

**NO
ONE
LIVES**

by David Cohen

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FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

Moonlight drips off dewy weeds like diamonds.

Heavy BREATHING suggests climax.

CLOSE ON - a girl's lips, wet with exhaustion. Hair in her eyes, sticking to her forehead. She wipes strands away with cracked, bloody nails.

Blood smears her rouged cheeks. Moonlight reflects in her eyes. Blinks. Enough time has passed. She flips over...

She's 18, with a natural beauty punctuated by fierce determination. The look in her eyes is not yet that of fear, but rather, hatred.

She focuses on the perimeter of the field where -

The foot tall grass meets a wall of dense forest. Nothing alive in there. Nothing moving.

She holds steady. Staring. Counts in nervous rasps...

GIRL

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten.

No movement. Nothing.

GIRL

Come on, bitch. You can do it.

She can't move. Frozen in place, when -

A FIGURE, a man, steps out of the forest into the meadow's edge. We can't see his face, but she knows...

He's staring right at her.

She drops into the grass. Eyes flitting at the massive open night sky above her. Too many stars. No focus. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. She RUNS.

Wearing only panties and a guinea T, she bolts on strong legs. The dew causing the dirt to smear along her thighs like so much mascara. She runs for the far edge of the meadow where the great lawn meets an intimidating thick of trees.

As she closes in on the forest...

The Man STEPS from the woods, into the meadow. The very grass seems to wither under his weight. Faceless, cloaked in shadow, he breaks into a steady run.

The Girl hits the woods in a full panicked run.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Bramble and twigs meet her exposed flesh and tear at her. She ignores the pain. Runs on bare feet over decades of desiccated foliage. The sloughing of nature.

Trees seem to grope for her. Out the corner of her eye she sees a SILVER BOX.

A WIRE glitters.

She jumps the wire. Runs on.

Slides down a ravine, kicking away sharp branches, reaching the bottom. She looks UP...

The Figure approaches the edge.

GIRL
FUCK YOU!!!

He begins to slide down the ravine. She runs.

Beelines straight through a wall of bramble.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

Moonlight ripples through the overhang of leaves onto a slow creek. She doesn't slow down and splashes through four inches of water.

ON HER BARE FEET - slicing through the creek...and then into the water, over the creek bed that's lined with BROKEN GLASS.

She runs, missing the shards of glass and then CATCHES ONE.

GLASS TEARS INTO THE SIDE OF HER FOOT.

The Girl holds her hand to her mouth to stop from screaming. She stops in the middle of the creek and looks around...

BROKEN SHARDS OF GLASS surround her. Tears explode. Hyperventilating, she eases her way to the other side of the creek.

Inspects her foot. Rips out a three inch piece of GLASS. Takes off her T-shirt and ties it around the gash. Ties it tight. Runs, holding the glass tight in her hand.

She runs through the woods.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

The FIGURE splashes through the creek. Glass means nothing to his heavy boots.

He reaches the far side. The woods echo silence. He bends down and dips his fingers in a PUDDLE OF BLOOD. Catches the MOON GLITTER WHITE off a second shimmering puddle.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Girl can HEAR THE ROAD ahead.

Through the trees she can see cars. The roar of eighteen wheelers. She pounds over the terrain, running for the road, but before she can react to the -

SILVER BOX

She trips a wire and...

THREE THICK NYLON CABLES triangulate and catch her at the knees. She's hauled off her feet, SMACKING HER HEAD ON THE GROUND and then pulled up...

...and off the ground. Swinging. Blood from her head dripping, peppering the forest floor with an all too real fate.

She REACHES OUT. GRABS hold of a nearby Alder tree on her pendulous arc. Holds herself there and uses the shard of glass in her hand to CARVE...

EXT. WOODS - SAME

The Figure stops dead. He directs his attention toward the East.

Slowly, methodically he breaks off a HEAVY BRANCH and heads toward the sound of the road.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Girl painstakingly carves her message into the tree, the glass cutting into her palm. Blood peppering the forest floor. She finishes and we read her handiwork...

EMMA WARD IS ALIVE

EMMA lets go of the tree. Swings.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

From the depths of the woods, the Figure draws closer.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Emma's POV - The FIGURE enters her periphery.

EMMA

Oh, please, no...

Emma holds the SHARD OF GLASS in her hand like a knife. As if it will help.

He approaches, swinging the HEAVY BRANCH at his side, Emma stabs futilely at the space between them.

EMMA

Stay away. Stay away. Please...

He takes a running start and swings the branch at her head -

ALL GOES BLACK.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Washington State Route 90. The road itself cuts a swath through a dense sea of forest.

A BLACK 7 SERIES BMW pulling a small U-Haul trailer blazes east.

We stay on the car as it travels from the semi-populated, what could be said, suburban part of the state to the sparse, off the grid, no man's land...

INT. BMW - DAY

A dark beauty, in a pretty flowered dress, stares out the passenger window at the blur of trees.

In her late 20's, BETTY flirts with melancholia. She's lost something in her life, but knows that happiness is within her grasp.

BETTY

I don't know, it's just not going to be the same.

The DRIVER, 38, handsome with piercing eyes, an inner strength to match his muscular prowess, smiles at her.

DRIVER

Trust me. It'll be the same.

BETTY

I'm going to miss everyone.

Driver ruminates on that one. He'll miss them as well.

DRIVER

It's life, Betty. Sometimes it's necessary to relocate.

BETTY

Don't make it seem like it's not your fault.

DRIVER

Out of every bad situation comes something good. Don't you agree?

BETTY

You have a truly demented way of looking at things.

DRIVER

And if I didn't, I don't think you'd be so in love with me.

BETTY

Don't flatter yourself. Everything gets warped in definition.

DRIVER

We're splitting hairs here. You know that, don't you?

She continues to stare out the window. Silence. Driver can't handle the cold shoulder.

DRIVER

Hey, why don't we do a little sightseeing.

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm sure there's something to look at besides all these trees, right?

EXT. GLACIER NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Driver and Betty gaze out from an outcropping at...

ACRES OF BURNED FOREST.

BETTY

It's beautiful.

DRIVER

Apparently sixteen firefighters were killed during the blaze. Eleven in a firestorm. Five from smoke inhalation.

BETTY

Their ghosts are down there.

DRIVER

If you believe that sort of thing.

BETTY

Don't you?

DRIVER

No. I don't believe in ghosts.

BETTY

No. I don't imagine you would.

Driver puts his arm around Betty. She lays her head on his shoulder. Together they look at the blackened landscape like lovers standing on the beach.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The BMW navigates the winding road. Up ahead is a small motel, The Highwayman, with a vacancy sign.

Adjacent to the motel, a rotary is under construction.

INT. MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

The BELL over the door rings when it opens. Driver enters.

The owner of the motel, HARRIS, 50, enters from the back room.

HARRIS

Please don't say you're here for directions. I've got fifteen rooms, all with your name on it.

DRIVER

The good news is I know exactly where I'm going. The bad news is I only need one room.

HARRIS

I'll take what I can get.

Harris clicks the computer off of sleep. Sits in front of it.

HARRIS

Let me ask you. What would you do if the county tells you they're going to tear up half your property to build a goddamn rotary? No one asks. They just tell.

DRIVER

I don't know. I guess I'd make someone pay.

HARRIS

Damn straight. Stinking bureaucrats.

(beat)

I just need a credit card.

As Driver goes for his wallet.

HARRIS

You solo? Not that it matters. All the rooms have two queens.

DRIVER

Travelling with my girlfriend.

HARRIS

Is it serious?

DRIVER

Serious as a heart attack.

HARRIS

That's what I like to hear.

Harris looks over Driver's shoulder. Spots Betty in the car.

HARRIS

Pretty. Young.

DRIVER
Exactly the way I like them.

Driver hands over his credit card.

HARRIS
Good for you. Good for you. Me? I
been married to the same woman for
thirty two years. Since we were
eighteen. The only part of her that
works the same is her mouth.

DRIVER
Well, that might not be such a bad
thing.

Beat.

HARRIS
Ha. I just got that. That's funny.
(beat)
But not what I meant,
unfortunately.

Harris looks at the card.

HARRIS
What an unusual name.

DRIVER
My father had an unforgiving
commitment to historical reference.

HARRIS
Well, let's get you set up here,
huh? How's the number eight sound
to you?

DRIVER
Infinity. I like it.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 8 - DAY

It's the top of the hour. Driver lays on the bed watching the
news.

Betty comes out of the bathroom, fresh from a shower. She's
wrapped up in a towel. Her damp hair only makes her sexier.
Driver holds up his hand.

DRIVER
Here it is again.

ON THE NEWS - Forensic teams are searching a wooded area.
Lots of police tape.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Local law enforcement and the
F.B.I. are scouring the area north
of Spokane for any evidence that
can lead them to missing heiress
Emma Ward.

A local SHERIFF talks to the media.

CLOSE UP SHOT OF - the carving that reads EMMA WARD IS ALIVE.

SHERIFF
(on TV)
From what we can tell, the carving
is about six months old. It's
impossible to get an accurate date,
but tree growth on that particular
Alder indicates about half a year.
Probably done in the spring right
around, well, after her abduction.

Driver turns down the TV. Betty looks at him.

BETTY
You think they'll ever find her?

DRIVER
Doubtful.

BETTY
Doubtful suggests there's a chance.

DRIVER
There's always a chance. But you
know how these things turn out.

Driver gets off the bed. Turns the TV off. He stands in front
of Betty. She smiles at him.

DRIVER
Take off the towel.

Betty undoes the towel. It drops to the floor, leaving her
naked, vulnerable. He drops to his knees. Buries his face
into her belly. His fingers caressing a TWO INCH SCAR THAT
CREASES HER PELVIS.

DRIVER
I'm sorry. I'm sorry about
everything.

BETTY

The man who lacks emotion is sorry?
I don't believe it.

DRIVER

I don't lack emotion, I just
process it differently.

BETTY

Must everything about you be
different? I'd like normal, just
for this...

(she motions "between the
two of them)

...a little normal.

DRIVER

I would change it if I could, but I
can't. I just can't.

BETTY

What doesn't kill us makes us
stranger.

(beat)

Just tell me you don't love her
more than me.

Betty shuts her eyes. Waiting for his answer.

DRIVER

I don't.

BETTY

But I need to hear it.

DRIVER

I don't love her more than you. I
never did. It was just...different.

Betty pulls him up. Face to face. She begins to unbutton his
shirt. His pants.

Clothes fall to the carpet.

Their naked bodies meet on the bed. Writhing flesh. A
symphony of forgiveness met with explosive love making.

EXT. HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Two MOTORCYCLES, a DODGE PICK-UP and a WHITE WORK VAN are
parked outside this quaint, off the road, vacation home.

As we get closer to the house we can HEAR the dull thump of BASS.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The dull bass morphs into SCREAMING DEATH METAL as...

A YUPPIE DAD, 35ish, stumbles out of a bedroom, blood streaming down his face from an open gash across his forehead.

OFF CAMERA - A woman SCREAMS.

Yuppie Dad falls to his knees, furtive glance behind him, reaches into his pocket and retrieves his cell phone.

Hands shaking he tries to dial a number.

CLOSE ON - The PHONE, fingers punching out...9...1...

BAM!!! Shotgun blast and the PHONE AND FOUR FINGERS disintegrate in a spray of blood and cheap plastic.

Yuppie Dad stares where his fingers used to be. Sprays spit as he begs the figure looming behind him...

ELLIOT HOAG, 38, hardened and unforgiving, pumps the gun Terminator style.

Yuppie Dad crawl on his knees and elbows. Hoag follows casually behind him.

Yuppie Dad reaches a door. Turns the knob with his good hand...

INT. HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

Yuppie Dad crawls to the RACECAR BED in the middle of the room. Leans up against it. His helpless plea's lost under the pounding music.

BAM...Hoag ends Yuppie Dad right there.

Hoag just stands there. Savoring the silence. And then from the other room, another GUN SHOT.

Beat.

Hoag turns to face...

FLYNN, a sinister looking lowlife around 28, stands in the doorway. Dirtbag good looks punctuated by soulless eyes. 357 Magnum hanging in his hand. Flynn assesses the room.

Flynn walks to the closet. Opens it to find...

A TEN YEAR OLD BOY is huddled in fear in the corner of the closet.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

TWO MEN and a WOMAN are packing up the living room. They are single minded, like movers on a job. Constructing boxes. Carefully wrapping the finer things. Labeling. Sealing them up. An efficient machine.

A THIRD GUNSHOT shatters the upstairs.

The woman, TAMARA, 28 and sizzling hot, and with the moral center of a concentration camp guard, flits her eyes upward.

Hoag and Flynn enter the living room.

ALBERT, 26, a loyal acolyte of Hoag's, grabs the box and heads to the door.

DENNY, 19, with the spine of an oyster, dutifully follows. Albert opens the front door where...

