

THE BAREFOOT BANDIT

written by

Dustin Lance Black

based on a book by

Bob Friel

4th REVISIONS
w/ director notes(2)

September 29th, 2012

READER NOTES:

UNDERLINED TEXT INDICATES COLTON'S
POV VIDEO FOOTAGE

**BOLD TEXT INDICATES AN ADRENAL
CAMERA FLIGHT MOMENT FOR COLTON**

EXT. DEEP IN A BAHAMIAN JUNGLE - DAY

VIDEO FOOTAGE: A HAND HELD CAMERA PANS UP to the sound of 2 GIANT MACAWS calling out to each other atop the CANOPY of a DENSE JUNGLE. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to a CRAB SCURRYING AWAY.

The CAMERA TURNS 180°. It's no longer a POV, it's an XCU of the young man who's holding it, COLTON HARRIS-MOORE. Too tall for his baby face and lost somewhere in his teens, he's sweaty, bruised and exhausted. His eyes burn red. Something is incredibly wrong. He finally speaks:

COLTON
...what am I doing here?

A long beat, and THE VIDEO CUTS OUT.

OPENING CREDITS OVER:

INT. PILATUS AIRPLANE COCKPIT - 4PM (YEARS EARLIER)

It's a perfect sunny day.

We gaze out the cockpit of a SMALL PLANE as it weaves through the majestic SAN JUAN ISLANDS, between WATERSIDE CLIFFS and over TOWERING FORESTS.

The unseen pilot doubles back to a "U" SHAPED ISLAND with a long FJORD, circling above a SMALL AIRPORT as a CLASSIC BI-PLANE takes flight. We turn safely from its path, now looking east -- toward COUNTLESS MORE STORYBOOK ISLANDS.

Approaching the last island before the mainland, the pilot takes the craft low, buzzing the MANSIONS perched along the WATERSIDE CLIFFS. Cruising across the island, we accelerate, almost clipping the piney tops of the island's LUSH FOREST.

Nearing the eastern edge of the island, we see a LONG LOW BRIDGE reaching out to the mainland. As the plane nears, we see a SHINY NEW ESCALADE crossing the bridge. The pilot dives down to road level, yards from the bridge and Escalade.

ANGLE ON: THE ESCALADE, filled with WELL-TO-DO TEENS gazing out at the plane in awe as it passes beside them and veers over the bridge -- leading the car at AN IMPOSSIBLE ALTITUDE.

REVEAL: THE PILOT in XCU -- EYES LOOK UP, as if to a REARVIEW MIRROR -- but planes don't have those.

A SEAMLESS CUT TO REALITY:

INT. 1984 ASTRO VAN - SAME TIME / REALITY

A REARVIEW MIRROR POV REVEALS: an Escalade fast approaching.

REVEAL: the PILOT/DRIVER -- it's Colton, now a clean-cut boy next door, still too tall for his baby face and lost just a touch further back in his teens. He's not flying a plane at all. He's been daydreaming while driving an OLD ASTROVAN.

Colton hits the gas, but the Escalade is on his tail in seconds, aggressive, flashing its LIGHTS. It charges into the opposing lane and up beside Colton's van.

Colton tries to ignore it as it passes but the driver pulls even and rolls down his window. The Escalade is filled with WELL-TO-DO TEENS cruising to their next nowhere.

ISLAND BOY DRIVER
Hey, Klepto-Colt, sweet ride.

The kid hits the gas, charges in front of Colt, cuts him off and hits his brakes hard. Colt slams on his own breaks, but his old van is no match for the Escalade's anti-locks. He swerves to avoid a rear-ender and KISSES THE GUARDRAIL HARD.

Colt rights his van, pushing back pangs of anger and envy as the Escalade jams away, its TAIL LIGHTS vanishing over the horizon. This brand of humiliation is nothing new for Colt.

INT. 1984 ASTRO VAN / 2-LANE ISLAND COUNTY ROAD - DUSK

Colt is parked, EAR BUDS in, a HOODIE concealing his face as he watches an AIRPLANE KEYCHAIN hanging from the ignition swing, slower, slower -- and he flicks it again.

BAM! A HAND HITS HIS WINDOW. Colt doesn't jump. He looks left to an undersized, RED AFRO-ED white boy, HARLEY DAVIDSON IRON WING, 17. Then he looks right. The INNER LIGHTS of a DEPARTING CITY BUS flicker off as it pulls away.

INT. 1984 ASTRO VAN - LATER

Colt rides shotgun as Harley steers the van back over the STANWOOD BRIDGE. A sign reads: "WELCOME TO CAMANO ISLAND."

Harley is better at talking than listening, his words blurring into one another -- rough, rural.

HARLEY
If yer gonna risk it, go big or go
home, Colt. Not a goddamn Astrovan.

Colt is thoughtful and speaks clearly. He seems upper class.

COLTON
I thought we could fit more in here.

HARLEY

Ya don't need a van for cash n'
jewels n' that's all we're grabbin'.

COLTON

Next week I'll get an Escalade.

HARLEY

Where're we goin'?

COLTON

There's a summer house down on
South Camano I've been watching for
a month. Nobody's been in or out.

HARLEY

Don't matter. I got a gun.

COLTON

What for? It's more time just for
having a gun.

HARLEY

Only if ya get caught, and I can
get rid of it fast. Just follow my
moves. Rule one: Git in, git out.

INT. UPSCALE SOUTH CAMANO ISLAND HOME - NIGHT

A SKYLIGHT slides off its frame revealing Colt and Harley up
above. Colt leaps down like a cat and flips the LIGHTS ON.

HARLEY

Turn the goddamn lights off!

COLTON

What if somebody was in here?

HARLEY

Rule one of burglarizin': don't
draw attention. Turn em' off. We
got 5 minutes starting NOW.

INT. UPSCALE SOUTH CAMANO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

LIGHTS OFF, Colt's on a COMPUTER bringing up PAYPAL and EBAY,
raiding the CACHE, trying a NUMBER in the CREDIT CARD SPOT
and watching it AUTO-FILL the rest. It's cyber-era burglary.
He writes down the ACCOUNTS in a SMALL RED SPIRAL NOTE PAD.

Harley searches through a CURIO CABINET, toying with the
MINIATURE CERAMIC ANIMALS and pocketing a SHOT GLASS.

HARLEY

3 minutes... Ya know the rate for solvin' burglaries is only 10%.

COLTON

12%.

HARLEY

Better than Vegas. And it's zero on yer island cause everybody's rich n' insured so these are victimless crimes. We're like Robin Hood. We rob from the rich and give to the poor n' needy.

(Colt looks up, skeptical)

Recession, depression er whatever ya call it, not everyboyd's hurtin'. Losin' a summer house ain't hurtin'. Hungry's hurtin'. So I'm a needy person. So I give to me. 2 minutes.

Colt opens up a BILL BOOK. A CREDIT CARD falls out. He puts his pad over it, rubs the NUMBERS with a PEN and slips the card back in the book.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Just take it.

COLTON

If we take it they'll shut it off.

Harley looks down into a jar: PENNIES, DIMITES, QUARTERS.

HARLEY

You missed all the goddamn change. There must be 200 bucks in there. Waste not want not.

A SCRAPING ON THE ROOF... then A THUMP!

Harley freezes. Colt coolly pulls the COMPUTER PLUG out and the place goes pitch black. Harley isn't so level-headed:

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I told ya not to turn the goddamn lights on! You heard that, right?

TWO MORE THUMPS ON THE ROOF! FOOTSTEPS. SOMEONE IS UP THERE. Colt grips his bag, pockets his note pad and looks to Harley.

Harley BOLTS, but in the dark runs into the CURIO CABINET sending himself and all the GLASS MINIATURES crashing to the floor. Colt leaps over it all and is out the FRONT DOOR like a shot. He's FAST!

EXT. UPSCALE SOUTH CAMANO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Colt gets to the edge of the woods and SUDDENLY STOPS. He turns back -- just in time to see a RACCOON scurry off the roof. It was only a raccoon making the racket, not cops.

Unaware, a bloody-handed Harley bolts out the front door.

HARLEY

Run! It's the cops! It's the cops!
Run for yer goddman life!

Harley blows past Colt. Colt doesn't correct him. He simply plays along and runs into the woods as well.

INT. 1984 ASTRO VAN / STANWOOD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Back at the BUS STOP, Colt watches as Harley smokes WEED, compensating for his cowardly display with a bit of bravado:

HARLEY

I can outrun any cop. I might be small but I grow a couple inches when I'm mad. Like a blow fish. And they were too busy huffin' and puffin' to use their tasers on us. But next time just hit those woods fast as ya can.

COLTON

I just stopped for you.

HARLEY

That was me testin' ya. Never stop. No cop in their right mind would go in there after us. You saw that. They didn't even follow us.

COLTON

But we should probably park further from the house next time.

HARLEY

Nuh-uh. When yer runnin', the last place they're gunna look is where ya just were.

COLTON

It felt good didn't it?

HARLEY

Gettin' free shit always feels good.

That's not what Colt meant, but before he can clarify:

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Bus is comin'. Gotta get back to my
brother, sell some of this so we
don't lose our place.

Colt digs in his pocket and pulls out \$300 cash.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Where's that from?

COLTON
I told you already. I figured out
an ATM card. Give it to your
brother for his rent.

HARLEY
(pockets the cash)
You and me, we're like Bonnie and
Clyde, or Butch Cassidy and ya-
know... We're gonna do somethin'
big. You can feel it, can't ya?
(Colt nods, unsure)
Next week. Same place, same time.

COLTON
But in an Escalade.

HARLEY
Exactamundo. We did good tonight.

Colt doesn't need Harley's approval, but he takes it... never
once mentioning that they only outran a raccoon.

EXT. A TWO-PUMP GAS STATION - THAT NIGHT

Colt tops off the Astro Van's tank.

EXT. AN UPSCALE CLIFF-SIDE HOME - LATER

Colt pulls the Van through a BIG IRON GATE into a driveway.
He stops when its tire reaches a SMALL ROCK -- a marker.

JUMP TO: Colt washes the van down with a HOSE.

JUMP TO: Colt buffs out the paint where the van kissed the
guardrail.

JUMP TO: Colt carefully wipes down the interior. It's more
than mopping evidence, he likes that it looks neat.

JUMP TO: The sun coming up, Colt picks up the MARKER ROCK,
throws it in the woods and walks into the CLIFF SIDE HOME.

INT. AN UPSCALE CLIFF-SIDE HOUSE / KITCHEN - SUNRISE

Colt carefully places the keys with the AIRPLANE KEY CHAIN back on their DISTINCTIVE RED HANGER.

JUMP TO: Colt whisks up a batch of BATTER, lights up the STOVE and pours his first PANCAKE into a PAN.

He turns a SMALL KITCHEN TV on and flips through channels landing on news coverage of a town hall meeting. MARK BROWN, 50s, is at a MIC near a BANNER that reads, "VOTE MARK BROWN."

LOCAL NEWS HOST (ON TV)
--at last night's town hall on
Camano Island.

MARK BROWN (ON TV)
The Census says there're only
13,000 residents here, but it gets
up to 17,000 in the summer. That's
a lot of empty summer homes for 9
months of the year. And how many of
you have security systems?

JUMP CUTS take us through the news and Colt's pancake making in abbreviated fashion:

CITIZEN 2 (ON TV)
I say we hitch up their homes and
tow em' off Camano.

MARK BROWN (ON TV)
Community involvement in law
enforcement IS critical, but Camano
isn't like Orcas, Camano's always
been home to all kinds of--

CITIZEN 2 (ON TV)
Camano's changed. If they still
want to live like animals they can
relocate to Stanwood. If not, I've
got a group of men who are happy to
comb these woods top to bottom.

JUMP TO: The TV on another station (but the same story), Colt searches a cupboard. He gets more agitated the more he digs.

MARK BROWN (ON TV)
(into the camera)
If folks are sick of this like I
am, then the solution's easy. Go
vote for me for Sheriff next week
and I'll put these boys behind bars
for a decade or more. That's it.

JUMP TO: POV VIDEO FOOTAGE as Colt fires up a DIGITAL CAMERA and films his GIANT STACK OF PERFECT PANCAKES.

COLTON (V.O.)
Good enough for a royal family.
Unfortunately... no syrup.

And the video image abruptly cuts out.

INT. AN UPSCALE CLIFF-SIDE HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING

Sunlight pouring in, we follow Colt as he pulls down all the SHADES, heads down a hall and opens a BEDROOM DOOR.

Stepping in, we see it's a girls dream room -- A PINK 4 POST HELLO-KITTY BED and LEMON AND PINK WALLS. Colt crashes into the bed like it's his own, curls up and falls fast asleep.

INT. AN ESCALADE / TWO STORY COTTAGE - NIGHT

WIPERS on intermittent, it's spitting rain out. Colt got them an Escalade. He pulls it up to a cottage home off a country road with a GARAGE built next to it.

HARLEY
 What's this place?

COLTON
 I'm putting what I got so far in the garage in case we have to run again. Want me to put yours with it?

HARLEY
 Can I trust you?

Colt nods, gets out, pops the back and pulls out TWO BAGS.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
 Wait! What all's in the house?

COLTON
 Just a bunch of old lady stuff.

Colton closes the trunk. Harley watches Colt walk to the cottage's small garage, open it and puts their bags inside.

EXT. A CAMANO MANSION - NIGHT

The sky still spitting, the boys get out of the Escalade, walk up a driveway and approach a door. Colt has a key.

HARLEY (V.O.)
 But If ya get yer license for
 flyin' a plane then ya gotta get a
 (MORE)

HARLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
job, and then ya gotta wait til ya
can buy yer plane, OR ya can give
up this plane bullshit and git a
helicopter and land it on a Costco
and take whatever ya want.

Colt looks down at a POTTED PLANT on the front porch.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
What?

COLTON
I found this key under that pot.

HARLEY
So use it.

COLTON
I lined it back up with the stain.

ANGLE ON THE POT, shifted 1/4" off its CIRCULAR WATER STAIN.

HARLEY
It's barely even off it. What? Ya
want me to do this one alone? Look
at this place. It's the goddamn
motherload. Gimme that key.

INT. A CAMANO MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

A rattling at the door. The door opens. Harley walks in heads
to the REFRIGERATOR, opens it, gets a GLASS from the cabinet
and starts to fill it with ORANGE JUICE. Colt seems bothered.

HARLEY
There's nothin' in the world worth
havin' that's not at Costco and we
can get it all if you learn to fly
a helicopter. Can't land a plane on
Costco. I'm tellin' ya, that's the
Holy goddamn Grail. Costco... What?

COLTON
Those shades were down before.

HARLEY
So? They come in after us, I got a
gun with a bullet in the chamber.

Harley puts a hand in his pocket. Something JINGLES. A THUMP
from inside the house. Colt FLIPS ON ALL THE LIGHTS.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
What kinda moron are you?!

REVEAL: TWO COPS are waiting for them inside, GUNS drawn. With almost superhuman speed, Colt turns and bolts. Harley sees them and drops his OJ on the floor.

EXT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME - CONTINUOUS

Colt zips past the ESCALADE in the driveway, this time not slowing as he hears: Harley run through the door and get tackled by the cops. (He's not so fast or strong after all.)

Colt makes it to the woods. CRUNCH, SNAP, CRUNCH. His shoes are loud over the fallen LEAVES AND BRANCHES. He STOPS -- and listens. He can hear COPS and POLICE DOGS approaching. He looks down -- and SLIPS OFF HIS SHOES.

His BARE FEET start to SPECKLE. THE RAIN HAS TURNED TO SLEET. Despite the cold, he runs -- BAREFOOT. Even over THICK BRUSH AND NETTLES his steps are now SILENT. The image is kinetic, amped, hand-held, but after a few moments:

IN WHAT WILL BECOME A TRADEMARK OF THE FILM: THE IMAGE STABILIZES AND THE BACKGROUND BLURS as the camera winds through the woods, banking effortlessly around trees AS IF IT'S FLYING. Adrenaline is coursing through Colt's veins, his face goes blissful -- it's A MEDITATIVE TRANCE FOR COLT.

ANGLE ON: COLT'S SHOES as the POLICE DOGS pounce, gnashing at their scent. The Cops look up into the foreboding forest.

EXT. TWO STORY COTTAGE / CAMANO ISLAND - LATE NIGHT

A mix of RAIN AND SLEET pound down. Colt finally reaches the COTTAGE with the GARAGE (earlier). He considers the garage, but walks through a GATE and CLOSES IT BEHIND HIM.

INT. TWO-STORY COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Coming in a SIDE DOOR, Colt POUNDS ABOUT, TURNING ON LIGHTS.

COLTON
Hello?! Is anyone home?!

QUICK CUTS: Colt goes from room to room but no one is home. He lands in a kitchen and opens the CUPBOARD: PANCAKE MIX. He searches, determined -- BINGO!

COLT'S DIGITAL CAMERA FIRES UP: This time it focuses in on a bottle: "GENUINE MAPLE SYRUP. BEST IN THE WORLD."

COLTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Only the best.

JUMP TO: The home's lights back off and a SMALL HEAD LAMP on, Colt is making more pancakes. MIXING BOWLS, WHISKS, ETC. But

when he turns on the STOVE something grabs his attention. He shuts off his HEAD LAMP and leans toward a window:

The gate he just closed -- IS NOW OPEN. He stands frozen, then grabs the home's PHONE and dials. It rings and rings.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Come on. Answer. Answer.

CALL WAITING interrupts his rings. "UNKNOWN NUMBER." He leans toward the window again: NOW 6 OFFICERS in TACTICAL GEAR are surrounding the home. ACROSS THE STREET a COP CAR arrives -- in back: HARLEY. DID HARLEY RAT COLT OUT?!

Stepping into the street is Mark Brown (IN UNIFORM, NOW SHERIFF BROWN) on a CELL PHONE. He's calling Colt. Colt ignores his call and re-dials. He's getting desperate.

MARK BROWN (ON MEGAPHONE)
Pick up the phone, Colton! I know
you're in there.

Colt considers, then leans out the window. A NEWS VAN has pulled up and a small crowd is forming.

COLTON
I'm trying to call my mom.

MARK BROWN (ON MEGAPHONE)
Well I've got your mom here. Why
don't ya come out and talk with her?

COLT'S POV, WE SEE: A NEWS CAMERA focus in on a SHERIFF'S CRUISER parked down the way. A PHOTOGRAPHER runs up to it.

For the first time Colt seems anxious, pacing and mumbling to himself. He turns back to the window and shouts:

COLTON
Make the cameras go away and I'll
give myself up. If you don't, you'll
never catch me. That a guarantee.

Colt watches an OFFICER approach the CAMERAS, then hides his RED NOTE PAD and VIDEO CAMERA inside the lining of a COUCH.

JUMP TO: Colt takes a beat, pushes back anxiety... and walks out of the house with his hands up -- BAREFOOT.

EXT. SMALL TWO-STORY HOME / CAMANO ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Police quickly take Colt down and cuff him. When they stand him back up, he hangs his head low, glancing back to see the surrounded SHERIFF'S CRUISER supposedly holding his mother.

COLTON (PRE-LAP)(V.O.)
It's not Colton. And not Harris-
Moore. Just Colt Harris. My mom is
a Sheriff on Camano Island. I was
set up to disgrace her--

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER / GENERAL POPULATION - DAY

Dressed in a BLUE JUMPSUIT with GENERIC HIGH TOPS on, Colt
sits in a FOLDING CHAIR among a circle of DELINQUENT filled
FOLDING CHAIRS in the center of what also serves as the lunch
room. A FEMALE COUNSELOR leads a group session.

COLTON
--but I'm getting new lawyers now.
I'll be out of here in 3 months and
you won't ever see me again. Maybe
on TV, but that's it.

PRISONER 1
So your shit smells like roses
cause ya got pigs for parents?

FEMALE COUNSELOR
Colt, tell us where you're from.

COLTON
What's more important is where I'm
going. My father was an Airforce
pilot so I'm in flight school. I
have a list of clients who'd like
me to fly them sooner than later,
so this incarceration isn't just
inconveniencing me, it's
inconveniencing more than a few of
my family's friends.

PRISONER 2
So why ya got white trash written
all over yer face?

FEMALE COUNSELOR
How many demerits do you want this
week, Sunshine? Let's zip it up.

COLTON
No. He's right. I'm not as rich as
I will be soon. But I'm not like
any of you. Because while you're
all in here masturbating to Miley
Cyrus on the Disney Channel, I'll
be out there taking over the world.

PRISONER 2 yanks the leg out from under Colt's chair. Colt crashes to the floor, pops up, and does what he does best -- he runs. The boys make chase.

INT. JDC / HALL - SECONDS LATER

Colt is faster but there's nowhere to go. He ducks into a room. He's alone, but only for a moment. The boys crash in.

PRISONER 2

This is for your cop mom.

The boy jumps Colt and wales on his face. But BLOW after BLOW, PUNCH after PUNCH -- COLT DOESN'T FIGHT BACK.

INT. JDC / COLTON'S ROOM - LATER

Colt is in bed, an ICE BAG for his bruised face unused beside him. JOSH (a kid from the group) comes in. Colt is silent.

JOSH

(Canadian accent)

Ya might wanna learn to fight if ya don't want that to keep happenin'.

COLTON

I know how to fight.

Josh sees the books on the floor: PSYCHOLOGY, CRIMINOLOGY.

JOSH

Are you gettin' your GED too?

COLTON

All the GED's in the world won't get you into a good college. And all the college in the world won't get you a real job. Not these days.

(Josh waits, confused)

If you know psychology, then you know how to read people. If you know how to read people, you know how to get what you need. And if you know criminology, you know how to get out of here sooner, get what you need, and not come back.

JOSH

What do your books say about 1st degree malicious mischief?

A sweet, simple guy at heart, Josh sits, genuinely attentive. Colt isn't used to this kind of attention.

COLTON

Well... what exactly did you do?

JOSH

You know where Point Roberts is? Top left hangnail off the U.S. map? That's where I'm from. Ya gotta drive all the way to Canada and back down into the U.S. to get anywhere. It's easier to steal a boat.

COLTON

They can't keep you here long for property theft. They're more interested in assault, murder and rape. Did you do any of that?

JOSH

No. How long are you in here for?

COLTON

My sentence is 52 weeks just for petty theft. The judge looked at my history of eluding police and threw the book at me.

JOSH

Are you going to AA? Or NA?

COLTON

I don't need any of those.

JOSH

Well if you want your own room or a PlayStation you need good CRA reports. AA and NA help.

COLTON

You're right. The less points on a CRA report, the higher your level. Level 3 you get a PlayStation. Level 4 you get your own room. But did you know that if you score 2 consecutive CRAs under 20 they send you over to the group home? No more bars on the windows. You fly. So if I don't fight back when they jump me, I don't get demerits. See what I mean?
(Josh nods and grins)
You ever seen an actual CRA form?

JOSH

Yeah, sure. They let you keep 'em. I'm going for a high score.

Josh digs his out, he's at 70 points. Colt scans down a long list of questions. Beside each is a YES and a NO BOX.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Do you really fly airplanes?

COLTON
(feeling listened to; safer)
I'm teaching myself. One day I'll take you up... if you trust me.

JOSH
I'd trust you over anyone else here that's for sure.

