

STOLEN

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INT. AIRPORT MOTEL SHUTTLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Through the dirty motel shuttle window a few airplanes can be spotted flying overhead in the cloudy, overcast sky.

The shuttle is empty except for JOSH EILAND, 29, and his girlfriend ALLISON ("AL") LUTTREL, 26. They're a cute, healthy-looking couple.

With fresh tans, they're visibly returning from vacation, dressed very casual and comfy.

Josh sits right behind the SHUTTLE DRIVER, 60, African American.

Allison sits a few seats back talking to her mom on her CELL PHONE:

ALLISON

-- we're in Iowa.

(laughs)

I know, right? -- Yeah, they re-routed us -- apparently the storms in Chicago are crazy and O'Hare's a mess. -- The airport here's a zoo, they were offering vouchers to take a bump until tomorrow morning, so -- Yeah. 9:30am. -- He's excited...

Josh, overhearing Allison's conversation, turns to her with a smile and big eyes.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

...another day of vacation. -- Yeah, I already called the office, it's fine. Presentation isn't until Thursday... (laughs) Yep. -- So just let Maggie know we'll see her tomorrow. -- How's she doing? -- Sure.

(Allison waits)

Hey Mags...

A DOG BARK comes from the other end of the phone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

-- we'll see you tomorrow, okay?
Love you -- we miss you.

Allison's mom gets back on the phone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 Okay, Mom -- yeah, we're almost to
 the motel, so... -- Sure, hold on --

Allison interrupts Josh, who is talking to the Shuttle
 Driver, hands him the phone.

Josh gives Allison a little smile.

JOSH
 Hi, Sue. -- It was a great time.
 They had a nice wedding. -- Yep --
 Yeah -- Yeah --

Josh looks at Allison as he shakes his head with a playful
 smile.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 Yes. - Yeah. - Of course. - I
 will... -- I always do...

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO WINGS MOTEL PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

Not a beautiful motel. Certainly nothing to write home about.
 A few planes from the nearby airport fly overhead.

The shuttle pulls up and parks in front of the main office.

A YOUNG ASIAN FAMILY waits with their stack of luggage to get
 on the shuttle as Josh and Allison step off. The Shuttle
 Driver kindly assists them.

Josh turns to Allison and extends his hand.

JOSH
 Babe, can I grab my wallet?

Allison reaches into her purse, pulls out Josh's wallet, and
 gives it to him. The wallet is DIRTY, BROWN, and is stamped
 with his initials.

Josh takes out a few bucks and hands it to the Shuttle
 Driver.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 You be good to yourself.

They shake hands.

SHUTTLE DRIVER
Hey, thanks guy. You too. -- And
better luck next season.

JOSH
Yeah. Thanks, our team's gonna need
it.

Both Josh and the Shuttle Driver share a laugh and go on
their own way.

Josh grabs both his bag and Allison's. They walk towards the
main office to check in.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is small, with wood-panelled walls and a few
vintage landscape paintings. There is a small green couch
sitting in the corner. A dirty coffee pot is set up on the
counter with an assortment of sugars and creamers.

Behind the counter stands the FRONT-DESK WOMAN, 50s and
heavyset. She hands Josh his credit card back.

FRONT-DESK WOMAN
Here you are.

Josh puts his card back in his wallet.

The woman hands Josh and Allison their KEYS.

FRONT-DESK WOMAN (CONT'D)
-- okay, room 28 --
(she points)
right across the parking lot.

ALLISON
Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO WINGS MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Josh and Allison carry their luggage across the half-empty
parking lot towards room #28.

ALLISON
We should get some dinner.

JOSH
Really? You're hungry again
already?

ALLISON
You say that like we just ate.

JOSH
-- those breakfast burritos we had.

ALLISON
You mean at the terminal eight
hours ago? -- Yeah, that little
burrito really filled me up for the
next few days.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The KEY TURNS and the heavy wooden door swings open.

Josh holds the door for Allison, who enters first. She hits
on the lights as she walks in. Josh follows.

The room is filled with a queen-size bed, a small old desk,
and a sofa chair that's in the corner. The TV sits on top of
the dresser, in front of the mirror hanging on the wall. The
room feels like it hasn't been updated in twenty years.

They put their luggage down, stretch their arms. Josh pulls
his OUTDATED CELL PHONE from his pocket and checks it.

JOSH
Hey, where'd you put my charger?

Allison crosses the room as she takes off her sweatshirt.

ALLISON
-- carry-on, top pocket. Phone's
dead already?

JOSH
(defending jokingly)
No.

ALLISON
Josh, I really think it's time for
a new one.

Josh pulls his phone charger out of the bag. Allison turns on
the bathroom light and checks it out.

JOSH

Yeah, yeah -- we can't all have cool, trendy BlackBerrys like you.

Josh plugs his phone into the wall.

ALLISON

Actually, you can. You just need to man up and say goodbye to your plastic brick that never works.

Allison walks back across the room to the window and looks out.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

-- it's certainly no ocean view.

What's out there isn't much of a view at all. Just a half-empty parking lot.

Josh plops on the bed and bounces around.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

How is it?

JOSH

-- eh... it's comfy... in a lumpy, uncomfortable, not-Hawaii kind of way.

Josh kicks off his shoes and settles in.

Allison checks out the small closet and then takes a peek under the bed. Josh watches with a loving smile on his face.

Allison pops up from under the bed and connects eyes with Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Are we safe?

She smirks.

Josh extends his arm out to Allison. Allison, playfully resistant, confesses:

ALLISON

I have to use the bathroom.

Josh pulls Allison onto the bed next to him.

Allison lays in Josh's arms. They are face-to-face, staring into each other's eyes. Josh speaks softly:

JOSH
Just wanted to say hi.

ALLISON
(sweetly)
Hello.

They gaze at each other. Josh gently brushes Allison's hair back behind her ear.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
-- what do you feel like doing?

JOSH
I don't know.

Josh gently continues to brush Allison's hair back.

ALLISON
We've only been in the room two minutes and already you're working it.

He leans into her and gives her a little kiss. However, right as he does, Allison's cell phone begins to ring.

Allison sits up and begins to go for it.

JOSH
Babe.

ALLISON
I need to get that -- it's Debbie.

JOSH
How do you know?

ALLISON
That's her ring tone.

JOSH
(jealous)
She has her own ring tone?

ALLISON
(comforting)
So do you...

JOSH
I thought we were leaving work at home this vacation.

Allison climbs over Josh.

ALLISON
Well, technically, we should be at
home right now.

Allison rolls off Josh. Josh playfully reaches out to grab her, but she swats him away, hitting him in the shoulder.

Josh pretends like she just knocked his lights out and plays dead on the bed.

Allison looks at him as she answers her cell.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Hey Debbie.

Allison walks back and sits on the edge of the bed next to Josh, who continues to lay there motionless with his eyes closed.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Yes -- I actually emailed him all
that info before I left. -- Right -

Allison smiles down at Josh and pokes her finger into his cheek. Josh does his best not to break character.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Sure. And I told him the same
thing. -- Yeah, do that. See what
he says, I mean, as far as I'm
concerned the clients aren't going
to care about that in terms of the
presentation, so... -- Okay --
Sounds good. -- Bye.

Allison hangs up the call. She looks down at Josh still laying there, pretending as if she knocked him out.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I can still hear you breathing.

Josh slightly cracks a smirk, but does his best to remain still and quiet.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
-- and now your nostrils are
flaring.

Josh can barely hold back from cracking up.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Wow -- you're really bad at this
game.

Josh tries to remain still.

Allison takes one finger and pokes Josh in his belly. Josh, being overly ticklish, breaks and squirms around laughing. Allison continues to tickle Josh, who has a hard time taking it.

JOSH
Al! Stop! HAHA!!

ALLISON
Joshua Eiland, you scream like a
girl.

JOSH
Oh really?

Josh gets a hold of Allison and starts tickling her back.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- now who screams like a girl?

Allison starts cracking up. She's just as ticklish as he is.

ALLISON
(laughing for breath)
Ah! -- Stop! I'm sorry!... I'm
SORRY! haha!

JOSH
(playing along)
Oh, now you're sorry.

Josh continues tickling her, which causes Allison to jump and squirm all over the place. She accidentally flies off the edge of the bed and falls flat on the floor.

BOOM!

Josh freezes:

JOSH (CONT'D)
Oh shit. -- Babe, you okay?

Josh looks over the edge. Allison is lying there not moving.

Josh, with a little worry in his eye:

JOSH (CONT'D)

Al?

After a few seconds, Allison reveals a small smile and slowly opens her eyes. She looks up at Josh, who is still staring over the edge of the bed.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(amused)

Well-played.

Allison remains lying on the floor looking up at Josh with a smirk of victory.

After a moment:

ALLISON

(sweetly)

Food, please.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Josh and Allison, changed and ready to go out, walk into the office.

Josh is now wearing a T-SHIRT under a DARK GREEN ZIP-HOODED SWEATSHIRT, with JEANS and SLIP-ON TENNIS SHOES. Allison looks a bit more put together, wearing JEANS with a CUTE SHIRT and a PURPLE BUTTON-DOWN SWEATER over it.

The front-desk woman hands another CUSTOMER their keys.

FRONT-DESK WOMAN

(to costumer)

Enjoy your stay.

The customer exits. Josh and Allison approach the counter.

FRONT-DESK WOMAN (CONT'D)

How's everything?

JOSH

(big and sarcastic)

Amazing!

Allison looks at Josh with a bit of a grin, then back to the woman.

ALLISON

So, anyway... We're looking to get a bite to eat... Curious if there's anything good nearby?

FRONT-DESK WOMAN

(thinking)

Sure, there's The Mill up the road -
- a little nice outdoor shopping
area with a few restaurants and
all...

Allison looks to Josh, who nods his approval.

ALLISON

That sounds good.

FRONT-DESK WOMAN

Need me to call you a cab?

ALLISON

How far is it?

FRONT-DESK WOMAN

Just up the road -- about a 10-15
minute walk.

Allison looks at Josh again.

JOSH

Up to you...?

ALLISON

-- we've been sitting all day.

JOSH

Let's do it.

ALLISON

(to Front-Desk Woman)

We'll walk. Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - SUN IS BEGINNING TO SET.

Josh and Allison hold hands, fingers interlocked, as they walk down the side of the road.

EXT. THE MILL - SUN CONTINUES TO SET

Little shopping area. A few small restaurants gathered around.

An OLD-FASHIONED MOVIE THEATER sits in the heart of it all. Locals stroll by enjoying themselves.

Josh and Allison walk around.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - TWILIGHT

MEXICAN MUSIC plays throughout the restaurant. An OVERSIZED SOMBRERO hangs on one of the yellow painted walls. On another wall hangs a LARGE BLACK FRAMED PAINTING OF A BULLFIGHTER. Scattered around the interior are a few FAKE CACTI.

Josh and Allison sit at a small table, each browsing through a dinner menu.

Allison's cell phone goes off with a NEW TEXT MESSAGE.

Josh looks up from his menu at Allison as she reaches down to grab her phone out of her purse.

ALLISON
(reassuring)
It's just a text.

Josh watches her read the text message.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Debbie is freaking out about this whole presentation.

Allison begins replying to the text. The WAITRESS drops off two large Margaritas, one in front of each of them.

Allison looks up from typing:

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(to waitress)
Thank you.

Waitress walks away as Allison goes back to her text.

JOSH
You know, I didn't even bring my cell phone out tonight.

ALLISON
(still typing)
That's because it's a piece of
junk, babe.

Allison smiles as she quickly finishes typing. She sends the text.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Done.

Allison tosses her phone back down into her purse. She grabs her Margarita, lifts it up, and with a smile offers a cheers to Josh.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
To our last night of a wonderful
vacation.

Josh loosens up and lifts his Maragarita.

JOSH
Absolutely. And to no more
interruptions.

They clink glasses and both take a sip of their beverage.

Some of Josh's drink spills out the side of his glass and drips onto his sweatshirt.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- crap.

Allison laughs with sincerity at the amusement.

Josh smiles at her as he takes his napkin and begins wiping up the slight spill.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MILL - TWILIGHT

Josh and Allison walk around, now full with Mexican food. Josh chews on a toothpick in the corner of his mouth.

They walk by the OLD-FASHIONED MOVIE THEATER as Allison notices they are playing a movie she's been dying to see.

ALLISON
"Women Helpers" -- 7:35.

Josh stops and looks at her. He removes the toothpick.

JOSH
Really?

ALLISON
What?

JOSH
You want to see a movie?

Allison shrugs.

ALLISON
What else are we gonna do?

Josh thinks.

JOSH
Well, can we at least see if
there's something good playing?

ALLISON
That *does* look good.

JOSH
You're kidding, right?

Allison shoots him a look.

ALLISON
No.

JOSH
It's called "Women Helpers", babe.
-- "Women Helpers".

