

LAST STAND

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EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

No street lights, no buildings, no towers. Just a million stars reminding us how the night sky was meant to look. Beneath them runs a long stretch of highway reminding us that somewhere out there civilization exists.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

A STATE TROOPER sits behind the wheel of his cruiser sipping coffee while classical music gently fills the car. A radar gun rests on the other side of his window and with nobody around to see him enforce the stereotype, he reaches into a bag and happily pulls out a donut.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Headlights break up the darkness and throw some clarity on a stretch of the highway. The two beams pressing down on us seem to come out of nowhere - the car is jet black, bumper to bumper with tinted windows. Hard to make out what it is, but easy to tell it's going fast.

It's about a mile from the speed trap when POOF! - off go the lights and it disappears, engulfed by the darkness.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

A piece of glazed donut falls between the trooper's legs.

TROOPER

Ugh.

He turns his attention towards the mess on his lap just as the radar gun starts to go crazy. 177 flashes on the readout.

TROOPER

(annoyed)

Come on.

He rolls down his window and smacks the radar gun a couple times, waving his hand in front of it hoping to get an accurate reading.

TROOPER

Piece of shit.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The headlights flick on and once again the highway comes to life. We only catch a glimpse of it before it's over the hill and gone - 770 horsepower of pure madness, the GUMPERT APOLLO.

EXT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION - THE NEXT DAY

A small border town rises above the desert. 5 miles from Mexico, 200 miles from anywhere else, but the people who live here like it here.

SHERIFF RAY OWENS walks down the street. The sunglasses make him look official, but the shorts and flip flops throw us for a loop. He could be 40, might be older, with the sunglasses it's hard to tell.

Going by what he's got on you'd never know he's the law, but something about the way he carries himself suggests he's in charge of things around here.

He bends down to pick up a candy wrapper just as a KID ON A SKATEBOARD whizzes by.

OWENS

Hey! Not on the sidewalk.

The kid hops off the board with a kickflip and catches the thing mid air, all in one motion.

SKATEBOARDER

My bad.

He drops it in the street and skates away.

Owens tosses the wrapper in a wastebasket and surveys his town: A MOTHER and DAUGHTER share matching ice-cream cones. An ELDERLY COUPLE hold hands. The MAILMAN strolls by and offers them a friendly wave.

This is small town USA at its Norman Rockwell finest.

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION DINER - DAY

It's your standard small town diner - the usual guys sitting in their usual seats eating what they usually do.

The door swings open and in walks the Sheriff. If we weren't sure before, this should clear it up...

HOSTESS

Oh hey, Sheriff. Almost didn't recognize you in plain clothes.

The shades come off. We see something in his eyes we didn't expect - just a hint of it, behind the experience, behind the integrity, only a glimmer remains - weakness.

OWENS

Yeah, it's the day off. How you doing, Christie?

He looks past her, scanning the diner. Force of habit.

CHRISTIE

Good. Can I put you in the usual spot?

Two men at the counter catch his eye: the one salting his eggs has a gang tattoo hidden just beneath the collar of his POLO SHIRT. The big man sipping his coffee has a braided PONYTAIL and a similar tattoo on his neck. They're not exactly locals.

OWENS

I'm just gonna squeeze in at the counter if that's alright.

CHRISTIE

Sure thing.

COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

He tosses the sunglasses on the counter and plants himself on a stool. The nearest WAITRESS hands him a menu.

WAITRESS

Get you something to drink?

OWENS

Coffee. Thanks.

He puts the menu aside and adjusts his place mat. Taps his fingers for a few seconds before making eye contact with the man in the polo shirt.

OWENS

How you doing?

POLOSHIRT

Good.

OWENS

Good.

An awkward beat passes before the waitress brings over their check.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

POLOSHIRT

Nah, we're straight.

She pours Owens a cup of coffee and tries to take his order.

WAITRESS

Feel like eating today?

OWENS

Just the coffee, thanks.

He watches the men clean their plates for longer than he needs to. The big man notices, gets a little peeved.

PONYTAIL

Can I help you with something?

Owens gestures like he means no harm and looks away, smiling to himself.

BURRELL (O.S.)

Yo!

Owens lifts his head, turns his gaze towards the personification of intimidation holding open the front door. He's all neck and shoulders, cock diesel. We'll call him BURRELL. That snarl on his face is permanent, but yeah, he's pissed.

BURRELL

Let's go. Come on.

The two men quickly pay their bill and head out.

BURRELL

(to the guys)

What the fuck's the matter with you? I said twenty minutes.

The door closes behind them and just like that they're gone.

Owens downs the rest of his coffee and hurries over to the window. He spreads the blinds to have a look both ways - no sign of them.

CHRISTIE
Everything OK, Sheriff?

Her voice snaps him out of police mode.

OWENS
Huh? Yeah. You seen those guys
before?

She looks around the diner, not sure who he means.

CHRISTIE
Which guys?

OWENS
I gotta go. See you tomorrow, OK?

And he's out the door before she can say...

CHRISTIE
Bye.

EXT. DINER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Damn, it's bright outside. He has to squint just to see down the street.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)
Sheriff.

He turns around. Christie's outstretched arm displays his sunglasses.

CHRISTIE
You left 'em on the counter.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Sunglasses back on his face. He's behind the wheel of his on duty vehicle in his off duty clothes. His flip flops ease off the brake as he pulls away from a stop sign. He cranes his neck looking for the guys from the diner. Nothing.

Four different guys every bit as suspicious just crossed the street about a block in front of him. He grabs a pad and pen and scribbles down some notes before picking up the radio.

OWENS
(into radio)
Ten eighty two, come in?

A female voice answers. This is officer SARAH TORRENCE.

TORRENCE (O.S.)
Hey, what are you doing on the
radio today?

While they chat we notice all the personal crap in his squad car - fast food containers, library books, laundry.

OWENS
We got more than a few questionable
characters in town, wondering if
you heard anything out of the
ordinary.

The gangsters turn the corner. So does the patrol car.

The new guys exchange handshakes with Ponytail and Poloshirt while Owen's squad car passes by without so much as a dirty look.

TORRENCE (O.S.)
I got possible shots fired near
2121 Desert Springs road. You
think it's related?

OWENS
When?

TORRENCE (O.S.)
Just now.

He watches them for as long as he can through his rear view mirror.

OWENS
Doubt it.

He sees Burrell get out of a BLACK CHEVY SUBURBAN and join his crew.

OWENS
But I'll check it out.

TORRENCE(O.S.)
Sounds like a fine way to spend
your off day, sir.

OWENS
I'm in the area, smart ass.

EXT. 2121 DESERT SPRINGS ROAD - AFTERNOON

We're in tight on a hanging carcass of a steer. BOOM! A tennis ball sized hole tears through the side of beef sending rib roast in every direction.

LEWIS DINKUM (35) stands 25 meters away from his target, doing his best to control the recoil of an enormous .50 caliber revolver. To his credit he is wearing safety goggles and ear protection.

MARTINEZ

Damn!

Officers FRANK MARTINEZ (27) and JERRY BAILEY (29) stand behind him plugging their ears with their fingers.

Martinez is fit - looks like he should be busting down doors in the big city not patrolling a field in the middle of nowhere.

Bailey's lanky frame and loose fitting uniform work to accentuate his goofiness.

Their patrol cars idle in the dirt field nearby.

LEWIS

That'll put another asshole in an elephant right there boys.

BAILEY

My turn, come on.

Lewis hands over the gun and earphones.

LEWIS

Watch that kick now. She don't know it's your first time.

BAILEY

I got it. Just stand back.

Bailey carefully lines up his shot and BOOM! The carcass explodes once more. As predicted, he isn't ready for the recoil. The handle of the gun slams into his nose.

BAILEY

Owww! Fuck!

Martinez has a laugh.

MARTINEZ

Medic.

Bailey squeezes the bridge of his nose and grimaces.

LEWIS

Move your hand, let me see.

He pulls his hand away from the bloody mess that is a broken nose.

BAILEY

How's it look?

MARTINEZ

Looks broken.

BAILEY

Can you fix it?

MARTINEZ

No. But I can say I told you so.

A third patrol car pulls up beside the other two. It's Owens and he doesn't look happy.

MARTINEZ

Shit.

Bailey's eyes are still filled with tears and his head is tilted back so he can't see the Sheriff walking his way.

BAILEY

What? What is it?

OWENS

What the fuck is going on here?

BAILEY

I thought he took the day off.

MARTINEZ

He did.

OWENS

Somebody want to tell me why two thirds of my force is out here firing rockets at a slab of meat?

LEWIS

Afternoon, Sheriff.

OWENS

What are you doing with that thing,
Lewis? Please tell me you have a
permit.

Martinez hands him a gun permit.

MARTINEZ

It checks out.

OWENS

(re: Bailey)

Get him a towel or something, he's
bleeding on my uniform.

Martinez runs off. Owens takes a look at the permit.

BAILEY

I can explain, Ray.

OWENS

Just keep the pressure on it.

Owens looks up from the paperwork.

OWENS

The Dinkum Firearm and Historic
Weaponry Museum?

LEWIS

That's right.

OWENS

You got a museum here, Lewis?

Lewis hands him another piece of paper.

LEWIS

And the tax returns to prove it.

Owens flips through the pages.

LEWIS

Open every second Thursday of the
month. Noon to three, bring the
whole family.

OWENS

Don't let me get another call like
this. Hear me? And you wanna tell
me why you're blowing holes in a
perfectly good piece of meat.

BAILEY

It's supposed to be more realistic.

Martinez comes back with that towel.

LEWIS

I think I got a first aid kit in the truck.

Owens motions for him to go and take Bailey with him. As they walk off he pulls Martinez aside.

OWENS

What are you doing? You trying to get somebody killed?

MARTINEZ

It looks worse than it really is.

OWENS

I hope so.

MARTINEZ

That meat's not even tender. It's like 3 days past sellable.

OWENS

Forget the meat. I think something's going on. I want you to look into it.

MARTINEZ

What's up?

OWENS

We got some out-of-towners in today. I put a call in to the DEA to see if they're tracking any drugs headed our way. Until I hear back I want you on a patrol between First National and Southwest Savings just incase they're looking at banks. Find out if anybody's seen anything out of the ordinary. OK?

MARTINEZ

I'm on it.

OWENS

So go get it done.

Martinez takes off. Owens looks over at Bailey getting his nose taped up.

OWENS

Get yourself to the hospital. Tell them you tripped or something.

Bailey gives him a thumbs up, gets in his squad car and speeds off, leaving the Sheriff standing there with Lewis and his first aid kit.

LEWIS

I warned him about the recoil.

Owens hands him back his paper work.

OWENS

Just load the damn thing and let me have a go before I change my mind and write you a citation.

Lewis smiles.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - EARLY EVENING

450 miles north. Same desert, different feel. Casinos rise above the plains. A million plus people move about the city. We move away from the strip towards the Las Vegas Federal District Court - where the big boys go to pay their dues.

INT. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

AGENT JOHN BANNISTER (40s) walks through the courthouse with a greying federal prosecutor named FREDERICKS (50s).

BANNISTER

You're dreaming if you think he pleads.

FREDERICKS

Why do you think we pushed the arraignment through so fast? This is win/win. He's fucked and he knows it.

BANNISTER

When you're worth 400 million you're not guilty 'til the jury says so and even then it's hairy.

Fredericks opens the door to the courtroom and they head inside.

FREDERICKS

But you don't grow that kind of
money being stupid. Legal or
otherwise.

INT. COURTROOM - EARLY EVENING

A crowded court room. Prosecutors on one side, defense attorneys on the other. Bannister finds a spot in the back.

GABRIEL CORTEZ SMITH, dressed in a tax payer provided orange jump suit, stands front and center. He looks the part - handsome despite an old scar beneath his eye. Cool as a cucumber despite his predicament.

A JUDGE presides.

JUDGE

Gabriel Cortez Smith, you are
charged with 61 counts of drug
trafficking. How do you plead?

SMITH

Not guilty.

The court room comes to life with unintelligible whispers. Bannister shoots a look Fredericks: "told you so".

JUDGE

4 counts of obstruction of justice,
how do you plead?

SMITH

Not guilty, your honor.

The lead prosecutor steps forward.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

The people request no bail as Mr.
Smith is a legitimate flight risk.