Colt actually cracks a smile. It's the first we've seen. This kid actually listens to Colt. Josh sits back down, closer.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You have a girlfriend out there?

COLTON
(a sore spot)
No... The 1st thing you have to give up to survive on the run is people.
(changes the subject; reads)
"Has the 'client' attempted escape? Yes or No. Victimized peers?"
There's nothing subjective on this.

JOSH
What do you mean?

COLTON
Their opinion of you doesn't matter. It's only YES or NO questions. We'll be out of here in 90 days. Easy.

INT. JDC / COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY (92 DAYS LATER)

COLT'S HAIR IS 3 MONTHS LONGER. He sits across from the same FEMALE COUNSELOR. The FLUORESCENT BULBS trouble his eyes.

COLTON
Well the truth is, my mom was just waiting outside for her sister, my Aunt Sandy, to come pick her up. But it was raining out. That's why she went into that bar. She put a quarter in a juke box and hit "SUMMER WIND" by Frank Sinatra, but these guys were all, "Rah rah rah," so she couldn't hear it. So she plays it again. And they're still going, and she still
(MORE)

COLTON (CONT'D)

can't hear, so she plays it again, and tells the guys, "I've been trying to listen to this song 3 times. Will you shut up?!" And this tall, strong guy gets up and comes over, and she thinks, "Oh no, he's gonna hit me." But he starts laughing and asks, "Hey, do you wanna go to the beach tomorrow?" So the next day he picks her up in his convertible and on the way he says, "Oh, my parents are gonna be there," and she says, "Well I can't meet them. Look at my hair," because they're in his convertible. So he stops at a store and buys her a brush. That's a big deal for a woman that he'd stop and do that. From then on, he filled her kitchen with food every time he came over. So much she couldn't close the cabinet doors. That's how my folks really met.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

And where did Colton come from?

COLTON

Why? Did Aunt Sandy tell you something bad about my name too?

FEMALE COUNSELOR

She drove all the way down here today to speak on your behalf. She's right out in the visitor area. Would you like to say hello?

He looks toward the SHADOWS OF VISITORS on the other side of a FROSTED, STEEL REINFORCED WINDOW. He seems anxious.

COLTON

No thank you. She never has a good thing to say about me or my mom.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

She wrote a letter describing her ranch and the animals you like. She said she thinks she could play a positive role in your life when you get out. She took care of you for a while when you were little, right?

COLTON

Then she got in a fight with my mom over some horses she stole. She's not trustworthy, ma'am.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

So who really knows you? Your father?

(Colt shrugs)

Your record says that he tried to strangle you at the age of 12 and that the police were called.

COLTON

I don't remember anything like that.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

And was Mike your mom's boyfriend?

COLTON

Yes, ma'am. I liked Mike.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

He would listen to you?

COLTON

He bought me models. Model airplanes. And he spent around 8 grand beefing up our driveway. I went to stay with him for a while when he left for a job once. He let me drive his D7 Cat, a 440 skidder, and a D2 bulldozer. I had a good childhood.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

Your mother said you ran away from home when she kicked him out after a "domestic disturbance." She tried to charge him with kidnapping.

COLTON

I don't know where you're getting all of this from, ma'am.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

It's from your trial a year ago and your CPS reports.

COLTON

You don't think maybe the lawyers exaggerated to try and get my sentence down?

FEMALE COUNSELOR

You were diagnosed with ADHD, severe depression and put on anti-psychotics by the time you were 10, is that right?

COLTON
I never said I was perfect.

FEMALE COUNSELOR
And you would bang your head on the wall starting at 3. Do you remember doing that? Or why you did that?

COLTON
Yes, ma'am. My mom was worried. She said that I had a broken synapse.

FEMALE COUNSELOR
I've never heard of such a thing.

COLTON
She read about it.

FEMALE COUNSELOR
Colton, these diagnoses aren't always biologically based. Sometimes they come from a disorganized learning environment. I want you to start keeping your room here neater than you did at home.

COLTON
(pushing back anger)
My home is up on a cliff off of the most expensive street on South Camano. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, a big iron gate and a cabin on the beach for our boats. We have 2 boats, an Astro Van, an Escalade and our own jet. It's all very organized.

FEMALE COUNSELOR
Colton, Let me ask you something, have you ever considered the culinary arts? I saw you put a cheesecake on your dream board.

She pulls out a DREAM BOARD collage: ESCALADES, CASH, GOLD, PLANES, and buried in a corner -- a SLICE OF CHEESECAKE.

COLTON
I was hungry. I'm gonna be a pilot.

FEMALE COUNSELOR
Getting a license can cost over \$50,000.

COLTON
I'm not worried about the money.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

Colt, you've been convicted of a felony. That dream is over. I don't want to see any more planes on your dream board, understood? If I'm going to move you into our group home you have to start to face what's in this file. That means participating in my program. That means MY rules and realistic goals.

COLTON

What do you mean "IF" I go to the group home? How many points do I have on my CRA? 16. And if you penalize me for fighting that's still only 18, but I never fought back.

COUNSELOR

There's also a question here about participation in therapy.

COLTON

But what kind of therapy is it if all you want to do is change me?

COUNSELOR

Into something better, or more realistic given your circumstances.

COLTON

(angry; pulls out SUNGLASSES)
Do you mind?

COUNSELOR

Do bright lights hurt your eyes?

COLTON

Yes, ma'am.

COUNSELOR

Sensitivity to light is sometimes a by-product of fetal alcohol syndrome. Did your mother drink while she was pregnant with you?

COLTON

No ma'am. I had a good home. I have a good mom. But you're right, I'm broken. I'll do my best to fix that.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - LATER

A GUARD passes Colt's CIVILIAN CLOTHES through a WINDOW.

EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - LATER

Back in the CLOTHES HE WAS ARRESTED IN, Colt follows the Counselor out of MAX SECURITY, through a field and into what looks like an APARTMENT BUILDING near the woods -- NO BARS.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Colt follows her through the halls.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

Lights go out at 10. Wake up is at 6. This is your room.

She opens a door to a small room with THREE BEDS. TWO YOUNG MEN barely look up at Colt.

FEMALE COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, this is Colton. How about you show him where the kitchen and laundry are, okay?

YOUNG MEN

Yes, ma'am.

She goes. Colt waits a beat, walks up to the room's WINDOW and lifts. It's stuck. Caution to the wind, he DEALS IT A HEAVY BLOW. It flies up. That gets the boys' attention. We hear FOOTSTEPS QUICKLY APPROACHING.

COLTON

Pleasure meeting you both.

AND COLT BOUNDS OUT THE WINDOW and hits the ground running.

EXT. GROUP HOME - CONTINUOUS

Colt bolts toward the woods at full speed. A GUARD appears at a BACK DOOR, but before he can figure out what's happening--

--Colt hits the TREE LINE and the camera again TAKES FLIGHT, blurring and zooming around trees with the grace and ease of a fighter jet -- adrenaline has taken over. Colt is free.

INT. TWO-STORY COTTAGE (EARLIER) - NIGHT / MONTAGE

Set to "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT."

Colt unzips the COUCH CUSHION. His RED NOTE PAD is still there. So is his DIGITAL CAMERA. He lights it up:

EXT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME - NIGHT / MONTAGE

VIDEO OF: The BIG IRON GATES and the Astrovan (earlier).

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME - MONTAGE CONT'D

A BATHROOM: Colt uses SCISSORS to try and give himself a haircut but it's turning out incredibly uneven.

JUMP TO: Colt uses HAIR CLIPPERS to get his hair down to a buzz cut. He videos his perfectly buzzed head.

A BEDROOM: Colt has on an ill fitting SUIT. He pulls a GOLD COMMEMORATIVE AIRPLANE COIN from its pocket. He videos it.

JUMP TO: VIDEO FOOTAGE as Colt searches a CLOSET and finds a BLACK POLO SHIRT with a BIG MERCEDES EMBLEM on it.

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME - LATER

Wearing the MERCEDES POLO, Colt looks up to that DISTINCTIVE RED HOOK with the AIRPLANE KEY CHAIN on it, then below it to:

A PHOTO. Colt films it: it's the perfect ALL AMERICAN FAMILY on a beach: 2 parents, 3 girls and a 10 year old boy. The camera focuses in on the buzzed headed, beaming BAREFOOT BOY.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. CAMANO ISLAND BEACH - SUMMER MORNING (2001)

AN UNDERWATER POV OF: a GIRL'S LEGS, MEGAN, 12, on a BOOGIE BOARD, kicking -- someone or something is watching her.

ABOVE THE SURFACE: A SNORKEL. It goes under, resurfaces, and clears, sending up a fountain of water. It startles the girl. When the swimmer surfaces, it proves to be a boy, 10, with a HUGE MASK and a shaved head -- the boy from the picture.

YOUNG COLTON
Your legs look like Jello.

MEGAN
No they don't.

He pulls off his mask, spits in it to clear the fog and hands it over. She slips it on and looks. Her legs do look a bit like Jello. She resurfaces -- laughing.

YOUNG COLTON
Where are you from?

MEGAN
How do you know I'm not from here?

YOUNG COLTON
Nobody like you lives here all year.

A PIERCING WHISTLE. They look over. MEGAN'S MOM is up on the ROCKY BEACH beneath a cliff that rises 5 stories high. A SCREAM! A GIRL, 9, runs toward the mom. A LITTLER GIRL is frozen, shrieking. (This is the family from the photo.)

YOUNG COLTON (CONT'D)
What's wrong with her?

MEGAN
It's lunch time.

YOUNG COLTON
Why's she screaming?

MEGAN
She's scared to walk on the sea weed. I told her crabs live in it.

OFF COLTON: gazing at the girl's terror.

EXT. CAMANO ISLAND BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The scared girl is up on Colt's shoulders as he jogs over the seaweed. Megan stops pleading with her Mom as Colt nears.

MEGAN'S MOM
Where do you live, honey?

YOUNG COLTON
Up on North Camano. In a house just like that one up there.

He points to a BIG HOUSE ON THE CLIFF with a BOAT CABIN AND 2 BOATS. (The home he described to the counselor.)

MEGAN'S MOM
You mean like our house?

YOUNG COLTON
Yes. Are those your boats too?

MEGAN'S MOM
They are... Megan, would you like your friend to join us for lunch?
(Megan nods; to Colton)
Well then come up and call your mom so she knows where to pick you up.

Megan's mom heads up the path. The girls follow. Still holding the littlest girl on his shoulders, Young Colton follows them up the steep switchback trail, looking up at their house in awe -- BAREFOOT.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS NEAR PAM'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Polished and put together Colt walks through DENSE WOODS and UNDERBRUSH wearing his new MERCEDES POLO SHIRT and shouldering a TREASURE Filled BACKPACK like Santa Claus.

Colt approaches a clearing, slows his step and listens: he can hear the ROUGH, HUSKY COUGH of a lifetime smoker:

Colt steps up to a TALL TREE and pulls MOUNDS OF MOSS from HATCHET HOLES revealing MAKESHIFT STEPS up to the tree's canopy. He quickly climbs all the way up it.

Down below he can see: A DILAPIDATED SINGLE WIDE TRAILER inside an overgrown roundabout, mounds of TRASH, ENDLESS BEER CANS and a RUSTED OUT WASHER/DRYER. 3 OLD TRUCKS have melted into the ground and a stolen PARK BENCH and a RUSTED BARBECUE crouch in the middle of what once was a front yard.

A BEAGLE bounds out of the house toward the woods.

The coughing woman pounds out behind it, PAM, 55, a bulldog of a woman with frayed hair and all the signs of hard living is on her porch with a SHOTGUN hanging from a finger.

PAM
Get the goddamn hell back in the
house, Melanie!

A DISTANT NEIGHBOR (V.O.)
Shut up, Pam!

PAM
Eat me, Carol!

Instead, Melanie disappears into the woods. Colt looks way down and she soon appears below, her tail wagging madly.

INT. PAM'S TRAILER - DAYBREAK

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. Pam answers it. It's Colt, with Melanie in his arms. He beams. Pam stares blankly.

COLTON
Hi mom. I'm home.

She's not at all the woman and this is not nearly the home he's been describing. Where a window once was there's PLYWOOD. INSULATION hangs from the ceiling and there's only a DORM ROOM REFRIGERATOR for a kitchen.

PAM
How much taller ya gonna git, Tubs?

COLTON
Are the cops here?

PAM
You see any cops?

Colt busts inside and puts Melanie down.

COLTON
You have to keep her inside or the
cops will take her again, okay?

Colt heads down the NARROW HALL to a door with a PADLOCK LOOP
installed -- but no padlock in it.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Did you let someone in here?!

PAM
Relax. Yer damned panties are safe.

COLTON
So why is my lock off?

PAM
You got yerself put in jail. What
am I supposed to do, wait 3 years
to see if ya stole my stuff too?

She laughs at her own joke and it kick starts a cough.

Colt pulls a HEFTY PADLOCK from his bag and slips it in the
lock. He heads to the kitchen and starts searching for food.

PAM (CONT'D)
Where are ya gonna go now?
(nothing)
I'm still your mama, Tubs. It'll
keep me up at night.

COLTON
You swear you won't tell the cops?
(Pam lights a cigarette)
I'm in a big house with an iron
gate right on the water. Like a
compound, with lots of cameras on
the outside so I can see when
people are coming. I'll be fine.

PAM
Right here on the Island?

Colt can't find any food. Just BEER and CIGARETTES.

COLTON

The less you know, the better it is for both of us. But I'm doing computer programming work and they're paying me really well. Why don't you have any food?

PAM

It's a starvation week fer me.
(Colt heads for the door)
Colt? I got property taxes due next month. They're gonna kick me outta here if I can't pay em'.

He pulls out all his CASH and that AIRPLANE COIN. He re-pockets the coin and hands her the money. She counts it.

PAM (CONT'D)

That all ya got?

COLTON

For now.

PAM

Well it ain't nearly enough. You really screwed us up this time. You may as well kiss our little piece of paradise goodbye.

COLTON

No. I'll get us the rest before next month. I promise. And I'm saving up for a real lawyer too. No more public defenders. After I get a retrial, all these false allegations will go away.

PAM

You can't afford no real lawyers neither. You may as well turn yerself back in.

COLTON

If I go back now, this land and house will get taken away from us for good. I won't let that happen to you. I want you to have the life you deserve. A new house, an Escalade, new teeth and everything.

(she covers her black teeth)

It's still America, right? The land of opportunities? And I know I'm not always the best son, but I want us to live together again like a

(MORE)

COLTON (CONT'D)
real family. So I know I can't keep
making you mad. I want you to write
down all of your words of wisdom
for me, so I can get better.

Silence. He hears something and starts for the door.

PAM
Okay... Never marry a black girl or
a Hispanic girl. I just couldn't
live with that. And she's gotta be
able to build you a campfire and
fish like we always did--

COLTON
Just write it all down.

PAM
Wait. Hug yer momma before ya go.

He wraps his arms around her. She does her best to return his
affection. It's not something they do often but here it is.

CAR TIRES up the driveway -- and COLT BOLTS out the door.

EXT. PAM'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Colt jams into the woods and up into his LOOK-OUT TREE.

Pam marches out of her trailer, SHOTGUN in hand, as two COPS
come storming up her LONG DIRT DRIVEWAY.

PAM
I got boobie traps all over out
there. You ain't got a warrant,
you're gonna get blown up or shot.

SHERIFF BROWN
Where is he, Pam? I'll get you a
reward. Enough to get you outta
this trash heap.

PAM
Oh, you'd like that. Git the last
piece of shit off-a yer island?!
Win-win for you ain't it, asshole?

Melanie bounds out of the house -- but she ignores the cops
and heads straight for Colt's tree. The cops bolt into the
woods after her.

ANGLE ON COLT: he looks way down, and Melanie appears, tail
wagging, ready to play. he climbs even higher, steps out onto
a limb, LEAPS TO A SECOND TREE and in a death defying

controlled limb to limb fall, makes it to the ground before the cops make it to him.

Colt bolts into the woods, quickly getting to full speed. The nettles slap at his skin. Specks of blood form, but he doesn't slow down -- **THE WORLD IS BLURRING, he's flying.**

Melanie tries to keep up but gets stuck in the undergrowth. The Sheriff and Deputy pass her, hot on Colt's heels.

A LONG, THIN BRANCH, scrapes across Colt's neck an it SNAPS BACK as he passes it smacking DEPUTY 1 in the face. The cop yelps and stops, temporarily blinded.

Melanie passes the SHERIFF to catch Colt, but the Sheriff grabs her up hard by the neck. She lets out a pain filled YELP. Colt stops cold and turns -- THE WORLD IS SHARP AGAIN.

SHERIFF BROWN

You're going back, Colt. Or I'll take away whatever you've got left.

COLTON

No, sir. I'll beat you any time when it comes to my family.

The Sheriff undoes the CLASP ON HIS GUN. Colt sees it and makes a choice -- he bolts into the woods. They get dense quick and then suddenly open up to a neighbor's yard. A MERCEDES sits in the driveway.

Colt pushes a TRELLIS against the home and climbs it like a ladder up to a window leaving a FOOTPRINT on the house.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Colt plops down into the house and walks into the kitchen. He's been in here before. He opens a pantry. A grin -- JELLO PUDDING CUPS. He casually eats one while watching 2 COPS head down a DRIVEWAY outside and into the woods he came from.

He reaches way up and feels around the top shelf -- KEYS.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S MERCEDES / EAST CAMANO DRIVE - DAY

Colt charges up East Camano Drive in his NEIGHBOR'S MERCEDES.

Up ahead, a TRIO OF WELL-DRESSED TEENS walk along the road. They look just like the kids who cut him off earlier. Colt slows down and rolls down the window. They look inside.

COLTON

Hey. You need a ride?

TEEN

Whose car did you steal now, Colt?

COLTON

This is MY car. Who's poor now?

He pushes the gas down hard, and looks back up to the boys in his rearview mirror. Instead, there's a POLICE CAR with its LIGHTS ABLAZE. Colt hits the gas. The cop hits his.

Colt quickly catches up to a slow moving STATION WAGON on the winding, two-lane, forest-lined road and without checking, swerves into the opposing lane. A TRUCK is headed toward him, 20 yards away, 50 MPH, head on.

Colt jams back into his own lane, narrowly avoiding a head on collision. The truck passes, its HORN BLARING.

Colt slams his break, the cop does the same to avoid a rear-ender. Colt hits his gas again and zips around the slow moving STATION WAGON. The cop follows suit and quickly catches up. His car is faster than Colt's.

Colt stops breathing. ADRENALINE HITS. An intersection lies ahead, ELGER BAY GROCERY to the left -- open road beyond it.

As if losing control, Colt suddenly veers the car toward ELGER BAY GROCERY, headed right for its south wall, a dumpster and the store's PROPANE TANKS.

The cop HITS HIS BRAKE HARD.

Colt looks to his mirror, hits his own brake, and while the car is still moving, grabs for his BAGS, his LAPTOP -- AND JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR.

The car CLIPS THE DUMPSTER shifting its trajectory, slowing its speed, and it stops -- inches from the PROPANE TANKS.

Tumbling onto the pavement, Colt loses his GIANT, STUFFED BACKPACK. He looks up to it -- the cops are now running toward him -- those treasures will only slow him down -- FREEDOM FIRST. In a flash Colt bounds down a 15 foot drop without it and dashes into the woods.

Deputy 1 tries to make chase but when he reaches the edge of the woods -- HE STOPS. CLOSE ON: a BANDAGE NEAR HIS EYE from his last wooded pursuit. Harley was right, he won't go into the woods after Colt again.

EXT. ELGER BAY GROCERY - LATER

The Sheriff unzips Colt's bag. Inside is Colt's DIGITAL CAMERA. He scrolls through PHOTOS: SHOTS COLT TOOK OF HIMSELF

WITH HIS MERCEDES SHIRT ON AND HIS TREASURES ALL AROUND HIM. They're all handsome or charming. Finally, he arrives at an uncomplimentary shot taken from an awkward angle. BINGO.

EXT. WOODS NEAR ANIMAL SHELTER - LATER

Blackness. A silhouette. A MAN'S VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE

That kid's in my house. Ya got 10 minutes to git here or I'm gettin' my gun and gittin' him myself.

The man leans into the light. It's Colt on a CELL. He watches DEPUTY 1 sprint out of the shelter, then a 2nd COP emerges from the woods. They get in an UNMARKED CAR and speed off.

INT. CAMANO ANIMAL SHELTER - MOMENT'S LATER

Through a SMALL WINDOW, 6' up a wall, Colt's face bobs UP and DOWN. He's jumping, trying to see who's inside.

The camera swings around and seconds later Colt ambles in the FRONT DOOR and back to the kennels. The DOGS stare (not barking) as if he's one of their own. He pads over to a cage, lifts the lock and gets a shower of kisses -- FROM MELANIE.

COLTON

Did they take you in for questioning again, baby girl?

He checks a STOLEN SEIKO WATCH'S TIMER -- 1:57 and counting.

EXT. WOODS BY PAM'S TRAILER - LATER

Colt races through the woods with Melanie quickly arriving at the back of his mom's trailer. He pops a WINDOW open.

COLTON

Take care of mom while I'm gone.

He kisses Melanie, puts her through the window and shuts it.

INT. ANACORTES FERRY STATION - DAY

A young man in a hoodie jumps a turnstile.

INT. AUTOMOBILE DECK - LATER

CLOSE ON: a hand checking door after door in what seems to be a STACK PARKING LOT. A car is unlocked.

JUMP TO: someone riffling through the car. He finds a bag. In it: a LAPTOP. He leaves the LAPTOP but takes its CHARGER.

CLOSE ON: Hidden in the center console, a CELL PHONE and a \$100 BILL. He pockets them both.

As the young man gets out of the car, we reveal it's Colt, and beyond him, the MAJESTIC WATERWAYS OF THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS. This is no car lot, it's a ferry off the mainland.

INT. ANACORTES FERRY / DINING HALL - DAY

The CHARGER charging his LAPTOP, Colt is at a table gazing out a window at a RESTORED BIPLANE making circles in the sky above. Breaking his trance, a GIRL, 7, climbs into his booth to see what he's looking at. He looks to her well-to-do family, then back to the plane, enjoying the shared moment.

FERRY MOTHER

Honey, leave him alone.

(to Colt)

I'm sorry. Do you live on Lopez Island too?

COLTON

Me? No. My family's from San Diego, but we have a house on the Islands. On uh... Orcas though, not Lopez.

FERRY MOTHER

Oh wow. You just look so familiar. I love Orcas Island.

COLTON

(genuinely curious)

Is Orcas any nicer than Lopez?

FERRY MOTHER

Well it's more expensive. And that's where all the Hollywood types hide out don't they?

COLTON

I wouldn't know a movie star if I saw one. We just moved there.

(a diversion; to the girl)

Do you want to see a magic trick?

Colt does a trick with his STOLEN COMMEMORATIVE AIRPLANE COIN, making it disappear before their DAUGHTER'S eyes.

FERRY DAUGHTER

Where is it?!

He pulls it out from behind her ear, hands it to her, and points at the PLANE on the TAILS SIDE.

COLTON

That's a P51 Mustang. It came out of your ear though, so it's yours now.