A GIANT, A HULKING FIGURE, 6'8", maybe 450 pounds, stands there. Dumb obedience. Albert shoves the box in his hands.

The Giant takes the box and loads it into...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The WORK VAN. He slides the box in with a couple dozen more just like it. All neatly labeled and inventoried.

Suddenly the music stops and the silence is slowly replaced by the delicate sounds of nature. Hoag and the crew silently exit the house.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Van is pulling out. Hoag driving. Tamara next to him. Behind them, Albert drives the Pick-Up and the Giant rides shotgun.

The bikes roll up to Hoag's side. Hoag rolls down the window. Flynn flips his visor up.

HOAG

Flynn, clear the path with Denny.
Angel's coming in tomorrow so that
should give us plenty of time to
unload.

FLYNN

Done.

He flips his visor and both bikes scream out of the driveway.
The Van and Pick-Up pull slowly after them.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 8 - DUSK

Betty sleeps soundly. Suddenly her eyes snap open. The CREAK
AND CLICK of the room door opening.

She slowly rolls over as...

Driver enters. She looks at him. A sadness in her eyes.

DRIVER

I had to...

BETTY

Don't.

Beat.

DRIVER

I'm hungry.

BETTY

So go eat.

DRIVER

And leave you here alone? Right.

BETTY

Why don't you just go to dinner
with your girlfriend?

DRIVER

Would you be rational?

BETTY

How dare you ask me that. I know
what you were doing out there.

DRIVER

You're wrong.

Beat.

BETTY

Fine.

INT. BMW - DUSK

Harris stands outside the passenger window. Gives Driver and Betty directions.

HARRIS

You wanna head through Missoula. Not much there but straight up fast food and then shoot about twenty minutes or so down 56. You'll pass some bombed out gas station on the right and then about ten minutes after that is Helen's Place. Great fish. Good pasta. Knockout steak.

DRIVER

Great. Thanks.

Harris leans in to Betty.

HARRIS

This guy treating you well?

Betty just stares at him. Beat.

HARRIS

Alright, then. Well you two kids enjoy yourselves.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - SAME

The BMW eases its way onto the road and, pulling the U-Haul, heads north.

INT. BMW - DUSK

Driver and Betty drive in silence. Then...

DRIVER

This is all about her, isn't it?

BETTY

Can you possibly imagine it being about anyone else?

DRIVER

Might we just enjoy a pleasant dinner?

Beat.

BETTY
I suppose so.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DUSK

The dipping sun filters orange through the dense forest. The BMW cruises, navigating languid curves as it chases the day.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Passing the ABANDONED GAS STATION Harris told them about...

DRIVER
There it is.

A sign hangs askew...letters missing - HOAG'S FI LI G STATION.

BETTY
What?

The WHITE WORK VAN IDLES next to one of the beat up buildings.

DRIVER
The gas station. Restaurant must be right up here a bit.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

As the BMW drives past, headlights on Hoag's van dim to black.

EXT. HELEN'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The BMW turns into the deserted parking lot. Parks.

Driver and Betty get out of the car. Walk to the front.

BETTY
I don't think we'll have any trouble getting a table.

DRIVER
Note to self, don't order the fish.

Betty giggles.

DRIVER
Ah ha! A sign of forgiveness.

BETTY
Don't get carried away.

INT. HELEN'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Cozy and cheesy. Helen, 60, greets her guests.

HELEN
Hello there, weary travelers.

Driver looks at Betty, "Weary travellers?".

HELEN
Harris called ahead. Said you'd be in. It's awful quiet these months. Not quite summer, not quite fall. No one wants to freeze their butts off and look at a bunch of green leaves.

(beat)

Sit anywhere you want.

(beat)

In about a month these parts'll be crawling.

Driver gestures for Betty to pick a table. She grabs the closest one.

HELEN
You sure you want to sit there?
There are some nicer --

BETTY
This will do.

As they sit.

HELEN
Of course. Amber will be right with you.

Helen walks off. Shouts into the kitchen.

HELEN
Amber. Table.

INT. HELEN'S STEAKHOUSE - LATER

A personable WAITRESS, AMBER, 18, with a hard local edge, rattles off some specials.

AMBER

The fish tonight is a terrific John Dory. Fantasmic. And the steak is an aged rib-eye.

DRIVER

Is it aged because no one orders it?

AMBER

Very funny. Let me get you something to drink to start.

DRIVER

Wine.

Suddenly, the front door swings open and Hoag, Albert, Denny, Tamara and Flynn enter.

Amber mutters.

AMBER

(sotto)

Ah, crap.

They walk past Driver's table. Driver stares at them, but they never look his way.

They grab a table and sit down. Hoag snaps his fingers for Amber's attention.

INT. HELEN'S STEAKHOUSE - LATER

Driver is carving into a fat steak, bloody. Betty eats a salad.

DRIVER

You sure you don't want some of this? It's not bad at all.

BETTY

I'm sure.

DRIVER

Betty.

She doesn't look up. Tears in her eyes fall to her cheeks. It's tragic.

Just then, FLYNN flips one of the chairs and sits down with them.

Driver and Betty share a troubling look.

FLYNN
You people from around here?

Beat. Flynn turns to his companions.

FLYNN
I think they're mutes.

DRIVER
We're just passing through.

Flynn looks out to the parking lot. Sees the BMW and the U-Haul.

FLYNN
Are you moving?

DRIVER
Relocating.

FLYNN
Must make you nervous.

DRIVER
What's that?

FLYNN
Travelling with all your worldly belongings.

Driver looks at Betty.

DRIVER
(re: Betty)
This is my only worldly belonging.

FLYNN
Aw. That's sweet.

Betty turns to Flynn.

BETTY
Please. We don't want any trouble.

FLYNN
Excuse me?

DRIVER
Look, just forget it.

Flynn smacks the table with the palm of his hand, silencing Driver.

FLYNN

Way I see it, your girl views me as the unsavory type. Is that true? Do you see me as someone not worth knowing? Uncouth, perhaps?

Flynn reaches across the table and places his palm over Betty's hand.

FLYNN

Is that how it is?

Driver stands up, but Betty pulls her hand away first.

BETTY

(to Driver)

Don't.

Flynn is on his feet, as well. Stares Driver down.

FLYNN

You best listen to the girl --

Hoag places his firm hand on Flynn's shoulder. The others are next to him with bags of take-out.

HOAG

Don't mind my buddy, here. His idea of friendliness is to scare the tourists.

Flynn smiles a broad grin at Driver and Betty.

FLYNN

Boo.

HOAG

Let's go.

Flynn pauses, then follows the others as they exit the restaurant. As they leave, Flynn mutters softly...

FLYNN

(sotto)

Seems Christmas come early this year.

And as the door closes...

Amber appears next to the table.

AMBER

Sorry about them. They're the local color that insist on painting everything black. All small town's got 'em.

Driver observes through the window as Hoag, Tamara and Albert climb into a Dodge pick-up. Flynn and Denny get on their bikes. Multiple engines roar to life and the vehicles kick up gravel out of the parking lot.

DRIVER

That's fine.

(beat)

We'll just take a check, thanks.

EXT. HELEN'S STEAKHOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Driver and Betty walk to their car. Driver disengages the alarm.

He opens the door for Betty. As she slips into the passenger seat she notices him staring off down the road.

BETTY

Don't worry about it.

He snaps out of it.

DRIVER

People like that...they...lack creativity.

BETTY

There are worse sins.

DRIVER

Not many.

He walks around the driver's side and gets in.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Heading back, the BMW passes the abandoned gas station. It's empty now.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Driver and Betty drive into the bleak night. Headlights pick up the occasional set of eyes peering curiously off the road.

Driver is stone. Betty sits morose in the passenger seat. The tension in the air is thick.

DRIVER

I thought we were moving on.

BETTY

That's easy for you to say.

DRIVER

Can't we just let it go? Agree to disagree?

BETTY

I've been here before, remember? I replaced the last one. I'll never forget how I felt when you got rid of her. Like it was just a matter of time.

DRIVER

That's not going to happen. In fact it's demeaning that you view our relationship in those terms.

BETTY

It feels the same now.

(beat)

I'm fighting for my life here.

DRIVER

If it's a fight you want, there can be only one outcome. You might want to do some soul searching before you go there.

Just then, a MOTORCYCLE flies past the car. Must be going 180 mph. And then the other one.

BETTY

Oh, my God.

Driver weaves to the side of the road. He looks in the side mirror. Nothing.

BETTY

You shouldn't have started with those locals. They were weird.

DRIVER

They don't know from weird.

Driver accelerates. Ahead...

The MOTORCYCLES HAVE TURNED AROUND. Blinding HALOGEN HEADLAMPS eat up the road as they...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SAME

...gun it toward the BMW. A game of chicken. Gaining speed. Practically on top of the car.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Driver grips the wheel. He looks at Betty. Makes sure her seatbelt is on.

BETTY
They're going to hit us.

DRIVER
No, they're not.

Moments before impact Driver FLIPS OFF HIS HEADLIGHTS...BETTY SCREAMS!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SAME

Tight formation, the BIKES VEER away from the car.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

As they drive for a moment in darkness...

BETTY
They'll come back.

DRIVER
Let 'em.

He flips his lights back on and --

HOAG is dead center in the middle of the road. He wields a SLEDGEHAMMER right at DRIVER'S WINDOW and...

The WINDSHIELD EXPLODES. Glass showers Driver and Betty. Betty screams.

DRIVER cranks the steering wheel...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

ON THE BMW - The right front tire BLOWS.

The RIM bends and twists under the wheel well and the axel SNAPS.

The BMW fishtails.

The U-HAUL throws off the distribution of weight and suddenly...

The BMW twists over itself and FLIPS.

The U-Haul SNAPS at the hitch and bounces off the road into a tree as -

INT./EXT. BMW - SAME

Driver and Betty are batted back and forth as the BMW rolls, tires popping against the charred blacktop, windows imploding.

There's a moment of anti-gravity as everything loose in the car just hangs in the air and...

Betty's head smashes against the door and then the dash.

Driver's WALLET ricochets off the interior of the car, settling in the back seat as...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The car finally comes to a stop. A smoking heap in the middle of the road.

No movement. Just the eerie post collision silence.

And then EMERGENCY LIGHTS speckle the road.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Driver is in and out of consciousness. He looks over at -

Betty looks dead. Her head rests on her chest. Blood drips, a thick hot soup from her nose and mouth.

And then Driver's door opens, cranked, ripped off. People are in the car with him. Orders being given, but warped, like underwater.

Driver tries to move, can't, and PASSES OUT.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS -

Driver dragged out of the car onto the road.

Betty's passenger door cranked off its hinges. A bowie knife cutting her free of her belt.

Betty dragged and placed next to Driver.

Heavy chains UNSPOOLED from the tow truck.

The BMW is cranked up onto a flatbed tow truck.

The U-Haul is pulled from the woods.

Clothes and boxes scattered along the road.

A smashed TV.

DVD's like so many ornaments litter the roadside brush.

Driver's eyes flutter open. The smell and smoke of the crash still thick in the air. He looks up at the open night sky.

A FIGURE OF A MAN hovers over him.

Driver spits blood and the man delivers a canon punch with a GIANT MEATY FIST.

BLACKOUT

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Driver wakes. He's being dragged across a concrete floor. He looks from side to side.

An empty room. Cinderblock walls. Completely bare of furniture.

He lifts his head to get a better look at his captor.

We recognize the GIANT. Driver manages a few words...

DRIVER

The girl? Is she alive?

The Giant stops and turns, framed in the bare light of the room. He LIFTS DRIVER BY HIS FEET and WHIPS him like a wet towel, cracking Driver's skull against the hard floor.

OUT AGAIN.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A FLATBED TOW TRUCK carrying the BMW and the remains of the U-Haul bounces down a rough driveway to a nondescript, unkempt, three story house that's set far enough back from the road to never be noticed. Lights are on inside. Music. Loud conversation.

The tow truck pulls up alongside a low slung work shed. Mostly corrugated steel and boarded up windows. It parks next to the Dodge pick-up and the two motorcycles.

Albert and Flynn get out. They walk across the lawn, thick with crabgrass and weeds. Hoag meets them halfway.

HOAG

Look at that mess.

FLYNN

We'll strip her down. There's parts there. Any idea on the driver?

HOAG

Some uppity pussy. There's a payday here, it's just a matter of finding it. Pour some drinks, boys, cause tomorrow we got some torturing to do.

Flynn and Albert head inside. Hoag stands, staring at the wrecked car and U-Haul. He spits before turning around and walks back to the house.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAWN

The sun eases over the hills striking the decrepit buildings with morning light.

A CB squawks off screen.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(CB static)

Come in, brother. What's the status?

(beat)

Brother? Wake his ass up.

INT. ROOM - LATER

A pool of blood catches Driver's reflection.

POV - OF DRIVER - slumped forward, handcuffed to a chair in the center of the room. A Rorschach test of blood smeared across his face.

