

TRANSIT

by

Michael Gilvary

December 11, 2008
Harley Copen, ICM

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD

as the HIGH-REVVING muscle car flies through sparse interstate traffic on the outskirts of some desert city.

MAREK (O.S.)
I told you, slow down --

EVERS (O.S.)
Like hell --

MAREK (O.S.)
Slow down, Evers.

LOSADA (O.S.)
Why are we still heading west?

ARIELLE (O.S.)
'Cause south is cut off --

EVERS (O.S.)
Yo, shut up! They're talking about the ten.

A HANDHELD RADIO SCANNER

WARBLES in someone's hand, its LED's dancing in time with the overlapping CHATTER of terse police communication.

ARIELLE (O.S.)
They're talking about the ten east.

EVERS (O.S.)
No, I think they're blocking this way, too!

LOSADA (O.S.)
That's fucking perfect.

ARIELLE (O.S.)
Yeah, well whose fault is it?

MAREK (30's) sits up front, holding the scanner. Handsome, dangerous, deadly serious.

MAREK
Everyone. Calm. Down.

He looks up from a map of Phoenix to glance at his crew.

EVERS (40's) clutching the wheel. The strong, silent type. Also the scary type. Behind him is --

LOSADA (20's), Mexican-American. He fingers a .45 like an old woman worrying over rosary beads. Next to him is --

ARIELLE (20's). She keeps glancing out the back window. Tough and smoking hot. Not some anorexic flower. She sees Marek looking at her. Gives him a wink and a smile.

Marek smiles back. There's excitement underneath all this fear. He looks at Losada, at his gun.

MAREK (CONT'D)

I told you to ditch that.

LOSADA

I told you to fuck yourself.

MAREK

It's a murder weapon now, Losada.
They can trace it.

ARIELLE

He's right. Get rid of it.

LOSADA

(mocking)

He's right. Get rid of it.

EVERS

Yo, shut up!

(listens to the scanner)

Shit, I told you! There's a
roadblock ahead. Perryville?

MAREK

(refers to the map)

That's no good. We gotta turn back.

EVERS

When's the next exit?

MAREK

There are no more. We're coming up
on that blockade in two miles.

LOSADA

Fuck!

ARIELLE

Just pull a U-ie, Evers! Cross the
median, who gives a shit!

Evers looks to Marek for the order. Marek nods.

MAREK

Yeah, flip a bitch.

Evers pulls to the left and eases off the gas. There's a stand of trees on the median. As they approach it, the clean white nose of a police cruiser peeks out.

EVERS

Oh, hell no!

He drives right past the radar trap, checking his speed.

LOSADA

If he pulls us over, I don't give
a fuck -- I'll kill him.

Marek steals a glance out the back window.

MAREK

He's not coming after us.

Losada spots something ahead, punches Evers' headrest.

LOSADA

Evers! Right here! Right here!

Evers spots it as well and twists the wheel to the right.

EXT. INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS

The black sedan SQUEALS across the right lane and just
barely catches an exit ramp. A blue sign says: "Rest Area."

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers steers into the parking lot. A dozen or so vehicles
parked there. Marek surveys the rest stop.

Just some bathrooms and vending machines. All fenced in.
No way out of here except back onto the freeway.

Evers rolls to a stop, but doesn't park.

EVERS

So. Now what?

Marek looks at the others. This is real bad.

EVERS (CONT'D)

We could ditch the car. Hop that
fence and go on foot.

LOSADA

And walk a hundred and twenty miles
to Nogales? By midnight?

EVERS

Then we take our chances with the
roadblock.

MAREK

(shakes his head)

We fit the general description.
They'll stop us for sure.

ARIELLE

So we split up and reconnect on the other side. One of us takes the bag and hitches a ride.

LOSADA

Fine. I'll do it.

ARIELLE

Right, while your cousin gets you across the border without us.

LOSADA

Oh, but I should trust you?

MAREK

At least she knows how to follow orders.

LOSADA

Fuck you!

Losada punches the back of Evers' seat. Evers turns around like he might just kill Losada, gun or no gun.

ARIELLE

(sees something)

Evers, park the car.

EVERS

Why?

ARIELLE

Up there. Next to that Toyota.

The other three look out at a blue SUV pulling into a parking space. The roof rack weighed down with luggage.

EXT. REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

NATE SIDWELL (late 30's) parks the SUV, kicks open his door and unfolds his stiff legs. He's an all-American boy trapped in the conservative haircut and golf shirt of a middle-aged pencil pusher.

NATE

I can't feel my left butt cheek.

ROBYN (late 30's), his wife, steps out on the other side -- the girl next door, all grown up as an elegant woman. She peeks through the open car doors at Nate's backside.

ROBYN

Well, it's still there.

KENNY (12) climbs out of the back seat. Still some baby fat, but a handsome kid.

SHANE (14), on the other hand, is already a heartbreaker. Tall, athletic and hip. His iPod earbuds are always in, telltale white wire disappearing inside his shirt collar.

He gets out and stretches, nearly stepping into the path of the black sedan gliding into the adjacent spot.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Honey, watch.

The Sidwells shut their doors and start for the rest rooms. Nate CHIRPS the remote and puts a hand on Shane's shoulder, talking loud so Shane can hear over the iPod.

NATE

Shane, how tall are you now?

SHANE

I can hear you. The music's off.

Kenny jumps on Nate's back, but he's getting too big for a piggyback ride. Nate huffs and buckles under the weight.

KENNY

S'matter, Dad? Getting too old?

NATE

Like hell --

Nate's knee gives out and he does a face plant on the grass, with Kenny coming down on top of him.

Robyn keeps walking, eager to distance herself.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Marek, Evers, Losada and Arielle sit in the car, staring at the SUV parked beside them.

LOSADA

No fucking way will this work.

ARIELLE

It will if we play it cool.

LOSADA

I'm not feeling it.

EVERS

Me neither, but we can't shoot our way through.

ARIELLE

(leans close to Marek)
What do you think, baby?

Evers looks past Marek's window and stiffens.

EVERS

Heads up.

They turn to see a police cruiser pulls into the lot.

LOSADA

Fuckfuckfuck!

Evers grips the shifter, but Marek grabs his arm.

MAREK

Easy.

The cruiser pulls into a parking space. The TROOPER inside doesn't even look their way. They're safe. For now.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Let's give it a shot.

LOSADA

Oh, bullshit!

Marek wheels around and fixes his eyes on Losada.

MAREK

Losada, are you going to continue to be a problem?

A silent standoff between Marek and Losada. Losada blinks.

EVERS

If we're doing this, now's the time.

ARIELLE

(to Losada)

It's gonna work.

MAREK

Arielle, you make the plant. Losada, go into the men's room and slow them down.

LOSADA

This is a fucking train wreck.

He opens his door and tucks his gun into his jacket, but:

MAREK

Leave the gun.

LOSADA

I'm not going to shoot them.

Marek just stares at Losada again until Losada drops his gun on his seat.

EXT. REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

Arielle and Losada step out of the sedan. He starts for the rest rooms. She looks around, then goes to the SUV.

The roof rack holds backpacks and other luggage in a web of bungee cords. Arielle grabs a large nylon bag in the middle of the pile and slides it out.

INT. REST AREA MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Shane stand at the two urinals.

KENNY (O.S.)
(from inside a stall)
Hey, dad? What's a "half and half"?

Shane snickers.

NATE
Kenny, stop reading the walls.

Losada darkens the doorway. He looks at Nate and Shane, then goes to the sink and rinses his hands.

KENNY (O.S.)
Is it something sexual?

NATE
It's something you put in your
coffee. Stop reading the walls.

Losada steps to the lone hand dryer and TURNS IT ON.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Marek stuffs all of their handguns into a fast food bag.

Evers holds up the scanner, a silent question.

MAREK
(shakes his head)
No. I don't want to lose that yet.

EXT. REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

Arielle stands at the open trunk of the sedan, loosening the cord on the nylon bag. It contains a folded, family-sized camping tent. She dumps it into the trunk beside --

A large black duffel bag.

INT. REST AREA MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate washes up and turns to the hand dryer. Losada is still using it, and Shane is waiting behind him.

Kenny emerges from his stall and gives Nate a hug.

NATE

Wash your hands.

The hand dryer SHUTS OFF. Losada punches the button, STARTS IT UP again. Shane rolls his eyes and looks back at Nate.

EXT. REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marek steps out of the sedan and carries his paper bag full of guns toward a trash can.

The Trooper walks past, on his way to the men's room.

Marek wipes his mouth with a napkin, like he just finished eating. He throws it into the bag with the guns, nods at the Trooper and drops the bag into the trash.

Robyn emerges from the women's room and looks at the SUV.

Marek sees her, but turns toward the sedan, cool.

Robyn sees the boys aren't back in the car, so she pauses to check out the vending machines.

Evers watches her and gives Marek the thumbs-up.

MAREK

(to Arielle, nonchalant)

Sweetheart, you almost ready?

Arielle nods. She slides the nylon tent bag over the duffel bag and cinches it tight with the cord.

INT. REST AREA MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Losada -- still at the dryer -- stiffens when the Trooper enters and goes to a urinal.

NATE

Let's get out of here, guys.

Nate wipes his wet hands on Kenny's T-shirt and exits. Kenny laughs and wipes his hands on Shane's shirt. Shane punches him in the arm.

KENNY

Ow. That hurt so much.

Shane wipes his hands on Losada's shirttail. Losada turns to see what's going on, but Shane is already exiting.

EXT. REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

Losada exits the restroom -- but the sedan isn't next to the SUV anymore. It's drifting slowly toward the exit -- Marek, Evers and Arielle inside. Marek waves him to hurry it up. Losada jogs after it and gets into the back seat.

Nate, Shane and Kenny climb into the SUV, oblivious to the sedan, now driving out of the lot.

Robyn joins the boys, two cans of soda in hand.

ROBYN

Kenny, I got us some diets.

The nylon tent bag is back where it belongs, wedged among the luggage on the roof rack. Like nothing ever happened.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - ROADBLOCK - DAY

Four police cruisers bar the westbound traffic, funneling it into a single lane and creating a snarl.

The Sidwells' SUV merges into the back of the line.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - CONTINUOUS

Nate sits tall in his seat, tries to see what's the holdup.

SHANE

Dude, it's a parking lot.

NATE

Eh, what's your hurry?

SHANE

I want out of this stupid car.

EXT. INTERSTATE - ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

TROOPERS wave a minivan through the barricade. Marek's sedan is next. A Trooper flags them down.

TROOPER #1

Afternoon, folks.

He leans in Evers' open window and looks over the occupants of the car. His gaze lands on Marek's unblinking eyes.

MAREK

What's the problem, officer?

The Trooper makes eye contact with another cop, subtly indicating the car. Then he addresses Evers:

TROOPER #1

Sir, I'm gonna ask you to please pull over to the right, here.

Evers pulls to the shoulder, where four other Troopers are waiting. One of them approaches the driver's side, friendly. But the others rest their hands on their weapons.

TROOPER #2

How are you folks doing today?

EVERS

Fine. What can I do for you?

TROOPER #2

I'd like to ask you all to step out of the car, please.

Marek, Evers, Losada and Arielle open their doors and step out. TROOPER #3 corrals them.

TROOPER #3

You folks mind steppin' aside and letting us have a quick look around your vehicle?

The quartet exchanges glances, sufficiently annoyed, but not enough to draw suspicion. They step aside as Troopers #2 and #4 start poking around the sedan.

THE SIDWELLS' SUV

arrives at the front of the line. Trooper #1 glances at the family inside and waves them through.

TROOPER #1

Keep it moving.

NATE

You catch a lot of drunks this time of day?

TROOPER #1

Keep it moving, sir.

Nate pulls away. The freeway ahead is wide open.

LOSADA AND ARIELLE

watch the SUV drive off. Losada glares at Arielle.

Trooper #3 sits in a cruiser, checking four ID's against the computer.

Trooper #4 roots around inside the sedan, looking under the seats, in the glove compartment.

Trooper #2 searches various pieces of luggage in the trunk. He holds up the loose tent and shows it to Evers.

TROOPER #2
You folks going camping?

Evers blinks at it. Doesn't even know what it is.

ARIELLE
Yeah.

Trooper #4 steps out of the car, holding up the scanner.

TROOPER #4
Who belongs to this?

MAREK
That's mine. It's a scanner.

TROOPER #4
I know what it is. Why do you have it?

Marek doesn't answer for a moment. Just looks at the cop.

MAREK
Is it against the law?

Trooper #4 eyeballs Marek through his cheap sunglasses, considering his next move. Marek changes tacks.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Look, can you tell us what is it you think we've done wrong?

Trooper #3 returns from his car.

TROOPER #3
Thought you might've robbed an armored car in downtown Phoenix.

He hands the four ID's back to their owners

MAREK
(a disarming smile)
I think I'd remember that.

TROOPER #3
You folks drive safe now.

The Troopers step clear of the sedan. Marek, Evers, Losada and Arielle climb back inside.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

They try to look casual, but their voices reveal tension.

LOSADA

"Is it against the law?"

Evers KEYS the ignition, but --

MAREK

Wait. Not yet.

EVERS

They're getting away!

Marek peeks back, sees the cops glancing their way.

MAREK

You want to get pulled over for
driving without a seatbelt?

Everyone buckles up but Losada. He just stares at Marek.

LOSADA

Why ditch the guns if you're gonna
keep the scanner?

MAREK

(to Evers)

Fix your mirror.

Evers adjusts the rearview.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Use your signal. And keep it under
the limit till we're out of sight.

Evers obeys and pulls back onto the freeway.

LOSADA

Fuck, Marek! You just stole four
million dollars! Why would you get
in a pissing match with a cop over
a fucking radio scanner?

ARIELLE

Because it's the last thing you'd
do if you just stole four million
dollars.

Marek turns the scanner back on. It BEEPS and CRACKLES.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - DAY

Nate drums his hands on the steering wheel, in time to the sugary POP MUSIC on the stereo.

SHANE

Dad, can you turn that shit down?

NATE

(to Robyn)

How long's he been cursing like this?

ROBYN

I don't know. It stopped being shocking six months ago.

NATE

(turns down the music)

Hey, Shane, how about this -- when we get off the interstate, you can play your music on the car stereo.

ROBYN

Big mistake.

Nate waves off her concerns and looks at Shane in the mirror. He isn't listening. Or pretends he isn't. Nate reaches back and tugs an earbud out of Shane's ear.

NATE

You want to play your music on the stereo?

SHANE

(puts earbud back in)

Why, so you can make fun of it?

KENNY

You don't want to hear his music, Dad. It's all about bitches and hos.