Allison gets quiet and just stares at him.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- you really just don't want to go
back to the room and relax? -- I'll
give you my famous Eiland Getaway
back massage.

A small smirk of pleasure forms on Allison's face.

ALLISON
We can do both.

Josh shakes his head in contemplation.

Allison gets cutesy and flirty and grabs Josh's arm. She
mouths "please".

Josh takes in how incredibly adorable she is.

JOSH
-- that's not fair.

Allison continues batting her eyes with a "pretty please".

Josh takes a breath and finally gives in:

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- we're getting butter on the
popcorn.

Allison, really wanting to see the movie, compromises:

ALLISON
Deal.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONCESSION STAND

Josh and Allison stand at the counter.

The CONCESSION STAND BOY, an obvious high school stoner, is putting butter on their popcorn.

JOSH
(to Concession Boy)
-- can you actually do a little bit
more?

CONCESSION STAND BOY
More?

JOSH
Yeah, just give it a nice top-off --
I'll let you know when.

Concession Stand Boy continues.

Josh smiles at Allison and shrugs. Allison shakes her head.

Josh grabs a ten dollar bill out of his wallet, then gestures with the wallet to Allison.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Would you mind?

Allison routinely opens her purse and Josh drops his wallet in it.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER

The theater is mostly full.

Josh and Allison share their big bucket of popcorn. The lights in the theater begin to dim as the projector turns on.

Josh whispers to Allison:

JOSH
Phone off?

Allison looks at Josh and nods as she pushes another handful of popcorn into her mouth.

Josh gets comfortable and puts his arm around her. She scoots closer to him.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER - 20 MINUTES LATER

The movie is playing. People are laughing. Josh obviously isn't too interested in the film, but does his best to stay focused.

Allison, however, is enjoying the romantic comedy, giggling along with the crowd. She has an adorable little laugh.

Josh and Allison are still munching on the big bucket of popcorn that sits on top of Allison's lap.

Eventually, Allison's phone begins to vibrate in her purse. The vibration is distracting enough to catch Josh's attention.

Allison quickly reaches down and pulls her phone out.

Josh looks at her with an annoyed expression. She looks back at him.

AL
(whispers)
Sorry.

JOSH
(whispers)
-- just let it go.

ALLISON
(almost apologetic)
I can't.

JOSH
(referring to the movie)
But it's almost over. I hope.

Allison sets the huge bucket of popcorn on Josh's lap.

Josh looks away from her and back towards the screen, frustrated.

ALLISON
(soft smile)
Be right back. -- I love you.

JOSH
Yeah...

Allison grabs her purse and begins to exit. She slides through the row of people, excusing herself.

Josh is just left there alone with a big bucket of popcorn on his lap.

He sneaks a peek over his shoulder and follows Allison out with his eyes as she exits the theater.

Josh takes a breath.

He surrenders his annoyance and goes back to watching the movie.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER - A LITTLE LATER

The theater is heavily engaged in the movie. A few people are sniffing with tears at this point. Josh still sits there without Allison by his side.

He checks his watch, then throws back his head.

The theater doors open and Josh quickly turns.

It's not Allison.

He turns back around towards the screen, resting his bored face on his buttery fist.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - A LITTLE LATER

Allison is still not back.

Josh checks his watch again.

He looks around and over his shoulder. He takes a glance down the row he is sitting in and assesses how difficult it would be to get through.

Josh tries to re-focus on the film, but after just a second he sets the popcorn down on the ground and crosses through the row of people, excusing himself along the way.

Josh accidentally kicks over someone's soda. Josh quickly reacts to pick it up -- but the guy gestures to Josh to "just go".

JOSH
(whispers to the guy)
-- sorry.

Josh continues out of the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh walks out of the theater. The movie can be heard playing in the background as the doors open.

The lobby is pretty calm, as all the movies are currently playing. An USHER GIRL, 20, is sweeping up popcorn, and a few other workers and customers roam around.

Josh circles the lobby with his eyes. He does not see Allison.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Josh walks outside. People pass by the theater. But there is no sign of Allison.

Josh flings his arms up in the air and walks back inside.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Across the lobby Josh spots the LADIES ROOM. He walks over to it.

Obviously he can't enter, but he yells down the short hallway:

JOSH
Al?

No response.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Allison Luttrel?

Nothing.

Josh looks around the lobby.

He approaches the Usher Girl sweeping up popcorn.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Hey, is there another set of
bathrooms?

USHER
(pointing)
Around the corner.

JOSH
Thanks.

Josh walks down the hall and around the corner. He spots another set of restrooms next to the small empty ARCADE and an EXIT DOOR.

Josh approaches the Ladies Room.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Allison Luttrel!

No response.

Josh turns and heads back to the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - THEATER

Josh slowly walks down the dark aisle, returning to their seats.

Allison isn't there.

Josh leans over to the guy sitting behind them and whispers:

JOSH
-- hey, have you seen the girl I
was with?

The guy shakes his head and shrugs.

"Shhhhhh!" comes from a few rows back.

Josh begins to head back out of the theater as he looks around, thinking she may be sitting in the wrong seat.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Josh walks back out into the lobby again. He still doesn't see her.

He goes to grab his cellphone out of his sweatshirt pocket, only to remember he left it charging in the motel room.

Josh walks over to the pay phone and checks his pockets. He has no change. He then remembers that his wallet is in Allison's purse.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONCESSION STAND

Josh approaches the Concession Stand Boy, who is daydreaming.

JOSH

Hey man.

CONCESSION STAND BOY

Yo.

JOSH

You guys got a phone I could use?

CONCESSION STAND BOY

(gesturing)

There's some pay phones over there around the corner.

JOSH

Yeah, I saw those, I just don't have any quarters.

CONCESSION STAND BOY

(sincerely)

Well then how are you gonna make a call?

Josh, realizing he might need to dumb this one down a little.

JOSH

-- I was just wondering if I could use your phone?

Concession Stand Boy leans up:

CONCESSION STAND BOY

(shouts to his manager)

Hey Rick.

RICK THE MANAGER, 40s, short and bald, taking inventory across the theater lobby, looks over.

CONCESSION STAND BOY (CONT'D)
(pointing to Josh)
Can this guy use the phone?

Rick shouts back.

RICK THE MANAGER
(gestures)
There's a pay phone over there
around the corner.

CONCESSION STAND BOY
That's what I told him.

Josh enters the shouting competition with:

JOSH
I just don't have any quarters.

Concession Stand Boy shouts again:

CONCESSION STAND BOY
He doesn't have any quarters.

Josh glances at the Concession Stand Boy as if there's an echo in here.

RICK THE MANAGER
-- just give him a couple'a
quarters, Jimmy!

Rick goes back to focusing on more important things than a couple of quarters.

Concession Stand Boy hands Josh two quarters out of the cash register.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - PAY PHONE

Josh drops in the coin and begins dialing Allison's number. He has to stop and think for a second what the rest of the digits are, since he always calls her on speed-dial from his cell.

He finally remembers the number and finishes dialing.

It rings, but then her VOICEMAIL picks up.

ALLISON'S VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
Hey! You have not reached Allison,
but leave a message and I'll call
you back as soon as I can. Thanks.

BEEP.

JOSH
Hello Allison, this is your
boyfriend Josh. You might remember
me from the movie we were just
seeing together... Anyway, now I'm
circling the theater looking for
you like an idiot... So, yeah...
This is fun.

Josh hangs up.

He stands there and thinks for a moment.

He decides to check out front of the theater on the other
side of the building.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Josh steps outside again. Still no sign of Allison.

He spins around in all directions.

EXT. THE MILL - NIGHT

Josh continues walking around The Mill. Small groups of
people pass him by.

Confused and out of ideas, Josh spots a SECURITY GUARD, late
30s, who is enjoying a VANILLA ICE CREAM CONE.

JOSH
Hi there, excuse me.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey. How are you doing this
evening?

JOSH
-- I'm looking for my girlfriend,
actually...

SECURITY GUARD
Ran away to the stores without you,
huh?

JOSH

-- We were seeing a movie, she stepped out to take a call -- I just don't know where she went.

SECURITY GUARD

You check the bathroom?

JOSH

-- yeah.

SECURITY GUARD

She have a cell phone?

JOSH

(obviously)

Yeah. -- She's not answering.

Security Guard thinks for a moment as he takes another lick of his ice cream.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Do you guys have like a lost-and-found or something?

SECURITY GUARD

For people?

JOSH

No, I mean... like is there a first aid station? Maybe she tripped and hurt herself -- I don't know... I'm just thinking... anything?

Security Guard grabs his walkie with his free hand. Still eating his cone:

SECURITY GUARD

Let me see...

(on walkie)

Chris, this is Ray, over.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Ray, go ahead.

SECURITY GUARD

Standing here with a guy -- lost track of his girlfriend. Curious if you've had any injury reports lately? Any word of anything that may have popped up?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Let me check here, over.

SECURITY GUARD
Copy that.

Josh waits for an answer.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
(to Josh)
I'll tell ya, my girl sneaks off on me all the time, man -- especially when there's like a big sale going on at Sears or something... She books it. -- Women are crazy like that.

Josh isn't sure what to say.

JOSH
I don't think she would just --

Chris interrupts on the walkie.

CHRIS (O.S.)
No reports in the last hour, Ray.

SECURITY GUARD
Copy that.

Ray puts the walkie back on his belt.

He takes another lick of his now-dripping ice cream cone.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Is it possible she's waiting for you at the car?

JOSH
We don't-- we're from out of town. Look, is there any other place you think I should check? I mean...

SECURITY GUARD
Well, where ya staying? Maybe she went back there?

JOSH
-- just down the road at some motel. But I can't possibly imagine why she'd go back there without telling me first.

Ray quickly licks his sticky ice cream fingers one at a time.

SECURITY GUARD

If I were you, I'd check back at the room. Like I said, women are crazy, man. They do shit sometimes I cannot explain.

Josh, obviously not on the same moronic level as Ray, shakes his head.

JOSH

I don't know about that.

SECURITY GUARD

Maybe she wasn't feeling well, needed some privacy, if you know what I'm saying. -- Stranger things have happened.

JOSH

I guess...

SECURITY GUARD

Here --

Ray takes one last big bite of his ice cream cone, then tosses the rest of the cone away in the trash bin next to him.

He pulls out a notepad.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(with a mouthful of ice cream)

-- let me get your number and I'll keep you posted in case anything comes up on our end.

JOSH

Yeah, okay. 419-810-0883.

Ray jots down Josh's number.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay, partner. I'll keep you informed.

JOSH

I appreciate it.

SECURITY GUARD

Enjoy the evening.

The security guard walks away, leaving Josh alone with confusion in his eyes.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Josh is walking briskly down the road back towards the motel. The streets are much quieter now than they were earlier.

EXT. TWO WINGS MOTEL - NIGHT

Josh jogs through the mostly empty parking lot towards their room. Again, his key is in his wallet, which he doesn't have. He only realizes this once he gets to the door.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

JOSH

Al?

KNOCK!-KNOCK!-KNOCK!

JOSH (CONT'D)

Allison!?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE -- NIGHT

Josh enters the office.

The FRONT-DESK WOMAN isn't there. Josh rings the bell a few times.

JOSH

Hello?

Out from the back walks RACHEL, early 30s, pale skin, blonde hair, a few extra pounds, obviously a local, wearing a maroon-colored sweatshirt with a kitty cat on it. She is the nightshift front-desk girl.

RACHEL

Can I help you?

JOSH

Yeah, hi, I'm staying in room #28 --
I uh... I don't have my key... I
was wondering if you could let me
in?

Rachel approaches the computer.

RACHEL
I just need to see some form of ID.

JOSH
-- actually I don't have that
either.

Rachel looks at Josh slightly suspicious.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Is the other woman here from
earlier? She'd remember me.

RACHEL
She's gone for the day.

JOSH
Look -- I was with my girlfriend
having dinner down at the uh...

RACHEL
The Mill?

JOSH
Yeah -- we were seeing a movie and
we got separated... she has my
wallet and my key -- I just need to
see if she's in the room.

Rachel can tell Josh is worried and stressing.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- Please.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel opens the door and lets Josh in.

JOSH
Al?

Josh circles the room with his eyes.

He jumps to his knees and checks under the bed for some
desperate reason.

Nothing.

It appears Allison's never been back to the room.

Josh rushes over and grabs his cell phone from the charger.

No missed calls.

RACHEL

I'd call around, see if anyone's
heard from her.

JOSH

Yeah...

Josh scrolls through his contacts.

RACHEL

If you need anything, I'll just be
over in the office.

JOSH

Thanks.

Josh scrolls through his phone. He calls Allison's co-worker,
Debbie.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Debbie. It's Josh. -- Yeah, we were
-- but Al stepped out for a minute
to take your call and I don't know
where she went? -- How long did you
two talk? -- That's it? -- Did she
say anything or seem upset? -- Not
at all? -- No, we're fine. -- Just --
-- Yeah -- well, if you talk to her
again, or hear anything from her,
tell her to call me. Thanks.

