

**BUMP**

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**INT. DARKNESS - UNKNOWN**

The sound of muted voices steadily grows louder, closer.

The cold metallic CLUNKING of locks being undone.

Light bleeds in as a SLIDING DOOR retracts up into the ceiling of-

**INT. MEAT-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

From inside the truck we watch as TWO WORKERS unload frozen boxes of PACKED MEAT.

**INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Members of the KITCHEN STAFF open the boxes, revealing a dozen different cuts of RAW BLOODY MEAT.

A SERIES of nauseating shots follow the meat through its various stages of preparation.

First, the meat gets tenderized. The CHUNKY, SPLATTERING sounds and subsequent BLOOD EXCRETIONS become more and more unbearable with every swing of the MALLET.

Finally the meat is thrown onto the grill. We become hyper-focused on the crackling, sizzling sound of flesh being cooked. The fat DRIPPING onto the iron, turning BLACK and BLISTERED.

**INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

The cooked meat is plopped onto a clean, CERAMIC WHITE PLATE. Blood continues to ooze from beneath the steak as the rest of the dish is garnished with vegetables and a light drizzle of sauces.

The plate is set on top of a steel counter, joining dozens of other dishes as they await the final step of their journey.

**INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

A WAITER, mid 20s, scrawny-type, carries the cooked meat through a sea of tables. He arrives at his destination and sets the plate down in front of a SHARPLY DRESSED MAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITER

Here you are, sir. My apologies  
again for the misunderstanding.

The man looks up at the waiter. This is CLINT REED, early 50s, well built, square cut jaw and a tan that would comfortably grace the cover of Fortune Magazine.

The waiter turns to leave but Clint raises his right hand in the air as if beckoning a dog.

CLINT

Hold up there, cowboy.

Clint is joined at the table by THOMAS O'MALLY, early 30's, also sharply dressed but seemingly much more amiable than his colleague.

CLINT (CONT'D)

(looking up at the  
waiter)

What's your name again?

WAITER

--My name?

Clint stares at the waiter. Thomas looks down at his plate, bracing for what he knows is coming.

CLINT

Son, am I looking at you?

WAITER

...yes?

CLINT

(pointing to Thomas)  
Did I ask him a question?

WAITER

No.

CLINT

Did I ask *you* a question?

WAITER

Yes.

CLINT

Ah, so you DID hear me-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAITER

...my name is Blake sir, is there a problem?

CLINT

Yes, Blake. You see, the problem is that a 'misunderstanding' implies there was an error made by both parties involved. Now, when I order my steak medium rare and it shows up looking like the crew of the challenger shuttle, that's called a *mistake*...not a misunderstanding.

Thomas quietly chokes on his water.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Do you see the problem now, Blake?

WAITER

(swallows his pride)

Yes, sir.

(beat)

I apologize for the mistake.

CLINT

There's a good boy. Now grab us another round of gin and tonics and some A1 sauce before I send this thing back again for being cold.

The waiter turns and retreats back towards the kitchen. Clint looks at Thomas who would clearly rather be elsewhere. He gives him a testosterone-fueled slap on the shoulder.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Oh cheer up, O'Mally. You know I'm just fucking with the kid.

Clint grabs his cutlery and begins to cut into the bloody steak. He devours it like a wild animal.

THOMAS

Believe me sir, I know it all too well.

CLINT

(in between bites of steak)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLINT (CONT'D)

Thomas--when you started with us you were as green as that fucking brussels sprout there on your plate. But look at you now.

(chews)

On the cusp of a life-changing opportunity. Pretty wife by your side. *Brand new five-series parked out back...*

THOMAS

Well, what can I say, sir, I learn from the best, right?

Clint stops eating. He stares at Thomas.

CLINT

You're a fucking boy-scout aren't you O'Mally?

THOMAS

(unsure)

...I was when I was younger, but technically I never made it past Tenderfoot-

CLINT

You always fucking say exactly what people want to hear. Whatever makes 'em happy just comes galloping out of that perfect little mouth of yours.

THOMAS

I'm...not sure I follow, sir.

CLINT

Let me give you some advice, son. From where I'm sittin' this promotion is down to you and that ass, Dick Stevens-

THOMAS

Rick Stevens-

CLINT

Sure. Either way, I never liked the son of a bitch--but he has managed to consistently impress other members of the board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THOMAS

Yes...he does have an impeccable track record.

CLINT

He's a douchebag, O'Mally. If I had my way I'd make you partner right here, right now.

Thomas is visibly moved by this comment.

THOMAS

I appreciate that, sir. You have no idea how much that means to me-

Clint drops his steak-knife which hits the plate with a loud *CLANG!*

CLINT

That's my point *right there*, son. This ain't the minor leagues anymore. You can't go around being everyone's best friend, always saying the right things--

Clint picks up his drink and finishes it off. Thomas casually tries to match Clint's pace as he listens.

CLINT (CONT'D)

--these people will chew you up and spit you right back out before you even know which hole they fucked you from.

Thomas' eyes go slightly wide. He watches as Clint picks up his knife and resumes hacking away at his steak.

CLINT (CONT'D)

These folk ain't *people* anymore Thomas, they're wolves. They are primal, savage and depraved creatures...and the *only* other beast that can go toe to toe with them day after day, year after year is another wolf.

Thomas is getting lost in the blood-bath taking place on Clint's plate.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm getting at here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Thomas' attention snaps back to Clint.

THOMAS

I do, sir. I can be a wolf. I know  
I can.

The waiter returns and puts two fresh GIN AND TONICS down on the table and retrieves the empty glasses.

CLINT

Thomas, I've put in my decision with the board and I've said all I can to persuade them that you can be the man this firm needs right now.