FERRY MOTHER

What's your name?

COLTON

Oh. I'm *John*. John. And uh, it was very nice to meet you all, ma'am.

Pulled out of this brief familial fantasy, Colt goes. As he climbs a set of STAIRS to the FERRY'S DECK, he stops cold in his tracks. He puts his HOODIE up and keeps climbing.

PAN TO: A taped up POSTER "WANTED: COLTON HARRIS-MOORE" -- with his UNFLATTERING SELF PORTRAIT front and center.

EXT. THE FERRY'S DECK / ORCAS FERRY LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Colt watches the WELCOME SIGN for ORCAS ISLAND get closer. He takes in the island: 50 square miles, beautiful homes, cars and 2 HEAVILY WOODED MOUNTAINS. It's a thing of beauty.

A LOUD BUZZING. Colt looks up -- and THAT RESTORED BIPLANE zooms overhead on its way in to land at ORCAS ISLAND'S AIRSTRIP. It takes Colt's breath away.

He reaches for his digital camera to film it, but of course it's gone... Still, he's come to the right place.

EXT. WOODS BY ORCAS AIRPORT - LATER

CLOSE ON: BARE FEET through the woods. The woods open up onto A SMALL AIRPORT with a 1 ROOM TERMINAL and 15 HANGARS.

ANGLE ON: Colt watching from the woods' edge as a CESSNA 182 rolls into a hangar. Moments later BOB RIVERS, 50s, steps back out and puts a LOCK on his hangar doors.

EXT. ORCAS AIRPORT / BOB RIVERS'S HANGAR - LATER

CLOSE ON: Colt looking all around Bob Rivers's HANGAR DOOR. He spots it: on the wood frame, written in pencil are 4 NUMBERS. He tries them on the COMBINATION LOCK. It opens.

Colt slides the HANGAR DOOR open. The walls are covered with "BOB RIVERS MORNING SHOW 95.7!" POSTERS. This guy loves his own PROMOTIONAL MATERIALS. Colt could care less, he's gazing longingly at Bob's new CESSNA 182.

Colt turns and looks back up toward all the HOMES perched on the hills above the airport. He focuses in on a CABIN STYLE HOME WITH A BIG BALCONY overlooking the landing strip.

INT. VERN'S RESTAURANT / OFF MAIN STREET - DAY

Colt sits at a table by a BIG GLASS WALL overlooking Orcas's 4 block, 2 lane downtown: GIFT SHOPS, COFFEE SHOPS, an OLD CHURCH with STEEPLE and the picturesque EAST SOUND FJORD.

WAITRESS/BRENDA

What can I get for you, honey?

COLTON

Umm. A coffee. And your country fried steak and eggs please.

WAITRESS/BRENDA

How do you like your eggs?

COLTON

Just eggs is fine.

WAITRESS/BRENDA

Well we do them any variety of ways.

(Colt is lost)

How about over easy?

COLTON

Yes, ma'am.

She goes. Colt looks up to see if anyone caught his naivete. An outdoorsman type, BOB FRIEL, 40s, is a few tables away blatantly staring. Colt gives a bashful grin, but Bob doesn't react. Bob is gazing past Colt, out a window to the FJORD. A DOODLE FILLED WRITER'S NOTEBOOK sits beside Bob's COLD EGGS.

Colt cases the place with his eyes: few customers, no SECURITY, an OFFICE DOOR just next to a RESTROOM.

Brenda walks out of the office. Colt heads for the restroom, but takes a quick turn into the office. Seconds later he emerges as if lost and heads into the boys room.

EXT. ORCAS DOWNTOWN / SMALL REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

On a bench, his laptop open, SUNGLASSES ON, Colt clicks through wireless internet sources. There are 3 -- UNLOCKED.

He quickly navigates to a "KINGSSCHOOLS.COM" BILLING PAGE, pulls out a ripped off corner of the VERN'S DINER MENU with an ADDRESS on it, types it in and clicks: ONE DAY SERVICE.

He opens his RED NOTE PAD of CREDIT CARD NUMBERS and pulls out an ACTUAL CREDIT CARD: "VERN'S DINER."

INT. ACE HARDWARE / MAIN STREET - DAY

Colt peruses the isles looking at A WHOLE HOST OF DREAM TOOLS and CAMPING GEAR, but he only grabs a \$1.99 SCREWDRIVER.

JUMP TO: As a CASHIER rings up the screwdriver, Colt cases this place too. A STAINED GLASS SEAGULL plunged to a 2ND STORY WINDOW in the far back corner grab's Colt's attention.

INT. ACE HARDWARE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: That same stained glass seagull, but from eye level, and OUTSIDE the window at night.

REVEAL: Colt uses the \$1.99 SCREWDRIVER from this very shop to pop the 2nd story window open. He leaps the 10' down, grabs 2 BIG BUCKETS and fills them with the DREAM TOOLS, SLEEPING BAG, GROUND COVER and TENT he was eyeing earlier.

EXT. VERN'S RESTAURANT (EARLIER) - THAT NIGHT

Colt looks up to a 2nd story window. Leaving his buckets, he puts a CROWBAR in his belt loop and leaps up to a WATER PIPE. With one hand he slides the window open, with the other he lifts his long frame up and inside it. He's STRONG and AGILE.

INT. VERN'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Colt sashays through the dining room, the crowbar his cane, role playing (after all, he is still just a boy).

COLTON

Yes, sir, we can cook your steak
any way you'd like. Would you like
eggs with that too? We do them in
any VARIETY of ways, my boy.

He tries the office door. Unlocked -- like everything here. He flips the lights on, and there it is: an OPENED FED-EX with "RETURN TO SENDER" scrawled over a LABEL that reads: "CABELAS.COM" He looks inside: NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

COLTON (CONT'D)

But where's the other one? It's
your friend I need most.

Colt looks everywhere. Nothing. Frustrated, he looks deeper into the shelves and uncovers a SMALL SAFE. He eyes his new opponent and pulls the CROWBAR from his belt loop.

EXT. ORCAS ISLAND WOODS - SUNRISE

Carrying his now FILLED BUCKETS, Colt walks up a STEEP HILL further and further into the woods. When he puts his things

down and starts building an encampment with his new ground cover and tent, we pan to reveal: 20 yards away is that CABIN STYLE HOUSE with the balcony overlooking the airport.

EXT. VERN'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

SUNGLASSES on, Colt waits across the street from the restaurant he just robbed. A POLICE CRUISER pulls up. TWO OFFICERS get out and go in. Colt follows them in.

INT. VERN'S RESTAURANT / OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

ANGLE ON: the BUSTED OPEN SAFE. Left at the bottom is a single DOLLAR BILL and VERN'S CREDIT CARD, folded in half as if to say "I don't need you anymore."

Brenda is with obese DEPUTY HERB, 46, and the island's top cop, STEVE, 48. He'd make the perfect Wal-Mart greeter.

DEPUTY HERB

Looks like Timmy to me. He's back on the Meth, Brenda. It's sad.

BRENDA

It was \$10,000, Herb. That was all my winter money. How am I supposed to make it to spring now?

STEVE URTALLER

Well, with no security in here, you were asking for it. And not for nothin', but does this mean you haven't been reporting your tips?

ANGLE ON: Colt at a table with a view of the office, LAPTOP open -- eavesdropping. A FED-EX man walks in with a PACKAGE.

BRENDA

I don't use yer goddamn FedEx! Screw off. It ain't even mine.

FED EX MAN

(re: the cops)

Oh. Are you in some kind of trouble, Brenda?

She grabs the newest FED EX from him and opens it. Inside is an ENTIRE FLIGHT TRAINING PROGRAM -- Colt's second package.

BRENDA

So Tim the meth-head is sending me flight training DVDs now too?! Night vision goggles and flight training DVD's? Really, boys?!

Steve and his Deputy are pigheaded / resolute. Colt watches as the cops seize this 2nd package as evidence. Damn.

A BELL RINGS. Brenda marches out of the office, picks up an order of EGGS, SUNNY SIDE UP, and drops them off with Colton.

COLTON

You wouldn't happen to have a wi-fi password, would you, ma'am?

BRENDA

VERNS-ON-ORCAS. All one word.

COLTON

Thank you.

Colt types in the password and quickly navigates back to the "KINGSSCHOOLS.COM" page and types in "Flight Training."

EXT. CHANNEL ROAD BRIDGE / BELOW DEER HARBOR INN - DAY

Colt sits on the rail of a SMALL BRIDGE well below an INN that's closed for renovations. He opens up a PUDDING CUP. There are already 5 EMPTY PUDDING CUPS lined up at his feet.

He checks his WATCH, ever patient. Finally, A POSTAL DELIVERY TRUCK turns the corner and stops in front of the INN, the driver gets out and drops off 2 PACKAGES.

EXT. WOODED ENCAMPMENT NEAR CABIN - DAY

A VIDEO CAM fires up, focusing in on a torn open HELMET-CAM PACKAGE and the FEDEX it came out of. Colt has a new CAMERA!

The camera pans over and focuses in on a SET OF "KINGS FLIGHT TRAINING DVDS" and the FED EX package THEY came out of.

Finally, the camera pans up and focuses in on the CABIN STYLE HOME 20 yards away with the BALCONY LOOKING OVER THE AIRPORT.

INT. LARGE CABIN - DUSK

Colt pops a SLIDING GLASS DOOR off its track, steps in and heads to an ALARM PANEL. He types 1, 2, 3, 4. WRONG. 4, 3, 2, 1. WRONG. He steps out, looks at the address and types it in. 1, 6, 1, 8. WRONG. Sweating it, he thinks, then types it backwards: 8, 1, 6, 1. "ALARM DISARMED."

Colt closes the door, fires up a GIANT FLAT SCREEN TV and pops the first of his TRAINING DVD'S into a DVD PLAYER.

THROUGH COLT'S HELMET CAM, THE DVD LIGHT UP (THIS NEW PERSPECTIVE FEELS LIKE WE'RE INSIDE OF COLT'S HEAD). The only thing campier than the video's production value is the HOSTS:

JOHN KING (ON TV)
Well hello, I'm John King!

MARTHA KING (ON TV)
And I'm Martha King. Welcome to the
exciting world of flying!

JOHN KING (ON TV)
These lessons contain everything
you need to get a pilot certificate
in as little as two weeks!

MARTHA KING (ON TV)
So lets go fly!

Colt opens a set of FRENCH DOORS, steps out onto that GIANT
BALCONY overlooking Orcas's airport.

He pulls out his OWN PHONE and finds "MOM." He then pulls out
the PHONE from the Ferry and dials her number. He waits.

COLTON
 Hi mom, it's Tubs. I have the money
 for the property taxes now, but you
 have to pick up so I can get it to
 you. Things are good, but I have to
 change phones every time I call you
 and it's tough to find new phones
 here. So pick up next time, okay?

EXT. WOODS BY THE CABIN - DAY

Colt puts EARBUDS in. We HEAR more JOHN AND MARTHA:

KING SCHOOL VIDEO (V.O.)
 Now let's see if we can do a NORMAL
 take off! And what's "normal" about
 this? No one's supposed to get hurt!

Colt pulls out a HATCHET and starts cutting NOTCHES up the
 trunk of a towering tree -- a new ladder tree.

EXT. ORCAS HOUSE / ACROSS FROM THE CABIN HOUSE - DUSK

A NEIGHBOR WOMAN gazes across the FIELD between her home and
 Colt's cabin as a FEDEX MAN drops off a new PACKAGE at Colt's
 door. He leaves it between the SCREEN and FRONT DOORS.

EXT. ORCAS WOODS / TREE CANOPY - SAME TIME

Now way up in the TREE'S CANOPY, HATCHET NOTCHES go all the
 way up its trunk, Colt takes his EAR BUDS out and watches the
 woman watching the FedEx Man leave.

KING SCHOOL VIDEO (V.O.)
 --you can greatly reduce your odds
 of being where you're NOT supposed
 to be by studying the airport
 sketch in your IFR approach charts
 and self briefing your taxi route!

Colt waits for her to go back inside, climbs down his tree,
 considers, then walks AWAY from his cabin and the new FedEx.

INT. DOWNTOWN / CAMPING SUPPLY AND BIKE SHOP - EVENING

Colt climbs in a window and over the BIKES beneath it. He
 zeros in on BEAR SPRAY in the camping section. He puts a HALF
 DOZEN in his BAG and turns his attention to the bikes:

KING SCHOOL VIDEO (V.O.)
 ...and as the controls become
 effective, ease back on the wheel and
 put the plane in a climb attitude.
 And as the nose wheel leaves the
 runway... WE... ARE... AIRBORNE!

HIS HELMET CAM FIRES UP AND FOCUSES IN ON: A \$600 GARY FISHER
 MARLIN, BLACK WITH WHITE FLAMES -- A THING OF BEAUTY.

EXT. ORCAS ROADS - THAT NIGHT

Riding the bike, Colt uses A NEW STOLEN CELL PHONE to dial
 "MOM" again from his own phone. He waits through the rings.

COLTON
 Hi mom. It's Tubs again. You have
 to pick up so we don't lose our
 land. Just pick up, Mom. Mom?

She doesn't. He hangs up, stops his bike and tosses the phone
 into the woods. He looks down at his TATTERED SHOES with
 derision, takes them off and throws them into the forest too.

EXT. CABIN HOUSE - NIGHT

KING SCHOOL VIDEO (V.O.)
 ...but if your engine fails you
 have to be able at all times to
 execute an emergency landing
 without creating any undue hazard
 to persons or property on the--

Barefoot, Colt rides the BIKE up and looks to where the FED-
 EX package was left earlier. IT'S NOW FLAT ON THE GROUND, NOT
 BETWEEN THE DOOR AND SCREEN DOOR. He takes his EAR BUDS out
 and THE INSTRUCTOR'S VOICE STOPS. He picks up the package.

INT. CABIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Colt quietly opens the front door wearing the NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. WE SEE WHAT HE SEES: Nothing unusual. He walks into the living room. NOTHING. He turns:

Asleep in a ROCKING CHAIR is an OLD RESERVE COP, DOUG, 65, a GUN in his hand. Colt bolts for the kitchen, grabs the NEW FED EX off the counter and his BAG out from under the sink.

DOUG WAKES UP! A LASER SITE ON HIS GUN, it darts through the house and lands on Colt's chest. Colt bolts for the MUD ROOM.

INT. CABIN HOUSE / MUD ROOM - SAME TIME

Trapped between the mud door and the back door, Colt pulls out his BEAR SPRAY and lifts his SHIRT up over his face.

INT. CABIN HOUSE / MUD ROOM - SAME TIME

Doug puts his back to the door. His laser darts about as he shivers and shakes, trying his best to be a good cop.

OLD DOUG
Come on out or I gotta go in.

He takes a deep breath for courage and busts in the door--

INT. MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--just as Colt bursts out the back door and leaps. He hits the ground running without ever touching a stair.

The room is filled with a THICK FOG of BEAR SPRAY. Doug is immediately overwhelmed. In pain and choking, he crawls out on his hands and knees, temporarily blinded.

EXT. CABIN HOUSE - MORNING

FROM A HIGH, WIDE ANGLE, WE SEE: Head cop Steve and retired Doug with the Neighbor (earlier) on the front porch. SHERIFF BILL CUMMINGS, 60s (the first imposing cop we've seen) gets out of a CRUISER and joins them. Steve is deferential.

REVEAL: Colt, way up in his hatchet ladder TREE'S CANOPY, watching, waiting. Sheriff Cummings walks back out to his car and looks up, almost right at Colt... then away. Steve and Doug emerge with Colt's BIKE and load it into their police cruiser -- THEY'VE GOT EVIDENCE.

EXT. A MODEST HOME'S FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Colt is on a CORDLESS PHONE in a FADED PLASTIC CHAIR on the patio of a small home, feet up, like he owns the place.

OPERATOR RECORDING (V.O.)
I'm sorry, the number you are trying
to reach is no longer in service.
Please check the number and--

He checks the number. It's listed under "MOM" in his own cell. As instructed, he tries the number again on the cordless phone, but it's the same recording. HE'S BEEN CUT OFF FROM HIS MOM -- THIS IS A TOUGH NEW TURN.

He pushes back panic, trying her number a third time -- as he does, the camera pans 180 degrees to REVEAL: He's directly across the street from the ORCAS ISLAND SHERIFF'S STATION.

The LIGHTS inside go out.

EXT. ORCAS SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

Colt is beneath an UPPER WINDOW. He tries to open it, but it actually has A LOCK! He jumps up. It's only a 25 CENT LATCH. He lodges his SCREWDRIVER in the window's frame and works the lock off. Piece of cake.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION / STEVE URTHALLER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

With Steve's POLICE HAT and JACKET on, Colt examines Steve's FAMILY PHOTOS, acting like a cop, puffing up his chest:

COLTON
I run a tight ship here on Platinum
Diamond Island. Sunrise donuts,
midnight coffee and a beer at the
Lower Tavern, best burgers in town,
littlest crime in the world, cause
it's death to bandits and bad guys.

He opens a DRAWER and finds KEYS. Printed on one: "EVIDENCE."

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Colt walks down the hall flipping LIGHTS on with the back of his hand. He uses the key to open a door. Inside is his BIKE.

COLTON
Now you just watch. I'll bring this
worthless kid to IN-justice with my
monster IN-vestigation skills and
mountains of EVIDENCE.

He TAKES THE BIKE and goes, re-locking the door behind him.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION / STEVE URTHALLER'S OFFICE - LATER

Colt puts the CHEAP LOCK back in Steve's window.

COLTON

It's the end of the line for this
waste of life. End of the line for
all worthless Camano scroungers.

He opens the drawer the keys came from, considers, then
CENTERS THEM ON THE DESK INSTEAD -- SENDING A MESSAGE.

INT. BIKE SHOP - NIGHT

Colt puts the bike back where he found it and cleans it with
a RAG. No more evidence. He looks up: a COP CAR zips by,
LIGHTS ABLAZE. It's an unusual sight for this island.

INT. VERN'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

Colt is back at his table. The place is hopping. 10 PEOPLE
have pushed 2 TABLES together for a brunch. Among them: BOB
FRIEL, his lovely wife SANDI, a man as old as the island and
2 FIREMEN. BLOODY MARY'S reign supreme. Colt eavesdrops.

BOB FRIEL

They busted Tim at home, but all
they found was the Deputy's own
wife in his bed.

OLD MAN

It's the oldest saying on this
Island. "Ya don't lose your wife,
you just lose your turn."

FIREMAN

I've lived here for 15 years. So has
Tim. And the only serial crime I ever
heard of were the 6 bald eagles in
Pete's freezer. Tim didn't do this.

FIREMAN 2

Who told you they arrested Tim?

BOB FRIEL

I never reveal my sources.

SANDI

My Bob is Orcas's worst gossip.

BOB FRIEL

With only 5000 full-timers, it's not
much to brag about. Rumors just
spread at small-island gossip speed.
A startling velocity equaled only by
the rate at which the facts twist.

FIREMAN

So I guess ya heard they released
Tim the next morning? No charges.

BOB FRIEL

Doesn't mean he didn't do it.

OLD MAN

Finish yer new whale watching story,
Bob? Or ya too busy eavesdropping?

BOB FRIEL

You know, Harry, I just can't seem
to find my way into whale watching
article number 10 this year.

FIREMAN 2

Guess you must really have to love
sitting around all day watching
animals to do what you do, Bob.

BOB FRIEL

No. When I was in the Bahamas I used
to feed sharks right out of my mouth.
Sometimes there'd be 50 of em' around
me. A decade before any of the chain
mail bull-shit divers use now.

SANDI

But now he lives here, with a wife
and a mortgage to pay.

BOB FRIEL

That job paid. Somewhere in the
world there are Beta tapes of me
diving in a Spanish Ice Cream
commercial and a Japanese B-movie.

FIREMAN

Nobody uses Beta anymore, Bob.

OLD MAN

And I guess you heard the Parson's
car got stolen? And someone slept
in their bed while they were gone.
When they got back, their car was
back. Refueled. And their sheets
were washed. They only figured it
out because her old man's uptight
about his mileage.

FIREMAN 2

Ace Hardware and Radio Shack got hit
again too. At the EXACT same time the
(MORE)

FIREMAN 2 (CONT'D)
Cop Shop got broken into. Cops I've only ever seen at bars are cruising up and down Main Street now.

BOB FRIEL
It's too small a town for serial crime. It'll be over faster than a knife fight in a phone booth.

OLD MAN
They ordered flight manuals. This is Al Qaeda, dirty journalists and insiders at that FedEx.

BOB FRIEL
FedEx doesn't give a damn who's paying for what gets shipped. What do you mean "dirty journalists?"

FIREMAN 2
Our local paper hasn't written a word about it. They're in on it.

BOB FRIEL
THE ISLANDER makes its money off hotel and restaurant ads. The last thing they want is to chase the tourists away. They're not ever going to report on a crime here.

OLD MAN
Wake up, Bob. Something big's going on here. 9-11 shit. There's a whole world out there besides watching whales fornicate.

Bob looks up and catches Colt watching them. Bob smiles, embarrassed. Colt quickly looks away, equally busted.

EXT. ORCAS FERRY'S - DAY

In a BLACK HOODIE (from here on out a staple), Colt watches SECURITY CAMERAS being installed at the FERRY DOCK'S ENTRANCE. A POLICE CRUISER sits nearby.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DUSK

Passing a CATHOLIC CHURCH, Colt looks up at its awning: MORE NEW SECURITY CAMERAS. Colt lowers his head and keeps walking - passing BOB FRIEL who's nosing around Ace Hardware now.

A half block up, Colt casually picks up a FEDEX from a HOME'S PORCH and heads off Main Street toward the AIRPORT.

INT. JDC PHONE ROOM - NIGHT

Josh (from the JDC earlier) comes into a PHONE BOOTH with a GLASS WINDOW and picks up the RECEIVER.

JOSH
Hello?

COLTON (V.O.)
Hey. It's Colt. Colt Harris.

JOSH
No shit? Where are you?

INT. BOB RIVERS'S AIRPORT HANGAR (EARLIER) - INTERCUT

Colt's in Bob Rivers's hangar on a HANGAR PHONE. BOB'S CESSNA is in the B.G., its INSTRUCTION MANUALS are all spread out.

COLTON
I probably shouldn't tell you that.
I thought you'd be out by now.

JOSH
I got in a fight. But my GEDs
comin' up. I plan on passin' that.

COLTON
Will you be out in a week or so?

JOSH
I don't think so. Why?

COLTON
I'm on the run now. But I'm running
out of time. I was wondering if you
could go check on my mom for me.

JOSH
I'm kinda occupied here. You don't
have anybody else who can do that?

COLTON
I dunno. Are you going to tell the
guards I called?

JOSH
No. Of course not.

COLTON
You can. But I don't want you
getting in trouble for my decisions.
I just wanted to see if you could
help before I do what I have to do.

JOSH
What's that, Colt?

COLTON
I think the cops got my mom. She
shouldn't be suffering for my sins.

JOSH
I thought your mom was a cop.

COLTON
(forgot that old lie)
Well she worked for a Sheriff's
department a long time ago. Do the
guys in there know I broke out?

JOSH
No. It's not like it made the news
or anything. Why? Are you looking
to get famous now?