ROBYN

Kenny!

KENNY

But it is, Mom. Yell at him!

Nate shakes his head and blasts the music again. He watches Shane in the mirror, but Shane doesn't react.

EXT. INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS

The SUV peels away from the freeway and onto an exit ramp.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

All four -- Marek, Evers, Losada and Arielle -- lean forward and scan the highway ahead, while Evers weaves through the light traffic at an unsafe speed.

EVERS

See 'em?

MAREK

Not yet.

LOSADA

Fuck! Whose retarded fucking idea was this?

MAREK

Shut up and keep looking.

ARIELLE

There they are!

EVERS

Where?

ARIELLE

(pointing up)

Up there!

The SUV is crossing over the interstate on an overpass, which the crew is now driving under.

LOSADA

They exited! That's fantastic!

EVERS

It's cool. Hang on.

Evers slams the wheel over to the left.

EXT. INTERSTATE - EXCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

The sedan veers onto the median, sending up a rooster tail of desert sand.

Evers crosses the oncoming lane -- in front of a HONKING semi -- all the way over to the eastbound exit ramp.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The crew is thrown sideways by the aggressive maneuver.

Evers stands on the pedal and races up the ramp.

The sedan merges onto the southbound spur, just a few hundred yards behind the SUV.

Marek pats Evers on the shoulder. Good job.

LOSADA

Jesus, we almost lost them!

Arielle explodes with giddy laughter, turns Marek's face to hers and hits him with a sloppy wet kiss.

ARIELLE

How about some props, Losada? It
fucking worked! We're in the clear.
The money's in sight.

LOSADA

I'll celebrate when it's back in
my hands.

(smacks Evers' shoulder)

Run 'em off the road.

MAREK

No, that's not the play.

LOSADA

I'm sorry -- what?

MAREK

(still to Evers)

Just follow at a distance.

Evers looks at Marek. Marek nods. Evers lets off the gas.

LOSADA

Hey! That bag is one quarter mine,
bitch, and I want my share!

(to Evers)

Run 'em down.

MAREK

Losada, you want to run these people
off the road and cause a scene?
With all those cops back there?

LOSADA

I want my money.

EVERS

Me too.

MAREK

There's no rush, guys.

(re: the map)

They turned south. They're going
our way.

LOSADA

Yeah, for how long?

Marek points at the SUV, now just a hundred yards ahead.

MAREK

Losada, consider the evidence.
They're coming all the way from
Colorado. With a tent.

EVERS

(nods)

Smart.

LOSADA

I don't get it.

ARIELLE

Of course you don't. That's why
Marek's running this show.

LOSADA

Marek, does she at least shut up
when your dick is in her mouth?

Arielle's fist flashes across the seat, hits Losada in
the larynx. Losada recoils, recovers and cocks his arm,
ready to knock her teeth down her throat, but --

Marek turns and looks at him. Just looks. Nothing more.

Losada relaxes his hand.

MAREK

They're going camping. In the
desert... In the middle of nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The orange sun retreats toward the horizon. The SUV is in
the desert proper, now. Only sporadic cars traveling in
either direction on this two-lane road.

Marek's sedan is one of them, keeping its distance behind
the Sidwell's car.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Kenny is asleep in the back seat. Shane next to him, text-
messaging on his cell phone.

SHANE

Hey, dad? Are we going to be back
home by Thursday?

NATE

Saturday.

SHANE

Oh.

NATE

Why?

SHANE

Dave's having a pool party...
Whatever.

ROBYN

We'll see how it goes, Shane.

Nate looks at Robyn.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

What?

Nate checks the mirror, to make sure the boys aren't listening. He lowers his voice:

NATE

I thought we agreed, we need this time together. As a family.

ROBYN

And we're all here, Nate.

NATE

Begrudgingly.

ROBYN

He's a teenager, now. What do you expect?

NATE

And what's your excuse?

(off her silence)

Look, if nobody wants to do this, if nobody's going to try to reconnect here, then we're just wasting time and gas.

Kenny opens an eye. Not really sleeping.

ROBYN

Nate, we all agreed to give this a try. What more do you want?

NATE

I just want everything to be like it was before.

Nate looks at Robyn, but she looks away, back at the road.

ROBYN

What's that, a diner? Maybe we should stop and eat.

Nate throws on his turn signal and slows down.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers lets off the gas.

EVERS
They're stopping.

MAREK
Perfect. We'll grab it while they're
inside.

Evers CLICKS his turn signal.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As they draw closer to a rank-looking diner, Robyn rethinks her assessment of it.

ROBYN
Eh, let's see what's further ahead.

Nate smiles at her indecision, CLICKS off his turn signal and speeds up. He checks his mirror to make sure he isn't cutting anyone off, and sees --

The dark sedan behind them, also signaling a turn. But the signal stops blinking, and the car does not turn.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers speeds up to stay with the SUV.

LOSADA
What are they doing?

MAREK
Not hungry, I guess.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate keeps accelerating, watching the sedan in the mirror.

Robyn studies the road atlas, oblivious.

The speedometer nudges past sixty... sixty-five... seventy.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The SUV pulls away from the sedan.

LOSADA
Don't let 'em get away.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate keeps speeding up. Seventy-five... eighty... Now Robyn notices the WHINE of the engine.

ROBYN

Hey, Jeff Gordon. Watch your speed.

NATE

Uh-huh.

He's watching his speed, all right. He's also watching the sedan -- not receding fast enough in the mirror.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The speedometer reads 85.

And still the SUV is breaking away from them.

MAREK

They're onto us.

EVERS

Ya think?

MAREK

We better do this, right now.

LOSADA

Come to Jesus!

Evers stands on the gas.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The gaining sedan looms large in the rearview mirror.

Nate squeezes the wheel, pushes the SUV even harder.

ROBYN

Nate, slow down!

Nate shushes her.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KENNY

Dad, what's going on?

Kenny's awake, watching the sedan close in on them.

ROBYN

Are you racing this guy?

NATE

No.

ROBYN

Well, what are you doing? Let him pass.

NATE

I don't think he wants to pass.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The sedan crowds up on the SUV, both of them RACING now.

EVERS

I'm gonna knock 'em sideways -- hang on.

Evers crosses the centerline to overtake the SUV.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

From in here, it looks like the sedan is trying to pass.

ROBYN

Let him go, Nate! Slow down!

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers brings his front bumper alongside the rear bumper of the SUV -- positioning himself for a PIT maneuver.

EVERS

One, two --

The radar detector on the dash CHIRPS.

ARIELLE

Cop!

LOSADA

I don't see him!

The detector CHIRPS faster.

MAREK

He's around. Back off, Evers.

LOSADA

Fuck that! Get this over with!

But Evers eases off the gas.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate, Robyn and Kenny watch as the sedan falls way back.

ROBYN

Good for you. You beat him. Now
can you slow down?

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV ROARS past a rock outcropping -- which conceals a police car. The cop turns on his lights and gives chase.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The crew sees the cop car pulling onto the highway ahead.

LOSADA

Son of a bitch!

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate slows down, but Kenny sees the cop coming after them.

KENNY

Uh-oh. Dad...

Nate sees the cop in the mirror.

ROBYN

Oh, Nate!

Shane emerges from his iPod trance and sits up.

SHANE

Dad, you're getting pulled over.

NATE

Yeah, thanks, Shane.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV stops at the shoulder. The car parks behind it.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The crew scrunches down in their seats as they race past.

LOSADA

Shitshitshit!

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate throws off his seatbelt and jumps out of the car.

LT. PAOLO steps out of his cruiser and waves Nate back.

LT. PAOLO
Sir, get back in your vehicle!

NATE
That sedan was following us!

The cop puts a hand on his pepper spray.

LT. PAOLO
Sir! Get back in your vehicle!

NATE
(pointing after sedan)
That car! They were chasing us!

LT. PAOLO
That car wasn't even speeding, but
I clocked you doing a buck-oh-nine
on my highway.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Losada watches the Sidwells and the cop disappear over the horizon behind them. Their frustration goes without saying, but Losada says it anyway:

LOSADA
Well guys, we're pretty fucked
now.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Robyn hands Nate the vehicle registration through the drivers' window. Nate hands it to Lt. Paolo.

NATE
Look, talk to my family. They'll
back me up.

LT. PAOLO
I'm sure they will.

NATE
I'm telling you, they were after
us. The faster I went, the faster
they went.

LT. PAOLO
They were piggybacking.
(MORE)

LT. PAOLO (CONT'D)
Speeding in your radar shadow,
letting you take the fall.

Nate shoots the cop a look.

LT. PAOLO (CONT'D)
Well, it worked, didn't it?

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Marek looks at the road map. Losada glares at Arielle.

LOSADA
Still waiting for your props? Still
proud of your little plan?

Arielle averts her eyes. Knows he's got a point.

MAREK
Lay off her.

LOSADA
Lay off? Jesus, Marek! If they
find the money --

MAREK
Why would they? Why would they
even look for it? They don't know
what's going on. This isn't the
end, Losada. It's just a setback.
Keep your head screwed on.
(re: Arielle)
Without her, we'd all be in a lockup
right now. So leave her alone.
(re: the road map)
There's a town up ahead. We'll
pull off and wait for them. The
money will still be there.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate follows Lt. Paolo back to his car.

NATE
Officer, I wouldn't make up a story
like this just to get out of a
lousy ticket.

LT. PAOLO
(turns to face him)
Lousy ticket? You're in Arizona,
Mr. Sidwell. A hundred and nine
buys you reckless driving. That's
a class two misdemeanor.

NATE

Oh, wait. You -- you can't do that.

LT. PAOLO

I can't? We got laws here, sir.

NATE

I understand that, but a misdemeanor's going to get me in a lot of trouble.

LT. PAOLO

How's that?

Nate braces himself for an embarrassing admission.

NATE

It'll put me in violation of parole.

LT. PAOLO

(looks him over)

You're an ex-con?

NATE

I just finished eighteen months at Elgin Federal Prison.

LT. PAOLO

(checks Nate's ID)

You're crossing state lines on parole?

NATE

I have permission from my P.O. Look, I'm not a violent offender. It was just real estate fraud.

LT. PAOLO

"Just." I see. Well. If you didn't want to go back to Club Fed, you probably shouldn't have tried to break the sound barrier on my highway... Go wait in your car.

The cop starts for his own vehicle again, but Nate follows.

NATE

Officer, please --

LT. PAOLO

We got a fair magistrate in Gila Bend, Mr. Sidwell. You can tell him your fascinating story about being chased.

NATE

Officer, if you do this, it'll destroy my family.

LT. PAOLO
(keeps walking)
Get back in your car, sir.

NATE
I'm begging you --

Nate tries to grab the cop's forearm, but catches his holstered 9mm instead. Lt. Paolo wheels around and draws.

LT. PAOLO
Whoa! Whoa!

NATE
I'm sorry --

Lt. Paolo points to the dashboard camera in his vehicle.

LT. PAOLO
That's on video, my friend! That's on video!

NATE
I didn't -- I wasn't trying to --

IN THE SUV,

Robyn, Shane and Kenny watch the unfolding drama.

ROBYN
Oh, my God...

LT. PAOLO

keeps his distance, aiming his weapon at Nate's chest.

LT. PAOLO
Get on the ground, sir! Get down!

NATE
Okay, okay --

Nate drops to his knees, hands in the air.

LT. PAOLO
All the way! All the way, sir!

Nate goes prostrate on the blacktop. Lt. Paolo cuffs him.

NATE
Officer, please. It was a mistake.

IN THE SUV,

Robyn turns away from the sight of Nate's arrest.

KENNY
Why's dad in trouble again? Mom,
why's he trouble again?

SHANE

Shut up.

Robyn can't answer. Too busy trying not to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - HARDWARE STORE - SUNSET

Gila Bend is a small desert town where the desert highway crosses Interstate 8.

The hardware store -- now closed -- sits at the end of the main drag. The sedan is parked in the lot.

Marek sits with Arielle on the hood, fiddling with the scanner. Losada paces. Evers watches the road.

Because of the flat desert landscape, you can see most of the town from this one spot. And the setting sun.

Arielle checks her watch. Losada catches her.

LOSADA

No traffic stop takes forty minutes.
Give me the keys.

MAREK

They have to come this way, Losada.

LOSADA

I'm going to see what happened.
(to Evers)
Give me the keys.

MAREK

Losada, I promise, you don't want
that money any more than I do.

LOSADA

Really? Then maybe you shouldn't
have handed it to Mr. Regional
Sales Manager and his dipshit
family. I'm going back there.
(to Evers)
Give me the fucking keys.

Evers looks to Marek for instruction. Marek slides off the hood and onto his feet.

MAREK

We'll all go.

CUT TO:

INT. GILA BEND - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lt. Paolo talks on a phone in this tiny police station, where weathered, old SGT. GAZZO -- the only OTHER COP in the place -- books Nate, now handcuffed to a chair.

NATE

...Look, I'm going to have two kids in college before long, you know? And it was easy money. All I had to do was secure loans for some overvalued properties -- which is essentially gray area anyway.

Gazzo nods politely, but keeps typing

NATE (CONT'D)

Thing is, the buyer turned out to be a drug dealer, and this was all part of a laundering scheme. I had no idea. And that's why the IRS got involved. It was a stupid mistake, and it cost me eighteen months and my brokerage license. But I learned my lesson.

SGT. GAZZO

You let me know if those cuffs are too tight.

Nate forces a grin, realizes he's getting no sympathy this way. He looks around Sgt. Gazzo's desk. Sees a photo of a woman taped to the edge of the computer monitor.

NATE

Is that your wife?

SGT. GAZZO

Forty years and counting.

NATE

Wow. What's the trick?

SGT. GAZZO

The trick? I don't know. I guess if you say you're gonna fix the screen door, you better fix it. The first time you let her down, she'll start waitin' for the next time.

Lt. Paolo hangs up his phone and steps over.

LT. PAOLO

Judge is in Casa Grande. Won't be back till late. Probably won't see you till morning.

SGT. GAZZO

Jim, whyn't we let Mr. Sidwell
spend the night at the motel with
his family?

LT. PAOLO

Gazzo, this man tried to relieve
me of my weapon. I got it on video.

NATE

I didn't. I really didn't. And you
know that. You've made your point,
lieutenant. Is it really important
to you that my kids see me spend
the night in jail?

LT. PAOLO

(turns, struts away)
Let's see what time the judge gets
back.

Sgt. Gazzo makes the "jerk-off" gesture. Nate nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - SPACE AGE LODGE - NIGHT

A funky old desert motel with a Jetsons design. The sign
is shaped like a flying saucer.