THOMAS

I am that man, sir.

CLINT

I hope so, son. Because--and you didn't hear this from me--but as long as you sack up and don't *fuck up*...this race is yours to lose.

Thomas can hardly contain himself.

THOMAS

Sir, I--I don't know what to say.

CLINT

Don't say anything, Thomas. DO. Prove me right. Make me proud and I promise you, your life will change in ways you can't even begin to imagine. Sound fair?

Clint picks up his gin and tonic and motions for Thomas to do the same. Thomas quickly grabs his.

THOMAS

I won't let you down.

Clint beams the million-dollar smile at him.

The two clink their glasses together and begin to drink. Thomas watches as Clint downs his drink in ONE FELL SWOOP. He struggles to keep up but just manages to finish his as well.

The two SLAM the empty glasses onto the table and we-

SMASH-CUT TO:

**EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER**

Thomas and Clint wait by the valet-stand outside. Thomas is animatedly finishing up a joke, he seems a little tipsy.

THOMAS

So he takes a bite of the apple  
and he goes "oh my god, this  
tastes like crap!" and the  
bartender says "turn it around"!

Thomas laughs hysterically but Clint just offers a smug grin. He takes out a cigar and begins to light it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Because...you know the other side  
would've tasted like-

CLINT

Pussy.

THOMAS

Yeah, exactly...

Clint sucks in air through the cigar. The embers on the front glow bright, filling his eyes with a menacing orange glare. Smoke swirls around Clint as he stares at Thomas.

CLINT

That's a hell of a joke, O'Mally.

THOMAS

Thank you, sir.

Clint moves through the thick web of smoke till he is almost face to face with Thomas.

CLINT

Don't forget what I told you, son.  
About the wolf.

THOMAS

Of course not, I couldn't even if  
I tried. Not that I *would* try-

Clint grabs Thomas' shoulders firmly with both hands. His voice suddenly drops to an uncomfortably low register as he speaks. He sounds like a man possessed.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLINT

Tonight will be the night of your transformation, Thomas. Like the fables of old, under the full moon you will become a creature, a monster drunk with newfound desire. When I see you tomorrow I won't even recognize you. Your eyes will be like those of a newborn child, baptized in the blood of a man you once were. This is the decision all great men must make. To cross these sacred waters...you must pay the boatman his toll.

Thomas stares at his boss, eyes and mouth wide open. He tries to formulate a response but before he can the VALET arrives with Clint's car.

Clint smiles and lets go of Thomas. He gives him a slap on the back as he turns towards his large BLACK SUV.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Good chat. Say hello to Karen for me.

Clint gets in the car and speeds off. Thomas just stares at the SUV as it drives off into the night.

Moments later the valet pulls up in Thomas' new, WHITE FIVE-SERIES BMW.

The valet exits the car and approaches Thomas.

VALET

Here you are, sir.

Thomas is miles away, still mystified by the end of his conversation with Clint.

VALET (CONT'D)

Sir?

Thomas snaps back to reality.

THOMAS

Oh, yes. Thank you.

He clumsily searches his jacket for his wallet. He takes it out and starts fumbling through the small bills.

The valet can smell the alcohol on Thomas' breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VALET

Sir, I don't want to be rude or imply anything here...but if I were you, I would stay off the main highway. Maybe try sticking to the back roads...

Thomas sees what the valet is getting after.

THOMAS

I'm fine, I only had a couple of drinks...

The valet stares at Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...and I'll stick to the back roads. Thank you.

He slaps a wad of dollar bills in the valet's hand and gets in his car.

The valet watches as Thomas' exits the parking lot. A FULL MOON shines high above the clouds.

**INT/EXT. THOMAS' CAR - NIGHT**

The white BMW shoots down the highway. It is the only car on the road for miles.

Thomas bounces up and down in his seat, full of intoxicated swagger. His blue-tooth system dials away at a number labeled: **HOME**.

THOMAS

C'mon baby, pick up...

The line continues to ring until finally-

RADIO (O.S.)

(Karen and Thomas' enthusiastic voices come beaming through the speakers)

*Hi! You've reached Karen and Thomas O'Mally! Leave a message after the beep!*

Thomas anxiously waits for the-

**BEEP!**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

(still quite drunk)  
 Hey honey, it's meeeeeee. Just wanted to call and see how you're doin'...I just got done having dinner with Clint and uh--well I was hoping you'd pick up cuz uh--  
*daddy's got some exciting newwwss...*I won't say what kind of news it is...but I *will* say that you might wanna get that nice bottle of champagne ready so...ok, I'll be home in just a little bit--

Thomas hangs up. He eyes himself in the rear view mirror.

THOMAS

You, Thomas O'Mally are a wolf. Just look how far you've come. You brought us here, you. It doesn't get a whole better than this... just soak it in. Soak it all-

Suddenly, "Bohemian Rhapsody" by QUEEN comes on over the radio.

RADIO (O.S.)

*Is this the real life?*

THOMAS

Oh god, it *DOES* get a whole lot better-

Freddie Mercury's voice gently serenades Thomas. He turns up the volume.

RADIO

*Is this just fantasy?*

THOMAS

(singing loudly)  
*Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality-*

He rolls down the front windows and lets the cool night air rush in.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(still singing)  
*Open your eyes, look up to the skies and seeeeeeee. I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy, because I'm easy come-*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thomas hands off the invisible microphone to Freddie-

RADIO (O.S.)

*Easy go-*

THOMAS

(singing)

*Little high-*

RADIO (O.S.)