COLTON
No. Anybody can get famous. Staying
off TV is the real trick nowadays.

JOSH
Hey, Colt, I don't wanna hear about
you gettin' hurt.

COLTON
(not used to such kindness)
Okay. But if we want our lives to be
our own again, we gotta be willing
to put them in our own hands every
now and then I think.

A GUARD taps on Josh's window and gives him a look.

JOSH
I should go.

COLTON
Do you have TV privileges now?

JOSH
Yeah.

COLTON
Then watch the news. If you hear
about something big going down,
well that might be me.

INT. BOB RIVERS'S HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Colt has Rivers's MAPS spread out and a finger on CAMANO ISLAND. He draws a finger just east -- to YAKIMA RESERVATION.

INT. CESSNA 182 / OUTSIDE THE HANGAR - PRE-DAWN

Colt rips open his newest FEDEX PACKAGE. Inside is a GPS DEVICE. He turns it on and jams it into the DASH BOARD OF THE PLANE -- COLT'S IN THE PLANE -- AND IT'S ALREADY OUTSIDE THE HANGAR. The GPS lights up. He types in YAKIMA.

He flips on a SMALL L.E.D. HEAD LAMP, turns a key and the plane SHAKES as it comes to life. The wings' STROBE LIGHTS illuminate FRESH DROPLETS on the windows. He sits, letting it all sink in -- HIS LIFE TRULY IS IN HIS OWN HANDS.

COLT TURNS ON HIS HELMET CAM. FROM HIS POV WE SEE him release the brake. He hits the throttle and the plane moves. His heart races as he steers it out onto THE RUNWAY.

BEE (who runs the airport) has arrived. She looks up at the WIND SOCK whipping and sprints toward the plane to stop it.

TOO LATE: Colt REACHES DOWN AND PUSHES THE THROTTLE TO THE FIRE WALL -- The plane jams up the runway. A GUST OF WIND pushes him 3 feet sideways, but he GIVES IT MORE JUICE.

ADRENALINE. THE B.G. AND BEE FALL OUT OF FOCUS as he barrels the plane toward the end of the runway -- a suicide mission.

He's not breathing as he pulls back hard on the wheel --

EXT. ORCAS ISLAND / EAST SOUND - SECONDS LATER

-- A BEAT OF SILENCE -- and the CESSNA BLASTS OVER THE SMALL DOWNTOWN, it's ENGINES ROARING, lifting at an extreme rate, waking up everything on the sleepy island.

INT. CESSNA 182 - MOMENTS LATER

HELMET CAM: COLT IS FLYING, ECSTATIC. THE WIND GUSTS and the plane twists and dips, but Colt instinctively corrects it.

Elation turns to focus as he puts his seat ALL THE WAY UP, his head to the ceiling (an amateur move).

Through the BLUR OF ADRENALINE he can just see the ground below -- getting further away. It's the ultimate drug induced trance, an adrenal meditation -- FOR COLT, THIS IS PEACE.

OFF THE HELMET CAM VIDEO POV OF HIS CONTROLS, WE--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET COCKPIT - NIGHT (COLT'S FANTASY)

HELMET CAM VIDEO, but now in a bizarre fantasy world, Colt is the CAPTAIN of a private jet. A STEWARDESS steps in.

STEWARDESS

Captain, can I bring you anything?

COLT AS CAPTAIN

Some smoother air, my dear? Is everyone A-okay back there?

STEWARDESS

Yes, sir. No complaints.

She opens the door. He looks back. The cabin is filled with RICH FOLKS having a GOLD PLATED party. Pam walks the isle in a STEWARDESS DRESS. Her teeth are perfect, her hair done, pouring CHAMPAGNE for the WELL-TO-DO PASSENGERS.

PAM AS STEWARDESS

Tubs, shall we stop off in the Bahamas? We're running low on Crystal... er whatever.

BAM! THE WORST TURBULENCE EVER. THE PLANE JOLTS. HIS MOM FLIES INTO THE AIR. HER BODY SLAMS HARD AGAINST THE CEILING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CESSNA 182 - DAYBREAK

THE INTENSE TURBULENCE IS NO FANTASY -- Colt's head hits the ceiling INCREDIBLY HARD knocking his HELMET CAM off.

Colt's scalp starts bleeding. He looks left. There's ICE ON HIS WINGS. He kills his autopilot, but it's too late.

A WING DIPS, the STALL ALARM goes off and the plane noses down. Out of instinct, Colt pulls up. Wrong move! The plane goes into a SPIRALING NOSE DIVE! His INSTRUMENTS SPIN WILDLY. His backpack goes weightless, floating beside him. He can hardly hold his head up. HE'S GOING TO DIE.

Colt turns the plane, hits the opposing rudder and aims her down. 5K feet, 3K, 2K. She shakes as she comes out of the spin. He pulls up hard. The wings moan from the G's... but she SLOWLY LEVELS OUT -- yards from the GROUND and a TOWERING MOUNTAINSIDE.

EXT. YAKIMA INDIAN RESERVATION - MINUTES LATER

A NATIVE MAN leans against the wind, RIFLE in hand, gazing up at: Colt's Cessna, slowly carving circles above him.

INT. CESSNA 182 - SAME TIME

Colt's head is bloody and he's exhausted, struggling to stay conscious as he burns the last of his FUEL off.

His GPS is back on. LOCATION: YAKIMA. Below him is A DIRT PARKING LOT SURROUNDED BY STEEP HILLS AND FOREST. Colt takes the plane lower and lines it up with the LOT, but a BLAST OF WIND blows him off course and sets his STALL ALARM off again! HE VOMITS OUT OF FEAR. He's out of gas. He has to land.

ANOTHER STRONG GUST sends him clipping TREES. The plane is turned sideways. Nature has him. The plane crabs toward a steep MOUNTAIN SIDE. He pulls up HARD, hoping the landing gear, not the nose, will hit first.

The PROPELLER lets out a BOOM AND SQUEAL of bending steel and breaking stone as it tears into the ground and grinds to a stop in a SCRUB BRUSH FILLED CREVICE IN THE MOUNTAIN.

There's no movement at all inside. Finally, Colt lifts his head. Blood pours from his bent up nose. When he tries to lift his right arm, he can't, but he's alive.

He reaches for the EXTINGUISHER and blasts the interior. He climbs out, dragging his arm and BACK PACK with him. Blinded by blood and the RISING SUN, he puts his SHADES on and looks up the mountain to an OLD FIRE SHACK at the top of the ridge.

EXT. YAKIMA FIRE SHACK - DAY

A HIGH/WIDE POV: of A JEEP bounding up a STEEP DIRT HILL and stopping just below the PLANE WRECKAGE. Bob Rivers gets out of the front seat -- Bob Friel gets out of the back.

EXT. YAKIMA INDIAN RESERVATION / PLANE WRECKAGE - SAME

The Bobs examine the wreckage: TWISTED WHEELS, FRAME, PROPS, etc., but no body inside. A SERVICE TRUCK pulls up behind them. A RESERVATION COP gets out and waddles up

NATIVE POLICEMAN

This is sacred tribal hunting ground. What's your business here?

BOB RIVERS

The NTSB said to come get my plane.

NATIVE POLICEMAN

What's your name?

BOB RIVERS

Bob Rivers. Seattle's 95.7 Morning Show's.

NATIVE POLICEMAN

And who are you?

BOB FRIEL

I'm just a journalist. I mean, a friend, from Orcas, where the plane was stolen. That's all.

BOB RIVERS

The wind was gusting at 50 knots last night. I don't see how anyone could have walked away from this.

NATIVE POLICEMAN

There was no body.

BOB FRIEL

What about prints? Or DNA?

NATIVE POLICEMAN

The investigation was turned over to me, to tribal police. Someone sprayed it with an extinguisher. There's no evidence. No body. So I've concluded the investigation. Your insurance company can take the plane now.

BOB RIVERS

How is insurance money going to give me any peace of mind, Sir?

INDIAN POLICE

How does that matter to anyone but you, Mr. Bob Rivers Morning Show?

BOB FRIEL

I live on Orcas Island full time. I most certainly care who did this.

BOB RIVERS

This could be Al-Qaeda. National security could be at stake.

INDIAN POLICE

It was most likely drug runners from Canada. They take a boat to your island and a plane to my reservation. Now get it off my mountain. Otherwise my boys will use it for target practice.

Something pulls Bob Friel's attention up to the horizon: Movement? A watchful eye? He looks around, but only sees 3 NATIVE BOYS waiting with RIFLES in the distance.

INT. YAKIMA FIRE SHACK - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Colt's BLOOD SMEARED GPS as he types in CAMANO ISLAND. When the results come up, he steps out the back of the fire shack and down the other side of the mountain.

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME (MEGAN'S HOUSE) - DAY

A SCREWDRIVER hits a WINDOW SEAM and it opens. Colt climbs in, a HAT over his face.

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME (MEGAN'S HOUSE) / BATHROOM - DAY

Colt takes off his hat. It's the first time we've really seen his face in the light. He's a mess of blood and bruises.

Colt digs out a 1ST AID KIT and uses SKIN GLUE to permanently close a GASH ON HIS HEAD. More alarming is his CLEARLY BROKEN NOSE. He holds it with both hands and SNAPS IT BACK IN PLACE. BLOOD GUSHES. Tears of pain streak down his cheeks. He's a wreck, in more ways than one.

He sits down on the tub to tape up his ravaged feet--

(MATCH CUT) FLASH BACK TO:

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME (MEGAN'S HOUSE) - FLASHBACK (2001)

THE SAME 1ST AID KIT IS OUT, but Megan's Mom is now taping up Young Colt's foot. He's not used to this sort of attention.

MEGAN'S MOM

Now don't get this wet, okay Colt?
You don't want an infection.

MEGAN

Can he stay and play *GIRL TOWER*
with us even though he's a boy?

MEGAN'S MOM

Ask him, not me, Megan.

Off Young Colt's big grin.

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME (MEGAN'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

The father VIDEO TAPES as the kids play *GIRL TOWER* (girls truth or dare). Colt is up to bat, dancing like a LOADED SPRING, AN ELECTRIC BALLERINA. The girls are shrieking. Colt fits in with this family perfectly.

MEGAN'S MOM

Okay. Okay. It's almost 8 o'clock,
Colt. Time to get going.

YOUNG COLTON
I'm fine. My mom won't mind.

MEGAN'S MOM
I bet she minds not seeing her son
one single night this week. Give
her a call or you're going home.

YOUNG COLTON
Okay. Yes, Ma'am.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Colt has a PHONE to his ear, listening, nodding. Megan's mom
watches him from afar. He hangs up and walks it back to her.
She looks at the phone. It doesn't appear to have been used.
He senses she's onto him and starts WASHING DISHES.

MEGAN'S MOM
You know we go back to California
soon, right? Do you have any other
friends out here?

YOUNG COLTON
Yes, ma'am. A lot of friends.

MEGAN'S MOM
Honey... do you own any shoes?

YOUNG COLTON
I don't need shoes.

MEGAN'S MOM
What DO you need, Colton?

He looks up at her, his gaze an inadvertent answer.

(MATCH CUT) RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Older Colt walks back into that same living room, as cleaned
up as possible. He looks to the keys with the AIRPLANE KEY
CHAIN -- take the Astro Van? No. He'd rather walk.

INT. TYEE GROCERY STORE / PUBLIC RESTROOM STALL - DAY

Like mother like son, Pam is busy stealing all of the store's
TOILET PAPER and hiding it in a BIG HANDLED BAG.

INT. TYEE GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Pam walks into the tiny store, her bag swollen with STOLEN
TOILET PAPER. The CASHIER eyes her. Pam opens the COOLER

DOOR, pulls out a case of BUSCH ICE BEER and walks it to the Cashier who has already put down a PACK OF PALL MALLS.

CASHIER
Something you're hiding, Pam?

PAM
Go fuck yourself.

CASHIER
The cops were askin' how much food you buy. They think you're hiding your boy under your single wide. I said you've never bought any food for him. Just liquids for you.

Pam just puts down a pile of NICKLES, DIMES and PENNIES.

INT. PAM'S TRUCK / TYEE GROCERY - MOMENTS LATER

Pam gets in her truck with her new CIGARETTES, BEER and STOLEN TOILET PAPER. She pulls out of the parking lot.

COLTON (V.O.)
Don't look back. Just drive.

Colt is crouched in the bed of her CAMPER TRUCK.

PAM
They got 10 charges on you, Tubs.
They got evidence. Ya better git outta here and never come back.

COLTON
No. They're just clearing their case files using my name. Is that why you changed our number?

PAM
I couldn't pay that damned phone bill no more neither.

COLTON
I would have paid for it too if you would have picked up.

PAM
They're listenin' to yer every word now. I bet they even got this truck bugged. They cut down Bonnie and Clyde by trackin' em' to their family. I saw the movie. And you only got one family so they keep comin' after me, thank-ya-very-goddam-much.

COLTON

But I'm not doing crimes anymore.
I'm learning to fly. I flew my first
plane. I'm getting my license soon.

PAM

They don't let felons get a license,
ya ruined that too! You robbed me of
my only piece of paradise in this
world. Ain't no use in even payin'
taxes on it now, asshole. I'm a God
damned pariah on my own island
thanks to yer bull-shit! I didn't
deserve this. I don't deserve it.

She pulls the truck over. He pulls a STACK OF MONEY from his
pocket and puts it down in the passenger seat.

COLTON

You didn't take this from me. You
just found it. But you have to keep
the phone on and pick up when I call
next time. Say, "It's a deal," okay,
Mom? And I'll fix this.

PAM

Is that it?

COLTON

Is that what?

PAM

Green stuff. That all ya got?

A beat, and he gives her all the cash he has, jumps out the
back of the truck and disappears into the woods.

INT. UPSCALE CAMANO HOME (MEGAN'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

VIDEO POV: For some time, Colton focuses in on a dreamy
INTERNET AD SLIDE SHOW FOR a picturesque BEACH-SIDE HOME in
what looks like the BAHAMAS.

COLTON (V.O.)

This is what you deserve. About 100
grand and the right plane and we're
there... and I know a place with
both of those things.

A CAR DOOR SLAMS OUTSIDE -- Colton kills his video camera.

He looks to the door. He focuses in on a JACKET hanging by
the door. On the back: PHOENIX AVIATION. When did that get
there?! He looks to the RED KEY HANGAR -- The KEYS are gone.

Quick as a whip, he throws his backpack on, grabs his laptop, and rushes to a BACK WINDOW.

Seconds later the FRONT DOOR OPENS. A NOW-OLDER MEGAN'S MOM walks in with GROCERIES. She stops. SOMETHING IS OFF.

Her HUSBAND comes in behind her. She quietly steps into a bathroom. The shower is dripping, A TOWEL is on the floor. She walks over to it -- IT'S WET. Her heart skips a beat.

BRENDA'S MOTHER
We need to call the police.

INT. A BOAT / ORCAS ISLAND'S EAST SOUND - MORNING

ANGLE ON: A BARE FOOTPRINT across from a CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

INT. VERN'S RESTAURANT / ORCAS ISLAND - MORNING

Out a window, a BOAT bobs free out in the East Sound FJORD.

INT. ISLAND MARKET GROCERY STORE / REGISTERS - MORNING

Colt is buying WATER and PUDDING CUPS. He looks up to the SECURITY CAMERAS, mapping out their view. To the cashier:

COLTON
Ma'am, if I have an emergency, is there any place open late here?

CASHIER
Well, there's usually someone here stocking, but Mabel isn't feeling well and the organic store across the way closes even earlier, so--

COLTON
--so nobody is open tonight.

Reserve Cop Doug walks in. Colt puts his sunglasses back on.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Sorry. Fetal Alcohol syndrome.

EXT. DOCK NEAR MADRONA POINT PRESERVE - MOMENTS LATER

Colt walks away from Main Street toward Madrona Point, right past SIGNS warning, "KEEP OUT, NATIVE AMERICAN PRESERVE."

INT. MADRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS - DAY

On the land of natives, Colt TAKES OFF HIS SHOES and walks over the WARM ROCKS of a FILLED IN OLD WELL. He starts pulling rocks up and spreading them out, re-digging the well.

A BREEZE: The trees sing in the wind, their bark peeling off exposing their ORANGE INNARDS. Colt looks up, entranced.

A BUZZING breaks his trance. A BEAUTIFUL *PILATUS PC-12 WITH PAINTED BLUE FLAMES* coming out its EXHAUST PIPES is coming in for a landing. THIS PLANE CALLS TO COLT.

COLT PUTS ON HIS HELMET CAM. WE SEE COLT'S VIDEO POV AS: He charges at a TOWERING TREE and quicker than a monkey climbs all the way up it, keeping the plane in sight for as long as possible. OFF HIS UNABASHED YEARNING:

COLTON (V.O.)
There she is, Mom.

INT. ACE HARDWARE (EARLIER) - LATE NIGHT

BAREFOOT and BLACK HOODIE on, Colt leaps down into the now familiar building, grabs an ELECTRIC SCREW DRIVER a GLASS CUTTER and a CROWBAR.

JUMP TO: Colt uses a FAX MACHINE to copy all of ACE'S ACCOUNT NUMBERS. He pops open a SAFE with a CROWBAR and stuffs the CASH in an ENVELOPE. He writes down the total on the outside of the envelope: \$8,300. 91,700K to go.

INT. SUNFLOWER CAFE / ORCAS - LATER (QUICK MOMENT)

Colt fiddles with an ATM only to find it's UNLOCKED! He puts the CASH in his ENVELOPE and adds up his TOTAL: \$12,220.

INT. VERN'S RESTAURANT (EARLIER) - LATER (QUICK MOMENT)

Hoodie up, Colt runs barefoot into the room the safe was in, sees a NEW SECURITY SYSTEM and runs right back out.

EXT. ORCAS BANK - LATER (QUICK MOMENT)

Colt turns the corner from an ATM and looks up. There's a WINDOW 10' up. Like James Bond, he stretches up, pops a hole in the glass with his GLASS CUTTER and throws his TOOLS in.

INT. ORCAS BANK / ATM ROOM - CONTINUOUS (QUICK MOMENT)

Like an acrobat, he leaps through the hole in the glass and crashes to the floor. He pulls out his NEW ELECTRIC DRILL, his CROWBAR and goes to work on the back of the ATM.

INT. ISLAND MARKET GROCERY STORE - LATER

Using his crowbar, Colt pries the SLIDING DOORS open, walks in, takes a turn behind the WINE and heads to the back of the store -- AVOIDING ALL OF THE SECURITY CAMERAS (EARLIER).

Colt finds an ELECTRICAL BOX and TURNS OFF ALL THE POWER. The store's SECURITY MONITORS go black.

INT. ISLAND MARKET GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Colt drives a PALET JACK into an ATM repeatedly, but it won't bust open. He gets off the palet jack and works the ATM with his SCREWDRIVER. STILL NOTHING. Then, with crazed adolescent strength, he pulls at the twisted metal with his own hands.

HE SUDDENLY RECOILS. He looks at his hand. A beat -- then BLOOD pours from a GASH... dripping all over the floor.

A POLICE CRUISER passes outside. He crouches down by a BAGUETTE DISPLAY waiting, bleeding, breathless. It passes.

He sprints to a TWO SIDED SINK in the DELI and runs water over it. IT'S A TOUGH TURN ON AN OTHERWISE FLAWLESS NIGHT.

EXT. DOWNTOWN / MAIN STREET - JUST BEFORE DAYBREAK

Loaded down with STOLEN GOODS, a BLOODY BANDAGED HAND and a BLOODY SHIRT, Colt walks south. It looks like a horror film.

A WOMAN steps outside in BUNNY SLIPPERS and a FLOPPY ROBE watching him. He's suddenly sticking out.

Deputy Herb and ANOTHER COP spot Colt. Without hesitation, Colt runs. They make chase. The cop on foot and Herb in his CRUISER gain on Colt quickly.

ADRENALINE -- THE B.G. GOES BLURRY AND THE CAMERA FLIES. But Colt can't quite get to AN ALLEY in time, and BAM! Herb broadsides him with his cruiser. Colt flies up on its hood.

Colt rolls back to the ground and turns down the alley, now limping. The alley is too small for Herb's car, but the COP on foot has caught up and is hot on Colt's tail.

Colt puts it into high gear, getting closer and closer to the Madrona Point Preserve. The winded Cop falls behind -- but Herb comes squealing up in his cruiser.

Colt reaches the edge of the woods, passing the MEDRONA POINT -- KEEP OUT SIGN (EARLIER), not looking back, not slowing.

Herb hits his brakes and jumps out to pursue on foot just as--

INT. MADRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

--Colt dives into the woods at top speed. He gets 20 yards in, JUMPS... and then vanishes below frame.

EXT. MADRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Obese Herb runs to the edge of the woods, already winded and too afraid to go in. The 2nd cop catches up to him.

DEPUTY HERB

He uh... he just vaporized.

INT. MADRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS - SAME TIME

The camera tilts down to REVEAL: Colt, hidden down in the well he dug out earlier. It's now 6' deep.

EXT. MADRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS - DAY

CLOSE ON: A LAPTOP. A WIRELESS CARD in his USB, Colt is on GOOGLE. He hits "NEWS" and types in versions of his name: "Colton Harris." Nothing. "Colt Harris." Nothing. "Colton Moore." Nothing. "Colton Harris Moore." -- 1 NEW RESULT.

Colt's heart drops. He clicks it. It's A VIDEO BLOG ENTRY of Bob Friel on WEB CAM. Colt hesitates, then hits PLAY:

BOB FRIEL (VIDEO)

A while ago there was a news story about a kid from Camano. No home. Living in the woods at 10, stealing cars, refueling em', returning them. Sound familiar? So I ditched yet another whale watching story and went down to the Island County Courthouse. And available to anybody who gives a damn, was guess what... a psyche evaluation.

Bob lifts a FILE into view and reads from PHOTOCOPIES:

BOB FREIL (VIDEO)

He's no meth-head. No drugs. No booze. When he was 4, a witness filed a CPS complaint after seeing a "big woman" grab him by the hair and beat his head severely." There're 11 others just like it, but CPS never took him. They said he had no brains because his grades "deteriorated as he advanced." But despite the crimes, the counselor notes that he, "Takes-responsibility for his actions, knows he'll be adjudicated and holds out hope of taking up a healthier track in the future."

(puts the file down)

But nothing to nail him to what's

(MORE)

BOB FREIL (VIDEO) (CONT'D)
 been happening here. But here's a fun
 fact, if you turn all the power off
 at Island Market, it doesn't kill the
 security system. No, sir. Just the
 monitors. So until now, I bet I was
 the only one on Orcas who knew the
 name Colton Harris-Moore. But guess
 what, that's all about to change.

Bob holds up a LOCAL NEWSPAPER with a FROZEN IMAGE OF COLT
 from the GROCERY STORE'S SECURITY CAMERAS, then A PHOTO from
 Colt's file. Bob grins from ear to ear. He's bagged a story.

Colt slams his laptop shut.

EXT. MAIN STREET / ORGANIC MARKET - EVENING

KYLE, 40s, is in front of his ORGANIC MARKET holding a .44
 MAGNUM like Dirty Harry while talking with a LOCAL NEWS CREW.