Josh scrolls through his phone and comes across STEVE and SUE
LUTTREL, Allison's parents. He hesitates, decides not to call
them.

Instead he slowly dials "911". He paces back and forth.

911 (O.S.)

911 Emergency

JOSH

Hi, yes, hello. I don't know if I
should be doing this right now,
but... I can't find my girlfriend.

911 (O.S.)
Okay, sir. Let's start with your name.

JOSH
Josh Eiland. E-I-L-A-N-D.

911 (O.S.)
Alright, Josh. I got a couple of questions for you. -- What is her name?

JOSH
Al Lutrell. -- Allison Lutrell. L-U-T-R-E-L-L.

911 (O.S.)
When did you last see Allison?

JOSH
We were at the movie theater -- she stepped out for a minute -- that's the last time I saw her.

911 (O.S.)
And when was this?

JOSH
-- maybe an hour ago.

911 (O.S.)
Sir, can you think of any reason why she wouldn't have come back? Like was there an argument involved?

JOSH
No.
(thinks)
I mean, I was a little annoyed because she was on her phone so much or whatever, but... No. We're on vacation, staying at a motel. We walked down to get a bite and ended up seeing a movie, that's it.

911 (O.S.)
Was she in any trouble with anyone that you know of?

JOSH
No! We're from out of town. We don't even know anyone here.

911 (O.S.)
Okay, sir. I understand this is stressful. These are just questions we need to ask. -- I'll connect you to Missing Persons now. Please hold.

Josh waits.

He looks around the room at all their luggage and stuff. He sits on the edge of the bed and takes a breath.

After a moment:

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
This is Detective Bob Keller.

JOSH
Hello, my name is Josh Eiland. I need to file a report.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Yeah, I got your statement right here -- I see it's been about an hour since you last saw Allison?

JOSH
-- maybe not even. We were seeing a movie -- she stepped out to answer a call, and never came back.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Okay, well we can't officially file a missing persons report unless it's been at least 24 hours, but...

JOSH
24 hours?

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Sir, where are you now?

JOSH
In the room -- our motel room.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
And is Ms. Luttrell staying there with you?

JOSH
Yes.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Does she know where the motel is located?

JOSH
Yes, I think. I mean, we arrived here together. So--

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Then stay there. If anything, she's probably on her way back to the motel right now. In most cases it turns out that the missing party also thinks the *other* party is missing. She may walk in any minute, and I suggest you be there when she does.

JOSH
I just don't know where she is...

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
I understand that, sir. We don't know either. But stay put and stay by your phone. We have your number. We will call you if we hear anything. And if she does show up, call us and let us know.

JOSH
That's fine, but what do I do now?

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Again, I suggest you just stay put. Having two people on the move looking for each other can really make things complicated. Just stay where you are and be by your phone.

JOSH
But why isn't she answering hers?

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
My guess is she probably dropped her phone along the way, and started looking for it. You went looking for her, left the theater just as she was coming back. -- Mr. Eiland, you'd be shocked how many times people misplace each other. Just try and relax and I'll bet you she'll be there before you know it.

Josh thinks for a second.

JOSH
(defeated)
Yeah...

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
You can call us if you need
anything. Okay?

JOSH
Okay. Thanks.

Josh hangs up. Sits for a second.

He then grabs his phone and tries Allison once again. This time it goes straight to voicemail.

ALLISON'S VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
Hey! You have not reached Allison,
but leave a message and...

Josh hangs up.

He takes another breath and looks around the empty room.

He stands up and slowly walks around the room, scratching his head.

He sits back down on the little sofa chair in the corner. He plops his hands on the arms of the chair and lays his head back, staring up at the white crusty ceiling.

Suddenly Josh hears his good friend SCOTT shout out:

SCOTT (O.S.)
Josh!

Josh turns his head.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Small house party. Music plays from the stereo. Josh is making a few drinks for friends in the kitchen. All is having a good time.

Josh looks over to SCOTT, 26, his roommate who is waving him over.

SCOTT
Dude, c'mere.

Josh hands the drinks to some people in the kitchen and walks across the apartment to Scott, who is standing near the front door with two girls who have just arrived.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You remember Shelby, right?

SHELBY, 24, Jewish with curly hair and big breasts.

JOSH
Yeah, hey. How's it going?

SHELBY
Good. How are you?

JOSH
Hanging in there.

SCOTT
And this is Shelby's friend...

Scott is blanking on her name.

ALLISON
-- Al.

SCOTT
Al. Right.
(to Josh)
This is Al.

A younger Josh and a younger Allison look at each other for the first time. Their eyes connect.

A moment takes place.

Josh extends his hand.

JOSH
Josh.

Allison shakes his hand.

ALLISON
Nice to meet you, Josh.

For some reason, they can't help but gaze into each other's eyes.

Allison smiles. So does Josh.

Scott breaks the moment:

SCOTT
Al works with Shelby.

JOSH
Cool. Right on --

Scott changes the subject.

SCOTT
So, what are you girls drinking?

SHELBY
Whatever you got.

SCOTT
We got it all.

Scott notices Josh and Allison still looking at each other.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Dude, you should give her the
famous Eiland tour.

Josh gives Scott a look.

ALLISON
(playful)
Sounds exotic.

Josh turns to Allison.

JOSH
-- Eiland's just my last name.
Nothing too special.

SCOTT
(to Shelby)
Let's get you a drink.

SHELBY
Please.

SCOTT
(to Allison)
Enjoy the tour.

ALLISON
Oh, I will.

Scott and Shelby head off to the kitchen.

Josh plays tour guide.

JOSH
So this is our living room...

ALLISON
Nice...

JOSH
Couch, TV, random friends...

ALLISON
Now did the friends come with the place?

JOSH
Yes. Yes they did.

Allison giggles.

They begin walking through the apartment. Josh points at more things along the way.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Our kitchen -- bar -- back porch
filled with smokers -- and this is
the hallway.

ALLISON
Where the bedrooms are.

JOSH
Oh, so you've been on this tour
already?

ALLISON
Lucky guess.

They walk down the hallway.

JOSH
This is Scott's room. -- Our other
roommate Cooper resides in here --
and this is my home sweet home.

Allison peeks into Josh's room. The room says a lot about Josh's character.

She sees framed pictures of him with his friends and family. CD and DVD racks filled with his favorites. In one corner sits his mountain bike and golf clubs. His acoustic guitar sits in the other corner.

Allison references the guitar:

ALLISON
You play?

JOSH
Occasionally. Y'know, here and there. -- Why, do you?

ALLISON
A little piano.

JOSH
Really?

ALLISON
Yeah. Well, keyboard-piano.

JOSH
Nice. Well then it looks like we need to start a band.

Allison smiles.

ALLISON
I'd love to hear you play -- maybe we'll get a little famous Eiland music later...?

Josh playfully avoids the subject.

JOSH
So... moving on...

Allison laughs. They continue on.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(referring to the bathroom)
Last but not least, this is our office.

ALLISON
Cool place.

JOSH
Yeah. She's a good ship.

Josh pats the wall with his hand. A slight awkward moment of silence, followed by the interruption of Allison's cell phone ringing.

Allison pulls her cell out of her purse.

ALLISON
(gesturing with phone)
Sorry.

JOSH
No, please.

Allison answers.

ALLISON
(on phone)
Hey.

JOSH
(lightly)
-- Your boyfriend?

Allison gives a big smile and shakes her head.

She turns and walks away from Josh.

ALLISON
(on phone)
Yeah, we're here now. Where are you
guys?

Josh watches Allison turn the corner as she walks away talking on her phone. He has a pleasant expression on his face, thinking about this new girl who just walked into his life.

But then Josh's smile fades to worry.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Josh's eyes pop open in panic. He looks around the empty room and quickly jumps up out of the sofa chair.

Josh shuffles through their suitcases.

He locates a photo of him and Allison in scuba gear from their vacation.

Josh slides the photo out of the cardboard frame that it's currently in. The frame reads "I Survived Swimming With Sharks In Hawaii."

He tosses the cardboard aside and pockets the photo.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Josh hurries in. Rachel, standing behind the counter, looks at him.

RACHEL

Any word?

Josh shakes his head.

JOSH

Listen, I know this is gonna sound... -- could I possibly borrow your car? Just for like an hour -- to drive around...

Rachel, not sure what to say.

RACHEL

My car...?

JOSH

I know, I know -- look... I just can't sit here and do nothing. -- I mean, I'll give you everything we have to hold on to. Our luggage, everything... I just --

Rachel interrupts:

RACHEL

-- No, I would. But, well, my husband drops me off on his way to work -- so I don't...

Josh brings his hands up to his face and takes a second to calm himself down. He paces around the tiny office.

Rachel takes a moment and realizes the severity of Josh's torturous situation.

She confides:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

-- my little brother has a car...

Josh quickly turns to Rachel.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO WINGS MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Josh and Rachel stand outside the office door. Rachel puffs on a CIGARETTE.

An OLD DIRTY-BROWN 1987 CHEVY CAPRICE pulls into the parking lot. AEROSMITH'S "DREAM ON" is blasting from the radio.

The car pulls up and parks in front of Josh and Rachel.

Out steps TYLER, 21, a pudgy young dude with unkempt hair wearing jeans and a dirty t-shirt. He keeps the car running.

Josh immediately moves to him:

JOSH
Man, thank you so much for doing
this.

Tyler reluctantly nods.

TYLER
(under his breath)
-- no worries.

Tyler glances at Rachel with an "I-can't-believe-I'm-letting-some-stranger-take-my-car" look.

JOSH
Anything about the car you want me
to know?

TYLER
-- just that I want it back in one
piece.

JOSH
Absolutely.

TYLER
You know how to drive a stick,
right?

JOSH
Yeah. -- Yeah, pretty much. I mean,
it's been awhile -- but my cousin
used to have a Jeep Renegade that
was a stick -- and we'd roll around
when I used to visit -- so yeah...

Tyler now gives his sister a "Shit,-he-doesn't-know-how-to-drive-stick" look.

Josh gets in the car. The window is already rolled down.

Josh lowers the music and sets the mirrors.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(to Tyler)
Do you need a ride? Can I drop you
off anywhere?

TYLER
-- my girlfriend is coming to get
me.

Josh nods. He looks over at Rachel.

JOSH
Thank you for this.

Rachel nods and then:

RACHEL
Hold on.

Rachel runs into the office.

Josh turns to Tyler.

JOSH
You got a great sister, man.

TYLER
(a bit sarcastic)
Yeah, no, she's awesome... you
know, giving my car up to a total
stranger and all...

Josh nods awkwardly and looks out the front windshield.

Rachel returns with a roadmap of the area and hands it to
Josh.

RACHEL
We don't want you getting lost too.

JOSH
Yeah --

RACHEL
Where you gonna go?

JOSH
-- I guess just see if she's
somewhere near the theater.

RACHEL

Okay.

JOSH

Please don't forget to call me if
you see her or anything --

Rachel holds up the piece of scrap paper Josh gave to her
with his phone number on it.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(to Tyler)

Again, I really appreciate this.

Tyler, still not thrilled to be giving up his car:

TYLER

-- it's cool.

Josh nods and begins to put the car in first gear.

He suddenly stops and turns to Tyler.

JOSH

-- um, listen, I hate to ask, man,
but my girlfriend has my wallet --
just in case -- for like gas or
something?

Enough is enough for Tyler.

TYLER

Seriously, dude!?

Rachel snaps at her younger brother:

RACHEL

Tyler, give him some fucking cash!

Reluctantly, Tyler gives Josh a wrinkled TWENTY DOLLAR BILL
of out his jeans pocket.

JOSH

I owe you big-time.

TYLER

Just don't fuck up my car.

Josh takes a second, then nods with understanding. He gives
Rachel one last glance of gratitude.

Josh pushes in the clutch and puts the car into first gear.
The car moves up a few feet, bouncing around, then stalls.

Josh cranks the ignition.

RRRRRRR-RRRRRRR-RRRRRRR!

The car doesn't start.

Tyler glares at his sister with grand disapproval.

Josh tries again.

RRRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRRR!

This time, success. Josh gets the car into gear and drives away.

The noisy muffler says its farewell to Tyler.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh drives along the streets.

He looks out the window in all directions.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Josh drives by the theater. The whole area feels like a ghost town at this point. Most of the shops and restaurants have closed for the night.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Josh walks up to the theater.

Rick, the manager, has just finished locking up the doors from the inside.

Josh knocks on the glass.

JOSH

Excuse me.

Rick turns and looks out.

RICK THE MANAGER

(through the glass doors)

We're closed.

JOSH

I just got a question for you.

RICK THE MANAGER
(shaking his head)
We're closed. Come back tomorrow.