The Sidwell's SUV is one of the few cars in the lot. The
luggage is still on the roof.

INT. SPACE AGE LODGE - SHANE & KENNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shane throws a chewed crust of pizza into the empty box
and leans back against his headboard.

Kenny -- on the other bed -- still works on a slice.

Robyn sits in a chair, untouched pizza in her lap.

KENNY

Dad got pulled over plenty of times,
but it never ended up like that.
That was right out of "Cops."

ROBYN

Well, that's what happens once you
break the law, Kenny. They don't
trust you anymore after that.

KENNY

It's not fair.

SHANE

Get used to it. Dad's a convict.
He can't get away with shit anymore.

ROBYN

He's not a convict. He served his
time.

SHANE

He's in jail right now!

Robyn glares at Shane through glazed eyes.

KENNY

Mom? Are they gonna send him back
to Florida?

ROBYN

No. This is a misunderstanding.
Dad's lawyer will take care of it.

KENNY

Good. I like having Dad home again.

ROBYN

Yeah. I know you do.
(wants to say more,
but...)
We better unload the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - SPACE AGE LODGE - NIGHT

Shane sits on the roof of the SUV, tossing bags down to
Kenny, who then pitches them into their open motel room.

Robyn stands nearby in the quiet parking lot, staring off
at the starry desert sky above, listening to the SOFT
DRONE of traffic on the interstate.

SHANE

Hey, mom. Go inside. We got this.

She looks at him and forces a smile.

ROBYN

You guys, don't stay up late. We'll
be back on the road in the morning.
Camping by tomorrow night.

SHANE

Yay.

Robyn enters the adjacent room. She hangs a 'do not
disturb' sign on the knob and closes the door.

Shane pulls the big nylon tent bag toward the edge of roof rack and pushes it over the side. Kenny goes to catch it, but the weight of it knocks him right onto his back.

Shane looks down at him with disdain.

KENNY

It's heavy!

SHANE

Get off your fat ass once in a while and hit the gym. Do I have to come down there and help you?

Kenny stands and hoists up the leaden bag.

KENNY

No -- I got -- it.

INT. SPACE AGE LODGE - SHANE & KENNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kenny wrestles the tent bag into the room and lets it plop to the carpet.

Shane steps inside just long enough to grab his jacket.

KENNY

Where are you going?

SHANE

Shhh. I'm going out.

KENNY

Me too.

Kenny grabs the remote to turn off the tv, but:

SHANE

Leave it on.

Kenny drops the remote, turns off the light and follows Shane outside, quietly shut the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - MAIN DRAG - NIGHT

Shane and Kenny walk along the quiet road. Shane pulls out a sorry little joint and lights it with a Zippo.

KENNY

Holy shit!

SHANE

Shut up.

They walk on in silence. Shane takes a deep drag that nearly ends in a coughing jag. He's still new at this.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You know they're getting divorced, right?

KENNY

Dad said they weren't.

SHANE

And you took him at his word?

Kenny slows down, the wind sucked out of his sails.

KENNY

Why would they get divorced? He's back home again. Everything's just like before.

SHANE

Yeah, right. Except now we know he's a lying fuck.

A car approaches. Shane cups the joint in his palm, turns his face away from the road. That's why he doesn't realize it's the dark sedan rolling past.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers and Arielle search the town while Marek listens to the CRACKLING scanner. Losada just stares straight ahead.

LOSADA

This is fucked, guys. They turned around. Or they got on the interstate. Or they found the money --

MAREK

(re: the scanner)

If they found the money, the cops would never shut up about it.

Evers taps the brake, slows down.

EVERS

Hey, hey!

They all follow his gaze to --

The Sidwell's SUV. Parked at the motel.

Arielle claps her hands and lets out a relieved breath.

LOSADA

Where's the bag?

MAREK

Inside. With the rest of the
luggage.

Marek watches the motel as they drift past it. He looks
up and down the road. Pretty empty.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Okay. Turn around.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE AGE LODGE - ROBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The 'do not disturb' sign hanging on Robyn's doorknob.

INT. SPACE AGE LODGE - ROBYN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark and quiet. Robyn sleeps alone in one of the beds.

A shadow passes the sheer curtain covering the window.

A soft CLICKING sound breaks the silence.

Robyn draws a breath and lifts her head. A light sleeper.

The CLICKING continues. Like someone's picking the lock.

ROBYN

Shane?

The noise stops.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Kenny?

Robyn slides out of bed in her T-shirt and boxers. She
crosses to the door, puts her eye to the peephole and --

Something SLAMS into the door -- SPLITTING the jamb --
BREAKING the latch. The door CATCHES on the safety chain,
but not before it CRACKS Robyn in the forehead.

She stumbles backwards and falls, bringing down a tall
dresser and the TV on top of it.

A HAND reaches inside. Tries to unhook the chain.

Robyn screams.

The hand withdraws. And everything gets real quiet.

Robyn climbs over the bed. Grabs the phone off its hook.
Stabs at the keypad. Waits for an answer.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine-one-one, what is your emergency --

ROBYN

Someone's trying to break into --

A huge object SHATTERS the window, TEARS the curtains off the rod and CRASHES to the floor -- a big potted cactus.

Robyn drops the phone, bounds over the other bed and into the bathroom, SLAMMING the door behind her just as --

Marek leaps through the broken window. Losada and Evers climb in behind him.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robyn locks the bathroom door and reaches for the small window over the toilet, but --

Someone SHOULDERS the door, CRACKING the jamb.

Robyn puts all her weight against the door.

ROBYN

Leave me alone! Help! Help! Shane!

She PUNCHES the wall, trying to signal the boys next door.

The door is HIT again. Robyn can barely hold it. She looks around, sees --

The shower curtain rod.

She yanks it down, tries to prop it between the door and the opposing wall, but the door is about to give way.

Robyn spears the window with the rod, BREAKING the glass. She yells out into the desert night:

ROBYN (CONT'D)

FIRE!

CUT TO:

INT. GILA BEND - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nate lies on a bench in the holding cell -- just a cage within the main room. He uses his forearm to shield his eyes against the blinding fluorescent lights overhead.

Sgt. Gazzo sits with his feet up on his desk, watching a crappy little TV in the corner -- news footage of an armored car, doors open, surrounded by crime scene tape.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...The amount stolen in the attack is believed to be at least several million dollars.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.; CONT'D)
 And the suspects left an armed
 courier dead in their wake...

A VOICE breaks over the radio beside Gazzo.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Gila Bend, nine-one-one dispatch.
 Come in.

Gazzo mutes the TV and grabs the mike.

SGT. GAZZO
 Gila Bend here, go ahead.

A toilet FLUSHES. Lt. Paolo emerges from the rest room.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 We received an interrupted call
 from the Space Age Lodge, possible
 ten-fourteen in progress. No further
 details.

Nate sits bolt upright and listens in.

SGT. GAZZO
 Copy.

NATE
 What's that mean?

SGT. GAZZO
 (to Lt. Paolo)
 Possible ten-fourteen at the Space
 Age.

Nate hops to his feet, grabs onto the bars.

NATE
 That's where my family is, right?
 What's a ten-fourteen?

LT. PAOLO
 (ignoring Nate)
 It was an incomplete call?

Gazzo nods. Lt. Paolo glances at Nate.

LT. PAOLO (CONT'D)
 Go check it out. I'll try to raise
 Mike.

Gazzo grabs his keys and runs for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Arielle is at the wheel, parked across the street from the motel, listening to the scanner.

LT. PAOLO (V.O.)

Mike, get over to the Space Age,
we got a ten-fourteen in progress.

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)

Copy that.

Arielle punches the horn -- THREE SHORT BLASTS.

INT. SPACE AGE LODGE - ROBYN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marek, Losada and Evers are tearing the room to pieces -- upending beds, dumping over dressers, digging through Robyn's luggage -- but they pause at Arielle's signal.

LOSADA

Shit! Where the hell is it?

Marek looks back at the closed bathroom door and rushes it. He SLAMS his body against it, but it still won't open.

Losada adds his weight to the mix and finally the door comes clean off it's hinges.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The curtain rod bends in half. Marek and Losada fall into the tiny room to find it empty.

The broken window over the toilet is wide open. Marek looks outside, sees nothing.

MAREK

We gotta go.

LOSADA

Fuck!

INT. GILA BEND - POLICE STATION

Nate hangs onto the holding cell bars, desperate.

NATE

Take me there. Please, take me there.

Lt. Paolo waits by the radio.

LT. PAOLO

Cool your heels, Mr. Sidwell.

NATE

I want to see my family!

EXT. GILA BEND - SPACE AGE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Robyn crouches by a shrub, behind the motel.

Flashing police lights approach.

She breaks cover, goes running toward the road in her T-shirt and boxers, waving her arms.

ROBYN

Over here!

But TWO FIGURES spring out from behind the building and come at her. Robyn screams, but --

KENNY

Mom!

It's Shane and Kenny. Robyn collapses into their arms.

SHANE

What is it? What happened?

The police car SCREECHES into the motel lot. There's no sign of the sedan, or Marek's crew.

CUT TO:

INT. LT. PAOLO'S CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT

Nate rides in the back as Lt. Paolo races through town. He looks in the mirror. Meets Nate's eyes.

LT. PAOLO

I'm sorry, Mr. Sidwell. I don't know what else to say.

Nate looks at him. Nods. He sits up when he sees --

Flickering lights up ahead -- two cop cars at the motel.

EXT. GILA BEND - SPACE AGE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Paolo parks in the lot, lets Nate out of the back.

Nate approaches the building. Sgt. Gazzo lifts up a newly strung police line to let Nate pass.

Robyn is wrapped in an emergency blanket, surrounded by her sons and a different cop. Her face streaked with tears.

NATE

Robyn!

He rushes to her side, takes her in his arms. He squeezes her, but she steps back and looks up into Nate's eyes.

ROBYN

What do they want from us?

NATE

I don't know.

Robyn turns back to Shane and Kenny, holds them tight.

ROBYN

I'm cold. I want to go inside.

NATE

Yeah, sure.

Shane and Kenny help Robyn into their room. Nate follows, but stops and looks at the open door to Robyn's room.

INT. SPACE AGE LODGE - ROBYN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate leans through the open doorway. Surveys the wreckage.

Beds flipped over. Toppled furniture. Broken mirror. The potted cactus. And a demolished bathroom door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The sedan is parked beneath a streetlight at the edge of town. Marek, Arielle lean against the car. Losada paces, talking to someone on his phone.

LOSADA

No me importa. Digale que Losada lo llama. Esperare.

(to Arielle as he
waits on hold)

You gave it away, you dumb cunt.
Four million. Just gave it away.

ARIELLE

You want to take a shot at me,
Losada? Go right ahead.

LOSADA

Don't taunt me, bitch. Your
boyfriend's the only thing keeping
you alive right now.

MAREK

Do your best, Losada. I won't step
in.

Losada looks at Marek. Then at Arielle. She stands there, wide stance, ready for him.

LOSADA
Fucking dyke.
(into phone)
Oye, Oscar, soy yo...

Losada steps away to take his call. Arielle looks at Marek.

ARIELLE
You'd really stand by and watch?

MAREK
I think you could take him.

She smiles, but it doesn't stick.

MAREK (CONT'D)
Hey, we're not going to lose that money. This is a hiccup. In less than forty-eight hours, we'll be drinking cervezas on the beach and making babies.

She smiles at him. This time it takes. They kiss, deep and long. Till Marek hears something in the darkness --

Evers, approaching on foot.

Losada wraps up as Evers joins them in the pool of light.

LOSADA
(into phone)
...Gracias, amigo. Gracias.
(hangs up, to Evers)
What's the story?

EVERS
They had another room next door.

MAREK
Are they still there?

EVERS
Yeah. Along with a patrol car.
(holds up the scanner)
Doesn't sound like they found the money yet, but the cops think the family might turn around and go home.

MAREK
But they still haven't made a decision?

Evers shrugs. Guess not. Marek looks at Losada.

MAREK (CONT'D)

What about Nogales?

LOSADA

(re: his phone)

Hey, I got Nogales covered. We can cross at midnight tomorrow. But what about the fucking money? We gotta know which way it's headed.

Marek looks out at the dark, brooding desert.

MAREK

It's headed south. They'll keep going.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE AGE LODGE - SHANE & KENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Robyn sits on one bed with Shane and Kenny. Nate sits across from them, on the other bed. A family meeting.

NATE

There's a lot of drug trafficking down here, because of the border. So that could've had something to do with it. But Lieutenant Paolo thinks it was just meth addicts. These desert towns are apparently crawling with them.

KENNY

What do they want with us?

NATE

Eh, we're nice looking people. Maybe we've got some nice things they can sell for drug money.

Nate picks up Shane's iPod from the table, as an example.

ROBYN

Nate, you weren't in that room. That was really scary.

NATE

I know, honey. But we've already driven eight hundred miles. We could be inside the park by noon tomorrow. Away from civilization, away from everybody --

ROBYN

To go camping! We live in Colorado. We could've gone camping five miles from home.

NATE

It's snowing at home... Robyn,
whoever it was, they're gone. The
cops are outside. They're going to
give us an escort in the morning --

SHANE

I want to go home, too.

NATE

(sighs)

That's two votes for home. What
about you, Kenny.

Kenny looks at Nate, at Robyn, at Nate again.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hey, guys. Today was a lousy day --
no argument there. But this family
is in trouble. Now, that's my fault --
I know. It was hard to be a presence
in your lives from two thousand
miles away. That's why we're doing
this -- getting away from jobs,
away from friends. We have to get
to know each other again. But, if
we turn back now, that might never
happen.

(looks right at Robyn)

And then what becomes of us?

SHANE

I don't really give a crap. I want
to go home.

Shane's words are like a knife in Nate's heart.

KENNY

I want to go camping.

Nate rubs Kenny's head, but knows this is over. And yet:

ROBYN

Let's keep going.

Nate looks at her. She nods. Shane huffs. Kenny throws
his hands up in silent victory. Nate leans over and kisses
Robyn on the cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - DAY

Dawn breaks white hot over the Maricopa Mountains.

CUT TO:

INT. GILA BEND - HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Not exactly Home Depot. Just a cramped little store with a few jam-packed aisles.

As the CLERK flips the "open" sign and unlocks the door --

LOSADA appears, seemingly out of nowhere. He pushes through the glass door and nearly walks right over the clerk.

CLERK

-- Morning.

LOSADA

Yeah.

Losada strides down the plumbing aisle and pulls a 30-inch length of threaded pipe off a shelf without stopping. He hefts it in his hand. It'll make a fine bludgeon.

