

THE LAMB

A THESIS IN

Creative Writing and Media Arts Presented to the Faculty of  
the University of Missouri-Kansas City in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

by

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B.A., University of Missouri Kansas City, 2009

Kansas City, Missouri 2024

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## THE LAMB

John Ingle, Candidate for the Master of Fine Arts Degree  
University of Missouri-Kansas City, 2024

### ABSTRACT

*The Lamb* is a feature length screenplay about a teenage boy named Eddie Bluth who lives with his mother Janie Flores in a small Missouri town. He often visits his father Bobby Bluth who lives nearby and runs a small-time criminal enterprise. Eddie is torn between impressing his father by dabbling in crime and being the good kid his mother wants him to be. One day, Eddie goes with his father on what seems to be a standard drug pickup but turns out to be an impromptu heist that ends in bloodshed. When Eddie overhears his father and his gang discussing his fate, he realizes his dad might kill him, so he runs to Janie who immediately takes him on the road. Bobby gives chase, as do the police, but Janie manages to stay ahead of them all and get to a family member in Denver who can help them escape to Mexico. But when Bobby and the Police finally figure out where Janie and Eddie are, they converge, resulting in a harrowing chase and an uneasy family reunion where Bobby takes them prisoner, attaching himself to their border crossing plan. In the end, Eddie has to come to terms with how evil his father is and throws him from a moving car, allowing him and his mother to escape.

## APPROVAL PAGE

The faculty listed below, appointed by the Dean of the School of Humanities and Social Sciences have examined a thesis titled "The Lamb", presented by John Ingle, candidate for the Master of Fine Arts degree and certify that in their opinion it is worthy of acceptance.

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## A Critical Introduction to *The Lamb*

*The Lamb* has undergone numerous revisions over the fifteen months since I first sketched out the basic story idea. The version included in this document is the thirteenth draft and contains the most radical alterations since its earliest incarnations in 2022. This version is the result of notes gathered from numerous readers, including professional analysts from websites like *The Black List* as well as industry professionals, one of whom is working with me to fine-tune this screenplay into something they see as a potentially commercial product. The attention that *The Lamb* has drawn is due in no-small part to the thoughtful input of many people over the course of its life as a screenplay.

The original concept of this story was born out of a desire to examine my young adult life in rural Northwest Missouri, filtered through my love of film noir, action cinema, and emotionally resonant drama. My intention with every script I write is to present a visceral emotional experience that is both visually exciting and imbued with humanity. Cinematic fireworks with heart. In the case of *The Lamb*, I began by thinking about my own life as a kid from Caldwell County, MO where my own casual drug use put me uncomfortably close to real, dangerous criminals.

I considered making my protagonist a character much closer to my true story but never found a compelling entryway into the story through autobiographical means. But instead started thinking about people I knew from my hometown who would be more compelling, both in their heightened characterizations as well as being part of an underrepresented group within the genre and setting. I thought about a Mexican American friend I had back in high school and wondered what their experience might have been like in a town that was ninety-nine percent white and filled with bigots. I briefly spoke to this friend about their experience and it sparked a desire in me to explore a character like them who would be thrust into a life or death situation. This exploration would lead to the birth of the character of Eddie. Another thing my friend spoke of was that the experience of their mother in that small town was even more difficult than theirs. They added that their mother ultimately emerged from that struggle with dignity, successfully working their way to a comfortable, older age. This information about their mother would be the seed that blossomed into the character of Janie. At that point, I had my central relationship.

The next step in the development of *The Lamb* was the inevitable influence of different films. The inception of the antagonist father character of Bobby is a direct homage to Christopher Walken's character of Brad Whitewood Sr. from

James Foley's 1986 crime/noir *At Close Range*. In that film, a young man meets his estranged father who runs a criminal empire in rural America. After rewatching *At Close Range* I thought about the triangular dynamic of a broken family like the Whitewoods in the film but in the case of *The Lamb*, the mother has considerably more agency and is capable of going toe-to-toe with her ex-husband with whom she still shares custody over their son. With this dynamic set between the parents the conflict within the son would light the fuse that would ignite the plot of the story. Eddie wants to impress his father, showing him that he has become a man, so he participates in a catastrophic crime which puts him in a bind that only his mother, in her desperation, can help him get out of.

From there, the plot was in motion. It was now time to flesh out other characters and elements that would inject more emotional resonance into the story as well as meeting the obligations of the genre in order to give the entire piece more cinematic life on the page. I created a handful of allies and antagonists based on people I knew as well as criminal and law enforcement types who started as standard characters who I could flesh out as the story progressed. Additionally, I thought back to my high school years and how many of the people in my town had souped-up vintage cars that they would cruise around in and occasionally race. It was the

muscle car angle that brought *The Lamb* further into the realm of the action movie genre.

At that point, I had the primary characters and the genre set so I proceeded to begin outlining, which for me consists of a simple beat sheet, broken down into sequences. Once that is in place, I start writing proper script pages. For *The Lamb*, my first draft came relatively easy. The story, as it was in the beginning, just appeared on the page as I wrote. Part of the reason was in how much fun it was to write in the spare, action-centric style that I opted to go for. I decided to utilize my own version of legendary screenwriter Walter Hill's method of presenting action prose on the page. Hill would sometimes refer to his style of presenting action action beats in spare, single-spaced stacks as "haiku-like" but it has come to be more popularly known as vertical writing. It eschews the standard format which would be to write prose that extends across the page like a traditional paragraph, followed by a space between each block, and instead opts to describe an action beat with as little description as possible, then hitting carriage return to immediately hit the next beat. This provides a punchier sense of rhythm within the action in order to give the sensation of what would be a fast-paced, kinetic style of editing. These vertically written action sequences also stand in contrast to the steadier, dramatic scenes, giving the writing texture,

rhythm, and the proper pacing for a story that goes from zero to one-hundred miles per hour at the first sign of conflict. This stylistic choice has garnered considerable praise from the readers who have analyzed the script.

As well as the first draft of *The Lamb* went, it was still in need of dramatic changes in order to build it into a viable screenplay. Most of the general story beats have remained the same throughout the dozen drafts of this script to date, but the characterizations have undergone radical changes.

One of the major aspects of my approach to my career that was effected by the process of writing *The Lamb* and the response to it is that I feel that it has helped me find my niche as a writer of thrillers. I have always loved thrillers and action cinema since I was a kid. Alfred Hitchcock was the first director who I was truly aware of and action films were the first genre I fell in love with as a young man in '80s when the *Lethal Weapons* and *Die Hards* ruled the multiplexes.

In subsequent years, my studies in cinema have been more focused on foreign films, classic Hollywood cinema, and arthouse films but as I've progressed as a screenwriter I feel like I am tapping deeper into the films and genres that originally piqued my interest in film. Writing *The Lamb* was exciting in that sense as it was a throwback for me, not only

because it harkened back to my younger years but because of its alignment with the action cinema of my youth. The excitement I felt writing this script along with the critical praise I've received for its style has brought me to the conclusion that I have now found my niche as a screenwriter.

*The Lamb* is a screenplay that has proven to be the most important work in all of my years as a screenwriter. It has garnered the most attention and brought my career into focus in a way that has transformed me as a writer. The process of writing and rewriting this particular script has given me a new sense of how valuable taking notes and making radical changes in the rewriting process can be. With all of the external elements in mind, along with the content of the story itself, *The Lamb* has proven to be the most personally impactful thing I have written to date.

# **THE LAMB**

by

John Ingle

INT. GARAGE - DAWN

Sunrise shines in through the open doors of a prefab metal garage. Outside is a fog-shrouded, snow dappled field. In the distance, barren trees trim the countryside.

EDUARDO "EDDIE" BURKE (17, Latino) searches the drawer of a red CRAFTSMAN TOOL CABINET. He's tall and lanky. A wisp of mustache shadows his lip. He ears a hoodie, hood up.

Eddie finds the tool then steps to a dusty old stereo, pops in a CD, and hits play. A gritty HIP HOP TRACK bangs out of Pioneer SPEAKERS: *Bucktown* by Smif-n-Wessun.

He nods to the beat as he steps under the hood of a partially built RED STOCK RACE CAR. He leans in and goes to work.

SUPER: *NORTHWEST MISSOURI, DECEMBER, 1996*

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JUANITA "JANIE" FLORES (40, Latina, bobbed salt & pepper hair) lies in bed as the BEAT bleeds in through her window.

Annoyed, she looks out at the garage, just a few yards behind the house. She grabs the PHONE sitting on her night stand and dials. The the phone in the garage RINGS for a beat.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
(on phone, music in the  
background)  
Hello?

JANIE  
Snooze, Eddie.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
What?!

JANIE  
I'm hitting snooze!

The volume of the music drops from outside.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
What?

JANIE  
(sighs)  
I said it's time to come in and get  
ready for school.

She hangs up.

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie eats cereal at a table beneath a window with a string of Christmas light framing the glass. Janie walks up with two plates of scrambled eggs in hand. She slides one to him.

JANIE

Brain food.

EDDIE

Don't need it. I only got shop class today.

JANIE

Still need a brain to work on cars, despite what most people think.

EDDIE

Anyway, Mr. Davies said I don't hafta go to the vo-tech building. Said to go to Polo for that part.

JANIE

Yeah?

Eddie nods. Janie is dubious, but it's too early to argue.

JANIE

As long as you're home for curfew.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The typical room for a 90s kid. POSTERS on the wall of NASCAR DRIVERS (Earnhardt, Jeff Gordon) and movies (*Point Break*, *Reservoir Dogs*). Clothes on the floor. An unmade bed.

Eddie opens a drawer and grabs a CIGAR BOX. Inside is CASH and TWO BAGS OF MARIJUANA. He shoves the cash into the front pouch of his KC CHIEFS STARTER JACKET.

He grabs a PITTSBURGH PIRATES hat, pulls off the tag, puts it on, and checks himself against a PHOTO taped to the mirror.

INSERT OF PHOTO: *Chuck D from Public Enemy with Flavor Flav and the rest of the group. Chuck wears the same Pirates hat.*

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Janie zips up her COVERALLS and grabs her keys. As Eddie slips by her to head out the door, she spots the Pirates cap.

JANIE

Yo. You not a Royals fan anymore?

EDDIE

No, I just like how this one looks.

Janie grabs the bill of the cap and yanks it down playfully.

JANIE

Just as long as you're not jumpin'  
ship on your team.

Eddie fixes the hat and walks out. Janie watches him go, a tinge of worry on her face.

WIPE TO:

EXT. HAMILTON - DAY

Eddie speeds down a blacktop highway in a primer-colored '68 Camaro, his arm hangs out the open window despite the frigid temperature. HIP HOP plays on the stereo.

He expertly navigates the winding road, taking tight turns like a pro. He comes around a curve and hits a straightaway that takes us past a CITY LIMIT SIGN: *HAMILTON...POP. 1,744.*

INT. CAMARO/EXT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie parks. He yanks a tape out of the stereo and puts in an R&B CASSETTE. Pops it in and plays Jodeci's *Feenin'*.

ON THE BALCONY OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING

ANGIE COLTON (19) sits, wrapped in an oversized COAT. She's tiny, her hair is short, dyed jet black. She hears the song as it serenades her from Eddie's Camaro.

IN THE CAMARO

Eddie watches, his eyes full of love, as Angie jogs to the car, her oversized coat flapping as she bounces along. She hops into the passenger seat and kisses Eddie, long and hard.

ANGIE

Punch it, babe.

Eddie obeys. His wheels throw gravel as they take off.

EXT. JANIE'S BODY SHOP - DAY

Janie pulls her '86 F150 into the parking lot of an A-FRAME BUILDING surrounded by rows of vehicles with prices on their windshields. A sign out front: *Janie's Body Shop & Used Cars.*

INT. JANIE'S BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Janie walks through the SERVICE BAY. There's a guy working on a FORD TAURUS, welder's mask on, sparks flying.

JANIE  
Mornin', Ted!

Janie walks past a beat-up green '69 FORD RANGER PICKUP, hood up. She admires its shiny new 390 V-8 ENGINE.

## OFFICE

Janie enters a tiny space, shelves filled with AUTO MANUALS, TROPHIES, PHOTOS of a YOUNG JANIE in a racing uniform, posing with a stock car, her arm around a TALL MALE DRIVER.

She sits down at her desk. A piece of mail sits in front of her. It's an OVERDUE BILL. She flips it off.

EXT. DETECTIVE TOM OGILVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside his modest house, TOM OGILVIE (38, Highway Patrol uniform) approaches his CRUISER, coffee in hand. An approaching engine growls.

He looks toward the blacktop that runs by his house. Eddie's Camaro RUMBLES by in a flash. Tom lets out a SIGH, then he takes a sip of his coffee and casually gets in his car.

INT. LUPÉ FLORES' LIVING ROOM/JANIE'S OFFICE - DAY

A PHONE RINGS in a spacious and well-decorated house.

SUPER: *Ixtapa, Guerrero, MX*

LUPÉ FLORES (60, Latina), cinches the belt on her bathrobe as she strides into the room to answer.

NOTE: *This conversation is in SPANISH subtitled in English.*

LUPÉ  
Hello.

JANIE  
Hey, mama.

LUPÉ  
Juanita. What do you want so early?

JANIE  
I'm good, ma. Thanks for asking.

LUPÉ

I'm not awake yet, is how I'm  
doing, if you want to know.

(beat)

So...?

JANIE

So...I need a tiny loan.

LUPÉ

Hmm. How big is tiny?

JANIE

Six-hundred?

LUPÉ

Okay. I'll wire it to you today

JANIE

Thanks, ma. I'll pay you back.

LUPÉ

Never mind that, I just wanna know  
if you talked to Eddie about coming  
down here.

JANIE

Not yet. I have a few more months  
of shared custody before he can  
even decide.

LUPÉ

Decide? You don't think he'd rather  
stay with that Bobby, do you?

JANIE

Who knows what he wants other  
than gettin' his car race worthy  
and hangin' around his girlfriend.

(beat)

Mama, it's unlikely he'll want to  
come down there.

LUPÉ

We have to get him away from his  
father. We don't want to lose him  
like I lost you.

JANIE

Mama, you didn't lose me.

LUPÉ

I did when you were with that man.

Janie looks up to see Tom Ogilvie in her doorway.

JANIE

I gotta go, mama. There's a cop in my office.

LUPÉ

That police man again? Really?

JANIE

Yes, mama. Have a good day.

Janie hangs up and looks up at Tom.

JANIE

You got a good reason for just coming into my office like this?

TOM

We need to talk about somethin'.

Janie gets up and walks over to him. They kiss.

JANIE

Did Ted see you come in?

TOM

No, your secret's safe. Is it okay if I ask whether we're still goin' to dinner tonight?

JANIE

Long as it's outta town.

TOM

Fine. I got a surprise for ya, too.

JANIE

Yeah?

Janie movies in for another kiss but pulls away when she sees Ted walk past the office door. Tom shakes his head, clearly bothered by the subterfuge. He shifts the subject.

TOM

Hey, so what's Eddie up to today?

JANIE

He's excused from school. Drivin' out to Polo for a part. Why?

TOM

Just, I saw him drivin' earlier. You said he was goin' to Polo?

JANIE  
Always the cop, huh?

Tom smirks at the remark. Janie kisses him again.

INT. EDDIE'S CAMARO/EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie drives up a gravel road toward a HOUSE ON A HILL. No other houses in sight, just fields and trees for miles. He parks the Camaro among a few other muscle cars and pickups.

As Angie opens her door to get out, Eddie opens the glove box, and pulls out a .9mm BERETTA, held in a HOLSTER.

ANGIE  
What'd'ya need that for?

EDDIE  
Shootin' targets. Dad wants to see if my aim's gotten better.

They step out and walk past all the SOUPED-HOT RODS and PICKUPS. Eddie looks back to see how his car compares.