A single light in the otherwise dark grey room illuminates him.

Driver stirs. He looks up at...

BETTY sits across from him, handcuffed as well. She's been crying. She turns her head away, not looking at him.

The Giant emerges from the shadows. In this light, the speckled rays of dawn coming through the slit windows, he's the embodiment of ominous.

DRIVER

Who are you?

GIANT

Your worst fucking nightmare.

Beat.

DRIVER

You've been talking to my shrink?

GIANT

A comedian.

The Giant waves a huge GLEAMING HUNTING KNIFE.

GIANT

This strike you as funny?

He holds the knife to Betty's soft, white throat.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The BMW is lowered onto the lawn.

MOMENTS LATER -

FLYNN is going through the car. He finds Driver's wallet. Opens it. Flips through a wad of cash...

INT. ROOM - DAY

Driver looks through bloody matted hair at the Giant.

DRIVER
(to Betty)
Have they hurt you?

The Giant pulls Betty's head back. Caresses her throat with the knife.

GIANT
No talking.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Flynn walks around the car, POCKETING DRIVER'S WALLET. He taps the side of the BMW with his knuckles. Gets to the TRUNK.

Jams a CROWBAR into the space just under the lock and...CRANKS down...

POPPING THE TRUNK. It's full of clothes, scattered paper, more DVD's, all individually dated. Flynn gets close and then reels back.

FLYNN
Fucking stink...

INT. ROOM - DAY

Betty stares at Driver.

BETTY
I've made a decision. Don't think
it's rash.

The Giant presses the blade into her neck. A DROP OF BLOOD stains the feathered steel.

GIANT
No talking means shut the fuck up.

A resignation is drawn across her features.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Flynn, his face screwed up from the smell, braves the odor and PULLS some clothing out of the trunk. Throws it on the ground. Goes back to the trunk, pulls some more clothing and...

REVEALS - A COMPARTMENT. Latched from within the trunk.

INT. ROOM - DAY

A single tear drops from Betty's eye.

BETTY

It's the best thing for the two of us.

DRIVER

Betty. Don't.

BETTY

I must.

(beat)

It's been...an experience.

She smiles at him.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Flynn looks closely at the compartment. Notices...AIRHOLES.

He leans in, curious. Suddenly, through one of the airholes...

AN EYE. It blinks!

INT. ROOM - DAY

Betty DRAGS HER THROAT against the blade. BLOOD GOUTS, just as...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The compartment within the trunk is KICKED OFF ITS HINGES to REVEAL --

THE GIRL FROM THE OPEN, THE MISSING GIRL FROM THE NEWS, EMMA.

Shorter hair, pale, wild eyes, wearing a pretty flowered dress identical to the one Betty is wearing.

She's strapped down. Leather cuffs preventing her escape. Leather gag clamped across her mouth...

Her terrified eyes plead with him. "Please save me..."

INT. ROOM - DAY

Betty thrashes. The wound yawns and blood comes in thick waves.

As the Giant tries to keep Betty from thrashing...

ON DRIVER'S HANDCUFFED WRISTS - He reaches his right hand with his left and...

DISLOCATES his THUMB. FOLDS HIS PALM like a slice of pizza and SLOWLY pulls his hand free.

Betty gasps for breath that bubbles up at her throat.

The Giant turns his attention to Driver.

Driver, his head hung low, seems wracked with devastation. He shakes his head from side to side...slowly...

GIANT

Why'd she do that, you --

The Giant reaches for him just as --

DRIVER WHIPS HIS ARM and catches the Giant through his LOWER MANDIBLE with the open end of the handcuff. It punctures the LOWER PALATE and locks, literally handcuffing the big fucker's jaw.

DRIVER

The knife thing...not so funny. But this...this is hilarious.

He YANKS the Giant down and grabs the KNIFE from him. Driver spins the blade in his hand.

DRIVER

And ironic.

SLASH!!!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Flynn is pulling Emma from the trunk.

FLYNN

A LITTLE HELP OUT HERE!!!

The back door of the house opens to reveal...

TAMARA is the first one out the door. She shakes it across the lawn. It's lucky that anything stays alive in her presence and doesn't just simply burst into flames.

TAMARA
What's shakin', bacon?

And then she sees Emma. Tamara busts into a run.

FLYNN
There's a girl here, man.

Tamara races to Flynn's aid.

FLYNN
She was in the trunk of the fucking car.

Tamara reaches around to unfasten Emma's gag.

TAMARA
Ah, shit, it stinks like a fucking toilet...

Emma is thrashing too hard.

TAMARA
I'm gonna help you, alright? Now,
I'm gonna take this off?

The fear in Emma's eyes say it all. This girl is a wild animal. She breathes heavily through her nose.

TAMARA
Don't worry, now, sweetie. I'll be
gentle with you...

Emma's nostrils flair. Eyes dart back and forth from Tamara to Flynn and settle back on Tamara. Locking eyes. Tamara really sees her and we see a kindness there as...

Tamara releases the straps. Pulls the gag away. And...

EMMA SCREAMS!!!

An unnerving HOWL. Tamara and Flynn just back away and...

Emma RUNS. She bolts for the front of the house, but she's been locked in a trunk for 48 hours, at least, and her legs are like jello.

The BACK DOOR BURSTS OPEN -

ALBERT runs straight for Emma and TACKLES her along the edge of the driveway.

She fights him. Scratching at him. Kicking. He holds her tight.

Emma looks up at the house...

AMBER, the waitress from Helen's, stares out from one of the upper bedroom windows. She locks eyes with Emma.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Amber, half naked and smoking a cigarette, turns away from the window and walks to the bed where DENNY sleeps in his underwear. She kicks his foot. Denny stirs.

AMBER

There's a world of shit erupting downstairs. You might want to check it out.

DENNY

What're you talking about?

AMBER

I'm talking about some girl down there screaming like she's got bugs up in her.

DENNY

Don't bust my balls, Amber. I'm hungover as all fuck.

Amber's pulling on some clothes.

AMBER

What balls?

She flicks her cigarette at Denny. He leaps out of bed.

DENNY

Bitch.

Amber is out the door as Denny tries to find the smoldering butt. He finds it. Takes a drag and smashes it out on the wall.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house possesses a stained sticky nicotine hue. Dusty and jaundiced yet caressed by the affectations of a lazy woman's touch.

Flynn and Albert DRAG Emma, kicking and screaming, into the living room.

They throw her down on the ratty couch. She tries to launch herself over the back. Albert grabs her legs. She scratches at him. Flynn takes her by the arms...

Suddenly she stops. Assessing them.

Hoag stands in the doorway. Emma looks at him...

EMMA
Where is he?

Beat.

EMMA
You killed him, right? Please tell me he's dead.

HOAG
Expand on he.

Emma thrashes some more. Futile.

EMMA
Oh, God...we've got to get out of here.

Amber stands at the door.

AMBER
(to Hoag)
Dad?

HOAG
Get Ethan up on the radio.

Amber stands there tentatively.

HOAG
And now.

EMMA
WE...HAVE...TO...LEAVE!!! NOW!!!

FLYNN
She's freaking me out man.

Denny enters. He stops dead at the sight of Emma.

DENNY
You weren't kidding about early
Christmas.

Emma screams at Hoag.

EMMA
WHY WON'T YOU LET ME GO?

Tamara tries to reason.

TAMARA
C'mon sweetie, you gotta put
yourself in our shoes. Just chill
out for a second and tell us why
you were in the back of that car.

Emma stares at Tamara.

TAMARA
C'mon.

EMMA
He had to move. He knew they were
coming, so, he had to move.

TAMARA
Who, baby? Who are you talking
about?

EMMA
Listen to me. He's going to come
for me. He always does.

HOAG
Why don't you start by telling us
HIS name.

Through gritted teeth.

EMMA
He doesn't have a name.

Emma strains to get to Hoag. Hisses...

EMMA
He's going to come and he's going
to kill you all.

Amber enters.

AMBER
(to Hoag)
Ethan's not coming up on the radio.

HOAG
Keep trying.

EMMA
You won't get him.

FLYNN
What the fuck do you know?

EMMA
He's already dead.

She turns to Tamara.

EMMA
Just call the police. Please.

Tamara turns to Hoag.

TAMARA
Maybe we should send someone out
there.

Emma lurches forward...

EMMA
Are you people fucking retarded?

Hoag BACKHANDS EMMA. She falls across the couch. A silence hangs in the room. Hoag turns to Denny.

HOAG
Head up the road. Wake Ethan the
fuck up. Flynn go with him.

FLYNN
I'm not leaving this fine piece of
ass alone with you.

Hoag stares at Flynn. Pinches his eyes.

HOAG
Albert, go with the shithead. Make
sure he doesn't fuck anything up.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

A DODGE PICK-UP TRUCK barrels down the highway.

INT. DODGE - DAY

Albert is driving. Denny rides shotgun.

DENNY
I'm sick of him disrespecting me.

ALBERT
Hoag doesn't respect anyone, Denny.

DENNY
Yeah, but I'm practically blood.

ALBERT
Banging his little girl doesn't buy
you rights. Besides. We've all been
there.
(beat)
Aw, fuck me.

Up ahead, PLUMES OF SMOKE choke the sky.

Albert's not encouraged by the smoke. He punches out a number
on his cell. Waits.

ALBERT
(on cell)
Yeah...Comin' up on it...Something
don't smell right.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

As the beaten down gas station enters view we see --

THE WHITE WORK VAN, parked away from the road, is in FLAMES.

The DODGE pulls in. Parks behind the flaming van.

Albert is out of the truck with a small FIRE EXTINGUISHER. He
unloads it into the cab while shouting orders to Denny.

ALBERT
Get a hose. Put this out.

Denny runs off.

ALBERT
Hurry.

DENNY
I'm on it.

ON THE VAN - A BLACKENED CORPSE sizzles in the front seat. Skin blistering off its face.

Albert taps the extinguisher and tosses it off as Denny comes running around the corner with a hose. He stops dead when he sees the body.

DENNY

Oh, shit, is that Ethan?

Denny soaks the van with the hose.

ALBERT

The girl we brought in with him, I think. Drench this fucking thing.

Albert grabs a shotgun off the Dodge's gun rack and walks off...

Denny continues to douse the van.

DENNY

Then where's Ethan?

NEAR THE OFFICE - Albert is looking down, a mask of revulsion on his face.

ALBERT

He's over here.

ON THE GIANT - The handcuffs are still hooked through his jaw. Throat sliced open and his clothes soaked with blood. If his face could tell us anything it's that his final moments were pretty fucking bad.

ALBERT

(shakes his head)

Wow.

Albert walks back to the smoldering van. Denny backs away, nods toward the Giant.

DENNY

He....?

ALBERT

Some seriously apocalyptic shit went down here, man.

He uses his shirt to open the passenger door.

ALBERT

And, yeah, Ethan's not joining us for dinner.

REACHES IN and...

ALBERT

Hot as a...

throws the van into neutral...

ALBERT

...motherfucker.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Albert, and Denny push the smoldering van behind the building. It's not easy doing, but they manage.

The van rolls to a stop. BETTY'S corpse pitches forward with the sticky smack of roasted fat peeling away from muscle and bone.

Denny immediately gags and kneels to puke. Albert is annoyed.

ALBERT

Can we try not to be a pussy about this?

DENNY

(in between gacks)

Are you...fucking...kidding? I'd be worried...about me...if I wasn't...pukeing.

INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

The door creaks open. Those boxes from the van are stacked amidst dozens more. Albert steps inside. Denny follows.

Amongst the boxes are artifacts from the gas station gone by. A rusted out sign. Old pumps. Stacked tires.

ALBERT

You keep hugging my ass the way you're doing and I'm gonna have to beat you down.

DENNY

Honestly, Albert, we should just get the hell out of here.

ALBERT

Have you thought at all about the simple fact that he didn't take the truck? Why wouldn't he do that? Kinda freaks you out, huh?

They walk through the store room. Piles of boxes covered with old brittle plastic.

DENNY

Maybe he wants us to find him.

ALBERT

I think he does.

Denny approaches an odd looking shape covered in plastic. He gets closer. EYES STARING BACK AT HIM. Denny stumbles back...

DENNY

Kill him. Fucking kill the fucker!!!

Albert FIRES point blank and decimates the FIGURE. When the smoke clears...

REVEAL - An old station MASCOT. A sixties looking guy, his perma-grin now a sick half smile.

Denny pulls himself up from the floor.

DENNY

Can we just get out of here, please?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amber enters, carrying some clothes. She holds out the clothes for Emma.

AMBER

Here. I think these will fit you.

Emma looks up. Struck by an act of humanity.

EMMA

Thank you.

Hoag grabs Amber.

HOAG

What's gotten into you, girl?

Amber looks up. She takes a passive stand.

AMBER
 (to the others)
 Maybe, we should let her get
 cleaned up a bit.

