, but he's in pretty bad shape.

He struggles to read directions from his GPS unit. Every few paces, the unit beeps a warning that he's heading off course.

STEVE
(fretting about the unit)
Blown apart by a fucking Casio.

More BUZZARDS trail him from above. One POOPS on his shoulder.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Are you fucking kidding me?

Steve bends down and picks up some rocks. He throws them at the birds. They circle away, but they don't give up the hunt.

Steve keeps walking and eventually SEES A SETTLEMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

Licking his cracked lips, he feebly tries to pick up his pace.

EXT. KUMEYAAY SETTLEMENT - HIGH NOON

Steve stumbles into the middle of a KUMEYAAY SETTLEMENT.

These are INDIGENOUS PEOPLE native to this part of Mexico.

MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN of all ages look on Steve with mistrust in their eyes.

Steve looks like a zombie ripped right out of the grave as he lurches forward.

He eventually trips and falls flat on his face.

The Kumeyaay let him lie there...except for MAYA, a beautiful girl no older than 19.

She kneels by his side, turns him half over, and dribbles some water onto his parched lips.

MAYA
Are you okay, Señor?

STEVE POV

He only sees Maya's face silhouetted by the blazing sun behind her.

STEVE
(weakly)
Thank you...

Maya helps Steve to his feet.

MAYA
Let's get you out of the sun.

She helps him into a nearby PUEBLO as the rest of the townspeople look on.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MAYA'S PUEBLO - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Maya sit at a table in the middle of this humble abode.

Nothing says money inside, but the place is still very homey.

We pick up on Steve in the middle of his story.

STEVE
Then she just stole the car and
blew dirt in my face.

Maya handles Steve's tale of terror pretty well all things considered.

MAYA
The Diablo is dangerous. Count
yourself lucky.

STEVE

Lucky? My friend is gonna die and the other one is...probably gonna die, too. I need help. Do you have a phone?

Maya shakes her head no.

MAYA

We don't have electricity here. Many of us want to integrate with the rest of Mexico...but our leaders won't allow it.

STEVE

Won't allow it?

MAYA

They want to preserve our native identity.

STEVE

No offense, but you speak English pretty well for a "native".

MAYA

Not all of us share the desires of our leaders.

STEVE

Can you take me to one of them? Maybe they can help me.

Maya suddenly looks nervous.

MAYA

It may be your only hope...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. VILLAGE SQUARE - THE BIGGEST PUEBLO

Maya and Steve are inside a pueblo clearly belonging to a head honcho of some sort.

It's still not much, but it's the nicest dwelling here.

Gravel floors and everything.

Maya brings Steve before DON RIO who looks like he's dressed more for KWANZA than desert life.

He wears an ORANGE AND GREEN TUNIC and a matching FEZ he probably stole from Farrakhan.

STEVE

Uh, hola?

Don Rio says nothing.

Maya handles the introduction in fast-paced Spanish.

Don Rio doesn't budge.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Please, like I told Maya, I need your help. My friend's life is at stake.

MAYA

(to Steve)

I thought you mentioned *two*?

STEVE

(beat)

I don't really care about the other one anymore.

Don Rio finally speaks up.

DON RIO

(in Spanish)

As Maya has told you, we don't have any phones. We cannot help you.

Maya translates. Which she will keep doing for the rest of this scene.

STEVE

There must be *something* you can do.

DON RIO

(in Spanish)

What will you do for us?

Steve thinks. It suddenly comes to him.

STEVE

I work for a big American bank. NAFTA is a bitch, maybe I can help your settlement get loans? You can modernize.

Maya translates. Don Rio looks indignant.

DON RIO
(in Spanish)
We do not want to modernize.

STEVE
I'm not telling you to join Mexico.
But the money could help you get
some amenities. Solar panels,
water treatment facilities.
Toilets.

Don Rio's eyes perk up.

DON RIO
(in Spanish)
Toilets, huh?