*Little low-*

THOMAS

(singing loudly)

*Anywhere the wind blows doesn't  
really maaaatter to meee...*

He taps the steering wheel along to the gentle piano, getting more and more into it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Momma, just killed a man. Put a  
gun against his head, pulled my  
trigger...now he's dead.*

As the lyrics swell towards the big hit Thomas throws his head back and sings at the top of his lungs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Momma, life had juuuust begun, BUT  
NOW I'VE GONE AND THROWN IT ALLLLL  
AWAYYYY!*

Suddenly a MAN steps out into the road DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THOMAS' CAR. His arms are waving about wildly in an attempt to slow the oncoming vehicle.

Thomas looks down and sees him-

THOMAS (CONT'D)

JESUS CHRIST!-

But it's too late. The car SMASHES into the man at FULL SPEED. His body WHIPLASHES VIOLENTLY ONTO THE HOOD.

Thomas SLAMS on the brakes sending the body FLAILING LIKE A RAG-DOLL onto the asphalt.

The ceramic brakes bring the car to an efficient and screeching halt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Thomas sits absolutely frozen in the driver seat, his eyes locked on the dark road in front of him.

RADIO (O.S.)  
*Too late, my time has come... sent  
 shivers down my spine, body's  
 aching all the time-*

Thomas quickly switches off the radio. A SINGLE DROPLET OF BLOOD slides down the windshield into view.

Thomas opens the door and steps out. The edge of his headlights faintly outline a BODY lying ever so still in the road.

Thomas covers his mouth in shock, still too stunned to fully leave the safety of his car.

THOMAS  
 (weakly)  
 Uh, hello? Sir?

The man offers no response. Thomas clears his throat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
*Sir? Are you all right?*

Silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 (whimpering)  
*...Jesus fucking Christ-*

Thomas bites down on his fist and begins the long approach to the body, one shaky step at a time.

Based on the OLD AND TORN CLOTHING, the LONG UNKEMPT HAIR and FRAZZLED BEARD, the man appears to have been a TRANSIENT, a *nobody*.

The manner in which his limbs are twisted and mangled answers the only question that matters in this type of situation: The man is most definitely **DEAD**.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Oh god. No, no, you're not dead.  
 You're not dead. You're not  
 fucking dea-

Thomas nudges the body with his foot but the man's bloody and severed neck FLOPS into a disgusting, contorted position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Jesus FUCKING Christ!

Thomas starts hyperventilating, he paces back and forth around the body.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
(shouting at the  
body)  
Why the fuck were you in the  
middle of the road?! What the hell  
were you doing?!

Thomas' voice is echoing off in the distance. He quickly looks around, moving like a paranoid schizophrenic. Not a soul in sight. It's just him and his conscience.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. What have I done? What  
the hell have I done-

Suddenly his stomach lurches, he runs over to the side of the road and VOMITS.

After the last recognizable chunks of his dinner splash onto the ground, Thomas takes out his phone and begins to tap in the numbers 9-1-1...but then he stops.

His thumb hovers, locked in place over the CALL button on the screen, as if having developed a mind of its own.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Get a hold of yourself, Thomas.  
Think about what you're doing  
here.  
(beat)  
You're looking at first degree  
vehicular manslaughter--*while  
intoxicated*--five to thirty  
years...at best.

His thumb begins to tremble. He grits his teeth in agony. The veins on his forehead look like they're about to explode.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

He slams his phone onto the ground. He turns back to look at the corpse. His hand covers his mouth, gripping the flesh tightly, as if trying to stifle the thought that is now spreading like a virus through his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

But it has already become an infection.

Thomas once again approaches the body. He stands looking down into the man's vacant eyes. The wind picks up around him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 (quietly weeping)  
 Oh Christ...I'm sorry. Please  
 forgive me.

He kneels down and begins to wrap his arms around the body. He grabs it from beneath the arms and drags the corpse quickly to the back of his car.

As Thomas opens the trunk, the wind picks up and a familiar voice begins to whisper through his thoughts.

CLINT (V.O.)  
*Tonight will be the night of your  
 transformation-*

Thomas tries to shake it off as he starts to lift the body in.

THOMAS  
 Nope-

CLINT (V.O.)  
*Like the fables of old, under the  
 full moon you will become a  
 creature, a monster-*

THOMAS  
 I'm not listening-

Thomas manages to get the body over the lip of the trunk. He nearly falls in trying to shove the rest inside.

He quickly walks to the front of the car. Most of the grill seems in tact except for his driver-side headlight, which is shattered and splashed with blood.

Thomas combs the area in front of his car and gathers any scrap pieces of plastic or glass lying around. He throws them all into the trunk.

He looks down at the corpse now shoved into the back of his car.

CLINT (V.O.)  
*This is the decision all great men  
 must make.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*To cross these sacred waters, you  
must pay the boatman his toll...*

The man's empty eyes still stare at Thomas. He grabs a rag from one of the compartments and covers the man's face.

Thomas shuts the trunk. A WHITE LIGHT reflects brightly off the car. Thomas turns and looks up above him at its source: the FULL MOON.

He quickly breaks his gaze and gets into the car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THOMAS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Thomas' car slowly creeps through the quiet houses in his neighborhood. He brings the car to a stop along the curb outside of his home.

Thomas kills the engine and sits quietly in the driver seat. The lights are still on in the bedroom window and down in the kitchen.

Thomas spots the faint outline of a person walking around in the bedroom.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(nervous)

*Ok, just get your story  
straight...get your story  
straight...*

As Thomas thinks we-

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. THOMAS' GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thomas pulls the car into the garage. He gets out and walks around to the back, checking to make sure nothing looks too out of the ordinary.

KAREN (O.S.)

(from inside the  
house)

Thomas?

Thomas quickly snaps out of it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Yeah, be right there-

He closes the garage and walks towards the door leading into the house. He pauses in front of it for a moment, takes a deep breath, and opens it.