HOAG
 I'm not letting this one out of my
 sight. Not until we hear from
 Ethan.

A sideways glance from Emma...

EMMA
 I already told you. He's dead.

HOAG
 Fuck you. You don't know that.

Tamara shoots Hoag a look. Then...

TAMARA
 Amber...you get her showered.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Albert has the Giant's arms. Denny, his legs.

DENNY
 One, two, three lift? Or, on three?

ALBERT
 I'm going to knock you the fuck
 out, man. One, two, three...

They lift the Giant and maneuver him into the bed of the
 Dodge. It's heavy going, but not as bad as you might think.
 Denny takes note...

DENNY
 Figure him to be heavier.

Albert slams the back of the truck. He takes one look at the
 OFFICE.

ALBERT
 Wait here.

Albert walks to the office.

DENNY
 Don't be brave, man.

Albert pauses AT THE OFFICE DOOR. Opens it. Enters...

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Not much to the place. Only the drone of buzzing flies. Otherwise, just a desk, some file cabinets. All old. Useless.

But, there's a smell in here that just curls Albert's toes.

He moves slowly around the desk when...

A COYOTE SPINS AROUND ON HIM. Snarling. Blood caked on its muzzle.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Albert walks quickly to the truck.

ALBERT

We're leaving.

He jumps behind the wheel. Denny gets in and they tear ass out of the parking lot and back onto the road.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The Dodge barrels down the asphalt.

The GIANT'S CORPSE slides around in the truck bed, slick in its own blood.

We PUSH IN on the corpse. It's CHEST IS MOVING...breathing, sort of.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Emma strips off the nasty wifebeater she's been wearing. Pulls off her panties.

ON EMMA'S BACK - Deep scars. Like she's been beaten, whipped perhaps, but now healed.

On Amber. She's taken back by the scars.

AMBER

What happened to you?

Amber reaches out and touches Emma's back. Emma allows it. She reacts with a quiver of muscle...

EMMA

It's personal.

She steps into the shower. Closes the moldy curtain.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Flynn hands Hoag a beer.

FLYNN

What're we gonna do about her?

HOAG

She's broken in a way that can't be fixed.

Tamara runs in. Excited...

TAMARA

Get your butts in here. I've got something to show you.

FLYNN

What?

TAMARA

You all make fun of me for watchin' all those reality shows. Just wait till you peep this.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tamara enters, followed by Hoag and Flynn.

TAMARA

I happen to know who our little friend is.

She flips through the TIVO. Pulls up AMERICAN JUSTICE...

ON THE TV - As Tamara fast forwards through the program.

TAMARA

You know it's mostly pedophiles and bank robbers, guys who killed their families and shit like that, but I've been totally into this story.

HOAG

Less we're on, you're wasting my time.

FLYNN

What story?

TAMARA

This one.

The HOST of "American Justice" stands in front of a bank of television screens all showcasing the smiling, high school yearbook photo of...

EMMA WARD.

FLYNN

That?

TAMARA

I shit you not.

Emma, enters, freshly scrubbed, hair wet around her face and dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. Amber flanks her.

AMBER

No way...

Emma stares at her likeness as...

HOST

(on screen)

It was just like any other Friday night at Oregon State University. A night that would be seared into the minds of parents of fifteen college students, forever.

(beat)

Emma Ward and her friends were having a party. Celebrating the end of the semester like most students, except this celebration turned bloody.

Over the Host's voice we see IMAGES of fourteen other students. Their smiling faces.

And then...

FLASHES OF POLICE PHOTOS -

One STUDENT hanging upside down, bleeding out in a doorway.

HOST (V.O.)

A killer entered the house. Was he already there? Waiting? Or was he a friend?

Another STUDENT, slumped over a sink, his HEAD down the garbage disposal.

HOST (V.O.)

Police and federal authorities have never been able to piece together the mystery of how or why it happened, but when it was over, fourteen students had been brutally murdered.

A rapid succession of PHOTOS depicting the following...

HOST (V.O.)

Stabbed, shot, decapitated, skinned alive and only one was never found. Emma Ward.

And BACK TO THE HOST posing in front of the carnage.

HOST

The heiress to the Ward Publication Empire. Did she know the killer? Until now, it was unclear until...

IMAGES of a roadside blockade. FBI. Local cops. Anyone in uniform are all combing the woods. An interview with a HUNTER...

HUNTER

(on screen)

I was tracking a deer when he got caught up in this thing.

A SHOT of a deer, dead, hanging in the same triangulation trap we saw got Emma earlier.

HOST

(on screen)

And that's when hunter, Richard Lewy, noticed this...

The WORDS...EMMA WARD IS ALIVE, carved into the Alder tree. Except scarred over by months of bark growth.

AT A FORENSICS LAB - An earnest looking local SHERIFF is being interviewed.

SHERIFF

(on screen)

Apparently, the carving is about eight months old. At first we were skeptical, but we found this...

He holds up a baggie. Inside is the SHARD OF GLASS.

SHERIFF

(on screen)

Lab tests prove that it's Emma Ward's blood on this glass. As of eight months ago she was alive. We must now continue our investigation under the premise that she is out there, somewhere. And we will find her.

IN THE STUDIO - Emma's father, publishing tycoon BILL WARD, 50, is being interviewed by the HOST.

HOST

(on screen)

Mr. Ward. Is there something you'd like to say to the person holding your daughter.

WARD

(on screen)

Please. Emma is a beautiful girl with a beautiful heart. Please take care of Emma. Please see her for who she is. Please let our Emma come home.

And then Emma's PHOTO with a reward statement. \$2,000,000.

HOST

(on screen)

The Ward family is offering a two million dollar reward for any information leading to the recovery of their daughter.

Tamara flips off the TV. Big fucking grin across her face. She walks to Hoag and Flynn. Whispers...

TAMARA

(sotto)

Jackpot.

HOAG

And the fella driving the car...

TAMARA

Is the maniac who pulled all that shit.

HOAG

Well, holy fuck. We bagged ourselves two gorillas and I don't know which one is bigger.

ON EMMA - She's silently holding it together. Tears streaming down her face, yet not making a sound.

Tamara kneels in front of her.

TAMARA
Emma? You know we're here to help
you, right?

Emma SPITS in Tamara's face.

TAMARA
(wiping away spit)
Fucking bitch.

The front door swings open. Albert enters. Looks at Hoag.

ALBERT
A word.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Albert and Denny download Hoag on what they found. Denny is kind of frantic.

DENNY
It was a freakin' bloodbath there,
man. Blood everywhere. He burned
the truck. That chickie, the one he
came with, dead.

HOAG
Say again?

DENNY
The brunette. She's toast.
Literally.

HOAG
Where's my brother?

ALBERT
We got there too late.

Hoag pushes Albert against the wall.

HOAG
Where is he?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Hoag stares at the Giant's body lying prone in the truck bed. He reaches in and tugs at the HANDCUFFS skewering the big man's lower jaw.

HOAG

I always figured Ethan to be
fucking immortal and now look at
him.

ALBERT

We looked for the guy. He must've
hoofed it into the woods.

Flynn paces.

FLYNN

Well that's just great. So he goes
straight to the cops.

Hoag shoot Flynn a look like, "You fucking idiot."

HOAG

Put Ethan outta there and put him
in the shed.

INT. SHED - DAY

The DOOR is kicked open from the outside.

Flynn, Albert and Denny struggle with the Giant's enormous corpse.

DENNY

See, this is what I'm talking
about. Ethan's his brother and
we're the ones moving him all over
the fucking county.

They maneuver it through the door and drop it onto the stone floor.

DENNY

What do we do with him now?

Albert and Flynn look at each other and then at the rusted out WOOD CHIPPER that sits like an old dinosaur amongst the various tools.

DENNY

Fuck you guys.

FLYNN

We'll figure it out later.

(beat)

Denny grab that tarp.

Denny reaches for a CLEAR PLASTIC TARP. Hands it to Flynn.

Flynn covers the Giant.

FLYNN

Should keep the flies offa him.

(beat)

We'll drink to you tonight, Ethan.

They take pause and then collectively bolt out of there.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Hoag lays a .44 on the kitchen table. Places Albert's shotgun next to it.

DENNY

You're telling me that chick in there is worth two million bones?

FLYNN

That's right, sport.

DENNY

No, shit. Man, I'm gonna get me a Bentley, a big fucking house and a sweet ass Jizzcuzzi for all my bitches.

Hoag looks at his watch.

HOAG

First we meet Angel. We're looking at thirty minutes.

DENNY

Well you're on your own, Hoag. There's no way I'm heading back out there for some used toasters and shit.

Hoag grabs Denny and slams his face down onto the table.

HOAG

We stay the course, dickhead. There are about twelve homicides worth of used toasters back there and we gotta get 'em moving or no one is getting a fucking jizzcuzi.

DENNY

Okay. Okay. But what if he's there? What if he's waiting for us?

HOAG

He knows what's good for him, he'll be long gone.

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - OFFICE - DUSK

As we left it. The sounds of FLESH RIPPING, THE SLURP OF BLOOD AND GNAW OF BONE.

PUSH IN on the COYOTE as it savors its meal under the desk.

SLOW REVEAL - Meat and bones. Pretty much every internal organ. An entire ribcage. A femur, maybe two. A pelvis...

INT. SHED - DAY

CLOSE ON - the GIANT. An awkward beat passes and then there's...movement. It's hard to tell in this light, but the tarp shifts and bulges and...

DRIVER EMERGES FROM THE GIANT'S BODY, sitting up, the tarp sticking to his blood covered face. He RISES, naked, the Giant's flaccid skin hanging off his frame like an oversized suit, the tarp clings to his body, the hunting knife hanging from his palm.

And then he pulls the tarp off. White eyes stare out from his glistening bloody face. He tosses the tarp away and...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Albert stands behind Emma, effectively blocking her from the back door.

Hoag, shotgun in hand, kneels before Emma.

HOAG

It seems your friend...has, ah, escaped.

(MORE)

HOAG (CONT'D)

Now I'd like you to tell me a little something about him. What exactly are we dealing with?

Cobra fast, Emma plants her foot against the side of Hoag's face and then delivers another solid kick to his CHEST.

Hoag is off his feet and through the coffee table.

Before anyone can react, she grabs the base of a side table lamp. Tears it free from the wall and...

BRAINS ALBERT. Shards of porcelain spray the room and Albert goes down.

Hoag, struggling to his feet...

HOAG

Stop her!!!

Emma's fucking cat-like. She leaps over the couch, basically runs across Albert's face, ignoring the shards of broken lamp that rip into her bare feet when Denny grabs her.

DENNY

Now you just hold it there ba--

She turns on him. Hammers Denny with four lightning jabs to the face and an elbow to the side of the head. He drops like a sack.

She runs through the hallway and turns into the KITCHEN...

She's almost at the back door when, suddenly, HOAG is in her face, SHOTGUN POINTED at her forehead.

HOAG

Open that door and it'll be your brains to make it down them steps. I fuckin' promise you that.

Emma stares at him.

EMMA

Well then you better get yourself a mop.

She opens the door anyway. Hoag pumps the gun, and Emma pauses. She stares out into the night. She turns and walks past Hoag, back into the living room.

EMMA

It's getting dark. Now my best hope
of escape is while he's killing the
whole bunch of you.

(beat)

So I'll just wait.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

DRIVER, naked and soaked in blood, stands at the edge of the
yard. The Giant's massive HUNTING KNIFE hangs from his palm.

HE WATCHES AS --

Emma turns away from the back door. Hoag closes it.

With the sun dipping and the sky a golden red, Driver looks
as if the very depths of Hell have opened and out crawled
this demon.

DRIVER'S POV - Across the yard is the BMW and wrecked next to
it is the battered U-Haul.

INT. BMW - DUSK

Driver's hand feels around under the seat. Finds...

HIS CELL PHONE. Flips it open. It works.

EXT. BMW - DUSK

On the OPEN TRUNK - Driver feels the warmth of the trunk,
hand on the space where Emma was being kept. He breaks free
of his vigil and...

GRABS a packed duffel and slams the trunk closed. Bloody
handprint.

INT. U-HAUL - DUSK

The DOORS CRANK OPEN. Driver stands clad in black coveralls
and black lace up boots. He climbs inside.

Once meticulously organized, the interior of the U-Haul is
now a tossed mess.

Driver, he's kind of whistling to himself, pushes the boxes
away and retrieves...

A FAT METAL CASE. He opens it to reveal high tech equipment. Signal Jammers. Motion Detectors. Infrared goggles. GPS tracking devices. Everything seems to be in good shape. Closes the case.

He opens another latched cabinet to reveal...

Gleaming WEAPONS. TWO CHAINSAWS, a small STIHL and a huge 66 cc ECHO. A selection of honed CHEF'S KNIFE. A CLAW HAMMER. A CROSSBOW with CARBON STEEL SWITCHBLADE TIPS.