Maya and Steve share a look. Maybe they have something here.

DON RIO (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
We may have a way to help you,
Americano. But we must first know
if your heart is pure.

STEVE
I'll do anything.

Don Rio strokes his chin.

DON RIO
(in Spanish)
Good.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BRUJO HUT - LATER

Steve, Maya, and Don Rio sit in a semi-circle in front of a BRUJO.

Don't get the wrong idea, he's more like a witchdoctor than anything else.

The Brujo is imposing. With long, braided hair and the kind of weathered skin you'd find on a couch in a cigar bar.

He grinds some UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE using a mortar and pestle while whistling without any discernible rhythm.

When he's finished, he pours the contents into a cup, blows on it, and hands it to Steve.

He motions for Steve to drink.

STEVE

Uh, anyone else wanna go first?

Maya translates. Both Don Rio and the Brujo stare daggers at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

How bad could it be?

Steve downs the mixture. He pleasantly nods, it's actually not that ba --

STEVE PUKES UNCONTROLLABLY AND PASSES OUT.

With the others watching, Steve sinks into the ground.

The fuck?

FADE TO:

EXT. FANTASY WORLD

Now Steve's naked in a pink ocean.

With a pink sky.

Swimming with PINK DOLPHINS.

One of the dolphins comes up under him and Steve *rides* the dolphin.

As they glide through the water, the dolphin turns its head slightly.

And speaks.

DOLPHIN

You see, Steve, we're all one. We all share the same need for shelter, warmth, fulfillment. The secret of happiness lies not in conquest, but in empathy.

The dolphin is suddenly SPEARED in the back and ripped out from under Steve.

It's drawn up into the belly button of what appears to be a very large and very naked man, though his face is obscured.

STEVE

Dad?!

In a BOOMING VOICE:

STEVE'S DAD
Hi, son.

Steve bobs in the water.

STEVE
What're you doing here?

STEVE'S DAD
I'm always here.

Steve likes hearing that.

STEVE
I got the promotion, Dad! Like we
always talked about.

STEVE'S DAD
That doesn't matter anymore.

STEVE
It doesn't?

STEVE'S DAD
Don't waste your youth like me.
Life isn't about promotions. It's
about kindness.
(beat)
And music.

STEVE
I need help, Dad.

STEVE'S DAD
You don't need anything. You just
need to win.

STEVE
Win?

STEVE'S DAD
Bye, son.

Steve's Dad turns slowly in the water causing a MASSIVE TIDAL
WAVE.

STEVE
Wait, where are you going? Have
you been okay? What's Heaven like?

STEVE'S DAD
(departing)
It's great. Parking's a bitch,
though.

He vanishes into thin air as Steve faces the oncoming rush.

STEVE
Parking?!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BRUJO HUT

Don Rio and Maya are holding Steve down as he positively freaks the hell out.

The Brujo has seen all this before. He has a smoke in the corner.

Steve's eyes snap open and he suddenly seems to remember where he is.

Don Rio looks down at him.

DON RIO
(in Spanish)
It is done. We will help you.

CUT TO:

EXT. KUMEYAAY SETTLEMENT - CORRAL

Don Rio and Maya circle SOMETHING UNDER A TENT in the middle of a wide corral.

DON RIO
(in Spanish)
We saved every extra peso for this
in hopes of one day winning the
Diablo. To bring honor and esteem
to our people.

Don Rio nods at Maya who PULLS AWAY THE TENT REVEALING:

A RACER that makes the MACH FIVE look like a pile of shit.

Speed Racer can eat a dick.

Steve looks stunned.

Room enough for three and painted ELECTRIC BLUE, it's all chrome and steel.

The words EL RAYO (THE THUNDERBOLT) are written along the side in ACID YELLOW.

STEVE

(to Maya)

If this thing can move as fast as
it looks...I can still catch
Jessica and save Kevin.

MAYA

And the other one.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE

Yeah, maybe.