KYLE
 I'm the only place on the island
 that hasn't been hit. We've got the
 best blueberry cheesecake in the
 State and I plan on protecting it.

ANGLE ON: a YOUNG MAN IN A BLACK HOODIE passes at a remove.

CLOSE ON: Someone jimmies open a NEWSPAPER MACHINE with a
 SCREWDRIVER and grabs a PAPER.

ANGLE ON: a POLICE CAR charges up Main Street.

CLOSE ON: BARE FEET running for their life down Main Street.

EXT. MEDRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Colt sits in his dug out well using a HEAD LAMP for light, he
 opens the PAPER, it's the same one Bob had. He reads:

COLTON
 "Sheriff Cummings claims, 'This
 barefoot...
 (skips the word TRASH)
 ...is now public enemy number 1.'"

He gets quiet. We focus in on the word TRASH. He looks at his
 FEET. Barefoot means poor? He never thought of it that way.

He pulls out his ENVELOPE. The total on the front: \$28,550.
 According to his written calculations, he's \$71K short.

The SOUND OF HELICOPTER BLADES. This is new. Colt douses his
 HEAD LAMP and looks up into the black sky. Nothing.

He looks at his STASH OF TREASURES and starts to bury it all in his well: a JEWELRY CASE, a 2nd LAPTOP -- all the COOL STUFF. He only keeps a SMALL BACKPACK -- FREEDOM FIRST.

Suddenly, a HELICOPTER SEARCH LIGHT blasts through to the forest floor, barely missing Colt. He grabs his bag and runs.

EXT. ORCAS AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Colt tears through the woods up to the AIRPORT ENTRANCE but there's a COP CAR blocking it, it's lights darkened, waiting. THE SOUND OF THE HELICOPTER grows near. He runs.

INT. TWIN-ENGINE CRUISER YACHT / ORCAS DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Colt dives in and closes the HATCH. NIGHT VISION GOGGLES on, he looks out a window: 2 COP CARS are charging his way. They take a turn, storming the AIRPORT RUNWAY, LIGHTS ABLAZE. The helicopter circles above them. No one's taking off tonight.

Colt casually steps out onto the BOAT'S DECK, cuts a ROPE and the boat drifts away from the dock.

INT. TWIN-ENGINE CRUISER YACHT - DAWN

A RADIO is tuned to 95.7FM. A hand turns up the volume.

BOB RIVERS (V.O.)
--so it's an actual story on this
kid who ran my plane into a
mountain? No offense, Bob, but I
thought you were a bird watcher.

BOB FRIEL (V.O.)
No. I covered the Tamil Insurrection
in Sri Lanka, and then the--

BOB RIVERS (V.O.)
But what the heck kind of magazine
is interested in this nonsense?

BOB FRIEL (V.O.)
He's an adventurer. A survivalist,
and he just hit my island like a
tsunami. Colton Harris-Moore, an
outlaw galloping along the edge of
the western frontier holding up E-
Bay and Amazon and grabbing
airplanes when the Sheriff closes
in. If that's not a story, what is?

INT. BOB RIVERS'S RADIO SHOW STUDIO - SAME TIME

The Bob's sit across from each other at DUELING MICROPHONES.

BOB FRIEL

So I called up OUTSIDE MAGAZINE and said, "Hey, when was the last time you ever broke a story?"

BOB RIVERS

I'd be careful with the Outlaw take. Ya gotta live on that island when the real kid gets caught.

BOB FRIEL

No. No. No. They're not trying to catch him. Our Sheriff told the paper the kid's on an ego trip, but this kid hides from cameras. The Sheriff only want to increase his image to chase him off.

BOB RIVERS

Whose side are you on here, Bob?

BOB FRIEL

No ones. I'm a journalist. Hey, if the police catch him before he robs my house, then they can be the heroes of my story. Fair enough?

EXT. RADIO BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

As Bob steps out of the studio. Sandi bends his ear.

SANDI

You're gonna make this kid into some kind of hero.

BOB FRIEL

It's just a pitch. We have to make our mortgage.

SANDI

It sounded more like a Bob Friel wet dream to me. Back in the Bahamas robbing rich tourists blind again.

BOB FRIEL

That was before I met you. And they're paying 9 grand.

EXT. TWIN-ENGINE CRUISER YACHT / POINT ROBERTS BAY - MORNING

Tied to a buoy, Colt's boat is grounded just off shore near a sign that reads: "POINT ROBERTS HARBOR."

EXT. A WEALTHY WATERSIDE HOME / POINT ROBERTS - LATER

Colt walks up to a back SLIDING GLASS DOOR. He gracefully slips the door off its track with his SCREWDRIVER.

INT. A WEALTHY WATERSIDE HOME / POINT ROBERTS - MOMENTS LATER

Shoe shopping in a CLOSET, Colt lands on a pair of NEW-ISH NIKE HIGHTOPS. He slips them on. They're tight, but his feet will stop screaming "trash."

JUMP TO: a PHONE to his ear, Colt pulls a LUNCHEABLES BOX from the FRIDGE and starts building the CRACKER SANDWICHES.

COLTON

You're sure Vancouver, not Point
Roberts? He's from Point Roberts...
I'm just a cousin, sir. Thank you.

JUMP TO: Eating a CRACKER SANDWICH, Colt watches a SILVER BMW pull up out front. He coolly opens a DRAWER. Inside are neatly organized SPARE KEYS. He takes ones with a BMW FOB and steps out the back just as the HOMEOWNER comes in the front.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING NEAR VANCOUVER - DAY

Josh eyes the block. That same SILVER BMW is now parked down the street. He jogs down and gets in the PASSENGER DOOR.

INT. SILVER BMW - MOMENTS LATER

Colt and Josh drive in silence. Then, stilted:

COLTON

I need to disappear for a while. I
was wondering if I could stay with
you. I could pay your rent for you.

JOSH

I got stopped at the border last
month. They asked if I'd heard from
you. They know we talk.

(Colt is bothered)

God as my witness, I didn't say
anything, but I don't like havin'
eyes on me like that.

COLTON

You have a job now?

JOSH

As a framing carpenter. 12 hours a
day every day. It's as good as an
ex-con can get I guess.

COLTON

(a long beat)

Did I ever tell you it took my mom 5 years and a whole new man to get pregnant with me?

(Josh listens)

She had tumors. But when she finally did, she said, "Let's take him home in a white limousine." And my father said, "No problem," so they got me one because they could. But by the time I could remember anything, it was all gone. I haven't always been poor. And I made a promise to get my mom back to how things were before me. But the cops have everything I've got left surrounded. They say go big or go home but I don't even have a home to go to anymore. Now, the further I get from home the better I sleep.

JOSH

You feel freer on the run?

COLTON

No. Freedom is being able to have the people you want with you. I don't remember what free feels like.

(nerves of a proposal)

If you go on the run with me, you won't have to work 12 hour days ever again.

JOSH

It's easy to run from island cops. But where's this gonna end up if the Feds start chasing you?

COLTON

When the time comes, I'll strike hard and fast and all at once, and then you'll never hear from me again. Unless you're with me... I can't tell you all the details, but I found a plane that can fly us out of the country. I just have to wait for things to cool off before I go back and get it. We can land it on a beach near a forest and vanish for a month. After that, we'll be in a 4-bedroom house on the water. It'll be like paradise.

JOSH

Unless you get caught or killed.

COLTON

I won't get caught unless I want to. And if they get close, they'll never take me alive. That's one thing I know for sure.

JOSH

If ya turn yourself in before anybody gets hurt, you'd be out by 24, easy.

COLTON

No. They say it's 20 years minimum for me now. My mom might not even be alive by then. I'm making a plan for a real life. With a family. And I want you to be part of it.

JOSH

How about ya let me know when you get this plane that can fly that far and maybe you can pick me up on your way. All right?

COLTON

(softens, smiles)

Okay... I sent two FED-EXs to your house. One for you and one for my mom. They should be there now.

JOSH

Okay. Just don't send me anymore stuff, all right?

INT. SILVER BMW / U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

It's raining out. Colt is parked a ways from a BORDER CROSSING. He gets out and pulls a BIKE from the CAR'S TRUNK.

EXT. DIRT TRAIL / U.S. BORDER / IDAHO - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: a NEW FED-EX sticking out of a BACKPACK. Colt is riding a BIKE through the rain and MUD leaving DEEP TRACKS.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT'S HANGARS / IDAHO - NIGHT

Still leaving DEEP TRACKS in the mud, Colt pedals up to a HANGAR DOOR, pulls out a PRY BAR and pops the LOCK off.

He opens the door. Beyond a CESSNA, the hangar holds SADDLES, a STUFFED BEAR, DEER HEADS, BEAVERS, SQUIRRELS, BIRDS, ETC.

INT. IDAHO AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT / MONTAGE

Colt turns on a JUKEBOX and MUSIC FILLS THE HANGAR. He plays pool on a POOL TABLE, masters an OLD PINBALL MACHINE and talks to the TAXIDERMY, playful, a kid.

COLTON

Morning, squirrel. Morning, Beaver.
Mr. Bear. I trust you've read the
mission briefing. At the first sign
of daylight, we take flight. We
WILL face resistance, but you're
the best pilots I've got. Some of
you will make it home and there's
reward in that. But those of you
who don't, you'll be heros forever.

He lands at a desk, puts his feet up and looks at his NIKES.
HE TURNS HIS HELMET CAM ON THEM -- HE'S NO LONGER "TRASH."

(MATCH CUT) FLASH BACK TO:

INT. A BOAT / UTSALADY POINT / CAMANO - DAY (2001)

A HOME VIDEO OF: Feet up, young Colt has on BRAND NEW PLASTIC SANDALS, sitting in back of a boat with Megan, wind in their hair, the boat's wake behind them.

MEGAN'S MOM

If you don't like them, I could
always exchange them.

Colt nods, more grateful for the attention than the shoes.

Megan's Dad is driving next to, DAN, 30s, with his "PHOENIX AVIATION" JACKET on (the one from the house -- earlier).

THE BLUE ANGELS ZOOM overhead! They all look up.

YOUNG COLTON

Mach 1.7. That's 1200 mph with a
wing span of 40.4 feet with both
missiles attached.

DAN

Where'd you get that from?

YOUNG COLTON

They fly over every 4th of July on
their way to Boeing Field. There're
21 active squadrons at Whidbey
Naval Air station. Zappers,
Scorpions, Grey Wolves. Have you
ever flown one of those?

DAN

I flew in an F-15E when I was in the Air Force. Now I just fly these kids around in their twin-engine Westwind. But between us, I'm saving up for my own plane.

MEGAN'S FATHER

Don't listen to him. His head's bigger than his pocket book.

DAN

Who wants to fly other people's planes around their whole life, huh Colt? That's not freedom.

YOUNG COLTON

No, sir. We'll get our own planes.

Dan laughs, but Colt was serious.

MEGAN

Will you come visit us in California?

YOUNG COLTON

You're leaving already?

MEGAN

Next week. Dad? Can we fly him down to visit before Christmas?

Colt perks up. It sounds too good to be true.

DAN

Have you ever even been up in an airplane before, Colt?

It's clear from his expression that he hasn't.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGARS / IDAHO - DAYBREAK

Colt is taking a leak behind a Hangar. Daylight threatening, he has his eye on the airport's edge -- there's a POLICE CAR and an OFFICER shining a FLASHLIGHT on Colt's MUD TRACKS.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR / IDAHO - MOMENTS LATER

Colt raids a GUN LOCKER. He takes a 9MM and a WALTER PPK.

JUMP TO: Colt grabs a SCREWDRIVER from a TOOL BOX, jumps into the CESSNA 182, jams it in the ignition and turns. The plane

roars to life. REVEAL: The HANGAR DOORS are already open. Colt buckles up, releases the brake, and the plane--

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR / IDAHO - CONTINUOUS

--tears out of the hangar and onto the runway. Not even half down the runway, his wheels lift off of the ground!

ANGLE ON: The officer with the flashlight watching the plane with curiosity as it vanishes over the horizon.

INT. CESSNA 182 / 10K FEET UP - MORNING

Colt is flying the CESSNA. There are clouds below and just ahead, A MOUNTAIN RANGE sticking out of them. On his GPS: the I-5 is just ahead. Beyond it: CAMANO ISLAND. Current location: GRANITE FALLS, WA. His fuel: Near empty.

He descends into the clouds, lower and lower. It's an uneasy limbo and he's soon disoriented. He grabs for his radio.

COLTON

2183P. Boeing Field. What's the
cloud ceiling? Boeing Field?

No response. He takes the plane even lower: 300, 200 ft. The ground must be just below and he's still in cloud limbo!

He finally breaks through, but HE'S AT CROP DUSTING LEVEL and headed for a TOWERING TREE LINE! He pulls up hard, his WINGS clipping the TOP OF A TREE. He looks left -- there's an OPEN FIELD AMONG THE DENSE FOREST! A miracle.

He angles for a landing but doesn't have time to slow down. At 115 MPH, he kills the engines and take her in. The wheels touch: BAM, BAM, BAM! It's not smooth, it's a CLEAR CUT FIELD, STUMPS concealed by BRUSH. Colt flies forward. BOOM! The AIR BAG DEPLOYS saving him from the windshield, but:

CRUNCH! The NOSE WHEEL crumples. The stumps RIP OFF THE BACK WHEELS and gorge the fuselage. The STARBOARD ELEVATOR catches a stump and spins the Cessna sending it careening toward a CLIFF'S EDGE. Colt tries his door, but it's JAMMED. It's certain death as the plane barrels over the cliff--

--AND KABOOM! It hits dirt. It was only a 6' drop. An illusion. AN EXPLOSION OF DIRT and SHREDDED GREEN erupt as the PROPELLER CHEWS INTO THE GROUND and comes to rest. Expecting an explosion, Colt scrambles to the PASSENGER DOOR--

EXT. CESSNA 182 / GRANITE FALLS CLEAR CUT - CONTINUOUS

--and jumps out. He runs for his life. Forgetting his RADIO HEADSET, the chord comes taught and rips off his head.

He waits. Nothing. No explosion. He checks himself. A little BLOOD on his forehead but that's it! He starts laughing.

COLTON

Perfect landing, sir! Couldn't have gone smoother. / It was my great pleasure. My GREAT pleasure.

He grabs a QUART OF OIL from the back and pours it all over the cockpit to destroy any evidence. He grabs his BAG, making sure his NEW FED-EX is safe and sound.

Then, the sound of DISTANT THUNDER. Colt looks up: Over the horizon: A HELICOPTER, an ARMORED CAR and a HOMELAND SECURITY VEHICLE come barreling toward him. THIS IS NEW!

ADRENALINE KICKS IN AS COLT RUNS TO THE WOODS 100 YARDS AWAY. THE B.G. BLURRED, we can hardly see the OFFICERS leap from their CARS, armed with ASSAULT RIFLES, all in BLACK. These aren't local cops, they're FBI with DOGS and they're fast.

THE CAMERA FLIES THROUGH THE TREES as Colt barrels into the WOODS. The OFFICERS gain on him quickly, the dogs going mad. Then, out of character, COLT STOPS. He ducks behind a tree and PULLS OUT HIS NEW 9MM -- "They won't take me alive."

CLOSE ON THE AGENTS: BANG! A SHOT IS FIRED! It echoes through the woods. The men slow their pursuit and scan the trees.

ON COLT: Frozen. Looking down, he sees something through the adrenaline blur. He bends down and picks it up. It's the SHINY SHELL CASING of his FIRST FIRED BULLET.

EXT. TREE TOP - DAY

Someone GOOGLES COLTON HARRIS-MOORE. A new result: a FACEBOOK FAN PAGE WITH 2,201 fans. Someone hits "LIKE" - 2,202 fans.

REVEAL: Colt is up in his CAMANO TREETOP, LAPTOP open, WIRELESS ablaze. A NEW COMMENT appears on the fan page. HE TURNS ON HIS HELMET CAM AND FILMS IT: "FLY COLTON, FLY."

Breaking the moment, Colt looks way down to the FOREST FLOOR.

EXT. WOODS BY PAM'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

In camouflage, nearly undetectable, 5 OFFICERS scour the woods. One finds a BIG FRESH FOOTPRINT. He motions to a 2ND OFFICER. On his way over, he sees: A FRESHLY BROKEN BRANCH.

EXT. PAM'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Pam steps out onto her porch. Mel comes out sniffing like mad, her tail wagging.

PAM
What?! So go get em'!

And Melanie bolts off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS BY PAM'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Melanie sniffs around, quickly finding A PAIR OF BOOTS. PAN UP TO: the FBI GUY standing very still, not so undetectable after all. He nudges Mel and she starts BARKING.

Pam steps into the woods with her SHOTGUN. A FLASHLIGHT hits her face. She raises her gun. They take aim in return.

PAM
Get that shit off-a me!

FBI AGENT 2
Put the gun down.

PAM
You don't get that shit off-a me,
I'll exercise my right to blast you
assholes to kingdom come!

INT. PAM'S TRAILER - DUSK

Now in suits, 2 OF THE FBI AGENTS walk in holding a BAG OF DOG FOOD and COOKIES -- a peace offering.

PAM
Maybe if you didn't wear so much
Fru-Fru and aftershave the dog
wouldn't sniff you out so fast.

FBI AGENT 1
I hope we can move past that, ma'am.

PAM
Past it to what?

FBI AGENT 1
We believe your son may have
crashed an airplane near Granite
Falls. Surviving an off site
landing is nearly impossible.

PAM
Lemme tell you somethin'. He's been
say'n he's gonna fly since he was
5, but he can't fly no airplanes.
His brain's too scrambled. I tried
gettin' him a brain scan to prove
(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)
it, but insurance wouldn't pay. Put
that in yer report. Mama tried.

FBI AGENT 1
So no sign of him here?

PAM
Ya gotta lie detector? Go get it.

FBI AGENT 2
(pulls out a notice)
Ma'am, it's our duty to inform you
that according to title 18 U.S. Code
Chapter 1, "Accessory After the Fact:
whoever knowing that an offense
against the United States has been
committed, receives, relieves,
comforts, or assists the offender is
an Accessory After the Fact and shall
be in prison not more than 1/2 the
maximum term of imprisonment for
punishment of the principle." You
should share this with your lawyers.

PAM
How am I supposed to buy lawyers?!

FBI AGENT 1
Well, if you really are willing to
take a polygraph we'd gladly drive
you into Seattle and clear this up.

Pam thinks about it -- and GRABS AN AXE! There's no time to
draw a gun as she stomps toward them, then passes, her AXE
coming down on the LOCK Colt put on his door.

PAM
You want evidence, go ahead, go
through his undies all ya want, ya
perverts. Be my guest.

They approach, and open his door.

Inside: 8 PERFECTLY ASSEMBLED, MODEL AIRPLANES hang from the
ceiling by FISHING LINE, on a DESK is a collection of STUFFED
ANIMALS, on the wall, a POSTER OF A COCKPIT. In a SOCCER
PHOTO, Colt looks like the happiest kid in the world. Beside
it, A BOY SCOUT CERTIFICATE. This was a kid with dreams. The
only thing throwing it off is the BOARDED UP WINDOW.

The cops look down, the final touch: A THROW RUG in the
middle of the floor -- with BIG GLOW IN THE DARK BARE FEET.

EXT. PAM'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Pam shows the OFFICERS out with their new BOXES OF EVIDENCE. The door swings shut behind her. An OFFICER turns back.

FBI AGENT 2

Oh, and Pam, we know you're speaking with a reporter now. A Mr. Bob Friel from Orcas Island.

PAM

Says who?

FBI AGENT 2

His truck was parked down your driveway yesterday. So if you're shopping your story, you should be aware that you can't legally profit from a crime if you're in any way involved in it. So if you see him, why don't you call me so you can make your Hollywood deals and get yourself a new home here, okay?

INT. PAM'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

A BUSINESS CARD in hand, Pam walks in, opens the FRIDGE, grabs a BEER, drinks most of it in a gulp and turns to find: COLT WAITING ON HER COUCH.

COLTON

You let them in my room.

PAM

(startled)

How the hell'd you get in here?

COLTON

Through my window. While you had them occupied.

PAM

I boarded that window up.

COLTON

I brought a screwdriver.

PAM

Well if you don't want em' in your room playin' dress up with your little girl toys then maybe you shouldn't have that crap in the first place. Now get outta here.

COLTON

Aren't you happy to see me?
 (she lights up a smoke)
 If they said I've committed more
 crimes it's just them trying to
 turn us against each other.

PAM

Did you crash a plane, Tubs?

COLTON

No. I'm taking flying lessons.

PAM

Ya don't need flying lessons, ya
 need a bullet proof vest. They're
 writin' stories with yer face all
 over em' now, wanted dead or alive.

COLTON

Did you talk to Bob Friel, Mom?

PAM

What?! He came in here knowin'
 everything there is to know about
 you, and lookin' at me like I'M the
 devil. What was I supposed to do,
 let him think this is all my fault?

(Colt is stunned)

Don't look at me like yer some
 innocent kid, asshole! Get outta my
 house ya goddamn piece-a-shit!

Colt bolts to his room and starts packing things in his bag.
 He knows what's coming as Pam charges in after him.

PAM (CONT'D)

That's right. Run away, Tubby! Back
 to yer compound, back to yer Aunt.
 They'll see who's a bad seed. Yer
 brain's been rotten since the day--

COLTON

--My brain's been broken
 since the day I was born!

PAM

Ya want yer Aunt Sandy to
 come save ya? Go call her!

She grabs a BASEBALL BAT and swings it. He ducks. She swings
 it again, knocking everything off his desk and shelves. This
 is the VIOLENT, RAGING SIDE OF PAM we've only heard of.

PAM (CONT'D)

You chased my husbands off, my
 boyfriends, you ruined every bit of
 happiness I ever had!

Colt scrunches to the floor and beats his head against the wall (like he must have at 3). PAM rips his AIRPLANE MODELS DOWN, and in her coup de gras SMASHES THEM TO BITS.

COLTON
Stop it! Stop it!

She swings the bat, HITTING HIM HARD IN THE SIDE! He caves-in. She swings again, narrowly missing him, putting a hole in the wall next to his head. She pounds out of the room.

Silence. He hears HER MUMBLING. Holding his side, he softly pads into the living room. She sees him and HANGS UP HER PHONE -- the BUSINESS CARD is in her hand.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Mom? I came back to give you this.

He pulls out the FED EX. Inside is a SMALL AIRCRAFT BOOK. He dog ears a page with a PILATUS PC-12 (like on Orcas).

COLTON (CONT'D)
It has every kind of plane. I need you to be able to identify the one I call you with. So when you hear about one turning up just like it, that'll be me. And you have to come meet me there. I'll have it all worked out. A real home in a place surrounded by nature with no cops. There really are better Islands than Camano. I promise.

PAM
You got that kinda money?

COLTON
Most of it.

PAM
So give me some.

COLTON
Not until we're there. Then we can get ourselves fixed, okay?

PAM
There ain't no legal or illegal way to fix you. You were born trash, Colt, ya stay it. That's the laws of this land now. Share with mama.

COLTON
I came home in a limousine, mom.

Increasingly distressed, Pam lights a new cigarette.

PAM

Colt, when I told ya never to marry
a Black or Hispanic girl, that
wasn't right. If ya get caught don't
tell anybody I said that, okay?