ANGIE  
Teri's here, right?

EDDIE  
Looks like it. That's her car.  
(gestures to a DODGE OMNI)  
You ain't gonna do any of that shit today, are ya?

Angie shrugs and skips off as Eddie shakes his head, annoyed. Then he looks down to see a BLACK PLYMOUTH BARRACUDA and lovingly hovers his hand just above the fender.

IN THE BACK YARD

A BONFIRE surrounded by a crew of roughnecks, rednecks, and bikers. In the background is a freestanding METAL GARAGE.

PETE REED (20, red hair, Carhartt overalls) holds a can of BUSCH LIGHT as he chats with a couple of YOUNG REDNECKS. He sees Eddie and Angie come around the corner, hand in hand.

PETE  
The fuckin' beaner's here.

ACROSS THE YARD

Eddie and Angie step up and talk to TERI PACE (40, dirty blonde, pink coat) who smiles, wild-eyed, intense.

TERI  
Your momma know you're here?

EDDIE  
'Course not.

TERI  
Good.

Eddie shakes his head and pulls the cash out of his coat pouch and hands it to Teri. She takes a peek.

TERI  
You still holdin' two?

EDDIE  
Yeah. I'll move 'em tomorrow.

Teri pockets the money.

ANGIE  
So, Teri. Got any coffee?

Teri smirks and gestures toward the house. Eddie sighs, exasperated, as they walk off. Then, he looks over to see BOBBY (40) holding court near an '85 LINCOLN TOWN CAR.

Bobby's the driver from Janie's old racing photo, only now he's plumper, bearded, wearing a flannel shirt, sleeves rolled up. He catches Eddie looking and wags his chin.

PETE (O.S.)  
Ditchin' school, Eduardo?

Bobby turns to see Pete with his crew of Rednecks.

PETE  
Be cool, stay in school, man. White man in America's fine with no diploma. What're you gonna do?

EDDIE  
I graduate in Spring, shithead.

PETE  
Ohhhh. You smart, are ya? Then what's the capitol of China?

Pete swiftly BACKSLAPS Eddie in the crotch. Eddie folds.

PETE  
Bang cock!

All the Rednecks bust out LAUGHING.

Eddie glances at his dad, then, he uppercuts Pete -- WHAP!  
A TUSSELE breaks out. Pete lands a hook on Eddies jaw.

BOBBY

Hey!

The fight stops as they see big Bobby stalk toward them.

BOBBY

What're you doin' to my kid?

PETE

He fuckin' punched me, Bobby.

BOBBY

Looks like he gotcha good too.

Eddie grins proudly as Bobby steps up and takes a look at him. There's a CUT on his cheek.

BOBBY

Go on in the house, bubbo. Teri'll  
put somethin' on that.

Stepping up behind Bobby is REDD (30s), fireplug of a man with cauliflower ears. Bobby turns to him.

BOBBY

Told ya he can take care of hiself.

Eddie grins, flattered, as he walks toward the house.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Angie sits at the island in the center of the room. Teri stands across from her, cigarette dangling out of her mouth.

TERI

How's he treatin' ya?

ANGIE

Eddie? He's a doll baby.

TERI

He's a kid. Kids are sweet. But  
he'll be a man soon....they ain't.

Teri reaches into a cabinet and pulls out a plate with a large aluminum foil lump on it and sets it on the counter.

Eddie enters through sliding glass doors. Angie turns and clocks the cut on his cheek.

ANGIE  
What the hell, babe?

EDDIE  
Me and Pete were messin' around.

ANGIE  
Why does ya'lls messin' around draw  
blood so much of the time?

Angie wets a paper towel and lovingly dabs it on Eddies cut.

Teri pulls the foil off the lump on the plate. It's A BRICK  
OF METH. Eddie looks to Angie. She's like a pig in shit.

TERI  
Just say when.

Teri picks up a SERRATED KNIFE and saws off clumps of powder.  
Angie watches like a kid waiting for a slice of cake. Eddie  
sees her excitement and SIGHS.

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

BANG! BANG! BANG! Wild-eyed Eddie squeezes a clip full of  
shots from his .9mm. Bullets tear into a distant DEER DECOY.  
Eddie ejects the clip and looks over to his dad, who grins.

BOBBY  
Let's see what you got Pete.

Pete lifts an AK-47 and squeezes the trigger -- RAT-TAT-TAT-  
TAT-TAT!! -- the deer decoy collapses, destroyed.

BOBBY  
Shit, Pete. That'll do.

Eddie looks on, annoyed at the praise for Pete. He takes out  
another clip and SLAPS it into his .9mm.

ACROSS THE FIELD - LATER

Eddie, Bobby, Pete and Redd walk through a field of brittle,  
brown tall grass on their way back to the house.

BOBBY  
I was wonderin', what you boys'd  
think if I stepped you up a bit?

EDDIE  
What'd'ya mean?

BOBBY

I mean, you start doin' more work for us. Not sellin' bags of ditch weed to kids at school typa stuff but real shit.

PETE

I'm down. Been hopin' you'd ask.

Eddie is more circumspect.

EDDIE

What would you have me doin', dad?

BOBBY

For you, it's drivin'. You got that racer bug that me 'n yer momma had. I could use a capable wheelman.

Eddie smirks, flattered by his dad's praise.

BOBBY

You wanna be a pro driver. This is one way to do it.

EDDIE

S'pose yer right, dad.

BOBBY

Damn right, I'm right.

They walk back toward Bobby's house as the sun sets behind the pillar of bonfire smoke.

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Janie, wearing a simple but flattering RED DRESS, finishes putting on her makeup. She's lovely and elegant. A far cry from the grease monkey she is during the daytime.

She gently applies a muted shade of red lipstick, dabs it with a tissue, looks in the mirror. A RUMBLING ENGINE SOUND from outside gets her attention.

EXT. JANIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Janie steps out the front door, pulling on a PUFFY WINTER COAT. Her eyes widen at the sight of Tom (shirt, tie, pea coat) standing next to a GREEN 1968 FASTBACK MUSTANG GT.

JANIE

Holy shit, Tom. The Bullit Mustang.

TOM  
Yep. Just like McQueen's.

JANIE  
The color's a little off but it's pretty close. Where'd ya find it?

TOM  
Impound lot. Belonged to that pharmacist up in Chillicothe who was sellin' dope out the back door.

Janie steps to the car and runs her hand along the fender.

TOM  
I only have it for tonight. Not really supposed to have it at all.

Janie turns her loving eyes from the car to Tom.

JANIE  
Breakin' the law, Tommy?

Tom shrugs. Janie smiles and gives him a peck on the lips.

INT/EXT. BULLIT MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

The engine GRUMBLES as Janie drives it hard along the highway out of town. The red paint glistens rhythmically as they pass under rows of street lights.

The lights disappear as they reach the edge of town. She opens it up even more as they enter to dark, country night. Tom sits shotgun, white knuckling the door handle.

JANIE  
You want me to pull it back?

TOM  
Nah. Let 'er eat.

Janie grins mischievously as she GUNS IT! The car rockets across the road. Tom's eyes widen as they come to a CURVE. Janie doesn't slow a bit. She leans into it, taking it with ease. Tom looks over at her, impressed. She peeks over for a beat and smiles.

JANIE  
We're gonna be late for dinner.

TOM

Fine by me.

They hold a loving gaze as they fly past their EXIT.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Journey's *Feeling that Way* blares out of Bobby's very expensive stereo as Angie dances with Teri, trashed. Bobby and Eddie sit on the couch with beers, smoking a joint.

BOBBY

Your mom was a helluva driver.  
Almost good as me. Between the two  
of us, you better be good.

ANGIE

He's such a good driver. You should  
race cars like yer daddy, babe.

Eddie smiles at her, lovingly.

EDDIE

I don't know. I'm tryin' to focus  
on gettin' my car up and runnin'.  
Hitting the circuit.

BOBBY

I know, bud. But that takes money.

Eddie nods, conceding the point.

EDDIE

But what do you need a driver for?

BOBBY

Well, sometimes Teri needs us to  
pick up product for her. Too much  
to just ditch, so if a cop decides  
to pull us over, we gotta run.  
Happens sometimes but it's rare.

Bobby sees that Eddie is mulling it over with concern.

BOBBY

Takes balls but it pays off. Man's  
gotta put his neck out in life, you  
know.

Bobby puts a hand on Eddie's shoulder. Eddie nods. Then, he catches sight of a clock.

EDDIE  
I gotta get home. Ready, babe?

ANGIE  
Think I'll stay with Teri tonight.  
I'm havin' too much fun.

TERI  
Don't worry, Eddie. We'll take care  
of her.

Eddie watches as the two women whirl around the room like  
tweaked-out, dancing fairies.

INT/EXT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Janie and Tom make out like teenagers in the car outside of  
her house. After a beat, they take a break.

JANIE  
You gonna stay tonight? This thing  
doesn't have much of a back seat.  
(kisses him some more)  
Besides, I'd love for Eddie to see  
the car in the morning.

TOM  
Oh. Is he comin' home tonight?

Janie looks out at the driveway. The only car is her truck.

JANIE  
Goddamnit. Where is he this late?

TOM  
Well, I didn't wanna say anything  
before but, when I saw him today,  
he was drivin' past my place.

JANIE  
East? Toward his dad's house?

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE/INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone in the kitchen RINGS as the music continues in  
Bobby's kitchen. Teri enters the room and picks up.

TERI  
Hello?

JANIE  
Teri, put Eddie on.

TERI  
He ain't here, Janie.

JANIE  
Just put him on. I know he's there.

TERI  
So, I'm lyin', huh? It's always  
character assassination with you.

Bobby steps behind Teri who points at the phone and lips  
Janie's name. He takes the receiver.

BOBBY  
What is it, Janie?

JANIE  
I wanna talk to Eddie, Bob.

BOBBY  
Didn't Teri tell ya he ain't here?

JANIE  
Yeah, but I know he was--

A car RUMBLES outside. Janie peeks out the window.

JANIE  
Okay, he's back. But you and me  
need to talk. You can't be lettin'  
him skip school to come to your--

BOBBY  
Janie, just relax.

He hangs up and Janie seethes, most definitely not relaxed.

EXT. JANIE'S HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Eddie admires the Mustang as Janie bursts out the front door.

JANIE  
You are really late, kid.

Eddie sees Tom come out behind Janie. He shakes his head,  
disapprovingly. Janie sees that he's also kind of wobbly.

JANIE  
Are you drunk?

Eddie shakes his head but he's clearly lying.

JANIE

Goddamnit, Eddie. You skip school, go to your dad's and he let's you drink all day AND go past curfew?

EDDIE

How'd you know I skipped school?

JANIE

Tom saw you driving earlier.

EDDIE

Jesus. I can't believe you're fuckin' a cop.

JANIE

Eddie!

Tom looks to Janie as he walks to the Mustang.

TOM

Call me tomorrow if you want.

JANIE

Sorry about my rude fuckin' kid.

Tom shrugs it off as he steps to her. They kiss goodbye. Eddie rolls his eyes and heads into the house.

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - EDDIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie slips something in his cigar box and closes the drawer, just as Janie appears in the doorway.

JANIE

I'm not a fuckin' idiot, Eddie. I know what goes on at your dad's.

EDDIE

What? We had a BBQ. Shot some guns.

JANIE

Guns? And drinking?

EDDIE

I wasn't drinking with guns.

Janie tries to look him in the eye. He doesn't meet her gaze.

JANIE

You can't go out there anymore. Obviously not during school but not any other time either.

EDDIE

What?

JANIE

If you want to see him, go out to dinner or a movie or somethin'.

EDDIE

You can't stop me from going out there.

JANIE

Yeah? Watch me.

EDDIE

Stop treatin' me like a kid. Dad treats me like a man--

JANIE

I'm not taking parenting advice from your dad, I can tell you that.

EDDIE

All you care about is rules and shit. You don't care who I am.

JANIE

What the fuck does that mean?

EDDIE

Exactly. Proves my point.

Eddie strides to the door but Janie blocks him.

JANIE

Where are you going?

Eddie forces himself past.

Janie slips, staggers back, and SLAMS into the hallway wall.

Eddie turns to see her wincing in pain.

They share a long look before he turns and walks out.

Janie slides down the wall to the floor, her hair mussed, her dress disheveled, a black line flows down her cheek

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie walks in and looks to everyone's surprise. Angie is at the stereo, loading in a CD.

ANGIE

Babe, you're back! Just in time to see me play DJ.

BOBBY  
We'll see how long that lasts.

Bobby steps to Eddie with a look of concern.

BOBBY  
What's up, bud?

EDDIE  
Is it okay if I stay here a while?

Bobby looks to Teri who stands in ear shot. She nods.

BOBBY  
Our casa is su casa, man.

Angie hits play and the synthy THUMP of Nine Inch Nails' *Ringfinger* kicks in. She dances around Eddie who grins at her as Bobby hands him a beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Janie sits at her kitchen table, an untouched plate of food in front of her. Tom sits across from her, eating a sandwich.

TOM  
You try callin' Bobby again?

JANIE  
Yeah. All I get's the machine.

TOM  
Maybe you should just go up there.  
I could go with you.

JANIE  
(smirks grimly)  
Yeah. Takin' a cop up there would  
go over real well. Besides, We're...

TOM  
...still not tellin' anybody about  
us. Right. Got it.

Janie sees he's hurt, but she quickly gets back to business.

JANIE  
Have you guys at the patrol office  
heard anything about Bobby lately?  
Like, is he on your radar at all?

TOM

A faint blip. We know he ain't clean but he's good at makin' it seem like he is. And I know what you told me about the old days but that's nuthin' to go on legally.

Janie shakes her head, her mind full of frustrating thoughts.

JANIE

I shoulda got out of here when Eddie was little. Coulda fought for full custody but I was young and stupid and my mom had moved back to Mexico. Anyway, it seemed like Bobby had leverage on me with all the dirt he had on me from...all that shit we pulled.

TOM

You did your best. Past is past.

JANIE

Coulda said fuck it and just taken him when he was a baby. Told him his dad was dead like they do in the movies.

TOM

(grins at the remark)  
You know, I wish we'd've known each other back in those days.

JANIE

Why? So you could take me in?

TOM

So I coulda helped ya. I coulda been there for Eddie, at least.

JANIE

A stabilizing male influence? That Woulda been nice, I guess. But past is past, like you said. All that matters right now, is right now.

Tom nods. When she's right, she's right.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Eddie and Angie stagger in, half asleep. Eddie looks over at the kitchen counter to see the plate of meth, the brick now shrunken down to a nub.

Next to the plate are dozens of tiny ziplock bags, filled.

TERI (O.S.)  
Mornin' sunshine.

Eddie looks to the kitchen table to see Teri, Bobby, Redd, and Pete, sitting with coffees and half-eaten breakfasts.

BOBBY  
Vacation's over, bubbo. Time to  
make the donuts.

Eddie gets a coffee and gestures at the baggies.

EDDIE  
I 'spose we're movin' all that?

BOBBY  
Nah, that's Teri's operation. Her  
and yer girl'll take care a that..

Eddie glances at Angie as he sits. She gives him a smirk.

BOBBY  
We got other fish to fry.

Eddie then glances to Redd and Pete who seem to already be tuned into what's going on.

BOBBY  
As I'm sure you figured, we don't  
cook dope 'round here. Too risky  
with all the heat detection shit  
the DEA and them's got nowadays. We  
buy supply from cooks and step on  
it a little for profit. You get me?

Eddie nods like he understands.

BOBBY  
Problem is, we gotta deal with the  
tweakers that cook the shit. And  
they are a crazy, fucked up bunch.

REDD  
Fuckers don't even sleep 'less  
their body gives up on 'em so  
they're they're all fuckin' nuts.