Don Rio throws Steve THE KEYS. He catches them.

He walks over and places one hand on Don Rio's shoulder. The men share a mutual look of admiration.

If not understanding.

Steve digs out a BUSINESS CARD.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Here's my card. Find a phone and
call me. I promise to do whatever
I can.

Maya translates and Don Rio takes the card. The men shake.

Maya gives Steve an unexpected kiss.

MAYA

Good luck, Americano. Win it for
us!

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - LATER

MUSIC CUE: **"BORN TO BE WILD"** - by Steppenwolf

Steve sits behind the wheel of EL RAYO looking like an absolute bad ass.

About damn time.

He tears out into the desert after Jessica before his face cracks.

EL RAYO has one hell of a fucking engine. Steve is topping out at just over 250MPH.

As he quickly covers lost ground, he comes upon the all-too-familiar spot that Jessica ditched them at.

Now with even MORE BUZZARDS circling over head.

Seriously, there's like 20 of those fuckers now.

Steve pulls up to the gulch.

He walks over to the little stream and sees what the buzzards are after.

PATRICK

His skin is ATOMIC RED from a nuclear sunburn.

It looks like he hasn't moved an inch.

Steve stands over him and Patrick feels a cool shadow fall over his face.

He opens his eyes and looks up.

Steve comes into focus.

PATRICK
(weakly)
Kill... me...

Instead, Steve opens a CANTEEN from the Kumeyaay AND DUMPS WATER ONTO PATRICK'S FACE.

He coughs and sputters while trying to drink as much as he can.

Steve helps him up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(unbelieving)
You came back for me.
(beat)
And you pimped your ride..?

STEVE
We've been friends for almost twenty years. I wasn't gonna leave you to die of exposure.

Patrick is weak, but he's gaining his strength back as he
GUZZLES MORE WATER.

PATRICK

You always were (gulp) a pussy.

Steve laughs it off. Almost like old times.

STEVE

Look, we can still catch Jessica,
get the markers, and win this
fucking race for Kevin.

(beat)

Are you in?

PATRICK

(with new energy)

Hell to the yeah!

STEVE

Great!

Steve gives Patrick a celebratory SLAP on his barbecued back.

Patrick lets out an inhuman scream straight from the pits of
Hell.

PATRICK

AAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

The buzzards fly the fuck away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA REFORMA CALDERA - LATER

LA REFORMA CALDERA, a wide expanse of volcanic rock
crisscrossed with lava flows running along the coastline.

The entire area is inundated with a FAINT SMOKY VAPOR.

It's the last major obstacle before the finish line.

Gabriel darts between the lava flows, expertly dodging each
terrifying tract.

Around his neck is THE THIRD MARKER.

The son of a bitch already has it!

Gabriel pulls behind a DOME of cooled magma and lies in wait
as the familiar whine of the Truggy comes within ear shot.

Gabriel softly revs his engine, timing everything perfectly.

Just as Jessica passes the dome, Gabriel speeds out:

AND T-BONES HER!

CRUNCH!!

Both vehicles go spinning out.

The Truggy whirls around until its back tires are caught in a lava flow.

It's front end is smashed in. The wheel is damaged beyond repair.

An EERIE SILENCE falls over the two as each takes the full shock of the impact...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT RALLY POINT

ON THE LEADER BOARD

Which has gone surprisingly dark.

The graphic for TEAM PUSSY LIQUOR (really, Patrick?) winks out.

Only TEAM GABRIEL (too cool for a nick name) and a few other stragglers remain.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA REFORMA CALDERA - CONTINUOUS

Unfortunately for Jessica, *Gabriel* is the first to regain his bearings.

He gets out of his ATV, which surprisingly has sustained little damage, and walks over to the remains of the Truggy.

Half of which is slowly catching fire and starting to smoke.

Jessica snaps into consciousness and sees Gabriel approaching.

She lunges for him, but gets stuck.