Gabriel leans over and whispers something in the ear of his lawyer. The judge slams his gavel.

JUDGE

No bail. The defendant is to
remain in custody until his trial.

The bailiffs cuff Smith and lead him through the court. As he makes his way past Agent Bannister he gives him a little wink like he knows something the FBI isn't privy to.

EXT. VEGAS STREET - EVENING

A generic looking white van is parked around the corner from the courthouse.

INT. 1ST WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER cracks open a tall boy as he chats on his cell. He takes a sip of the beer.

VAN DRIVER
What's taking so long? I'm about
to get drunk for real.

INT. 2ND WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

We're in a different white van listening to the other side of the conversation.

VAN DRIVER 2
So slow the fuck down then. He's
coming soon.

A third white van, identical to the other two pulls up along side of this one. Our driver rolls down his window.

VAN DRIVER 2
Sup?

THIRD VAN DRIVER
15 minutes.

VAN DRIVER 2
Cool.

The third van drives off. The second driver passes on the knowledge.

VAN DRIVER 2
15 minutes.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

Gabriel Cortez Smith sits alone in a holding cell looking as content as possible given the circumstances. Two cops enter and open the cage.

COP 1
We're moving you.

SMITH
Where we going now?

COP 1
Ask the FBI.

COP 2
Get up.

Smith rises.

COP 2
Turn around.

He cooperates as the cops put the cuffs back on him. Agent Bannister and another AGENT escort him into the hallway.

EXT. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT - NIGHT

Bannister and some agents lead Smith towards an unmarked car. They are flanked by cops on both sides.

A white van cruises down the street going west to east, an identical van follows not far behind it. Coming the other way are two more identical white vans. The one in front accelerates and slams into the back of the unmarked car, pushing it over the curb.

COP
Down!

Instinct takes over and everybody ducks for cover. Everybody except the man in orange. In all the commotion he breaks free and makes a B-line towards the smashed up van just as the door slides open. He hops inside and it closes behind him just as fast.

Bannister is quick to chase. He pulls his gun, flings open the van door - empty. He is looking clear across to the street through a door on the other side.

BANNISTER
Mother fucker!

He hops through when he sees an orange blur running across the street.

BANNISTER
Stop him!

A COP sprints across traffic and tackles him. They land hard on the concrete with Bannister right on their heels. He comes down hard on the man's forearm with his foot. That's when he notices: A MEXICAN MAN wincing in pain beneath the cop. Same height and build, but definitely not Gabriel Cortez Smith.

BANNISTER
Mother fucker!

He looks up to see four white vans identical to the one that crashed into his cruiser all going in different directions.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

The front of the van looks like an accordion and that still looks better than Bannister's totalled cruiser. Speaking of whom, he is screaming into a cell phone.

BANNISTER
I want eyes in the air. We're looking in any car leaving the city and pulling over every white van we see. Yeah! Five minutes ago!

He slams his cell shut. A cop shows him some heavy duty cable cutters.

COP
Found these in the van.

Bannister address a half dozen cops awaiting instructions.

BANNISTER
We're interviewing anybody who saw this. See if we can get an ID or a license plate. And find out if any of these buildings have cameras. Let's go!

A COP drags over the apprehended driver of the first van.

COP

This guy's drunk as a skunk.

BANNISTER

Take him to interrogation. I'm the first guy to talk to him.

The cop yanks the driver off screen.

BANNISTER

And that cock sucker we peeled off the pavement. I want to talk to him too.

(Frustrated as hell)

God Dammit!

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SARAH TORRANCE (26), as tough as she is pretty, sits at her desk eating some soup and going over paper work when her walkie-talkie comes to life.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Ten-eighty two come in?

She puts down her spoon and picks up her walkie.

TORRANCE

It's my lunch break.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Require assistance. Possible 288 in progress.

She shakes her head and smiles.

TORRANCE

A 288?

Martinez emerges from the other room holding his walkie talkie up to his mouth. He proceeds to describe himself as he walks towards her.

MARTINEZ

Hispanic male, 6 foot tall, very handsome, particularly in his uniform.

Torrance stands up when she sees him and laughs.

TORRANCE

We all out of bad guys?

MARTINEZ

I haven't made an arrest in ten days.

TORRANCE

Aww, poor baby. No cats for you to rescue either?

MARTINEZ

Haven't saved a cat in four.

He grabs her around the waist and pulls her close.

TORRANCE

You know we're gonna get in trouble.

They kiss.

MARTINEZ

It's his day off.

TORRANCE

He still listens to the scanner.

Martinez picks up Torrance's walkie-talkie.

MARTINEZ

(into walkie talkie)
Please be advised...

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Owens sits on a weight bench watching TV, eating a bowl of cereal. His walkie-talkie sits on top of the TV which sits on top of the kitchen table.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Officer Torrance is wearing pink panties today.

TORRANCE

(laughing)
Turn it off, I'm serious.

Owens ignores the silly chatter of the young lovers.

He stands up and we get a look at the scars on his body. An old bullet wound decorates his stomach, another one on his bicep.

A dying plant sits in the window sill. There isn't much in the way of real furniture. A lazy boy is covered with clothes and a coffee table is buried somewhere beneath last week's newspapers. His gun belt hangs on the coat rack by the door.

He swaps the bowl of cereal for the note pad on top of the TV and heads into the bed room.

OWENS
(thinking out loud)
Eight guys. You don't need eight
guys to do a bank.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

His bedroom is a little more hospitable. He's even got a few framed photos. He pulls a shirt out of the closet while we take a closer look at the pictures on his dresser.

Wedding Photo - He's in a tuxedo, she's in a wedding dress. They're both smiling.

Police photo - Owens and ANOTHER COP in their blues - carefree and laughing.

He flicks the light off and the room goes dark.

INT. OWENS' SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Cruising the quiet street in his squad car - he pulls up on a black Chevy suburban and runs the license plate. Nothing out of the ordinary. He passes the vehicle and sees a TEENAGE GIRL chatting on her cellphone behind the wheel.

INT. LAS VEGAS INTEROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Mexican man dressed in orange sits next to his LAWYER across from Agent Bannister. He yawns.

BANNISTER
How much did he pay you? Huh? He
pay your family?

The Mexican Man answers all the questions with the Lawyer translating back and forth.

MEXICAN MAN
Who paid me what?

LAWYER
He doesn't know what you're talking about.

BANNISTER
You think I'm a fucking idiot?

LAWYER
You want me to ask...

BANNISTER
Ask him why he's dressed like that?

MEXICAN MAN
I root for the Dutch team, so what?

LAWYER
He says he supports the Netherlands.

BANNISTER
What the fuck does that mean?

LAWYER
The soccer team. He is wearing the team colors.

Sure enough the Dutch lion insignia is right there on the front his shirt.

MEXICAN MAN
This asshole tried to break my arm.

LAWYER
He says his arm hurts from when you stepped on him.

We hold on Bannister's face - teeth clenched, fuming mad.

EXT. VEGAS HIGHWAY, CHECK POINT - CONTINUOUS

Four lane highway. ROAD FLARES line the two southbound lanes. Police cars are scattered about the northbound lanes. Traffic slows to a crawl as COPS WITH FLASHLIGHTS are doing just as Bannister asked, pulling over every car trying to leave the city.

At the front of the line a MAN IN A RANGE ROVER looks pissed off while some cops try to peak in his car.

COP
I'm going to need you to open your trunk, sir.

RANGE ROVER
What for?

COP
I can't see in your trunk. Open it
or I write you a ticket for the
tint and open it myself.

He unlatches the trunk and the cop throws it open. A BIG
MEAN DOG barks and snaps at the officer. He jumps back and
slams the trunk closed.

COP
Mother fuck...

Behind him wheels screech and an engine roars to life.
2600lbs of alloy steel and carbon fiber lurch forward - a
cross between Porsche and a Stealth bomber. The jet black
Gumpert Apollo bolts from the line - tinted windows keeping
whatever's inside a secret.

The sleek lines, the sharp edges - everything about this car
says speed. It swerves into the lane of oncoming traffic and
blows past the cars at the front of the line.

The cop only needs an instant to realize that's his man.

COP
Go! Go! Go! Call it in!

It weaves through oncoming traffic effortlessly while police
cars spin in circles trying to keep it in their sights.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

An OLD TIMER (70s) sits on the bench talking with a COP and a
SKETCH ARTIST.

OLD TIMER
The thing in the back, what's it
called?

COP
The spoiler?

OLD TIMER
Yeah, the spoiler was a little
bigger.

Bannister and Hayes arrive.

COP

He says Cortez didn't get in a white van. Says he got in a black sports car.

OLD TIMER

Real fancy.

BANNISTER

Let me see.

The sketch artist shows him his second hand version of the Apollo.

BANNISTER

What is it, like a Lamborghini or something?

HAYES

Looks like the Batmobile.

OLD TIMER

Yeah!

A COP RUNS OVER with new information.

RUNNING COP

Southbound check point, we got a crazy looking black sports car just blew away the field.

BANNISTER

Find somebody who knows cars. Figure out what it is.

MITCHELL, a passing rookie cop, speaks up.

MITCHELL

Can I see it?

Hayes hands him the drawing.

MITCHELL

Looks kinda like an Apollo.

BANNISTER

What is it?

MITCHELL

A Gumpert Apollo? It's a fucking super car. He's not in that is he?

BANNISTER

What do you know about it?

MITCHELL

Saw one at a car show. I wanna say it's like 700 horse power. Fucking thing does zero to sixty in three seconds, *maybe*. I guessing she probably goes around two-twenty.

HAYES

220 thousand dollars?

MITCHELL

Miles per hour, but yeah, it probably costs a lot too.

Bannister's face tightens.

MITCHELL

It's basically the most bad ass car of all time.

EXT. HIGHWAY, CHECK POINT - CONTINUOUS

Wheels spin and engines roar. Cops hit the road after the Apollo.

It turns all four lanes into a race track. Oncoming traffic swerves away from it while cop cars spin out trying to side swipe it. Both move in slow motion compared to it.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel Cortez Smith rides shotgun, the unlinked cuffs still on his wrists. The DRIVER is focused on the road. He looks like he knows what he's doing. Let's call him BOLT.

The view from inside is nauseating. Headlights zip past as he maneuvers around everything and anything in his way.

Cortez grips the door handle as inertia and acceleration take turns pulling at his stomach. Bolt glimpses over and sees the worry on his passenger's face. A little smile comes over his own.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Once he's got a little clearance he lets it loose. The Apollo surges forward in a gear only race car drivers are familiar with.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A PILOT is at the controls of a Bell UH-1H or "Huey". A female FBI agent rides shotgun working the binoculars. Let's call her DEVERS. A third guy works the SPOT LIGHT.

Devers is on the head set with a lap top in front of her showing a picture of an Apollo.

DEVERS

Yeah, I'm looking at it now. We're on it.

She holds on as the chopper circles towards the action.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Bannister directs traffic in front of a large screen with a map of Vegas and the surrounding area.

HAYES

What do you think?

BANNISTER

Think he's trying to beat us to Mexico.

HAYES

Why not take a chopper?

BANNISTER

450 plus miles? Maybe a military transport makes it that far, but that's about it.

HAYES

That's six hours by car though.

BANNISTER

Not in what he's driving.

(to a nearby officer)

Get me Bullhead City police. I want a road block up. Nobody gets through.

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Sheriff Owens walks in and greets MIKE FIGUEROLA (30s), an overweight cop sitting behind the front desk.

FIGUEROLA

Hey, Ray.

OWENS

What you got, Figgy?

FIGUEROLA

One in the box, public drunk.

He hands Owens a report. The Sheriff lifts his head to see a DRUNK fast asleep in the holding cell.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

He tosses his keys on his desk and takes a seat. Drops the note pad in front of him and runs his hands through his hair.

Notices the red light blinking on his telephone, picks up the receiver and presses a few buttons. We hear DEA AGENT JOHNSON on his voice mail.

VOICE MAIL

Ray, it's Johnson with the DEA.
Yeah man, we're not tracking
anything headed your way, but I'll
get started on the paper work if
you think these guys are moving.
Let me know.

He hangs up the phone and leans back in his chair, deep in thought.

That's when Martinez walks in.

OWENS

No drugs coming our way. What'd
you learn about these guys?

MARTINEZ

Asked around, but no cause for
alarm.