BOBBY  
And they run in packs, so we go in  
heavy and deep. Ready for bullshit.  
(beat)  
Unlikely anything'd happen, though.

Eddie, nods to his dad, playing tough.

PETE

And it it does, we'll be prepared.

Pete glances at Eddie with mischief as he shows he grips the M-16 which leans against his leg. Eddie gets worried again.

INT/EXT. TOWN CAR - DAY

The TOWN CAR rolls past a sign: *Gallatin, POP. 1,981*. They head down Main Street lined with CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Bobby sits shotgun. Redd behind him. Pete behind Eddie who dons his PIRATES CAP. He turns onto a side road and pulls up

OUTSIDE THE METH HOUSE

Eddie parks and keeps it running.

BOBBY

We might be a while. These fuckers have trouble focusing on business.

Eddie pulls his cap down over his eyes, and watches the trio briskly walk up to the front door. Eddie waits. He's fidgety, his head on a swivel.

He looks ahead at cars rolling by on the cross street. Then he looks over again to see Bobby and them go in the house. Then he looks up to see a PICKUP turn onto the street.

He watches as it rolls by, then -- BAM! -- a dog jumps up at the window, its paws up on his door. Eddie lowers his head and turns away from a dog WALKER who pulls the dog away.

Silence. Eddie gets antsy. He CLICKS on the radio and scans the dial -- RELIGIOUS PROGRAMS -- NEWS -- COUNTRY MUSIC.

As he turns the dial, the cacophony of static is joined by the POP! POP! POP! of gunshots from the inside the house.

Eddie sits, unsure of what he heard. Then, Pete dashes out of the house with a duffle bag in hand! Behind him, a CHUBBY TWEAKER gives chase with a SHOTGUN.

BLAM! -- Buckshot rips across Pete's arm. Blood SPLATTERS on the car windows. Pete opens the back door and dives in. Eddie sees the Tweaker bearing down, the shotgun raised.

POP! POP! POP! POP!

Shots from behind Chubby Tweaker RIP through his chest.

Eddie looks up to see Bobby and Redd run toward the car. They have handguns in hand, barrels smoking.

Behind them, two other Tweakers run out of the house. One of them heads for a Buick in the driveway. The other one has a HUNTING RIFLE.

Bobby gets in next to Eddie. Redd gets in the back, pushing Pete aside. Pete GROANS in pain.

BOBBY

Go! Go! Go!

Eddie guns it, then looks in the rearview. He can also see the other Tweaker with his rifle raised.

EDDIE

Shit! Down!

Everybody but Pete ducks, then CRASH!  
The back window blows out.  
And so does Pete's THROAT.

Eddie rights himself just as they hit the main street. He turns hard with a SQUEAL of tires.

Eddie looks in the mirror again to see a cascade of blood flowing out of Pete's neck. His hands reaching up to the wound. Eyes bugged out.

Eddie's face goes slack.

BOBBY

Focus, Eddie!

Eddie puts his eyes on the road again. The car RUMBLES as it gains speed in the straightaway.

BOBBY

Take the right.

Eddie pulls it hard into a turn. Tight. Controlled. Bobby looks in the jostling rearview mirror. Sees that the Tweaker Buick is behind them.

BOBBY

They're fuckin' followin' us.

Eddie mashes the gas. The V8 GRUMBLES as they haul ass

OUT OF TOWN

They try to pull away but the Buick is no slouch. Bobby checks it in the rearview.

Then looks ahead to see  
A PICKUP TRUCK, pulling out of a side road in front of them.

Eddie sees it and veers left.  
The Truck hits the brakes.  
The Town Car barely zips past.  
The Buick SLAMS into the truck bed!

Eddie looks back to see an ERUPTION OF FIRE AND CAR PARTS.  
He peeks at Bobby whose eyes are wild, like he loves this.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Beneath a canopy of trees, Bobby hustles out of the Town Car, grabbing everything, including the DUFFLE BAG. Eddie stands by, still in shock, looking at Pete, dead in the back seat.

Bobby runs to a Ford Escort parked nearby, tosses the bag in, and grabs a GAS CAN and CLEAR PLASTIC BAG from the back.

Eddie turns to Redd who pulls a BUCK KNIFE out of a sheath on his belt. Sharp as hell on one side, serrated on the other. Bobby hands him the bag.

BOBBY  
(to Eddie)  
Best go get in the other car.

EDDIE  
What? Where did that car come from?

BOBBY  
Switch car.

EDDIE  
So you knew somethin' was gonna happen?

BOBBY  
(disturbingly stern)  
No. I'm just prepared.

They glare at each other for an uncomfortable beat. Then, Eddie backs down and heads toward the Escort.

Bobby looks at Redd who stares back, clearly concerned.

CUT TO:

IN THE ESCORT - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie sits in the back seat, nervously waiting, as Bobby and Redd walk up. The Town Car blazes behind them.

He peeks at Redd. Catches a glimpse of the plastic bag in his hand. He sees the bloody outline of hands and teeth inside.

Eddie leans out of the car and VOMITS. Redd looks to Bobby with a concerned look. Bobby nods, agreeing with his worry.

Eddie pulls himself back in and closes the door. Bobby drives them away. Eddie sits in the backseat, shaken. He stares at his .9mm, which sits in his lap.

Bobby glances into the rearview and meets Eddie's eyes. His gaze is cold and hard. Eddie looks down. On the floorboard is the duffle bag, slightly open. Inside is A LOT OF CASH.

INT. JANIE'S BEDROOM/HIGHWAY PATROL STATION - DAY

Janie (in her work clothes) lies in bed, lost in worry. The CORDLESS PHONE on the nightstand RINGS. She answers quick.

JANIE

Hello?

IN HIS OFFICE, Tom stands over his desk, pulling on his coat.

TOM (V.O.)

Hey. How you doin'?

JANIE

Uh, same. I'm not dressed yet. But you can come over whenever.

TOM (V.O.)

Well, that's why I was callin'. I can't make it. There was a big thing up in Gallatin. Shootout at a meth house turned into a car chase and crash. Three dead. One hurt pretty bad. Old boy in a pickup, mindin' his business.

JANIE

Jesus. That's terrible.

TOM

Just got a report of a car fire off HH too. Probably the getaway car.

Janie stares, her mind in motion. She gets up and heads to

THE LIVING ROOM

where she strides in and flips on her TV. Turns straight to the a Kansas City News station...

NEWS ANCHOR

...a botched drug deal ended in gunfire and roadway violence in a small Northwest Missouri town, and the assailants are still at large..

TOM (O.S.)

Anyway, gotta go.

JANIE

Yeah. I'll talk to ya soon.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

Hidden under a canopy of trees is the Escort. Up the hill a ways, we can see Bobby's house.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Redd stride in. Eddie slogs in behind them. Teri is on the couch, watching TV, scowling. She clicks it off.

BOBBY

They sayin' anything on TV?

Teri looks to Eddie then back to Bobby and Redd. She cocks her head toward the kitchen.

EDDIE

Where's Angie?

TERI

Took her home when the news broke.

Teri walks into the kitchen. Redd follows.

BOBBY

Just hang here and watch TV, bubbo.

Bobby walks into the kitchen as well. Eddie sits down on the couch. He turns on the TV. There's a COMMERCIAL on.

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Janie, phone still in hand, watches the same COMMERCIAL. As it ends, the phone RIIIIINGS!

*NOTE: This conversation is in Spanish, subtitled in English.*

JANIE

Hello?

LUPÉ (V.O.)  
 Hola, mijita. I got your message.  
 What's going on?

ON THE TV, a REPORTER stands outside of the Meth House.

JANIE  
 Mama, I'm worried. Something  
 happened...I've got a terrible  
 feeling about Eddie.

LUPÉ  
 He still at Bobby's house?

REPORTER (ON TV)  
 We just got some new information...

JANIE  
 Wait. Hang on.

REPORTER (ON TV)  
 ...a witness got a glimpse of the  
 driver as he waited in the car...

LUPÉ (V.O.)  
 Juanita? What's happening?

REPORTER (ON TV)  
 ...all could say was that the  
 driver was male, wearing a red coat  
 Pittsburgh Pirates baseball cap--

Janie squeezes her eyes together and GROANS in frustration.

LUPÉ (V.O.)  
 What?!? What is it?!?!?

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie, curious, gets up and sneaks toward the kitchen door.

EDDIE POV: Bobby cracks a beer and they all talk. They're  
 very animated but Eddie can only make out a few MUMBLES.  
 Then, Teri points out the doorway, in Eddie's direction.

Eddie can only make out bits of conversation.

BOBBY  
 ...gotta deal with the car first...

TERI  
 ...deal with Eddie...

BOBBY  
 ...we ain't doin' that, Teri...

TERI  
 ...the only one they can finger..

Bobby walks away. Teri looks over to Redd. They share a knowing look.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Eddie turns and walks toward the front door, his face filled with fear. Then, THE PHONE RIIIIINGS! Eddie freezes.

The phone RIIIIINGS again. Eddie hustles to the couch, just as Bobby steps in to hear the answering machine pick up.

JANIE (V.O.)  
 Bobby, it's Janie. Have Eddie call me please, I NEED to talk to him.

BOBBY  
 You can call her back once we've figured out what the story is.

Eddie is speechless, afraid. He whips his head over as Redd exits the kitchen. Teri comes out behind him, glaring.

BOBBY  
 Go. Help Redd deal with the car.

Eddie nods, nervously agreeing.

INT. JANIE'S BODY SHOP - OFFICE - DUSK

Janie swiftly enters her office at the shop. She steps across the room, crouches down by a crammed set of shelves, and pulls out a dusty box filled with old LICENSE PLATES.

INT. JANIE'S BODY SHOP - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Janie, PLATES and SCREWDRIVER in hand, jogs through her car lot and comes to the beat-up Ranger. She SLAMS down the hood, then crouches down and screws on the old plates.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Eddie walks down the hill in front of Bobby's house. Redd walks behind him, staring straight ahead, cold. He has a KNIFE in its sheath and a PISTOL in his waist.

Eddie turns and looks past Redd, to see his dad in the doorway. Their eyes connect. Bobby's face betrays sadness, but as Teri steps up to him, he shuts the door.

EXT. WOODED AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Redd reach the Escort, still parked in the trees.

EDDIE

(nervously trembling)

What're we doin' exactly? Nobody  
saw us drivin' this one.

REDD

Ya cain't be too careful.

Redd opens the back door of the car. Eddie steps next to him.

He squeezes his eyes shut, inhales deep, turns AND THROWS A  
SOLID HOOK INTO REDD'S JAW! Redd goes down hard.

Eddie drops on him and rains down PUNCHES.  
Redd reaches for his knife, pulls it clean, and SWIPES!  
He tears into Eddie's Starter Jacket.  
Eddie scrambles away, crawls into the Escort's back seat.

Redd lunges and stabs the upholstery, missing Eddie's leg.  
Eddie crawls out the other side of the car.  
Redd gets up and pulls his PISTOL.  
As he creeps around the car, he sees Eddie on the ground.  
His Eyes wide as he sees Eddie, aiming his .9MM -- BANG!

A shot RIPS through Redd's brow.  
Blood sprays out the back of his head.  
His eyes fix and he falls dead.

UP AT THE HOUSE

Bobby runs to the front door and looks out to see the FLASH  
of another gunshot. He strains to see the shadowy image of  
Eddie hustling into the Escort and firing-up the engine.

IN THE ESCORT

Eddie drives out of the trees and onto the GRAVEL ROAD. He  
speeds away from Bobby's house as fast as he can. Behind him,  
a pair of HEADLIGHTS light up outside the house.

INT/EXT. RANGER - NIGHT

Janie gets in. Tosses a SUITCASE into the truck bed and  
places a .38 SPECIAL in the crease between the front seats.

She turns the key. The V8 GROWLS. She revs it a bit then takes a deep breath, steeling herself. She reaches up to the THREE ON THE TREE gear shift and cranks it in reverse.

As she backs out of the garage and turns the car around, the Escort pulls into the lot, cutting her off. Her headlights shine in the car, onto Eddie's face.

Janie jumps out of the car and runs to Eddie. They hug.

EDDIE  
He tried to kill me.

JANIE  
Kill you? Who tried to kill you?

EDDIE  
Dad. I mean, Redd was gonna do it.....but I.  
(a heavy beat)  
I got him first.

JANIE  
What do you mean, you got him?

Eddie just stares at her. She looks down to see the .9mm tucked in his waist.

JANIE  
We're.....we're gonna work this out--

EDDIE  
Dad's comin', mom. Right now.

Janie puts her hands on each side of Eddie's head and looks him square in the eye.

JANIE  
Well, we're leavin'.....right now.

INT/EXT. ESCORT - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie parks the Escort among the other cars in the lot. He checks the back and sees the MONEY BAG on the floorboard. He ponders for a beat, then takes it.

INT. RANGER - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie outs his gun in the money bag and sets it in the bed of the pickup. He jumps in the truck as Janie starts the engine.

JANIE

Seat belt.

EDDIE

(looks around)

I don't think there are any.

JANIE

Okay. We just have to be careful.

As she shifts into gear and starts to pull out. They look up to see headlights at a stop sign to their left. A beat, then Janie turns right and starts down the street.

As they head down the road, Eddie looks back to see the other car pull into the body shop. Bobby's SHADOWY SILHOUETTE jumps out and runs to the Escort.

EDDIE

Yep. That's him.

Janie turns onto MAIN STREET, joining a parade of headlights. A Cars roll both directions. Kids cruising the strip.

After a beat, Bobby's car turns behind them and follows. A vague shape behind the glare of headlights.

Another PICKUP rolls in front of the RANGER. TEENAGERS ride in the back. One girl in a puffy PINK COAT spots Eddie.

PINK COAT

Eddie! You cruisin' with yer mama?!

The rest of the kids in the truck bed LAUGH. Janie glances into the rearview to see Bobby, pulled up behind them.

JANIE

What's he drivin'? I can't see it.

EDDIE

It's the Barracuda.

Janie curses under her breath as she looks ahead. She sees a short break in oncoming traffic and guns it, veering around the truck full of kids.

A pair of headlights appear in front of them. Janie careens right, avoiding a crash, then guns it

OUT OF TOWN

The Ranger GROWLS across the asphalt. Janie's eyes dart from mirror to mirror. She catches sight of the headlights closing in from behind.

The Ranger gives it all she's got but it ain't enough.  
 Bobby pulls up along side.  
 He leans forward and points vigorously for her to pull over.  
 Janie ignores him.  
 Bobby passes and pulls in front of her.  
 He slows down, forcing Janie to do the same.  
 She tries to pass, racing the Barracuda!

Side by side, Bobby matches her speed.  
 Eddie looks at him, eyes full of fear.

BOBBY  
 Tell her to pull over!

Janie's foot is mashed to the floor!  
 Bobby easily keeps pace.  
 She slows down.  
 So does he.  
 She speeds up.  
 So does he.

Janie looks ahead to see HEADLIGHTS COMING OVER THE HILL.  
 She tries to slow down again.  
 Bobby does the same.  
 Back and forth again as the headlights get closer and closer.  
 She throws a hateful glare at Bobby who glares at her.  
 Janie looks up, the headlights are DANGEROUSLY CLOSE.  
 She punches the gas!

EDDIE  
 Mom!!!

Janie SMASHES the brakes and turns right.  
 They hit the back panel of the Barracuda!  
 Eddie hangs on as the Ranger spins.  
 Janie MASHES the brakes.

They both REEL FORWARD, violently.  
 Janie's right arm SLAMS into the dash.

The Barracuda FLIPS onto the shoulder and ROLLS as the  
 oncoming car speeds away.

Janie's headlights glow through a cloud of dust. In front of  
 them, they see the underside of Bobby's car, wheels spinning.

Bobby crawls up out of the open window. Janie looks him in  
 the eye, then hits the gas, ROCKETING off into the night.