He weighs the MASSIVE HUNTING KNIFE in his hand. Closes the cabinet and...

OPENS a felled storage locker. From within he retrieves a GRAPHITE brace with some sort of spring loaded action. He CLICKS the handle of the hunting knife into a hollow grip...fits the brace onto his arm and...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hoag, carrying the shotgun, barges through the kitchen. Denny, Lucas and Albert follow. Flynn takes up the rear with the .44 in his hand.

HOAG

Flynn, tell Angel we're on our way.
Denny, you and Albert, you're with me.

Flynn is dialing Angel. Beat.

FLYNN

Albert give me your phone. I'm not getting a signal.

Albert hands him the phone. Beat.

FLYNN

What the fuck? No bars.

INSERT - Somewhere dark, a SIGNAL JAMMER flashes rhythmically.

BACK TO SCENE -

Hoag pockets his own phone.

HOAG

Fuck it. I'll call him from the road.

He opens the door. Beat.

Tamara puts her hand on Hoag's shoulder.

TAMARA
Be careful.

HOAG
Shit, baby, you can do better than
that.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Hoag steps out, and...

CRASHES THROUGH THE WOOD FLOORING OF THE PORCH!!! Drops out
of sight.

TAMARA
HOAG!!!

Denny goes after him. Shoves his head and shoulders through
the HOLE and sees...

EXT. PORCH - CRAWLSPACE - SAME

DRIVER - pointing the gun in Denny's face.

DENNY SCREAMS!

DENNY
PULL ME BACK!!!

As Driver UNLOADS A ROUND, Denny is yanked back out of the
hole. He takes a spray of buckshot in the shoulder as...

EXT. PORCH - SAME

Albert and Tamara haul Denny up. He falls back, gushing
blood.

TAMARA
Where's Hoag?

Denny crab scuttles back, grasping his bleeding shoulder.

DENNY
I don't know. He got him.

TAMARA
What the...? Who's got him?

DENNY

I don't know. HIM! Fuck, I'm
bleeding to death here.

And then ANOTHER SHOTGUN BLAST through the porch and...

DENNY'S FOOT EVAPORATES IN A SPRAY OF BLOOD AND BONE.

Denny SCREAMS and SCREAMS...

Albert grabs Denny and drags him through the back door, back
into the kitchen, just as a second shot...

BLOWS A HOLE through the porch floor.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Tamara slams the door.

FLYNN

He's under the house.

ALBERT

He's under the porch. That's all.
He can't get under the house.

TAMARA

We can't just leave Hoag out there.

FLYNN

Hoag...is history.

Denny is getting paler. He tries to get up and falls...

DENNY

I don't feel so good.

FLYNN

You don't look so good, either.

ALBERT

Flynn. Hell.

Albert ties a tourniquet around Denny's stump.

ALBERT

We're losing a ton of blood here.

Denny swoons.

DENNY

(nerve wracked)
Define ton of blood.

Flynn inspects the wound.

ALBERT

Don't lose your head, Dens. You'll
be fine.

Amber appears in the doorway. Sees all the blood.

AMBER

Where's my dad?

Flynn whips on her.

FLYNN

Don't let that fucking cunt out of
your sight.

Emma pushes past Amber. She regards Denny with sadistic grin.

EMMA

You might want to drop the bad guy
routine. Now that he knows where
you are there's really no one
worse.

Tamara turns to Flynn. Pleads.

TAMARA

That freak's got Hoag. He wouldn't
leave you to die. He'd never do
that to any of you.

Off of Flynn and Albert's silence.

AMBER

What about my dad?

INT. SHED - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - DRIVER'S HAND, gripping a rope. We HEAR the WHIRL
OF A TURBINE grinding away.

DRIVER

Handcuffs?

CLOSE ON - Hoag's face. Hatred in his eyes.

DRIVER

That was your first mistake.
Haven't you people ever heard of
zip ties?

BACK TO - Driver's hand. He lets go of the rope.

REVEAL - Hoag SCREAMS as he drops through the CHUTE of a rusted out wood chipper.

Driver grabs the rope in time, it burns into his skin.

Hoag stops dead. Hovers an eyelash away from the whirling blades.

Driver pulls back, hauling Hoag back up through the chute. And now we figure out the rigging.

Hoag is hog-tied, rope running from his legs, around his neck, up his back and over the top of the chute to --

DRIVER. He sits at the blade end of the chipper, literally looking up, through the blades at Hoag. He holds the rope, the single lifeline that keep Hoag from turning into chum.

DRIVER

So, you're what? The leader here?

HOAG

No, I --

DRIVER

You're the one with the gun. You must be the leader.

HOAG

Please you've got me confused -

Driver let's go of the rope.

Hoag drops toward the blades. He somehow twists his body so he JAMS UP THE CHUTE.

DRIVER

Cute move.

But gravity is the enemy. His body inches closer to the blades, with his head turned...

IT'S HIS EAR THAT GOES FIRST. Hoag screams again.

Blood splatters Driver's face.

Driver pulls back on the rope, effectively dislodging Hoag.

DRIVER

Are you suggesting I'm confused?

(beat)

What? Can't you hear me?

But Hoag is one step off of madness. With the chipper blades fanning his face...

HOAG

Don't do this to me. I can help you.

DRIVER

But there are so many areas, I can't even begin to imagine where to begin. Well, okay, let's hear it.

Hoag just stares. Is he joking?

DRIVER

Enlighten me. Please...

HOAG

I can get the girl for you. You can...you can go on your way, take whatever you want from us. I can make that happen for you.

DRIVER

Oh. No. See I'm planning on handling that little task on my own. I thought you were going to help me get things back to the way they were. You know, like as if all this never happened. That's what I need help with. Can you do that? Turn back time? Re-establish the continuum?

It dawns on Hoag that he's dealing with a madman.

HOAG

No.

DRIVER

You know what I hate about the common criminal? They're so...mediocre.

Beat.

HOAG

What?

DRIVER

It's in mendacity that we achieve our very best.

HOAG
I don't understand. Please, I'm
sorry.

Beat.

DRIVER
You know who I am?

Hoag won't meet his eyes.

DRIVER
Who am I?

Beat. Driver begins to release the rope inch by inch, jerking
Hoag toward the blades.

DRIVER
Who...am...I?

HOAG
I don't know. You're...some kind of
serial killer.

DRIVER
Serial killer? Sweet Jesus, no.
Serial killers deal in
singularities. I'm a numbers guy.
(beat)
Which makes me a total psychopath.
Although I hate to put myself in a
box. Admittedly, there are some
things that might stereotype me.
Fixations. Rituals. Trophies.
(holds up and wags Hoag's
ear)
Case in point.
(beat)
But really, what motivates me is
the absolute need to get the job
done.

Holds Hoag steady.

DRIVER
How many are in the house? Do the
math. Quick.

Hoag blinks, brain calculating.

HOAG
Six. There's six.

DRIVER

Minus one and a half, really. Okay.
You've served your purpose.

(beat)

Any last words?

Hoag stutters...

HOAG

Wait.

DRIVER

Concise. Not terribly clever, but
the clarity of the intention,
crystal clear.

(beat)

However...no.

Driver RELEASES the rope.

Hoag rockets toward the chipper blades. The rest are SFX.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tamara sits at the kitchen table, a bottle of cheap vodka in
front of her. She looks in shock. Flynn enters.

She pours herself a shot and downs it. Flynn pulls out a
chair. Sits down.

FLYNN

You know how much he meant to me.
How much I liked him.

He pours himself a shot. Drinks.

FLYNN

But I particularly liked his taste
in women.

Tamara grabs the bottle. Places it next to her.

TAMARA

That's awfully romantic, Flynn, but
I don't go for chicken shits.

FLYNN

I'm sorry I wasn't brave enough for
you, but let me ask you this...how
would you feel about splitting two
million dollars reward money.

(beat)

Think about it?

Tamara just stares at him, but he can see the wheels spinning. Gives a miniscule grin. Tamara looks toward the kitchen window which RATTLES in it's frame when...

SUDDENLY OFFSCREEN - A EXPLOSION!!! KA-BOOM!!!

The WINDOWS SHATTER, blowing shards of glass into the room.

Flynn dives on top of Tamara. Their faces inches apart...Flynn goes in for a kiss.

Tamara KNEES him in the balls.

TAMARA

What the fuck is wrong with you?

She gets up a bolts into...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Albert, Amber and Emma are staring out the back window, the TOW TRUCK is in flames.

Albert turns as Tamara runs in. Flynn limps in behind her.

FLYNN

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION -

They all flinch at the sound. Through the front window we see...

Albert's PICK-UP is in flames.

AMBER

He's trapping us here.

ALBERT

When we don't show up, Angel's gonna come looking.

TAMARA

He's right.

EMMA

Oh, so Angel's going to save you.

Flynn turns to Amber.

FLYNN

Amber, get this bitch outta my
sight, cause if I have to hear one
more fucking word --

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

An EIGHTEEN WHEELER rolls into the lot. Takes it's time to
park behind the STORE ROOM.

The driver's side door opens and...

EXT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - NIGHT

ANGEL, 45 year old tatted out highway smuggler, jumps out of
the cab.

He lights a smoke. Inhales. Ahhh.

ANGEL

HOAG! Come out, come out wherever
you are.

He kicks it against the chrome bumper and waits. Takes a long
drag.

ANGEL

HOAG! Where the fuck are you
people?

INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Emma stands at a small circular window in the peak of the
attic, staring out.

From behind her...

AMBER

I bet you want to kill the man who
did this to you.

EMMA

Your powers of perception are
staggering.

Beat.

AMBER

Does he...love you?

Emma leans her head against the glass.

EMMA
Yeah...he loves me.

Puts her hand up to the window.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Emma's HAND pressed up against a damp stone wall.

REVEAL - Emma is crouched in the corner, face turned away from...

DRIVER, standing against the far wall. She flattens herself against the wall and huddles in silence.

DRIVER
Today we're going to advance to
something much more challenging.

Driver drops down before her, sits Indian style.

DRIVER
(earnest)
Let's meditate for a moment on the
power you have over living things?
The gift we bestow, just by
allowing innocent life to...
(deep inhale)
take its next breath?

Emma mutters something.

DRIVER
I'm sorry?

Silence. He lifts her face. She looks up with deep hatred.

DRIVER
Say again.

EMMA
I don't want to know.

DRIVER
That's not for you to decide.

Driver walks around the bare, windowless room. He knocks on the walls.

DRIVER

The only thing keeping you in here...is me. Anything happens to me and there's only one single outcome.

(beat)

You die. But not an unremarkable death. Fun fact. There documented cases in which prisoners who were found in cages long after their captors surrendered, typically POW's, you know, that well, left to their final desperate measures, and to evade starvation, they actually cannibalized themselves. You know what the technical term for that is?

EMMA

Please...stop.

DRIVER

Sarcophagy. Onomatopoeic, dont'cha think?

He pulls a BOX CUTTER from his pocket.

DRIVER

Now, Emma, listen carefully...when the arterial vein is sliced the body tends to bleed out within ten minutes. It's not like in the movies when someone's jugular is severed and they immediately drop dead. It takes a while. But it's also impossible for the victim to administer the proper medical help. Do you know what that is?

EMMA

I...no.

DRIVER

No biggie. I'm no doctor either. I can tell you this much though. Elevate the wound over the heart and apply pressure to the area. And bandage tightly. That's important.

EMMA

Why are you telling me this?

Driver has opened the BOX CUTTER, baring the gleaming razor edge.

DRIVER

Because as much as you hate me, you now have the opportunity to save my life.

Driver SLICES HIS NECK with the box cutter.

DRIVER

I love you, Emma.

Blood SPURTS, splattering Emma's face. Driver's hand goes instinctively to his neck, but with the blood pumping between his finger, he promptly drops to his knees.

EMMA

You're fucking crazy.

DRIVER

Yeah, sorry about that.

Driver falls face first at Emma's feet. BLACKOUT.

INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

BACK TO SCENE -

Amber lights a cigarette.

AMBER

What's going to happen to my pops?

EMMA

He'll kill him.

AMBER

Yeah, but, how?

Emma turns to her. Amber has a look of morbid curiosity.

EMMA

You and your father, you not get along?

AMBER

Put it this way. He wasn't the best role model.

Beat.

EMMA

He'll torture him. Kill him in ways that no one should ever imagine.

AMBER

Hmm.

(beat)

Why didn't he do that to you?

EMMA

I think he was trying to...create me. Build something out of despair.

AMBER

He hurt you?

EMMA

At times. He would get carried away.

AMBER

Like those scars?

EMMA

Like the scars.

AMBER

(points to her stomach)

And what about the one right there?

Emma looks down, lifts her shirt and runs her fingers along a SCAR that is IDENTICAL to the one we noticed on Betty's stomach, earlier.

EMMA

Amber, you don't want to know his kind of love.

Fear is beginning to consume Amber.