**INT. THOMAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas steps into the house.

THOMAS

Hey you-

He looks around for Karen but she is nowhere to be found. Thomas moves quickly into the kitchen.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

-Karen?

KAREN (O.S.)

Thomas? Is that you?

Karen's voice echoes from upstairs.

THOMAS

Yeah, baby, it's me-

KAREN (O.S.)

What happened? I thought you were supposed to call me when you and Clint were done with dinner-

THOMAS

I did, did you not get my message?

KAREN (O.S.)

I must've been in the shower, sorry baby. How'd it go??

Thomas starts opening different cabinets under the sink, looking for anything he may need for the task awaiting him back in the garage.

THOMAS

It went fine. Listen, something happened on th--where are you?

KAREN (O.S.)

I'm in the bathroom, sorry! This tea I made is making me pee every thirty seconds-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karen's footsteps can be heard moving around upstairs all over the bedroom, Thomas is too busy gathering trash bags to notice.

THOMAS

OK. Well--listen, something happened to me on the way home.

KAREN (O.S.)

What? What are you talking about?  
Is everything okay?

THOMAS

(still grabbing bags)  
Yeah, everything's fine, it's just--  
-I uh--

Karen finally comes downstairs and immediately sees the one thing Thomas failed to remember.

KAREN

OH MY GOD, THOMAS, WHY ARE YOU  
COVERED IN BLOOD?!

Thomas stops gathering garbage bags and looks down. His suit and white shirt are COVERED in DIRT and BLOOD. He looks like he just stepped out of the opening scene of GOODFELLAS.

THOMAS

Oh. Fuck.

KAREN

Is this your blood?! Are you  
hurt??

THOMAS

What? No, baby that's what I'm  
trying to tell you.

(beat)

Why were you just running around  
upstairs?

KAREN

(getting angry)  
I told you, I just got out of the  
shower--DON'T try and change the  
subject! What the hell is going  
on? And what are you doing with  
all these bags??

Thomas realizes how ridiculous he looks. He stops and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

Karen, I--I hit something. On the way home...

KAREN

You *hit* something?

THOMAS

Yes. I hit...a coyote.

KAREN

A coyote?

(beat)

You hit a *coyote*?

Thomas nods.

KAREN

Are you just trying to be a complete jackass right now?

THOMAS

What?

KAREN

You think I can't tell when you're lying?

THOMAS

(deer in headlights)

I--uh-

KAREN

(like a machine gun)

What is it? Are you seeing someone else? It's that new receptionist, Stacy, isn't it? I knew she was a whore the minute I saw her at the holiday party--men *always* just want what's younger and hotter don't they?

THOMAS

Whoa--Karen, slow down--

KAREN

--And here I am, slaving away doing *three* different kinds of yoga a week just to try and keep this body in shape for nothing since you don't even seem to give a damn! Have you even noticed that I lost *four* pounds this month?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

(at a complete loss)  
 ...I honestly feel like there's no way for me to answer that without making you more upset.

KAREN

That's a great fucking answer, Thomas. Make me the bad guy. You know, Dr. Tannenbaum taught me all about this at our last session, it's called deflection. Maybe if you had been there you would've known this already-

THOMAS

KAREN. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??

Thomas' distress finally stops her all out assault for a moment. He slowly approaches her, like a lion tamer with a chair-

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This has *nothing* to do with you or anyone else, I swear. I'm not lying to you-

KAREN

Oh yeah? If you "hit a coyote" then why are you covered in blood?

Thomas has nothing.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Answer me, Thomas.

His mouth mimics the scattered thoughts pacing through his head, weighing his options.

THOMAS

Be--because I brought it back here...

Karen's eyes go wide.

KAREN

You brought it back here?

THOMAS

Yeah-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KAREN

Why the hell would you bring a dead coyote back here??

THOMAS

Because it had a--a thing on its neck-

Thomas mimes a collar around his own neck.

KAREN

A...collar?

THOMAS

Yeah, a collar-

KAREN

It had a collar on its neck??

THOMAS

Yes-

KAREN

-Who the FUCK has a pet coyote, Thomas??

THOMAS

I don't know, I felt bad! I thought the least I could do would be to--take it back to them--you know? In case they wanted to give it a proper burial or something...

Karen's eyes are ice.

KAREN

Are you fucking kidding me right now?

THOMAS

Karen, I know this sounds ridiculous-

KAREN

This happens every time you go out with Clint! Why do you let him do this to you? You have to stick up for yourself Thomas, you're a grown man, not a boy!

THOMAS

I know, baby, I'm sorry but I need you to listen to me right now-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KAREN

Don't baby me now, Thomas. Now is literally the WORST time for baby-

Thomas grabs her firmly by the shoulders.

THOMAS

*Karen*, listen to me very carefully. I know what this seems like, but no matter what you think is going on here, or how angry you are with me...I need you to promise me that you will not go into the garage tonight.

Thomas' change in mood finally breaks through to Karen.

KAREN

...Thomas, you're scaring me.

THOMAS

Do you love me?

KAREN

(starting to tear up)  
What? Of course I love you.

THOMAS

Do you trust me?

KAREN

...yes.

THOMAS

Then please, don't go in there tonight. Promise me.

A beat.

KAREN

Okay. I promise.

THOMAS

(walking her over to the stairs)  
Good. Everything is going to be fine, I swear.  
(kisses her on the forehead)  
Now go upstairs, get into bed and put on *House of Cards* or something, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Karen pauses at the bottom of the stairs.

KAREN  
Okay...

THOMAS  
I love you.

KAREN  
I love you too.

Karen watches Thomas as he swiftly turns and heads for the garage. She watches him all the way till he gets to the door, he enters and closes the door firmly behind him.