Bobby jumps out of his car and pushes on it, GROANING LIKE AN  
 ANIMAL. It teeters back and forth a little as we...

WIPE TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom drives down a dark highway in his patrol car. His Police Radio CHATTERS. A report comes in:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Reported accident. 13 northbound,  
just outside of Hamilton.

TOM  
Tom Ogilvie, here. I got it. Be  
there in a few.

DISPATCHER  
Your brother's on the way as well.  
Says he's about ten minutes out.

He turns the car around.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tom drives his cruiser down the same stretch of highway where Bobby chased Janie. He stops in the wash of flashing lights from a Patrol Car, parked on the shoulder.

PATROLMAN BILL OGILVIE (20s) stands next to his cruiser.

BILL  
Tom.

TOM  
Bill. I understand there was a  
collision out here.

BILL  
Allegedly. I don't see no evidence.

Tom points at some TIRE MARKS on the road.

TOM  
What about these?

BILL  
Probably just shithead kids, drag  
racin', doin' donuts.

Tom continues investigating.

BILL  
That tweaker mess up in Gallatin.  
Heard you take point on the wreck.  
(beat)  
So, the driver had on a Pirate hat?

TOM

Pittsburgh Pirates. A baseball cap.

Bill nods as his mind wanders to another subject.

BILL

Thought you was goin' out with  
Janie again tonight?

TOM

You still ain't told anybody about  
that, have ya?

BILL

I told mom you was seein' somebody,  
just so she'd stop goin' on about  
it. Didn't tell her who, though.

(beat)

You two of been together for a  
while now. How much longer you  
think it's gonna stay secret?

TOM

Long as she wants to, I guess.

BILL

Ain't healthy keepin' secrets, bro.

TOM

So if there wasn't any evidence of  
a crash, who called it in?

BILL

Caller didn't give a name. Probably  
cuz they was drivin drunk. Like I  
said, shithead kids.

Tom thinks on that for a beat.

TOM

Right. Kids.

INT/EXT. RANGER - LATER

Def Leppard's *Bringin' on the Heartbreak* plays on the stereo  
as the Ranger RUMBLES into the pitch black countryside.

They come to "T" on the blacktop and turn right.

Janie stares ahead, gently lip syncing the song lyrics. Eddie  
looks over at his mom. She looks woozy.

EDDIE

You okay?

Janie nods, unconvincingly, as they come to another "T" in the road and turn left.

EDDIE

Where are we goin'?

Silence. Janie continues "singing" to the song.

EDDIE

Mom?

JANIE

Eddie. Shush. Let me get my head together.

Janie looks at Eddie with a mix of sympathy and annoyance. Then she realizes that the PIRATES HAT is still on his head.

JANIE

Hey. Give me the hat.

She puts out her hand. He hesitantly hands her the cap.

They come to a BRIDGE. Janie pulls into the other lane, rolls down the window, and tosses the cap into the creek below.

EDDIE

What the fuck?!

JANIE

I packed another hat for you. It's in the duffle bag in back.

Eddie gets out. Janie watches as he digs into the bag in the truck bed. He jumps back in, wearing a BLUE KC ROYALS CAP.

Janie nods her approval then slowly reaches up to shift gears with her injured arm. Eddie sees the pain in her face. She manages to get it in gear and they take off.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The parking lot of a Casey's gas station. Cars and trucks huddle in the lot. KIDS loiter, drinking, smoking. They stash bottles and blunts as Tom's cruiser pull in and he gets out.

TOM

Relax. I ain't here to bust nobody.

A STONER KID sitting on a car hood recites some rap lyrics.

STONER KID

He ain't tryna roll up. All he  
wants is fuckin' donuts.

A couple of the other kids LAUGH. Tom gives a smirk.

TOM

Anybody hear about a wreck out  
north on 13?

STONER KID

We've been here all night, sir.

Tom nods. He figured on that kind of answer.

PINK COAT (O.S.)

Was it Eddie Burke's mom's car?

Tom is taken aback by the question. He looks over to see the  
girl in the PINK COAT sitting in the back of that same truck  
that was cruising in front of Janie and Eddie.

PINK COAT

Because I saw Eddie and his mom  
drivin' on Main in an old truck.

A boy in a LETTERMAN'S JACKET chimes in...

LETTERMAN

Yeah, they was drivin' crazy. That  
black Charger was on they ass too.

A kid in COVERALLS enters the conversation...

COVERALLS

Wasn't no Charger. That was Bobby  
Burke's Barracuda.

That really throws Tom for a loop.

PINK COAT

That was his daddy chasin' him?  
Damn, that family's fucked up.

TOM

You absolutely sure it was them?

COVERALLS

Sure as shit, sir.

TOM

Alright, thank. Ya'll be good.

Tom gets back in his car.

EXT. JANIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom KNOCKS at the front door. He waits. Peeks into the window. Then, he reaches for his KEY RING.

INT. JANIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tom walks by pictures of Eddie and Janie at multiple ages. He glances at one PHOTO: *Janie with feathered hair, in a DEF LEPPARD tee shirt with Eddie, four years old, smiling.*

## IN JANIE'S ROOM

Tom looks around. Just an empty bed, unmade.

## IN EDDIE'S ROOM

Tom goes to the dresser. Opens a couple of drawers. Finds the cigar box. Peeks inside. Closes it.

Then, he sees the TAG that Eddie tore off his new hat. He looks up at the CHUCK D PHOTO with the Pirates hat.

He sees a few crumpled receipts and checks them out. One of them is for the Pirate's hat. He shoves the tag and receipt in his pocket and swipes the photo.

EXT/INT. RANGER - NIGHT

The Ranger zips down the highway. Janie stares glassy-eyed at the road. She looks at Eddie who stares blearily ahead. She looks up and sees a BILLBOARD: Cornhusker Motel.

EXT. CORNHUSKER MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A RED NEON SIGN glows down on Janie and Eddie as they unload the truck. The parking lot is empty. Not a soul in sight.

EDDIE

Shouldn't we keep moving?

JANIE

We need to rest and regroup. Talk all of this out.

She drops her .38 inside of her duffle bag in the back. She looks down at her arm. It's stiff. She holds it close.

EDDIE

That looks bad.

JANIE

I'm fine.

Then, she spots something tucked into the corner of the truck bed. It's the money bag.

JANIE

Is this yours?

Eddie looks at her, a worrisome expression on his face.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bag lays open on the bed, stacks of cash on full display. Janie rubs the bridge of her nose, tired, frustrated.

JANIE

Why did you take this?

EDDIE

I wasn't supposed to leave any evidence, right?

JANIE

You stole this from the meth house?

EDDIE

I didn't. I was in the car. I had no idea we were stealing anything.

JANIE

What did you think was happening?

EDDIE

Just picking up more...meth.

JANIE

And that's normal to you? Bein' a drug dealer's driver?

EDDIE

Is it really time for a lecture?

Janie shakes her head. This fuckin' kid.

JANIE

Eddie, I need to know all the details. No surprises, okay?

EDDIE

Dad and Teri have a drug operation. Meth and weed. Up to today, I just sold weed for 'em. That's it.

Janie glares, waiting for the rest.

EDDIE

Then dad offered me the job of  
bein' his driver.

JANIE

A professional driver, huh? Is that  
how your dad sold it to you?

Eddie nods, then his face trembles. His body slumps from the realization of what has happened. He lies down on the bed and rolls on his side, away from Janie.

Janie takes a beat, gets in bed, and holds her boy.

EXT. PAY PHONE/INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bobby's Barracuda is parked by a pay phone in the middle of nowhere. Light sleet PATTERS on the asphalt around him.

Teri runs water in the sink. Her shoulder holds the phone to her ear.

TERI

Where the fuck are you?

BOBBY

Northeast Kansas.

TERI

What the hell...

BOBBY

He got to Janie and they ran.

TERI

That fuckin' goddamn kid.

BOBBY

There's more. He took the money.

TERI

Fuck, Bobby. This is a helluva  
goddamn mess. I'm gonna strangle  
that kid and his cunt mom.

BOBBY

Okay, okay, but first thing's  
first. Did you take care of Redd?

Teri scrubs her hands. Blood and water spin down the drain.

TERI

Yeah. It wasn't easy but he'll stay hid 'til we can do it right.

BOBBY

Alright. Now, let's figure how to find the rest of the family...

She dries her hands and heads into

THE BEDROOM

where she sits on the bed, her face lit by a lonely lamp.

BOBBY

Knowin' Janie, she'll go straight to family. Her cunt mother Lupé lives all the way down in Mexico. That's a long, risky drive. I'm thinkin' they'll head somewhere closer. She got people all over. Migrant wetback cousins and shit.

TERI

So how do we figure out where she's goin' quick? We gotta find them and that money before the cops do.

Teri grabs a LEATHER CIGARETTE PURSE from the night stand, snaps open the clasp, and grabs a cig.

BOBBY

In the mornin' I guess I can go to the library and check the major phone books for her last name. See if I recognize any of 'em.

TERI

(lights her cig)

You could do that. But I might know a quicker way to find out where they're headed.

Bobby nods, knowingly.

EXT. MOTEL - DAWN

Eddie drops coins into a soda machine by an empty, covered pool. The cold wind whips through him. He hits the button. A soda TUMBLES down. He cracks it open.

As he takes a drink he glances over to see a PAY PHONE. A sign on the side reads: *1-800-COLLECT...Save a Buck or Two.*

EXT. PAY PHONE/INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Angie lies on the couch in her apartment, phone to her ear.

EDDIE

Did you hear what happened?

ANGIE

Teri kinda freaked out about the shooting in Gallatin. Was that you?

EDDIE

I guess it was a robbery. Anyway, me and my mom are runnin'.

ANGIE

Jesus. Where are you?

EDDIE

I don't exactly know. Nebraska.  
(tears well up)  
Will you come meet us if I can figure out a place to meet?

ANGIE

Of course, babe. Of course.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/LUPÉ REYES' BEDROOM - DAWN

Lupé is in bed, talking to Janie on the phone. Janie sits on the hotel room bed, a ROAD ATLAS laid out beside her.

LUPÉ

Is everything okay? You find him?

JANIE

I found him, but nothing's okay.

LUPÉ

How much money you need now?

JANIE

That's the one thing we don't need.  
(beat)  
What I was wondering...do you know how to get a hold of Primo Rico?

LUPÉ

Rico? I have his address somewhere...

Lupé pulls an address book from a drawer in her night stand.

JANIE

I'm gonna need his help, I think.  
It looks like you're getting your  
wish...we're comin' to you.

LUPÉ

You can stay in Uncle Pedro's old  
place. It's untraceable for police.  
They'll never find you there.

Janie has a thought. Her expression turns maudlin.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Tom pours coffee as the sunrise pokes through the window. As he takes his first sip, he glances at the hat tag, receipt, and Public Enemy photo from Eddie's room and contemplates.

The phone RINGS! He quickly answers, but before he can speak.

JANIE (V.O.)

Don't say anything, Tom. Okay?

He doesn't.

JANIE (V.O.)

I just want you to know we're  
okay...but we're gone. I'm sure you  
know why. Just know that I have to  
do what I'm doin's for Eddie. Hope  
you understand, at least a little.

(beat)

And we won't be here by the time  
you can trace the call, in case  
you're gonna be a cop about this.

Janie chuckles grimly. Tom cracks a dreary grin.

TOM

Janie, I love you.

JANIE (V.O.)

Damnit, Tom. I told you not to say  
anything.

CLICK -- she hangs up. A beat, then Tom gets up, and walks over to the pile takes of evidence from Eddie's room.

He picks it up, puts it in the kitchen sink, and sets it on fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie sips his soda as he walks toward the door. He takes a moment to normalize before he walks into the

MOTEL ROOM

to see his mom, sitting on the bed, wiping tears of her own.

EDDIE  
What's wrong?

JANIE  
Nothin'. I was talkin' to grandma.  
(sees the soda can)  
I thought you were gettin' food.

EDDIE  
I'm not hungry.

JANIE  
Well, just because we're runnin'  
from the law doesn't mean you  
should have pop for breakfast.

JANIE  
Get your stuff. We gotta go.

As Janie stands up, she winces in pain, her arm curled up to her chest. Eddie clocks it.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom is at his desk, on the phone.

PHONE COMPANY GUY (V.O.)  
That call you got this mornin was  
from a Motel in Ovid, Nebraska. You  
gettin' pranked by somebody way up  
there?

TOM  
Shit. I guess so.

CUT TO:

A MAP OF NEBRASKA LAID OUT ON TOM'S DESK

He locates Ovid, in Southeast Nebraska.

CUT TO:

AN '80S ERA COMPUTER SCREEN

Green text cascades down as Tom scans a NAME DATABASE. After a beat, Tom's brother Bill steps up and hands him a PRINTOUT.

BILL

That report on the missing kid.

INSERT OF PRINTOUT: a SCHOOL PHOTO of Pete, his hair slicked to one side, wearing a nice shirt, looking happy.

TOM

Not exactly a kid anymore, is he?

BILL

Feds are here, too. You seen her?

TOM

Feds?

BILL

Here about the meth house shit.

Tom looks out his office door to see a BLACK WOMAN IN A DARK SUIT talking to a PATROLMAN who points her toward his office. She walks over and KNOCKS.

HESS

Detective Ogilvie?

Tom nods and gestures for her to come in.

HESS

Kira Hess. DEA. I'm here to find out what went down up there in Gallatin. Can we talk in private?

Tom nods to Bill, who walks out.

TOM

Are you here all alone?

HESS

Indeed.

TOM

I thought y'all had partners.

HESS

Like Mulder and Scully, right?

(beat)

I can call the office for backup if I need it but I think I'll be fine with you showing me around.

TOM  
Okay. What exactly is the deal?

HESS  
Well, I'm gonna need to take over  
this investigation.

Tom GRUNTS a little and nods.

HESS  
We haven't put this out to the  
public yet but one of the guys that  
got shot up there was one of ours.

TOM  
(stunned)  
Jesus.

HESS  
Undercover. We were gearing up to  
drop the hammer on a wide-sweeping  
operation. We still have guys out  
there in the wild, so we need to  
keep this hush hush.  
(beat)  
I can trust you, right?

TOM  
Of course. Whatever you need.

HESS  
Okay, well, first thing I need is  
a cup of coffee. Then I'll be ready  
to hear what you know so far.

INT. DINER - DAY

Tom and Hess sit at a booth with Pete's picture between them.

HESS  
This the kid from the torched car?

TOM  
Well, we don't know for sure--

HESS  
Yeah, but it's very likely so let's  
assume it's him for now. In this  
forty-eight hour window we can't be  
sure about everything, so we gotta  
roll with what's LIKELY.

Tom nods, understanding.

HESS

So, who'd he keep company with?

TOM

All I know about him really is that he's a dropout who just puttered around town after he quit school.

HESS

So, he went from dropout kid to a charred corpse in a getaway car. We fill in the plot holes and will be the suspects'll stick out to us.

TOM

I know his folks. We can go out there and see 'em. But we oughta tread lightly until we know for sure it's him in the car.

HESS

This is your town. We handle it the way you think is best.

A Waitress comes up and tops-off their coffees. She grins at Tom, flirtatious. Tom nods to her, politely.

HESS

Mind if I ask you if you're married or otherwise engaged?

TOM

(a beat)

Nope. I'm single.

HESS

Good. I need commitment from you for the first forty-eight. I know from experience, spouses don't often like their significant others being away from home like that.

(beat)

In my case, he took it so badly he took off.

TOM

Oh. Sorry to hear.

HESS

It wasn't that bad, really. We didn't have any kids or anything. Works enough for me, anyway.

Tom nods as if he agrees.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

Janie lays an ATLAS on the hood of the truck. She opens it to NEBRASKA As she studies the highways, Eddie doodles on the map with a pen. He writes *THE LAMB* along the white border.