He pulls up a chair.

MARTINEZ

So maybe a couple gangsters are passing through, I don't know.

OWENS

Yeah. Me either.

MARTINEZ

Who gives a shit, right? I mean if they try to pull something we'll be ready, but otherwise...

OWENS

Not our problem.

MARTINEZ

Yeah.

(beat)

This how you spend your day off, man? Working a phantom case?

OWENS

Guess so.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Apollo takes to the desert. The Vegas lights fade in the distance.

The helicopter flies above.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the Huey, Devers spots the Apollo.

DEVERS

We got a positive ID, jet black Gumpert Apollo headed southbound on US 95.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION -NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bannister looks relieved. He responds over the two way.

BANNISTER

(into walkie-talkie)

Stay with it. I'm sending all available units in pursuit.

DEVERS (O.S.)

10-4.

Bannister waves to the cop working the BOARD.

BANNISTER

I want Boulder City and Searchlight
Police en route. And patch me
through to Needles.

BOARD OP

Needles is California, I have to
call that in manually. Got
Bullhead City Chief on 1.

Bannister picks up the phone.

BANNISTER

Yeah. US 95 south coming your way
fast. Nobody gets through.

EXT. BULLHEAD CITY, ARIZONA/ US 95 SOUTH - NIGHT

Police cars line the freeway. Two big cement blockades are
being placed in the road. The BULLHEAD CITY CHIEF OF POLICE
oversees the operation. Two more blockades are being placed
on either side of the road.

BULLHEAD CHIEF

Spread them out. He's not going off
road and he's not getting through.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

30 miles north of Bullhead, the Huey drops the spotlight on
the Apollo.

A mile or so behind them a half dozen patrol cars blare their
sirens.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The stretch of road around them is illuminated by the spot
light. Bolt peaks in his rear view and sees flashing lights
approaching from the north.

BOLT

You mind if I make a little
distance here?

SMITH

Lose 'em.

The engine revs. Bolt shifts gears.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo surges forward - ahead of the spotlight's view, leaving the cavalcade of pursuing police in the dust.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A lone squad car coming from an adjoining road speeds towards US 95 south. He races to get there before the Apollo.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Coming your way 19.

COP, 19

I got him, I got him, I got him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT -CONTINUOUS

The Apollo blows right past him. The squad car spins out trying to make the turn and ends up in a small ditch. His back tire kicks up dirt trying to get him out.

The Cop hops outs and slams his door shut.

COP, 19

Fuck it!

He looks up and sees the flashing lights of the cavalcade coming his way.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The spotlight is back on the Apollo, but the trailing sirens are getting farther and farther away.

DEVERS

They can't catch him. We need that blockade.

EXT. BULLHEAD CITY, ARIZONA/ US 95 SOUTH - NIGHT

The road block is in place. A Dozen police with guns drawn wait behind a half dozen police cars.

Tension builds on the faces of the readied officers.

BULLHEAD CHIEF
(into his two way)
We're in place and ready. He's not
getting through.

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Owens and Martinez are still sitting at the desk.

MARTINEZ
I'm sorry about this afternoon.
Sometimes it just gets boring you
know?

OWENS
Fuck it. We all do stupid shit.

MARTINEZ
Can I ask you something? I'm
thinking...I been thinking about
going someplace else. I mean I
like it here, you know? I grew up
here, but I want a real challenge.
I want to be a real cop.

He realizes he may have unintentionally insulted the Sheriff.

MARTINEZ
I don't mean...

OWENS
I know what you mean.

MARTINEZ
That's what I don't get, man. You
had it, right? You were the man in
LA. That's some heavy shit so
why'd you come here?

Owens looks at him for a beat.

OWENS
Guess I just needed a break.

MARTINEZ
You still got connects there,
right? You think you could help me
get on a beat?

Before Owens can answer Figuerola pokes his head in and interrupts.

FIGUEROLA

Bailey's on the line. Says he's
got a visual on your gangbangers.

Owens eyes light up.

INT. BAILEY'S CRUISER - NIGHT

A fresh bandage covers Bailey's nose as he cruises down the street. He pulls up to beside the Chevy Suburban with Burrell behind the wheel.

BAILEY

(into the radio mic)
Looks like 3 bodies in the
Suburban. Nothing out of the
ordinary.

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Owens is on the line with him.

OWENS

(into two way)
Anything come back on the plates?

BAILEY (O.S.)

Nevada registry. Burrell Thomas,
clean record.

Owens takes notes.

BAILEY (O.S.)

You want me to follow him?

OWENS

Stay back on him 'till I get out
there.

BAILEY (O.S.)

Copy that.

MARTINEZ

Let me go?

OWENS

I got it.

MARTINEZ

Come on, Ray. Let me make up for today.

Owens thinks about it for a second.

OWENS

Alright.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The Huey looks down on a string of flashing lights. The Apollo is miles ahead and gaining.

DEVERS

Coming up on the Arizona border.
Less than ten miles to your
blockade.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo speeds down the highway like it were the INDY 500.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

Bolt's got the speedometer at 160 and the car's not even shaking. The Bullhead City Chief's voice comes over a SCANNER - they're tapped into the police line.

BULLHEAD CHIEF (O.S.)

Copy that. We're ready for him.

Smith picks up the cell and dials.

SMITH

(into the phone)
Five minutes, yeah. Clear it.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

A black SUV idles in the desert, half a mile from the highway. The lights come on and it rolls forward.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Three GANGSTERS pull ski masks over their faces. The guy in the BACKSEAT fits himself into a BALLISTIC VEST.

The FRONT SEAT passenger loads a magazine into his AK-47. He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

FRONT SEAT
We're moving.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Two more guys sit in a heavy duty pick up. Their masks stay above their faces. The DRIVER turns the engine over and responds into his walkie.

DRIVER
We're ready for you.

EXT. BULLHEAD CITY/ US 95 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Cops patrol the highway in front of and behind the roadblock so nobody can mistakenly drive through.

A UNIFORMED COP stands by some road flares maybe a quarter mile shy of the blockade. Some headlights are coming his way. He steps into the center of the highway signaling for them to stop.

But they aren't stopping, if anything they are picking up speed. He reaches for his gun, but they're right on top of him. He dives out of the way as they motor past.

BLOCKADE PROPER

One of the blockade cops hears something and turns around. The SUV comes up behind them. He tries to get everyone's attention.

COP
Behind us!

As the SUV gets closer the passenger side window rolls down and an AK-47 opens fire. Cops scatter. A SECOND SUV drives off road scattering shots into the sea of unprepared officers.

BULLHEAD CHIEF
(into the two way)
I'm under fire!

Police shoot back as both SUVs come to a stop on either side of the highway. A MASKED GANGBANGER gets out of the second SUV and blasts off shots with an automatic rifle. He drops to his stomach and fires from underneath the chassis.

At least one cop car peels out of there, avoiding heavy fire.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Devers watches the skirmish from above. Bannister is going crazy on her radio.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
What the fuck is going on out there?

BLOCKADE PROPER

Another MASKED GANGSTER hops out of the SUV and turns his gaze skyward. He blasts a couple rounds at the Helicopter before he takes a slug in his VEST. The force knocks him back against the SUV. He responds by spraying bullets all over the highway.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

At least one of the shots makes contact sending sparks flying and putting a real scare in Dever.

DEVERS
Half dozen or more guys with
automatics, look like AKs. We just
took a bullet.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bannister and the Vegas team are in shock.

DEVERS (O.S.)
He must of had these guys planted
here. They were waiting for us.

BANNISTER
Just stay on Cortez Smith, get away
from the heat.

He looks over at the board op.

BANNISTER
Get those police outta there. I
don't want a body count if they're
sitting ducks.

EXT. BULLHEAD CITY/ US 95 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Cops unload and reload as fast as they can.

The gangster who was firing at the helicopter catches a bullet in the neck and goes down. Blood squirts out of his fingers as he tries to put pressure on the wound. He sits on the street with his back against the SUV and fires at the cops until he bleeds out.

Gangsters seeking refuge behind the SUV blast rounds into the nearest cop car until it blows up like *The Godfather*.

Another cop goes down. The Bullhead City Chief has seen enough.

BULLHEAD CHIEF
Fall back! Get to safety!

He gets into his cruiser and drives it off road, away from the chaos. Other police do the same.

Once they're gone a gangster runs over to the road block and secures it to a HEAVY CHAIN then signals to the SUV.

The SUV pulls away, dragging the cement blockade off the highway.

EXT. BULLHEAD CITY/ US 95 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The heavy duty pick up hits the road and lowers a snow plow to the ground. Sparks fly up from the friction while machine gun fire sprays towards fleeing cops from the passenger window.

The pick up moves any remaining debris aside, it even clips a bullet ridden cop car and pushes it out of the way.

Once the road is clear the pick up lifts the plow and disappears into the black desert night.

The remaining gangsters climb back in the second SUV and wait for the Apollo. They did their job. The road is clear. The Apollo blows past them unharmed and the SUV rolls out.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Dever watches her target cruise by what's left of the blockade.

DEVERS
He's through.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel Cortez Smith looks back at the scene and smiles.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bannister sits on the edge of a desk, dejected.

HAYES
He played us, had these mother
fuckers all ready to go. Probably
got them in every town.

Bannister stands up and looks at the map.

BANNISTER
We can't catch him and there's
nothing between him and the border
but highway.

HAYES
How about Border Control? They got
guys down there with heavy weapons.

BANNISTER
Call them, let's see what they can
do.
(to the room)
Do we have anything else between
him and Mexico? Anybody that can
slow this guy down enough for us to
get him?

The Board Operator chimes in.

BOARD OP
I got an off duty State Trooper
headed northbound on 95 about 40
miles south of him.

BANNISTER
Anything else?

Another COP pulls intel off a computer screen.

COP
There's a station in Sommerton
Junction. Looks like a border town
with 4 or 5 officers.

BANNISTER
Get me whoever's in charge.

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Owens, tired and ready to go home, heads towards the door.

FIGUEROLA
Calling it a night?

OWENS
Yeah I'm beat.

FIGUEROLA
Take it easy then.

Owens looks at the drunk in the holding cell.

OWENS
Go ahead and send sleeping beauty
home.

Figuerola chuckles.

FIGUEROLA
Alright, see you.

Ring! That's the phone. Figuerola answers.

FIGUEROLA
Sommerton Junction Police.

Sheriff Owens pushes open the door to leave. Suddenly
Figuerola jumps up.

FIGUEROLA
Ray!

MOMENTS LATER

Owens is on the phone with the FBI. Worry contorts his face.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
There's a good chance he's already
got people in your town.
(MORE)

BANNISTER (O.S.) (cont'd)
They showed up at Bullhead City and
laid waist to a dozen police.

He covers the receiver and calls out to Figuerola.

OWENS
Get Bailey and Martinez back here
right now.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
I've got men en route from El
Centro and I'm faxing you a picture
of the target now. You got maybe 2
hours.

We move in on Owen, speechless.

EXT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

The Suburban idles off to the side of the road.

Bailey's cruiser is hidden behind a small wooden barn. He
walks towards the Suburban, careful not to be seen as the two-
way in his car comes to life.

FIGUEROLA (O.S.)
Zero nine eight four come in.
Possible four one seven. Do you
copy?

INT. MARTINEZ'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Martinez drives through town looking for Bailey. Figuerola's
warning echoes through his cruiser.

He picks up his walkie talkie and issues his own.

MARTINEZ
Do you copy? Fall back! Bailey!
Do you copy?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Martinez's voice comes over Bailey's walkie. He stops and
answers, lowering the volume so not to be heard.

BAILEY
What about the tail?

MARTINEZ (O.S.)
Fuck the tail! Fall back now.

He hears the Suburban turning around and pokes his head out from behind the barn so he can see what's going on.

BAILEY
We got movement.

The back window rolls down and an AK-47 opens fire. Bailey dives back behind the barn. Wood splinters fill the air around him.

BAILEY
Four four four! Officer under
fire!

INT. MARTINEZ'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Martinez can see flashes of gun fire further down the road. He hits the gas.

MARTINEZ
Stupid. Mother. Fucker.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bailey covers his head, stays as low as he can. Bullets pepper the barn. Debris flies everywhere. He crawls towards his cruiser and draws his gun which seems really insignificant right about now.