EMMA

You're a nice person. You should have run when you had the chance.

AMBER

Can you help us? You know him. You can figure out how to end this.

EMMA

Except right now...it's only just begun.

And we see...

EMMA'S POV - Driver, standing in the MOONLIGHT, a thick BURLAP SACK, dripping blood, in his hand. He stares up at the window. He whispers something, but we can't read his lips.

Then he touches his throat, tracing a long healed scar.

AMBER

Is there someone out there?

Amber approaches the window.

AMBER'S POV - Driver is gone. Just a deep red stain on the grass. The sloughing of Hoag.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

Angel walks through the lot. We're with him when he spots --

THE BURNED OUT VAN.

Angel approaches. Looks around. Clearly this is recent. Runs his finger along the side. Still warm.

ANGEL

HOAG!!!

It's dark on this side of the station and pitch black in the burned out van.

Angel takes out his ZIPPO. He reaches through the driver's window and FLICKS THE LIGHTER to --

REVEAL - BETTY'S BURNED CORPSE

Angel SCREAMS and panics and KNOCKS Betty's head which snaps at the neck like a fried pretzel and DROPS INTO HER LAP. Angel fumbles the lighter. Drops it into the van and STUMBLES back, falling on his ass, gets up and then runs back to his truck.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara and Flynn enter from the kitchen. Denny mumbles, sadly delirious from loss of blood.

Albert's trying to get him to drink some water.

ALBERT

C'mon, Dens.

He nods through delirium and sips the water.

ALBERT

That it, buddy. Drink up.

Denny begins to cough. A wracking hack. Blood bubbles up at his lips and choking, he pukes blood.

ALBERT
Oh, fuck. Tamara. Help.

Tamara takes Denny's head and props him up higher.

TAMARA
He's going to die if we don't get him help.

The impossibility of this is staggering.

FLYNN
Yeah, we should call an ambulance. I'll get right on that.

ALBERT
What about the Jeep? Unless he got into the garage...

FLYNN
Sounds like a solid plan, Albert.

ALBERT
Hoag's dead. Ethan. Dead. Denny's...not doing so hot. I'm looking at your ugly ass and I'm thinking, that dude's dead too.

FLYNN
I say we wait until morning.

TAMARA
Flynn is right. We wait.

AMBER APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY. She pushes Emma into the room.

AMBER
I'm with Albert. We take our chances on the Jeep.

Tamara takes Emma by the arm and pushes her onto the couch. Then she turns on Amber.

TAMARA
No one cares what you think.

AMBER
Just cause my old man was givin' you the deep dicking doesn't make you my mother, bitch.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)
And with Hoag dead, that pretty
much makes this my fucking house,
so, get the fuck out.

Tamara turns her back on Amber.

 TAMARA
Suck me.

Amber hauls off and sucker punches Tamara. Tamara goes down.

 FLYNN
 (pumped)
HELLO!!!

And Tamara comes back all hellcat. Full on pulling hair,
kicking, punching.

Tamara and Amber fall into the couch on top of DENNY.

 DENNY
OHHHHHH!

And then onto the floor. They've got each other by the hair
...trading punches.

Albert's looking for a way to grab one of them.

 ALBERT
Flynn, help me out here...

Flynn shakes his head exasperated, gets into the middle and
tries to grab Tamara, but she HEADBUTTS him with the back of
her head.

He stumbles back. Nose gushing.

 FLYNN
GODDAMNIT.

The girls flip over. They're back on their feet now, kicking
and slapping.

They fall into Denny again.

 DENNY
OHHHHHH!

Tamara bites Amber's tit. She screams and sinks her teeth
into the back of Tamara's head.

Albert makes his move. Tamara kicks him in the balls and he
crumbles.

ALBERT
Oh, dear God...pain...

Flynn is staunching the bleeding from his nose. Tamara sees the .44 sticking out of Flynn's waistband.

Flynn looks to the front door. Hears something...

Tamara grabs the gun. Turns it on Amber. Cocks it. Pulls the trigger --

FLYNN'S HAND COMES DOWN ON THE HAMMER IN MID DESCENT.

He yanks the gun away from Tamara.

FLYNN
There's someone at the door.

Silence. Then, a THUD...echoes down the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Indeed, there's a DULL POUNDING at the front door.

THUD! THUD!

Flynn, Tamara, Albert and Amber all stand near and around the door...

TAMARA
(whispers)
Is it Hoag?

FLYNN
If you were a psycho murderer and got your hands on Hoag, would you let him live?

Beat. THUD!

ALBERT
Flynn is right. Hoag's dead.

Beat. THUD!

FLYNN
Well, take a look.

They all look at Flynn like he's out of his mind. THUD!

ALBERT
You take a look.

Another unsettling...THUD!!!

FLYNN

You know what happens if I look through that peephole? That fucker's got a shotgun pressed right up against there and the second I put my eye up there...BAM! So, no fucking thanks.

Amber pushes her way forward.

AMBER

You gigantic pussies. I'll look.

AMBER PUTS HER EYE TO THE PEEPHOLE.

The others all take a step back.

AMBER'S POV - A BURLAP SACK, hanging from a rope, swings in the wind, knocking against the door.

AMBER

It's a bag.

FLYNN

What kind of bag?

Amber turns to the others. Dawns on her that they were all just waiting for her head to get blown off.

AMBER

(pushes past Flynn)
I don't know. A bag.

Flynn looks through the peephole. Again, the others take a protective step back.

Flynn's POV - The SACK swinging in the wind.

FLYNN

He's trying to bait us.

TAMARA

Well, duh!

Flynn steps away from the door. Paces.

ALBERT

What?

FLYNN

I don't know what to do.

TAMARA

What we do is not open the door.

FLYNN

Right. You're right. Don't open the door.

AMBER

Except what's in the bag?

ALBERT

Who cares what's in the bag?
Whatever's in the bag is bad.

Flynn can't stop pacing.

ALBERT

Flynn, I know what you're thinking...

Flynn turns. Stares at the door. Before anyone can stop him he...

REACHES for the knob and SWINGS THE DOOR OPEN. He stands there all brave and scared shitless at once.

FLYNN

(shouting)

C'MON YOU MOTHER OF ALL FUCKING
ASSHOLES. BRING IT!

But nothing happens. And now it's just him and the swinging burlap sack.

The SACK spins lazily from it's rope to REVEAL - Hoag's SHOTGUN is sewn onto the other side. Flynn backs away.

FLYNN

What the hell?

Flynn stares into the darkness, then turns to the group.

FLYNN

Why would he give us back the gun?

TAMARA

To send a message.

FLYNN

Yeah? What kind of stupid message is that? "Shoot me fuckers, I want to die"?

EMMA

He's evening the playing field.

FLYNN

Since when is this a fucking game?

The SACK drips blood on the front porch.

EMMA

For him, since the beginning.

FLYNN

You know, ominous is a terribly unattractive quality.

Beat.

TAMARA

Flynn, take the gun.

ALBERT

Leave it. Close the damn door, Flynn.

FLYNN

It's a gun, dipshit. You put bullets in it and blow douche bag's head into Chunky Soup. You don't leave it.

Flynn grabs the gun and TEARS it away from the bag which in effect causes...

The BURLAP SACK splits down the middle...

AND HOAG SPILLS OUT ONTO THE FRONT PORCH.

Everyone SCREAMS. Tamara backpeddles in blood and pieces of Hoag. Pandemonium.

Amber is STARING AT HER FATHER'S MASK OF A FACE. She starts SCREAMING UNCONTROLLABLY.

Albert slams the door. Amber is still SCREAMING. Albert slaps his hand over her mouth. Pushes her against the wall. Strained silence. Then...

FLYNN

What the fuck did he do to him?

Amber's hyperventilating.

AMBER

I gotta get out of here. Albert, I gotta get out of here.

Flynn holds up the shotgun.

FLYNN

Hey, at least we got us another gun.

Amber is crying and shaking. Albert holds her.

ALBERT

It's alright.

AMBER

It's not fucking alright. We gotta go, now.

Albert looks at Tamara.

ALBERT

Where are the keys to the Jeep?

TAMARA

I'm not going out there? I'm not going to get ground up like Hoag. No way.

Amber gets in Tamara's face.

AMBER

If I stay here one more second I'm going to go crazy. Fucking batshit crazy.

Beat.

ALBERT

Tamara. Get me the keys.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tamara slaps a set of keys into Albert's hand. Albert turns to Flynn.

ALBERT

Gun.

FLYNN

You kidding me?

ALBERT

Flynn, give me a fucking gun or so
help me...

Flynn reluctantly hands over the .44. Holds the shotgun back.

FLYNN

I keep the thunder stick.

Albert just shakes his head. Turns to Amber.

ALBERT

You ready?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Flynn, Tamara and Emma are at the window. They watch...

ALBERT AND AMBER run across the front yard toward a low slung
boarded up garage.

EMMA

You shouldn't have let them go.

FLYNN

What's it to you?

EMMA

Cause when they're dead, five
becomes three.

TAMARA

What makes you so sure they're
gonna die out there?

EMMA

This is what he lives for.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Albert and Amber flatten against the east wall next to the
door.

ALBERT

See anything?

AMBER

I think we're good.

Albert reaches for the knob. Turns it and...they're in.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A thick, dusty darkness hangs in the air. Shadows play against laser thin streams of moonlight on the walls.

An '88 JEEP WAGONEER, sitting in a puddle of oil, doesn't inspire confidence.

ALBERT

Fucking hell, is this thing even going to run?

Albert walks around the car. Get's in.

ALBERT

Well get on in. Let's see if our salvation's got any balls.

INT. JEEP - SAME

Albert slides into the driver's seat. Amber, next to him. She holds up the garage door opener. Albert knocks wood on his head.

ALBERT

It turns over, you hit that little button right there, got it?

AMBER

Check.

Inserts the keys. Turns. And the car GRINDS TO LIFE.

ALBERT

Yes.

Amber hits the garage door opener. Creak of rusty springs...

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

A wall filled with...

TOOLS. Rakes and shovels and A FAT DOUBLE BIT AXE hangs.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

The ENGINE DIES!

ALBERT

Fuck me.

Turns the key again. This time...nothing.

Albert waits. Tries again. Nothing. He pops the hood.

AMBER
What are you doing?

ALBERT
Something damn stupid.

Albert gets out of the car. Amber sits there. Waiting. Suddenly a revelation hits her like a wave.

She looks in the rearview mirror.

And then she SPINS AROUND in her seat to look in the --
BACK SEAT. Empty. Thank God!

She turns back around, relieved. And just then...

ALBERT is at her window. Amber SCRE--

HE SLAPS HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH.

ALBERT
Quiet, Jumpy.

Amber chills out.

AMBER
Nerves...you know?

ALBERT
Look, the engine is all cracked
hoses and Motor City fucking
ingenuity, so I'm gonna try a few
things.

(beat)
When I knock on the hood, give the
ignition a twist, alright?

AMBER
Shouldn't we close the garage door.

ALBERT
This'll only take a sec.

Albert heads back under the hood. Messes around in there.

KNOCKS.

Amber turns the key. Nothing.

More tweaking from under the hood.

KNOCKS.

Amber turns the key. Engine catches, then falters.

KNOCKS.

The engine catches again. This time it revs nicely.

Stale air blows out the vents.

ALBERT (O.S.)

Gun it.

Amber reaches her foot over the middle. Hits the gas. Running nicely...

AMBER

LET'S GO!!!

ALBERT notices oil bubbling out of the BLOCK.

ALBERT

Really lay down on it.

AMBER

Alright but, c'mon.

She floors the gas. He TIES A RAG AROUND A HOSE. Wipes his hands across his chest. Done.

Albert TURNS JUST AS...

DRIVER emerges from the dark, fast as fuck, and PLANTS THE AXE DEEP INTO ALBERT'S NECK.

Amber hears a noise.

AMBER

Albert?

And then, two more KNOCKS ON THE HOOD. Amber lays on the gas.

AMBER

It's running fine. Come the fuck on.

The ENGINE WHINES and then suddenly something GRINDS.

Two more impatient KNOCKS ON THE HOOD.

THE GRINDING WORSENS. Amber really guns it. The GRINDING is louder than the engine.

AMBER

Albert. Let's just --

And then a CLOTTING SPRAY OF GORE PUNCHES free from the vents...drenching her in blood.

Amber SCREAMS her fucking head off.

AMBER

What is this???

AMBER'S POV - A BLOODY HAND pushes the hood closed. And as he comes into view, DRIVER smiles at her. He lifts his hand to...

REVEAL - Albert. Driver's got him by his hair. He flips his head up to reveal Albert's severed face. Nothing left, but the holes that must have been his mouth, nose and eyes.

Amber dives for her door. Driver charges, but Amber --

SLAMS DRIVER in the legs with the door. He folds into himself as...

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Amber hits the ground running. She breaks for the trees.

Beat.