JANIE

What's "the lamb"?

EDDIE

We're on the lamb, right? Like, on the run?

Janie grins.

JANIE

It's L-A-M, honey. No B. This isn't some cool adventure we're on, you know. It's serious.

Eddie nods, "I know, I know" then draws an X through the "B".

EDDIE

So, why haven't I ever heard of this cousin Rico guy before?

JANIE

I never told you about him. He's not our real cousin. Your grandma and his mom were friends down in Mexico and crossed the border together back in the sixties.

(whistful)

Me and Rico were close growin' up, but we haven't talked in ages.

EDDIE

Why not?

JANIE

He got locked up for a while and I went on the race circuit and met your dad. So we drifted apart. The reason we're goin' to him now is that criminal history of his.

Eddie watches as she runs her finger along the map to Denver. Next to Denver, written on the map is: *4307 Pecos, Denver.*

Eddie repeats the address, silently, like he's memorizing it.

JANIE

Rico used to help get folks get back and forth across the border.

JANIE (CONT'D)

Since we can't drive there  
ourselves, I'm hopin' he can help  
us get down to Grandma's.

Janie's finger runs down the map to Texas and into Mexico.  
Then, she closes the Atlas with her left hand, her right hand  
still curled into her chest.

EDDIE

Okay. I guess I'll be drivin'.

JANIE

No, I'm fine.

EDDIE

Mom, this thing's three on the tree  
and you sure as hell can't shift.

JANIE

Eddie.

EDDIE

Mom.

Janie SIGHS, realizing he's right. She hands over the KEYS.  
Eddie takes them, turns, and heads back toward the motel.

JANIE

Eddie?

EDDIE

I gotta pee first!

As he runs toward the Motel Office, Janie takes a shirt out  
of her bag and fashions a sling.

He turns and sees that she's not watching. He redirects and  
jogs toward the pool area, under a sign with an arrow that  
says: *PAY PHONE*.

EXT. REED HOME - DAY

Tom's cruiser is parked outside of a rundown country house  
among the trees.

INT. REED HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

ANITA REED (40s) sits across from Tom and Hess at her very  
cluttered dining room table. Despite a gaudy Xmas sweater,  
Anita looks miserable, maybe even drunk or pilled-out.

ANITA

Pete's dad ain't home. Any reason  
he's gotta be here?

TOM

Not particularly. He workin'?

ANITA

That's what he said.

(beat)

I heard about the burnt car. There  
was a body in it?

TOM

We don't know who that is yet.

Anita nods sadly, clearly assuming the worst.

HESS

We do wanna ask about your son, if  
we could. Do you know who he spends  
his time with? Who his friends are?

ANITA

He don't say shit to me about shit.

HESS

Noticed any changes in behavior?  
Like he might've been on drugs?

ANITA

He was definitely on drugs but I  
wouldn't call that a change.

HESS

How do you think he paid for them?

ANITA

Oh, I guess he's been workin' at  
the Burkeses, helpin' with cars.

TOM

Bobby Burke?

Hess notes Tom's response to the name.

ANITA

Bet that's where he's spendin' his  
time. It sure as hell wasn't here.

EXT. REED HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Hess exit the house.

HESS  
You know this Burke guy?

TOM  
Everybody knows him. We've rarely  
exchanged words, though.

HESS  
Well, we need to exchange words  
with him now. Start thinkin' about  
his associates. Might need to talk  
to them if he's in the wind.

Hess gets into the car. Tom takes a beat to get his shit  
together before he joins her.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Angie steps out of her bathroom in a towel, hair wet. She  
hears a -- KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! -- so she head to

THE FRONT DOOR

and opens up to see Teri.

TERI  
Hey, girl. Where you been?

ANGIE  
I...I've been here.

TERI  
Well, we gotta get to business.

Teri pushes in, past Angie, like she owns the place.

TERI  
I need you to hit up your people to  
move some product.

Teri glances into Angie's bedroom. She sees CLOTHES, LUGGAGE,  
a MAKEUP CASE. She reaches into her bag and pulls a baggie of  
METH from her purse.

TERI  
You had your coffee yet?

Teri steps into the living room. Angie reluctantly follows.

MOMENTS LATER

Teri chalks out lines of meth on a CD case then tight rolls a  
FIFTY DOLLAR BILL and hands it to Angie.

TERI  
Beauty before age.

A moment's hesitation, then Angie SNORTS A LINE.

TERI (O.S.)  
So, where's Eddie?

Angie peeks up to see that she's looking down the barrel of a .38. Teri pulls back the hammer -- KA-CLICK.

ANGIE  
Jesus Christ, Teri?

TERI  
Got no time to waste. I figure he called you, the love sick puppy.

ANGIE  
I don't...I don't--

TERI  
Don't know what to do? Let me make it simple. You tell me where he is or I put a bullet in yer brain.  
(pushes the gun into her forehead)  
Come on, now. I know you ain't dyin' for that boy.

Teri's finger tightens on the trigger. Angie trembles.

ANGIE  
Okay! He called me. They were in Nebraska but they're headed to Denver. I wrote the address down. It's in my room.

Teri holds the gun to Angie's head for a while longer. Angie glares up at the weapon, terrified. Then, Teri pulls it away.

TERI  
Wow, he really took the time to call you. Must be true love.  
(beat)  
He wanted you to meet him?

Angie nods.

TERI  
Does his momma know he called?

Angie shakes her head.

ANGIE

Are...are ya gonna hurt him?

TERI

Don't worry about it. We're gettin' this mess cleaned up. All will be right with the world soon enough.

Angie's body shudders. BLOOD pours from a nostril. She puts her hand to her nose and A CHUNK OF CARTILAGE falls into it.

She looks up at Teri, her eyes full of fear. Teri stares at her, a tinge of sadness flashes in her eyes.

TERI

Sorry hon, but that wasn't exactly the same shit we'd been doin'. This batch has a touch of lye in it.

Angie scratches at her cheeks in a horrified panic.

TERI

Like I said, we gotta clean up the mess.

Angie chokes. A CRUNCHING SOUND comes from her throat. Teri sneers, disgusted by the sight. She turns and walks into

ANGIE'S BEDROOM

Where she finds RICO'S ADDRESS written on a sheet of paper among her clothes, luggage, and makeup case.

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. RANGER - DUSK

The RANGER zips down a country highway. The expansive Nebraska plains stretch out from horizon to horizon.

Eddie drives. Janie rides shotgun, the map in her lap, PEN in hand. She keeps glancing at the road, then to Eddie

JANIE

I never taught you to drive three on the column, did I?

EDDIE

Dad did. In the Barracuda.

JANIE

He actually let you drive it?

EDDIE

Once. Before the paint job.

JANIE

He had one back in the old days,  
you know.

EDDIE

Yeah. He told me. Said you made him  
sell it.

JANIE

Bullshit. I didn't make him, we...  
(hesitates)  
...we had to get rid of it.

EDDIE

(excited)  
Whatd'ya mean? Why?

Janie smirks, then peeks into her mirror. Her eyes widen.

IN THE REARVIEW: The shaky image of a '95 Camaro, black and white, with streamlined red rooftop lights. A sleek and dangerous HIGHWAY PATROL CRUISER.

JANIE

Shit.

EDDIE

What?

JANIE

Fuckin' cop.

Eddie looks back to see the Camaro. Janie looks at the atlas.

JANIE

There's a big curve comin'. Then a  
road crossing the straightaway.

Eddie gently presses down on the gas.

JANIE

Wait. I'm not sure we oughta run.

EDDIE

If we stop he'll make us.

JANIE

If we run, we're makin' ourselves.

Eddie furrows his brow at that remark. Janie peeks into the rearview. The cop is pacing them, not gaining, yet.

JANIE

He's runnin' plates.

Eddie checks the rearview again. The Cop still rolls behind. Janie looks ahead and sees the curve on the horizon. She looks in the mirror. The Cop pulls close and FIRES UP his lights.

JANIE

Pull over.

EDDIE

What? If we pull over and we're fucked.

JANIE

Just trust me, Eddie.

Eddie pulls onto the shoulder. The Cop stops behind them. The Camaro sits, its windshield painted orange from the sunset.

A long, quiet beat, then the Cop's door opens and he steps out. Hat low, sunglasses, a real bad ass. Eddie watches in the rearview, nervous. Janie watches too.

As the Cop gets right up on them, Janie puts her hand on Eddie's arm.

JANIE

Go.

Eddie SMASHES the gas. The Ranger bolts. Gravel sprays up on the cop. They squeals onto the pavement and take off!

Janie checks the mirror again to see the SHAKY IMAGE of the Cop running to his car as the Ranger ROARS along the road.

As they come to the curve, Eddie looks back. Nothing for a moment, until the Cop comes around the bend, full speed.

EDDIE

He's on us. No way we can take him.

The Cop's Camaro HUMS DEEPLY as it gains ground.

Janie looks up to see that they're coming out of the curve. Ahead, on the straightaway, a gravel road cuts across.

JANIE

There is it is. Can you get it?

Eddie nods, brakes, cuts right, and heads down the gravel road, leaving a DUST CLOUD in their wake.

## ON THE HIGHWAY

The Camaro approaches the road.  
 The Cop sees the dust and turns right.  
 He enters the cloud, visibility ZERO.  
 He keeps on, barreling full speed into the cloud.

Then, HEADLIGHTS glow in the haze, coming on fast.  
 He swerves as the Ranger BUZZES past.  
 The Camaro careens off the road.

Eddie looks back to see RED BRAKE LIGHTS tumble off the road  
 and spiral as the CAMARO ROLLS. He looks over at his mom.

EDDIE  
 Holy shit, mom.

Janie looks back as well, then she lets out a long exhale.

JANIE  
 Well, if they weren't already  
 looking for our car, they are now.

Eddie looks to her, eyes wide, adrenalized. Janie winces in  
 pain and rubs her elbow. The pain is really setting in.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

A flurry of snow falls as Tom and Hess knock on the front  
 door. No answer. They look into the window. Nobody there.

## IN THE BACK YARD

Tom and Hess see a few cars in various states of disrepair. A  
 propane tank. The remains of a bonfire. But no sign of life.  
 Hess steps to the sliding back doors. Peeks in the blinds.

## IN THE GARAGE

Tom finds a TOOL CABINET. Opens shelves, searching. Beneath  
 some TOOLS he finds the OWNER'S MANUAL for an '85 TOWN CAR.

HESS (O.S.)  
 Find anything?

Tom turns to see Hess. He looks down at the book for a beat,  
 then tosses it to her. She catches it.

HESS  
 Town Car. This is our guy.

Tom nods, agreeable, but when Hess turns, his face flashes  
 concern.

EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE/INT. TERI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Teri's DODGE OMNI pulls around a curve on the gravel road leading to the house. She stops as she sees TOM'S PATROL CAR.

TERI  
Goddamn Tom Ogilvie.

She slowly backs around the curve.

EXT. PAY PHONE/INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Snow falls as Teri stands at a pay phone, talking to Bobby who is in a motel room.

TERI  
Good news bad news. I know where they're goin'. I have the address.

BOBBY  
Okay. What is it?

TERI  
Well, since I can't go home anyway, I'll just bring it to you?

BOBBY  
What do you mean we can't go home?

TERI  
Yeah, well. That's the bad news.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICE - DAY

Tom is on that computer screen again. The SEARCH is for JUANITA FLORES. He finds her sheet: just speeding tickets and one JUVENILE ARREST FOR GRAND THEFT AUTO. Clicks on it.

ON SCREEN: *...along with RICARDO REYES...*

He clicks on him to show a much longer rap sheet and his ADDRESS IN DENVER. He writes his address on a BUSINESS CARD.

HESS (O.S.)  
Where we at, Tom?

Tom slickly switches the screen over to BOBBY'S PROFILE.

TOM  
I got calls out to talk to departments around the area to canvas known associates.

HESS

Nobody in the immediate area?

Tom starts to answer but sees Bill walk up with urgency.

BILL

Call from Dundy County, Nebraska.  
One of their patrolman pursued an  
old Ford Ranger. He lost it but he  
did manage to run the plates.

(checks the readout)

They bounced back to this old boy  
out in Braymer who says he sold a  
car with those plate to Janie  
Reyes's used car lot months ago.

HESS

Is there a connection to our guy?

Bill looks to Tom who doesn't protest.

BILL

Well, Janie was married to Bobby  
Burke. They have a son together.

HESS

So, this Ranger had plates from a  
car this guy sold to this Janie  
person but he didn't sell her the  
Ranger. Interesting. Why haven't we  
talked to her?

TOM

She was married to Bobby, but I  
wouldn't call her an associate. At  
least, not in the way we usually  
mean it.

HESS

So, person of interest might be  
more apt, huh. And if I had to  
guess, I'd say she's probably  
missing a Ranger from her lot.  
Wouldn't you say?

Tom nods hesitant agreement.

INT. JANIE'S BODY SHOP - NIGHT

Tom and Hess walk into the garage. Ted is there, working  
late, cutting something with a BLOW TORCH, welder's mask on.

TOM  
Hey, Ted. Janie around?

TED  
(lifts his mask)  
She ain't been here all day. You  
ain't seen her neither?

Hess peeks at Tom, curious about that question.

TOM  
She wasn't at home when we went by.

HESS  
She usually go AWOL like that?

TED  
She don't miss work unless she's  
sick. And she ain't ever sick.  
Actually, I was thinkin' of callin'  
the Sheriff earlier. Somebody left  
an Escort on the lot.

TOM  
What do you mean, left an Escort?

TED  
There's an Escort on the lot I  
never seen. And that Ranger Janie  
was workin' on is missing too, but  
I guess she musta took that.

Hess gives Tom a a look that says "Told ya".

HESS  
Rangers, Escorts, Town Cars...and  
what's Burke got?

TOM  
A Barracuda.

HESS  
Seems we got a five-car family  
here. We need to find all of 'em.

EXT. SMALL TOWN PARKING LOT- DAWN

SLEET falls as a POLICE CAR is parked next to the old Ranger,  
abandoned by a pair of dumpsters. From inside the cop car...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
...car stolen from hospital parking  
lot. Beige '93 Mustang...

EXT. COLORADO/INT. MUSTANG - DAWN

A crisp, orange sunrise beams down on a beige '93 Mustang as it zips down the highway. Janie drives, bleary-eyed. Eddie sits next to her.

EDDIE

I could still drive, you know.

JANIE

This is an automatic. I don't need my right arm to drive.

Eddie SIGHS, annoyed. Then he glances at the steering column. The ignition is rigged the casing removed from the steering column. Wires hanging out.

EDDIE

Mom, you're a genius mechanic, so it's no surprise you can hotwire a car...but that's not the first car you stole, huh? I mean, you hot wired this thing one-handed.

JANIE

Your dad probably told you about stuff from the old days, huh?

EDDIE

He never did actually. Not in so many words, at least. But I picked up on some of it.

(hesitates to ask)

What did y'all used to do?

JANIE

All you need to know is I left that crime life when you were born and I never looked back.

EDDIE

Until now, I guess.

JANIE

Yeah. Thanks for that, by the way.

They share a dark grin then look ahead to see the skyline of DENVER against foothills, barely visible through the haze.

EXT. DENVER NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Janie drops the MONEY BAG into the trunk of the MUSTANG. As she's about to close it.

EDDIE

Wait. We don't have the keys.

Janie closes the trunk. Eddie watches her, confused, as she walks over and opens the driver's side door. She reaches down to the TRUNK OPEN LEVER.

EDDIE

Yeah. Anybody could pull that and--

Janie YANKS the lever violently, snapping it off, as Eddie looks on in horror.

JANIE

Don't worry. I'll tell you how to open it without the key. Come on.