Josh pulls out the photo and slams it against the glass.

JOSH
Have you seen this girl?

Rick, showing a slight soft side, approaches the glass door. He takes an honest look at the photo but doesn't recognize Allison.

He shakes his head.

RICK THE MANAGER
Never seen her.

JOSH
Are you sure? Is anyone else still
in there?

RICK THE MANAGER
Everyone's gone. We're closed.
Sorry.

Rick walks away from the locked double doors.

Josh takes a breath. Looks around.

He just decides to walk around the deserted area.

MULTIPLE SHOTS of Josh walking around The Mill and the surrounding area. He finds no help.

He shows an OLDER COUPLE walking down the street Allison's picture.

Nothing.

At this point he is just flashing the picture of Allison to anyone who passes by.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh continues to drive around town.

MULTIPLE SHOTS of Josh driving through town, passing by various places, the local high school, the 99 cent store, a few liquor stores, etc.

Josh passes by a BOWLING ALLEY that is still open.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Josh shows the picture of Allison. Still no one has seen her.

Josh takes notice of a small group of guys and girls around his age hanging out and having fun at one of the far lanes.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh continues with his pursuit.

MORE SHOTS of Josh driving through the small town, out towards the unknown.

The longer he searches for her, the more his eyes fill with fear.

Josh passes by an old CEMETERY. He glances out the window as he watches the tombstones pass by.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The '87 Caprice continues on, now heading towards the outskirts of town.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh drives down a rural two-lane highway.

He stares out the windshield at the empty road ahead.

Suddenly he hears Allison's voice:

ALLISON (O.S.)
(so soft and sweet)
Josh --

Josh turns towards the passenger seat...

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

...and looks at Allison sitting there next to him. She's wearing a nice little BLACK DRESS. She looks so lovely, but there's sorrow in her eyes.

ALLISON
-- how you doing?

Josh, wearing a BLACK SUIT and TIE, shrugs his shoulders.

JOSH
I'm okay --

We see out the front window that they are following a BLACK HEARSE. They are in a funeral procession.

Josh focuses ahead.

ALLISON
It was a really beautiful service.

Josh nods. After a moment:

JOSH
I just can't believe this is really
happening --

Allison looks at him. There's a tear in his eye.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- I just wish we had more time
together. -- I don't know...

Allison takes her hand and gently reaches out to Josh's. They interlock fingers.

He looks at Allison with a bit of comfort.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I loved her so much -- I just hope
she knew that, you know, how much I
loved her. -- You just can't tell
someone that enough. I don't know
why? Why is it so hard to say it? I
just... I don't think I did. I
don't think I said it to her
enough.

Allison is caught up in emotion from listening to Josh confess.

ALLISON

Trust me, Josh, your mom knew.

Josh looks deeply into Allison's eyes. She nods with affirmation.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

She did.

Josh's takes Allison's hand in his and raises it up. He kisses it with sincere love and looks at her.

JOSH

I love you.

Allison takes it in.

ALLISON

I love you.

Josh takes a small breath and focuses again on the road. He looks out the windshield and notices an oncoming semi-truck headed right for them --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

HOOOOOONK!!!

Josh swerves out of the way as he jumps back into reality, barely missing the semi.

An anxiety attack hits Josh like a ton of bricks -- as a big dose of reality strikes him right in the gut.

He loses control of the car and swerves off the road. The car rumbles along the gravel and finally comes to a stop.

Josh puts the car in park and jumps out.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He runs around to the front of the car, hyperventilating.

He cannot catch his breath and eventually vomits in the grass. The headlights from the car shine brightly on him.

He stumbles a few feet back towards the car, but weak in the knees he falls to the ground. The dust particles in the headlights float by his side.

He loses himself in heart-wrenching emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh gets back into the car and shuts the door.

He has calmed down a bit, but his eyes are still red and puffy from the emotional outbreak. He has some dirt on his hands and face.

He takes a deep breath. Then another.

There is something he knows he must do now.

Josh grabs his cell phone sitting on the seat next to him. He scrolls through his contact list and finally lands on STEVE and SUE LUTTREL, Allison's parents.

Hands shaking, he hits "CALL".

It begins to ring. Eventually Sue answers. She sounds half-asleep.

SUE (O.S.)

Josh?

Josh, trying to not lose it.

JOSH

Sue...

SUE (O.S.)

Yeah...?

Josh takes a deep breath.

JOSH

-- have you heard from Allison?

SUE (O.S.)

Allison? No, why? What's wrong?

Long pause. Josh has no idea where to begin.

SUE (CONT'D)

Josh, what's wrong? -- Is Allison okay?

JOSH

I don't know.

SUE (O.S.)
What do you mean you don't know,
Josh? What's going on?

STEVE, Allison's dad, jumps on the phone.

STEVE (O.S.)
Josh? What's going on?

JOSH
Steve, we were at a movie -- and we
got separated -- I don't know where
she is. Have you talked to her?

STEVE (O.S.)
Not since earlier -- when did you
last see her?

JOSH
About two-and-a-half hours ago --
I've looked everywhere...

Josh begins to melt down.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry...

STEVE (O.S.)
Josh, have you notified the police?

JOSH
-- they said they can't do anything
right now. I just don't know what
else to do -- I've looked
everywhere. I just don't know, I
just don't know anymore --

STEVE (O.S.)
Josh, did you do anything to upset
her?

JOSH
No! I didn't do anything. I just
don't know where she is.

STEVE (O.S.)
Okay. Listen to me, Josh. I'm gonna
make a few calls now, but stay by
your phone.

JOSH
I'm sorry, Steve...

STEVE (O.S.)
Just stay by your phone, son. Okay?

Josh takes a breath.

JOSH
Yeah...

Josh hangs up. He takes a few more breaths. Looks down at his cell and notices that the "BATTERY DYING" BAR is BLINKING.

Josh sets the phone on the passenger seat.

He becomes very still and lost in his own head.

Eventually, Josh pushes in the clutch and starts the car.

DING!

The gas light is BLINKING. He's almost past "EMPTY".

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh drives down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Country roads.

This is apparently the only gas station for miles. It's pretty quiet this time of night.

Josh pulls up in front of PUMP #2. He parks.

Slowly and dejectedly, he gets out of the car, beaten down by his failure to find Allison.

He closes the car door and heads inside.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Behind the counter sits DUSTY, early 20s, buzzed head, wearing a UFC t-shirt. He's engrossed in a UFC magazine.

Josh approaches.

DUSTY
Hey, how you doin' tonight?

Josh slowly looks up at Dusty with his puffy eyes.

JOSH
(softly)
-- fine.

Josh pulls out the twenty that Tyler gave him and sets it on the counter.

DUSTY
How much?

JOSH
What?

DUSTY
How much you want?

JOSH
-- fifteen dollars on...

Josh looks over his shoulder out the store window to see what pump he parked at. Being one of the only cars out there, Dusty knows.

DUSTY
#2?

JOSH
-- yeah.

Dusty takes the money and charges Josh fifteen dollars.

Another CUSTOMER enters the store.

Dusty hands a FIVE DOLLAR BILL back to Josh.

DUSTY
There you go.

Dusty looks closely at Josh's face. Josh can feel Dusty's gaze on him and slowly looks up.

After a moment:

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Man, you look really familiar. Do I
know you from somewhere?

JOSH
(shaking his head)
I don't think so.

Dusty just stares at him and smiles.

DUSTY
I feel like I *just* saw you
somewhere.

Josh isn't sure what to say.

JOSH
It was probably someone else. I get
that sometimes...

DUSTY
Do you fight? Are you on the
circuit?

Josh stares blankly at Dusty.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Like have I seen you at the Legion
fighting on Saturday nights or
something?

JOSH
Not me, man.

Dusty crosses his arms and continues staring at Josh.

DUSTY
I know I know you from somewhere.
(shakes his head, shrugs)
Maybe you just got one of those
faces.

JOSH
Maybe.

DUSTY
Well you have a good one, bro.

JOSH
Yeah...

Josh begins to walk away. Dusty begins helping the next
costumer.

Josh is almost out of the store when suddenly Dusty shouts:

DUSTY
(shouts across the store)
Fuck, man. I got your wallet!

Josh stops and freezes.

Josh slowly turns around, not believing what he just heard.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
That's where I know you from.
(holds up a wallet)
I got your wallet sitting right
here, man!

Josh can tell that it is in fact his wallet and quickly approaches the counter.

Dusty opens the wallet and reads the name of his driver's license.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
"Joshua Eiland".

JOSH
Where'd you find that?!

DUSTY
-- some dude just found it lying on
the ground out there by the
pumps...

Dusty hands Josh the wallet with a smile.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Looks like it's your lucky night.

Josh opens the wallet. He notices his cash and credit card are both missing. Doesn't matter though.

Josh's mind starts racing.

JOSH
When? When did they find it?

DUSTY
-- maybe an hour ago?

JOSH
Did you see a girl with it? This
girl here?

Josh shows Dusty the picture of Allison.

DUSTY
-- nah... doesn't ring a bell.

Dusty waves the new customer in line to step forward.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
(pointing to the
customer's soda)
Just that?

Josh steps out of the way as his mind continues to race. He looks around the gas station for any clues.

CUSTOMER
-- and ten bucks on pump #6.

DUSTY
\$11.89.

Customer pays Dusty and heads out. Josh turns to Dusty. Looks up and notices surveillance cameras. His heart skips a beat.

JOSH
These working?

Dusty looks up at the cameras and then back down to Josh with a regrettable expression.

DUSTY
They're more for show --

Fuck! Josh shakes his head.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
-- but we do have one out front
that watches over the propane
tanks...

Josh looks up at Dusty.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Josh and Dusty rewind through the surveillance camera tape. It's from the camera that looks over the propane tank cage, and it's at a canted angle. In the background of the shot are a few of the gas station pumps.

Rewinding through, they see a handful of cars coming and going. Josh gets a glance of people walking by, but most of their heads are cut off by the frame, which is focused primarily on the tanks.

Josh watches extremely closely.

Another CUSTOMER enters the store.

Dusty hands Josh the REMOTE CONTROL and steps away to tend the counter.

Josh keeps scrolling through the tape, back and forth, back and forth.

Eventually something catches his eye. He rewinds the tape a bit and watches again.

He spots a wallet dropping out of a parked DARK GREEN SUV sitting in front of a pump.

He watches again as some man opens the car door with a case of beer in his hands. As the door opens, the wallet drops out, but the man doesn't notice as he is apparently shouting across the roof of the car to another man.

Josh can't get a good look at these men because the camera is behind them and off angle.

The men eventually get into the SUV and take off, leaving the wallet lying there on the ground.

Dusty re-enters the back room and watches over Josh's shoulder.

Josh rewinds the tape and cues it up:

JOSH

There.

Dusty looks at the screen.

DUSTY

Yeah, they're from Spencer.

Josh spins to Dusty.

JOSH

What? You know them?

Dusty shakes his head, points.

DUSTY

They got a Spencer Municipal Shooting Range sticker on their bumper, maybe that's where they're from. It's a sweet place. Been there a few times.

JOSH
Spencer? Where is that?

DUSTY
Just south, about fifteen miles.
It's the next town over.

Josh hurries up but spins back to Dusty.

JOSH
Which way is south?

DUSTY
Just take a right out of the
parking lot and keep heading
straight, you'll hit Spencer.

Josh rushes out of the store, brushing by a few new CUSTOMERS entering.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh jumps in his car -- only to remember that he didn't even pump any gas yet.

Josh jumps out, grabs the nozzle handle, shoves it into the gas tank, and tries to wait patiently for the car to fill up.

He watches as the numbers pass by on the pump, but desperate to move on, he only fills the car up a few gallons.

Josh tosses the nozzle back on the pump, jumps in his car, and races off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh is speeding along the deserted road towards Spencer.

With his free hand he grabs his cell phone. He notices the "BATTERY DYING" BAR still flashing. He frantically begins dialing "9... 1...". But then notices he has a NEW VOICEMAIL.

Josh hits the VOICEMAIL BUTTON on his phone.

VOICEMAIL
You have one new message. First new
message.

He listens intently to what will be the most horrific voicemail ever.

The message begins.

Josh presses the phone stiffly to his ear, but he can only hear a dry silence.

Then:

ALLISON VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
(soft, breathy, sedated
whisper)
...Josh -- Help me... They're
hurting me, Josh...

Josh's heart plummets into his gut as his body begins to tremble.

He cranks the steering wheel and pulls over onto the side of the road.

Josh is shaking in terror and continues listening to the message.

He then hears a door squeak and swing open. A set of beefy footsteps tromp across hardwood floors, getting louder and louder, then stop right next to the phone.

Josh hears a man grunt as if lifting a heavy object. Then he hears the footsteps walk and fade away.

The phone call is still connected, but Josh only hears a ghostly silence.