As soon as the door shuts, Karen BOLTS up the stairs and up towards the bedroom.

**INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas locks the door behind him and collapses against it. He lets out a deep sigh-

THOMAS  
(relieved)  
*Jesus Christ...*

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Karen BURSTS into the bedroom and slams the door behind her.

KAREN  
(distraught)  
Jesus Christ!--  
(beat)  
Rick!

Karen looks out into the empty bedroom.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(loudly whispering)  
*RICK!* Where the hell are you?

A voice loudly whispers back from under the bed-

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Down here-*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karen looks under the bed and sees RICK STEVENS hiding while struggling to get his pants back on.

KAREN

Are you fucking crazy? Get out here, now!

Rick crawls out from under the bed. He zips up his pants and grabs his jacket.

KAREN (CONT'D)

In all that time the best place you could think of to hide was under the god damn *bed*??

RICK

Hey, if I'm not getting any tonight I should at least get to listen-

Karen shoves him, disgusted.

KAREN

You're fucking unbelievable! You need to get out of here right now-

Karen starts pushing him towards the window.

RICK

What's going on? Did he sound suspicious?

KAREN

(while pushing Rick)  
I have no idea, something about a dead coyote in his trunk--just use the back gate-

Rick starts climbing out the window.

RICK

Coyote. Interesting. Wait...did he say anything about his dinner with Clint?

Karen SLAMS the window on him.

CUT TO:



**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

A SERIES OF SHOTS follow Thomas as he turns his garage upside down.

-He clears a large space, moving boxes and clutter around to the outside edges of the garage.

-Thomas searches through different boxes for items that will be of use in the all important next step.

-He gathers the miscellaneous pieces on a beautiful brand new LARGE WOODEN WORKSTATION.

-Duct tape

-Plastic wrap

-Garbage bags

-Gloves

-Safety Glasses

-Dust masks

-Thomas begins duct-taping black garbage bags over all the windows in the garage.

-He cuts open DOZENS of garbage bags, spreads them out all over the floor and drapes them over the shelves trying to cover as much surface area as possible.

-He uses the remaining garbage bags to construct a makeshift HAZMAT SUIT for himself.

CUT TO:

**INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thomas stands behind the trunk of his car covered head to toe in his garbage suit. He looks absolutely ridiculous.

He opens the trunk and looks down at the body. The man's face is still covered by the bloody rag Thomas threw on it. The stench works it's way up.

THOMAS  
(covering his mouth  
and nose)  
Ah, Christ-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas takes a deep breath and then begins to lift the corpse out of the trunk. The man's limbs flop and flail out of Thomas' grasp.

He manages to awkwardly drag the body over to the open space in the garage, which is now covered in a variety of garbage bags and assorted plastic wrappings. It all looks as absurd as he does.

THOMAS

Okay. First things first...we do a quick sweep of the body.

Thomas gets down on his knees and begins to fish through the man's jacket and pants. He finds nothing but random junk, some candy wrappers and spare change.

Then in the last pocket of the man's jacket, Thomas feels something. He pulls out a cracked CELL PHONE.

He looks back down at the man.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...why would you have a cell phone?

He tries to power it on but it too appears to have lost its life in the accident. He cautiously sets it aside.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now the clothes-

Thomas shakily begins to undress the man. He puts each article of clothing into a separate garbage bag, eventually stripping the man down to his underwear.

Next, he grabs a BLACK SHARPIE from his workstation. He removes the cap, his hand holding the pen the same way a child would unwittingly wield a knife.

He drops down on the body, his hand struggles to bring the felt tip to touch the cold, pale skin. Slowly he makes contact, it is unnerving to watch as he begins to crudely draw LINES along the intersections of the limbs.

A few moments into it Thomas jerks his hand back, disgusted with himself. He steps back and stares at the bare body. His eyes grow red as he fights against a complete collapse.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This is insane. This is fucking insane. I can't do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thomas turns and heads for the door leading back into the house. He opens it and walks in, garbage suit and all.

The door closes behind him. After a few beats the door opens and Thomas walks back in wielding a BOTTLE OF BOURBON in his hand.

Thomas again stands over the body, forcing himself to stare at it. He starts getting worked up. He shakily unscrews the cap to the bourbon and takes a deep breath.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I can't fucking do this-

He quickly lifts the bottle to his lips and starts CHUGGING. After a painful amount he comes up for air. His eyes are red and wet from the effort.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(gasping)

GAHH--I can't...fucking...do this-

He forces the bottle on himself again. This begins to visually resemble a disturbing act of religious self-flagellation.

After an almost inhuman amount of time he rips the bottle away from his lips, drooling all over the floor.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(gagging)

I can't--I can't-

He brings the bottle to his mouth again, this time FINISHING every last drop.

He lets out a primal SCREAM and turns to throw the bottle against the wall.

#### **INT. THOMAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Karen sits in bed watching TV. She hears Thomas' muffled scream from down below followed by a loud *THUNK!*

She covers her ears and slowly sinks beneath the covers.

#### **INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Downstairs, Thomas continues his rampage. Every heavy breath is mixed with loud grunts and cries as he rides the wave of adrenaline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas gets up and stumbles over to the brand new HOT-ROD RED METALLIC TOOL CABINET.

He rips it open, grunting and moaning with each motion now. Inside is a large shiny set of UNUSED TOOLS. Thomas sees a big BIRTHDAY CARD still sitting on the middle shelf.

He lets out another hysterical cry as he opens the card, which reads: "To the best man a lucky girl like me could ever ask for. Let's build our new life together. I love you so much - Karen"

Now Thomas' drunken howls descend into full-bore WEEPING. He tosses the card aside and stares at the beautiful untarnished tools.