JESSICA
You son of a bitch!!

Her legs are caught in the crumpled wheel well. She can't free herself and this just pisses her off even more.

Gabriel reaches beside her for the FIRST TWO MARKERS.

Jessica grabs them and hangs on for dear life.

But Gabriel is stronger.

HE RIPS THEM AWAY FROM HER AND SPITS IN HER FACE.

GABRIEL
(with venom)
La Bastarda...

Jessica watches impotently as Gabriel walks back to his ATV and saddles up.

She screams unintelligibly and pulls on her legs until they bleed, but she's not going anywhere.

Gabriel patronizingly throws back HER FATHER'S KEY CHAIN and peels out.

JESSICA
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU DEAD,
GABRIEL. DEAD!!

Gabriel doesn't stick around to listen.

Jessica starts to weep as the Truggy continues to burn...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN

Steve and Patrick have hit Warp Factor 10 and are blazing by every racer left behind.

Steve almost expertly follows in the wake of an EL CAMINO ON MONSTER TRUCK TIRES.

He pulls up right behind it, gooses it, and leaves it in the fucking dust.

Moving on, the Japanese Yakuza guys Tokyo Drift their rice rocket right in front of them.

They're not even a challenge, Steve cuts them off and forces them to spin out.

PATRICK
(holding on for dear life)
What happened to you out there?

Steve looks over with a maniacal but confident look in his eye.

STEVE
I learned to win!

PATRICK
(checking his GPS watch)
Keep going straight! The last
marker is right ahead.

STEVE
(holding up his wrist)
We don't even need these anymore.
(eyes on the horizon)
We'll just follow all the wreckage.

Gabriel has been busy. Flaming hulks line up almost like a path of bread crumbs to LA REFORMA CALDERA.

Steve punches it and guns it right into the mouth of the volcano range.

EXT. LA REFORMA CALDERA

With no one left behind them, Steve slows down as he and Patrick negotiate the tricky terrain.

PATRICK
Since when does Mexico have fucking
volcanoes?

STEVE
We can wiki it later, just keep
your eyes open.

The guys push on and notice a COLUMN OF SMOKE emanating from behind a very large dome of cooled molten rock.

They drive around it and finally see:

THE TRUGGY.

And Jessica.

Both in critical shape.

Steve slams on the breaks and gets out. Patrick right behind him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
So we meet again.

JESSICA
Aren't you a sight for sore eyes.
Help me! I'm stuck in this thing!

STEVE
Why *should* I?

Jessica certainly wasn't expecting *that* kind of response.

JESSICA
Please!

STEVE
First tell me why you left us.

POP. Another tire blows. The Truggy crumples into itself even more.

JESSICA
I had no choice. I didn't stand a chance against Gabriel with you guys as dead weight.

STEVE
Looks to me like you don't stand a chance now.

PATRICK
(to Steve)
I admire you so much right now it's actually bordering on lust.

Both look to Patrick like, "shut the fuck up".

He does.

STEVE
You know, someone once told me, when you seek revenge, you have to dig two graves. One for your enemy and one for yourself. It looks like you're half way there.

Lava is seconds away from reaching the fuel line. And everyone knows it.

PATRICK
(quietly)
Where'd you hear that?

STEVE
(also quietly)
Crouching Tiger?

JESSICA
Steve, I'm sorry.
(beat)
It was for my dad.

Steve remembers the dolphin's wise words.

DOLPHIN (V.O.)
The secret of happiness lies not in
conquest, but in empathy...

Steve nods at her. Getting it.

STEVE
Pat, grab Jessica. I'll pry the
steering column off her.

PATRICK
But you just said --

STEVE
(strongly)
Do it!

Patrick doesn't argue. He and Steve get to work and they manage to free her. They run a safe distance back to El Rayo as

THE TRUGGY EXPLODES IN SPECTACULAR FASHION.

WRECKAGE FLIES EVERYWHERE.