He turns down the tool aisle and surveys his options.

He grabs a 24 oz. hammer with a nice long handle.

He tries out two different crowbars and can't decide, so he takes them both.

As he heads for the register, he passes the gardening tools and stops dead in his tracks.

Hanging right at eye level is a cane knife -- a kind of machete with a heavy, 14-inch blade that's narrow at the hilt, but widens out to five inches at the tip. Looks like it could lop the head clean off a small horse.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

Oh, yes.

Losada drops one of the crowbars and grabs the cane knife.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILA BEND - SPACE AGE LODGE

Robyn crosses the street from a convenience store to the motel parking lot, carrying coffees and snacks.

She climbs into the idling SUV, where Nate, Shane and Kenny are waiting. The luggage is back on the roof -- including the tent bag.

Lt. Paolo stands at Nate's open window, pats Nate's arm.

LT. PAOLO

Gazzo will see you all the way to the city limits.

(MORE)

LT. PAOLO (CONT'D)
And, again, I'm awful sorry about
last night. All of it.

NATE
I appreciate that.

Lt. Paolo signals to a police cruiser in front of the
SUV, Sgt. Gazzo at the wheel. It pulls out of the lot.

LT. PAOLO
Have a good trip, folks.

Nate follows the cruiser, their escort.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Robyn pulls a bagel from the paper bag.

ROBYN
Who wants a freezer-burned bagel?

NATE
Ooh, me.

She hands it to him. They share a tentative smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ABANDONED BARN - DAY

A faded, half-collapsed barn on a lonely stretch of road.
A shape peeks out from the rear corner...

It's Losada, keeping an eye on the horizon to the north,
the brutal-looking cane knife in hand. He looks back at --

The sedan parked near the other end of the barn, lying in
wait, hidden from the road, the doors open.

Marek, Arielle and Evers wait inside. Patient.

The steel pipe sits on the dash in front of Evers. Marek
clutches the hammer, Arielle the crowbar.

EVERS
That motherfucker couldn't'a bought
four of them machetes?

Losada looks north again, just as --

A vehicle appears in the distance... Followed by another.

He squints at them. Lets them get closer. And sees --

The lights and markings of a police car.

LOSADA

Son of a fuck.

He runs back to the car and leaps through his open door.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

They got an escort!

He looks at the scanner in Arielle's hand.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

They got a fucking escort!

She shrugs. Didn't know about it.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

Well, what do we do?

They listen as the VEHICLES APPROACH.

OUT ON THE ROAD,

the cruiser and the SUV ZIP past the sagging barn.

BEHIND THE BARN,

the crew listens to THE SOUND OF THE CARS fading away.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

What do we do? What's the plan?

MAREK

We wait.

LOSADA

We wait? For what?

Marek doesn't respond. He grabs the scanner from Arielle.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

Marek! They're getting away!

MAREK

Hey, a little quiet, huh?

Losada grips his cane knife in two fists and BURIES it the upholstered door liner. Arielle flinches.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The police cruiser and the SUV are alone on an infinite stretch of road. Nothing but desert for miles.

The cruiser pulls to the shoulder. Sgt. Gazzo waves to the Sidwell's as they pass. Then he pulls a U-turn and starts north again.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ABANDONED BARN - CONTINUOUS

Losada is a little calmer now, quietly glaring at the back of Marek's head. The scanner CRACKLES.

SGT. GAZZO (V.O.)
This is Gazzo. I've taken the
Sidwell's to the town line and am
now ten-eight. Over.

Marek looks back at Losada.

MAREK
You see, Losada? Patience.

Losada turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The SUV crosses the vast desert plain in perfect solitude.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Robyn stares out at the prehistoric landscape racing past. Nate gives her arm a gentle squeeze. She flinches. Tense.

Shane sits in back, listening to his iPod. But something catches his ear -- a rapid TAPPING noise.

ON THE ROOF,

a bungee cord has gone slack, LASHING against the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ABANDONED BARN - DAY

Marek crouches at the rear corner of the barn, staring at the highway, stretching away to the south.

A glint of metal crests a distant hilltop... The cop car.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - DAY

Shane takes his earbuds out of his ear. The loose bungee cord FLAPS even louder now.

SHANE
Dad, it's driving me out of my
fucking mind.

Nate turns to scold Shane, but Robyn intervenes:

ROBYN
Shane, watch that mouth.

SHANE
...Sorry.

Nate lets off the gas and pulls to the shoulder.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - ABANDONED BARN - CONTINUOUS

Marek walks to the north end of the barn and peeks around the corner just as --

The cruiser passes and continues north, back toward town.

Marek keeps an eye on it as he backs toward the sedan and climbs into the front seat.

MAREK
Hit it.

Evers PEELS OUT. The sedan rounds the barn, grabs the blacktop and RACES south.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH THE SIDWELL'S - DAY

Nate stands on the rear bumper, adjusting the luggage on the roof. Robyn and Kenny watch from the shoulder. Shane throws rocks at a cactus.

NATE
Here, toss this one in back.

He hands the tent bag to Robyn. The top is half-open. She sets it down to tighten the cord and sees the duffel bag inside. Huh? She peels back the bag and unzips the duffel.

Nate secures the bungees on the rest of the luggage.

ROBYN
Boys, get in the car.

Kenny climbs into the back seat. Shane follows.

Nate hops down off the bumper to find Robyn standing there.

NATE
That ought to do it --

She shoves him, hard, shaking with anger.

ROBYN
You lousy son of a bitch!

NATE

-- What?

ROBYN

That's we just had to go camping
near the border, you shit!

NATE

What are you talking about?

Shane and Kenny watch through the back window as --

Robyn shoves Nate again, harder still.

ROBYN

Who are they, Nate? Who are they?

NATE

Who are who --

ROBYN

I almost got killed last night.
You could've gotten us all killed!

NATE

Robyn --

ROBYN

No, Nate. I can't believe you used
us this way. Your own family. Your
own kids!

She pushes past him, walks around toward the driver's
door. Nate follows.

NATE

Robyn, what are you doing?

ROBYN

I'm leaving you, Nate. I'm leaving
you right here. With the only thing
you really give a shit about.

She gets behind the wheel and slams the door.

NATE

Robyn!

She STARTS the engine and PEELS OUT, leaving Nate coughing
in a cloud of dust. As it settles, he spots something
sitting on the shoulder... The nylon tent bag.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Shane and Kenny watch Nate recede behind them. They look
up at Robyn, now a trembling, sobbing mess.

KENNY

...Mom?

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate looks from the tent bag to the vanishing SUV. Then back to the tent bag.

He approaches it. Kneels beside it. Looks inside.

The duffel bag within is unzipped. And it is absolutely bursting with banded stacks of hundred dollar bills.

Nate removes a bundle, thumbs through it. Crisp new bills.

And then his breath catches in his throat. A realization.

He drops the money like it was poison.

NATE

...Oh, shit.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers pushes the car to 125. The wind RUSHES past, the car devouring the highway. Marek stares ahead. Unblinking.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Back in the perfect desert silence, Nate looks from the bag of cash to the SUV, now just a speck in the distance.

Nate waves his arms wide, jumping up and down, and screaming as though he had any chance of being heard:

NATE

ROBYN! ROBYN!

The SUV disappears behind a distant rise. And Nate is alone in the endless desert.

He sprints after the SUV.

But he doesn't get five paces before he remembers the bag. He doubles back, hoists it up and runs with it. But man, it's heavy. Like carrying a dozen phone books.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Shane climbs over the console and into the passenger seat.

SHANE

Mom, what happened?

He hands her a tissue. She wipes her eyes.

KENNY
Mom, what's going on?

ROBYN
I'm not sure. Your father's gotten
himself into more trouble.

KENNY
What do you mean?

ROBYN
He took something that didn't belong
to him. And I guess whoever he
took it from wants it back.

SHANE
That's who broke into your room?

Robyn nods. Kenny turns away, so Shane can't see him cry.

KENNY
Is dad going back to prison?
Robyn doesn't answer.

KENNY (CONT'D)
Is he?

SHANE
Who cares? ...Who fucking cares?

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - RAILROAD TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Nate runs with the bag of money, sweating, out of breath.

He drops the heavy bag and pauses. Searches up and down
the road, but sees no one.

He gathers his energy, picks up the bag and gets moving.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Robyn has gotten control of her sobbing.

SHANE
Mom? What are we doing?
She looks at him.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Are we still going camping?

ROBYN
What? No.

SHANE
Then, shouldn't we turn around?

But Robyn doesn't even slow down. Just keeps driving.

Shane looks back at Kenny. Kenny shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - RISE IN THE ROAD - DAY

Nate arrives at the once-distant hilltop, done for. Soaked through with sweat and dragging his feet. He slows to a shuffle as he reaches the crest...

And a new stretch of desert unfurls before him. Several miles of highway, and not a single vehicle in sight.

NATE

Dammit!

Nate hurls the heavy bag to the ground. It goes rolling away from him, down the hill.

He doubles over, like he might throw up. But he pulls himself together and shuffles toward the bag.

Then, from somewhere, a SCREAMING ENGINE.

Nate looks at the road stretching away from him -- still empty clear to the horizon.

He looks up at the cloudless sky. A plane? No. It's coming from behind him. And it's getting LOUDER. Getting closer. Someone on an angry mission.

Nate looks at the money. What to do?

He runs the last ten feet toward the bag and stands it up on one end, nice and tall, at the edge of the pavement.

Then he bounds away from the road, into the desert scrub. He ducks out of sight behind a sprawling bush.

The bag stands alone out in the open. Impossible to miss...

Until it slouches over, plops onto its side and rolls into the drainage ditch just as --

Marek's sedan is revealed, THRUMMING over the hilltop and racing past the barely visible bag of money at high speed.

Behind the bush, Nate listens, expecting to hear the squeal of brakes. But the just car keeps going.

He stands up, tentative, and spots the bag in the ditch.

NATE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

He runs back to the pavement and watches the sedan racing toward the horizon.

Nate jumps up and down, waving his arms in wide arcs.

NATE (CONT'D)

HEY! HEY!

Nate stares at the vanishing sedan, struck mute by the implications of all this. Then he notices --

A plume of dust rising up at least a mile down the road. Must be another vehicle, maybe just off the road.

Nate retrieves the money from the ditch and starts running.

CUT TO:

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

The crew races over another rise in the road, revealing another stretch of highway. And a vehicle ahead...

The SUV.

Marek raps a fist against the dashboard. Arielle and Evers let out sighs of relief. Losada just quietly chuckles, a cockeyed smile slicing his face in two.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Robyn is cried dry, but still drives like she's hypnotized.

SHANE

Pull over, Mom. Let's turn around.
(no response)

Come on, Mom. We'll go get Dad.
We'll go home. Come on, pull over.

Robyn looks at Shane, gives him a weary smile.

ROBYN

You're good boys. Both of you. I --

Something SLAMS into them from behind -- the sedan. Whiplashing Robyn, Shane and Kenny so hard that --

THE SEDAN'S AIRBAGS

EXPLODE in Evers' and Marek's faces. But they were ready for it and shove the already-deflating bags out of the way as the sedan pushes the SUV along.

ROBYN

loses control of the wheel. The SUV veers left, then right, then spins 360 degrees, finally freeing itself from the --

THE SEDAN,

which SKITTERS past in an e-brake slide, going sideways across the highway before CHATTERING to a halt.

THE SUV

SCREECHES off the blacktop and BULLDOZES a spiky yucca tree right out of the ground. Robyn pushes her tousled hair out of her eyes and looks up to see --

FOUR CRAZED PEOPLE

leaping from the car and descending upon the SUV with an assortment of ad hoc weaponry, including one guy with savage blade as long and wide as a man's forearm.

ROBYN

grabs her phone from the console and flips it open, but --

Marek DISINTEGRATES her window with his hammer, and tears the phone from her hand.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Run, boys! Run!

SHANE AND KENNY

tumble out of the other side and run straight into the desert, weaving between creosote shrubs and saguaro cactus.

MAREK

(to Evers and Arielle)

The kids! Go!

Evers and Arielle peel away from the pack to give chase.

Losada yanks open Robyn's door and pulls her from the vehicle. But her seatbelt is still on. She dangles headfirst out of the car, screaming.

Losada raises the cane knife over Robyn's skull, ready to swing, but Marek grabs his arm and pries the knife away.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Get the bag!

Losada scrambles onto the roof of the SUV.

Marek severs Robyn's seatbelt with the cane knife, shoves her to the ground and kneels on her back. She'd scream if she could get any air in her lungs.

Losada releases the bungee cords, starts kicking bags off the roof until there are none left.

LOSADA

It ain't here!

He jumps to the ground and yanks open the rear hatch.

ARIELLE

runs faster than Kenny, gets a hold of his shirt and drags him to a halt. He turns to fight, but she only has to show him her crowbar and he freezes.

SHANE

glances behind him to see Evers right on his heels -- and throwing a steel pipe. Shane ducks to avoid it, but that slows him. Evers tackles him, drives him into the dust.

LOSADA

pulls a duffel bag from the trunk and unzips it, spilling folded clothes to the pavement.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

It ain't here!

Marek clamps a hand around Robyn's throat and jerks her head up, so he can look into her eyes.

MAREK

Where is it?

ROBYN

We don't have it! We don't have it!

Marek squeezes her throat, choking her.

Losada looks around at the aftermath -- Robyn on the ground, the boys being dragged back to the road.

MAREK

Wait a second... Where's Daddy?

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH NATE - CONTINUOUS

Nate still runs down the road, bearing the burden of all that money. He's so focused on the plume of dust up ahead that he almost doesn't notice --

The old pickup truck rumbling up from behind.

He spins toward it and runs into the lane, waving an arm.

NATE

Hey! Stop! Stop!

But, to the old Native American woman in the cab, Nate looks like a fugitive psychopath, sweaty and flailing, clutching a piece of luggage like it was filled with money.

She steps on the gas and veers around him.

NATE (CONT'D)

No, please! HELP!

But she leaves him there, alone again.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - SCENE OF THE ATTACK - CONTINUOUS

Marek and Losada loom over Robyn, her face wet and bloody.

LOSADA

If he's back there, how come we
didn't see him?

ROBYN

-- I don't know.

MAREK

Why would you leave him in the
middle of nowhere?

Robyn doesn't respond. She's too absorbed by the sight of --
Shane and Kenny being led back by Evers and Arielle.

ROBYN

Please, don't hurt them!

Evers shoves Shane against the SUV and digs the cell phone
out of Shane's pocket. He turns and SMASHES the phone
against the pavement, never expecting Shane to make a
move on him -- but that's exactly what Shane does.