The Suburban screeches backwards and fires off rounds into his cruiser. Steel, glass and rubber dance in the air. Steam escapes the bullet riddled hood.

ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Martinez slams his cruiser into the back of the Suburban. His face impacts with the airbag and he needs a second to clear his head before he can grab his shotgun and roll out of the car.

The Suburban spins out. It restarts and tries to drive off. Martinez blasts it with his shotgun, blowing out the back window. Return fire pelts what's left of his cruiser and bullets whiz dangerously close to his vital parts. He scurries behind the car for cover as the Suburban leaves the scene.

MARTINEZ
Bailey!

The distinct lack of gunfire makes for an eerie silence. A voice calls out from behind the barn.

BAILEY (O.S.)
Yeah?

MARTINEZ
You ok?

BAILEY
I think so.

LATER

Martinez and Bailey stand there looking at what's left of Bailey's cruiser. A distant police siren grows louder as it approaches.

BAILEY
You feel like calling this one in?

MARTINEZ
Sure, but then you gotta call mine.

CUT TO: Martinez's bullet riddled cruiser: smashed front end, shattered windshield, air bag deployed in the front seat.

BAILEY
Those guys were pretty angry, huh?

Bailey leans against the small wooden barn and the whole thing collapses. Dust bellows up from the rubble.

Owen's squad car screeches to a halt. He kills the siren.

OWENS
We got a situation.

MARTINEZ
Lemme guess, guys with machine guns?

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Phones ring off the hook, cops relay calls to the right person. Bannister's eyes move across the giant map, landing on a town to the west named El Centro. He talks on the phone with them as his mind races with possible outcomes.

BANNISTER
I promised this guy some back up
and right now you're all I got.

INT. EL CENTRO POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT CAPTAIN stands up at his desk and adjusts his belt with confidence.

SWAT CAPTAIN
I can send a team over now, take
care of the whole thing for you,
but some of that federal money is
gonna have to make it's way down
here.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

BANNISTER
I'll see what I can do.

SWAT CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Get me what I need and I'll give
you this guy, Smith with a bow on
his head.

Hayes comes over with some new intel.

BANNISTER
Alright. I gotta go.

He hangs up the phone and turns to Hayes.

HAYES
I found everything I could on your
Sheriff. Ray Owens, 43 years old.
On the job 3 years, before that he
was LAPD.

BANNISTER
What happened?

Hayes hands him a folder. Bannister opens it and looks at a photo of fresh faced Ray Owens in his LAPD blues.

HAYES
Took a few bullets on duty. The
first two lifted his vest just
enough for third to find his
stomach.

BANNISTER
Says that was six years ago.

HAYES
Yeah, guess he took some time off.

Bannister hands him the folder back.

BANNISTER
Think it's even worth it?

HAYES
From where we're sitting- sure,
but if this guy doesn't wanna put
his people at risk it's kinda hard
to fault him. He wasn't the only
one took a bullet in LA. Check it.
Looks like his partner got the
worst of it.

He turns the folder so Bannister can see.

BANNISTER
Sergeant Martin Powell.

HAYES
Poor bastard landed in a wheel
chair, kind that comes with a
respirator.

We see a picture of a youthful SGT. POWELL: same guy from the
photo on Owen's dresser.

HAYES
Arm chair psychologist: Owens felt
guilty about his partner, quit the
force and resurfaced here.

BANNISTER
Well...he's our partner now.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The banged up Suburban pulls into a garage and parks next to
a rusty FORD MUSTANG. Two gangsters hop out while the
automatic garage door closes behind them. Ponytail,
Poloshirt and the others look up from a game of dominoes.

POLOSHIRT
What the fuck happened to you?

One of the GANGBANGERS from the Suburban puts his fingers to his lips and points to BURRELL getting out of the driver's seat on a cellphone.

BURRELL
(into phone)
Bucho up and got a little trigger
happy so now we're ahead of
schedule.

The guys playing dominoes all look at BUCHO with disapproval. He responds with a shrug of the shoulders.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

Spotlight still on them, they cruise down the freeway. Gabriel Cortez Smith is on the phone with Burrell.

SMITH
You tell Bucho he better make sure
shit is right by the time I get
there.

BURRELL (O.S.)
It's not gonna be a problem, don't
worry.

SMITH
Fuck that. I'm not playing games
with police no more. They're onto
you, you get rid of them. Hear me?

INTERCUT: BURRELL AND THE GANGSTER IN THE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Everybody looks on, waiting to hear what the big man has to say. His face doesn't give anything away, he could care less what the command is.

BURRELL
(into phone)
If that's how you want it done.

He hangs up.

BURRELL
Bossman says these cops are dead
before he gets here.

Everyone looks around the garage, each man trying to figure out what the other is thinking. Ponytail picks up his weapon and breaks the silence.

PONYTAIL
Fuck it then.

INT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION POLICE STATION - OFFICES - NIGHT

All the police have gathered in one room. Owens sits on the edge of the desk wearing a BALLISTIC VEST. He has in his hands the black and white mug shot of Gabriel Cortez Smith that Bannister faxed him.

Martinez stands front and center briefing the team.

MARTINEZ
Ray ID'd eight guys. There might be more, we don't know. They're here to make sure this guy gets through. Now the FBI puts him 200 miles north and getting closer every second so whatever we do it's gonna have to be done soon.

Owen's mind is somewhere else, without realizing it he runs his hand over the scar on his stomach.

TORRANCE speaks her mind.

TORRANCE
What's my shotgun and nine supposed to do against eight guys with AKs?

BAILEY
Seriously. Can't we get some border guys over here or something? Hell, bring in the national guard.

Owen looks at Figuerola, hands shaking with fear as he tries to squeeze his overweight body into a VEST. These guys aren't ready for something like this and Owens knows it.

MARTINEZ
Swat from El Centro are on their way as we speak.

TORRANCE
And lemme guess, they're not gonna get here in time?

MARTINEZ
They'll get here soon enough, we just have to stall this guy until they do.

Owens peels open the velcro on his vest and starts to take it off.

OWENS

It's not our problem.

MARTINEZ

What are you talking about? They said we're the last stand. If we don't stop him he gets away.

OWENS

Then he gets away. If the FBI wants him they can try to extradite him, but we're staying right here.

BAILEY

Yeah, I'm kinda feeling the Sheriff on this one.

MARTINEZ

So we just let these animals take over the town? What if they kill somebody?

OWENS

The FBI will be here soon. If they need assistance we'll give it.

MARTINEZ

Assistance?

OWENS

(getting pissed)

I said we stay put 'til this thing blows over.

Martinez looks at him, disappointed.

MARTINEZ

That why you're here, Ray? So you can hide from real police work?

Owens is on his feet in the blink of an eye. He grabs Martinez by the collar and puts him against the wall.

TORRANCE

Whoa! Ray, take it easy.

The other cops separate the two men.

OWENS

You wanna know why I'm here?
Because I got it in my head I was
some kind of fucking hero. Backed
some never surrender mother fuckers
into a corner and got my partner
breathing out a tube for the rest
of his life. So yeah, I'm done
with that shit.

Owens slides a chair towards Martinez.

OWENS

Now sit the fuck down, that's an
order.

Martinez flops himself down in the chair like a punished
child.

MARTINEZ

Two weeks, Ray. Starts right now.
Watch me go be a real cop.

FIGUEROLA

Wait a sec now, come on. The
Sheriff is right. We don't need to
mess with these guys.

MARTINEZ

Whatever you say.

Bailey tries to break the tension. He waves a newspaper in
the air.

BAILEY

So who's up for sudoku? Anybody?

CRASH! The window shatters. A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL rolls along
the office floor spreading SMOKE through the station. Before
anybody can react a second one explodes against the back wall
sending flames in every direction.

The fire melts the placards on the wall as it spreads through
the office.

Confusion takes over and people scatter.

OWENS

Stay low!

Through the smoke he sees somebody running towards the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

A gangster in a GASMASK tries kicking the front glass doors in. They're locked. He unloads a few rounds in them and kicks out the glass.

Bailey runs in from the offices coughing and sucking wind. He locks eyes with the intruder and draws his gun, but it's too late. A dozen or more bullets send him to the next life.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Sprinklers do battle with the fire as the man in the gas mask steps through the doorway. He rips machine-gun blasts through the smoke. Owens is on his stomach firing back.

Figuerola throws a chair through a window and Martinez helps him through.

Martinez returns fire at the sound of the machine gun, but nobody can see through the smoke.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Figuerola helps Torrance climb down from the broken window.

FIGUEROLA

You OK?

TORRANCE

Yeah, you?

Martinez climbs through next and jumps down. Once he hits the ground he starts coughing up smoke.

MARTINEZ

Where's Bailey?

FIGUEROLA

Fuck if I know.

TORRANCE

What about Ray?

MARTINEZ

Inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Owens lies still - his shirt over his face to help him breath. The gunfire has stopped, but the fire surrounds him.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

The intruder steps over Bailey's body and removes the mask from his face. It's BUCHO. He leaves through the shattered front door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Bucho takes the steps in one bound then hops into the rusty FORD MUSTANG waiting for him. It speeds off, leaving us alone with the burning police station.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Another GANGSTER drives. PONYTAIL rides shotgun with Bucho in the back seat.

PONYTAIL
You get 'em all?

BUCHO
I don't know. I couldn't see shit.
Got one for sure.

PONYTAIL
One?

BUCHO
At least one.

PONYTAIL
Don't let me down, cuz. You make
me look bad.

BUCHO
They got the message.

The gangster behind the wheel responds.

GANGSTER
We couriers, mother fucker?
Burrell don't give a fuck about a
message.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Smoke bellows out the windows and front door. Inside a figure moves. It's Owens. He carries the slain body of Bailey over his shoulder.

The other cops round the corner, guns drawn. They see him and run over to assist.

FIGUEROLA

He OK?

OWENS

No.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Bannister is still directing traffic when a call comes in.

BANNISTER

Where are we with that second chopper?

HAYES

En route.

BOARD OP

I got your Sheriff on two.

Bannister picks up the phone.

BANNISTER

How's it going?

OWENS (O.S.)

I'm taking this guy myself.

BANNISTER

Wait, what? What's going on?

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station burns in the background as the other officers stand over their fallen friend. Owens, covered in soot and blood, talks on his cell.

OWENS

Your man on the run. He comes through my town I bury him here.

Owens hangs up, turns to the others.

OWENS
 Figuerola's with me. Torrance
 rides with Martinez. They're after
 police so we leave the cruisers.

TORRANCE
 Where we going?

Owens and Martinez lock eyes, on the same page.

MARTINEZ
 The Dinkum Firearm and Historic
 Weaponry Museum.

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Bannister and another agent trade phones. He tosses his
 phone and catches the other like a well rehearsed juggling
 act.

BANNISTER
 Who's this?

AGENT
 El Centro.

BANNISTER
 (into phone)
 Bannister. Where are you?

EXT. EASTBOUND ON INTERSTATE 8 - CONTINUOUS

A police cruiser speeds across the interstate, sirens
 blaring. A SWAT van follows its lead while another cruiser
 brings up the rear.

INT. SWAT VAN - CONTINUOUS

SIX heavily armed SWAT police ride in the back of the van.
 The DRIVER and the SWAT CAPTAIN riding shotgun make eight.
 He takes Bannister's call.

SWAT CAPTAIN
 80 miles west and closing. These
 guys won't know what hit 'em.

EXT. LEWIS DINKUM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Figuerola is on lookout. He sits on the front porch cradling a shotgun, repeating a mantra to himself.

FIGUEROLA
Nobody fucks with Figgy, nobody
fucks with Figgy.

INT. LEWIS DINKUM'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Lewis holds a key in his hand. He and the three police stand in front of a locked door.

LEWIS
I got two conditions that gotta be
met 'fore we do anything.

OWENS
Name it.

LEWIS
First, I wanna be deputized. Any
damage caused to or by me is
official business of the Yuma
Valley Sheriff's Office.

Owens looks at him like he knew that was coming. He holds out his hand. Torrance places a badge in it.

OWENS
I do hereby instate one, Lewis
Dinkum to serve as deputy, from
this day forward, on or until his
services will no longer be required
by the people of Yuma Valley.
Witness?

TORRANCE
Witness.

Owens offers him the badge. He accepts, unable to keep the ear to ear grin from taking over his face.