As he continues to sob he grabs an immaculate RED ELECTRIC HANDSAW and plugs it into a nearby power strip.

Thomas drops to his knees in front of the body and turns on the saw. It awakens violently with a high-pitched whir, which only manages to slightly dampen Thomas' weeping.

In the heat of the moment, Thomas descends on the body with the saw without putting on his safety goggles.

The first SPURT OF BLOOD sprays all over Thomas as the blades make contact with the cold flesh, but he's too far gone to notice or care.

The FLUORESCENT LIGHTS above THOMAS begin to FLICKER on and off creating an almost strobe-like effect on the scene.

As the frames flicker in and out of darkness we witness a hyper stylized sequence of images of Thomas as he continues to scream and cry with every new incision of the saw.

-Blood sprays all over the garage.

-Flesh tears from bone.

-Steel blades digging into the chest cavity.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THOMAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A quick wide shot from the quiet neighborhood outside. From across the street we see the lights flickering in Thomas' garage as his muffled, hysterical cries dissipate into the dark night.

BACK TO:

**INT. THOMAS' GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

A small BROCHURE hangs on one of the new tools in the cabinet. It depicts a burly, all-American man handsomely sawing a piece of wood. The image is SPLATTERED and DRIPPING with BLOOD.

Thomas collapses back against the cabinet. The lights above cease their flickering.

He looks down at the brutal aftermath of his work, catching his breath as the adrenaline slowly subsides.

Though the work is visually abominable, the body has been effectively cut into manageable sized pieces.

He gathers himself and then begins to crawl on his hands and knees towards the carcass.

His eyes glaze over, desensitized. Whatever conscience he had before now lies lost somewhere amongst the bloody debris covering his garage floor.

He drags over a large cardboard box lined with garbage bags on the inside and begins packing the body parts into the box.

Thomas gets to the lower abdominal section of the body which has been cut in half. As he removes the first section he notices SOMETHING UNUSUAL dangling out of the body.

He moves the bloody flesh aside to reveal what looks like a PIECE OF STRING leading into the abdomen.

Thomas stares at the string, deciding whether or not he wants to know what it could possibly lead to.

But he does want to know. He needs to know. Maybe it won't lead to anything. Maybe the crazy fucking hobo ate a piece of fucking string. Crazier things have happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He begins to pull on it. Every millimeter that comes gliding out of the flesh sounds like nails on a chalkboard.

THOMAS

Oh my god...

Thomas continues to pull, string continues to emerge. Now it's like pulling teeth.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh my GOD...

There's enough string now to require a two hand approach.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

*OH MY GOD-*

Finally the string comes to a TIGHT STOP. There's something BIGGER caught on the other end.

Thomas pulls harder, he starts to see what looks like a plastic bag beginning to crown through the flesh.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(as he continues to  
pull)

Oh no. No, no no no no-

The plastic bag continues to come out, it is uncomfortably large.

Finally the string gives way. Thomas slowly brings the end up to his face to see a LARGE BRICK-LIKE PLASTIC BAGGIE packed SOLID with BLUE POWDER inside.

The bag slowly begins to spin around on the string. The back of the bag comes into view revealing a SMALL BLACK DEVICE buried inside the powder.

A little RED LIGHT blinks brightly through the plastic.

Thomas' eyes go WIDE-

**INT. THOMAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Karen SNAPS AWAKE as she hears an insane MUFFLED SCREAM from below.

**INT. THOMAS' GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas drops the bag on the ground and backs away in horror.

THOMAS

You're a--you're a fucking mule..I  
killed a *fucking* drug mule??

Thomas now looks back to the man's BROKEN CELL PHONE sitting where he left it atop his work station.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This can't--this can't be fucking  
happening!

Suddenly Thomas hears TIRES SQUEALING outside. His eyes go wide as he looks down at the DEVICE inside the baggie. The RED LIGHT continues to blink rapidly.

Thomas darts over to the window, he quickly TEARS THROUGH one of the garbage bags and looks out to the street.

A BLACK SUV SWERVES into view and drives straight down the street towards Thomas' house.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh SHIT-

Just before the car gets to Thomas' curb it makes a WILD TURN and parks in the driveway ACROSS THE STREET. Without the headlights blinding his vision, Thomas recognizes the car as the driver exits the vehicle. This is PHIL, 30s, his NEIGHBOR.

Thomas gushes a huge sigh of relief.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god-

KAREN (O.S.)

(from inside the  
house)

Tom?

Thomas looks to the garage door. He can hear his wife's footsteps coming down the stairs inside.

He rushes towards the door as the KNOB BEGINS TO TURN. He throws his entire body at it and just manages to grab the doorknob and slam it shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (O.S.)

Tom, what's going on in there? I heard screaming-

THOMAS

No, everything's fine!

He LOCKS the deadbolt.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Go back upstairs, baby! I gotta run out real quick, I'll be back soon!

KAREN

What?? Thomas, where the hell are you going right now?? It's almost one in the morning!

Thomas starts ripping off his garbage suit. He rapidly grabs all the remaining body parts lying on the floor and dumps them in the cardboard box.

Karen is BANGING on the door now. The commotion makes it hard for Thomas to concentrate as he awkwardly lifts the box and places it in the trunk.

KAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thomas, answer me *right now!*

Thomas runs back to make sure nothing has been left behind. The only thing now lying on the garage floor is the plastic bag full of drugs and the tracking device, which continues to blink rapidly like a ticking time bomb.

Thomas grabs the bag and the man's broken cell phone.

THOMAS

I have to do this, Karen, I'm sorry!

KAREN (O.S.)

Thomas!

Thomas opens the baggie and gently removes the TRACKING DEVICE. He ties the bag off and walks over to his car, moving like a man on a mission.