He grabs Evers' pipe hand and grapples with Evers using
basic judo.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Shane! No!

As tall as Shane is, he's still just a 14-year-old. But
he uses Evers' size against him as he throws the grown
man into a small jumping chollo cactus.

Ouch.

Then Shane reels around toward Arielle and punches her
square in the face with enough force to knock her on her
ass -- so stunned that she drops her crowbar.

Shane grabs it and gets in front of Kenny, clutching the
crowbar, ready for anything.

Anything, except what happens next.

Marek shoves Robyn into Losada's arms, drops the cane
knife and strides toward Shane, unarmed.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Please, no!

Marek isn't a huge guy, and he leaves himself wide open. So Shane comes at him, swinging the crowbar.

But Marek simply ducks under it and buries a fist in Shane's gut. Shane doubles over. Marek slams a palm into his face and throws him backward.

Before Shane knows what happened, he's sideways in the dirt, with every molecule of air knocked out of his lungs, and his nose gushing blood.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Leave him alone! Shane!

Marek kneels down beside him, now holding the crowbar.

MAREK

Don't try that again.

Robyn tears away from Losada and rushes to Shane's side. He's still gasping for breath.

Marek hands the crowbar to Arielle and helps her up.

MAREK (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods. More embarrassed than hurt.

Kenny joins Shane and Robyn, huddled together.

Losada goes to retrieve the discarded cane knife, but Marek gets there first, snatches it away.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Help him.

He means Evers, just now pulling himself out of the cactus -- little balls of long spines stuck in his shoulder.

ROBYN

I'm telling you the truth -- I left my husband on the road back there! He has your money!

MAREK

Then let's go get it.

Marek nudges Robyn, Shane and Kenny back into the SUV.

MAREK (CONT'D)

(to Arielle)

Get in the back with them.

Losada helps Evers pluck the little cactus balls out of his shoulder -- not easy to do, as they are hard to grab. Evers shakes with pain.

LOSADA
You gonna wait for us?

MAREK
You can catch up.

Robyn gets behind the wheel. Marek rides up front. Arielle gets in the back seat with Shane and Kenny. Shane moves slow, the fight beaten out of him.

Losada watches the SUV back out of the mangled yucca and head back north.

LOSADA
Evers, do you see what's happening?

EVERS
I'm sure Marek can handle it.

LOSADA
Yeah, him and that bitch. I'm sure they can figure out how to divide four million by two.

Evers considers that and points to the cactus branches.

EVERS
Get these things off me.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As Robyn drives back north, the sun glints off a distant vehicle heading toward them. Marek sees it, too.

They study it as it gets closer -- an old pickup truck.

They squint through the sun reflecting off the windows, but it's just an old woman by herself. No sign of Nate.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH NATE - DAY

Nate is beyond exhausted. He drops the bag and searches the desert. No sign of that plume of dust. But then --

An engine STARTS UP, somewhere nearby -- a diesel.

Nate hoists up the bag again and heads follows that sound into the brush. Not far from the road, out of nowhere --

A white truck RUSHES right past Nate.

Nate emerges from the brush to find a set of railroad tracks that run parallel to the road.

The truck -- a railroad inspection vehicle -- rides along the tracks, its tires lifted off the ground by hydraulic railgear, like miniature train wheels.

Nate drops the bag, tries to flag down the receding truck.

NATE

Hey!

But the truck just keeps going. Nate drops to his knees.

NATE (CONT'D)

Shit... Shit! ...SHIT!

He rams a fist into the bag of money.

But the fading sound of the DIESEL engine gradually melds into a DIFFERENT ENGINE -- and this one is approaching.

Nate stands up so he can see the road.

It's his own SUV, now headed north, almost upon him.

He runs back toward the road, but a cactus snags his leg. He falls and wrestles his leg out of the spines, ignoring the pain, but the SUV is already passing.

Nate looks up at the road and freezes at the sight of --

A strange couple in the car with his terrified family.

Nate stays where he is, concealed by the desert flora, unsure of his next move.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Kenny sits in back, sandwiched between Shane on his left and Arielle on his right, grasping the crowbar.

Robyn's hands tremble on the steering wheel.

ROBYN

Are you going to hurt him?

Marek looks at her.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

I don't know what sort of scheme he's gotten involved in -- and I don't want to know -- but please don't hurt him.

MAREK

What are you talking about?

(re: the road ahead)

Look, where is he?

Kenny looks at Arielle, confused.

KENNY

Did my dad steal the money from
you?

ARIELLE

Your soccer coach dad steal the
money from us? That's adorable.

Robyn stiffens. Kenny and Shane share a look.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH NATE - CONTINUOUS

Nate stands in the middle of the highway. Helpless.

The road north is deserted. The SUV long gone.

In the perfect silence, he hears a WHINING engine behind
him. He looks south to see --

The dark sedan racing toward this way.

Nate looks north, where the SUV went. He looks south again,
at the rapidly approaching sedan.

Then he looks off toward the railroad tracks, where he
left the bag of money -- completely invisible from here.

He stays right there on the centerline, his empty hands
held up in surrender. There's no way this car is getting
past him... Unless it runs him over.

The tires SQUEAL. The car slows down, still coming right
at him. Nate has to backpedal a few paces to keep from
getting hit.

Evers and Losada are out in a flash, converging on Nate
with steel pipe and 24 oz. hammer.

LOSADA

The money! Where's the money?

NATE

Take it easy --

Losada folds Nate in half with a hammer to the gut.

LOSADA

I want that money!

NATE

-- I want my family.

Losada hooks the claw side of the hammer under Nate's
crotch and lifts him to his tiptoes.

LOSADA

Where is it?

(MORE)

LOSADA (CONT'D)
(to Evers)
Look around.

NATE
I just ran a couple miles, you
think I carried it all this way?

LOSADA
Then where is it?

NATE
Let my family go!

Evers puts a hand on Losada, signals him to back down.
Losada lets Nate go. Nate backs away in pain.

EVERS
Get in the car.

Nate nods and starts toward the sedan. But not before
taking a surreptitious glance at a mile marker: 60.1.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - DAY

Marek's phone RINGS. He answers.

MAREK
Yeah.

EVERS (V.O.)
How the hell did you miss him?

MAREK
What?

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Losada sits in back with Nate. Evers drives, on the phone.

EVERS
We got the husband. He wants to
make a trade for the family.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Marek turns to look at the horizon behind them.

MAREK
Be right there.
(hangs up, to Robyn)
Turn around.

Robyn looks at Marek, then slows down for a U-turn.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers puts his phone away. Losada stares at him.

LOSADA

What do you gotta call them for?
We don't need them.

EVERS

They got his family.

LOSADA

(re: Nate)
We could beat the money out of
him.

EVERS

Let's just get this done. They're
not gonna screw us.

Nate studies these two as they talk.

LOSADA

You're putting an awful lot of
trust in those two. You saw how
quick he was to leave us back there.
If he got a hold of the bag, you
think he'd come back and get us?
Him and that bitch of his?

EVERS

He has to. He needs you.

LOSADA

Damn straight, he does. That's why
it ought to be me calling the shots.
I'm the linchpin now. His part's
over.

Losada catches Nate staring at him.

NATE

You stash your guns in somebody
else's car? Or did you rob the
armored truck with that?

He points to the hammer in Losada's lap.

LOSADA

I'm going to smash your fucking
face with it if you don't shut up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

On a flat stretch of road, the SUV and the sedan converge. The vehicles slow down and stop beside one another.

Robyn looks at Nate through the broken window. He sees the blood trickling down her temple. Sees the crowbar in Arielle's grip.

Robyn mouths a simple: "I'm sorry."

Marek leans across her lap, yells to the sedan:

MAREK

Where is it?

NATE

(to Evers)

Let them go.

EVERS

(relaying to Marek)

He wants you to let them go first.

Marek grabs Robyn by the hair and sets the huge blade of the cane knife under her jaw. She goes rigid.

MAREK

I'll kill them one by one!

NATE

Okay, okay!

(pointing south)

It's back there. Mile marker sixty-point-one.

EVERS

(to Marek)

Follow us.

Losada pulls a U-turn around the SUV and RACES south again.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WHERE THEY PICKED UP NATE - DAY

The 60.1 mile marker.

The sedan rolls up to it and parks on the shoulder. Nate steps out and crosses toward the tracks.

Losada and Evers get out of the car and watch Nate.

The SUV arrives and parks in front of the sedan.

AT THE TRACKS,

Nate emerges from the brush and stops dead.

The bag isn't there.

As casually as he can, he glances further south along the tracks, but that maintenance truck is nowhere in sight. However, a car is approaching on the road.

EVERS

follows Nate's gaze and spots the vehicle.

EVERS

Car!

Evers and Losada conceal their weapons.

INSIDE THE SUV,

Marek hands the knife to Arielle and takes the crowbar.

MAREK

You okay for a few seconds?

Arielle presses the blade to Kenny's throat.

ARIELLE

Yeah. Go ahead.

Marek opens his door, but pauses to look at Robyn.

MAREK

Stay cool, right?

Robyn nods. Marek steps outside.

AT THE TRACKS,

Nate looks from the approaching car to the empty space where the bag of money used to be. He closes his eyes against this terrible patch of luck.

MAREK

acts like he's stretching his legs, but keeps tabs on the approaching car. As it draws closer, he fakes a congenial smile and waves to the driver. Nothing wrong here.

The car continues past. Marek's smile vanishes and he starts toward Nate. Losada and Evers follow him --

TO THE TRACKS.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Come on, asshole. Where's the bag?

Nate blinks at him. Marek walks right up to Nate, close.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Where. Is. The bag?

Nate swallows, looks past Marek to Losada.

NATE

I thought we had a deal.

MAREK

What deal?

NATE

(still to Losada)

The money for my family.

MAREK

Yeah, so let's have the money!

Nate backs away from Marek, looks to Losada for help.

NATE

Let my family go. Then I'll give
you the money. That was the
arrangement.

MAREK

Hey, you're not dealing with him!
You're dealing with me!

Nate looks at Marek, then back at Losada.

NATE

Look, who the hell's in charge
here?

MAREK

I am. I'm the man you talk to.
(re: Losada)
He's full of shit.

LOSADA

(crowds up on Marek)
Hey, fuck you!

Marek pokes Losada's chest hard enough to back him up.

MAREK

I am dealing with this. Shut your
fucking mouth.

IN THE SUV,

Arielle watches the dust-up with growing concern.

ROBYN

I don't get it. Why isn't he giving
them the money?

AT THE TRACKS,

Losada stares Marek dead in the eye.

LOSADA

You wanna get through Nogales?
Don't touch me again, motherfucker.

EVERS

Guys, how 'bout we get the money?

LOSADA

I'm all for it, but douchebag here
wants to fuck things up some more.

Marek grabs Nate by the back of neck, hisses in his ear.

MAREK

Where is the goddamn bag?

NATE

(to Losada)

Jesus -- I just want to do our
deal! Please, get him off me!

Losada tries to knock Marek's hand off of Nate.

LOSADA

All right, lay off him --

But Marek knocks Losada's hand away instead. Losada
brandishes his hammer.

ARIELLE

leaps out of the passenger side of the SUV and shows Losada
the cane knife that's now in her possession.

ARIELLE

Try it, you shitheap! Just try it!

And that's exactly what --

NATE

was waiting for. He breaks away and runs south, down the
tracks. Marek, Losada and Evers sprint after him.

Nate looks back at Robyn and waves her forward.

ROBYN

watches him, dumbfounded.

ROBYN

What is he doing?

SHANE

Go, Mom! He wants you to go!

Arielle realizes what's happening and turns back toward the SUV, diving for the open, back seat door, but --

Kenny pulls it closed and punches the lock.

Shane leans in front and pulls the shifter into drive. The car bucks forward at idle speed.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Go! Go!

Arielle STRIKES the window glass with her knife hilt.

Robyn stomps on the gas.

The SUV PEELS OUT, but Arielle grabs onto the back of the roof rack and is swept off her feet.

NATE

cuts left toward the highway. Marek, Losada and Evers follow, just a dozen feet behind him.

ARIELLE

stands on the rear bumper and uses the heavy blade of the cane knife to SMASH the back window.

She leans inside the car, reaches across the cargo area and swings the knife at Shane and Kenny in the back seat.

Robyn jerks the wheel. Arielle's feet slip off the bumper and she must cling to the rear hatch.

The SUV converges with Nate as he reaches the blacktop. Robyn slows down so he can leap onto the passenger-side running board. Then she crushes the pedal, leaving --

MAREK, LOSADA AND EVERS

running in vain after the car. They quickly give up and turn back for the sedan -- now a hundred feet behind them.

WITH THE SUV,

Arielle regains her foothold and starts taking more swipes at Shane and Kenny.

Nate leans through the open passenger window, grabs the steering wheel and jerks it violently back and forth.

That forces Arielle to stop her attack and hold on. So Shane grabs a piece of luggage and hurls it through the back window, hitting Arielle square in the chest.

She falls face-first to the asphalt racing beneath her at forty miles an hour.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - BACK WITH THE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Marek gets behind the wheel and starts after the SUV before Losada and Evers can even get their doors closed.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Robyn slows down as Nate opens the passenger door and lets himself inside.

NATE

Don't slow down! Go!

She hits the gas again.

NATE (CONT'D)

Somebody call 911! Shane -- call 911!

SHANE

No phones, Dad -- they got them all!

NATE

Damn...

(to Robyn)

Didn't you see my signal? What were you waiting for?

ROBYN

I couldn't believe what you were doing, Nate! Are you crazy?

NATE

They don't have any guns! All I had to do was get that knife away from Kenny --

(sniffs the air)

What's that smell? What's burning?

ROBYN

We're running a little hot.

Nate leans over to see the temperature gauge. The needle is creeping into the red.

He looks out the windshield, sees the dented front end.

NATE

You jacked up the radiator... We gotta turn around.

ROBYN

-- What?

NATE

This car's going to crap out on
us. We gotta get back to Gila Bend.

Robyn looks in the rearview mirror, then back at Nate.

NATE (CONT'D)

You want me to drive?

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH ARIELLE - CONTINUOUS

Arielle is scraped up, rolling in agony, clutching her
knee. She barely notices --

The sedan SKIDDING to a stop beside her.

MAREK

Get in! Get in!

She looks up at him, face smeared with blood, arms covered
in weeping road rash.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

Marek leaps out of the car and kneels beside her.

LOSADA

They're coming back!

Marek looks ahead to see the SUV coming this way.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate is now at the wheel, barreling toward the narrow
space between Arielle and the shoulder.