EXT. RICO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Janie and Eddie walk down the sidewalk. Despite snow and Christmas lights, the neighborhood looks Southwestern. They come to a bungalow with a yard full of desert foliage.

They step toward the house and onto

THE FRONT PORCH

Janie RINGS the doorbell. A beat, then, through the door.

RICO (O.S.)

It's really fuckin' early on a Sunday, whoever you are!

RICO REYES (42, short, mussed hair) yanks the door open. He glares with sleepy anger, but then cracks a grin and nods.

RICO

Shiit! Válgame Dios. Prima Juanita.

JANIE

Tanto tiempo sin verte, Rico.

RICO

I don't know. Twenty years, maybe.  
(sees her arm)  
What happened to you?

JANIE

Just a little fender bender.

RICO

Still havin' those, huh?

Janie grins. Rico looks over at Eddie, his face goes hard again. Tough.

RICO  
¿Qué onda, güey?

He sees Eddie's RED CHIEFS STARTER JACKET. Hardens his face.

RICO  
Yo, we don't wear those colors  
'round here, man.

Awkward silence for a beat. Then, we get a look at Rico's shirt. It's BLUE, with a big orange "D" on the front.

RICO  
We Bronco fans here, güerito.

EDDIE  
(a beat)  
Oh. My condolences on your many  
Super Bowl losses.

RICO  
Yeah. Maybe you guys'll actually  
get to another one some day.

Rico winks at Eddie and puts his arm around his shoulder, leading him into the house. Janie follows.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A modestly decorated space, a bit messy. Rico snatches up a few empty cans and chip bags, trying to tidy-up.

RICO  
Sorry about the mess. We had movie  
night last night. Sit. Sit.

Eddie and Janie sit down on the COUCH. As Rico continues cleaning, PAUL REYES (17, Morrissey t-shirt, basketball shorts) steps out of the hallway.

PAUL  
Is this them?

Janie and Eddie turn to Paul as Rico heads into the adjacent KITCHEN and shoves the trash into an overstuffed bin.

RICO  
That's my kid, Paul.

Rico looks to Janie.

RICO  
 You'll never believe this....he's  
 gay. Pinché mariposa.

Rico makes a BUTTERFLY GESTURE with his hands as Paul rolls his eyes. This is all in good fun.

JANIE  
 Surprised you're down with that,  
 primo.

RICO  
 Yeah, well, family changes you. I  
 got a gay son. So what?

Paul steps into the living room and plops down on a RECLINER.

PAUL  
 So...you're the outlaws?

Janie and Eddie are surprised that he knows. Janie looks to Rico as he steps back into the room.

RICO  
 So, yeah. We were kind of expecting  
 you.

Janie and Eddie look at him, worried.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

THE TAPE SPINS IN AN ANSWERING MACHINE. Rico sits on the edge of a recliner as Janie and Eddie on the couch. They listen as the tap BEEPS and the message plays:

TOM (V.O.)  
 Mr. Reyes. My name's Tom Ogilvie...

Janie and Eddie look at each other, surprised.

TOM (V.O.)  
 I'm a friend of Janie Flores. I  
 think you know her. Anyway, I'm a,  
 uh, Highway Patrol detective. I'm  
 callin' cuz I think maybe Janie and  
 her boy are comin' to you. If they  
 do, let 'em know that I'm...doin'  
 my best, but the DEA's closin' in.  
 (beat)  
 Since I figured out who you are,  
 it's just a matter a time.

Janie sends an concerned look toward Rico. Then she turns to Eddie who has his face in his hands, deeply worried.

TOM (V.O.)

Tell her I'll be in touch again.

CLICK. The message ends. After a beat, Rico turns to Janie.

RICO

He seems nice.

JANIE

When exactly did he call?

PAUL

Last night while we were in bed. I thought I was dreamin' it.

JANIE

(to Rico)

Shit, man. You heard all that you still let us in?

RICO

You ain't the first fugitives I've sheltered. And we're blood, even if it ain't actual blood.

(beat)

I would kinda like to know what the situation is, though. I assume it has somethin' to do with Bobby.

Eddie looks to Janie, surprised he guessed that. She's not.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Freezing rain falls on Teri's Omni and Bobby's Barracuda which are parked outside of a tiny, small town motel.

Slowly, a SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT CRUISER rolls by.

INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Lighting flashes and thunder RUMBLES, as Bobby and Teri lie in bed. Teri gets out of bed and looks out the window.

TERI

Still looks slick out there.

BOBBY

We gotta say fuck it and go anyway. They gotta be to Denver by now.

TERI

We might have a problem, though.

Through the window, Teri eyes a Deputy in a PANCHO and a WIDE BRIMMED HAT, wrapped in plastic. He inspects the Barracuda.

TERI

I think yer gonna have to say  
goodbye to the Barracuda.

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby and Teri exit their room, bags in hand, on. Pistol grips jut out of the back of their pants.

DEPUTY SACKS (30s) continues to examine the Barracuda. He's a standard tough guy cop, HAT and SUNGLASSES, wearing a PANCHO due to the sleet.

He turns to Bobby and Teri. They nod, and walk to the Omni.

SACKS

Y'all happen to see who was drivin'  
this Barracuda?

BOBBY

No, sir. Cain't say we did.

Sacks eyes the plates on the Omni, then glances at the plates on the Barracuda. Both Missouri.

SACKS

Where y'all from in Missouri?

TERI

Ozarks. Down by Springfield.

SACKS

You been in Northwest Missouri  
recently?

BOBBY

No sir. Can't say we have.

They start to get in the Omni. Sacks walks toward them.

SACKS

Hold on, now. Can I see yer IDs?

Teri and Bobby share a look.

Teri gives a nod.

They reach into their pants and pull their pistols!  
Sacks clumsily reaches for his revolver.

BOBBY

Too slow, man. Don't be dumb.

Sacks' body slumps. The tough guy facade fades.

SACKS

Goddamnit. Goddamnit.

Teri looks around. The icy streets are deserted. She steps up and removes Sacks' sidearm, and turns to Bobby.

TERI

What's the move now?

BOBBY

(to Sacks)

You call in to dispatch earlier?

SACKS

No! No, I didn't. Was about to after I checked the plates but I--

BOBBY

Okay...I guess we take his car.

SACKS

Yeah, yeah. Go ahead. I'll--

BOBBY

No, yer comin' with us. Get in behind the wheel.

SACKS

What? No. You can't take me. I...please. I have a family.

Teri steps up and points her gun in Sacks' face.

BOBBY

Yeah? So do we. Get in.

INT. SACKS' CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Sacks is behind the wheel. Teri's in the back. Bobby is in the passenger's seat, his gun pointed at Sacks' crotch.

BOBBY

Now, call dispatch and report from some other location. Across town so they don't think to come by here.

SACKS

Shit, man. I don't think that'll--

TERI

Just do it, pig. You got no choice.

Sacks SIGHS and picks up the CB. As he puts his thumb on the talk button, Bobby shoves his pistol into his crotch.

BOBBY

(calmly)

Pull any shit and I'll shoot your fuckin' balls off. Alright?

Sacks nods then hits the button, causing a HISS of static.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Tom and Hess have coffee. They both look tired as hell.

HESS

Forensics got prints off the Escort. Burke, some guy named Redd Bartlett. I assume you know him.

TOM

Know OF him, yes.

HESS

The other set of prints didn't pop up in the database. That's probably their boy, right?

TOM

(pours sugar in coffee)

The Burke kid? Could be, I guess.

Hess glares at Tom, annoyed, as he stirs his coffee.

HESS

You okay, Tom?

TOM

I'm alright. Just tired's all.

HESS

It feels like things are gettin' pretty lined up right now but I gotta say, it isn't really because of you. No offense, but you seem interested in everything except helping me.

TOM

Shit, Kira. I can assure you I'm doin' my best.

HESS

It's just...you know everybody, but you don't REALLY know them somehow. More people I talk to, more it seems there's a fairly well-known low-level crime operation at work but it seems like you're pretty in the dark about it. That, or you're willfully ignoring it.

TOM

What are you suggesting?

HESS

I'm not suggesting anything. I'm just stating a few facts based on my observations.

Tom looks at her long and hard, struggling. Then, his walkie-talkie CHIRPS. He answer quick.

TOM

Tom Ogilvie.

BILL (V.O.)

(on Walkie, shaken)

Tommy...um...

Bill fades off.

TOM

Bill. What is it?

BILL (V.O.)

Uh, Tom...yer gonna wanna get over to Angie Colton's apartment. ASAP.

Tom looks up to see Hess giving him a curious look.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Eddie sits at the kitchen table, doodling on a piece of paper. He glances up at RICO, who talks on as PHONE, mounted on the wall. Janie is at the sink, washing dishes.

RICO

(into the phone)

Cool, bro. Gracias.

Rico hangs up and writes a number on Eddie's doodle sheet. Eddie eyes the phone like he's willing it to ring.

RICO

Okay, I got the hook up on a guy  
with a truck down in Durango.

JANIE

Oh, Primo. You're savin' our lives.

RICO

We still gotta get connected with  
the guy. Hopefully they're headed  
out soon. Like your boyfriend said,  
it's just a matter of time.

Paul walks in.

PAUL

Is there more coffee?

RICO

You gotta make another pot.

Rico looks down at Janie. She looks very uptight, stressed.

RICO

You wanna take a bath or somethin'?

JANIE

Is it that bad?

RICO

Nah, I just figure you wanna chill  
and get your head together.

JANIE

Yeah. I mean, maybe a shower...

RICO

Cool. Let me show you to the spa.

CUT TO:

THE BATHROOM

Steam rises from the shower as Janie removes her sling. We  
see her elbow, black and purple and swollen. She looks in the  
mirror. Pain fills her face. Tears fill her eyes.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

Paul sits with Eddie, drinking coffee. He watches as Eddie  
fidgets, nervously.

PAUL  
You're a little young for all this  
hardcore criminality, aren't you?

EDDIE  
I guess my dad figures I just  
needed to be old enough to drive.

PAUL  
Man, you're dad really fucked you,  
huh?

EDDIE  
I guess. My mom said your dad used  
to pull some shit too.

PAUL  
He's not perfect either but he  
never got me involved in anything.  
Until now, I guess.  
(beat)  
Your mom seems cool though, huh?

EDDIE  
She's alright, I guess.

A long, silent beat. Paul takes a sip of coffee. Eddie  
continues to fidget.

EDDIE  
So, you're a homo, huh? What's that  
like?

Paul narrows his eyes at Eddie then smirks.

PAUL  
What, you've never tried it?

EDDIE  
Me? No. I have a girl.

PAUL  
You HAD a girl. I doubt you'll be  
able to go back to her, man. Sorry.

EDDIE  
I'll see her sooner than you think.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

When Tom steps into the apartment, There's already a strong  
police presence. Bill greets him with an anguished look.

BILL

Hey. I...I thought you'd wanna know  
right away since she's Eddie's--

He stops short when he sees Hess come in the door. Hess looks to Tom, curious.

CUT TO:

ANGIE'S BODY

curled up unnaturally on the floor. Her eyes and mouth are open, her sinus cavity caved in, deforming her face.

Hess and Tom take in the ghastly sight. Tom's face twists with anguish. Hess looks at him, seeing the emotion building.

HESS

Did I overhear that this is the  
Burke kid's girlfriend, or...

Tom nods.

HESS

So she was close to the situation.  
Gotta assume this is likely part of  
the fallout.

Hess ponders why Tom is so distraught, but a BEEP-BEEP-BEEP from her pager steals her attention. She scans the room.

HESS

(seeing a phone)  
I'll be back.

Tom gazes into Angie's fixed, glassy eyes for a long beat, then jolts out of his trance when--

HESS (O.S.)

They found Burke's Barracuda...

Tom turns with an inquisitive look.

HESS

...Northwest Kansas. Police in the town are also missing a cop and his cruiser. One witness says it may've headed west, out of town.

TOM

Okay. Shit. That's a big lead.

Despite his words, Tom looks unhappy. Hess can tell.

HESS

I can take it from here, Tom. Go home. Watch football. Relax.

TOM

Yeah. Guess I could use some rest.

Hess watches Tom walk out of the apartment. Bill, in the corner, watches Hess watch Tom.

INT. TOM'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Tom gets in his car and shuts the door. He takes a deep breath, clearly stressed. With a trembling hand, he pulls out that BUSINESS CARD with Rico's number written on it.

WIPE TO:

INT/EXT. SACK'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

On a narrow, deserted highway, Sacks drives. Teri still sits in back Bobby still has his gun pointed at Sacks' balls. The police radio CHATTERS as Bobby searches the bands.

They drive past the *COLORADO STATE LINE*.

SACKS

Welp, we're outta state now. Jesus.

The road is slick and they slide a little.

SACKS

Sorry. Shit. It'd be bad if we wrecked, huh? Don't want that.

Bobby and Teri look at each other, visibly annoyed.

SACKS

I'm not that great at drivin' on this shit. Never have been. You never know what's gonna happen.

BOBBY

(with suspicion)

You sayin' yer gonna wreck the car?

Sacks freezes for a beat then looks over at Bobby.

SACKS

No, no. 'Course not. Just sayin' it would be bad to wreck out here. But I won't. I'm bein' careful.

Bobby fiddles with Sacks' CB. Lots of CHATTER, no specifics.

TERI

Nobody seems to be lookin' for ya.  
Ain't heard a thing on yer radio.

SACKS

That's good, though. Isn't it? Last  
thing we want is a real standoff.

BOBBY

That's true enough.

Sacks slows a bit more. Teri checks the speedometer.

SACKS

Gettin' slicker as we go. Like I  
said, if we wreck out here...

They drive by a sign that reads: *DENVER 180 Miles*. Teri  
points it out to Bobby. They share a knowing look.

BOBBY

Maybe we oughta pull over.

SACKS

Good idea. Let the sun burn off the  
ice a little. We don't wanna...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT/EXT. SACK'S POLICE CRUISER - LATER

Bobby drives. Teri rides shotgun. Sacks is gone. Up ahead is  
that Denver skyline again.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - DAY

Rico is on the PHONE as Janie, her hair damp from her shower,  
paces the room, pulling on a new sling, listening for news.

Paul and Eddie sit on the couch watching a football game on  
TV: *Broncos @ Chiefs*. Eddie listens as Rico talks.

RICO

Yeah? Okay. I'll have 'em there.

Rico hangs up.

RICO

Okay, he say he's got room for two on the truck, but it don't leave 'til tomorrow.

JANIE

Tomorrow? Shit. Well, we probably shouldn't stay here.

RICO

Yeah. More time you're here, the more chance you'll be here when unwanted guests arrive.

(thinks for a beat)

Maybe I can get you a spot for the night. I know a girl.

Rico dials the phone.

EDDIE

Wait, so we're leaving here?

JANIE

Honey, we gotta move. There's gonna be heat on this place soon.

Eddie nods but his leg bounces. He's very antsy.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICE - DAY

Bill Ogilvie scans his computer. He comes across an alert on the wire: MISSING DEPUTY MICHAEL SACKS FOUND DEAD IN FIELD. MULTIPLE GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

CUT TO:

TOM'S OFFICE

Hess sits at Tom's desk, talking on the phone.

HESS

...if you could be up here by three, that would be perfect.

Hess stops talking as a shadow falls over her. She looks up to see Bill Ogilvie, standing over her, looking dour.

BILL

I gotta talk to you about Tommy. I think he's in real trouble.

He sits down and hangs his head. Hess hangs up the phone.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie is on the phone. The DIAL TONE hums until Angie's answering machine CLICKS ON.

ANGIE (V.O.)  
Yo, it's Angie. Leave a message.

He hangs up, frustrated, worried. Then turns at the sound of the door opening behind him. Janie walks in, surprised.

JANIE  
Who are you calling?

Eddie hangs up, then his face swells with emotion.

EDDIE  
Mom, I have to tell you somethin'.  
I told Angie where we are.