Driver appears in the doorway. He flips the axe in his hand and watches...

Amber running across the lawn. She looks back. Spots Driver. He tosses the axe back and forth between his hands.

Amber SCREAMS and runs into the woods.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber's SCREAMS penetrate the house.

Tamara races in, holding a big Chef's KNIFE.

TAMARA

What happened?

FLYNN

We've got to go right now.

Tamara goes to the window.

TAMARA
Where are they?

FLYNN
I don't know.
(beat)
Are you with me?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Amber, covered in blood, runs hard, pinwheeling past trees and jumping old logs. She looks back. Can't see Driver.

She pushes on, knowing where she's going.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Driver is tracking her. He runs fast. Axe in hand.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flynn gets in Emma's face.

FLYNN
When I say run. We run. You got any funny ideas and I'll make you wish you were back in that box under his bed or whatever weird shit you two had going on.

Flynn and Tamara prop Denny up between them. Denny moans.

DENNY
Leave her alone, Flynn. She's got our backs.

FLYNN
Really? You're so sure about that?
(beat)
That freak has this chick so tweaky wired that I don't know what she'll do.

Flynn pushes Emma to the front door.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Amber looks back.

DRIVER'S SILHOUETTE runs jagged through the trees. He's far enough back, but clearly on her tail.

She looks down. Notices the blood trail she's been leaving.

AMBER

Fuck.

She rips off her jacket.

Puts her weight into it and SNAPS OFF A THICK BRANCH OF A NEARBY TREE.

Amber looks fierce.

EXT. HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The car is still running. Emma stops at the sight of ALBERT. Tamara and Flynn pull Denny along.

Tamara practically trips over ALBERT'S BODY. She almost screams, but Flynn slaps his hand over her mouth, backing her up against the wall.

FLYNN

He's dead. C'mon. Just get in the car.

TAMARA

He had a gun.

Flynn hesitates at Albert's non-face.

TAMARA

Flynn.

FLYNN

Fine. Get in the car.

He hands Tamara the shotgun. Let's go of Denny. Tamara steps around Albert.

As Tamara loads Denny into the front seat and Emma gets in the back...

TAMARA

Oh, gross. There's like a shitload of blood in --

FLYNN

There's blood everywhere. Get in the fucking car.

Flynn kneels next to Albert. He LEANS OVER HIM reaching into his jacket...looking for the gun.

FLYNN
(sotto)
Shit is sick...

SUDDENLY ALBERT COUGHS BLOOD in Flynn's face. Flynn screams and JUMPS BACK, holding the gun in his hand, pointing it at what's left of Albert's face.

TAMARA
(from the car)
WHAT IS IT?

Albert is convulsing. His tongue trying to form words. Hands reaching for Flynn's leg.

FLYNN
Nothing. Stay in the car.

Albert tries to sit up.

FLYNN PLANTS HIS FOOT on Albert's chest. He pushes him down and SHIELDS HIS FACE FROM THE SPLATTER...

PULLS THE TRIGGER, putting Albert down.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER - Flynn gets in the car.

TAMARA
What did you do?

FLYNN
Forget it.

He slams the door. Punches the steering wheel.

FLYNN
Fuck.

Beat. He throws the car into gear, revs the engine and burns rubber out of the garage.

Flynn uses his palm to wipe away the slick of blood clotting his vision.

FLYNN
Sick.

He fishtails down the driveway, grinding gravel.

EMMA

Turn on your lights.

FLYNN

Did I ask for your opinion?

Being an ass hair away from death has kicked Emma into serious fuck you mode.

EMMA

We've come this far, it would be nice to actually live.

Flynn strains to see out the windshield. Between the blood and the darkness there's negative visibility.

Car fishtails...

The Jeep hits pavement and Flynn flips his lights.

A HUGE FUCKING DEER is standing dead center, in the middle of the road.

EVERYONE braces for impact.

But Flynn swerves at the very last second and...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Driver finds the spot where Amber stripped off her jacket. He assesses his options, staring into the thick woods, listening.

Suddenly, something BEEPS. BEEP, BEEP, BE...

He REACHES INTO HIS POCKET and stops the sound. He looks behind him, back toward the house...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Jeep screams down the road.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Amber stumbles out of the woods onto a decrepit abandoned property. Rusted out junked cars are scattered around the backyard of a falling down old house.

Amber beelines for the cars.

She pops the trunk on an old Chevy. Finds a TIRE IRON in back.

She hefts it in her hand. It'll have to do.

She looks to the house. Debates whether or not to go inside. She turns to the woods.

No sign of Driver.

She ducks down behind the car. Tries to catch her breath. Waits a few beats and then...

SLOWLY STANDS UP. She scans the perimeter. She's all alone. Takes a deep breath. FEELS A PRESENCE...

Amber SPINS AROUND, swinging the TIRE IRON.

DRIVER swings his AXE and they meet in the middle.

DRIVER
Couldn't be happy with a twenty
percent tip, could you?

Driver hooks the tire iron with the axe and rips it from Amber's hands.

He SWINGS THE AXE at Amber's face.

She arches her back and the blade GRAZES her FOREHEAD.

Amber stumbles back. Falls on her ass. Driver comes at her. She kicks at him, catching his KNEE with her heel.

Driver drops to his other knee.

AMBER
Fuck you.

Amber scrambles to her feet and runs for the house. Driver uses the axe to pull himself back up and LURCHES AFTER HER.

But Amber is fast. She races up the front porch and gets inside. Slams the door.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Amber stands against the door, holding it closed. Driver hits it from the outside. It shudders, but holds.

AMBER
LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

The BLADE of the AXE punches through the door an inch from Amber's head.

She stares at the reflection of her eye in the gleaming blade and then RUNS.

DRIVER kicks the door off its hinges.

Amber runs up the stairs, four at a time.

HER FOOT GOES THROUGH THE FLOORBOARD. She turns as Driver is upon her, but...

Amber grabs for the banister. It splinters in her hand and --

SHE SWINGS THE BROKEN PIECE AT DRIVER'S HEAD. Catches him in the temple and he stumbles back, loses his footing and FALLS BACKWARD DOWN THE STAIRS.

He lays still at the bottom.

Amber tugs her foot free.

Driver stirs. Hand to head. He gets to his feet.

And Amber is moving again. Up the stairs. She crosses to the bedrooms where...

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

She finds a crawlspace between the walls and ducks inside.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

Amber shimmies through the crawlspace. She can HEAR Driver searching for her.

A cracked piece of plaster allows her to peek through...

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Driver walks through the room. He KNOCKS on the walls. From across the room...

We make out Amber's terrified eye peeking through a wide CRACK in the wall.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

Amber slowly backs out of the crawlspace. Ducks around the wall. She can hear Driver...getting closer. Closer.

Amber flattens against the wall. The SOUND of Driver dragging the axe against the walls. She holds her hand over her mouth to keep herself from screaming.

Stone still, she listens. Doesn't hear a thing. Gathers the courage to...

PEEK AROUND THE CORNER OF THE WALL.

DRIVER IS RIGHT IN HER FACE and HAS HIS HAND over his own MOUTH, TRYING TO KEEP HIMSELF FROM SCREAMING. MOCKING HER.

Amber SCREAMS.

Driver PUNCHES his hand through the broken wall, behind her and GRABS AMBER BY THE HAIR. He literally PULLS HER through the wall into...

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amber is thrown across the floor. Driver is right on her.

She gets to her feet, sloppy, loses her balance, crying.

AMBER

Why are you doing this?

Defiantly, he throws the axe to the floor. Beckons her with a flutter of fingers...

DRIVER

It keeps me fit.

Amber looks for a way out. There is none. So she does what any good hellcat can do.

SHE CHARGES DRIVER. JUMPS AT HIM and...

Driver SNAPS his arm.

THE GRANDDADDY OF ALL HUNTING KNIVES shoots out from within his sleeve and slips smoothly into the palm of his hand. It's coronation time.

Driver meets her in the center of the room.

The knife catches her in the sternum.

Driver runs her into the wall and pins her like a bug, feet dangling off the ground.

Amber stares at the knife sticking out of her chest...

AMBER
Let...me...down.

DRIVER
But if I let you down...you
might...crawl away.

She wriggles in place, oblivious to the pain. Blood bubbles up in the corners of her mouth.

DRIVER
Okay...fine.

He pulls the knife and Amber drops to the floor. Driver watches her for a moment. She presses her hand to her chest.

DRIVER
It's totally amazing that you're
actually still alive.

He descends on her, knife in full arch. Plunges the blade deep. Again. Again. Again...

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Driver exits the house, the HUNTING KNIFE dripping blood. He kneels in the grass and wipes the blade clean. Looks toward the east where...

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

The Jeep hauls ass down the highway. Windows open, wind blowing. It's like a rebirth.

FLYNN
We'll drop Denny off in Missoula.
Then we regroup.

Flynn regards Emma with greed in his eyes.

FLYNN
We need to think political about
this.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Jeep pulls into the EMERGENCY ENTRANCE.

EXT. JEEP - SAME

Flynn gets out of the car. He runs around to the passenger side.

FLYNN

Tam, goddamnit, get out and help me.

Tamara climbs over the seat and helps Flynn pull Denny out of the car.

Flynn shoves the gun in Tamara's hand.

FLYNN

Make sure she doesn't get any ideas.

Tamara takes the gun and slides back into the car...

INT. JEEP - SAME

Tamara points the gun at Emma.

TAMARA

So...you got any ideas?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Flynn drags Denny into the waiting area.

He props him in a seat. Denny's bleeding everywhere. Flynn turns to find --

A NURSE is right in Flynn's face.

NURSE

Excuse me, sir.

Flynn points to Denny...

FLYNN

Self inflicted gunshot wound.

The nurse takes one look at Denny. His foot, gone. Shoulder blown to ground chuck.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Flynn runs out. Slides behind the wheel of the Jeep.

FLYNN
Let's go, go, go...

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

He throws the car into drive and they take off.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Jeep cruises out of the small town.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Jeep winds through rural no man's land.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Everyone sits in silence as Flynn drives. Finally.

EMMA
Come up with a plan yet, genius?

A sign looms in the distance.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

The Jeep whips past a sign for THE HIGHWAYMAN MOTEL.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Jeep pulls in. Parks away from the office.

INT. MOTEL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Flynn enters. No one is there. He rings the bell.

HARRIS, the owner, comes out from the back room.

HARRIS
Well, hello there.

FLYNN
Evening.

HARRIS

Please don't say you're here for directions. I've got fifteen rooms all with your name on it.

Flynn doesn't crack at all.

FLYNN

Just one room. That's all.

Harris checks him out. Doesn't like him.

HARRIS

Just you?

FLYNN

What is this, twenty fucking questions?

Harris reaches behind him. Pulls a key off the board.

HARRIS

How about number three?

FLYNN

Something a bit further off the road.

HARRIS

Okay then...we got 15 and 16 in the back.

FLYNN

That'll do.

HARRIS

All I need is to see a credit card or some identification?

And now Flynn remembers. The wallet. He reaches for his back pocket...

PULLS OUT DRIVER'S WALLET. Stares at it for a beat and then HANDS HARRIS ONE OF DRIVER'S CREDIT CARDS.

Harris takes it. Looks at it. Hides his recognition. Harris looks up at Flynn.

Flynn smiles.

HARRIS

Interesting name.

FLYNN

Isn't it.

Beat. Harris runs the card. Smiles again. Hands Flynn the key to #15.

HARRIS

You can just pull around the back
if you want.

Flynn takes the key and walks out. Harris follows him with his eyes.

When Flynn is out of eyeshot Harris picks up the phone.
Dials.

HARRIS

Hello, Sheriff?

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Angel's EIGHTEEN WHEELER barrels down the road. It's headlights illuminate...

ANGEL'S POV - In the distance, Driver, bloody, dirty, walking.

DRIVER hears the roar of tires against asphalt. A smile creases his lips. His kind of car.

As the truck slows...

DRIVER steps out into the middle of the road. Holds his arms up for the truck to stop and then dramatically --

SINKS TO HIS KNEES, blocking the road. The truck stops and ANGEL gets out, stands cautiously next to the cab.

ANGEL

Buddy, you might be the icing on my
shit cake of a night.

He reaches into the truck and yanks a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN off its spot on the door.

ANGEL

Now why don't you tell me how you
came to looking so fucked up.

Driver sits prone. Head hung low. As Angel approaches, gun aimed low, even with the crown of Driver's skull.

ANGEL

I'm talking to you, fella.

He shoves the gun under Driver's chin and lifts his face to the moonlight. Driver stands before him.

ANGEL

Is that blood on your face?

DRIVER

What's with all the questions?

Driver KICKS Angel in the chest just as...

ANOTHER EIGHTEEN WHEELER roars down the other side of the road and Angel is jacked between THE CAB and THE LOAD. He vanishes under the remaining 12 wheels.

The passing truck doesn't even register the death and keeps going.