He tosses the tracking device into the passenger seat and throws the cell phone and bag into the trunk on top of the body parts

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thomas! You can't just leave me  
like this!

Thomas gets in the driver seat and shuts the door. He starts the engine and opens the garage. He rolls down the window and leans his head out.

THOMAS

I love you, baby!

**INT/EXT. THOMAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The car flies out of the garage in reverse and out onto the street.

Thomas shifts the gear into drive and slams his foot on the accelerator but looks up and sees his NEIGHBOR, PHIL standing DIRECTLY in front of his car with his hands outstretched.

THOMAS

AHHH!

Thomas slams on the brakes stopping a few feet in front of Phil.

He opens the door and steps halfway out the car.

PHIL

Jesus, Tom, you trying to kill me  
or something?

THOMAS

Phil, what the hell are you doing  
out here?

PHIL

(clearly hammered)  
I-I don't know anymore...it's  
just, I...

THOMAS

Look, now's really not a good  
time, can you just--  
(motioning with his  
hands)  
--get out of the street please?

PHIL

It's Nina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

What?

PHIL

She's finally done it, man-

THOMAS

Phil, not a good time-

PHIL

I've given that woman everything. I've put on this god damn suit every day for *twenty years*, I've taken out a second mortgage for this fucking house. I spend my days feeling like I might drop dead any second from some massive, stress-induced *aneurysm*. I've been on eight different paleo grass-fed anal-bursting diets but--it just isn't enough...it'll never be enough.

(starts to weep)

I can't do it anymore, Tom...I just can't...

THOMAS

Phil, you're drunk. Go home.

PHIL

No. No, you don't understand. I need to talk to someone about this right now. I feel like my head is going to explode like a freaking watermelon if I don't do something about this-

THOMAS

PHIL. I cannot help you right now. I need you to go inside and-

Phil suddenly bends over and VOMITS all over the hood of Thomas' car.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh, for fucks sake!

Thomas walks around to the front of the car where Phil is keeled over. Suddenly a dark object FALLS OUT of Phil's jacket and hits the floor with a loud metallic *CLANK!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PHIL  
 (in between dry  
 heaves )  
 I'm sorry, Tom. I shouldn't have  
 done that. I know you just bought  
 the damn thing--I just didn't want  
 you to leave.

Thomas bends over as Phil clumsily reaches around for the  
 object, which Thomas now sees is a HANDGUN.

THOMAS  
 Oh my god-

PHIL  
 (reaching around  
 under the car)  
 You've always seemed like a well  
 put-together guy and--I just  
 really need to talk to someone  
 about this. I'm sure you  
 understand where I'm coming from  
 with all this-

Thomas quickly grabs the gun before Phil can get to it.

THOMAS  
 Why the fuck do you have a gun,  
 Phil??

PHIL  
 ...I just told you. Nina-

THOMAS  
 Nina? What were you going to do?  
 Fucking *kill her*?! Have you lost  
 your fucking mind?

PHIL  
 (offended)  
 What--what else am I supposed to  
 do? I just told you I can't go on  
 living like this-

Thomas suddenly slaps Phil and grabs him by the collar.

THOMAS  
 (seething)  
 Listen to me very carefully, Phil.  
 You're going to get a hold of  
 yourself, right now.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You're going to get up, get out of my way and you're going to go inside and deal with your own fucking problems, okay? Come on now, up we go-

Thomas stands and forcibly raises Phil with him. Phil stands there absolutely stunned.

PHIL

But-

THOMAS

GO HOME, PHIL.

Thomas turns and walks back to the driver side of the car. He gets in, puts the gun in the backseat and slams the door.

PHIL

Hey, Tom, come on, don't leave me like this, please-

Thomas backs up, then floors it and peels off down the street, leaving Phil alone under the streetlights.

PHIL (CONT'D)

TOM!!!

As the car gradually disappears down the street we hear the steady sound of rain and thunder building as it leads into the opening of "Riders On the Storm" by THE DOORS. The song gently plays as we-

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. THOMAS' CAR - NIGHT**

A series of sweeping nighttime vistas following Thomas as he drives from freeways to highways and eventually to a lone road headed way out of town.

From a distance the headlights resemble a lone pair of tiny fireflies against the ominous rock formations.

LOW SHOT from the pavement as the BMW comes speeding towards us. Just before it passes, something comes FLYING OUT THE DRIVER-SIDE WINDOW and skids across the road till it settles in the dirt. It's the TRACKING DEVICE, the little red light continues to blink as Thomas accelerates off deeper into the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the while the opening riff of "Riders On the Storm" continues to play...

RADIO

*Riders on the storm...Riders on  
the storm...*

**INT. THOMAS' CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas has one hand on the wheel and the other supporting the enormous weight of his aching head.

Jim Morrison's voice does its best to soothe his nerves.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*Into this house we're born...into  
this world we're thrown...*

Thomas lets out a deep sigh. The road ahead seems like a never-ending blur of dotted yellow lines and black asphalt...

RADIO (CONT'D)

*Like a dog without a bone, an  
actor out on loan...riders on the  
storm.*

Thomas spots his own reflection in the rearview mirror. His blood-shot eyes look unfamiliar to him, lifeless...

RADIO (CONT'D)

*There's a killer on the road...*

Thomas looks down at the radio.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*...his brain is squirming like a  
toad...*

Thomas tries to just relax.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*If you give this man a ride, sweet  
family will die...killer on the  
road-*

He quickly smacks the power button on the dash. Silence.

THOMAS

C'mon. Keep it together. You're almost there. Just a few more hours then this will all be over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We just go home and forget it ever happened.