The three duck while metal and all kinds of shit rains down everywhere.

When it's over, they all stand up.

PATRICK
The markers!

JESSICA
They aren't here. *Gabriel* has all
three and he's on his way to the
finish line. He's won. *Again...*

Steve gestures to El Rayo.

STEVE
We're not beat yet.

Jessica looks impressed by the new ride. If she could pop a she-boner, she would.

Steve extends his hand to Jessica.

STEVE (CONT'D)
No more tricks. No more double
crosses.
(beat)
Let's beat Gabriel and do it
together.

Jessica takes his hand with hers.

She then pulls him forward AND THEY SHARE THE KISS OF A
LIFETIME.

With plenty of tongue.

After a good ten-second Frencher, they come up for air.

JESSICA
Whatever happened to you, it's a
major turn on.

Steve slaps her on the ass.

STEVE
Thanks, babe.

They get in El Rayo. Steve slides in behind the wheel like
he's been driving it all his life. Jessica sits shotgun.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(to Patrick)
Get in, nutbag.

Patrick's eyes fall on some still-flaming wreckage.

It's the WEAPONS LOCKER.

PATRICK
Just let me get one last thing...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BADLANDS - OPEN DESERT RUN - THE HOME STRETCH

The desert is quiet except for the sounds of nature.

Bird calls, bug noises, rabbits melting.

The usual.

But the peace is annihilated as Gabriel soars down the home stretch. Just a handful of miles from the finish line.

A poor DESERT TORTOISE makes for an organic speed bump.

With no hope of escape, Gabriel squashes it under his wheels.

He didn't even swerve. What an asshole.

Gabriel still shows no emotion. All three markers DANGLE FROM A CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK.

He's going to win.

Like always.

EXCEPT MACHINE GUN FIRE RAKES THE AIR ABOVE HIS HEAD.

Checking his mirrors, he sees El Rayo coming right behind him.

Steve drives, Jessica sits next to him, and PATRICK STANDS UP BEHIND THEM EMPTYING HIS NEW (OLD) MACHINE GUN.

PATRICK
The truck *did* come with an
insurance policy!

Patrick can't aim for shit, but Steve and Jessica let out cries of pure adrenaline.

Gabriel looks mildly annoyed.

He grabs a couple of METAL BALLS from a side compartment and hurls them behind him without even looking.

IN MID-AIR, THE BALLS UNFURL INTO WICKED SPIKE STRIPS AND PEPPER THE DESERT GROUND.

Steve jukes and jinks like it ain't no thang avoiding potential disaster.

They come up right next to Gabriel.

Patrick gets him square in his sights:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Eat hot death, suck-a-duck!

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Click!

The gun is empty.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Whoops!

Gabriel RAMS INTO THEM. Steve fights for control.

Both vehicles are still going at MAX SPEED.

The Desert Rally Point is in front of them. They've come full circle and they're the only ones in sight.

Jessica screams over the chaos to Steve.

JESSICA

Get along the other side of him!

Steve floors the gas and shoots in front of Gabriel. He slows down JUST ENOUGH to let Gabriel pull parallel to them.

Jessica looks him dead in the eyes

AND JUMPS OUT OF EL RAYO ONTO GABRIEL'S BACK.

With strength she didn't know she had, Jessica overpowers him and RIPS THE THREE MARKERS FROM AROUND HIS NECK!

Steve moves up alongside the ATV again and Patrick PULLS HER BACK INTO EL RAYO.

Her booted feet drag along the sand, but she makes it to (relative) safety.

Gabriel finally cracks and lets out a ROAR that can easily be heard over the blaring engines.

Steve gives El Rayo all he's got and they burn desert dirt towards the finish line.

Gabriel doesn't give up.

He pulls out a HAND-CANNON and starts taking POT-SHOTS.

PATRICK TAKES A BULLET TO THE SHOULDER AND SCREAMS LIKE A LITTLE BITCH!