JANIE  
Oh, god. Eddie.

EDDIE  
She's supposed to meet us here but  
now we're leaving and she shoulda  
shown up a while ago and...I'm  
really worried.

JANIE  
Goddamnit, kid.

EDDIE  
I'm sorry, I just needed her--

JANIE  
That life's over, Eddie. I need you  
to understand that.

EDDIE  
I do, but...she could go with us--

JANIE  
No. She can't. I swear to Christ,  
you are your own worst enemy!

EDDIE  
I know. I'm sorry. I just love her--

JANIE  
No, you THINK you love her. But  
you're just a kid. You don't know  
what all that means. Believe me.  
(beat)

JANIE (CONT'D)

We're here with Rico. We're going to Grandma's. These people love you. I love you. That's real. This situation is real. Angie...she's just high school girlfriend.

Eddie hangs his head, chastised, but bitter about it. He looks like he's about to say something when the phone RINGS!

EDDIE

(picks it up quick)

Hello?

He listens for a perplexed beat then hands the phone to Janie.

EDDIE

It's Ogilvie.

Janie takes it. Eddie stands by.

JANIE

Tom?

INT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Tom stands at a pay phone in the bustling airport.

TOM

Shit Janie, I was hopin' you weren't there anymore.

JANIE (V.O.)

Where are you?

TOM

At the airport.

JANIE (V.O.)

Shit, Tom don't come out here--

TOM

No, I mean Denver airport. I'm already here.

CUT TO:

RICO'S BEDROOM

Janie stands speechless for a beat.

JANIE

Shit, Tom. Why?

TOM (V.O.)  
I don't know. Guess I figured I  
could help maybe.

JANIE  
You're gonna fuck up your life.

TOM (V.O.)  
I think it's already pretty fucked.  
I covered for you long as I could.  
They'll figure it out soon enough.

JANIE  
Oh, Tom. That's...

She doesn't know what to say. Tom either. A beat, then

TOM (V.O.)  
Look, is it okay if I come over?

JANIE  
Why not? Everybody else does.

TOM (V.O.)  
Okay. I'm on my way.

JANIE  
Wait. How did you figure out where  
we were? Did Angie tell you?

TOM (V.O.)  
(takes a beat)  
I was gonna wait to tell you this...

CUT TO:

A MOMENT LATER

WHAM! Eddie's fist punches a hole in the bedroom wall.

EDDIE  
NO! NO! NO!

Janie, still holding the phone, watches him melt down. She  
tries to hug him but he pulls away.

BACK AT THE AIRPORT

Tom hears the meltdown over the line.

JANIE (V.O.)  
We'll see you in a bit.

Tom can still hear Eddie breaking down over the phone as he hangs it up and walks away.

BEHIND HIM, we see Hess, watching. She tails him as they both walk through the airport.

INT. RICO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Janie holds Eddie as he weeps. Rico and Paul stand by, heartbroken for him. Eddie pulls himself together.

EDDIE  
Did...did he say what happened?

JANIE  
(a beat)  
He said it looked like she OD'd,  
but...

EDDIE  
But what?

JANIE  
That they think it was tainted  
meth. Poisoned or something.

Eddie's face morphs from despair to venomous anger.

EDDIE  
Oh my god. It was them. I bet they  
did it. Those motherfuckers.  
(thinks on it further)  
Shit, mom. If they got to her--

Before he can finish, Rico sees something out the window.

RICO  
Shit. Shit. Shit.

He scrambles over and looks out for a beat, then runs to the

LIVING ROOM

where he and Paul step to a window and look out to see a COP CAR parked behind a tree.

Eddie and Janie step behind them and look out to see someone jog out from behind the tree, headed to the front door. Just as Janie and Eddie come in, the doorbell -- DING DONGS!

JANIE  
(whispers to Rico)  
Who is it?

Rico shakes his head.

TERI (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Hello?! Anybody there?

Eddie looks to Janie with wide eyes of recognition.

EDDIE  
We gotta go.

RICO  
Back door. Back door.

They turn and head for the

KITCHEN

as the front door CRACKS behind them. Teri is breaking in.

They step quickly to toward the back door just when BOBBY swings it open, gun raised. They all freeze.

Eddie glares at his dad. His eyes could cut steel.

BOBBY  
Y'all armed right now?

JANIE  
Not at the moment, no.

BOBBY  
Lift your coats.

They show their belt lines. No pistols to be seen.

Then, they hear the door BREAK OPEN from the living room. Teri comes in, holding a small BATTERING RAM.

Eddie glares at her too. She meets his gaze with her .38.

TERI  
Hey, Eddie. Where's our money?

JANIE  
It's in a safe place.

TERI  
I didn't ask you.

Janie and Teri hold a hateful stare. Bobby gets between them.

BOBBY  
Where is this safe place, Janie?

JANIE

I'll tell you, but we gotta discuss some shit first.

TERI

Fuck that. Talk or die.

EDDIE

Is that what you said to Angie?

TERI

What?

EDDIE

You killed her, didn't you? That's how you found out we were here.

TERI

Yeah, but how'd you hear about it?

A beat, then Eddie thoughtlessly pounces on Teri! She tries to turn her gun on him but he gets her down. He rears back to punch her. But Bobby and Janie both wrap up his arm.

JANIE

Stop, Eddie! You can't!

As she pulls Eddie up, Teri point her gun at them. her eyes are filled with hate. She looks ready to fire.

BOBBY

Relax, Teri. He's just upset.

TERI

I still wanna know how he knew about the girl.

JANIE

Tom Ogilvie told us.

BOBBY

Ogilvie? What does he know?

JANIE

Well, he knows we're here which is why we were gettin' out. Cops'll be here any minute.

Bobby glares at her, thinking.

BOBBY

Why would he tell you that? You fuckin' him or somethin'?

TERI

We don't have time for that, Bobby.

BOBBY

Right. We need to get that money.

JANIE

First, we need to work out a deal--

BOBBY

Damnit, Janie. You got no leverage.

JANIE

Okay, then. We can just wait here until the cops show.

TERI

Why not just shoot the spic here?

Teri points her pistol at Rico.

JANIE

Goddamnit, Bobby! Tell her to calm down.

Bobby looks to Teri, then back to Janie.

BOBBY

What's the deal yer talkin' about?

JANIE

All I'm askin is you let me take Eddie and enough money to get us across the border. What's fair is fair.

TERI

Fair? He stole that money. And he killed Redd.

JANIE

Alright, so he killed Redd. Redd was gonna kill him though, right? And Eddie was part of the crew. He deserves his cut.

A beat, then Bobby nods to Teri. She lowers the gun.

BOBBY

(to Janie)

Fine. Now, where is it?

JANIE

It's in a car, close to here.

BOBBY

Alright. Eddie can take me to it.

JANIE

Why's he gotta take you?

BOBBY

Because I say so. You're gonna stay with Teri so there's no chance that y'all will try some hero shit.

He turns to Rico.

BOBBY

You got a car big enough for everyone else?

RICO

Yeah. I got a Bronco out back.

BOBBY

Then get everybody loaded in. Janie can tell you where to meet us.

Janie nods, then looks to Eddie, terrified to let him go. He doesn't look scared, though. He coldly turns to Rico.

EDDIE

I need a screwdriver and a drill.

EXT. RICO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Under a gray, snow-filled sky, a CAB pulls up and parks. After a beat, Tom jumps out and walks to Sacks' car. He inspects it for a beat and heads to the front door.

He knocks. No answer. He peeks through the window. Nothing. He looks around, then wanders to another window in the front.

He can see inside and into the kitchen where he gets a glimpse of the back door closing.

He walks around back, carefully, his head on a swivel.

EXT. DENVER NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby follows Eddie (tools in hand) out of the gate of Rico's back yard fence. He walks through the alley to the sidewalk.

BOBBY

This'll be over soon enough and everybody'll be okay. I promise.

EDDIE  
What about Angie?

BOBBY  
I'm sorry about that, bud. Really.  
That was Teri. She went too far.

EDDIE  
YOU went too far. All this happened  
because you robbed those tweakers.

BOBBY  
That wasn't the plan, you know. I  
swear we were there to buy, but  
then Redd spotted that bag of cash--

EDDIE  
Jesus, man. Everybody's to blame  
but you, huh?

BOBBY  
Hey. You didn't have to go, you  
know. You made that choice.

Eddie just glares hatefully at his dad.

EDDIE  
I wouldn't have talked, you know?  
I wouldn't have said shit. You  
didn't have to try and kill me.

BOBBY  
I didn't try to kill you. That was  
Teri and Redd's idea.

Eddie looks to Bobby again and shakes his head, incredulous.

INT. RICO'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rico's fires up the engine of his '88 FORD BRONCO. Teri sits  
shotgun with Janie behind her and Paul behind Rico. Rico hits  
the garage door opener, and light pours in.

RICO  
Which way?

JANIE  
Turn right into the alley.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

Rico pulls out and turns right. Flurries drop down and melt  
on the windshield. He drives a bit until they see--

TOM WALK INTO THE ALLEY

Teri leans up and squints to see.

TERI

That's fuckin' Ogilvie right there.

Teri starts to lean out the window with her .38 in hand. Janie sees what she's doing.

Before she can speak, a POLICE CAR pulls in behind Tom. In the background, the area fills with red and blue lights.

TERI

Shit! He brought friends. Back up!

Rico backs up fast.

Tom steps aside as the cop car guns it toward them.

Rico backs up to the street, flips around, and takes off.

Tom takes a beat to think, then runs to

THE FRONT YARD

past a few Denver PD cruisers toward Sacks' cruiser. As he runs, a BLACK SUBURBAN pulls up fast and SCREECHES to a stop.

Tom stands there, fucked. He watches as the door of the Suburban opens and Hess steps out, her hand on her sidearm.

HESS

Jesus, Tom.

Tom drops his head and puts his hands up.

EXT. DENVER NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

Bobby and Eddie are at the Mustang. Eddie removes the license plate and drills a hole in trunk, beneath the plate mounting.

BOBBY

Your mom teach you that?

EDDIE

Yeah. Just this morning.

He shoves the screwdriver in the hole and finds the latch. He opens the trunk, grabs the MONEY BAG, and slams it shut.

Then, the sound of SIRENS fills the air. They look back in the direction of Rico's house and see the glow of cop lights.

BOBBY

Get in the car.

EDDIE  
We gotta wait for mom.

They hear the SQUEAL OF TIRES and the GROWL of engines.

BOBBY  
I think that's her.

EXT. RICO'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

With distant CAR CHASE SOUNDS in the air, Tom stands near Hess and a few other officers and agents.

Some of the officers BUST into the house as everyone else is occupied on WALKIES and PHONES. FROM A NEARBY SQUAD CAR a DISPATCHER is heard on the radio:

DISPATCHER  
...suspects southbound...

Tom takes a deep breath, turns to Sacks' car, and runs.

HESS  
Tom!

Tom get in, SLAMS the door, shifts into drive, and takes off.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR

He looks in the rearview he sees Hess and the other Cops run for their cars. He turns his eyes back to the road.

EXT. DENVER NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Eddie (passenger's seat) and Bobby (driver's seat) sit in the Mustang listening to the sound of THE CHASE in the distance.

EDDIE  
Is she comin' this way?

BOBBY  
Maybe, but she's bringin' heat with her. We gotta go.

EDDIE  
Dad, we have to wait for her.

BOBBY  
Don't worry, bubbo. She'll find us.

Bobby shifts into drive and starts to pull out, but when he looks ahead he sees a COP CAR BLOCKING THEIR PATH.

INT/EXT. BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Rico zips down the street. From the back seat, Janie looks back for the pursuing car. No car to be seen, but the sounds of pursuit are follows them.

Rico looks to his left and sees a police car roll by on the parallel street.

RICO  
They're everywhere.

Janie sees the Mustang up ahead in the middle of the road.

JANIE  
There it is!

They see the COP CAR ahead. An OFFICER walks toward the Mustang. Rico hits the brakes. They watch as the cop steps to Bobby's window, jolts in surprise, reaches for his sidearm.

Bobby's gun sticks out of the driver's side window.

JANIE  
No! No! No!

POP! POP! POP! Bobby blasts the Cop to a bloody pulp! Then he takes off, scraping the side of the cop car as he peels away. The Cop car turns around and chases Bobby.

A moment of shock in the Bronco, then...

JANIE  
Follow 'em! Go!

Rico slams the gas.

IN THE MUSTANG

Eddie is curled up in the seat, horrified.

EDDIE  
Goddamnit, dad! What the fuck!

Bobby, his face stained with cop blood, glares at the road. His hands white-knuckle the wheel. His eyes are wild.

BOBBY  
Him or us, bubbo. Him or us.

He looks in the rearview. The Cop is on him, lights flashing. SIREN BLARING. Eddie looks at his dad again.

Bobby is adrenalized, having the time of his life.

IN THE BRONCO

Rico follows as the cop car cuts left behind the Mustang. Sacks grips the ceiling handle in the back seat.

RICO  
What the fuck are we doin'?

TERI  
Get those pigs off his ass!

RICO  
How?! You want me to ram him?

TERI  
Whatever it takes, man!

JANIE  
Fuck her! Just stay close!

RICO  
(peeks back at Janie)  
I shoulda let you drive.

INT/EXT. HESS' SUBURBAN - SAME TIME

A MALE DEA AGENT drives as Hess sits shotgun. They are a few car lengths behind the the cop car that's right behind the Bronco. A row of cop cars are behind them.

Hess looks down one street to see Sacks' cruiser rolling down an adjacent road.

INT/EXT. SACK'S CRUISER - SAME TIME

Tom drives through the neighborhood. He rolls through different intersections, looking left, right, searching.

He starts through another intersection, then SLAMS on the brakes as three cars fly by: Mustang. Cop cruiser. Bronco.

He spots Janie in the back of the Bronco and turns to follow. But Hess's Suburban whips past, almost crashing into him. He turns to follow her instead.

IN THE MUSTANG

Eddie looks behind them as they go around a slight curve. He catches a glimpse of the Bronco behind the cop car.

EDDIE  
Mom's back there!

BOBBY

I told you she'd find us.

He looks up. They're coming to PECOS STREET. Lots of traffic.

IN THE BRONCO

Janie has her eyes locked on the Mustang as they approach the busy, four-lane street.

JANIE

(to herself)

Left, Bobby. Left.

The Mustang turns right. The cop cruiser follows.

TERI

Stay with him!

Rico turns right on Pecos and accelerates.

Hess' Suburban stays on them.

Tom follows them in the patrol car.

Behind him, scores of cops come pouring out into the street.

Tom guns it, using an empty lane to gain on the Bronco.

IN THE BRONCO

Janie looks back to see the army of police on their tail.

Then, she spots Tom gaining ground in Sacks' cruiser.

He gets along side of them.

Janie looks down at Tom and their eyes meet.

But Teri sees Tom's car as well.

She lifts her .38 and aims it out the window.

Janie eyes the pistol as it dangles out of the car.

Tom sees it too.

He slows down quick and falls back.

Teri tracks him and extend her reach toward Janie's window.

Janie tracks the gun.

She reaches her left hand across her body and SNATCHES it!

Teri looks back in shock.

Janie points the gun right in her face.

Then, Teri's eyes pivot over Janie's shoulder.

Hess' Suburban is right on their ass.

IN SACKS' CRUISER

Tom sees Hess's Suburban.

He veer into it -- BAM!

They both go into a spin.

CUT TO:

## THE MUSTANG

Bobby and Eddie look back at the sound of the the wreck.  
Then, Eddie looks ahead to see a sea of brake lights.

EDDIE

Dad!

CUT TO:

## THE BRONCO

Janie watches Tom and Hess, wrecked.  
Then, she turns to look ahead just as Teri grabs for the gun.  
They wrestle for a beat, then  
Janie looks through the windshield behind Teri to see  
the Mustang's brake lights GLOW RED.  
It SLAMS into a row of cars stopped at a STOP LIGHT.