MARTINEZ
What else?

LEWIS
Huh?

OWENS
Your second condition.

LEWIS
I get to handle ol' Georgietta
here.

He pulls the gigantic .50 Caliber revolver from its holster.

OWENS
Yeah, man. Let's go.

Lewis unlocks the door.

INT. DINKUM FIREARM AND HISTORIC WEAPONRY MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The small, windowless room, basically a walk in closet, is lined with guns and gun racks.

TORRANCE
Jesus Christ, Lewis.

In the center of the room sits the 43 inch, 56 lb VICKERS MACHINE GUN, an old WW2 artillery gun. Torrance examines it.

TORRANCE
Where the hell did you get this?

LEWIS
Vicki? She's my little Nazi killer -
1939 Vickers gun, straight outta
her majesty's army, but she can't
really fire in the legal sense.

TORRANCE
I was gonna say.

LEWIS
Oh no, I tracked down all the
missing parts. She's fully
functional. Of course that's
between us and Jesus. Uncle Sam
don't need to know 'bout all that.

MARTINEZ
And you have bullets for it?

LEWIS
Yeah I got a few. Damn things cost
an arm and a leg though.

He picks up a Thompson submachine gun, the familiar looking gun made famous by Al Capone and the gangsters of the 1930s.

LEWIS

But ol' Tommy here shoots your standard 45s. I just flick this little switch and he's fully automatic. Again, us and Jesus.

OWENS

Shit Lewis, if it's the cost you're worried about I can get Uncle Sam to reimburse you. Of course, if he wants to know how a broken gun fired all these bullets...

LEWIS

Yeah. I figured as much.

EXT. LEWIS DINKUM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Figuerola and Martinez load the Vickers into the back of Lewis' truck.

LEWIS

Be careful. It takes two to run her, one to load the ammo...

TORRANCE

We'll take good care of her, Lewis.

LEWIS

Shit, that reminds me. I almost forgot my third condition.

OWENS

Yeah?

LEWIS

I drive ol' Henrietta here.

OWENS

You got stupid names for all your shit?

LEWIS

Only the shit I love.

Lewis climbs in the drivers seat.

OWENS
Stay on the radio. Everything goes
through me first.

LEWIS
Gotcha.

Lewis slams the door shut and starts the engine. Owens gets back in his squad car as Figuerola climbs in beside Lewis in the truck.

OWENS
I'll see if I can't lure 'em out of
wherever they're hiding.

Martinez and Torrance ride in the flat bed with the Vickers.

MARTINEZ
Let's do it.

OWENS
You guys alright back there?

Torrance finishes strapping herself into her vest and gives him a thumbs up.

OWENS
Then let's go fishing.

EXT. SOMMERTON JUNCTION - NIGHT

All is quiet. Stores are closed and the streets are empty. Owen's squad car slowly creeps through town.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Owens looks back and forth to both sides of the road. Three TEENAGE BOYS walk down the street drinking some beers.

Owens stops the car and hops out.

OWENS
Hey!

The teenagers see him and hide the beers behind their backs.

TEENAGER 1
Evening officer.

OWENS
Streets are closed, go home.

The teenagers look at each other like "is this guy serious".
He pulls his gun out and fires a shot into the air.

OWENS
I said go home!

They drop the beers and scatter.

Figuerola's voice comes over the walkie talkie.

FIGUEROLA (O.S.)
What the hell was that?

He picks up his walkie talkie and relays.

OWENS
Nothing. I got nothing on this
end. You?

INT. LEWIS' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Lewis drives. Figuerola responds.

FIGUEROLA
Not a thing. We're gonna make a
right up here and go around the
other way.

OWENS (O.S.)
Copy.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Devers and company are still tracking the Apollo from the
air.

PILOT
If we don't fill up soon we don't
have enough to get back.

Devers signals to him that she heard him, then relays back to
the men on the ground.

DEVERS
We're going down for a refill.
He's dark until we find him again.

EXT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Bannister gets into a helicopter.

BANNISTER
(to the pilot)
Let's go, let's go. Get this thing
airborne.

The Helicopter slowly rises into the air. Bannister puts on his headset and speaks to guys at the station.

BANNISTER
Whatdya got?

INT. VEGAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hayes is now the man directing traffic on the ground. He talks to Bannister.

HAYES
We got that State Trooper, whenever
you're ready.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The STATE TROOPER who spilled the donut from the opening scene is behind the wheel of his cruiser. He squints out the window to get a look at the MILE MARKER on the side of the road. He relays what he sees to Bannister over his two way.

TROOPER
Looks like 116.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Bannister has a laptop in front of him. He holds onto the chopper with one hand and zooms in on a map of the highway with the other.

BANNISTER
OK, Good. That puts him 9 miles
north of you. You think you can
make it to the tunnel? Before he
overtakes you?

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The Trooper looks up and sees the tunnel in the distance-about 2 miles away.

TROOPER
Yeah. I can see it now.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
You see anybody else? Any other
vehicles around?

TROOPER
No. Just me out here.

INT. GUMPert APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel Cortez Smith listens to Bannister's conversation over
his police scanner.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
Perfect. Get to the tunnel and lay
your strips.

TROOPER (O.S.)
Copy.

Smith picks up his phone and starts to dial.

BOLT
Don't worry about this one.

SMITH
(into his phone)
Strips in the tunnel. One car.

BOLT
I said I got it.

SMITH
I heard you.
(into phone)
Yeah. Clear it.

BOLT
He's just an off duty trooper. Let
him be.

Smith glares at him.

SMITH
Do I tell you how to drive?

Bolt is pissed. He takes his frustration out on the road and
floors it.

TROOPER (O.S.)
Strips are in place. Looks like I
got some northbound headlights.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
Get out of there, now!

We see the tunnel quickly approaching. The Apollo keeps gaining speed. Smith starts to look nervous and squeezes the door even tighter.

SMITH
What are you doing?

Bolt just drives, totally focused.

SMITH
Slow down!

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Some spike strips are placed along both lanes. The trooper climbs back in his cruiser and drives northbound away from them.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo blasts into the tunnel going southbound, close to 200 miles an hour.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser moves north, the Apollo heads south. Bolt revs the Apollo's engine and steers it towards the tunnel wall.

The Trooper's eyes go wide as he watches the Apollo CLIMB UP THE WALL and zip past him, perpendicular to the ground.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

They are horizontal with the ground. Smith holds on for dear life. 210 on the speedometer.

SMITH
You crazy mother...

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo zooms past a CAR OF GANGSTERS stopping to remove the spike stripes. The roar of its engine echoes through the tunnel, drowning out Cortez Smith as he screams from the passenger seat.

The edge of the tunnel quickly approaches and Bolt returns the car to the ground. The impact tests the front suspension for all it's worth, but the super car is unfazed.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo emerges from the tunnel and takes off into the night.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The State Trooper looks bewildered as he tries to explain what just happened.

TROOPER
Uhh...it didn't work.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
What do you mean? What happened?

He yells at the PILOT.

BANNISTER
Can't this thing go any faster?

INT. OWEN'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Owens is still on the look out for any signs of the bad guys. Lewis and the other cops aren't having much luck either.

FIGUEROLA (O.S.)
Bupkis on the sounth end.

OWENS
Same here. Let's get to work
setting up this blockade. Meet
me...

BOOM! Owens was looking out his driver's side window when the Chevy Suburban plows into his passenger door. The walkie talkie flies out of his hand.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The squad car gets pushed sideways until the Suburban stops and backs up to ram him again. Owens frantically tries to restart his car and move it to safety. Just as he turns it over the Suburban makes impact again.

The force sends his cruiser tipping over on its side. It grinds against the gravel as it gets pushed further into the street.

INT. OWEN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Owens struggles to clear his head. He unbuckles his safety belt and crawls across the center console. Suddenly everything stops. He stays quiet, hears car doors being slammed shut. They're getting out of the Suburban.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Two gangsters, who'll call RATS and POYO, put themselves in position to fire at the exposed underbelly of his car.

INT. OWEN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

The bullets ricochet off his chassis. Some blow straight through, exploding seat cushion along the way. Owens scrambles for his life. He turns the key and slams the gas pedal with his hands. The wheels spin and the car bucks against the road. He jerks the steering wheel and leans against the passenger side door until the car comes crashing back down to the ground.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser zig zags out of control before slamming to a stop when it crashes into the store front of an ice cream shop. The two gangsters argue with each other.

RATS

You were supposed to shoot the gas tank.

POYO

Fuck you. I was.

Lewis's truck turns the corner and barrels down the road. The 1st gangster looks back towards the Suburban.

RATS

(re: Lewis' truck)

Yo, who the fuck is this?

INT. LEWIS' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Lewis points his giant revolver out the window and fires. The recoil sends it flying out of his hand.

LEWIS

Ahh!

He looks back at the gun as it tumbles end over end down the road.

LEWIS

Take the wheel.

FIGUEROLA

What?

LEWIS

Just take the damn wheel!

Lewis doesn't give him the chance to argue. He opens the door and Sobchaks it out the truck.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Lewis tucks and rolls as he lands hard on the gravel road. When he finally comes to a stop, a painful moan escapes his body. He takes a second to gather himself then gets to his feet and flicks on a little flashlight, looking for his gun.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Owens kicks open the door and flops out of his cruiser. He looks banged up pretty bad.

The gangsters rip shots at him from the road. Glass rains down all around him. He crawls through the shattered front window and drags himself deeper into the ice cream shop.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Suburban starts up again. POLO SHIRT stands up through the sun roof and readies his AK.

One of the gangsters on the street looks for Owens amidst the carnage while the other turns his weapon on Lewis' truck. He unloads a magazine and quickly inserts another, peppering the truck with bullets.

EXT. LEWIS' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Martinez and Torrance duck for cover in the back of the truck.

MARTINEZ

Turn us around so we can use this thing!

The truck slows down and rolls to a stop. Torrance sticks her head up and peeks through the window into the cab.

Figuerola's slain body is slumped over the steering wheel. The Suburban comes their way. Polo Shirt blasting shots from atop the car.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Lewis stands in the center of the road watching the Suburban bear down on his truck. He steadies himself, squints down the barrel of his revolver and squeezes the trigger. A colossal explosion occurs at the end of his gun that sends Polo Shirt flying through the air, knocked back by the impact to his ballistic vest.

The Suburban rolls forward, leaving it's man behind. Lewis fires again, completely removing the windshield with a single blast.

The shot causes it to swerve and crash into his truck, idling there in the center of the road.

The impact of the crash knocks Torrance completely out of the flat bed. She lands hard on the pavement while the Vickers gun topples over onto its side. Martinez watches her tumble out of the truck.

MARTINEZ

Sarah!

The INJURED GANGSTER in the driver's seat opens his door and slides out of the Suburban. His left arm dangles by his side but with his good hand he reaches back in for his AK. He sees his partner's LIFELESS BODY in the passenger seat and grabs his gun too. He slings it over his shoulder and steps outside with both machine guns.

He starts spraying bullets in every direction. Lewis takes cover behind a TELEPHONE POLE while the one armed gangster unloads his weapon like a madman.

Torrance gets to her feet, opens the door to the extended cab of the truck and crawls inside.

Martinez, trying to avoid the fire, hops out of the flatbed looking for her.

MARTINEZ

Sarah!

She is no where to be found. He crawls beneath the truck as the gangster sprays bullets over the two vehicles. From his POV beneath the truck we see Torrance's feet step out of the cab and turn towards the gangster.

Torrance catches the gangster off guard and unloads on him with the Tommy gun. Once he's down she turns and fires some shots in the direction of Rats and Poyo in the street. Blow back from the Tommy gun makes for a struggle just to keep the barrel level.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The rusty old MUSTANG busts ass around the corner before screeching to a halt in front of the ice cream shop. Ponytail sits on top of the door and fires towards Torrance at the crash site. Burrell calls out to his men on the street.

BURRELL

Let's go!

Ponytail climbs back inside and opens the door for his friends. Once the two guys are inside it drives away. Gun smoke and silence fill the air.

Lewis runs over to where Poloshirt landed. Smoke rises from a huge hole in the center of his vest. He hears something moving in the ice cream shop and sees Owens' limping body emerge.

Torrance comes over and meets him there.

OWENS

Figgy?

She nods no.

Martinez arrives, fuming.