PATRICK

He shot me in the fucking arm!

A second shot BLOWS OUT A BACK TIRE and they almost spin out.

The finish line is closer and closer.

Patrick, pissed and bleeding out, stands up again.

AND PULLS A MOTHERFUCKING BAZOOKA OUT OF THE WEAPONS LOCKER.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I was saving this baby for a
special occasion!

Jessica covers her ears and Steve tries his best to cover at least one of his while still driving the car.

PATRICK SCREAMS AND FIRES THE ROCKET LAUNCHER.

AN RPG MISSILE GOES FLYING.

THE WRONG FUCKING WAY.

The idiot was holding it backwards!

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(disappointed)
Awwwww, goddamit!

The missile explodes harmlessly way off in the distance.

Gabriel brutally laughs, steadies his aim, and BLOWS OUT ANOTHER TIRE.

Patrick falls into the backseat.

They're close to the finish line. But if Gabriel gets lucky one more time, they're dead in the water, uh, *dirt*.

Steve is done taking chances.

He pulls something out of his pocket.

Patrick sees what it is and instantly pulls his legs up into his chest.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You brought *that* with you this
whole fucking time!

JESSICA
Brought *what* with you?

Steve ignores them both.

He holds the object in front of his face and kisses it.

It's a baggy of some very familiar ashes...

STEVE
I love you, Dad!!

STEVE THROWS THE BAGGY OF ASHES OUT OF EL RAYO.

The sound drops out as the baggy of Steve's Dad flies through the air --

AND LANDS RIGHT SMACK IN GABRIEL'S UGLY FUCKING FACE!

GABRIEL
¡Mis ojos!

Gabriel's eyes and mouth are covered in a thick coating of what used to be Steve's Dad.

He panics for the first time, unable to see.

His ATV goes wildly off course.

He has no idea where he is or where he's going, but his adrenaline won't let him slow down.

The GPS Unit strapped to his wrist starts beeping wildly.

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

The tones keep increasing in pitch and speed until the GPS Unit flashes a warning Gabriel can't possibly see.

-OFF COURSE-

More BEEPING.

Then: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!

The ATV and Gabriel's body, both flaming like mini-supernovas, GET LAUNCHED SCREAMING INTO THE AIR.

Steve, Patrick, and Jessica, *with* the three markers, limp past the finish line back where they started.

Juan Jose Hernandez-Hernandez screams in ecstasy from his dais and declares them the winner as the CROWDS OF SPECTATORS GO FUCKING APE-SHIT!

It's impossible to hear anything clearly.

The crowds pull the three out of the car and bring them bodily up to Hernandez-Hernandez and his bikini chicks who very sexily pop the GPS bombs off their wrists.

Hernandez-Hernandez proudly presents them with a SUITCASE PACKED WITH 1,000,000 sweet, sweet pesos.

Cameras flash as people take pictures. Everyone wants a piece of our heroes.

Steve finally notices the time.

It's already past seven.

STEVE
(fighting to get to
Patrick)
Dude, we have less than an hour to
get to Kevin. We have to go.

Patrick is being felt up by some MEXICAN GROUPIES.

He's smitten and only half-listening.

PATRICK
Can he take a rain check?

Steve grabs Patrick and PULLS HIM THROUGH THE CROWD.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Dude, ughh, my arm!

Jessica is with them.

STEVE
We have to get back to TJ. Do you
know the way?

JESSICA
(hustling)
Of course.

STEVE
Great, we need new wheels, too.

They push out of the crush of people.

Suddenly, Jaime Escalante pulls up in a BEATER CAR and gets out screaming at them.

JAIME
You no return my truck, you give me
my money now.

STEVE
(to Jessica, annoyed)
We don't have time for this.

Jessica puts Jaime in a sleeper hold and pockets his keys.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 (looking down at Jaime)
 You can keep the credit cards,
 señor.