COLTON

Okay.

PAM

Just not an Oriental. I guess I'm
not over Vietnam yet.

FOOTSTEPS. SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE! -- Did she rat him out? The
DOOR FLIES OPEN. He bolts to his room. FBI AGENTS flood in.

INT. COLTON'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON: Colt, hidden just inside his door. Silence. He
listens as footsteps get closer. Closer. BREATHING. Closer.
Closer. A SQUAWK FROM A RADIO! An ARM reaches in!

Colt dives down, rips the BAREFOOT CARPET UP and slips
through a HOLE IN THE FLOOR -- A TRAP DOOR. The COP DIVES
AFTER HIM, but Colt is fast, slippery and already gone.

INT. STANWOOD LIBRARY - NIGHT

Colt leaps up into a HIGH WINDOW and drops into the library.
He heads straight to the PERIODICALS and finds it: OUTSIDE
MAGAZINE. VIDEO OF ITS COVER: "THE BALLAD OF COLTON HARRIS
MOORE -- BY BOB FRIEL." Inside, it's a 9000 word story
complete with COMIC BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS. COLT SLOWLY READS:

COLTON (V.O.)

"Outlaws are celebrated when
they're seen to embody a spirit of
defiance and protest, allowing the
dispossessed to strike a vicarious
blow against their oppressors. The
disenfranchised, the down on their
luck, those wanting to rebel
against the rulers that have kept
them down... Colt has them all."

INT. LOCAL TV STUDIO - DAY / MONTAGE

BOB FRIEL

I titled it "THE BALLAD OF COLTON
HARRIS-MOORE," but it's not over.
He's disappeared again--

ACTUAL FOX NEWS COVERAGE (WITH PAM ON THE PHONE) - MONTAGE

SHEPARD SMITH (HOST)
 --they call him a notable outlaw and
 a new Jessie James without the
 murders. Harris-Moore's mother Pam
 says she hopes he stole the
 airplanes and would be proud of him--

PAM (V.O.)
 I did not say I hoped he stole the
 airplanes, I said, if he stole the
 airplanes, I'm proud of him flying!

INT. STANWOOD LIBRARY - LATE NIGHT / MONTAGE

VIDEO POV: Colt pours through BOOKS on famous outlaws: JESSE
 JAMES, BILLY THE KID, BUTCH CASSIDY, etc.

COLTON (V.O.)
There once was a boy named William
 McCarty who became Billy the Kid.
 Then Lester Gillisto turned to
 Babyface Nelson, Robert LeRoy
 Parker to Butch Cassidy.

VIDEO POV: a LIBRARY COMPUTER. CLIPS FROM OUTLAW MOVIES:
 Bonnie and Clyde being shot up, same with Butch Cassidy.

COLTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The beginnings are all different,
 but they end up the same way.

MORE FOX NEWS WITH PAM - MONTAGE

SHEPARD SMITH
 So your 10 year old was living out
 in the woods and you didn't feel
 any sense of responsibility, Pam?

PAM (V.O.)
 No I don't!

SEATTLE MORNING NEWS -- FROM PRISON W/ HARLEY (OPENING):

HARLEY
 I taught him everything he knows.
 Hell, I'm the one person that can
 guarantee I can keep him outta
 prison. I got people in here.

INT. STANWOOD LIBRARY - NIGHT / MONTAGE

VIDEO POV: Colt's fan page Has rocketed to over 24K LIKES.

COLTON (V.O.)
Billy the Kid first went to jail
for stealing cheese. Butch Cassidy
for stealing pie and jeans. They
put me away for pancakes.

INT. WASHINGTON STATE KING 5 NEWS - DAY / MONTAGE

NEWS ANCHOR
 And now you're writing a book?

BOB FRIEL
 Well I got 2 dozen calls from
 Hollywood last week. But the last
 message was from Hyperion Press.
 They came to me. Not me to them.

SEATTLE MORNING NEWS IN PRISON WITH HARLEY - MONTAGE

HARLEY
 Where is he now? I always taught
 him ya go where they'll look last.
 And that's the place you just were.

EXT. BOAT SHACK / CAMANO ISLAND - LATE NIGHT / MONTAGE

CLOSE ON: Colt's NIKE HIGH TOPS being taken off and left
behind on the rocky shores.

COLTON (V.O.)
Clyde Barrow's folks said it was the
trespasses of jail that changed
their son from a school boy to a
rattlesnake. When I went to school,
they made me stand outside because I
had no brains. That got me used to
the cold. When I went to CPS, they
sent me back home to the ex-cons--

EXT. PUGET SOUND - LATE NIGHT

HEADLAMP ON, Colt paddles a KAYAK out into the choppy waters.

COLTON (V.O.)
--and black eyes. That taught me to
feel no pain. When they chased me
on foot, I ran. With cars--

EXT. ORCAS MAIN STREET - NIGHT

All in black, a figure walks Main Street. His FEET: BARE. His
 HANDS: a GUN. His FACE: Colt. But his demeanor has darkened.

COLTON (V.O.)
--I drove. And with helicopters,
well, I learned how to fly away.

EXT - HOMEGROWN GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Colt stares up at the store and its 2nd story, mostly glass apartment. He paraphrases the newspaper (earlier):

COLTON
 "I'm the only one ain't been hit.
 He comes near my store, I'll shoot
 him dead. I gotta protect the best
 blueberry cheesecake in the State."

INT. HOMEGROWN GROCERY / STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Colt dumps the SECURITY SYSTEM COMPUTER in the SINK in the MIDDLE DELI ISLAND, plugs the drain and turns on the water. He grabs up a fork, bends down to a BAKERY COOLER and takes a bite of a BEAUTIFUL BLUEBERRY CHEESECAKE:

COLTON
 How dare he leave you unprotected?
 Doesn't he know the Bandit's back?

He picks a piece of CHALK from the DELI BOARD, kneels in an isle and draws A BIG BARE FOOTPRINT on the DEEP RED FLOOR.

INT. HOMEGROWN ORGANIC GROCERY - MORNING

Kyle walks into his store and is greeted with 39 CHALKED FOOTPRINTS all leading to the FRONT DOOR: in chalk, "C-YA!"

EXT. MAIN STREET / ACE HARDWARE - MORNING

Main Street looks like an action film set: ONLOOKERS, COPS, POLICE TAPE and a HELICOPTER making circles in the sky.

Bob is at Sheriff Cummings's SMALL PRESS CONFERENCE.

BOB FRIEL
 So you brought all of this with you
 for one teenage kid?

BILL CUMMINGS
 Six shops in one night, Bob, and
 over \$25,000 gone. If this barefoot
 burglary really is one kid, well
 you've only fueled him. You created
 this mess. And now he's back to give
 you the ending of your dreams.

BOB FRIEL

Right. Right. Well I'm no Manhunter, but it's been 5 hours since he broke in and it looks to me like you're working a perimeter Stephen Hawking could've run past in 30 minutes.

ANGLE ON: A tall kid in a BLACK HOODIE watching. But he's not the only one. This town's littered with tall boys in HOODIES.

REPORTER 2

What about this \$500,000 reward? Is there any truth to it?

BILL CUMMINGS

I don't want to comment on that.

BOB FRIEL

Why not just dispel it? Or do you like the idea of civilians doing your job for you? Hunting him dead for a pay day that doesn't exist?

EXT. MEDRONA POINT BURIAL GROUNDS - DUSK

WE SEE: SNEAKERS through the brush. Then more SNEAKERS. A gang of ADOLESCENT BOYS combs the woods for "THE BANDIT."

CLOSE ON: BARE FEET sprinting through the forest.

THEN A BUZZING. It gets LOUDER, LOUDER and appears above:

A HELMET CAM FLIPS ON as the PILATUS PC-12 with the BLUE FLAMES (earlier) zooms overhead. A thing of beauty, it disappears down into the airport beyond Main Street.

EXT. HOMEGROWN ORGANIC GROCERY / TOP APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kyle is holding his .44 MAGNUM in the TOP STORY WINDOW of his grocery. Windows all around, he has a 360° view of the city.

A TRUCK passes with MEN in CAMO and SHOTGUNS in back, but Kyle has his eye on an ESCALADE a block up: TINTED WINDOWS, STEAM coming from its TAILPIPE. Someone's in it, waiting.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle steps outside. He tucks his .44 deep in his coat. He can hear the car's engine, but can't see in the TINTED WINDOWS. He puts his finger on the trigger but he's no Dirty Harry.

THE WINDOW ROLLS HALF DOWN revealing TWO WELL DRESSED MEN, one 30s, one 40s. He checks that his gun is concealed.

MAN

Hi there! We're thinking of buying a place here but we're curious what the island is like normally.

KYLE

Grown men watching Rose make her bread at 3AM is a little... abnormal.

MAN

Well, have you seen anything else tonight that's a little strange?

KYLE

Boys, there's no reward. That's just made up by the cops. And if you're looking for a summer place, the gay resort is down in West Sound.

MAN

Thank you, sir. Now how about you take your gun back home and lock it away before you hurt yourself.

The MAN flips open a badge: FBI.

ANGLE ON: A figure in a BLACK HOODIE across the street, casually walking past them all on his way to the airport.

EXT. WOODS BY ORCAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Colt makes a break for the TALLEST HANGAR ON ORCAS, scaling a BACK DRAIN PIPE with ease and up the 2+ stories to the roof. He looks down at a SKYLIGHT, SCREWDRIVER in hand.

INT. HANGAR / ABOVE THE PILOTS LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Colt drops through the now open skylight to the roof of a 2 STORY PILOT LOUNGE inside. He peeks over the edge. Below is a SMALL BEAVER PLANE and beside it -- THE PILATUS.

INT. MIKE PARNELL'S AIRPLANE HANGAR - PRE-DAWN

JUMP TO: Colt searches the Hangar for keys. Nothing.

JUMP TO: He tries a SCREWDRIVER in the PILATUS'S ignition. It doesn't work. He grabs all its MANUALS and climbs out.

INT. HANGAR / ABOVE THE PILOTS LOUNGE - DAYBREAK

Colt's built a nest on top of the lounge just inches from the ceiling and skylight: TOOLS, GUNS, his LITTLE RED NOTE PAD and the now dog eared PILATUS MANUALS.

LAPTOP open, he's on BOB FRIEL'S BLOG -- this time looking at that VIDEO OF YOUNG BOB feeding sharks out of his mouth in the Bahamas. He clicks a LINK: "YOUR DREAM HOME AWAY FROM HOME: THE BAHAMAS." The shot lingers on a HOUSE on the water.

The sun sneaking in the SKYLIGHT above him, nocturnal Colt pulls a SLEEPING BAG over his eyes and passes out.

INT. HANGAR / ABOVE THE PILOTS LOUNGE - DAY

THE HANGAR DOORS START TO OPEN! Colt jolts awake. It's bright and sweaty under that skylight now. He peeks over the edge:

MIKE and his WIFE, 50s, drive a GREEN TRUCK in. Mike opens the PILATUS'S DOOR and pokes around. Colt stops breathing. Is he taking the PILATUS already?! His prize? His plan?

Nope. Mike tows his BEAVER plane out instead, leaving the BLUE FLAMED, PILATUS and his GREEN TRUCK behind.

INT. MIKE PARNELL'S HANGAR / MIKE'S GREEN TRUCK - LATER

Colt climbs down from his perch. He tries the handle of the truck. UNLOCKED. He climbs in. The keys are in the truck. He turns on A GPS MOUNTED TO THE DASH. He hits "HOME," and it puts a BULL'S-EYE on a home by the water. It's all too easy.

INT. MIKE PARNELL'S AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

Colt has the PARNELL'S CORDED PHONE to his ear.

COLTON

They started a rumor there's a reward. I have to blend in again.

JOSH (V.O.)

But you're famous now. Maybe Go to Portland. It's the whitest city in America.

COLTON

Or the Bahamas. They assume all the white people are rich. Do you think you can get here?

JOSH (V.O.)

What for?

COLTON

I found a \$4 million Pilatus like the Air Force uses. It carries 10 people and cruises at 300 MPH. The best single engine turbo prop on the planet. It can get us there without

(MORE)

COLTON (CONT'D)
stopping, and with what I have now 3
of us can live like kings for 15
years. I just have to find the keys.

JOSH (V.O.)
Colt, can I ask you something?

COLTON
Of course. Anything.

JOSH (V.O.)
Why do you keep calling me?

COLTON
You listen to me.

JOSH (V.O.)
But we barely know each other.

COLTON
That's not true. When people find
someone who doesn't mind listening,
that makes them almost family I
think. I know I haven't been the best
friend, but like I said, you have to
give up certain things to beat the
FBI. I'm almost done with that now.

JOSH (V.O.)
What about your mom?

COLTON
(a beat, a tough subject)
She'll have to meet us there. I did
some reading. I think she has a
post-traumatic stress disorder from
the men who beat on her. She's
pretty sick with it right now, but
I can help her get better. It'd be
good if you were with me. All the
best bandits have a partner.

JOSH (V.O.)
(silence; then)
Colt. I have to tell you something.

COLTON
You can tell me anything.

JOSH (V.O.)
I have a girlfriend now... I'm
tryin' to straighten things out for
me. I didn't think you'd really
find a plane, Colt. I'm sorry.

COLTON
Is she... does she live with you?

JOSH (V.O.)
Yeah... Hey, call me when you get
where you're going so I know you're
in one piece. I'd notice if you were
gone, Colt.

This rejection hits Colt very hard.

EXT. MIKE PARNELL'S HANGAR - DAY

The truck is out of the hangar. SHADES on, Colt slips a LOCAL PIZZA JOINT FLIER in the jam of the HANGAR DOORS.

INT. ORCAS ISLAND CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

From behind, a man lights a CANDLE, saying a prayer using non-Catholic gesticulations. It bothers an OLDER WOMAN and she goes. He turns. It's Colt. He looks up at more VIDEO CAMERAS.

Colt carefully pulls the CAMERAS down, bags them and follows the wires back to a BACK ROOM and TWO VIDEO MONITORS.

INT. MIKE'S TRUCK / ROAD UP TO MIKE PARNELL'S HOUSE - DUSK

Waiting at the base of a MOUNTAIN, Colt watches the now FAMILIAR POSTAL TRUCK head up the hill. Nothing unusual.

EXT. ROAD UP TO MIKE PARNELL'S - LATER

Colt drives up the hill passing the Postal Truck on its way down. He stops at a LONELY MAILBOX -- JUNK MAIL.

EXT. MIKE PARNELL'S MANSION / DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Colt walks up to the FRONT DOOR with the TRUCK'S KEYS in hand. He takes a beat, then unlocks the door, blasts inside--

INT. MIKE PARNELL'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

--and hits a BANK OF LIGHT SWITCHES. EVERYTHING GOES ON! He bolts for the kitchen, opens a drawer, then a 2nd and 3rd, examining any KEYS he can find. One has a BLUE FLAME PAINT JOB JUST LIKE THE PILATUS. Success? He pockets it.

EXT. MIKE PARNELL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Colt runs out of the house expecting to be tackled... but there's NO ONE OUT THERE. Which only bothers him more.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Back in the GREEN TRUCK, Colt sits at the top of a hill patiently watching the airport entrance. The POSTAL DELIVERY TRUCK pulls out of the airport and drives past him. It's awfully late for a postal delivery.

Colt drives toward the airport, passing an UNMARKED CAR that looks to have someone sitting inside it, in the shadows.

EXT. SMALL TERMINAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Reaching the airport, Colt pulls up to the small terminal and checks its MAILBOX -- NO MAIL. SOMETHING IS UP.

EXT. MIKE PARNELL'S HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Colt WALKS up to the hangar door. THE PIZZA FLIER he put in the door earlier IS ON THE GROUND. Someone's gone inside.

He looks at the hangar door for some time, pulls out the BLUE-FLAME KEY and like a kamikaze mission, slides open the hangar door, hits a BANK OF LIGHT SWITCHES and EVERYTHING GOES ON!

Two FBI AGENTS duck for cover. By the time they come back up Colt has jumped in the plane and has the engines running!

EXT. ORCAS AIRPORT HANGARS - CONTINUOUS

The plane jams out of the Hangar doors, struggling to make the hard turn out to the runway. An FBI GUY makes chase on foot pulling out his GUN. Another jumps in a BLACK ESCALADE.

INT. PILATUS COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Colt barrels toward the runway, flipping open the FLIGHT MANUAL and turning on SWITCHES as quick as he can.

EXT. ORCAS AIRPORT / ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON: Inside the UNMARKED CAR at the airport's entrance is Deputy Herb. He hits the gas and takes the turn into the airport, but THE GREEN TRUCK is now turned sideways across the road, blocking anyone's way in.

INT. PILATUS COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Colt jams onto the runway. The ESCALADE charges up behind him. He throttles up to outrun it, BUT A SEARCH LIGHT HITS THE RUNWAY! AND A POLICE HELICOPTER descends in front of him.

Colt swerves to avoid it, nearly tipping the craft sideways. He turns back toward the CHARGING ESCALADE and barrels straight for him! The ESCALADE jams off the runway.

EXT. ORCAS AIRPORT ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON: HERB outside his unmarked car, still blocked by the GREEN TRUCK. A COP CAR arrives behind him. He glances back, then back out to the airport. COLT'S PILATUS IS COMING STRAIGHT FOR HIM! The 2nd cop car throws it into reverse.

INT. PILATUS COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Being chased by the HELICOPTER and the ESCALADE, Colt turns the PILATUS just before plowing into the GREEN TRUCK and HERB'S CAR. The plane tips. Its propeller rips into the ground. Colt leaps from the plane--

EXT. ORCAS AIRPORT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

--and bolts past Herb and into the DENSE WOODS toward an impossibly steep mountain: TURTLEBACK MOUNTAIN. A WALKIE-TALKIE goes off inside of Herb's car.

FBI AGENT 1 (V.O.)
I want a flight restriction and
deputies from every island! I want
this airport surrounded! I want
Turtleback Mountain surrounded!

EXT. TURTLEBACK MOUNTAIN / WATERSIDE CLIFFS - MINUTES LATER

Colt runs through the woods at full speed, up an almost impossible grade, never looking back. He gets to a clearing and a TOWERING CLIFF above the water. He considers jumping -- then A DEEP RUMBLING HE'S NEVER HEARD BEFORE:

From below, not 50 Feet in front of him, A BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER rises up, staring him in the eyes, its cockpit lit red, its INFRARED blasting him and the woods behind him.

Colt takes a single breath and plows back into the woods.

EXT. TURTLEBACK MOUNTAIN WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

POLICE, SWAT, and CAMOUFLAGED MEN comb the woods, RADIOS SQUAWKING, FLASHLIGHTS through the trees. TWO DOG TEAMS split up at the base of the hill as a SHERIFF'S HELICOPTER'S LIGHT traces the roads. Colt is surrounded.

INT. TURTLEBACK WOODS - SAME TIME

Colt runs, his face taking a beating from the branches. He catches a glimpse of a COP and quickly climbs up a HATCHET-HOLE LADDER TREE. He eavesdrops on the cop's radio below.

FBI AGENT 1 (V.O.)
We've got the mountain surrounded.

SHERIFF BILL CUMMINGS (V.O.)
Ya know how big Turtleback Mountain
is?! Channel Road Bridge is the
only way in or out of the west
side. Get it blocked.

FBI AGENT 1 (V.O.)
Just tell your women's auxiliary
capture is imminent and to cook up
a victory breakfast... sir.

EXT. BOB FRIEL'S CABIN / FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Bob is on his porch listening to the BEATING BLADES OF A
BLACK HAWK. It zooms overhead. Bob charges out to his truck.

EXT. TURTLEBACK WOODS / CHANNEL ROAD BRIDGE - SAME TIME

BARE FEET hit the COLD GROUND as they leap down from a tree.

EXT. CHANNEL ROAD BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob speeds down the road in his TRUCK, parks it across the
small bridge (earlier), steps out and looks up: The BLACK
HAWK CHOPPER is charging his way -- 300 yards away.

EXT. TURTLEBACK WOODS / CHANNEL ROAD BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Colt races out of the woods and toward the bridge connecting
east to west. He freezes: There's BOB, blocking the bridge.
If Bob looked down, he'd see Colt, but the BLACK HAWK has his
full attention -- it's headed straight for them.

As much as Colt would love to confront the man who's blown
his anonymity nationwide, Bob's just provided a diversion.

Colt sprints toward a lonely TOYOTA YARIS. He dives under it.
Bob turns toward the sound just as the BLACK HAWK arrives --
hovering just above them like a UFO.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

The chopper's infrared is focused down on a transfixed Bob.
It sees the shape of 2 COPS and a DOG TEAM racing toward him,
but it can't see through the YARIS to Colt.

EXT. THE MCNEIL'S OLD HOME - LATER

Colt appears at the edge of a clearing. He looks up to a
SMALL SHED that's surrounded by a grounded SHERIFF'S CHOPPER,
COP CARS and DOZENS OF POLICE. This is their HOME BASE.

Colt waits for 2 OFFICERS to pass the shed then blasts toward
its door, barefoot, silent -- and steps inside.

INT. THE MCNEIL'S OLD HOME / SHED - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON: TWO WIRES being screwed into a CAMPING BATTERY.

REVEAL: Colt, up in the rafters with 2 VIDEO MONITORS -- FROM THE CHURCH. He flips between CAMERA ANGLES, COPS coming and going, searching -- all just outside, all of them lost.

EXT. THE MCNEIL'S OLD HOME - MORNING

OFF WIDE SHOTS FROM COLT'S VIDEO POV. REVEAL: MEN with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS looking under TARPS and in neighboring yards. SWAT with RIFLES ride in the trunks of COP CARS on their way to search under more tarps.

ANGLE ON: Bob behind POLICE TAPE, raindrops starting to spit down on him. He shouts at Sheriff Cummings:

BOB FRIEL

Hey, Bill?! Why'd you tell the Women's Auxillary to cook up a pancake breakfast as a celebration?

FBI AGENT 1

(to the sheriff)

Who's the asshole?

BOB FRIEL

You got dogs, man hunters, cops, Feds, all your high-tech assets against ONE barefoot Kid? Shoulda' been a lock, right?

SHERIFF BILL CUMMINGS

Get him out of here.

BOB FRIEL

What are you afraid of? That he's violent? Or that he just cracked your system wide open? That maybe I didn't create this kid. Maybe he really is a "Barefoot Bandit," Bill. Whether you like it or not.

A ROW OF NEWS VANS pulls past him, DATELINE, 48 HOURS, INSIDE EDITION, all off the morning Ferry. THIS STORY HAS EXPLODED.

AS TWO AGENTS force Bob off the property the spitting rain turns to a downpour. Bob shouts:

BOB FRIEL (CONT'D)

So are you gonna kill the kid for the cameras now? Try and make yourself into some kind of hero?

EXT. ORCAS DOCKS - LATE NIGHT

RAIN POUNDS. WIND WHIPS. CLOSE ON: A BARE FOOT steps onto a LARGE BOAT. A HAND chops the ROPE tying it to the dock.

FROM AFAR: we watch the boat slowly drift out of the Harbor and into a violent, stormy sea.