Marek picks up Arielle and pulls her to safety, but --

Losada leaps out of the stopped sedan and crosses right
in front of the speeding SUV, just long enough to hurl
his hammer at the windshield.

Robyn screams.

The hammer SMASHES the glass, but doesn't break through.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH ARIELLE - CONTINUOUS

Marek cradles Arielle as the SUV RUSHES right past them.

MAREK

Are you okay, baby?

Losada watches the SUV get smaller and smaller. He finds
the cane knife where Arielle dropped it. He picks it up.

LOSADA

Come on! Let's go!

Marek helps Arielle into the sedan. She can't put any weight on her bad knee.

MAREK

I got you. We're not going anywhere without you.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate tries to steal glances at his wife and kids while driving faster than he's probably ever driven in his life.

NATE

Everybody okay?

KENNY

Dad, you didn't do anything wrong, did you?

NATE

These guys pulled a big heist back in Phoenix. Remember that roadblock?
(off Kenny's nod)
They used us to get through it.

He looks at Robyn's head wound.

NATE (CONT'D)

They roughed you guys up, huh?

SHANE

It went both ways.

ROBYN

Nate, I don't understand. Why did we have to run away? Why didn't you give them the money?

NATE

These guys are killers. They weren't going to let us go no matter what. The money won't save us.

ROBYN

Shouldn't we try? I mean, they're not going to give up.

NATE

What we need to do is get help.

ROBYN

We must be thirty miles from town.

Nate checks the temp gauge -- now well into the red.

SHANE

Hey, Dad? Where is the money?

Nate takes a deep breath.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Dad, where's the --

NATE

I lost it.

Robyn looks at Nate, but he keeps his eyes on the road.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evers sits in the back of the racing car with Arielle, watching her wriggle her jeans down to her ankles. But he isn't interested in her underwear. He's looking at the badly swollen knee that's got her gritting her teeth.

Marek pushes the car as hard as he can.

MAREK

Kill the wife and the teenager -- slit their throats -- let 'em bleed out -- make him watch. Then put a knife to his youngest. He'll give us the money then.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Robyn isn't letting this go.

ROBYN

Nate, you only had the money for fifteen minutes. How could you lose it?

NATE

How could you leave your husband by the side of the road?

KENNY

Dad! A car!

Kenny points up the road, at an approaching vehicle.

ROBYN

They'll have a phone. They have to.

NATE

(squinting at the car)
Forget the phone... That's a cop!

The family erupts with the laughter of relief.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate flashes his lights and waves an arm out the window.

As they near the slowing police cruiser, Nate pulls the SUV to the shoulder and jumps out.

The cop rolls past -- it's Lt. Paolo. He pulls a U-turn and parks behind Nate.

Nate runs toward the cruiser as Lt. Paolo steps out and sees the battle-damage on the SUV.

NATE

Lieutenant! Thank God!

LT. PAOLO

You folks have an accident?

NATE

Those guys are still after us!
They attacked my family.

(points)

There!

Lt. Paolo turns to see the sedan appear to the south.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Marek lets off the gas when he spots the police car.

EVERS

Aw, shit.

Arielle looks up from the back, still nursing her wounds.

ARIELLE

We're fucked. Get us out of here,
baby. Just go for the border. Just
turn around and hit it.

MAREK

No. Everyone get down.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - WITH THE SIDWELL'S

Lt. Paolo squints at the sedan -- no longer speeding. He looks back at Nate.

LT. PAOLO

Someone called in about crazed
hitchhiker down this way --

NATE

(pointing at the sedan)
Lieutenant! It's the same guys who
attacked my wife! They waited for
us! They think we have their money.

LT. PAOLO

Now slow down, Mr. Sidwell. What
money?

NATE

From the armored car robbery --
yesterday in Phoenix!

Lt. Paolo looks back at Nate. He looks back at the sedan.

Only one man visible inside -- and moving at a legal speed.

Lt. Paolo looks back at Nate again.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's them! I swear it!

The sedan isn't slowing down. Going to cruise right past.

Lt. Paolo unsnaps the catch on his holster and raises a
hand to flag down the sedan, but --

MAREK

gives the wheel a quick jerk to the right.

NATE

grabs Lt. Paolo and pulls him back, but --

The sedan SLAMS into the cop at 60 mph, tears him from
Nate's grasp, sends him pinwheeling through the air.

ROBYN AND THE BOYS

look in horror at Lt. Paolo's mangled body, splayed out
on the road before them in a broken heap.

NATE

looks up to see the sedan -- now far past them -- pulling
a 180 and returning this way.

He hurries back to the SUV, jumps inside, throws it in
reverse and spins the vehicle around, but --

THE SEDAN

SKIDS to a halt alongside Lt. Paolo's body.

LOSADA

What are you doing?

MAREK

Go get 'em.

Marek jumps out. Losada slides over to the driver's seat and hits the gas, racing away after the SUV.

Marek drags Lt. Paolo's body toward the cruiser. He opens the door and hoists the bloody mess onto the back seat.

He pauses to pull Lt. Paolo's Glock 9mm out of its holster.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A GOD'S EYE VIEW

of the SUV -- just a tiny speck racing along a thin ribbon of asphalt that bisects the endless desolation.

Another car closes the distance between them -- the sedan.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Nate drives in a blind panic. Robyn, Shane and Kenny look back at --

The sedan, steadily gaining.

SHANE

There's no way, Dad. They're much faster.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The sedan ROARS along with Losada at the wheel. They're doing well over a hundred. The desert is just a blur.

But a third vehicle gains on them --

The police cruiser. Marek at the wheel. It's an old Caprice with the 350 engine. It passes the sedan with ease.

He bears down on the SUV... and RAMS their rear bumper.

IN THE SUV,

Nate wrestles with the wheel, trying to stay on the road.

MAREK

reaches out the window with his newfound Glock and FIRES clean through --

THE PASSENGER COMPARTMENT OF THE SUV,

BLOWING a hole in the shattered windshield. Robyn and the boys duck.

Marek FIRES another SHOT that DINGS the rear hatch.

NATE

Hang on!

Nate turns the wheel and drives right off the pavement. They SLAM off the drainage ditch, mow down some brush and BOUNCE over the train tracks, the ruined windshield finally collapsing onto the dashboard.

MAREK

follows. The cruiser SLAMS off the ditch, tramples some creosote, and hits the tracks so hard that a front wheel SNAPS off its axle. The car hops the tracks and PLOWS a deep furrow in the sand, stopping dead.

Marek bounces off the windshield, splitting his scalp.

He staggers out of the car and gets ready to fire after the SUV, but --

It's gone. Lost behind a receding plume of dust.

BACK ON THE ROAD,

Losada GRINDS the sedan to a stop on the shoulder. He doesn't even try to follow Marek over the tracks.

INT. SIDWELLS' SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The car bucks over plants and rocks, slips and slides in the deep sand. But Nate does a pretty good job piloting them around boulders and cactus until --

The radiator EXPLODES in a cloud of steam that floods right through the broken windshield, blinding Nate.

NATE

Shit!

He squints through the steam to see --

A huge rock looming before them.

Nate yanks the wheel to one side, but it's too late. They BOUNCE off the rock. The SUV lurches onto two wheels and SLAMS onto its side in the soft desert sand.

EXT. DESERT - AT THE POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Marek stands on the trunk of the cruiser and looks out over the sea of cacti at --

The steaming, toppled SUV about a quarter-mile away.

Losada and Evers leave the sedan and join Marek. Arielle follows as best she can, limping badly.

MAREK

We got 'em cold.

He hops to the ground and taps the cruiser with his gun.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Losada, you and Arielle hide this thing. Make sure no one can see it from the road. Evers, you come with me.

Marek starts the long jog toward the SUV, but --

Losada and Evers climb over one another trying to get to the cruiser. Losada throws open the back door and frisks Lt. Paolo's dead body. He finds keys in his pocket.

Evers reaches into the front seat and POPS the trunk.

Losada and Evers bump into one another as Losada goes to the front seat and Evers goes to the trunk.

Marek looks back, sees them pillaging the cruiser.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Losada! We gotta cover up the car!

LOSADA

Then you better get on it.

Losada unlocks the gun rack and comes away with a Mossberg 12-gauge. He tucks the cane knife in his belt and clutches the shotgun with a grim smile.

Then he sees Evers pulling an M16 rifle and a few extra magazines from the trunk. And Losada's smile wanes.

Now properly armed, Losada and Evers run for the SUV.

But Marek doesn't join them. He looks back at Arielle.

She piling up dry shrubs behind the cruiser, moving real slow from the pain. Her face bloody and pale.

Marek sighs and hurries back to lend her a hand.

ARIELLE

No! Go with them! Get the money!

He drops his gun and pulls her close. She fights.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)

Get the money!

He pins her arms to her sides so she can't flail. He shushes her and holds her close. Suddenly, she's crying.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)

It's all gone to shit, baby....
It's all gone to shit.

MAREK

It's not over yet.

EXT. DESERT - AT THE SUV - CONTINUOUS

Nate kicks out what remains of the windshield and crawls out of the toppled SUV.

Robyn, Shane and Kenny are stirring inside -- dazed by the low-speed roll, but not injured. Nate helps them out.

NATE

C'mon, c'mon.

ROBYN

What do we do?

NATE

We get away from here and hide.

Nate pulls Robyn along by the hand.

SHANE

Should we bring anything?

Nate doesn't hear him -- just pulls Robyn into the brush, with Kenny on their heels.

Shane remains behind. He scurries to the broken rear window and starts reaching inside, but spots --

Losada and Evers negotiating the brush -- with guns.

A HAND

grabs Shane's shoulder and spins him around.

It's Nate, angrily mouthing, "Now!" and pulling Shane away just before --

EVERS AND LOSADA

arrive at the beached, defunct SUV and peer inside.

Finding it empty, they look around the area in every direction. No sign of anyone.

LOSADA

Shit!

Evers spots footprints in the sand. He tries to follow them, but their own tracks obliterate the trail.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

Which way? Which way?

Evers scrambles up onto the upended SUV and looks around.

There is no sign of them in any direction -- just endless brush and cacti. But wait. Over there...

A faint plume of dust rising into the air.

EVERS

(pointing)

That way!

He leaps off the SUV and starts running. Losada follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - ARROYO - DAY

A creeping tarantula pauses at the approaching sound of RAPID FOOTSTEPS. The spider rears up on its hind legs as --

Nate, Shane, Robyn and Kenny trot past, sweaty and winded. Kenny barely keeping up. They're following a dry wash that lets them keep lower than the surrounding terrain.

Kenny falls behind. Robyn notices, waves him forward.

ROBYN

Come on, sweetie, we have to keep moving.

He nods and picks up the pace a little.

SHANE

Dad, where are we going?

NATE

I don't know. North. Or northwest.
(pointing east)

The road's that way, I think.

ROBYN

Nate, what happened to the money?

NATE

There was a railroad worker driving on the tracks. He must've found it. That's the only thing that makes sense.

SHANE
(mumbles)
Not the only thing.

NATE
What?

SHANE
Nothing.

Nate slows to a walk, turning to face Shane.

NATE
What did you say?

SHANE
Nothing. I'm just curious why you
hid it in the first place.

NATE
Shane, once they get the money,
they're going to try to kill us.
Do you understand that?

SHANE
They're going to kill us if we
don't give it to 'em.

NATE
The point is, they're killers. You
want to end up like Lieutenant
Paolo? I was trying to give them a
reason to keep you guys alive. I
hid the money so I'd have leverage
to get you back. That ever occur
to you?

SHANE
No... But then, I don't think like
a criminal.

Nate glowers him a moment. Then grabs Shane by the arm
and pulls him along.

NATE
Come on. Keep moving.

Robyn follows. Kenny takes an extra breath or two and
hurries to catch up, sorry this short break is over.

EXT. DESERT - WITH MAREK - CONTINUOUS

Marek moves swiftly, alone through brush, Glock at the
ready, phone to his ear.

MAREK
(into his phone)
See anything?

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Arielle is behind the wheel, driving slowly up the road, her eyes on the desert plain, on her phone.

ARIELLE

No. Nothing.

EXT. DESERT - WITH MAREK - CONTINUOUS

Marek hangs up and rounds a bush to startle --

Losada and Evers. Once they see it's him, Evers silently points to something down in the nearby arroyo.

Marek scrambles down the bank to get a close look at the soft sand...

...and the four sets of footprints in it.

He waves Evers and Losada down and they all start following those tracks.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - WITH THE SIDWELL'S - DAY

Nate and Shane are running like hell. But Nate glances back to find that Robyn and Shane have fallen far behind.

He stops to wait, muttering to himself:

NATE

Goddamn -- come on, Kenny.

Shane stops a little further on, but for another reason.

SHANE

Dad!

Nate looks back to see Shane climbing up on a rock for a better look at something further ahead.

Nate rushes forward to pull him down.

NATE

You want to get shot!

SHANE

Dad, look!

Shane points him toward --

The railroad maintenance truck, parked a half-mile away.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Is that the truck you were talking about?

NATE

Yeah. I think so.

ROBYN

Is that the guy?

Nate turns to see that Robyn and Kenny have caught up.

SHANE

Let's go get him.

NATE

Listen, that truck is real close to the road. We need to be careful --

Shane bolts away, toward the truck.

NATE (CONT'D)

Shane! ...Shit.

EXT. DESERT - RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

Shane emerges from the brush and runs along the tracks -- now very close to the quiet highway. Nate, Robyn and Kenny struggle to keep up, all of them racing toward --

The maintenance truck, parked on the tracks, facing north.

SHANE

Hello? Hello?

He looks into the cab, finds it empty. He runs around the front of the truck to find --

The Maintenance Worker sitting on a rock, a half-eaten tuna salad sandwich in his hands.

SHANE (CONT'D)

-- Hi!

MAINTENANCE WORKER

Well, hi.

SHANE

-- Where's the money?

MAINTENANCE WORKER

Come again?

Nate, Robyn and Kenny arrive right behind Shane.

SHANE

The money! The bag of money by the tracks! You took it!

MAINTENANCE WORKER
What the hell you talking about,
son?

NATE
(pushes past Shane)
Sir, we need your help. Can you
drive us out of here?

The Maintenance Worker stands up, sandwich in hand.

SHANE
You didn't find a bag of money? A
lot of money?

MAINTENANCE WORKER
Boy, you accusing me of something?

ROBYN
We need that money! Some people
are trying to kill us!

MAINTENANCE WORKER
I didn't take no money.

Shane looks at Nate.

NATE
Forget about the money!
(to Maintenance Worker)
Some guys are after us -- dangerous
people! You gotta get us out of
here, they're trying to kill us!