They pile into the beater car and zoom back to Tijuana.

Patrick grips the suitcase to his chest like a life-preserver.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - RUNDOWN HOUSE/INT. JAIME'S BEATER CAR

Steve, Patrick, and Jessica pull up to the Rundown House that poor Kevin has been trapped inside of for far, far, *far* too long.

Steve turns to Patrick in the back seat.

STEVE
 You're sure this is the address?

PATRICK
 Please don't make me text them
 again. This is it.

Steve turns to Jessica next to him.

STEVE
 You ready?

JESSICA
 For this? You bet your ass.

STEVE
 Good. Wish me luck and keep the
 engine running.

Jessica pulls him into another hot kiss.

JESSICA
 Make sure you come back, cowboy.

Steve gets out and Patrick, wrestling with the suitcase, follows behind him.

STEVE
 No. Leave the money.

Patrick looks confused.

PATRICK
But how are we gonna pay them?

STEVE
(forceful)
Leave. It.

Steve walks straight into the house without waiting for Patrick.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE

STEVE SLAMS OPEN THE DOOR AND WALKS INSIDE.

STEVE
Where is he?

El Hombre and his men look up from drinking, playing, cards, thugging it up, etc.

EL HOMBRE
Ah, el gringo. Your buddy is right here.

Kevin is passed out in the dog kennel. He's nearly naked and the PIT BULLS are licking his unconscious face.

But at least he's still smiling.

STEVE
Hand him over.

El Hombre rises slowly.

EL HOMBRE
What was that, vato?

STEVE
I said hand him over.

Steve is a changed man. He's been through Hell and back (literally) and isn't about to let this greasy fucko dictate the terms of anything.

Anything.

STEVE (CONT'D)
The money is out front. Give me my friend and you'll get your ransom.

El Hombre is intimidated by the new Steve. He's trying hard not to show it.

He nods slightly and says something in Spanish to one of his friends.

They pick up Kevin and hand him over to Steve who throws the little guy over his shoulder.

KEVIN
(disoriented)
I wanna be on top this time...

Steve doesn't break eye contact with El Hombre.

STEVE
Right this way.

Steve leads everyone outside to:

JESSICA

Standing up through the sun-roof of Jaime's shitty car.

HOLDING THE BAZOOKA AND AIMING IT RIGHT AT THE HOUSE.

Sure it's empty.

But *they* don't know that.

EL HOMBRE
(to Steve)
Are you fucking loco, ese?

STEVE
You're goddamn right I am. Let us go right now or my girlfriend starts barking fire.

EL HOMBRE
But she'll kill you, too.

STEVE
Does it look like I'm afraid to die?

No. *It doesn't.*

STEVE (CONT'D)
If you think I won't tell her to shoot, take one look at me.
Because I fucking will.

El Hombre just about pisses his dirty-ass pants.

EL HOMBRE
(cracking)
Take your friend and the cherry
tomato and get the fuck out of
Tijuana, ese.

PATRICK
(confused)
Cherry tomato?

Remembering his gnarly sunburn.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Ohhhh, right.

STEVE
Gladly.

Steve, still carrying Kevin, and Patrick slowly get back into the car.

Jessica doesn't move a muscle until El Hombre and his gang go back in the house.

They peek out through the windows.

Steve drives off as Jessica keeps the bazooka trained on the house.

Just before they're out of reach, she blows them a sexy kiss and winks.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE - HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The gang, now complete with Kevin wrapped in a blanket and nursing from a water bottle, happily head home to America where this kind of shit doesn't happen.

Well, *mostly* doesn't happen.

Steve's iPhone beeps with an email from his bank.

JESSICA
Who's it from?

STEVE
My boss.

Steve types out a reply and hits send.

There's a curious smirk on his face.

JESSICA
What'd you tell him?

STEVE
I told him I fucking quit.

MUSIC CUE: "**HIGHWAY TO HELL**" - by AC/DC

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END