EXT. PAM'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

PAM'S NEIGHBOR steps outside. Her ONCE STOLEN MERCEDES is now being circumnavigated by MEN IN BLACK with MACHINE GUNS. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS as the men swarm into the woods, surround Pam's property, and train ASSAULT RIFLES into her WINDOWS.

INT. PAM'S TRAILER - LATER

The 2 FBI MEN (earlier) are on Pam's couch. She's smoking.

FBI AGENT 1

A boat went missing from Orcas Island a few nights ago. We found it floating off of Friday Harbor. No one was in it.

PAM

Well, Colt's a good swimmer.

FBI AGENT 2

The water's 48 degrees. He'd freeze.

PAM

How many goddamn' times do I have to tell you he ain't here?! And no more bringin' me dog treats. Ya wanna bring me stuff bring me green stuff.

FBI AGENT 1

I'm sorry. I just thought it was best to exhaust that avenue before getting to what the facts are. The boat we found had bare footprints in it. It was far from land and we've had bad weather. We believe he went overboard. We believe he drowned.

They wait for a reaction but she's silent. She sits on the floor, perhaps finally feeling something in that spot her heart should be. They watch her with scientific curiosity.

INT. BOB FRIEL'S CABIN - DAY

Bob is watching a video of Harley in civilian garb, out of jail, filming a walk and talk with CBS's PETER VAN SANT.

PETER VAN SANT (ON VIDEO)
 --but some think he may be dead.

HARLEY (ON VIDEO)
 Maybe playin' dead, but he'll make
 his move when nobody's expectin'
 it. Like a viper waitin' for things
 to git real still.
 (looks in the camera)
 Call me Colt! I'm free and ready.

Bob clicks back to the "BAREFOOT BANDIT" FACEBOOK FAN PAGE.
 It has 40K fans now. Messages range from: "Marry me Barefoot
 boy," to "R.I.P. Bandit."

Bob's PHONE RINGS. It goes to an old ANSWERING MACHINE:

PAM (V.O.)
 (weary, drunk)
 Where the fuck is he, Bob?

BOB FRIEL
 (picks up)
 Well hello there, Pam.

PAM (V.O.)
 A boat went missing from Orcas
 Island 4 weeks ago and you didn't
 bother to call and tell me.

BOB FRIEL
 Sorry about that.

PAM (V.O.)
 The FBI stopped in, sayin' it got
 found floatin' off-a Friday
 Harbor... Bare footprints... but
 all empty inside... water's too
 cold to swim... They said he fell
 over... and drowned.
 (Bob turns to stone)
 They stayed to watch me cry, Bob,
 but I didn't. I asked em' how long
 it takes for a body to float up.
 They said a couple weeks... but
 it's been more than that now.

BOB FRIEL
 Maybe they were just testing you.
 To see if you're hiding him.

PAM (V.O.)
 Then I need you to write him for
 me. On yer web site. Right now.

BOB FRIEL
You think he reads my blog?

PAM (V.O.)
He checks out everything I tell him
about, Bob. He does as he's told.

BOB FRIEL
Well I'm a journalist, Pam. I don't
get personally involved.

PAM (V.O.)
Don't screw with an angry mom, Bob.
You're involved. You put him down
this road. You got the cops wantin'
to kill him and the whole world
chasin' after him. Now yer gonna
tell me if my boy's still alive.

INT. BOB FRIEL'S CABIN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: Bob, at his computer, the thought of a dead Colt
and his own culpability weighs heavy.

CLOSE ON: slowly typing. A journalistic trespass: **"COLT...
YOUR MOM IS IN REALLY BAD SHAPE.... SHE NEEDS A SIGN THAT
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE."** Bob considers it -- and hits send.

INT. A LAPTOP - NIGHT

The post suddenly becomes a HELMET CAM VIDEO POV XCU: of the
words "REALLY BAD SHAPE" -- then pans and holds for some time
on: "MOM" zooming closer and closer. The video shuts off.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHANNEL ROAD BRIDGE / ORCAS - MORNING

OFFICERS and SHERIFF CRUISERS have surrounded the now
familiar bridge and are taking photos of SOMETHING MASSIVE.

A HELICOPTER arrives. From its perspective we see it: a 16'
SPRAY PAINTED BARE FOOTPRINT. It takes up the whole bridge.

A POV FROM AFAR OF BOB FRIEL arriving at the scene. Colt
never left the island. He was laying low.

EXT. THE STELLA MARIS / DECEPTION PASS - EVENING

POV HELMET CAM FOOTAGE of a GORGEOUS METAL COASTAL CRAFT "THE
STELLA MARIS" being untied from the now familiar Orcas docks.

EXT. STELLA MARIS COASTAL CRAFT / DECEPTION PASS - NIGHT

POV FOOTAGE of the metal craft being navigated through the FIERCE RAPIDS under the grand DECEPTION PASS BRIDGE.

EXT. WOODS BY PAM'S TRAILER - DAY

POV HELMET CAM FOOTAGE AS: Colt walks through the woods at a brisk pace. THE HELMET CAM SUDDENLY SHUTS OFF.

COLT'S POV of A NAIL BOARD BOOBIE TRAP hidden in the ferns. Then another. Colt looks up. His LADDER TREE is now laying on its side, all 100' chopped down. It's an unexpected blow.

PAM (V.O.)
You want me?! Well nuthin' in this
life is free!

Hearing the shouting, Colt peeks through the woods to his Mom's decrepit trailer. An ABC NEWS CREW is in her driveway. Bob Friel is with them. Pam's eyes are dead from drinking.

BOB FRIEL
You said to come by, Pam.

PAM
With money!

From the woods, Colt watches an EX-CON LOOKING MAN, 50S, step out of Pam's trailer. Colt recoils. He knows this man -- and seems more afraid of him than any cop.

EX CON
I got toe poppers buried all over
out there. Come one step further
and yer foot'll git blown off.

BOB FRIEL
We need to talk about Colton. It
can just be me and you, Pam.

PAM
Oh no. I ain't alone anymore, Bob.
(re: the ex-con)
Ya talk with me ya talk with Van too.
He's all done servin' his time now.

BOB FRIEL
Well great. How about you both come
back to Orcas with me. Colt never
left my island, Pam. But I think
our cops might as soon shoot him as
catch him now. If you come with me,
we might have a happy ending here.

PAM

Ya git paid more if ya have a happy ending for yer book, Bob? Then give me incentives.

BOB FREIL

My advance only covers my bills for about 8 months. This book will take twice that time to write.

PAM

What about MY happy ending?! It's time I get paid too!

She marches inside.

EX CON GUY

I'm comin' back out with a gun. You got 5 seconds to get the hell gone.

Bob nods, then follows the NEWS CREW down the driveway and disappears. A few moments later Pam emerges with her trusty SHOTGUN. Melanie slips out with her, HER TAIL WAGGING.

PAM

Ya want em', go git em', Mel!

But Melanie bolts into the woods, not down the driveway. Odd. Pam's "boyfriend" lumbers back inside. Pam waits.

PAM (CONT'D)

Do I gotta come in there after you again, ya stupid dog?

Everything is still for some time. Finally, Mel returns WITH A FRESH RIB BONE. Pam examines it: no dirt, not chewed, IT'S A GIFT. She looks toward the woods:

PAM (CONT'D)

Colt?

She stares out, spooked, but doesn't call out again.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Colt goes to his familiar window but it's been replaced with a DOUBLE PANED WINDOW with a STRONG LOCK. He tries to jimmy it open but it won't go. In a rare show of FRUSTRATION and EMOTION, Colt busts it open. It feels like a violation.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Colt is on the HOME'S PHONE repeatedly dialing "MOM" from the number in his cell, but it just rings.

He considers his OWN PHONE and searches for "AUNT SANDY."

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Colt is by the window back on the HOME PHONE.

COLTON

He was in jail for beating up a cop. He must've gotten out. He has her captive in there, Aunt Sandy.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Drinkin' and criminals is what she does. First thing she ever did when you were born was go buy herself some beer with some other ex-con.

COLTON

No. That was later. She was good when I was born.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Ya mean like the white limousine?

COLTON

That's right.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Oh sure. Your mom said she'd always remember that limo driver cause when she came out of the store from buying her beer, he was at the back of that limo, "Guarding that baby." She left you all alone with a stranger on day one in a beat up old limo your dad got on trade for something illegal probably, not cause she ever had money. She called me up drunk off her ass that night saying she was namin' you Colt, "Cause it's a gun and a beer."

COLTON

I like my name.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Well she ain't captive in there. She just don't have you on her mind.

COLTON

She asked me to send her a signal.

AUNT SANDY

Sure. There's a new reward out for you, Colt. She tricked you. She just wants a piece of it.

COLTON

No. It's these men that make her into Jekyll & Hyde. They get here drunk and she gets all messed up.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Colt, you're the smartest person in our whole family. So why didn't you ever make it to Eagle Scout? Why didn't you finish 6th grade? Cause she didn't wanna waste her beer money on the gas to take you.

COLTON

(something outside concerns him)
I shouldn't have called you.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Wait. Do you remember what was happenin' the last time you called me? When you were 8 years old?

COLTON

No.

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

She had her shotgun out again and she was shooting it, wasn't she? Cause you'd had a fight with her?

COLTON

Because I was being ungrateful. But I can run fast. I just climbed up my tree.

AUNT SANDY

80 feet up. And do you remember what she was yellin' up at you? She was yellin' for you to jump and break your neck so she could get on with her life. That was Christmas morning.

COLTON

It's the post traumatic stress disorder. I read all about it.

WE SEE WHAT HE SEES: A cop unloading outside. He should be running, but something about this conversation has him:

AUNT SANDY (V.O.)

Colt, you used to cry when you were little. But that day you weren't scared anymore. You should've been, but you were *laughing*. You were only 12 years old, she had a gun on you, and you were *laughing*. That's when I knew I was losing you. You gotta stop looking for your Mom before you lose your whole life lookin'.

COLTON

I'll fix this without you, Aunt Sandy. And when I get it right, she's gonna come get me.

Colt lets the phone slip from his hands. He grabs his bag and leaps out the WINDOW as: DEPUTY 1 busts in the front door.

EXT. CAMANO ISLAND SCHOOL AUDITORIUM (EARLIER) - CONTINUOUS

LOCAL TV NEWS COVERAGE OF: A MEAT HEAD BOUNTY HUNTER stands before ASSEMBLED CROWD OF ANGRY RESIDENTS.

ANGRY CITIZEN 1

Nobody gives two cents about Colton Harris! We want him stopped and most of us want him dead.

There's a mixed reaction from the crowd, but the MASS OF ASSEMBLED PRESS is eating it up. Bob Friel is among them.

MIKE THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Whether it's a terrorist issue or a kid like this, we have got to stand up and say--

EXT./INT. CLIFF SIDE HOME / CAMANO ISLAND - NIGHT

THE BOUNTY HUNTER, his MEN and 2 COPS bust in a home with a light on. A BOY'S FEET race down stairs and out a BACK DOOR.

MIKE THE BOUNTY HUNTER (V.O.)

--we're not going to take this.
It's not going to happen here.

The men catch him and pound him bloody. It's messy, angry.

DEPUTY 1

We got him! We got him!

They flip the whimpering kid over. It's not Colt at all.

IN CONTRAST - A SOFT, LONELY MONTAGE:

EXT. VETTERS VETERINARY CLINIC / RAYMOND, WA. - NIGHT

VIDEO POV: Colt films the outside of a VETERINARY CLINIC.

INT. VETTERS VETERINARY CLINIC / KENNELS - NIGHT

VIDEO POV: His trusty screwdriver in hand, Colt goes from cage to cage playing with the LONELY DOGS and getting kisses.

INT. VETTERS VETERINARY CLINIC / FRONT DESK - LATER

VIDEO POV: Colt finishes a note: "PLEASE USE THIS MONEY FOR THE CARE OF ANIMALS. COLTON HARRIS-MOORE (AKA: "THE BAREFOOT BANDIT")" The camera focuses in on "THE BAREFOOT BANDIT."

He puts a STACK OF CASH down with the note.

EXT. OREGON - NIGHT

VIDEO POV: SPRINKLES OF RAIN HIT THE pavement. We pan up to a SIGN: "WELCOME TO OREGON. WE HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY YOUR STAY."

EXT. ASTORIA REGIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

VIDEO POV: Focused in on a parked CESSNA, RAINDROPS hit the HELMET CAM'S LENS.

INT. ASTORIA REGIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Colton jimmies open a WINDOW and slips inside using the STOVE beneath it as a step.

JUMP TO: At a computer, Colt types the model Cessna he just saw into a FLIGHT PLAN PROGRAM. He fills in a DEPARTURE AIRPORT IDENTIFIER: ASTORIA. Then a DESTINATION IDENTIFIER: BAHAMAS. A plan appears: 2 STOPS. No good. He pulls the plug and grabs a SET OF CAR KEYS from a BOWL by the door.

EXT. STAR, IDAHO CORN FIELD - MORNING

Colt wakes up in an F250 out in a CORN FIELD, the same CAR KEYS in the ignition. He watches SPRINKLES land on the WINDSHIELD for a meditative moment. He tunes the RADIO to a LATIN CHANNEL, moves the seat up and walks away.

EXT. IDAHO REGIONAL AIRPORT - DUSK

Colt crosses a MUDDY FIELD leaving BIG BARE FOOTPRINTS. We see a sign "IDAHO REGIONAL AIRPORT" as he jumps a FENCE.

EXT. IDAHO REGIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

VIDEO POV: Focused on another parked CESSNA. BUT RAIN STARTS COMING DOWN IN SHEETS. The VIDEO shuts off. It's too stormy.

JUMP TO: Colt slides open an unlocked HANGAR DOOR. No plane, but there's a parked ESCALADE -- with the KEYS inside.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

VIDEO POV: DRIVING, COLT PASSES A SIGN: "PIER, SOUTH DAKOTA."

EXT. PIER AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

The Escalade is parked under a TALL TREE. Colt leaps from the CAR'S ROOF up to a STRONG LIMB. He walks way out on the limb, over a TALL FENCE, and leaps down...

...onto the ROOF OF A BUILDING. REVEAL: He's at a small airport with a few JETS on the runway.

INT. PIER AIRPORT, SOUTH DAKOTA / PILOT'S LOUNGE - PRE-DAWN

Colt is back on the FLIGHT PLAN PROGRAM. He types in another CESSNA model, fills in the AIRPORT IDENTIFIER: PIER, SOUTH DAKOTA and the DESTINATION IDENTIFIER: BAHAMAS. A FLIGHT PLAN appears -- 1 stop. Still not close enough.

COLT opens up a HUNGRY MAN MICROWAVE DINNER, pops it in a microwave and sets the timer for 5 MINUTES.

THE PHONE RINGS. He ignores it. FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE ELSE IS THERE! He pulls the COMPUTER PLUG and steps into a bathroom.

An OLD PILOT walks in and answers the phone.

OLD PILOT
 Pier Regional Airport... Sorry.
 There's no night guard here. I'm
 just in to check the weather.

INT. PIER AIRPORT / BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Colt sits very still, listening.

OLD PILOT (V.O.)
 Any break in's? Here? No. This is
 South Dakota, sir... Bob Friel,
 huh? Never heard of you... Sure--

INT. PIER AIRPORT / PILOT'S LOUNGE - SAME TIME

OLD PILOT
 --worst rain I've seen in a decade.
 Nobody's flyin' outta here today.

CLOSE ON THE MICROWAVE: Colt's Hungry Man meal is still spinning, the time is down to 1:05 and counting.

INT. PIER AIRPORT / BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Colt eyes his watch. The microwave is about to give him away!

OLD PILOT

Colton-Harris-who? No, sir... Mr.
Bob Friel, frankly, I'm not sure
why you're asking ME any of this--

INT. BOB FRIEL'S CABIN - SAME TIME

Bob looms over a MAP COVERED IN POST-ITS, a phone to his ear.

BOB FRIEL

Well he's been leaving screwdriver
marks on airport doors from here to
South Dakota. It's a cross country
run to rival Dillinger's, sir, and
I'd like to find him before the FBI
fill him up with lead too. So how
about screwdriver marks? Have you
seen any screwdriver marks? Sir?

Dial tone. The man has hung up. Bob places a NEW POST-IT NOTE
over PIER. Bob is tracking this kid across the country.

INT. PIER AIRPORT / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Focused on his watch, Colt listens to the Pilot walk out. The
door closes. Colt blasts out of the bathroom--

INT. PIER AIRPORT / PILOT'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

--pops the DESK DRAWER open with his screwdriver, takes KEYS
from inside, a CELL PHONE, a POLO SHIRT from atop the desk
and hits STOP on the MICROWAVE -- WITH 2 SECONDS LEFT. He
grabs up the HUNGRY MAN MEAL and steps out a BACK DOOR.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

An AIRPORT POLO SHIRT and SHADES on (even in the rain),
REVEAL Colt is driving a stolen DODGE CARAVAN with a "CLASSIC
AVIATION" SIGN on its side. It's confident and very Colt.

ANDERSON COOPER (PRE-LAP)

The teenage fugitive known by his
growing legion of fans as "THE
BAREFOOT BANDIT" is now wanted--

INT. CNN NEWS REPORT

ANDERSON COOPER

--in the nation's heartland,
suspected in a string of break-ins
(MORE)

ANDERSON COOPER (CONT'D)
and car thefts from Oregon to
Nebraska...

EXT. YANKTON / NEW NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

STILL RAINING, Colt walks into a new development's cul-de-sac. Few of the homes look lived in.

INT. YANKTON HOME / BASEMENT - NIGHT

A VIDEO IS PLAYING ON COLT'S LAPTOP with the sound turned way up: It's young Colton playing "girl tower" with MEGAN'S FAMILY, dancing like a loaded spring (from earlier).

INT. YANKTON HOME / BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Colt shaves his head in the mirror with a TRIMMER, naked, getting himself perfect again, getting ready. THE VIDEO in the other room makes it sound like it's a family-filled home.

INT. YANKTON HOME / BOY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Still not dressed, Colt steps into a boy's room. It bears all the landmarks of a happy childhood. He lies down in bed pretending it's his own. From the video downstairs, we hear:

DAN THE PILOT (V.O.)
It's way too dark to walk home
tonight, Colt. There's no moon out.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. DAN'S CAR / COLTON'S STREET - NIGHT

Young Colt is panic struck as his hero, Pilot Dan, drives him and Megan's Mom down a wooded road toward his mom's trailer.

YOUNG COLTON
I don't need the moon to see. You
can just drop me off here.

MEGAN'S MOM
We're almost there. It's fine.

YOUNG COLTON
Let me out here. Stop!

Colt flings his BACK DOOR open. Dan hits the brake.

DAN THE PILOT
Colton! Close that door.

He does, but he looks like a feral child, fight or flight.

MEGAN'S MOM

Honey. Hey. I'm a social worker
back home. That means I've seen
lots of different kinds of homes. I
don't care what yours looks like. I
just want you to get home safe.

As they pull up the driveway, Pam's picnic table comes into
view. AN OLD BBQ, a whole GIANT STYROFOAM ARMADILLO, Pam is
outside drinking and smoking with 3 EX-CON MEN. A FIRE
blazes. A shotgun leans on the table. It feels apocalyptic.

PAM

What the hell kinda trouble did ya
get yerself in now?!

Dan stops the car. Colt leaps out and runs inside.

EX CON GUY

You piss in yer mom's bed again
I'll twist yer goddamn head off.

Megan's mom gets out. Pam has the devil in her eyes.

MEGAN'S MOM

Hi. He's been spending a lot of
time with us. I thought maybe you'd
want to meet me.

PAM

I got no interest in you. You did
yer good deed, now leave us alone.

MEGAN'S MOM

Well my job is to investigate child
abuse, not to "leave things alone."

PAM

(approaches, dark, frightening)
A social worker? Ya want him? Go
take the little bastard, cause I'm
not jumpin' through any friggin'
hoops. There he is. Go git him.

Megan's Mom looks to the house. We see what she sees: a BOY'S
SHADOW moves from the window revealing the SILHOUETTES of
AIRPLANE MODELS hanging from the ceiling of his small room.

INT. COLTON'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Colt jamming a 5TH GRADE CLASS PHOTO, DRAWINGS OF
AIRPLANES and a BOY SCOUT CERTIFICATE into a SMALL BAG.

EXT. WOODS BY PAM'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: Young Colt running from his home, through the woods, with only his SMALL BAG -- TERRIFIED, in ANGUISH.

THEN, what sounds like A GARAGE DOOR OPENING--

RETURN TO PRESENT:

EXT. YANKTON HOME / BOY'S BEDROOM - 3AM

--and Colton is startled awake. Silence. He's sweating, disturbed by LINGERING SOUND and the DIFFICULT MEMORY.

He pulls out his new stolen PHONE and dials. He waits through the rings for the inevitable ANSWERING MACHINE.

COLTON

Mom, I know there's a reward out now, but you can tell the press that no reward is worth our freedom. I'm gonna do what we talked about soon. So I want you to have this number. I've done some thinking, and I've decided I trust you with it. We have to start trusting each other now, so write this phone number down...

The sound of a garage door -- CLOSING. Colt must have slept right through it opening! He freezes.

INT. YANKTON HOME / GARAGE - SAME TIME

An SUV has pulled in. A 340 pound, 6'3 man, KELLY, unloads his 4 sleeping kids. His wife gets the youngest in her arms and notices the ENTRY DOOR isn't closed.

MOM

We didn't shut the door?

SUDDENLY A HAND reaches out and SLAMS IT from inside.

SHE SCREAMS. Kelly bolts past her and flings the door open -- just in time to see NAKED COLT running away from him.

They're both tall, strong, and he's right on Colt's heels as he plows toward the BASEMENT STAIRS. Colt leaps the banister and lands a full floor down. It's PITCH BLACK down there.

KELLY

Get out of my house!

Kelly hits a LIGHT at the top but it doesn't put any light in the basement. He starts down. He's huge. He could kill Colt.

COLTON (V.O.)
 Stop! I've got a gun! I'll shoot.
 I'll shoot. I've got a gun!

A RED LIGHT hits Kelly in the chest. He stops and bolts back up, slamming doors as he goes.

REVEAL: Colt has his WALTER PPK PISTOL out, but the light was only his RED HEAD LAMP. He rips open the WASHER, grabs his WET CLOTHES, his BAG and leaps out a HIGH BASEMENT WINDOW.

EXT. YANKTON WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Colt runs at full speed toward the woods, naked, gripping his clothes and bag. The image is hauntingly similar to the run in his dream's memory. THE MEMORY STILL HAUNTS HIM.

EXT. YANKTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAYBREAK

NATIONAL GUARD CHOPPERS buzz overhead. Wet clothes on, Colt has an UMBRELLA up to block the CHOPPERS' VIEW. Finally, THE RAIN EASES. A red eyed, shaking Colt looks up and takes in the THE RAYS OF SUN PEEKING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

EXT. WOODS BY THE BLOOMINGTON AIRPORT - DAY

A BUZZING. Reveal Colt, shades on, camped out in the woods by an airport surrounded by WATER BOTTLES and EMPTY PUDDING CUPS. He's been there for some time. He looks through a FENCE to a LANDING STRIP. A CESSNA 400 comes in for a landing.