Josh sits there still as a rock with the phone still to his ear. He does not blink. He does not move. He can barely breathe. His eyes tear up.

Josh begins to lower the phone from his ear. But then, ever so faintly, he hears TWO MALE VOICES.

Josh shifts in his seat and squishes the phone up against his ear, hears a conversation trailing off.

The voices die away.

Finally, the message ends. The voicemail begins to list options of what the caller can do.

VOICEMAIL
There are no more messages. To
replay this message, press 4...

Josh hits "3" to rewind the message a bit. He listens intently. He turns up the volume on his phone as much as possible and rewinds the message to play it again.

BEEP.

The "BATTERY DYING" bar pops back up.

He's running out of time. He replays the message once again.

Josh is finally able to start piecing together what is being said in the background. The voices are very muffled and fuzzy, as they are far away from the phone and apparently unaware the call is still connected.

MALE VOICE 1 (O.S.)
-- where the fuck is Frank?

MALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
-- he drove down to Barney's. Get TJ and grab the pizzas...

MALE VOICE 1 (O.S.)
-- well keep your fucking eye on her... I don't need some --

The phone call ends. Josh rewinds it once more as he rummages through the glove compartment for a PEN.

MALE VOICE 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
-- where the fuck is Frank?

MALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
-- he drove down to Barney's. Get TJ and grab the pizzas...

MALE VOICE 1 (O.S.)
-- well keep your fucking eye on her... I don't need some --

He picks up on "FRANK" and what he thinks is "BARRY'S". He writes the names down on the corner of the roadmap.

BEEP.

The battery is almost completely drained now.

JOSH
(to himself)
No no no...

He hurries and dials "411".

411 (O.S.)
What City and State, please?

JOSH
Spencer, Iowa.

411 (O.S.)
Hi, what listing in Spencer?

JOSH
I'm looking for a Barry's...

Static cuts in.

411 (O.S.)
Hello?

JOSH
Can you hear me?!

411 (O.S.)
You're breaking up, sir.

Josh jumps out of the car and moves around to find the best signal.

He leaps up on the hood of the car.

JOSH
Hello??

411 (O.S.)
-- how can I help you?

JOSH
Barry's. -- a place called
Barry's...

411 (O.S.)
Is that a business or residential?

JOSH
Business... I don't know for
sure... I think maybe it's a bar.

411 (O.S.)
Sir, you're cutting in and out.

JOSH
Please. It's a BAR in Spencer.

411
Huh? -- I don't see a Barry's in
Spencer. Please hold while I check
something here...

BEEP.

Josh looks at his cell phone. The battery is seconds away
from dying completely.

JOSH
Hello!? You got it?

411 (O.S.)
One minute please.

BEEP.

The phone is inches away from showing its last sign of life.

411 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay, sir -- I see there is a
Barney's Roadhouse on the corner of
Coal and Huntington Road.

JOSH
Coal and Huntington?

411
Yes. Would you like me to connect
you at no additional char--

BEEP.

Josh's cell phone dies.

Josh jumps off the hood of the car as he mutters to himself:

JOSH
Coal and Huntington -- Coal and
Huntington -- Coal and Huntington --

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh jumps back in the car.

He tosses his cell phone on the floor, flips on the overhead
dome light, and grabs the roadmap.

He unfolds the map. Takes his finger and finally finds
Spencer. Then tracks it to where he is now. From there, he
tracks his finger to the corner of Coal and Huntington.

Josh starts the car, fusses with the clutch for a moment, then peels off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Josh speeds down the empty road, finally passing a SMALL SIGN on the side that reads "SPENCER".

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Josh drives through the tiny town of Spencer.

He passes a few signs, but eventually hits Huntington Road. Based on the map, he takes a left.

He continues driving and soon hits Coal.

EXT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

It's a pretty deserted intersection, but he sees Barney's Roadhouse sitting there at the corner.

It's got a dirt parking lot that is mostly filled with pickup trucks and SUVs. It's as rural as a rural dive bar can be. FLICKERING NEON BEER, PIZZA, AND BAIT SIGNS fill up the windows out front.

Josh pulls over onto the side of the road across from the bar, as out of sight as possible.

EXT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Josh hustles across the street.

He stops and surveys the cluster of cars scattered throughout the dirt parking lot.

Josh sneaks around the lot in hopes of spotting the SUV from the surveillance tape. He cuts in and around the vehicles, but does not see the SUV anywhere.

He continues his investigation, peering into the windows of each and every car for any clues.

As Josh is peering into one of the windshields, TWO DRUNK WOMEN, each with a lit cigarette in hand, stumble out of the bar laughing in mid-conversation.

Josh whips his head in their direction.

DRUNK WOMAN 1
-- how small?

DRUNK WOMAN 2
Like the size of a pecan.

DRUNK WOMAN 1
Shut the front door. That's small
as shit. -- Ain't nothin' you can
do with that.

DRUNK WOMAN 2
Nope. And I didn't.

Both women laugh as they continue stumbling away towards
their car.

Josh circles around the vehicle to avoid the women, and makes
his way to the entrance of the bar.

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Musty. Dark. Smoky.

Trucker-type dudes and gals. TOM PETTY'S "MARY JANE'S LAST
DANCE" plays from the rustic speakers. There's a pool table
in the corner. The high ceiling, with fans hanging down, give
this place an old barn feel.

Josh enters.

He sticks out from the rest of the patrons, but tries his
best to blend in.

He walks past the bar towards the back. Not sure what to do.

He glances at every guy he passes. "Does he look like a
Frank?"

Josh walks back to the bar.

The bartender, SHERYL, 55 with dirty blonde hair and leathery
skin, turns to Josh.

SHERYL
What'cha havin', sweetie?

Josh thinks.

Based on necessity to blend in, he orders a drink.

JOSH

Uh... let me get a beer.

Josh circles the bar with his eyes.

SHERYL

What kind of beer?

Josh, unfocused on anything other than finding this Frank guy, is lost in his head.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

(again)

What kind of beer do you want?

Josh snaps back. He turns to Sheryl.

JOSH

Miller Light.

Sheryl grabs a bottle of Miller Light out of the cooler. She pops it open and hands it to Josh.

SHERYL

Three dollars.

Josh has only a five dollar bill left. He hands it to her.

Josh takes a moment to glance around the place as he takes a sip of his beer.

Sheryl hands Josh two dollars back.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Here ya go, baby.

Josh takes his beer and money and discreetly walks away from the bar.

He moseys around the place, sipping on his beer.

He gives one guy at a table a little head nod. Again, just doing his best to blend in.

Josh finds a seat at a table in the far back corner. A black plastic ashtray sits in the center and there are cigarette burns all across the wooden table top.

Josh sets down his bottle of beer.

He circles the bar with his eyes yet again, taking in all the unique characters. There's no telling which dude is Frank.

The music overhead comes to an end as the JUKEBOX switches to the next song.

Josh's eyes roll over to the jukebox.

He sees a WOMAN in tight black jeans and brown cowboy boots leaning over the smudged glass, flipping through the song selection.

She shakes her hips as the new song begins to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - HAWAIIAN BEACH - FLASHBACK

Tiki torches scattered around illuminate the reception. The palm trees in the background are silhouetted by the moonlight.

Josh is wearing a dapper linen suit. His jacket hangs on the back of his chair and his tie dangles loosely around his neck.

He sits at an elegantly decorated circular dinner table. It is covered by a white tablecloth with a gorgeous floral centerpiece.

Josh watches as the BRIDE and GROOM, surrounded by their family and friends, cut a rug on the dance floor.

His eyes travel across the crowd and lock in on Allison who is dancing with the little RING-BEARER, all of 7 years old.

Josh smiles with joy as he watches his stunning angel dance around in her flowy blue bridesmaid dress.

She crinkles her nose and sings along with the song as she twirls the young ring bearer under her arm.

The ring bearer breaks away and does his own little shake and jive.

Allison throws her head back in amusement, then looks over at Josh.

Her laughter turns into a smile that lights up the entire reception.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - PRESENT

Josh sits at the table very stoic, his eyes glazed over, still fixed in the direction of the woman shaking her hips in front of the jukebox.

The woman's hips slow down and she spins around. She catches Josh staring at her, or so she thinks.

Josh snaps out of his trance, noticing the woman reciprocating the stare as a smirk forms on her face.

A chill runs down his spine and he immediately disconnects his eyes with hers.

Josh jumps up from the table, leaving his beer behind.

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He hurries towards the MEN'S ROOM, which is down a small narrow hallway. There is a stack of BEER CASES lining one side, and a PAY PHONE hanging from the wall on the other.

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josh pushes open the door and proceeds into the vacant Men's Room.

It is a tight, sour-smelling space. NASCAR STICKERS, MAGIC MARKER GRAFFITI, and a 1986 POSTER OF LORETTA LYNN blanket the faded, burgundy painted walls.

There is one putrid urinal and one doorless stall. The tiny sink is yellowed and is missing the hot water handle.

Josh turns to the sink. He twists on the cold water, cups his hands, and splashes his face a few times.

With his hands now resting on the edges of the sink, Josh takes a series of deep breaths. He stares into the grimy mirror as the water drips down his face.

He goes to grab a couple of paper towels from the dispenser to his left, but there are none to be found.

Josh clenches his fists, cocks back his arm, but restrains himself from punching the dispenser.

He whirls around, arm cocked again, and paces back and forth in the claustrophobic space.

Josh returns to the sink, calms himself for a moment, then pulls the bottom of his t-shirt up to dry his face. As he brings it back down, he looks into the mirror and in the reflection, standing behind him, is Allison.

She has a pink bath towel wrapped around her beautiful body. Her hair is wet, and she is brushing her teeth.

Allison lets go of the toothbrush, and with it hanging in her smiling mouth, she taps her wrist with her index finger, indicating that Josh needs to hurry up.

Allison goes back to brushing as Josh watches her walk out of the reflection.

Josh spins around, but he sees nobody there.

Suddenly the Men's Room door swings open, barely missing Josh's shoulder.

Josh turns towards the door as a man walks in.

MAN
(grumbling)
Watch yerself...

The man brushes by so closely that Josh can smell the nasty stink on the edge of his breath.

Josh, head down, eyes fixed on the floor, avoids any interaction, other than:

JOSH
(under his breath)
-- yeah...

Josh slides out of the men's room as the door slowly closes.

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh walks away from the men's room, thinking of what to do.

He passes by the pay phone and stops. He looks up at the phone.

Without wasting another second, Josh dashes towards the bar.

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Josh approaches the bar and waves down Sheryl, who is smoking and having a conversation with a patron at the opposite end.

She sets down her cigarette and shuffles over to him.

JOSH
-- could I get a dollar in
quarters?

SHERYL
Sure.

Josh hands her a dollar.

Sheryl digs in her pocket and pulls out four quarters.

She drops them in Josh's open hand.

JOSH
Thanks.

Sheryl turns and walks back to her cigarette.

Josh takes the change and heads to the pay phone.

INT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh approaches the pay phone.

He glances over his shoulder, just to make sure no one has a
tight eye on him.

Everyone appears to be minding their own business.

Josh can read one of the NEON SIGNS through the front window:
"DEEP DISH SPECIAL 686-435-7112".

Josh drops a quarter in the phone and dials Barney's Pub.
Waits a second.

RIIIIIING-RIIIIIING-RIIIIIING -- the phone behind the bar goes
off.

Josh spies on Sheryl, who hands a drink to another customer
and then turns to answer the phone.

SHERYL
(on phone)
Barney's.

JOSH
(deepening voice)
Is Frank there?

SHERYL

Who?

JOSH

-- Frank?

SHERYL

Oh, Frank. Lemme see...

(shouts out)

Is Frank still here!?

RANDOM VOICE from across the bar.

RANDOM VOICE

-- think he left, baby!

Josh tenses up. His heart skips a beat.

SHERYL

-- I think he left. Who's this?

Rodgy?

Josh, lost in panic, doesn't reply.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Hello? -- This Rodgy?

Josh is still lost in his own head.

But then immediately some BAR GUY shouts out:

BAR GUY

Hey Frank! Phone's for you!

FRANK

Who the hell is it!?

Frank's voice comes from right behind Josh.

Josh immediately cringes.

SHERYL

I ain't your secretary!

Josh freezes completely.

FRANK, 50s, the man from the Men's Room, walks directly behind Josh.

Josh doesn't turn to look at him, but remains completely and utterly still, focusing his gaze directly on the wall ahead.

Eventually, as Frank approaches the bar, Josh cheats his head just enough to get a decent glance. Frank's a burly, bearded older dude with tattoos on his forearms.

Frank picks the phone up off the bar.

FRANK
(on phone)
Yeah?

Josh stands there with the phone pressed tightly against his ear, but doesn't say a word. He just listens to Frank breathing.

Josh grips the phone so tightly that the receiver begins to shake.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hello?

Frank tosses the phone back down on the counter towards Sheryl.