Driver walks along the stain that was once Angel and climbs into the cab of the dead man's truck.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - NIGHT

Flynn pulls Emma over to him. Sits her down on the bed. The bathroom door is ajar and we HEAR the shower running.

FLYNN

Now, I think we can all agree that we saved your little rich girl ass, correctamundo?

EMMA

You're my hero.

Flynn pushes her back onto the bed. For a moment Emma looks nervous. But Flynn isn't thinking about that. He gets up, walks to the bathroom and leans up against the door. Soaks in the steam...

FLYNN

(into bathroom)

Here's the deal. We're driving. Just you and me.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - BATHROOM - SAME

Tamara is washing the day off her. She glances toward the shower curtain and Flynn's voice with disdain.

TAMARA

Ah, the wheels of genius are a spinnin'. And what about Hoag and the others?

Flynn lights a cigarette...

FLYNN

Hoag who? Anyone connects the dots and we're dead ducks. So we keep the Hoag of it all like none of that shit ever happened. And little missy...

(turns to Emma)

You just nod your head, yeah, yeah, okay, okay, or you can bet your ass that I'll make it my life's mission to skin you alive.

EMMA

Scary.

FLYNN

So we're driving and, holy shit, this fucking girl comes stumbling out of the woods all fucked up and shit. We throw her in the car and realize, wowzers, we got us Emma Ward. Payday.

(beat)

Now kick up those dogs and lets chill out here for a couple hours. Get some rest. Freshen up. And then head into Seattle first thing.

EMMA

Seattle?

FLYNN

I'm not handing you over to some hokey backcountry Johnny Law. I'm taking your skinny ass straight to the F.B. fucking I.

Tamara peaks out through the curtain.

TAMARA

Way to go, genius. Now if you wouldn't mind...

Flynn leers at her. Tamara gives him the finger and with a flourish he closes the door.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - SAME

Flynn jumps onto the bed next to Emma. She moves to get off, but he grabs her wrist.

EMMA
I have to pee.

He stares at her.

FLYNN
Alright, then...

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tamara let's the water fall over her body. Washing away the horrors of the day.

She grabs some shampoo. Lathers her hair. And then a bar of soap. She caresses every part of herself.

We HEAR the DOOR CLICK SHUT.

TAMARA
Gun's on the counter.

She washes the soap from her hair and eyes. Opens the curtain to REVEAL -

EMMA standing at the sink.

EMMA
You trust me?

TAMARA
That's the idea.

Emma picks up the .44 off the counter. She hefts it in her hand.

TAMARA
Soon as I come out of the bathroom -
-

EMMA
I blow his fucking head off. It's a good plan.

Emma tucks the gun in the back of her jeans and smiles at Tamara. She opens the door and -

CRACK! Flynn nails her in the mouth with the butt of the shotgun.

Emma stumbles back into the bathroom, mouth gushing.

TAMARA

Flynn, what the fuck???

Flynn spins Emma around, pulls the gun from the back of her jeans and palms the gun and --

PISTOL WHIPS Tamara. She goes ass over ankles into the tub, smacking her head on the tiles...

FLYNN

I figured you to fuck me one way or the other.

He grabs Emma by the arm and FLINGS her into the bedroom, following her...SLAMS THE DOOR TO THE BATHROOM SHUT.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - SAME

Flynn holds the shotgun on Emma as she struggles to staunch the bleeding from her mouth.

With his other hand and holds the bathroom door closed.

FLYNN

I never trusted that cunt.

(to the door)

YOU HEAR ME YOU SKANK WHORE. I

NEVER TRUSTED YOUR ASS.

(beat)

I guess the question is might you be worth dead.

From inside the bathroom, Tamara slams her hands against the door.

TAMARA (O.S.)

Flynn. Open the fucking door.

FLYNN

NO CAN DO.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - BATHROOM - SAME

Tamara slams her hands against the door.

TAMARA

What're you gonna do? Kill us? You can't kill me, Flynn.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - SAME

Flynn is incredulous.

FLYNN
You can't kill me, Flynn.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - BATHROOM - SAME

Tamara leans against the door.

FLYNN (O.S.)
Hell if I can't. What were you
going to do? Tickle me softly with
your pretty bullets?

TAMARA
Fuck off...

BEHIND HER - A SHADOW DESCENDS FROM THE CEILING.

TAMARA
EMMA!!! KILL HIM THE SECOND YOU GET
THE CHANCE.

She turns around...RIGHT INTO DRIVER'S KNIFE.

And he plunges the knife deep into her belly.

He pushes her back into the tub, tearing the curtain down
between them, muffling Tamara's screams as he twists the
blade. Legs kicking wildly as blood and water spiral down the
drain.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - NIGHT

Flynn listens to Tamara in the bathroom.

FLYNN
That's right, baby. Get mad. But
you made your bed.
(to Emma)
And you were gonna trust that
tweaker. Girl's got a streak in her
bent as a Polish highway. What a
tool.

JUST THEN, POLICE LIGHTS FLARE UP THE PARKING LOT.

Flynn reacts to the lights and then points the gun at Emma.

FLYNN

Don't say a fucking word.

Beat. There's a knock on the door. Flynn is scattered.

FLYNN

Alright. Fuck. Let's deal with this.

Flynn opens the door. The SHERIFF, 40's, grizzled, is all cowboy cool.

SHERIFF

Son, I think you better step outside with me.

Flynn steps out with the Sheriff.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - NIGHT

The Sheriff has his back turned to Flynn as he walks several paces away from the door.

SHERIFF

Now, I think we have ourselves a case of identity confusion. Harris here at the Highwayman seems to remember a fella coming through with the same name as you.

(beat)

Now I know that wouldn't be so strange if it wasn't for the fella's name being so unusual.

As he turns around, Flynn pulls his gun and...

BLAM!!! The slug punches a softball size hole through the middle of the Sheriff's face.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 15

Emma reacts to the gunshot.

The FRONT DOOR opens. Flynn screams at her.

FLYNN

OUT. OUT. OUT.

Emma hesitates. Flynn grabs her by the hair...

EMMA

Let...go...of...me, creep.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 15 - CONTINUOUS

As Flynn drags Emma to the Jeep...

The FRONT DOOR to room 15 swings open. Flynn and Emma turn.

FLYNN

Oh, shit...

TAMARA stumbles out. She's naked and covered in blood, holding her stomach. She walks several steps toward the others.

TAMARA

Help me.

She hold out her hands to REVEAL - she's been gutted and...

Tamara's insides fall out onto the gravel parking lot.

EMMA

NOOOOO!

Tamara falls to her knees and then face first onto her own internal organs.

THE SOUND OF A CAR REVVING and...Flynn and Emma turn to see...

THE SHERIFF'S CAR, IN REVERSE, BEARING DOWN ON THEM.

Emma runs. Flynn fumbles with his gun, is about to take aim when --

The CAR HITS FLYNN. He pirouettes over the trunk, bounces off the hood and slams onto the parking lot.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - SAME

Driver SNAPS THE CAR INTO DRIVE and...

EXT. MOTEL - SAME

EMMA RUNS toward the construction zone at the far end of the parking lot.

Suddenly she's bathed in headlights.

THE SHERIFF'S CAR IS BEARING DOWN ON HER.

She makes it to the pavement's edge and slides down a steep embankment just as...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

THE SHERIFF'S CAR PLOWS through a pile of dirt and gravel and catches air...

The CAR clears Emma and NOSE DIVES twelve feet down the embankment, slamming grill first and turtle-backs hard, crushing the roof.

Suddenly, everything is very quiet.

As the dust settles.

THE DOOR TO THE CRUISER KICKS OPEN.

Emma can't believe it.

DRIVER crawls out of the car. His shoulder is badly dislocated. It's pretty fucking ugly. He grabs his wrist and JERKS his shoulder back into its socket. CRUNCH!

AND THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. AND IT'S BIZARRE. THE LOVE IN DRIVER'S EYES IS SO REAL.

Emma shakes her head. This can't be happening. Not again.

She runs.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Emma sprints past a slew of heavy machinery.

Driver limps after her.

She turns. Sees him. She's hysterical.

EMMA
LEAVE ME ALONE.

Keeps running. Driver is silent in his pursuit. As they near a column...

FLYNN TURNS THE CORNER, BEAT UP, BUT STILL TICKING, SHOTGUN IN HIS HAND.

Life slows down. Emma hits the dirt just as...

Flynn FIRES, catching Driver in the chest and he is launched backward. He lands hard. Lays there, not moving.

Flynn walks forward. Approaches prone Driver.

Suddenly, Driver heaves, back arching, catching his breath. Flynn backs away.

He claws at his chest to REVEAL -- a BULLETPROOF VEST under his coveralls. He pulls at it, loosening it, taking the tightness out of his lungs when he looks up at...

FLYNN smiles, his finger on the trigger.

FLYNN

Do they make one of those for your face?

CRACK!!! Emma delivers a shovel blow to the side of Flynn's skull.

Flynn drops like a stone.

Emma picks up the shotgun. Driver struggles to sit up.

DRIVER

Must admit, I didn't see that coming.

Emma turns the gun on him.

EMMA

Let him get the honor of killing you? I don't think so.

DRIVER

Emma. C'mon. We have a special something.

EMMA

You're out of your mind.

DRIVER

No. I'm very much in my mind.

Driver struggles to his feet.

DRIVER

After all we've been through, you're going to go with this? Don't you find it...trite?

EMMA

This isn't one of your sociopathic stagings. This is you dying.

DRIVER

Now there it is. If this were, I don't know, say one of my sociopathic stagings, I would have you say exactly that.

He takes a step toward her.

DRIVER

And then I would say, "Go ahead, pull the trigger."

EMMA

No problem.

Emma pulls the trigger. An EMPTY CLICK...

DRIVER

College girls...they think they got it all figured out.

He takes the barrel in his hand and...

DRIVER

It's called pump action for a reason.

YANKS THE GUN FREE FROM HER GRIP. Pumps it and FIRES IT right past her head. BAM!!! She doesn't even flinch.

But she doesn't run either. She's resigned...

DRIVER

You can't kill me, Emma. I'm deep inside you.

He places the gun at his side and FLICKS OUT HIS ARM --

The HUNTING KNIFE slides into the palm of his hand.

He places his palm on the back of her neck and JAMS THE KNIFE RIGHT OVER HER PELVIS at the point of HER TWO INCH SCAR.

DRIVER

Now it's my turn to set you free.

Emma gasps at the pain. Driver holds her tight as we go --

CLOSE ON - Driver plunges his fingers into the cut, digging into Emma's abdomen right under her skin, between the fat and muscle.

DRIVER
(softly in her ear)
Breathe.

And PULLS OUT...A BLOODY TRANSISTOR. A GPS DEVICE THAT HAD BEEN EMBEDDED INTO HER FLESH.

Driver pushes away from Emma. She looks up at him.

DRIVER
Now it's your turn to find me.

Emma drops to her knees, holding her bleeding side. Driver picks up the gun, notices...

FLYNN is pulling himself along the gravel.

ON FLYNN - He looks around for Driver. Sees Emma, alone, holding her side and...

BUMPS INTO DRIVER'S BOOTS. Shotgun hanging at his heel. Eyes peel upward.

ON DRIVER - He flips Flynn onto his back. Lays a heavy foot on Flynn's chest.

Driver looks up the embankment.

HARRIS, the motel owner, stands, silently watching from the embankment's edge.

DRIVER
(to Harris)
I think this fella stole my wallet.

Driver reaches down and PLUCKS HIS WALLET from Flynn's pocket.

DRIVER
Look at that.
(beat)
Stop. Thief.

And nonchalantly points the shotgun against Flynn's face and BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF.

Harris is frozen in fear.

DRIVER
One of the unfortunate drawbacks to learning my name.

AS WE GO TO BLACK...ANOTHER SHOTGUN BLAST...and the SOUND OF SIRENS.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's controlled mayhem. Clearly it's been a busy night.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

A DOCTOR, we don't see his face, walks down the hallway. He looks in on several patients and stops at...

DENNY. Wounds dressed. Drugged. Resting peacefully.

The Doctor approaches Denny's bed. He reviews the chart. Flips through it. Denny opens his eyes.

ON THE DOCTOR - It's DRIVER. He smiles at Denny.

DRIVER

No one lives.

And he DRIVES THE CHART INTO DENNY'S THROAT and PUSHES with all his strength until...

Denny's HEAD FALLS AWAY FROM HIS BODY.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An AMBULANCE roars up and parks. LOCAL NEWS CREWS ARE ALREADY ON THE SCENE...

Paramedics race around and open the back and wheel out --

EMMA, on a gurney. The NEWSCASTERS descend on the girl, but are strong-armed by the paramedics as they wheel her past...

DRIVER. He turns away, an imperceptible inch, and just like that, Emma is gone, enveloped again into the womb of the real world.

FADE OUT:

THE END