RICO

Fuck!

The Bronco SLAMS into the back of the Mustang and  
THE GUN GOES OFF -- BANG! -- and Teri's head EXPLODES!  
The Bronco BUCKLES everyone LURCHES forward, violently.

SMASH TO BLACK

SLOW FADE IN ON

INT/EXT. TOM'S NEW CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom's car sits at an angle in the street, mildly wrecked,  
smoke pouring from under the hood. He gets out and walks  
toward the crash, about a hundred yards away.

IN THE MUSTANG

Bobby and Eddie hustle to escape.  
Eddie grabs the MONEY BAG.  
They get out just as the fuel tank ignites -- FWOOSH!

IN THE STREET

Janie, Paul, and Rico shield themselves from the heat as they  
exit the Bronco.

JANIE

Eddie!!?!!

Mayhem everywhere. SIRENS. YELLING. They weave through  
wreckage, searching, shielding themselves from fire.

Finally, Janie sees Eddie through the smoke. He sees her too, and limps in her direction, money bag over his shoulder.

Janie is relieved until Bobby comes limping out behind him.

IN HESS' SUBURBAN

Hess lumbers out, wincing from the effects of the impact. She steps out into

THE STREET

as a flurry of cop cars pull up around her. She sees Bobby

ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AHEAD

as he points his gun at Janie, Eddie, and Rico. They all stop in their tracks until they turn to see the POLICE CARS and COPS flanking Hess.

Without hesitation, Bobby turns and fires - BAM! BAM! BAM! Hess and the cops to run for cover.  
Hess FIRES BACK.

Bobby ducks behind the Bronco and returns fire. After a beat, he turns to see

Janie, Eddie, Rico, and Paul run toward

AN ALLEY

As they sprint, Paul slips and slams his knee on the asphalt.

PAUL

Argh! Shit.

Rico turns to see him down.  
Then, Bobby LIMPS up and gives Paul a hand.  
Rico is relieved until  
a COP appears behind Bobby.

Bobby drops Paul, turns, and fires at the Cop.  
Bobby leaves Paul behind as he runs toward Rico.  
Rico runs toward Paul.

RICO

Paul! Come on! Get up!

Bobby runs past Rico as a TRIO OF COPS appear and grab Paul. Rico has no choice but to run away, leaving Paul behind.

IN A NEARBY NEIGHBORHOOD

Janie and Eddie cut through a yard.  
They Turn to see Bobby, right behind them.

Rico sprints up and passes Bobby.  
Bobby turns to fire at the Cops behind him -- POP! POP! POP!

ON A NEARBY STREET

Janie, Eddie Rico emerge from a yard. They stop. SIRENS are all around. HELICOPTER SOUNDS fade up.

RICO  
If we get clear, I can still get  
you to my friend's place.

Eddie adjusts the money bag on his shoulder. It's heavy.

EDDIE  
Is it close?

The sirens and chopper sounds grow louder.

RICO  
Not close enough.

As they start to run again, they see a COP CAR rolling up fast. It SCREECHES TO A STOP, cutting them off.

Janie looks in to see Tom, behind the wheel.

TOM  
Get in. Quick.

Janie smiles and they all run toward Sacks' beat-up cruiser. As they rush to get in, Tom looks up, and his eyes widen.

Janie spins to see BOBBY, behind them, gun raised.

BOBBY  
Thanks for...waiting.

He approaches Janie, who still holds Teri's gun. She hands it over. He recognizes it. His heart drops. He looks at Janie.

JANIE  
Yeah, she didn't make it, Bobby.

Janie watches as Bobby's face twists with hate and mourning. There's a streak of blood coming down his forehead. He shakes it off and point the gun at Tom.

BOBBY  
Let's just get out of here.

Janie looks to Tom and nods, knowing they have no choice. They all get in and Tom pulls away, slowly.

INT/EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

POV from a DENVER PD CHOPPER flying over the aftermath of the crash. Cop cars roll through the streets.

In the distance, we see Tom's cruiser roll down a street, leaving the scene. The chopper does not follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEST DENVER - DUSK

The CHOP of a helicopter above. A SPOTLIGHT whips across the street and cars in a ramshackle neighborhood. The sun sets purple behind the foothills in the distance..

Parked on the street, among a lot of run-down looking cars, is SACK'S CRUISER, abandoned.

INT. WEST DENVER HOUSE - DUSK

The distant HELICOPTER SOUND bleeds through the walls of a shabby old house filled with old carpet, faux-wood paneled walls, and beat-up furniture.

An ancient TUBE TV plays a SITCOM RERUN as a diaper-wearing INFANT sits on the floor and stares up at the screen. The LAUGH TRACK from the show bounces through the house.

IN THE ADJACENT KITCHEN

Janie, Eddie, and Rico sit around a FORMICA TABLE. Rico looks like he's in a trance, worried about Paul. Janie clocks it. She put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Bobby lays on the floor, holding an ice pack on his scalp, blood crusted to his forehead, using the MONEY BAG as a pillow.

Bobby's gun is aimed at Tom, sitting on the floor beside him.

LESLIE (20s, white, shaggy blonde hair) talks on the phone in the neighboring hallway. Bobby strains to hear her, then turns to Eddie, groggy, probably concussed.

BOBBY

What's...going on, bud?

EDDIE

She's still on the phone, dad.

Bobby nods, eyes fluttering, nodding off.

Janie and Tom both eye the gun, then look to Eddie. He's watching the gun too. They all look over as Leslie walks in.

LESLIE

My friend says he can take you to Durango, but it'll cost ten grand.

JANIE

Ten grand? Jesus.

LESLIE

The goin' price for transporting folks as hot as you are right now.

JANIE

Sorry, yeah. It's all good, Leslie.

Leslie turns and walks out.

JANIE

Shit. we're not gonna have anything left to live on.

BOBBY

We'll be fine once we get out of the country.

JANIE

We? Okay. Is that the deal now?

BOBBY

You guys are takin' me on the same ride you're goin' on. I don't see no other way.

JANIE

I don't think Rico's guy has room for more than two, does he?

RICO

Yeah. He told me only two.

Bobby thinks on it. It looks like it's a struggle.

BOBBY

Well, if that's the case, just me and Eddie'll go.

JANIE

You motherfucker. Are you kidding?

BOBBY

Well, I'm goin'. And obviously you want Eddie to go, so...

Bobby shakes the gun a bit, as a reminder.

JANIE

Nothin' ever really changes, huh?

Bobby shrugs and Janie GROANS, frustrated. Eddie looks over at her, his face filled with emotion. Tom clocks their emotional states. His face hardens in anger.

He looks over at Bobby's gun, his gears turning.

EXT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Under the magenta sky of daybreak, a BLACK VAN pulls up and turns down Leslie's driveway.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Rico looks out the window to see the van roll back behind the house, chugging exhaust into the chilly air.

RICO

He's here.

Eddie, Janie, and Tom pull on their coats. Bobby lifts himself off that spot on the floor, still gripping the gun.

BOBBY

Let's get gone.

Bobby wiggles the gun so Tom can see it. Just to make sure he doesn't forget who's in charge.

Leslie walks in, the baby on her hip. Rico steps up to Janie. Janie turns to Bobby and nods. Bobby slumps. He doesn't want to do it, but he hands Leslie a stack of cash.

Then, for an odd moment, he stares into the baby's eyes. Sadness washes over him. Emotion surges for a beat. He's fucked up. Janie clocks his condition.

They step to the door and take a moment to look outside and see that the coast is clear. Then, Eddie looks to his mom.

EDDIE

I guess I can never make up for all this shit I caused, huh?

JANIE

We'll get through this. I don't run a tab on you, kid. Love you no matter what.

He leans into her, childlike. She leans her head onto his. Bobby watches. His face tremors with emotion.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Janie, Eddie, Tom, and Bobby pile into the van. GRADY (20s, biker clothes, a brick shithouse) sits at the wheel.

GRADY  
How many we got?

RICO  
Four.

JANIE  
Wait. You're not coming?

RICO  
I gotta help Paul, even if it means  
I gotta turn myself in.

Janie looks at him and nods.

JANIE  
Do what you gotta do, primo.

Rico looks at Eddie who meets his regretful gaze. Janie hugs Rico. They hold for a beat. Then he pulls the van door shut.

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

The van rolls down the mountain highway. Grady drives. SKID ROW'S *18 and Life* plays on the stereo.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

Eddie sits with Janie on one side of the van. Bobby and Tom are on the other. As they roll along, they wobble to the rhythm of the road.

Eddie looks to his mom who still nurses that elbow. He helps her stay balanced with an arm around her back. He looks at

TOM who looks attentive, ready for something. He glances over at BOBBY who teeters more than the rest, eyelids heavy, looks like he's about to conk out.

Tom looks back to Eddie. Janie sees them share a look.

Tom peeks at Bobby's coat pocket. It bulges from the pistol inside. He looks up at his face. Bobby's eyes close briefly, then reopen, then close again.

Janie glances at Grady, whose eyes remain on the road.  
 She looks back over at Tom.  
 He slides his hand toward Bobby, carefully.

Janie and Eddie watch Bobby's face as Tom's hand draws close.  
 His finger touches the zipper on the edge of the pocket.  
 Bobby's eyes open!  
 He goes for his gun!  
 Tom grabs his wrist!  
 They struggle, jostling the van.

GRADY

Hey!

Bobby yanks the gun free and aims it at Tom.  
 Janie grabs his wrist and pulls the gun toward her -- BANG!  
 A bullet POPS past her ear and through the side of the van.

GRADY

Shit!

Janie and Bobby wrestle. She pulls at his arm, fighting  
 through the pain. He fights her off. He's just too strong.

Then -- WHAP! -- Eddie punches Bobby in the side of the head!  
 Bobby reels back, recovers, and points the gun at Eddie.

JANIE

Bobby, don't point that at him.

Eddie's stares down the gun barrel then back up at Bobby.  
 Bobby meets his gaze.

JANIE

Bobby...please.

Bobby's hand quivers.  
 His finger tightens around the trigger.  
 Eddie remains steadfast.  
 Pain fills Bobby's eyes.  
 He lowers the pistol.

BOBBY

Jesus Christ, bubbo. I'm sorry--

WHAM! Eddie throws a right hook into Bobby's head! The gun  
 falls to the floor. Bobby THUDS down, unconscious. They stare  
 down at him, ready for more, but he's out cold.

JANIE

Pull over.

As they slow and come to a stop, Tom opens the door. Janie  
 and Eddie put their feet on Bobby and push.

## ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Bobby rolls out the door and drops to the gravelly shoulder. Eddie crawls up the the door. He takes a moment. And stares down at Bobby, who lies on the ground like a sleeping baby.

Janie puts a hand on Eddie's shoulder. They hold, then Janie pulls the door shut.

EXT. OUTSIDE DURANGO - DAY

The van drives through a field, toward a GATE IN A BARBED WIRE FENCE where a GUARD stands by, holding up a hand.

Grady stops and waves to the Guard. The Guard nods, walks to the sliding doors, and peeks in. he speaks into a WALKIE.

GUARD

They have three. Please advise.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Van rolls up. LOU (40s, white, coveralls) walks toward them. They stop. Everyone gets out. Janie approaches Pete.

LOU

Only got room for two. I told Rico.

JANIE

There's no way you can take a third?

LOU

Lady. This ain't an airline. I don't got standby.

JANIE

I can give you more money--

LOU

Reservations are full. So, you want to outbid one of the other people in that truck?

Janie balks at that.

TOM

It's okay. I'll figure it out.

JANIE

(surprised)

How are you gonna figure it out?

TOM

I don't know. It's okay. I did the crime, I can do the time.

JANIE

Jesus, Tom.

A stream drops down Janie's face as she steps up and embraces him. They hold for a heartbreaking beat as Eddie watches.

JANIE

Thanks for everything.

TOM

Of course. Let me know if you need anything else.

JANIE

(chuckles through tears)  
Just stay free, okay? And find my mom. She can help you find us.

TOM

That sounds like a deal.

LOU

(steps up)  
Time to go, lady.

Janie and Eddie hold one last look. After a beat, Eddie steps up and puts a grateful hand on Tom's shoulder.

Janie and Eddie walk away, toward a MIDSIZE BIMBO BREAD TRUCK, idling nearby. Lou opens the back. Inside is stacked floor to ceiling with bread loaves.

Lou reaches up and pulls a bunch of the loaves aside like a door, revealing a tiny room behind it with FIVE OTHER PEOPLE sitting on the floor. Cramped.

Janie looks at Eddie who takes a deep breath and steps in. She turns and looks back at Tom. He gives her a little wave. She sends one back, furrowing her brow, fighting tears.

She steps in and Lou closes the door behind her. He SLAPS the back and the truck takes off.

Lou walks over to Tom who watches the truck disappear down a nearby road, through the trees.

LOU

Grady can take you back to Denver or wherever you're goin'.

Tom nods to Grady and they walk toward the van. As they approach, Pete's Walkie CHIRPS--

GUARD (O.S.)  
(on walkie)  
Bolo! Bolo! Cars approaching.

LOU  
(into walkie)  
What's it look like?

Silence. Lou and Tom wait for the word--

GUARD (O.S.)  
(on walkie)  
Feds! Feds! Feds!

Panic sets in. Tom looks back toward the trees where the truck disappeared, making sure they're out of sight.

TOM  
How far ahead are they gonna get?

LOU  
Not far. Those feds give chase, it won't take 'em long to catch up.

Tom ponders that.

EXT. GATE - MOMENTS LATER

A line of BLACK SUBURBANS approach, no Guard at the gate. Hess sits shotgun in the lead car. She looks up ahead to see GRADY'S VAN APPROACHING the gate. They race to see who'll get there first.

Tom beats them there. he turns hard and crashes into the gate, blocking the way in. The Lead Fed car swerve bit but still SMASHES into it.

Hess and the other FEDS jump out of their vehicles, armed to the teeth. Tom steps out of the van, KEYS in his raised hands. Hess can't believe what she's seeing.

HESS  
Which way did they go, Tom?

Tom smiles at Hess, then throws the keys into the tall, brown grass by the road. An Agent runs out to find them.

HESS  
You seriously did that just to buy them a few minutes?

Tom shrugs as he puts his hands behind his head in surrender. They're quiet for a beat, then...

TOM

So, how'd you find us here?

HESS

Rico Reyes surrendered to us. Once he heard the charges against his kid, he cut a deal quick as hell.

TOM

(ponders that)

Shit. Fuckin' parents'll do anything for their kids, huh?

HESS

Guess so.

INT. BIMBO BREAD TRUCK - DAY

Eddie and Janie sit, side by side. They wobble as the truck sways. They lean into each other so they can remain stable.

Eddie lays his head on Janie's shoulder as we...

FADE OUT

OVER BLACK: *THE SOUNDS OF SEAGULLS AND OCEAN WAVES...*

FADE IN

EXT. SEASIDE HOME - DUSK

The blood orange sun sets into the Pacific as Lupé steps out of the front door of a modest but lovely Guerrerro, Mexico BEACH HOUSE.

A beat up old CAR pulls up and HONKS. A beat, then Lupé comes out of the house to see Eddie and Janie step out of the car.

Janie and Lupé embrace, then they pull Eddie in as well. They hold in a huddle as the sounds of the sea fill the air.

FADE OUT.

THE END

## VITA

John Ingle was born in Excelsior Springs, MO on November 28, 1974. He attended J.C. Penney High School in Hamilton, MO where he graduated in 1993. He went on to spend three semesters at Southwest Missouri State University and subsequently attended numerous classes at different community colleges throughout the Kansas City area before attending The University of Missouri - Kansas City where he received his Bachelor of Art in Communication in December of 2012.