FRANK (CONT'D)
-- fuckin' hung up. Who was it?

SHERYL
Beats me.

Josh secretively keeps his gaze on Frank, who is bullshitting with some other dude at the bar.

He thinks for a moment.

Josh picks up the pay phone again and dials 911.

911 (O.S.)
911 emergency.

JOSH
(softly under his breath)
-- yes, I need to report...

Josh glances over and notices Frank, along with some other big fat guy who is easily 350 pounds, walk out of the bar with a couple of hot pizzas in their hands.

FRANK
(to Sheryl)
We'll catch you tomorrow.

SHERYL
Alright, hun. Have a good one.

Josh drives the receiver back down on the pay phone.

He frantically hurries down the hallway after Frank.

But just as Josh comes crossing out from the hallway towards the entrance, a DRUNK WOMAN, 40s, turns the corner and bumps into Josh, beer in her hand.

The impact causes some of her beer to jump out of the glass and soak her tank top.

DRUNK WOMAN
Jesus Christ!

The drunk woman stops in her tracks and Josh spins around.

The woman looks down at her wet top.

She then shoots a sneering look up at Josh.

JOSH
-- sorry.

Josh continues to backpedal towards the entrance.

DRUNK WOMAN
You drunk motherfucker.

JOSH
I'm sorry.

DRUNK MAN, 60s, comes to the woman's aid.

DRUNK MAN
What the hell happened?

Josh looks over his shoulder.

Through the front window he can see Frank and the fat dude walking across the parking lot.

DRUNK WOMAN
(pointing to Josh)
This guy threw my beer on me.

Josh spins back towards the woman.

JOSH
No I --

DRUNK MAN
(to Josh)
You what!?

Josh takes a few more steps towards the door.

JOSH
-- it... it was an accident.

DRUNK MAN
I don't give a damn what it was.
Buy my lady friend here a new
drink.

Josh shoots another look over his shoulder and sees Frank and the fat dude get into their rust bucket of a CADILLAC.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)
You hearin' me?

Josh spins back one last time and shoves his hand into his pocket.

He yanks out his last dollar bill as he bee-lines for the woman and hands her the single.

JOSH
Here. This is all I got.

DRUNK WOMAN
A dollar?

The drunk man grabs Josh by his sweatshirt.

DRUNK MAN
Listen here, boy --

Before the man can say anything else, Josh knocks the man's arms away.

JOSH
IT'S ALL I'VE GOT!

The man is caught completely off-guard and just stands there.

Josh turns and runs out of Barney's Roadhouse.

EXT. BARNEY'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh spots Frank pulling away from the parking lot.

He hurries across the street to his car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh jumps in his car. He sees Frank zoom by in his Caddy.

Josh puts the key in the ignition. He hits the clutch and puts the car into first gear. He moves a few feet, but then:

RRRRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

The car stalls.

JOSH
(to the car)
-- come on...

Josh tries again.

RRRRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRRRR!

No luck.

He tries one more time.

RRRRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-RRRRRRRRRR!

Finally he gets the car going.

With the tires spinning dirt up into the air, Josh peels out and heads in Frank's direction.

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

Josh keeps his distance, but tails Frank through this desolate and unfamiliar territory. His headlights are off to make certain he isn't noticed.

After a series of turns through country roads lined with cornfields and farms, Frank eventually turns down another long dirt road.

EXT. NEW DIRT ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh spots Frank's tiny taillights about a quarter of a mile ahead of him.

Eventually Frank takes one last turn that leads to the driveway of a mid-century farmhouse sitting alone in the moonlight.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Josh watches as Frank pulls up to the isolated farmhouse.

Some lights are on inside the house on the first floor. There is a bright glow of light coming from the backyard.

Josh observes that the nearest neighbors seem to be miles away.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Josh, who is a few hundred yards back, pulls over to the side of the road. He can see Frank park in the driveway.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh checks his phone to see if somehow the battery has come back to life. He flips it open but of course nothing happens.

JOSH
(under his breath)
Piece of shit.

He tosses it onto the floor of the passenger seat and exits the car.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He makes his way across the road toward the large cornfield next to the house.

Josh slides down into the ditch on the side of the road and climbs up the other side to the fence at the edge of the field.

Other than the CRICKETS, it's deadly quiet.

EXT. CORNFIELDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The stalks of corn loom a good foot over his head.

With only the full moon above to light his way, Josh brushes aside the stalks and enters the silent labyrinth.

"SHOOSH, SHOOSH, SHOOSH, SHOOSH"

Josh holds up his arms as the leaves graze his face while he walks.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh reaches the last row and stops.

He slowly emerges from the tall stalks, when suddenly:

BANG!-BANG!

Gunshots.

Josh jumps like a startled dog. He ducks back into the stalks for safety.

BANG!-BANG!

More gunshots, followed by the sound of GLASS BOTTLES SHATTERING.

Lying in the dirt, under the cover of the stalks, Josh realizes that the shots weren't aimed at him.

He slowly picks himself up and re-emerges from the field.

As he creeps closer to the house, staying in the shadows, he hears CREEDENCE CLEARWATER playing from the dimly lit interior.

Josh gets close enough to the front window of the house to see a couple of silhouettes milling around through the halls and rooms. He hears a group of MALE VOICES coming from the backyard.

Then Josh looks over and recognizes that one of the vehicles parked on the side of the house is the same one he saw on the surveillance tape at the gas station.

JOSH
(under his breath)
Oh fuck...

His eyes pan from the vehicle to the house, filled with more hope that Allison might actually be here.

EXT. FARMHOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Josh creeps around the side of the house to get a better look at what's going on out back. As he pops his head around the corner:

BANG!-BANG!

More gunshots ring in the air.

Nerves shaking, he slowly and cautiously takes a look.

He tries to track down Allison, but she's not back there.

He sees a few older men gathered around a bonfire. Their hands filled with guns, beer cans, and pizza.

One of the men calls to another:

MAN #1 (O.S.)
Throw one of them som' bitches in
the air, brother...PULLLL IIIIT!

The buddy complies and acts as a human skeet launcher, tossing a bottle up in the air.

BANG!

Josh watches the glass shatter against the night sky.

With all this activity out back, Josh begins making his way towards the front of the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Crouched low and careful of each step, Josh moves toward the empty front porch.

He surveys the motion inside through the filthy windows and waits for the right time to make his move into the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Josh finds that the screen door is unlocked.

As quietly as possible he opens the screen, managing only one modest squeak from the rusty hinges.

Music continues to blare from within the house, which helps distract from Josh's entrance.

BANG!-BANG!-BANG!

Josh's heart pounds with as much intensity as the gunshots themselves.

MAN #2 (O.S.)
(shouts in disappointment)
You tossed it too high, man. That
motherfucker was way too high.

Josh hears the other men erupt in laughter as he enters the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

An outdated interior reminiscent of the early '70s, with dilapidated furniture, fills the musty, eerie space.

Josh remains steadfast and continues trying to figure out his next move.

He takes a few more steps deeper into the house. His head on a swivel, he scans the rooms but detects no signs of anyone else around.

Josh walks across the floor as if on eggshells and enters the living room off to his right.

He presses himself up against one of the walls and slithers along through the room.

The wall ends at an entryway into the kitchen and Josh takes pause.

He looks back in the direction he just came from. Listens for footsteps.

His eyes then sweep through the living room. He spies the men out back through the large picture window and eavesdrops on them as they laugh and bullshit.

With his back still flat against the wall, Josh crouches down and peeks his head around the corner into the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Josh cautiously squats down and sidesteps in, intently watching the back door across the room as he does so.

Josh reaches the other end of the kitchen where there is a second entryway that leads into a dark dining room.

His eyes still glued to the back door, Josh steadily stands and moves backwards against the wall.

Small side step. Then another. He slowly crosses the back kitchen wall.

Suddenly:

RIIIIIIIING-RIIIIIIIING-RIIIIIIIING!

The CORDLESS PHONE hanging on the wall next to Josh's ear begins ringing loudly.

Josh jumps up and stands straight against the wall. He feels a little something poking into his back.

Then the kitchen light goes out.

JOSH
(under his breath)
Shit.

Josh quickly twists around and frantically paws the wall searching for the light switch.

He finally finds it and flips it back on.

RIIIIIIIING-RIIIIIIIING-RIIIIIIIING!

Josh instantly drops back down to the floor and rotates to the door.

Breathing heavier now, his eyes widen as he spots the figure of a man, who we later learn is GUS, 40s, approaching the back door from outside.

RIIIIIIIING-RIIIIIIIING-RIIIIIIIING!

Josh hauls ass into the dining room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He finds a temporary hiding spot in the dark behind a bookshelf.

Josh hears the back door swing open.

RIIIIIIIING-RIII--

The phone is answered.

GUS
(on phone)
Yeah?

Josh hears Gus in the kitchen grumble to himself:

GUS (CONT'D)
-- fuckin' 'lectrical...

From the shadows, Josh watches the lights go on and off as Gus fiddles with the switch.

Finally the lights are left on.

GUS (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Well I don't know, Daryl. It's not
my shit. -- Whatever, let me look.

Watching the floor beside him, Josh then sees Gus's shadow enter the dining room.

With less than a split-second to react, Josh noiselessly dashes away in the opposite direction.

Gus walks into the room and rummages through some junk.

GUS (CONT'D)
(on phone)
-- I don't know. I don't see it. --
Wait. In the livin' room?

Josh rounds the corner and finds himself back in the foyer of the house where he entered.

GUS (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Alright. Just hold the fuck on.

Gus approaches closer and closer.

Josh snaps his head in every direction and decides to book it up the wooden staircase to the second floor.

INT. FARMHOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

It gets darker and darker as Josh bounds up the flight of stairs.

He reaches the top step and dives behind the corner of the wall just as the man passes by the bottom of the staircase into the living room.

A moment later, Josh hears Gus yell:

GUS (O.S.)
(on phone)
Found it!

Another moment passes. Then Josh hears the back door SLAM shut.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh leans up against the wall. He takes a moment to control his breathing.

He turns his head and peers down the long, narrow, dimly lit hallway.

The crusted paint chipping off the walls and ceiling, along with the water stains throughout, makes this hallway feel like some gruesome cave to hell.

There are a handful of doors, most of them closed.

Josh gets up off the ground and timidly begins making his way down the hall to the first closed door.

He gently and nervously puts his ear up to the door just to make sure there isn't anyone in there. He hears nothing.

Josh slowly turns the doorknob, when suddenly:

BANG!-BANG!

Another tandem of gunshots from out back grabs Josh's attention. Each gunshot feels like it's getting louder and louder, closer and closer.

Josh finally collects himself and peeks into the dark bedroom. No one in there.

Josh continues to move slowly down the hall towards the next closed door. He does the same thing and eventually peeks in. This room is messier, with dirty white sheets on the bed.

Josh crawls carefully through the moonlit space.

While crawling, his hands land on top of what seems to be a purse. He looks down and eventually makes out that it's *Allison's purse*. His eyes are then directed to a pile of clothes nearby on the floor -- *Allison's clothes*.

The hairs on the back of Josh's neck stand as the goosebumps on his arms rise.

For the first time, Josh knows without a doubt that Allison is in this house.

Feeling so close, Josh jumps to his feet, when suddenly:

SHADOW MAN

Hey!

The dark shadow of a man passes behind Josh in the reflection of the dresser mirror.

Josh quietly drops to the ground, out of sight.

He looks over and notices some dude walking by the room, buckling up his belt and talking on his cell phone.

SHADOW MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm on my way. Got tied up with something, but leaving right now.

The Shadow Man shouts some more bullshit on the phone as he walks down the wooden staircase, out of range.

Once Josh hears that the Shadow Man is gone, he peeks out of the room and back down the long narrow hallway.

He notices one room with a small light on, the illumination spreading out through the bottom crack of the door.

From downstairs Josh can hear the Shadow Man exit the house while yelling:

SHADOW MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'll see you douchebags tomorrow!

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Cautiously, and with great purpose, Josh scampers down the hall towards the lit room.

Not hearing anyone inside, he turns the cold knob, pushes the door open a crack, and peeks in.

It's a small bedroom with scarred and discolored wood floors. In the middle of the room sits a metal-framed QUEEN-SIZE BED. Next to that is a SMALL SIDE TABLE with a CERAMIC LAMP on it. The lamp is the only light filling the room.

Through the crack of the door Josh sees a naked female body laying on the bed in a fetal position, tied up and blinded.

Allison!

Josh's entire body comes alive. At least for a moment all the confusion, exhaustion, and fear wash away.

He closes the bedroom door and hustles over to her.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison is naked, dirty, scratched, and bruised, and she shows no signs of life. She just lies there with her wrists tied together behind her back. The other end of the rope is tied securely to the metal bed-frame. A filthy white bedsheet is the only thing slightly covering her mid-section.