MARTINEZ

This asshole was supposed to stay in the truck.

He tries to grab Lewis, but Torrance gets in his way.

LEWIS

Take it easy, I'm on your team.

MARTINEZ

You got him killed.

LEWIS

I'm on your team, man.

Torrance gently puts her hand on his face and he seems to calm down.

MARTINEZ

It's not a fucking game, asshole.

TORRANCE

It's alright, relax.

(re: Owens)

You ok?

He nods yes and motions towards Polo Shirt.

OWENS

He's one of the guys I saw in the diner.

TORRANCE

Two more in the Suburban leaves five.

OWENS

Alright, then. Let's close these streets.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Burrell talks on his cellphone. The other gangsters look pissed off, angry about their friends.

BURRELL

(into phone)

Yeah, it's good, I'm just saying though. Police down here don't play.

Ponytail, establishing himself as the blood thirsty member of the bunch, interjects with anger.

PONYTAIL
Mother fuckers want a war they
gonna get one.

Burrell shoots him a glare that demands his silence.

BURRELL
(into phone)
No, don't worry about it. We doin'
just like you said. There won't be
no cops when you get here.

He hangs up the phone, turns to Ponytail.

BURRELL
This on your cousin right now.

PONYTAIL
Me and Bucho gonna make it right.
I'll see to that.

EXT. EASTBOUND ON INTERSTATE 8 - NIGHT

The two police cars and the SWAT van speed down the highway.
They pass an inconspicuous SUV heading west bound.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Two GANGSTERS are in the SUV. The driver, SPATS, chews on a
LIQUORICE ROOT. The passenger, RIKKUS, becomes animated on
his cell phone.

RIKKUS
Yeah, yeah, yeah. They the first
cops we seen.

Spats hands him his gun so he can cut the steering wheel hard
for a U-turn.

SPATS
Hold my shit.

Rikkus holds onto the door handle as the car screeches around
for a 180.

RIKKUS
Gotchu, gotchu, we doin' it.

He hangs up the cell as Spatz floors it after the cops.

RIKKUS

It's on.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

We're in close on a map of the town, pull back to see that Owens, Martinez and Torrance have it spread out on the trunk of what's left of his cruiser.

Lewis stands in the street keeping watch.

OWENS

He's got three roads in and two roads out. Alzamora goes straight through, but we need a stop on Bernotas too. I'm thinking we block both and leave him a way in.

MARTINEZ

Trap the mother fucker and take his ass ourselves.

TORRANCE

We can hold him 'til El Centro back ups arrive.

OWENS

If we do this I'm gonna need eyes in the air.

TORRANCE

I'm on it.

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Torrance climbs the water tower with some binoculars around her neck. She gets to the top and calls it in.

TORRANCE

(into walkie talkie)
In position.

She can see just about the entire town from up here.

TORRANCE

(in walkie talkie)
Hell of a view.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

Owens, Martinez and Lewis get to work building a blockade. Lewis' truck is loaded with sandbags and they're busy stacking them in the road.

Owens and Martinez set down another bag. They look tired.

OWENS

This isn't gonna work. It'll take us another hour just to close Bernotas.

MARTINEZ

We can block the street with cars, park them so he can't get past.

But something has caught Owen's eye.

OWENS

I got a better idea.

EXT. MENAPACE HARDWARE - NIGHT

Owens fires a few bullets into the front window and kicks away the glass. An alarm sounds. Lewis and Martinez, stand by the sandbags watching him.

LEWIS

His idea is letting them know exactly where we are?

Owens emerges from the store carrying a chain saw. He gives it a rev.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

Owens lowers the chain saw into a telephone poll. Martinez shouts over the noise.

MARTINEZ

What about the lines?

OWENS

Phone and cable. Electricity's on the other side.

MARTINEZ

You sure?

The chain saw is almost completely through the pole.

OWENS

No. Push.

Martinez and Lewis send the thing toppling over. The wires snap and it lands with a thud, completely blocking off the street.

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Torrance looks through her binoculars.

TORRANCE

(into walkie talkie)

We got movement. Mustang southbound on Alzamora.

OWENS (O.S.)

Copy.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

The mustang cruises down the street, slows and comes to a stop.

TORRANCE (O.S.)

Wait a sec, they're stopping.

The doors open and the gangsters step outside.

TORRANCE (O.S.)

They're getting out.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

Owens and company huddle in front of the fallen telephone pole. He radios back to Torrance.

OWENS

(into walkie talkie)

Keep us posted.

He lowers the walkie talkie.

MARTINEZ

So how we supposed to close that street with them standing guard?

Owens scratches his head.

OWENS

She says they got five guys right?

MARTINEZ

Yeah, to our three.

OWENS

But it's easier to block a street
than clear it. So I say we're
even.

LEWIS

Be nice if we could whip up a
little distraction.

INT. BANNISTER'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bannister looks down at the dark highway below.

BANNISTER

Any sign of this guy?

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Inside Devers' Chopper. She's back in the air.

DEVERS

Lost him when we gassed up, but I
had him averaging about 170 which
puts him roughly 60 miles from
Somerset Junction.

BANNISTER (O.S.)

How far is that from you?

DEVERS

'Bout 90. You think your man can
hold him 'til the SWAT arrives?

INT. BANNISTER'S HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Bannister looks down at the open cellphone in his hand. He
tries dialing Sheriff Owens.

BANNISTER

Don't know. We lost contact half
an hour ago. Working on getting
another number. Until then, if
he's still alive he's not picking
up.

INT. OWEN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

The abandoned squad car is still halfway in the ice cream shop. The Sheriff's cell phone lies on the floor, ringing. No one is around to hear it.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

The gangsters patrol the street, guns armed and readied. Poyo climbs the fire escape of a building and positions himself on the ROOF. Ponytail stands in the middle of the street and lights himself a cigarette.

TORRANCE (O.S.)
You got one on a roof, four on the
floor. They're definitely ready
for you so you better make it a
good one.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lewis' bullet riddled truck is the only car in the empty parking lot.

Martinez and Lewis are lifting the Vickers gun out of the back of the truck. Owens stands nearby and responds to her.

OWENS
Copy. Any sign of back up?

TORRANCE (O.S.)
Soon as I see them you'll know.

EXT. EASTBOUND ON INTERSTATE 8 - NIGHT

RIKKUS sticks his head out the window as the SUV closes in on the police.

RIKKUS
Make this shit go faster, come on.

SPATS
I am, chill.

The SUV pulls along side the police cruiser behind the SWAT van. The COP driving looks over and has to double take when he sees Rikkus climbing out of his window going 100 miles an hour.

He fumbles for the radio...

INT. SWAT VAN - CONTINUOUS

His voice echoes through the van.

COP
On your left! On your left!

SWAT CAPTAIN
What the fuck is he talking about?

The driver glances into to his side view mirror just in time to see Rikkus unloading his weapon.

He blows the tires out. Sparks fly up from beneath the van. The driver struggles to control it, unable to prevent it from fishtailing and slamming into the median divider.

EXT. EASTBOUND ON INTERSTATE 8 - CONTINUOUS

The top heavy SWAT van topples over and grinds to a halt as it slides across the freeway on its side.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Rikkus looks back at the damage he caused and howls with delight. Spats can't believe it.

SPATS
Oh shit.

RIKKUS
I told you, son.

Suddenly they both lurch forward as a patrol car slams into them from behind.

Spats regains control of the vehicle while Rikkus looks over his shoulder and sees gun fire coming from the driver's side window of the patrol car.

A shot shatters the back window and Rikkus turns around to face forward. Immediately he notices the SUV start to veer towards the guard rail at the edge of the highway.

RIKKUS
Yo! Watch it, watch it!

But Spats is slumped over dead, held up only by his seat belt.

Rikkus reaches for the steering wheel just as the SUV slams into the cement guard rail head on.

EXT. EASTBOUND ON INTERSTATE 8 - MOMENTS LATER

About a mile away from this latest crash the SWAT van lies turned over on its side, its shredded tires still spinning. The SWAT Captain is on his phone while the rest of his team helps each other out of the overturned vehicle.

SWAT CAPTAIN

No, nobody's badly hurt, but I'm afraid you're on your own.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Bannister sits in the helicopter looking like a beaten man. His head rests against the back of his seat.

BANNISTER

Get me whoever's still alive in Summerton.

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Torrance stares through her binoculars looking for any sign of the back up beyond the lights of her town. She feels the vibration of her cellphone, reaches into her pocket and answers.

TORRANCE

Torrance.

She lowers the binoculars when she hears the news.

TORRANCE

I'll tell him.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

Bucho paces back and forth in the street. Suddenly he stops, lifts his head.

BUCHO

You hear something?

Rats, who is nearby, pipes up.

RATS

Like what?

Ponytail motions for him to keep it down.

PONYTAIL

Shhh. I hear it too.

It's very faint, but slowly getting closer - an engine.

Poyo, up on the roof, sees something.

POYO

There!

Everyone looks up, sees him pointing, turns and sees a SCHOOL BUS driving across the street. They open fire.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Glass breaks and metal punctures. Owens steers the school bus through the enemy fire.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The bus crosses the street and stops. He puts it into reverse and backs into the line of fire. The bus navigates the turn in reverse then backs down the street.

The gangsters fire with everything they've got until the bus's rear door flies open, revealing Martinez and Lewis on the Vickers gun.

Lewis feeds the ammo as Martinez sends 400 rounds a minute into the street. The gangsters scatter.

Thwap! Thwap! Squish! Rats' vest absorbs some bullets before he goes down. Poyo, still on the roof, is the only one safe. He tries to shoot inside the bus windows.

Ponytail runs down a side street and hops in the mustang with Burrell. He slams the door and it speeds off. Bucho hides behind a parked car, unwilling to cross the line of fire.

The Vickers gun whistles as it runs out of ammo. Martinez keeps his finger on the trigger a little longer than necessary.

LEWIS
Lay off, don't let 'em know we're
empty.

Owens switches gears and the bus lurches forward. He picks up his walkie talkie.

OWENS
We're on Alzamora.

TORRANCE (O.S.)
I see you.

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Torrance jogs along the tower towards the ladder as she responds into her walkie talkie.

TORRANCE
On my way.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus takes more bullets. Owens calls to the guys in the back.

OWENS
You good?

MARTINEZ
Yeah.

OWENS
Where we taking fire from?

LEWIS
Man on the roof.

OWENS
Fuck it then.

Owens pulls the lever for the door and runs outside.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He sprints towards the sidewalk. By the time Bucho sees him and fires his way he is already past.

Bucho sees him run between the buildings and calls up to his man on the roof.

BUCHO
Coming your way!

Poyo is still firing and doesn't hear him. Bucho waves his hands and screams.

BUCHO
Yo! Coming your way.

Poyo sees him making all the commotion and stops shooting.

POYO
What?

BUCHO
You got a man on you.

BOOM! A blast from Martinez's shotgun rattles the car Bucho is camped behind.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Poyo looks around and doesn't see anything.

POYO
Fuck you talking about?

Thwap! Thwap! Ting! Shots ring out and concrete dust flies off the wall beside his head. Owens stands by the fire escape shooting with his pistol.

He returns fire at Owens who is now racing across the roof to safety.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Lewis covers his head and races up to the drivers seat while Martinez fires another blast towards Bucho.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Glass sprinkles down on top of Bucho. He jumps up and sprays bullets over the car towards Martinez then disappears behind it once more.

The bus rolls backwards again. It's headed right for Bucho's protective car. He jumps up to fire another round and sees it bearing down on him.

BUCHO

Fuck!

He takes off down the street. The bus slams into the car and pushes it up over the sidewalk.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Martinez looks for something to hold onto as the bus makes impact. He tumbles backwards over the Vickers gun and lands on his ass.

Lewis grits his teeth and turns the wheel until the school bus is perpendicular with the street - blocking off as much of it as possible.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Owens takes cover behind a stairwell, occasionally firing a shot in the direction of his enemy.

The gangster runs along the length of the roof spraying bullets. Owens is careful to move around the stairwell so that it always stays between them.

He checks his pistol's magazine for bullets - empty. He pokes his head around the corner to see the gangster doing the same.

Poyo tosses an empty clip aside and reaches to his belt for another one, but it's not there. He looks up and sees it lying on the ground where he was camped out, firing at the bus.

POYO

Shit.