Colt watches the plane taxi. Instead of going into a hangar, it pulls up to a SERVICE STATION. The PILOT chats with a MECHANIC for a moment, waves and leaves the plane with him.

EXT. WOODS BY THE BLOOMINGTON AIRPORT - PRE-DAWN

Colt waits for A PLANE SERVICE VAN to drive out through a GATE. The driver doesn't wait for the gate to slide shut before going. The entrance unattended, Colt slips inside.

Colt walks up to the SERVICE STATION and the CESSNA 400. The keys are inside. He climbs in and checks things out: It's sophisticated, has oxygen and can fly farther and faster.

HELMET CAM ON: Colt turns the key. The ENGINES FIRE UP and the craft's SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER SCREENS light up.

He takes a breath and puts on his I-POD -- SINATRA'S "SUMMER WIND" STARTS UP. IT SEEMS TO BRING HIM PEACE.

Colt types a BAHAMIAN DESTINATION CODE into its computer. A flight plan appears. He can ALMOST make it without stopping, but not quite. HE FOCUSES ON THE DATE: 6:01AM -- JULY 4th.

COLTON
Independence Day.

Undeterred, He hits the gas... the plane taxiis out, charges down the runway, and its WHEELS lift off the ground...

(MATCHING THE MUSIC) WE FLASH BACK TO:

INT. PAM'S TRUCK - DAY (2000)

Colt, 10, and Pam drive. "SUMMER WIND" is on her radio too.

PAM
Who needs that much house? She's probably in debt up to her God damned eyeballs. You want all that stuff, go get yerself a job.

COLTON
I will.

PAM
So listen to this. This is the best song ever written.

COLTON
(listens; then)
I could get you the CD.

Pam just drives. She doesn't ask him "how" he'd get it.

EXT. PAM'S TRAILER / PORCH - NIGHT

Pam pops a NEW CD in a PLAYER. She holds out a hand. Colt takes it and they dance together for some time to "SUMMER WIND." For the first time, we see what Colt must see in her, in this, Colton's most treasured memory.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. CESSNA 400 - DAY

VIDEO POV: his computer is projecting a splash down in the Atlantic before reaching the Bahamas, but EARBUDS IN, Colt is still dancing in his mind.

GOOD MORNING AMERICA (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

GUY PRINTING COLT T-SHIRTS
So ya either learn how to fly on the internet and go on a crime spree, or ya gotta get a job at McDonald's. I say Colt made the right decision.

THE CBS EARLY SHOW (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

CBS HOST HARRY SMITH
Heck, He can't seem to be caught--

INT. CESSNA 400 - DAY

VIDEO POV: Colt is over the ocean. His fuel is on empty.

INT. BOB RIVER'S RADIO SHOW - DAY

BOB FRIEL
All indications are, he's headed to
the islands I know best in the world.
My Abacos articles are all over my
blog. Tell me that's a coincidence.

BOB RIVERS
A lot of people like the Bahamas,
Bob. He's a Bandit. He'll get what
he deserves. Why not let this go?

INT. CESSNA 400 - DAY

VIDEO POV: Colt passes over a SMALL AIRPORT -- over the
Bahamas. He turns away from the runway, toward FLAT MARSH
LAND beyond. THE ENGINES CUT OUT. He's beyond out of gas.

INT. BOB RIVER'S RADIO SHOW - DAY

BOB FRIEL
The country's starving for someone
to show us that a busted system can
be broken open. He didn't ask to be
an outlaw, we turned him into one.
And I'm the guy who got the world
hunting him like a prize turkey so
I could pay my mortgage. I'd rather
not retire knowing I'm responsible
for a kid getting put 6 feet under.

ASSOCIATED PRESS WITH THE FBI (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

FBI AGENT
--but now Colton Harris-Moore has
gone from a regional nuisance to--

INT. COSTCO / SEATTLE - MORNING

A free man, HARLEY watches the news off of 20 TV'S FOR SALE.

FBI AGENT
--an international fugitive, flying
1000 miles from Indiana to
(MORE)

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)
somewhere over the Bahamas where
his signal went dead. The FBI has
posted a \$10,000 reward now.

Bereft, Harley picks up a BOX OF SHOES and walks through the
SECURITY SENSORS. THE ALARMS GO OFF. He sits down on a curb
and waits for SECURITY to tackle him.

EXT. MARSH LAND / GREAT ABACO, BAHAMAS - DAY

Colt wakes up, collapsed in a swamp, blinded, leaning against
what's left of his plane. The PROPELLER is dug into the mud.
The LANDING GEAR is broken off. It was another rough landing.

EXT. NORTH ELEUTHRA AIRPORT - LATER

Barefoot and exhausted, Colt walks up to an airport. There
are old CESSNAS and CIRRUS all parked out in the open. No
security. No hangars. He takes out his RED SPIRAL NOTE PAD.

EXT. BAHAMIAN WATERFRONT - AFTERNOON

It's Bahamian 4th of July. The shore is packed with BAREFOOT
AMERICAN TOURISTS. Colt does blend in here. He looks up. A
sign hangs from an awning: "FREE INTERNET."

EXT. BAHAMAS FAMILY MARKET AND INTERNET CAFE - AFTERNOON

Colt steps up to the counter. An old black woman with an
accent, RUTHIE, is making sandwiches.

COLTON
Excuse me. Do you have internet? I
need to let my mom know I made it.

RUTHIE KEY
Where are you from, boy?

COLTON
Washington. But I piloted a plane
in last night from Indiana.

RUTHIE KEY
You're not old enough to fly planes.

COLTON
Well, If I buy something, can I get
the password to your wireless?

RUTHIE KEY
No. No. Wireless is broken. You use
my computer to tell your mama you're
safe. I'll make you a sandwich.

INT. BAHAMAS FAMILY MARKET AND INTERNET CAFE - LATER

At a COMPUTER, EARBUDS in, Colt clicks off A CNN.COM
HEADLINE: "BANDIT TRAIL GOES COLD IN BAHAMAS."

He clicks back to a SKYPE WINDOW. A NUMBER rings incessantly.
A LITTLE BLACK GIRL plays peek-a-boo with him as he waits.

Breaking the moment, his CELL PHONE starts BUZZING. That's
never happened. He freezes, considers it, then picks up.

COLTON

Hello?

PAM

You tryin' to call me, Colton?

COLTON

Yes, mom.

PAM (V.O.)

Did you steal that airplane?

COLTON

I shouldn't tell you that.

PAM

(uncharacteristically warm)

I got you a lawyer, Colton. His
name's John Henry Browne. You know
who that is?

COLTON

I don't need a lawyer.

PAM

He's the best lawyer in the State. I
set up an account for your defense,
and when ya turn yourself in money's
gonna start pourin' in. All yer
facebook fans'll contribute. I have
people saying hi to me that haven't
said friggin' hi in years, Colton.

COLTON

(quiet, then)

Mom, why are you calling me Colton?
That's what the police and the TV
people call me. You call me Tubs.

PAM

Whatever you want. The lawyer said we
can talk about the money later. For
now ya just gotta turn yourself in.

COLTON

If I go to jail it's 20 years at least. What kind of family will we have then? Go get a pen. You have to watch for these tail numbers and meet me... Ready? V89647. Write that down. V89647. Did you get it?

PAM

They're gonna catch you, Colton. And they're gonna fill ya fulla lead and kill ya.

COLTON

They won't catch me unless I want them to. We're gonna live like a real family. In a real home. It's all worked out. So write it down. V89647... V89647.

PAM

I ain't writin' nuthin' down.

COLTON

Mom, can you tell me something?

PAM

Well that just depends.

COLTON

Why did you ask for a signal?

PAM

Colton, you've got an over active imagination. You know that.

COLTON

Was it for the reward, Mom?

PAM

Shame on you, Colton. Shame on you. You're a useless piece of crap to me if you don't do this. You ain't worth a single penny whatsoever. Ya got no value at all anymore.

COLTON

(a long pause; breathing)

Mama... Is somebody else listening?

The call suddenly ends. He's breathless, still. The little black girl twirls up to Colt. Ruthie pulls her away.

RUTHIE KEY
Did you get your mama, boy?

COLTON
No, ma'am... I couldn't get her.

Ruthie pulls the little girl away.

Trying to fight back emotion, anger bubbles up first. With his own bare hands, Colt breaks the cell phone to pieces.

EXT. BAHAMIAN JUNGLE - DAY

HELMET CAM VIDEO OF: Colt's remaining belongings. They're dingy and tired -- FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME he's filming his own REALITY, his TRUTH, not his HOPES and DREAM OBJECTS.

RETURNING TO THE FILM'S OPENING: The CAMERA again PANS UP to the 2 GIANT MACAWS calling out to each other, then DOWN to the CRAB SCURRYING AWAY.

The CAMERA AGAIN TURNS 180° to Colt's XCU: sweaty, bruised, exhausted. But we now understand the angry TEARS in his red eyes refusing to fall. It doesn't get more real. Finally:

COLTON
...what am I doing here?

A long beat, and THE VIDEO CUTS OUT.

EXT. PREACHER'S CAVE BEACH / NORTH ELEUTHRA - DAY

We slowly enter a cave. A GIANT BEEHIVE is BUZZING a single ominous note. Colt uses a SHOVEL to dig a DEEP hole.

He drops in his BACKPACK OF TREASURES, his CASH, his RED NOTE PAD and all of his VIDEO MEMORY CHIPS. All he has left is a SMALL BAG and his WALTER PPK PISTOL.

EXT. BAHAMAS FAMILY MARKET - DUSK

TWO BAHAMIAN COPS pass out LEAFLETS featuring Colton as "THE BANDIT" and a \$10K FBI REWARD. SHADES on, Colt takes a flier and watches the cops walk into the MARKET he was in earlier.

INT. BAHAMAS FAMILY MARKET - CONTINUOUS

As the COPS walk in, we discover Bob is on the island too and already talking with Ruthie. They seem familiar. The 6'2", 295lb OFFICER flashes a FLIER at Ruthie and shouts:

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
Hey, Ruthie! Have you seen this boy? He crashed a plane here.

RUTHIE KEY

No. No. He didn't crash. He's fine.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER

He was in here?!

RUTHIE KEY

(looks at Bob, then)

This isn't for me. Go. Git out now.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER

Ruthie, who is this man?

BOB FRIEL

I'm Bob Friel. I've been tracking this kid for a good long time now--

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER

You FBI, Bob Friel?

BOB FRIEL

No. I'm a writer.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER

Ruthie, come on, where did the boy go? 10,000 dollars! He's a "Bandit!"

BOB FRIEL

Sir, I need to speak to your police chief. Immediatly. Right now.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER

Oh yes, Mr. Bob writer? Okay. Call me Mr. Chief then. What you want?

EXT. BAHAMAS FAMILY MARKET - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON COLT: just outside the door. One of the two cops walks back out and Colt steps away.

INT. BAHAMAS FAMILY MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Bob has pulled the massive police chief aside.

BOB FRIEL

I'm not worried that you'll catch him. You won't. Unless he wants you to. Listen. Every outlaw story ends the same. Jesse James got shot in the back of the head, Bonnie and Clyde took 50 bullets and Butch Cassidy got mowed down by Bolivian soldiers. He's very smart. He knows ALL of that. So what if all he wants from you is his

(MORE)

BOB FRIEL (CONT'D)
 own outlaw ending? Will you give it
 to him? Will you hunt a boy down like
 a trophy for \$10,000?

RUTHIE KEY
 You kill a child for \$10,000, that
 curse is on YOU.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
 It's your FBI who says he's armed
 and dangerous. Talk to them.

BOB FRIEL
 He's humiliated our police for years.
 They just want him gone. He's never
 shot anyone. Why would he make you
 the first? No. I know it in my gut.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
 I'm not dying for your gut, writer
 Bob. I don't even know your gut.
 Ruthie, you start talking now!

EXT. BAHAMIAN DOCKS - NIGHT

TOURISTS all over the docks, Colt walks up to a SPEED BOAT
 and jumps in. No keys. He busts open the ENGINE COVER and
 starts trying to hot-wire it. A LOCAL on a 13' WHALER two
 boats down looks up to Colt and jumps onto the dock.

BAHAMIAN BOATER
 Hey American! That ain't your boat!

Colt keeps working the engine. The man makes a run for Colt.
 Colt leaps of his boat, over a 2nd, lands in the man's 13'
 WHALER and takes off! It's overly audacious, even for Colt.

EXT. THREE ISLAND DOCK / COAKLEY'S RESTAURANT - MIDNIGHT

WHIR! The WHALER speeds up to a DOCK loaded with REVELERS.
 Its engine cuts off. The driver puts his BARE FEET up on the
 gunwale 20' away from a YOUNG BLACK MAN in a POOL OF LIGHT.

YOUNG BLACK MAN
 Hey. Are you that guy? The Bandit?

Colt drifts into the light -- with a new Bandit attitude.

COLTON
 That's right. That's me.

YOUNG BLACK MAN
 Why you come here, Bandit?

COLTON

I was headed to Cuba, but this is as far as I could get.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

We have flights that go to Cuba.

COLTON

I fly alone.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

We've got an airport filled with planes. I'll drive you there.

COLTON

I don't fly old airplanes.

The boat has drifted closer to the edge of the dock. Colt starts the engine and pulls it back 20' again.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Why don't you come in closer, Bandit? I'll get you a drink.

COLTON

So you can turn me in and get the reward? Nope. Where are your cops?

YOUNG BLACK MAN

We don't have many cops here.

COLTON

Well, why don't you call them?

YOUNG BLACK MAN

You want me to call the cops on you?

COLTON

That's right. Only amateurs get chased by locals. Outlaws run from cops. I wanna get chased. So go get me the real thing. Go ahead.

Before the guy can call, a 115HP BOAT comes screaming around the corner. It's not cops, it's LOCALS from the last dock.

Colt takes off in his 40HP BOAT. The pursuers quickly catch up but Colt's boat can make sharper turns. He turns hard. Their driver has to make a wide loop to get him back in view.

Colt sees TWINKLING LIGHTS in the distance and takes off toward them, but the other boat is gaining on him quickly.

EXT. RAMORA BAY CLUB RESORT / MARINA - MOMENTS LATER

His ENGINE BLAZING, Colt steers his boat UNDER A DOCK almost clipping it. Behind him, the pursuing boat can't make it under and twists to a stop.

Colt jumps onto the MARINA'S DINGHY DOCK and runs up it, his WALTER PPK PISTOL in one hand and a bag over his shoulder.

A 250lb GUARD comes running down the dark dock, the FOOT LIGHTS betraying Colt. He runs with Colt -- 8' away.

COLTON

They're drunk and trying to kill me.

GUARD

I'm not gonna let anybody kill you.
Slow down. Let me help you man.

COLTON

No. I don't want your help.

He sees Colt put his finger on the trigger of his gun.

GUARD

No. Okay. Do whatever you want.

Colt turns into the resort. It's littered with drunk CIVILIAN TOURISTS and a LIVE BAND that's winding down.

EXT. RAMORA BAY CLUB RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

COPS storm the hotel grounds toting UZI'S and 12 GAUGES. The tourists don't know what to make of all of this.

EXT. AN OVERGROWN LOT NEAR RAMORA BAY - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON COLT in the BUSHES near the WOODS watching the cops' FLASHLIGHTS give away their locations among the tourists.

Colt makes a break for the water, holding his gun. A WOMAN steps out of her unit and SCREAMS. The cops head toward her.

INT. BAHAMIAN HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

The WOMAN'S SCREAMS wake Bob. A SHADOW streaks across his CURTAINS: a TALL, YOUNG MAN, running -- his footsteps silent.

EXT. RAMORA BAY CLUB RESORT / MARINA - SAME TIME

Colt zings back toward the marina, crossing sharp rocks with his BARE FEET as he gets into water up to his nose holding his backpack above his head.

MORE COPS and MORE MEN WITH GUNS swarm the DOCKS. Just below them Colt treads water, FOOTSTEPS and GUNS above.

He waits for 2 COPS to turn away and quietly treads over to the next dock. The cops turn back just as he disappears under it, leaving the slightest ripples behind.

Now under a GIANT SHIP, its AIR CONDITIONERS ROARING, Colt climbs up into the 32' INTREPID SPEED BOAT tied to it. It has TWIN 275HP ENGINES -- and the KEYS are inside.

ANGLE ON: 30+ MEN WITH GUNS up on the docks. Now this is a show of force worthy of an international outlaw. VROOOM! THE DUAL ENGINES START UP. Half the men run toward the sound.

ANGLE ON: Colt blasts out of the marina. He looks down. The floor of the boat is turning red. HIS BARE FEET ARE BLEEDING.

ANGLE ON: The cops run up to a WHITE MAN. The BIG HEAD COP (Ruthie's shop) is there. He shouts an order:

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
Sir, I need your boat. Now!

ANGLE ON: Bob, running BAREFOOT toward them like his life depends on it, BUT THE ROCKS HURT HIS FEET. He's too slow. The men are already loaded in the boat. From afar:

BOB FRIEL
Wait! Take me with you!

The Head Officer climbs in the boat with his MEN:

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
Let's go. Move!

And the overloaded boat pulls away before Bob can get there. Bob watches them navigate out of the marina and toward Colt. Bob considers his words carefully, then shouts:

BOB FRIEL
The boy's name isn't "Bandit!" His
name is Colton Harris! Colt Harris!

INT. COLTON'S TWIN ENGINE BOAT - SAME TIME

Colt charges away at top speed. He looks back. The COPS' BOAT is too heavy and slow. Colt is winning -- but frustrated.

He turns the boat and it soon slows as if the water has turned to Jello. He's run it up onto an invisible SAND BAR. **A JOLT OF ADRENALINE. FINALLY. He LIFTS THE ENGINES and edges the boat back and forth, trying to get it unstuck.**

His PURSUERS ARE NOW APPROACHING FAST! He can hear their BLOOD THIRSTY SHOUTS. He looks up... and his panic fades. He stops working the boat and PUTS IT IN NEUTRAL.

A breath -- THIS IS IT -- HE GRIPS HIS WALTER PPK PISTOL.

The boat zooms up with its HEAVILY ARMED MEN. Its SPOTLIGHT ILLUMINATES COLT who is standing, staring them down --
"They'll never take me alive."

MEN WITH GUNS
Put your hands up! / It's over!

Instead, Colt takes a breath, lifts his gun -- and FIRES.

He quietly waits to greet their onslaught of lead.

CLOSE ON: the Bahamian Head Officer. The next half-second feels like an eternity... Then, to his own men:

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

COLTON
I have a gun! I have a gun!

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
You're not in America, Bandit. If I shoot everyone with a gun here, I'd be shooting everyone. Put it down.

Colt is confused -- this wasn't how it was supposed to go... so he slowly lifts the gun to his own temple.

BAHAMIAN OFFICER
No. You don't want to do that.

A long beat. Colt's boat has started to drift off the sandbar. The Head Cop sees it, walks away from his men and up to the bow -- so only Colt can hear him. WE SEE: Colt is trembling. Emotion and fear are finally paying him a visit.

COLTON
I'm not going back.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
Back where? Where do you wanna go?

COLTON
Nowhere. There is no place.

Silence. Colt eases his finger onto the gun's trigger.

BAHAMIAN OFFICER

Wait. I hear you are a very smart boy, Mr. Colton Harris. That is who you are, yes?

(nothing)

Well this Colton boy must be very strong and very wise to make it this far. And if you got him inside of you, my boy, you got the most valuable thing in the world. He's worth more than this. So you leave this Bandit here tonight, and you be Colton again for me. He is all you need. And he will fly again.

A TEAR rolls down Colt's cheek. He's a scared boy again -- for the first time in a very long while.

A 2ND BOAT charges up behind them, loaded with MEN WITH GUNS. The Officer walks back to his men. Colt won't lower the gun.

ANOTHER OFFICER

He's drifting off of that sandbar.
We'll never catch him if he does.

BAHAMIAN OFFICER

Fine. Go ahead.

The man steps back. Seconds later: BAM! BAM! BAM! Hundreds of FLASHES OF GUN FIRE from UZI's and SHOTGUNS. The ENGINES BLOW, BULLETS RICOCHET, others plain miss, blasting right at Colt. He falls to the floor of the boat, out of sight.

CLOSE ON: the ENGINES, blown to bits. But there are BULLET HOLES everywhere else on the boat as well.

Silence -- and Colt pops up from the boat's deck. He throws his GUN and SMALL BAG overboard and shouts out like a boy:

COLTON

Stop! I can't hear! I can't hear!
Stop shooting!

He lifts his hands to the heavens -- and for the first time, tears stream down his cheeks...

INT. BAHAMIAN POLICE STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

Surrounded by OFFICERS, his bloody feet cuffed to a WOODEN CHAIR, Colt is handed a TELEPHONE by an officer.

COLTON

Aunt Sandy? Hi. It's Colton... I'm scared, Aunt Sandy. I'm scared...
(MORE)

COLTON (CONT'D)
 (a tear falls, but it's a
 good thing and he knows it)
 ...would you please help me?

EXT. COLTON'S TWIN ENGINE BOAT / SANDBAR - MORNING

BAHAMIAN COPS fish out COLT'S SMALL BAG and lay out its contents: it's the things he's carried through all the campsites and chases since boyhood, protected in ZIPLOCKS:

AIRPLANE DRAWINGS, his 5TH GRADE PICTURE and his CERTIFICATE FROM THE BOY SCOUTS awarding the rank of WOLF SCOUT -- the height of his accomplishments... as far as society goes.

EXT. NORTH ELEUTHERA AIRPORT - MORNING

Bob jockeys with a MOB OF ONLOOKERS and INTERNATIONAL PRESS, all hunting for a glance at "the Bandit's" perp walk.

ANGLE ON: SHACKLED ANKLES, BARE FEET, a BULLET PROOF VEST, and no sunglasses, Colt is blinded by the bright sun.

Bob stares, not breathing. It's the first time he's seen Colt in the flesh. The moment borders on religious for him. He notes Colt's body language: his head HUNG LOW TO AVOID THE CAMERAS. It's not the posture of a brazen Outlaw.

Colt takes a sideways glance toward Bob, but quickly looks away. He takes a few more steps, then with eagle eyes, looks back up and LOCKS EYES WITH BOB.

The fear and despair in Colt's eyes breaks into something softer. Someone gave a damn. Bob smiles. Colt gives a nod that asks, "Am I okay?" Bob nods back a yes.

INT. BAHAMIAN AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

The officers set Colt on the metal floor of the plane, his shackled BARE FEET in front of him.

HEAD BAHAMIAN OFFICER
 It's a short flight but I got our
 best pilot for you. Just for you my
 boy. Are you ready to fly?

Colt nods, then looks down to the ground, his head between his knees as the PROPELLERS START TO WHIR and the PLANE JAMS DOWN THE RUNWAY -- and TAKES FLIGHT.

He turns his head just enough to look out a WINDOW:

It's a perfect sunny day.

His face relaxes, the face of a boy again, and he starts softly humming "Summer Wind" -- to himself.

FADE OUT.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

- On Dec. 16, 2011, Federal Judge Vickie Churchill sentenced Colton to 7 years in prison... the minimum sentence possible, arguing, "This case is a tragedy in many ways... but it is a triumph of the human spirit."