MAINTENANCE WORKER
(thinks)
I seen a black car going up and
down the highway --

NATE
That's them! They're psychotic!
They ran down a cop!
(re: his truck)
Can you get this thing off the
tracks.

MAINTENANCE WORKER
Sure, but -- I ain't supposed to
take passengers -- least of all,
kids. I can get the police out
here.

He reaches into truck to grab the radio handset.

NATE
We haven't got time! We have to --

A distant SHOT rings out. The Maintenance Worker drops
his sandwich and unspools to the ground, shot in the back.

Robyn screams and points at --

Marek, Evers and Losada a hundred yards down the shoulder of the highway. Evers with his freshly fired M16.

Nate shoves his family toward the driver's side of the truck as several SHOTS PING off the cab.

NATE (CONT'D)

Get inside!

He helps Robyn, Kenny and Shane through the driver's door. Then he climbs behind the wheel and KEYS the ignition.

Marek, Losada and Evers run toward the truck.

But Nate POPS it into gear and hits the gas. The truck lurches forward, its railgear guiding it along the tracks.

Marek arrives at the Maintenance Worker's fallen body and FIRES a couple more futile SHOTS at the departing truck.

MAREK

(into his phone)

Where are you? Get back up here!

Losada and Evers slide to a halt behind Marek.

LOSADA

Aw, that's fucking great! They got a radio!

MAREK

Losada, you'd get a lot farther in life if you spent a few seconds thinking before opening your yap.

Marek leans down, flips over the Maintenance Worker's limp body. He's clutching the radio handset, its spiral cord dangling, torn free from the radio unit.

LOSADA (O.S.)

You're so fucking smart, get out of this one.

Marek spins around, gun raised, to find Losada aiming the Mossberg at his chest.

LOSADA

Ah, ah, ah.

Losada indicates Evers, who's aiming his M16 at Marek.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

We've been following your lead long enough. Where'd it get us?

Marek looks at Evers.

EVERS

I just want my cut, Marek. That's all. I don't care how I get it.

Marek looks back at Losada.

LOSADA

You fucked this all up, you and that bitch.

MAREK

We had to get through the roadblock --

EVERS

She got out of their car, Marek. She let them get away.

LOSADA

She fucks everything up, and you stand by and let her.

EVERS

You see her knee? That shit's broken.

LOSADA

You still need us, Marek. But we don't need you. You two are dead weight.

Up on the road, the sedan SKIDS to a stop. Arielle sees the trouble Marek is in and gets out of the car, cautious.

Losada doesn't take his eyes off Marek.

LOSADA (CONT'D)

Just give us the gun and the car, and we'll let you both live.

MAREK

You're going to strand us here?

(to Losada)

While your cousin gets you into to Mexico?

(to Evers)

With our shares?

Evers glances at Losada. Maybe not comfortable with this.

EVERS

I just want my cut, I don't care how.

Losada hears Arielle's limping through the gravel behind him. He turns, deliberate. Trains his shotgun on her.

MAREK

No, wait!

Marek turns the Glock around and extends it to Losada.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Just do me one favor. When you find the money?

LOSADA

Yeah?

MAREK

Choke on it.

Losada smiles and grabs hold of the gun -- but Marek doesn't let go. Instead, he pulls Losada toward him and kicks him in the balls as hard as he can.

Before Evers realizes what's happening --

Marek tears the shotgun from Losada's grip, then grabs Losada by the hair and shoves him toward Evers --

That tricks Evers into stumbling back and falling into a cactus for the second time today. He screams and FIRES the M16 into the air.

Marek swings the shotgun like a club, slamming Evers in the arm, forcing him to drop the M16.

Evers tears himself from the cactus and falls to his hands and knees, trembling in agony, his back full of spines.

Arielle watches all this with a slack jaw and a half-smile, almost like she's turned on.

Losada cowers beneath Marek. Marek points the Mossberg at Losada's head. Losada holds his hands before his face, as if they might just stop a shotgun blast.

Arielle turns away. This won't be pretty.

But Marek turns the gun away from Losada, points it at --

Arielle and BLOWS the top of her head off. She goes rag doll and drops to the dust, blood GURGLING out of what's left of her skull.

Losada opens his eyes. Can't believe what just happened.

Marek turns back to him. Leans close. Speaks softly:

MAREK (CONT'D)

Problem solved. Now, if you two are done fucking around, how about we go get the money?

Losada attempts a simple nod, but can't quite pull it off. So Evers nods for them both.

Marek drops the Glock at Losada's feet. He picks up the M16 and drops the Mossberg next to Evers. Then he heads back toward the sedan, stepping right over Arielle's body.

Evers looks at Losada. Losada turns away and retches.

CUT TO:

INT. RAILROAD TRUCK - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

It's so cramped, Robyn has to sit on Shane's lap. Still, they do their best to search the cab.

NATE

Come on, a phone, a walkie talkie -- anything?

(points at floor)

What's that?

Robyn grabs a black object from the footwell. It BUZZES -- just an electric razor. She throws it down, frustrated.

ROBYN

Nate, you said he took the money.

NATE

He must have.

SHANE

He didn't even know what you were talking about.

NATE

You take his word over mine?

KENNY

(pointing up ahead)

Dad!

Nate looks up to see --

A railroad bumper where the track ends fifty feet ahead.

Nate stomps on the brake pedal.

EXT. DESERT - END OF THE RAIL LINE - CONTINUOUS

The steel wheels SQUEAL to a stop on the tracks. Nate jumps out of the cab and looks down at --

Another set of tracks at his feet -- the main line. They were driving on a siding all along.

NATE

Son of a bitch.

Robyn, Shane and Kenny pile out and look around.

NATE (CONT'D)

How do we get this thing off the tracks?

He finds some controls on the side of the truck. He pulls a lever. A hydraulic motor WHINES, but nothing happens.

SHANE

(reads a warning label)

"Remove pin-offs before operating."
What's a pin-off?

Nate crouches down and spots a safety pin slotted through the front railgear. He pulls it, but it won't budge.

NATE

Dammit!

Robyn throws open the outer compartments on the truck, one after another. They're all filled with tools.

Nate grabs a rock and tries to POUND out the safety pin.

ROBYN

It isn't here, Nate! It's not here!

NATE

What, do you think I've got it squirreled away somewhere? You think I'd try to hang onto the money while we're all in danger?

Robyn and Shane just stare at him. Nate looks at Kenny, but Kenny averts his eyes. Even he has his doubts.

NATE (CONT'D)

Jesus...

SHANE

You don't think the money will save us anyway, so...

NATE

It won't!

ROBYN

Well, shouldn't we try it?

Nate throws down the rock and jumps to his feet.

NATE

Robyn, I don't have the fucking money!

KENNY

Hey, you think anybody lives up there?

They're caught off guard by Kenny's non sequitur. He points into the desert, a half mile up a sloping plain...

Where a tiny building sits in the middle of nowhere.

ROBYN

Is it a house? Do you think they have a phone?

SHANE

Let's find out.

NATE

Wait. We go up there, we're visible from the road -- the whole way.

SHANE

Who cares? If they have a phone --

NATE

We lay low. We stay by the road. Someone's going to come looking for Lieutenant Paolo.

SHANE

Yeah, in like five hours from now!
(to Robyn and Kenny)
Come on.

He turns and starts for the house.

NATE

Shane, no!

Nate grabs Shane's arm, but Shane reels around and shoves him back a couple steps. Nate contains his anger.

NATE (CONT'D)

Shane, I know you were the man of the house for a while there -- I know you hate me for being gone, but --

SHANE

You think I hate you 'cause you missed my green belt ceremony? No, Dad. I hate you because you're a fraud.

Nate is sandbagged and speechless.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Go look after your money. I'll take care of our family.
(to Robyn and Kenny)
Come on, let's go.

Shane starts into the brush. Robyn looks at Nate... and follows Shane up the hill, toward the house.

NATE
It's too dangerous!

They keep going. But Kenny waits for Nate.

Nate KICKS the fender of the useless truck. He looks down the road and spots --

A dark vehicle approaching, just a speck on the horizon.

KENNY
Come on, Dad.

Nate looks up the slope, sees --

Robyn and Shane, starting the long, exposed walk toward the house, with nowhere to hide along the way.

NATE
Go, Kenny. I'll be along in a minute.

He reaches into the truck, throws the shifter into reverse and props a toolbox against the accelerator.

The truck bucks into motion, rolling backwards on the rails with building speed -- toward the approaching car.

Nate looks behind him to see Kenny still waiting there.

NATE (CONT'D)
Kenny, go! I'll catch up!

KENNY
You promise?

Nate can't look him in the eye.

NATE
Go!

Kenny recoils. He turns and follows his mother and brother.

Nate is left alone by the tracks. No truck. No money. No wife. No children. No hope.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As the sedan crests a low hill, the truck comes into view, rolling backwards on the train tracks.

Marek stands on the brakes.

MAREK
Here they come! Go! Go!

Evers and Losada leap out of the car before it even stops. And Marek is not far behind.

EXT. DESERT - RAILROAD TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Evers runs from the road toward the tracks, to intercept the approaching truck.

He raises the shotgun and takes aim, but --

There's nobody in the truck.

He jumps up on the running board and takes a closer look.

Nope. The cab is empty. A toolbox leaning on the pedal.

Evers looks back at Marek and Losada, trying to catch up.

EVERS

They ain't in here!

He hops down and runs back to the others. Marek looks back north along the tracks and squints at --

The railroad bumper a quarter-mile away.

MAREK

They ran out of track. Must've gone back into the scrub. Follow them in. Look for footprints. Remember -- keep daddy alive, and one more for leverage. I don't care which one.

Evers and Losada nod, but don't hop to it -- still nursing their wounds. Marek turns Losada's face toward him.

MAREK (CONT'D)

You want to drown in your own blood?

LOSADA

What? -- No.

MAREK

THEN FUCKING MOVE!

Losada and Evers scramble north along the tracks like they had a cattle prod put to them.

Marek heads back toward the road, toward the idling car.

EXT. DESERT - WITH SHANE, ROBYN AND KENNY - CONTINUOUS

Shane leads Robyn and Kenny through the thick brush at a hectic pace. He pushes through a tangle of branches and finds himself at --

A primitive dirt road.

SHANE

I think this goes right to the house.

KENNY

Where's Dad?

They all glance back at the road to see --

Marek's sedan, trolling along at low speed.

SHANE

Shit!

They all crouch down, trying to remain inconspicuous.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Come on...

They start up the dirt road, hunched over but no longer impeded by the dense brush.

INT. MAREK'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Marek drives along in low gear, scanning the desert alongside the roadway, when all the sudden --

Something flashes across the road in front of him -- a person on foot, disappearing into the brush.

Marek guns the throttle, races a hundred feet ahead and stops the car.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marek leaps out of the sedan with the M16 and races to the spot where the figure took cover. He shoulders the rifle and studies the silent desert before him.

LESS THAN FIFTY FEET AWAY,

Nate is crouched behind a low barrel cactus, frozen in place and trying to not to breathe too loudly.

He's successfully leading Marek's attention away from the house, to the other side of the road. But elsewhere...

EXT. DESERT - END OF THE RAIL LINE - CONTINUOUS

Losada and Evers are conducting their own search of the surrounding desert. And Evers just happens to glance up the long slope and sees --

The tiny house. With three figures running toward it.

Evers points it out to Losada. Losada smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHACK - DAY

It's a house only by the most lenient standards -- a decrepit old shack that hasn't been painted in decades.

Shane, Robyn and Kenny approach it, exhausted, but fueled by adrenaline.

KENNY

I don't see any phone lines.

SHANE

I know, shut up.

KENNY

I don't think anybody lives here.

The shack is surrounded by piles of various materials -- wooden ties, steel rails, gravel -- that were put here long ago and left to be overrun by desert plants.

There's a rickety old toolshed and the rusting remains of a railroad maintenance truck from the 40's.

When they arrive at the door, there's a sign: "Property of Union Pacific -- No Trespassing!"

Shane KNOCKS on the door and peers through a dingy window.

He picks up a big rock and --

ROBYN

Shane!

-- SMASHES the glass. He reaches in and unlocks the door.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Shane steps inside. It's just a single room with a wooden floor. A cot. A card table. An old metal desk and chair. Faded maps hanging on the walls.

Robyn leads Kenny inside, afraid to touch anything.

There's a shortwave on the desk -- a big old box. Shane CLICKS the dial... and the meter lights up.

SHANE

Holy shit...

He grabs the microphone and holds down the key.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello? Anybody there?

No response. He keys it again.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Hello? Anybody?

The radio CRACKLES and a woman's voice comes back:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Maintenance dispatch, who is this?

Robyn and Kenny can barely contain their excitement.

SHANE
My name is Shane Sidwell -- my
family's in trouble -- we need the
police!

EXT. DESERT - WITH MAREK - CONTINUOUS

Marek stalks through the brush, the sedan still idling on the highway behind him.

He comes around a creosote bush and doesn't yet see --

Nate, just thirty feet away. But he will at any moment. So Nate jumps up and runs further into the brush.

Marek spots the movement, raises the M16 and follows Nate's running form as he passes in and out of fleeting view.

He FIRES a single shot. And Nate drops.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The DISTANT SHOT echoes across the plain. Shane, Robyn and Kenny spin toward the window, hearts in their throats.

They look at each other, frozen.

KENNY
He said he'd catch up...

ROBYN
He's okay, honey. He's okay.

SHANE
(into the radio)
Lady, you gotta hurry up!

KENNY
He said he'd catch up. He promised.
Why did he have to stay behind?

SHANE

Maybe he was gonna try to give the money back, and he didn't want us to see...

Shane's voice trails off as he spots something on the desk -- a small box of .22 rounds. He picks it up. It's half-full of bullets.

Shane sets the box down and looks around the room. There's a closet in the corner. Padlocked.

He opens the desk drawer -- filled with all kinds of junk, and a dozen old key rings, every one loaded with keys. Shane pushes them all aside and grabs a big screwdriver.

ROBYN

What are you doing?

Shane jams the screwdriver under the padlock and levers the entire hasp out of the old wood, screws and all.

He flings open the closet. It's cluttered with boxes and bags and random objects. But standing in a corner is a long, zippered rifle case.

Shane pulls it out and opens it to reveal a .22 caliber varmint rifle.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Shane, don't touch that, please.

SHANE

You're kidding me, right?

Robyn crosses to him, as if to take the gun, but something else in the closet catches her eye --

The duffel bag.

ROBYN

...Oh, my God.

She drags the bag out and unzips it. Piles of cash tumble onto the dusty floor.