Owens sees it too. Both men have the same thought at the same time - they take off in the direction of the magazine.

Owens gets there first and reaches for it. As his hand connects with the magazine, the gangster's foot connects with his chin. He comes to a second later against the ledge of the roof. Poyo is over top of him, but the magazine is still in his hand.

Poyo hoists him up to his feet and head butts him in the nose. The magazine lands atop the school bus below as he nearly falls over the edge himself. He looks back at the gangster and smiles through the blood on his face. This gesture earns him a good punch in the head.

Owens wraps both arms around his adversary and lifts him into the air. Poyo struggles as Owens leverages him off his feet. The belly to back suplex takes both men over the ledge towards the school bus about ten feet below.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

The roof of the bus caves beneath the force of their impact. Poyo's body cushions Owens' fall, but he lies there a beat before he tries to sit up. He kicks the gangster's body. An acute angle in the man's neck suggests he's dead, but when his lifeless body slides off the roof of the bus we know for sure.

Lewis' head pops up along the side of the bus.

LEWIS
Holy shit. You ok?

OWENS
Eh.

He motions with his head for Lewis to look behind him.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

The mustang speeds down the street. Lewis hops down from the bus and steadies his gun. He fires a shot that misses and blows a hole in a business across the street. He spots an AK-47 lying beside the gangster who was shot by the Vickers gun.

Lewis scrambles over to it, picks it up and readies it.

LEWIS
Need to get me one of these.

He begins to fire at the mustang, ripping off a few shots as it bares down on him. He looks down when he feels the gangster grab and hold onto his leg with whatever life is left in him. Lewis looks up. The mustang is too close.

SPLAT! The mustang slams into him, runs over the gangster and crashes into the bus.

It backs up and leaves a mess lying in the road.

OTHER SIDE OF BUS - CONTINUOUS

Bucho is joined by Ponytail. The two men fire shots into the school bus as they scurry down an small alley between two buildings.

Martinez stays as low to the ground as he can inside the bus.

TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Torrance's cruiser finally arrives at the scene, she passes the mustang going the other way and screeches to a halt in front of the bus. She gets out of the car and can't help but be overwhelmed by the gruesome scene.

TORRANCE
Martinez?! Frank?

We hear glass crunch beneath someone's feet. Martinez emerges from the school bus. Torrance throws her arms around him when she sees him.

TORRANCE
Oh my God.

MARTINEZ
I'm ok.

He hugs her back, relieved and exhausted.

MARTINEZ
We actually did it. Holy shit. We closed the road.

OWENS (O.S.)
You think I can get a hand?

They look up and see Owens on top of the bus peaking over the edge of the roof.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - LATER

The bodies have been moved, but the blood remains.

Torrance is behind the wheel of her cruiser. Martinez guides her in as she drives up onto the sidewalk and parks it beside the bus, completely blocking off the street.

MARTINEZ
Good. Right there.

Owens grimaces as he takes a deep breath, his fingers feeling for broken ribs. Martinez is feeling good, satisfied with a job well done.

MARTINEZ
How you holding up, old man?

OWENS
I'll be alright.

Torrance gets out of her cruiser carrying a shotgun.

TORRANCE
So now we just wait for this guy to
show or what?

Owens raises a finger. The others look to see where he's pointing.

OWENS
Wait's over.

Two headlights stand out in the middle of the road, glowing blue about a quarter mile away.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - QUARTER MILE AWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Gumpert Apollo rolls to a stop beneath a street light and revs its engine.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

Shots ring out. Bucho and Ponytail are back for more. Owens and Torrance run for cover towards the sidewalk. Martinez hits the dirt and crawls beneath the school bus.

Ponytail sprays bullets from the other side of the blockade while Bucho covers him from the roof top.

PONYTAIL
Come on! You want to play with us?

TING!TING!TING! Shots from his AK ricochet off the parked cars.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Bucho climbs over the ledge and carefully jumps onto the bus.

EXT. UNDER THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

Martinez hears him land. He stays quiet, looks over and sees Ponytail's feet a few yards away.

He listens as Bucho drops onto to the hood then hops to the ground and pushes open the bus door.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Torrance keeps ponytail occupied with a blast from her shotgun before she dips back into the alleyway for safety.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Bucho sits in the driver's seat with his head under the console trying to hotwire it. He yanks some wires out and touches them together.

EXT. UNDER THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

The engine comes to life. Martinez pulls his pistol and points it up at the underbelly of the bus where the driver's seat would be.

He fires a shot that ricochets away. Instinctively he turns his head away from the perceived danger of the ricochet and sees Lewis' .50 caliber lying by the bus's tire.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus bucks forward against the smashed up car. Bucho turns the wheel and switches gears, steering the bus turns out of its parking spot.

BUCHO

Haha! Got you!

EXT. UNDER THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

Martinez scrambles to stay beneath the bus as it moves above him. He rolls onto his back as the driver's seat passes over him again. He presses the .50 Caliber to the chassis and squeezes the trigger. No ricochet this time, just a really loud bang.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Bucho is curled up in ball on the floor of the bus with blood on his hands and pain on his face. Martinez steps through the door and sees him doubled over, but when Bucho looks up he smiles and laughs, coughing up blood.

BUCHO
Still got you though.

He spits blood at Martinez's feet and yells.

BUCHO
Do it, puta!

Martinez points his gun at him, turns his head and pulls the trigger.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bucho did what he said. He moved the bus enough to let a car through.

Ponytail runs towards the bus spraying bullets.

PONYTAIL
Bucho!

Martinez exits the bus and heads for cover. When he hits the street he looks down the road. The Apollo is gone.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - TELEPHONE POLL BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo turns the corner and screeches to a halt in front of the downed telephone poll. It starts to back up when...

CRASH! The back window is blown out. Owens walks out behind the Apollo with his gun trained on it. He keeps himself between it and the open road.

OWENS
Toss the keys on the ground and get
out of the spaceship.

The window comes down, the engine goes quiet and the keys are tossed out.

OWENS
Slowly open the door and step
outside with your hands in the air.

The door rises and two empty hands emerge. Bolt steps out.

OWENS

Turn around, put your hands behind
your head and get on your fucking
knees.

Bolt does he's told.

BOLT

I'm just the driver.

OWENS

Shut up.

Owens puts the cuffs on his man and looks inside the car. It's empty. Gabriel Cortez Smith is gone. Owens reaches in his back pocket and pulls out the folded piece of paper with Smith's picture on it. One glance at it and he knows he's been duped.

Bolt looks up at him from his knees.

BOLT

Ease her up the ladder and she'll
give you everything you ask her
for.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The MUSTANG speeds through town. Burrell drives with Smith riding shotgun.

Torrance and Martinez watch from different sides of the street as it zip past the blockade. The driver's side mirror shatters as it impacts the side of the bus, but the car gets through.

Ponytail cheers the mustang as it passes. The first rays of sunlight peak over the horizon as it leaves town headed for the border.

Just when you think all is lost...the Apollo busts ass around the corner. It swerves a bit before straightening out, almost as if the driver isn't fully acquainted with it's power yet.

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - CONTINUOUS

Owens is behind the wheel! His reflexes adjust to the super powered engine now at his command.

He's surrounded by luxury, but unconcerned with the amenities that come with a half-a-million dollar vehicle, his focus is on the road.

He braces himself as he approaches the blockade. Shifts gears and threads the needle - just inches of clearance on either side.

He sees mustang up ahead - floors it. The RPMs go through the roof as it surges forward. The distance closes fast.

EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo slams into the Mustang from behind. Owens backs off and slams into him again.

The Apollo drives up along the passenger side and for the first time Owens locks eyes with Gabriel Cortez Smith. He smiles then rams the Mustang off the road.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The car rattles and shakes as Burrell tries to steer it back on the road.

SMITH

Fuck this, gimme your gun.

Smith grabs an AK-47 and climbs out the window.

SMITH

Where is he?

Burrell glances to his side view mirror - it's gone. Checks the rearview, sees the Apollo closing in on him.

BURRELL

Behind us.

EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Smith switches the gun to his left hand and fires back at the Apollo from his perch in the window of the Mustang.

Burrell puts them back on the road as Smith repeatedly misses his man.

The Apollo zooms up beside him once more. Smith swivels in the window, but can't get a shot with his back to target. Owens, however, is able get a clear shot at the Mustang's tires. He fires at one over and over until it blows.

The Mustang swerves and loses control causing Smith to drop the gun and climb back inside. Just as he does the Apollo clips the Mustang once more causing it to tail spin until it comes to a stop.

Owens swings the Apollo around so it's facing the Mustang and hops outside.

As he walks towards them, Smith opens the door and tries to run. He doesn't get very far. Without thinking twice about it Owens shoots until he hits him in the leg and he goes down screaming.

With Smith clutching his leg on the road, Owens turns his gun on Burrell.

BURRELL

(re: Smith)

You gonna do me like that?

OWENS

You gonna try to run?

He keeps the gun trained on the big man and approaches him with caution.

BURRELL

Nah.

OWENS

OK then.

BURRELL

But you gonna have to shoot me, you wanna get those cuffs on.

Burrell takes a step towards him. Owens considers.

OWENS

Fair enough.

BANG BANG BANG Owens fires three bullets into Burrell's chest. CLICK - that would have been the fourth.

Burrell staggers back, but doesn't fall. He grabs his chest and tears open his shirt. Buttons sprinkle over the ground like bullet casings. A ballistic vest reveals the precision with which Owens grouped his rounds.

Burrell tears the vest off and tosses it aside. His massive body flexes, ready to do battle the old fashion way.

BURRELL

What's up now?

Owens tosses the empty gun on the ground, readies himself.

Burrell rushes him and throws a big over hand right. Owens slips it and shoots inside for the take down. He lifts the big man off the ground and dumps him on his back.

They jockey for position on the ground. Burrell is able to leverage himself against the car and get back to his feet.

Owens squares up in a wrestling stance and they circle each other.

OWENS

D-2 all American, Cal State.

Burrell waves him in.

BURRELL

Come on then.

Owens feigns the take down and catches him with quick one-two. Burrell responds with a big right hand that staggers him to a knee. Owens grabs the double leg and hoists him over his head for a suplex. He spins around keeping all his weight on his opponent and gets in a few elbows.

Burrell bridges out and winds up on top of him. Owens grabs at his throat from the bottom and eats a big right hand that snaps the back of his head off the pavement. Half in a daze he reaches up and digs his thumb into Burrell's eye.

He creates enough space to escape from beneath him and scrambles to his feet while Burrell is still on his knees. He takes advantage of this opportunity and punts him right in the head. Burrell rolls over onto his back - out cold.

Owens leans on the Mustang as he pulls out his handcuffs. He tries to clear his head then grabs Burrell's arm and drags him over to the car. He opens the door and cuffs Burrell to the handle.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - MORNING

The sun is up, the birds are chirping - it's a beautiful morning.

Torrance is still taking cover in the alley, clutching her shotgun.

She is the picture of stress of tension, all covered in dirt and grime - in complete contrast with the pleasantness of the morning.

Nearby somebody is moving. She hears it and spins around. It's Martinez, her shotgun is pointed right at him.

TORRANCE
Holyshit.

She lowers the gun and he throws his arms around her.

MARTINEZ
You ok?

TORRANCE
I'll be ok when it's over.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Owens looks over to where Smith was lying in the road. He's not there, but a trail of his blood is. We follow it down the road about 100 feet to where he's dragging himself toward the Ak-47.

Owens walks over to him. Smith looks back when he hears him approaching.

SMITH
Wait.

But Owens doesn't stop.

SMITH
Just hear me out.

OWENS
Get up.

SMITH
I can use a man like you. Take care of your family, pay you 10 times what you make now.

Owens stands over him, let's him finish his speech.

SMITH
Just help me get across.

OWENS
Can you walk?

SMITH

No.

Owens bends down and helps him up to his feet. Smith winces, but manages to stand.

SMITH

Thank you.

He leans on Owens for support, doesn't see him take out a pair of hand cuffs until he has his hands put behind his back.

SMITH

No! What are you doing?

OWENS

Walking back to town. Feel free to hop.

SMITH

I'll kill you! Your family, everything you have.

Owens stops, spins him around and looks at him.

OWENS

Do you even know my name?

SMITH

What?

OWENS

I didn't think so.