JOSH

Al...

Josh stands over her, trembling as the fear instantly returns. This is the most disturbing sight he has ever witnessed. He can't tell if she is even alive. A dirty rag blindfolds her eyes.

BANG!-BANG!

Gunshots continue going off in the near distance, but Josh stays focused.

Hands shaking, he kneels down. Then he slowly reaches out to check Allison's pulse.

He touches Allison's neck with two fingers. But just as he gently makes contact with her skin, Allison immediately goes from being completely mute and placid to screaming and squirming.

Restrained by the rope, she bounces up and down, turns her head away from Josh, and buries her face into the mattress.

ALLISON

AHHHHHH!!! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Josh recoils and falls backwards from her spooked reaction.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

NOOO!!! NO!!

Josh jumps back towards Allison and puts his hands around her head and face to hold her still. He rips off her blindfold.

JOSH
(whispering)
Al! Allison. It's me. It's Josh.

He forcefully covers her mouth to stop her from making any more noise.

Having just emptied herself of all of her energy, Allison surrenders and tries to focus up at Josh. Her sedated eyes adjust to the light in the room.

Josh connects his tear-filled eyes with hers.

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's me. It's Josh. I'm here.

ALLISON
(weeping, almost silent)
-- Josh...

Allison's heavy eyelids begin to droop. Josh notices on her arms that she has a small cluster of needle marks.

JOSH
We have to get out of here right now.

Josh begins untying Allison's arms. Her wrists are raw from the thick rope digging into her flesh.

Josh looks around the room for something to wrap Allison in.

The small closet is empty, other than a collection of cobwebs. The room itself is frighteningly sparse.

He resorts to the bloodied, soiled bedsheet. Protectively securing her fragile frame, Josh begins to lift Allison from the bed.

Holding the love of his life in his arms, Josh quickly moves through the small room trying to figure out a plan of escape.

He looks up and down, then rushes over to the window that he quickly realizes is boarded up. They're trapped. The only way out is back through the house.

Josh gently sets Allison back on the bed and moves to the door. She panics and reaches out for him.

ALLISON
-- Josh...

JOSH
(index finger to his lips)
Shhhhh....

Josh walks to the bedroom door and cautiously opens it up just enough to peek out and make sure the coast is clear.

Josh turns and goes back to Allison.

He lifts her up off the bed again and back into his arms.

He moves towards the door when suddenly he hears DEVILISH LAUGHTER coming from downstairs.

JOSH (CONT'D)
-- Shit.

Josh darts back into the bedroom and closes the door.

He can hear HEAVY BOOTS come stomping up the wooden staircase.

With Allison in his arms, he looks around the small empty bedroom for options. Any option. But there are none.

Except one.

Josh quickly lays Allison back down on the bed and flips her around.

ALLISON
(disoriented)
-- what are you...?

JOSH
Shh-shhh.....

Josh grabs the rope hanging from the metal bed-frame and begins tying her arms behind her back. But Allison musters what little fight she has left in her body and pulls her arms away from him.

ALLISON
No!!

Josh immediately jumps on top of Allison and straddles her squirming body. He then firmly covers her mouth.

He looks directly down into her big panicked eyes.

JOSH
(unrelenting)
-- shhhhhh.... you have to trust
me.

Allison focuses on Josh. He nods to her with conflicted eyes.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Please.

Allison takes a breath.

Josh quickly jumps off her and ties her back up. Allison just lays there, shaking and crying in terror.

Josh picks up the dirty rag and goes to Allison.

Terrified himself, Josh looks deeply into Allison's tortured eyes.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(barely able to talk
through his tears)
-- I'm so sorry...

Josh ties the rag around her head, blindfolding her once again.

"HAHAHA"

Josh snaps a look over his right shoulder at the closed bedroom door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank, Gus, and fat-ass TJ come strolling down the hallway towards the bedroom.

Gus is bragging to TJ about this girl they picked up.

GUS
(laughing grossly)
You're gonna get a kick outta this
one.

Their shadows and dirty boots move down the dark hallway towards the bedroom with the light spilling out through the crack of the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The three men stumble into the room. It's exactly as they left it. Allison is back on the bed. Josh is nowhere to be found.

CUT TO Josh underneath the bed.

He is holding as still as he can, breathing as quietly as possible.

All he can see are these guys' old, muddy boots walking in and around the bedroom. We stay with Josh under the bed for the rest of the scene, experiencing this moment exactly as he does.

TJ (O.S.)
Holy shit. You weren't kiddin'.

GUS (O.S.)
Right?

TJ (O.S.)
That is one tasty-lookin' piece of
ass.

FRANK (O.S.)
Settle down, big boy. She ain't a
pizza.

Gus and Frank laugh.

TJ (O.S.)
She sure ain't movin' much.

FRANK (O.S.)
Oh, she's just a little tuckered
out from our go-round we had
earlier.
(to Allison)
Ain't ya, pumpkin?

Josh hears one of the men SLAP Allison. The bed-frame begins bouncing around, as Allison goes from being still to immediately freaking out again.

ALLISON (O.S.)
Ahhhhhh!!!!

GUS (O.S.)
There she goes.

The men laugh.

Josh can hear Allison whimper:

ALLISON (O.S.)
Josh! Help!

Josh's jaw clenches furiously. He begins to tremble more and more as tears and sweat pour down his face.

FRANK (O.S.)
(to Allison)
No... This here is my friend TJ.
Why don't you be a lady now and
introduce yourself?

ALLISON (O.S.)
Noooooooo... --

GUS (O.S.)
Come on. Show us those big pretty
eyes of yours.

Allison is silenced as Josh can hear the men gag her with something.

Josh presses his packed fists against his mouth and strains from emitting the fury burning inside him.

FRANK (O.S.)
Gus, why don't you help her settle
down?

TJ (O.S.)
What's that?

GUS (O.S.)
Just somethin' to take the edge
off.

Josh hears Allison trying to yell through her gag.

GUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There we go.

Josh hears Allison settle, both physically and verbally.

TJ (O.S.)
Hey Frank. You gonna let me have
some fun with her sweet ass?

Frank and Gus laugh.

FRANK (O.S.)
-- what you got on ya?

TJ (O.S.)
Come on, Frank.

FRANK (O.S.)
No more freebies, TJ. I told you
that last time.

TJ (O.S.)
Daryl's on his way over. I'll get
you then.

FRANK (O.S.)
-- Fuck. -- I'll give you ten
minutes, that's it.

TJ (O.S.)
-- Deal.

Josh hears them SLAP Allison and shout:

FRANK (O.S.)
You be a lady now and treat this
gentleman right.

All three men laugh.

Josh watches as Frank and Gus walk out of the room and shut
the door.

TJ (O.S.)
(to Allison)
Look at you, all laying there,
waiting for me. -- It's too bad you
can't scream no more.

TJ climbs onto the bed.

TJ (O.S.)(CONT'D)
But maybe I can fix that...

Josh looks up at the bottom of the mattress that is bouncing
around and sinking in.

Josh can hear TJ rubbing up on Allison and smacking her body.
Josh continues to shake in terror as his brain races to
figure out what he can do.

Josh can hear Allison moan, though it's still muffled by the
gag.

TJ (O.S.)(CONT'D)
Oh yeah...

TJ grunts and bounces around all over Allison. Josh can hear him undoing his belt and unzipping his pants.

Josh continues to shake with his hand over his mouth.

Then TJ's boots fall to the floor.

THUD!

First boot.

THUD!

Second boot.

Both boots land right in front of Josh.

Josh carefully reaches out and grabs the boot closest to him. He slides it towards him under the bed.

CUT TO TJ -- all 350 pounds of him on top of Allison, who is still completely out of it.

SUDDENLY JOSH RISES UP FROM BEHIND and tosses a thick boot lace around TJ's neck.

TJ (CONT'D)
What the--

Josh yanks TJ up and off Allison.

Allison is still tied up, now laying on her stomach. The blindfold is now in her mouth, gagging her from making much noise.

Both Josh and TJ topple back onto the hardwood floor.

BOOM!

TJ lands on his stomach with Josh mounted on his back. As Josh yanks the boot lace around TJ's neck, he plants his knee into TJ's spine, giving him leverage as he pulls up and strangles TJ.

TJ, with his pants down to his knees, tries his best to get out of Josh's choke-hold.

TJ reaches over and gets hold of his other boot. He begins swinging the boot over his shoulder, trying to make contact with Josh's face. But Josh keeps out of the way and continues his hold on TJ.

TJ, unable to yell and by now barely able to breathe, keeps struggling and fighting for his pathetic life.

TJ brings his hands up to his neck and tries to escape the boot lace, but he is slowing down. Blood begins to run from his neck as the boot lace digs deeper and deeper into his flabby flesh.

TJ (CONT'D)
Rrrrhaaaah!

Josh pulls on the boot lace for dear life, but TJ is one big motherfucker who won't give up. One last final pull from Josh and then:

SNAP!

The boot lace breaks and TJ falls forward, coughing to catch his breath. Josh flies back into the wall and whacks his head.

Both men strain to recover.

TJ, now on all fours, pats at the laceration on his neck as he coughs and gasps for air.

Josh wobbles back to his feet, arms out for balance as he blinks and shakes off the dizziness.

In extreme panic mode, he looks around the empty room for something, anything, to use as a weapon.

With frenzy in his bloodshot eyes, TJ rolls over, grabs Josh's shirt, and pulls him straight down to the ground.

TJ dumps his big, fat, hairy-ass body on top of Josh, who is doing his best to fight back. But it's an almost impossible struggle.

TJ wraps his monstrous hands around Josh's neck and begins to strangle him.

Josh's eyes roll his up and back as he looks over at Allison. She glances back at him but is semi-sedated and unable to do anything to help.

Josh attempts to deck TJ but his blows do nothing. Josh can hardly get his arms out from under TJ's massiveness.

Josh wheezes and gulps for air but the lights are going out. His arms drop to his side as he begins losing all ability to battle back.

TJ is now laying entirely on top of Josh and their heads are directly next to one another's.

With one last surge of resistance, Josh wiggles his right arm to where his hand is directly next to the side of TJ's head. He slaps his palm against the lard-ass's face and maneuvers his thumb inside TJ's mouth. Josh pulls hard.

TJ (CONT'D)
AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

TJ releases his hold on Josh's neck and grabs at his right arm to try and avoid having his cheek ripped open.

Josh retracts his hand and squirms wildly out from under TJ's smothering position.

Josh immediately pops up, yanks the small ceramic lamp off the bedside table, and blasts TJ in the face with unforgivable force.

CRACK!

The bedroom immediately turns pitch black.

Josh is blinded by the darkness and by the fear that TJ isn't truly down for the count.

But within seconds, with a little help from the moonlight creeping in through the boarded-up windows, Josh's eyes adjust to the blackness of the room.

He can finally make out TJ's greasy body laying on the floor. Blood drips out of the gaping gash in the center of his forehead. TJ is still breathing, but barely conscious.

Josh gets down and grabs the cord of the lamp. He wraps it around TJ's neck and begins choking him again.

TJ begins shaking as his body struggles for air.

Josh wrenches on the cord with determined vigor.

JOSH
(under his breath)
-- You. Sick. Fuck.

TJ's convulsing body begins to steady as Josh continues to wring the cord around his neck.

TJ gurgles as he labors for one last breath of air.

TJ's body goes limp. His arms and head flop to the floor. He is dead.

Josh releases the cord. He is shaking and breathing heavily. His hands are trembling and bleeding from the stress of both the boot lace and lamp cord.

But he quickly re-focuses his attention to getting Allison the hell out of this crazy house.

Josh moves to the bedroom door, opens it a pinch, and peeks out.

The coast is clear.

He hears the other guys out back shooting more bottles, hootin' and hollerin'.

The music is still blaring from the downstairs record player.

Josh goes to the bed and unties Allison's restraints. He tenderly rolls her onto her back, embracing her and kissing her temple as he mutters:

JOSH (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

He takes off his sweatshirt and dresses her, so she has more on than just the sheet that's wrapped around her.

He swiftly cradles Allison and lifts her off the mattress.

They exit the bedroom without looking back.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With Allison's limp body in his arms, Josh hurries down the hallway towards the staircase.

INT. FARMHOUSE - STAIRCASE

He stops at the top of the stairs to listen to the sounds around him. He can tell that the rest of the men are all still out back.

Josh carries Allison down the flight of stairs one step at a time.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR

They reach the first floor and head straight for the front door.

He opens the door with his free hand and kicks open the screen door with his foot.

But then HEADLIGHTS hit the house as an unfamiliar JEEP comes buzzing up the dirt driveway. Josh ducks with Allison in his arms just in time to not get caught in the light.

Just then, Josh hears Gus march into the house through the back door and shout:

GUS
Daryl's here!

Josh is trapped between Gus in the house and Daryl's Jeep coming up the driveway.