Shane kneels and picks up a bundle of \$100 bills.

He looks up at Robyn, at Kenny.

KENNY

That guy took it. Dad was right.
(just a whisper)
And we didn't believe him.

EXT. DESERT - WITH NATE AND MAREK - CONTINUOUS

Nate lies in the dust, breathing hard, trying to staunch the flow of blood from the gunshot wound in his thigh.

Marek approaches through the brush, the M16 raised.

MAREK

Where is it?

Nate shakes his head.

Marek digs a heel into Nate's wound. Nate cries out.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Where is it?

NATE

I don't know! I don't know! I lost it!

MAREK

Where's your family?

NATE

Where's yours?

Marek smiles and kneels beside Nate, almost friendly.

MAREK

You know, if you don't give me the money, I'm going to kill you.

NATE

...I know.

MAREK

So... what are you doing?

NATE

...Fixing the screen door.

Marek gives Nate a quizzical laugh. And the PUNCHES him in the face.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The radio CRACKLES:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Shane, can you hear me?

Shane rushes over and keys the mike.

SHANE

I'm here! I'm right here!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Shane, help is on the way -- police
from Gila Bend up north and border
patrol from down south.

Robyn and Kenny send up a cheer, but --

DISPATCHER (V.O.; CONT'D)

Someone'll be there in no more
than half an hour.

SHANE

Half an hour?

ROBYN

No more than half an hour -- maybe
less.

Shane looks out the window and freezes.

SHANE

Doesn't matter...

Robyn follows his gaze out the window.

Evers and Losada close in on the house, guns at the ready.

KENNY

They saw us! They followed us!

Robyn grabs the heavy bag of money, starts dragging it
toward the door.

ROBYN

It's okay, boys. We just give them
the money and put an end to all
this.

But Shane props a foot in front of the bag and stops her.

SHANE

Mom, wait. Don't.

ROBYN

Shane --

SHANE

Mom, Dad was right! They aren't
going to let us go. We've seen
their faces. We saw them kill a
cop! They can't let us go! Dad was
right. That money's the only thing
keeping us alive.

Shane dumps out the box of ammo, grabs a round and figures
out how to load the rifle.

Robyn looks at the money. Looks out the window at
approaching menace. Looks back at Shane.

SHANE (CONT'D)

We have to make a stand.

Shane shucks the round into the gun and grabs more bullets.

ROBYN

Okay. But give me the gun.

SHANE

You've never even fired one.

ROBYN

Neither have you. Give it.

She holds out her hand. Shane passes her the rifle.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Kenny...

She points at the closet. He gets in and closes the door.

Robyn crouches behind the desk, only partially concealed

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Shane, behind me.

Shane crouches behind Robyn, both of them facing the door.

SHANE

The safety's off. Put your finger --

ROBYN

Shhh.

She clutches the rifle and points it the door. The barrel trembles in her hands.

Shane sees the screwdriver where he dropped it on the floor. He grabs it. Holds it like a dagger.

Kenny peers out of the cracked closet door.

Nothing happens for a long, long moment...

And Losada BURSTS through the door, waving his Glock around, letting out a war whoop and --

Robyn FIRES the .22.

The bullet shatters Losada's collarbone. He falls back into Evers. Evers drags Losada screaming, back --

OUTSIDE,

and toward a stack of railroad ties.

LOSADA

They got a gun! They got a gun!

EVERS

No shit?

Losada breaks away from Evers and starts FIRING scattered SHOTS at the house.

ROBYN AND SHANE

huddle low and turn away from the EXPLODING window glass.

EXT. DESERT - WITH NATE AND MAREK - CONTINUOUS

Marek is kneeling on Nate's chest, pummeling him in the face, when he hears the DISTANT SHOTS.

He stands and squints into the hard afternoon light.

The house stands way off in the distance.

Marek smiles.

MAREK

Hey, good news. I think we found
your family.

Nate's face is bruised and bloody. Marek grabs him by the collar and starts dragging him through the dust.

They're almost to the road before Marek spots --

A car coming this way. A dusty 4x4.

Marek ducks below the brush, keeping his rifle and Nate's bloody face out of view.

NATE

Help! He--

Marek squeezes Nate's throat.

The 4x4 races past. The driver gives just a disinterested glance at the parked sedan, and keeps on going.

Marek releases Nate's throat and drags him to the car.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Losada is still SHOOTING at the house, BLOWING OUT panes of glass, SPRAYING wall plaster into the air.

Robyn sidesteps away from the desk so she can sight Losada through a broken window. She FIRES. The shot goes wide.

OUTSIDE,

Evers grabs Losada with two hands and yanks him behind the railroad ties.

EVERS

Get a grip, man! We gotta keep
someone alive to tell us where the
money is!

LOSADA

Fuck 'em! The bitch shot me!

KENNY

opens the door to see what's going on. Shane waves him
back, but spots something inside the closet --

A small, gas-powered generator.

SHANE

(sotto)

Hey! Gimme that!

Kenny slides the little generator across the wood floor.
Shane screws off the fuel cap and sniffs the contents.

LOSADA

finally sits down and checks the severity of his shoulder
wound. Evers peers out over the ties at the house.

EVERS

Where's the goddamn money?

A flaming object comes hurtling out of a broken window
and lands a few feet away.

EVERS (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He recoils, fearful it might explode or something. But it
doesn't. It just burns. He looks closer.

It's a bundle of \$100 bills.

EVERS (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

Evers breaks cover and stomps on the burning money,
smothering the flames. He picks up the charred bundle and --

Robyn FIRES another shot.

It misses, but it drives Evers back into hiding.

EVERS (CONT'D)

They got the fucking money! They
got it inside!

SHANE (O.S.)

Yeah, we got it, all right.

INSIDE,

Shane holds the generator sideways, pouring gasoline onto the bag of money.

SHANE

And I'll burn every last dollar
unless you assholes back off and
let us leave!

EVERS AND LOSADA

exchange a "what-do-we-do-now?" look. Evers peers over the wooden ties to see --

Shane's hand in the window, holding his lit Zippo.

SHANE (O.S.)

I'll do it for real! Put the guns
down and back off! We'll leave the
money here!

Evers looks at Losada.

LOSADA

We can't let 'em go.

SHANE (O.S.)

Right now, or I swear I'll torch
it!

Evers punches the railroad ties in frustration.

LOSADA

Hey! Look!

Evers turns to see --

Marek's sedan RACING up the dirt road, kicking up dust and rocks. It GRINDS to a stop in front of the shack.

Marek drags Nate's battered and bloody form out of the car and throws him to the ground in a heap.

ROBYN AND SHANE

gasp at the horrible sight, but --

NATE

stirs and lets out an agonized grunt.

SHANE

grabs Robyn's arm.

SHANE

He's alive!

Kenny hears this, peeks out of the closet.

LOSADA

jumps to his feet and pulls the cane knife from his belt.

LOSADA

Throw the money out here or I'll
split his fucking head!

Losada kneels on Nate's torso and cocks his arm, ready to
bring the big blade down on Nate's face.

Marek looks at Evers, still taking cover.

EVERS

I was gonna call you...

Marek SPRAYS the roof with a BURST from the M16.

INSIDE,

plaster and debris rain down on Robyn, Shane and Kenny.

MAREK (O.S.)

You got three seconds to throw
that bag out here!

KENNY

We have to give it to them!

MAREK (O.S.)

Three!

Shane throws his Zippo into the corner and grabs the
gasoline-soaked bag of money.

ROBYN

Shane, no!

MAREK (O.S.)

Two!

SHANE

They're gonna kill him, Mom!

LOSADA

grins like a madman over Nate's cowering form.

MAREK

One!

The door BURSTS open and Shane appears, clutching the bag
of money, bundles spilling out of it.

SHANE

Here! Here! Let him go!

LOSADA

Like hell.

Losada swings the huge blade down at Nate's head and --

A SHOT hits him in the ribs, spins him sideways. His blade bounces off the ground right next to Nate's face.

INSIDE THE OPEN SHACK DOOR,

Robyn is prone on the floor, smoke curling out the barrel of her rifle. And --

LOSADA

topples to the dusty ground. Stone dead.

Shane stands in front of the shack for a frozen moment, while Marek raises his M16 and takes aim.

Shane stumbles backwards, into the shack, with the money. He falls onto his back and kicks the door closed just as --

Marek FIRES a burst, splitting the wooden door. He rushes the building, but --

BULLETS EXPLODE through the door, from Robyn's gun inside.

Marek retreats a few paces and starts FIRING indiscriminately at the windows of the shack.

Evers rushes to the side of the building and does the same with the shotgun, BLASTING away the window glass.

INSIDE,

Robyn can't get a shot off. They're pinned down by the hail of CROSSFIRE, shards of glass and wood flying about.

She pulls Shane behind the desk and knocks it over, so the top and side drawers of the heavy, steel desk afford them some protection.

In the chaos, the generator gets knocked over and fuel spills onto the floor.

OUTSIDE,

Nate drags himself out from under the corpse of Losada and grabs the fallen cane knife with a bloody hand.

Marek races back and forth between windows, FIRING short BURSTS into the shack where --

ROBYN, SHANE AND KENNY

huddle close to the floor, dragging the heavy desk back into a corner, occasional bullets PINGING off of the steel.

They don't see the trail of gasoline traveling from the toppled generator, along the warped floorboards and toward the Zippo lighter in the corner -- still lit.

NATE

ignores the agony of his shot leg and pulls himself to his feet. Marek is just twenty feet away, but it might as well be a hundred miles.

He sees Nate long before Nate can get to him with the knife. Marek turns the M16 on him and --

Nate throws the cane knife as hard as he can.

Marek flinches, shielding his face with the rifle. The blade HITS the stock, lopping off three of Marek's fingers.

Marek drops the gun and falls onto his back, screaming and cradling his mangled hand, while --

INSIDE THE SHACK,

the stream of gasoline reaches the lighter. In the space of one second, the room ERUPTS into an INFERNO, the bag of money in the center, completely consumed in flame.

FIRE

EXPLODES out of the shattered windows, startling Nate.

In that instant, Marek tries to grab his fallen rifle, but Nate gets there first. He turns the gun on Marek and pulls the trigger, but... nothing. It's empty.

He SMASHES the stock into Marek's face and hobbles toward the open door of the sedan.

ROBYN

tries to lead her boys on all fours toward the nearest window so they can escape the flames, but --

EVERS

is on that side of the house, FIRING his Mossberg blindly into the window.

NATE

tumbles into the front seat of the car where the spare magazines are, but --

Marek is lumbering toward him, so --

Nate pulls the door closed and trips the locks. Marek SLAMS up against the window, spraying the glass with blood from his mutilated hand.

MAREK

Evers! Evers!

Nate tries to pull out the spent magazine, but it takes him a second to realize he's got to press the release.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE,

Evers FIRES another BLAST into the shack when he hears:

MAREK (O.S.)

Evers! Get over here!

INSIDE THE CAR,

Nate JAMS the new magazine into the receiver and points the barrel at Marek, still banging on the window. Nate squeezes the trigger, but nothing happens.

INSIDE THE BURNING SHACK,

Robyn beats back the flames with an old camping blanket, and pulls her boys toward the window.

EVERS

rounds the corner of the house to see Marek at the sedan.

MAREK

Shoot him! Shoot him!

Evers rushes the car with his Mossberg, but --

NATE

figures out the charging handle on the M16 and pulls it back and suddenly the rifle is FIRING, fully automatic -- BLASTING out the windows.

Marek dives for cover, but --

Evers runs straight into the hail of bullets. He twists around and flops against the side of the car.

NATE

kicks open the car door and lunges toward the shack, his shot leg dragging behind him. He shoves open the front door just in time to see --

Robyn slipping out the back window to follow Kenny and Shane into the brush beyond.

Nate spins around to see what threats remain, and spots --

Evers, not yet dead -- slumped against the car, just a few feet from his fallen Mossberg.

Nate approaches him, cautious. Doesn't notice --

Marek scurrying toward the shack. He looks inside to see --

The money -- his money -- swallowed in a fire too hot to even approach.

Nate kicks the Mossberg away from Evers, who probably couldn't reach it anyway -- blood seeping from three ragged chest wounds, his life draining away.

Evers looks up at Nate, barely able to focus.

EVERS

...Watch yourself...

What? Nate blinks at Evers for a confused moment.

Then he hears RAPID FOOTSTEPS behind him.

Nate pivots around and squeezes the trigger, SPRAYING FIRE across --

Marek, rushing at him with the bloody cane knife.

Marek falls to his knees. And drops the knife. And stares up at Nate with burning hatred.

Nate looks into Marek's eyes. And FIRES another BURST into Marek's chest. Marek falls backwards, dead.

Nate looks back at Evers, but Evers's eyes are glazed and unblinking.

Nate drops the M16 and limps after his family, but his leg is useless. And he's exhausted.

Nate falls to the ground.

SHANE,

emerges from the brush, cautious. Sees four bodies on the ground -- none of them moving. He bolts toward Nate.

Robyn and Kenny follow him, fearing the worst.

Shane arrives at Nate's side and turns him over to find he's alive.

SHANE

Dad!

NATE

Hey, kiddo... You all right?

Shane wants to say "yes," but he chokes up. So he just nods. Nate smiles at him, and suddenly they're both laughing. What else could they do?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHACK - DAY

The brittle old shack is consumed by flames now, a tendril of black smoke stretching toward the cloudless sky.

Far from the smoke and fire, the Sidwells are gathered crouched in the shade of a large boulder.

Robyn keeps Nate's leg propped up, keeps pressure on his gunshot wound. He struggles to remain conscious.

Kenny climbs onto the boulder and looks down the hill.

The WAIL of DISTANT SIRENS rises above the ROAR of the fire. And off near the horizon, the flicker of red and blue police lights stand out in the fading afternoon light.

KENNY

They're coming, Dad. Hang in there.

Nate looks at Robyn, nursing his leg.

NATE

You're sunburned.

ROBYN

You, too.

The roof of the burning shack collapses with a CRASH.

SHANE

That's one expensive fire.

NATE

You kept some of it, didn't you?

Shane looks at Nate.

NATE (CONT'D)

A couple thousand bucks? You can tell me.

Shane shakes his head and looks back at the fire.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

Shane doesn't respond. Nate nudges him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm kidding.

Shane nudges him back -- and smiles.

SHANE

I believe you.

Nate catches Robyn wiping a tear from her eye.

NATE
Did you keep any?

She laughs. She can't help it.

As the SIRENS grow closer, Kenny scrambles down from the rock and wraps an arm around Nate's neck. The four of them huddle together in a tight little group. A family.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END