He shoves Smith in the back, causing him to put pressure on his wounded leg and yelp in pain.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Owens drags the limping Gabriel Cortez Smith back towards the town.

A bullet riddled police cruiser heads their way and comes to a stop in front of them. Torrance and Martinez are inside.

MARTINEZ

You're an animal you know that?

OWENS

FBI here?

MARTINEZ

Not yet. You wanna put him in the back?

Owens opens the door and tosses Smith inside the cruiser.

OWENS

What about the other guys?

TORRANCE

Ran off.

OWENS

I got another one cuffed to the car back there.

MARTINEZ

You want me to bring him in?

Owens looks back towards the mustang, thinks about it.

OWENS

Let the FBI do it.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

The garage door rises. Ponytail ducks underneath it and heads for a military looking box on the floor. He comes out with a hand gun, checks to see if it's loaded and tosses it onto the dominoes table.

He grabs a box of ammunition and dumps it out haphazardly, has a seat then unclips the empty magazine from his AK and mumbles to himself as he reloads it.

An OLDER MAN (60s) pokes his head in the garage. He's got on a bathrobe and sips from a cup of coffee. He just woke up.

OLDER MAN

Say, you fellas think you gonna need this place for a few more days...

Ponytail nonchalantly picks up the handgun and blasts the man in the chest. As the man slumps over on himself ponytail returns to his task like nothing happened.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - MORNING

Owens surveys the damage to his town. Store fronts are shattered, blood stains in the street.

Smith is still cuffed in the back of the squad car.
Martinez approaches and hands him a cup of coffee.

OWENS
Town wide curfew is in effect until
the FBI arrives.

MARTINEZ
Yeah.

OWENS
And I want every body out here
tagged and accounted for. Our guys
and theirs.

Torrance comes over with a cell phone.

TORRANCE
FBI for you.

She hands the phone to Owens as Martinez walks off.

OWENS
Where are you?

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Bannister is on his headset.

BANNISTER
Close. You got our man?

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

Owens looks back at Smith in the cruiser, he squints into the
sunlight.

OWENS
Yeah.

BANNISTER (O.S.)
Anything you need from me, just let
me know. I'll take care of you.

Owens just hands the phone back to Torrance without
responding. His mind is elsewhere.

TORRANCE
Everything alright?

OWENS

No.

She stands there holding the phone, watching him look up and down the street for signs of Ponytail.

BANNISTER (O.S.)

Sheriff? You there?

TORRANCE

(into phone)

We're here. We got your guy, but there's still people unaccounted for.

Owens walks away.

TORRANCE

(into phone)

Just get here soon.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

The flash from a camera. Martinez peaks out from behind it. Bucho and two other gangsters are lined up side by side on the street. He stands over them taking pictures.

He turns around, sees an early morning JOGGER heading down the street.

MARTINEZ

I'm gonna need you to clear this area.

The man stops jogging.

JOGGER

What happened here? Is everything ok?

MARTINEZ

Everything is fine, but I need you to go home and stay there until we say it's safe.

JOGGER

Jesus. OK.

He turns around and goes back the way he came. Martinez looks up just in time to see the glint from the end of a gun barrel.

OWENS

Get down!

Ponytail steps into the street spraying bullets everywhere. Owens comes out of nowhere and tackles Martinez onto the sidewalk. They fall behind a newspaper dispenser as the top half of it gets shredded by the gun fire.

Ponytail walks their way, unloading with the AK-47. They are trapped with nowhere to go - until shots ring out from behind the bus. It's Torrance. She discharges her weapon from a position of relative safety.

Ponytail turns his attention to her, heading back towards where Smith is handcuffed in the cruiser. She runs and he disappears behind the school bus after her. Martinez scrambles to his feet.

OWENS

Stay down!

Martinez doesn't listen. He runs down the sidewalk calling out to Torrance.

MARTINEZ

Sarah!

He bounds over the smashed up car at the end of the blockade as he draws his weapon.

Gunfire from Ponytail's AK chases Torrance around a building. He spots Smith in the back of the cruiser, walks over and opens the door for him.

PONYTAIL

I'm right behind you.

Gabriel Cortez Smith sneaks out of the car and disappears amidst the commotion.

Martinez lands in Ponytail's line of vision. He raises the AK and begins to fire as Owens comes tumbling over the car behind Martinez. The first few rounds out of AK pepper the wall behind them, the next two land hard in Owen's chest.

The force slams him back into Martinez and they both go down.

BOOM! Torrance fires at Ponytail with the shotgun. The blast knocks him to his knees. The AK slides across the street and she runs up on him. He grimaces beneath the weight of her foot on his back as she puts the cuffs on him.

PONYTAIL

Fuck you.

She raises the butt of the shotgun and slams into the side of his head until he's out cold.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

Owens lies on his back while Martinez helplessly attends to him.

MARTINEZ

Oh shit, Ray. I'm sorry. I fucked up, I'm sorry.

Owens lies there struggling to get his breath. He squeezes Martinez's arm.

OWENS

Don't carry...this.

MARTINEZ

No, no, no, you're going to be ok.

Owens coughs up blood and raises a wobbly finger. His voice is barely stronger than a whisper.

OWENS

Get him.

Martinez looks over to where he's pointing- it's the cruiser. Gabriel Cortez Smith is no longer there. He looks down at Owens again - neither is he.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - MOMENTS LATER

Martinez walks over to Torrance standing by the cruiser. He surveys the scene.

MARTINEZ

You see where he went?

TORRANCE

No.

MARTINEZ

You ok?

TORRANCE

Yeah.

He channels Owens as he squints through the brightness of the morning, looking for any sign of his man. She can see the weight of responsibility take it's place on his shoulders.

TORRANCE
How 'bout you?

MARTINEZ
No.

He's made up his mind...

MARTINEZ
Stay here.

And walks off.

She watches him disappear down a small alley way.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - MORNING

Martinez slowly makes his way down the alley. He spots a few droplets of blood and bends down to examine them - presses his thumb into one, still wet.

INT. HELICOPTER - MORNING

Bannister and company fly over the town. He surveys the damage from the sky - the burned down police station, the over turned cars, etc.

BANNISTER
Jesus Christ, it looks like a war
zone. Find a place to put us down.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - MORNING

Torrance, battered, beaten and exhausted sits on the hood of her cruiser. She hears a helicopter, puts her hands up to shield her eyes and glances skyward.

The FBI chopper flies overhead, looking for a place to set down.

EXT. TOWN - MORNING

Gabriel Cortez Smith is by a dumpster behind some local businesses. He sits on the ground and slides the handcuffs over his legs so they're now in front of his body.

His wounded leg causes blood to slowly pool on the ground beside him. He hears somebody coming and raises his head to listen.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - MORNING

Bannister and another AGENT jog down the street towards the blockade. They can't help but take time to look around at all the damage inflicted on the small town.

They arrive at the blockade where Torrance is still sitting on the hood of her cruiser. Bannister flashes his credentials.

BANNISTER
John Bannister, FBI.

TORRANCE
Glad you could make it.

EXT. TOWN - MORNING

Martinez arrives at the spot where we last saw Smith. He sees the blood by the dumpster and goes over to investigate. There is no sign of him anywhere, but we can see Martinez's gears turning as he looks towards the dumpster. He draws his gun, opens the lid and peers inside.

Only trash. He closes it and turns around, just in time to catch a 2x4 with the side of his head. The blow knocks him off his feet. His gun slides under the dumpster. Smith drills him again across the back. The force drives him onto his stomach.

SMITH
All you fuckers are the same.
Stupid for nothing.

He wraps his handcuffs around Martinez's neck and sits on his back, strangling him with the chain. Martinez's face reddens and his eyes flutter. Smith pulls back with all his might.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - INTERCUT

Torrance holds her fingers up to her eye, gesturing to Bannister how close they came.

TORRANCE
That much sooner and you woulda had him. That much.

BANNISTER
You're joking.

Torrance slides off the hood.

TORRANCE
We got this guy and the Sheriff
cuffed another one outside of town.

BANNISTER
Where is he?

TORRANCE
If I knew I'd be chasing him.

BANNISTER
The sheriff.

INT. TOWN - INTERCUT

The two adversaries are right where we left them, with Smith choking the life out of the barely conscious Martinez.

Martinez is able to reach Smith's leg and dig his thumb into the bloody wound. Smith's natural reaction is to pull his leg away, giving Martinez enough space to loosen the choke.

By the time Smith tightens the pressure again, Martinez is on one knee. He drives himself backwards and slams Smith into the dumpster, but Smith holds onto the choke. Martinez slams him again and this time is able to spin around and pull his head out.

Now it's a mismatch. Smith is handcuffed and standing on one good leg. He puts his hands up as if to say "you win".

MARTINEZ
So now you wanna play nice?

SMITH
No, wait.

Martinez delivers a straight right to the nose that snaps his head back over the dumpster. He involuntarily steps forward and an uppercut puts him on his back.

Smith comes to on the ground, takes a second to realize where he is and notices the gun beneath the dumpster.

He reaches for the gun as Martinez grabs his pant leg and drags him away. He is able to touch the handle, but just can't quite grab it.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - BUS BLOCKADE - MORNING

Bannister kneels beside Owen's body as he talks on his cellphone.

BANNISTER
No. We missed him.

He looks at Owens hand, still pointing in the direction Smith ran off.

BANNISTER
And we lost a lot of good men trying.

AGENT (O.S.)
John!

Bannister looks up. Sees the Agent waving him over. He stands to see Martinez marching Smith out from an alleyway, gun pressed against the back of his head.

BANNISTER
Let me call you back.

He hangs up the phone and jogs over to assist.

Finally, Bannister comes face to face with Gabriel Cortez Smith once more.

MARTINEZ
This the guy you want?

He can't help but smile at his defeated foe in handcuffs standing there before him.

BANNISTER
Yeah. We're old friends. Soak it in Gabe. This probably the last time you see daylight for a long time.

EXT. TOWN - LATER

The cavalcade has arrived. Dozens of police cars, marked and unmarked surround the town. Police and FBI are everywhere, taking photos, accounting for evidence.

Two AGENTS stuff Ponytail into the back of a squad car.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Agents find Burrell cuffed to the Mustang. One of them bends down and flashes a camera in his face. He tries to kick the man.

BURRELL

Fuck you. Get the fuck away from me 'fore I shove that camera up your ass.

FBI PHOTOGRAPHER

Tazer.

BURRELL

What? Wait, no.

Another agent comes over and zaps him with a tazer.

AGENT (O.S.)

Got something here.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We cut to a few agents standing around a cable cutter. Next to it lies half of a pair of handcuffs.

AGENT

You know what I just realized?

AGENT 2

What's that?

AGENT

Where the fuck is the car?

INT. GUMPERT APOLLO - MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

That other handcuff adorns Bolt's wrist. He's back in the driver's seat, shifting gears. Just for good measure he glances towards his rearview mirror and has a look through the blown out back window. Coast is clear.

EXT. ROAD - MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

The Apollo cruises past Spanish billboards.

EXT. TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Martinez watches as the FBI stuffs Gabriel Cortez Smith in the back of an unmarked car. Bannister offers Martinez his hand.

BANNISTER
You did one hell of a job, son.
Anything you ever need just let me know.

MARTINEZ
Glad things worked out for you.

Martinez walks away, leaving Bannister standing there with his hand out.

BANNISTER
Hey.

Martinez turns around to face him again.

BANNISTER
I owe you.

He holds out his card. Martinez looks at it for a beat.

BANNISTER
You've got a friend in the agency
if you ever need something.

Martinez takes the card.

MARTINEZ
Thanks.

BANNISTER
You're real police, kid.

Intended as a compliment, but those words pack a heavy blow. Martinez nearly winces upon hearing them, a reminder of the mind set he no longer possesses. He puts the card in his pocket, nods and walks away.

Bannister watches him walk off then turns back to his men.

BANNISTER
Alright, let's take this fucker home.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - MORNING

FBI swarm the area. Martinez and Torrance walk through the bustling crime scene. She looks up at him.

TORRANCE

My first day on the job he pulled me aside. Said the problem with police work is no matter how much you get right, it's never enough.

MARTINEZ

Yeah. He told me that too.

Martinez puts his arm around her and pulls her in close. She rests her head against his shoulder as the camera pulls away.

FADE TO BLACK.