Josh has no choice but to find a place to quickly hide inside the front of the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

DARYL, early 30s, ponytail, gets out of his Jeep and strolls up to the front of the house. Gus opens the screen door for him. Josh and Allison are out of sight.

GUS
(to Daryl)
Look at this motherfucker... -- Is
that the new toy?

Daryl raises up his NEW SHOTGUN CASE.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Josh and Allison are hiding in the corner of the living room behind the old, worn-out ORANGE LAZYBOY RECLINER.

The lamps in the living room are on, along with the TV. The music continues to blare from the spinning record player.

Josh holds Allison in his arms as tightly as possible. He hears Daryl enter the house.

Daryl and Gus are practically yelling at each other over the loud music.

DARYL (O.S.)
-- you know it, man!

GUS (O.S.)
Hell yeah!

Josh can see their reflections in the glass pane windows as they walk into the living room.

DARYL (O.S.)
Check this shit out, man.

Daryl and Gus come walking right over towards the orange recliner.

Josh tightens his grip on Allison as he does everything in his power not to make a sound or be seen.

Daryl falls back into the recliner, surprising Josh, who gets out of the way just enough not to get hit by the rocking sofa-chair.

The chair leans back and forces Josh, with Allison in his arms, right up against the wall. They only have a tiny bit of space to hide in between the bottom half of the sofa-chair and the wall.

A few streaks of sweat run down the side of Josh's face as he and Allison are only inches away from being noticed.

Josh hears Daryl unzip his shotgun case.

DARYL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here she is.

Gus whistles.

DARYL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Had Little O refinish the whole stock. Look at that Bluing.

GUS (O.S.)
They just don't make 'em like this anymore, man. She is a hoss.

DARYL (O.S.)
That's right. Can't beat havin' an ol' twelve-gauge double barrel at your side, I tell you what.

Josh can hear Daryl open the barrel of the shotgun and slide in two shells.

Daryl locks the chamber of the gun.

THOMP-CLICK

GUS (O.S.)

Man, don't point that fucker at me.

Daryl is heard laughing.

DARYL (O.S.)

This thing'll take the head right
off a deer.

GUS (O.S.)

Shit yeah it would.

Josh hears Daryl smack the butt of the shotgun.

DARYL (O.S.)

So I want to see this bitch you
been braggin' about.

GUS (O.S.)

Yeah, TJ's up there right now...
Which he says you're covering, by
the way.

DARYL (O.S.)

What?! That stupid shit.

GUS (O.S.)

Why don't you go out back and have
a beer first? I'm gonna go tell
that fat-ass upstairs his time is
up.

Daryl gets up from the recliner, which rocks back and forth a few times.

Josh holds his breath, praying not to be seen or felt by these guys.

Daryl grabs his shotgun and heads out through the kitchen to the backyard.

Josh hears Gus start stomping up the wooden staircase.

Josh re-positions Allison in his arms.

Allison weakly whispers:

ALLISON

-- Josh...

He looks down at Allison, her eyes barely open.

JOSH

We gotta get out of here.

Josh pulls Allison up into his arms, cradling her as he bolts for the front door.

He kicks open the screen door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE FRONT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh jumps down the front porch step.

From the upstairs of the house, Josh hears Gus shout:

GUS

FRANK!!! -- FRANK!!!

Josh panics even more. He heaves Allison up over his right shoulder like a sack of potatoes, never slowing his pace.

Josh picks up speed and runs as fast as he physically can straight for the cornfield.

As he darts across the driveway with Allison over his shoulder, the men in the backyard spot them.

He can hear Frank shout out to Daryl and Gus:

FRANK (O.S.)

GET IN THE TRUCK!

Josh hears the truck's engine fire up.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

With Allison slung over his shoulder, Josh runs as fast as he can through the stalks of corn.

"SHOOSH, SHOOSH, SHOOSH, SHOOSH"

Josh groans and pants. His facial expression is gnarled as he fights to keep his knees from buckling.

His right arm braces Allison while his left arm swings furiously in an effort to generate more momentum. Sweat is soaking every inch of him as all of the muscles in his exhausted body burn with pain.

"SHOOSH"

Breathing.

"SHOOSH"

Running.

"SHOOSH"

Breathing.

"SHOOSH"

Running.

"SHOOSH"

Suddenly Josh hears Frank's truck engine roar as it begins barreling through the cornfield not far behind.

Frank's truck rumbles through the tall stalks of corn only fifty yards back. Frank is driving. Daryl sits in the passenger seat, shotgun in hand. And Gus is standing up in the bed of the truck acting as their navigator.

Gus spots Josh and Allison. He shouts down to Frank:

GUS
Over there! Go right!

The truck plows a few rows to the right and then back in the direction of Josh and Allison.

Josh can hear the stalks of corn thumping against the front of the truck as the growl of the engine gets louder and louder.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh bursts out of the field and slides down into the ditch. The Caprice sits right across the road, waiting for them to make their escape.

Down on one knee, but still balancing Allison on his shoulder, he climbs up the other side of the ditch and hurries to the car.

Josh tears open the passenger-side door and unloads Allison off his shoulder into the bucket seat.

He slams her door and circles around to the driver's side. He pulls out the car keys from his pocket.

But just then Josh hears from the cornfield:

VRRRRROOOOOOOOMMMM!

Josh looks up. Right then he sees FRANK'S TRUCK BURST OUT OF THE FIELD. It dives nose-first into the ditch, causing the truck to ramp up the other side and launch into the air.

The truck lands at the edge of the opposite side of the road and crashes down into the other ditch.

Gus is catapulted from the bed of the truck and is sent flying head-first through the air. His neck SNAPS as he SLAMS into a tree trunk just in front of the truck.

Josh stands frozen from the shock of what he just witnessed.

He watches as Daryl jumps out of the truck and runs up to Gus's crooked and lifeless body.

DARYL
(shouts to Frank in the
truck)
He ain't moving!

Frank shoots a look out his window down the road to Josh, who is just standing there. Josh looks up at Frank and they connect eyes.

Without breaking the stare, Frank yells:

FRANK
(to Daryl)
Get back in the truck!

Josh snaps out of it and jerks open his car door.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Daryl)
Now!

Daryl abandons his buddy's body and runs back to the truck.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh jumps into the car and slams the door.

As he puts the key in the ignition, he looks up in the rearview mirror and watches as Frank's truck recovers from the crash.

Josh starts the car. He puts it into gear and peels off.

In the rearview he sees the truck right itself in their direction and accelerate along the ditch.

Josh shifts from first gear to second gear.

Through the rearview Josh watches as the truck jumps the side of the ditch and smashes back onto the road. It fishtails wildly around as it begins to speed up.

Josh shifts from second gear to third gear.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The truck speeds closer and closer. Daryl props himself up and leans out the passenger side window. He grabs his shotgun and aims it at the Caprice.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh shifts from third to fourth gear.

Josh watches the truck charge up in the rearview, but gets blinded by Frank turning on his brights.

Daryl fires:

BANG!

The back glass window of Josh's car shatters.

Josh jumps, then sinks into his seat. He glances over at Allison, who is now half-awake and holding on for dear life.

JOSH
(to Allison)
Stay down!

BANG!

Another round sprays through the roof of the car, shredding the empty backseat.

JOSH (CONT'D)
JESUS!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Frank roars up right behind the Caprice and rams the grill guard of his truck into their flimsy back bumper.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Allison are thrust into the dashboard as the Caprice jerks forward.

ALLISON

JOSH!

Josh whips his head over at Allison and reaches across her for her seatbelt. With one hand still firmly gripping the steering wheel, he pulls her belt across her chest. He wedges the buckle into the latch.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Daryl pops open the chamber and reloads with two fresh shells.

The massive front end of Frank's truck rams up once more against the Caprice's back bumper.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The compact car absorbs the contact and violently lurches forward again.

Josh then urgently reaches over his shoulder for his own seatbelt and secures himself.

Josh shoots a look into the passenger-side mirror and watches Daryl disappear from the reflection. The truck's bright-ass headlights begin to shift behind them.

Josh turns his attention to his own side mirror and sees the truck maneuver to his side of the car.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The truck accelerates in an attempt to pull up along side of Josh.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh clenches the steering wheel, puts his hand on the gear shift, and warns Allison:

JOSH
(to Allison)
Hang on.

Josh presses his back into the seat, then slams his feet on the clutch and brake.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The wheels of the car grab the gravel.

The passenger-side front end of the truck smacks into the driver's-side rear end of the car, causing both vehicles to spin.

Daryl, still sitting on the edge of the window, loses his grip on both his shotgun and the truck. He falls backwards, but his foot is caught underneath the dashboard. He is now hanging upside-down out the window as his arms dangle along the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh hangs onto the steering wheel for dear life and Allison braces herself with one arm clutching the door handle, the other clenching Josh's arm.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As the two vehicles spin and skid down the road, both passenger sides collide into one another.

Daryl screams as he is pulverized between them.

Both cars continue spinning side by side until eventually they crash into the concrete guardrail of a small creek bridge. Frank's truck is sandwiched between the guardrail and Josh's Caprice.

All the screeching steel and flying gravel finally comes to a rest.

The engines of both of the damaged vehicles still idle as a thick cloud of dust dances around in the headlights.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh's head is slumped in his chest. His arms rest in his lap.

His eyelids droop but he tries to blink and gather himself. He can taste blood inside his mouth.

He feels Allison tug on his sleeve, then hears her whisper:

ALLISON

Josh?

Josh slowly turns his head to Allison.

She is still holding onto the door handle with her right hand.

Josh's senses instantly restore when he sees a track of blood dripping down the side of her face.

He looks over his shoulder, past the headrest of Allison's seat, and sees Frank weakly kick out the windshield of his truck.

Keeping his eyes glued on Frank, he unbuckles his seatbelt and reaches for the door handle.

EXT. SMALL CREEK BRIDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh tugs himself out of the car and walks around to the rear. His walk escalates into a march as he heads for the truck.

He glares at Frank, who is now on his belly pulling himself across the hood.

Frank sees Josh coming. With what little breath he has left, he begins to explain:

FRANK

-- we were never really gonna hurt
her -- we just...

Before Frank can say another word, Josh, seething with revenge, grabs him by his shirt collar and yanks him off the hood of the truck.

Frank tumbles head-first, his legs swinging over him, and he lands on his back.

Without a moment's hesitation, Josh kicks Frank several times in his gut and lands a couple more on his face.

Frank coughs in pain.

Josh reaches down and grabs Frank. He throws him up and against the grill of the pick-up, smashing the back of his head into it.

Frank falls and leans back against the truck. He is coughing and bleeding from his mouth.

Josh stands over him, just ready to destroy this motherfucker.

Frank slowly looks up at Josh and says:

FRANK (CONT'D)
--- please... please... I just...

Frank's eyes slightly widen as they pan over to the left.

Josh notices Frank looking at something. Turns his head to see what it is.

Walking up to them is Allison.

Her bare feet shuffle through the dirt and gravel. Her legs move through the bloodstained white bedsheet still wrapped around her like a dress. All of Allison from the waist up swims in Josh's filthy oversized sweatshirt. In her hands she holds Daryl's shotgun, aimed directly at Frank.

Frank freezes with fear as Allison slowly inches her way closer and closer towards him.

Josh just stands there with his eyes on Allison. He says nothing. What is there to say?

Frank, blood drooling from his mouth, tries to explain:

FRANK (CONT'D)
-- we were never really gonna hurt
you--

Before he can utter another syllable, Allison pulls the trigger.

BAAAAANNGG!!!

She doesn't flinch a muscle or bat an eye. She just stands there, staring down at Frank's now-headless body.

She slowly loosens her grip on the shotgun and lets it slide out of her hands to the ground.

Josh continues staring at her.

Eventually, Allison turns and looks up at Josh.

Even though they're only a few feet apart, they share a gaze that bores miles into each other's souls, searching for the life they'll never be able to live again.

FINAL SHOT: The camera begins to crane up from Josh and Allison.

MUSIC CUE: "DREAM ON" by KELLY SWEET (AEROSMITH cover)

As the music fades in, the camera continues to crane up.

Higher up the camera goes, and the crime scene is revealed in its entirety.

Camera continues raising up as we see Josh slowly walk over to Allison. He gently puts his arms around her and they begin walking back to the Caprice.

Continuing up into the purplish morning sky, we can see more of the road, the fields, the trees, the bridge, the creek, etc.

Out in the distance we can now see the farmhouse with the bonfire burning out in the backyard.

The camera pulls through a thin white cloud as it continues up and up into the air.

Now miles above the ground we can see more of the surrounding land. The fields and pastures look like dingy square patches of an enormous quilted blanket. It's as if we are observing the earth below from the point of view of an airplane.

The world continues on as normal, naturally oblivious to the recent life-changing events that will forever haunt Josh and Allison's existence.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.

And the music continues, carrying us through the credits...