He looks back at his reflection and notices a splash of dry blood on his forehead. He tries to rub it off but it won't budge.

He licks his finger and tries again. It still isn't coming off. He starts rubbing faster and harder.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Come off, you son of a bitch-

It's starting to look painful now.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Come off!

Suddenly a LIGHT comes into view up head. He looks at the road and sees a lone pair of HEADLIGHTS moving towards him in the oncoming lane.

He stops rubbing his forehead and slowly settles back into the driving position.

The headlights get bigger and bigger. Eventually, Thomas is able to make out the shape of the car...SIRENS on the roof.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You have got to be fucking shitting me.

The HIGHWAY PATROL CRUISER drives past Thomas. His eyes dart immediately to his side-mirror. He watches intently, praying that the tail lights keep moving away from him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Keep going--please god, keep going-

But they don't. The cruiser flips a u-turn and starts speeding up Thomas' rear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Shit!

The car is gaining on him, but the officer hasn't flashed the sirens yet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Just act normal, you haven't done anything wrong-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And now the SIRENS GO OFF. Flashes of red and blue illuminate Thomas' bewildered eyes.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
(over the PA system)  
Pull the vehicle to the shoulder-

Thomas slams his hand against the steering wheel.

THOMAS  
Shit!

He pulls the car off the road and comes to a gradual stop. The black cruiser parks firmly behind him. The flood lights are blinding Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Ok, calm down. No one knows but  
you. No one knows but you...

Thomas looks at the driver-side mirror, he sees an OFFICER step out of the cruiser and into the headlights, transforming the man into a dark, imposing silhouette.

Thomas is holding his breath as the shadow slowly approaches. The dark uniform and black leather gloves arrive outside of Thomas' window.

After a moment, the officer taps his flashlight on the glass. The sound startles Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Shit, sorry-

Thomas rolls down the window. The flashlight is shined directly in his face.

OFFICER  
License and registration, please.

The man's voice is devoid of all emotion.

THOMAS  
Yes, of course. No problem-

Thomas reaches over to his glove box and pulls out his registration. He hands it over.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Here you go.  
(beat)  
Do you mind if I ask what you  
pulled me over for Officer--  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 (reading his name  
 tag)  
 --Morgan?

OFFICER  
 License.

THOMAS  
 Right, sorry.

He quickly reaches into his pocket for his wallet and fishes out his drivers license. He hands it over.

OFFICER  
 I pulled you over because you have a busted headlight on the driver side of your vehicle Mr. O'Mally.

Thomas almost laughs out of self pity

THOMAS  
 Of course...how could I be so stupid. That actually just happened tonight. I'll get it fixed first thing tomorrow, Officer, you have my word.

OFFICER  
 Was the incident reported, sir?

THOMAS  
 Well--I was the only one involved so there wasn't anything to report.

Officer Morgan walks around to the front of the car and shines his flashlight on the damaged area. He inspects the dented metal and then aims his light back in Thomas' face.

OFFICER  
 Okay, here's how this is going to work, Mr. O'Mally. I'm going to ask you what happened to your headlight and if I don't get a straight answer from you then we're going to have a big problem on our hands. Do you understand me?

THOMAS  
 --yes sir, absolutely. Is something wrong?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

Officer Morgan slowly approaches the driver-side window. Eyes fixed on Thomas.

OFFICER

(dead serious)  
What happened to your headlight,  
Mr. O'Mally?

THOMAS

I--I hit a coyote earlier this  
evening-

OFFICER

Coyote don't stand half as tall as  
the impact point on your car, Mr.  
O'Mally.

THOMAS

What? Is that a fact you have  
written down somewhere?

Morgan leans down now and takes off his glasses. His eyes could cut granite.

OFFICER

Let me tell you a little fact I *do*  
have written down somewhere. Do  
you know what the number one  
unreported crime on this highway  
is?

THOMAS

...I'm guessing it's not missing  
coyotes?

Thomas' attempt at humor is obliterated by Morgan's stare.

OFFICER

Hit and run, Mr. O'Mally. Also  
known as vehicular manslaughter.  
Which, for those who try to *run*  
boils down to murder.

Thomas is starting to sweat. He won't be able to hold much longer, Morgan is relentless.

THOMAS

(shakily)  
That's--terrible.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's sad to think that there are people capable of such a thing-- especially in this day and age with all the technology and cameras everywhere and-

As Thomas goes on, Morgan's eyes drift to the backseat and land on: **Phil's HANDGUN**. He quickly steps back and draws his sidearm.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Hands where I can see em'-

Thomas nearly shits himself, immediately lifting both hands out the window.

THOMAS

Woah, woah--what the hell is going on?!

OFFICER

Using one hand, toss your keys to me out your driver-side window. NOW.

THOMAS

Okay! Okay one hand, here you go-

Thomas tosses the keys to Morgans feet. Morgan kicks them backwards, they SLIDE across to the other side of the road.

OFFICER

What's that sitting in your backseat, Mr. O'Mally?

Thomas tries to turn and look but Morgan cocks his piece.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking move, you little Irish prick! I'll blow your head off right here right now!

THOMAS

How am I supposed to tell you what's in the back seat if I can't turn around?!

OFFICER

There is a GUN in your backseat, Mr. O'Mally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

THOMAS

Oh, Jesus--look I can explain that!

OFFICER

Do you have a license for that firearm?

THOMAS

What??--No, it's not mine-

OFFICER

Then there's nothing to explain. Step out of the vehicle, sir.

THOMAS

Wait, just listen to me-

OFFICER

I'm not going to ask you again!  
Step out of the vehicle.

THOMAS

Jesus Christ, okay! Please don't shoot me!

Thomas steps out of the vehicle. Morgan immediately grabs him and twists his arm around.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ow!

He drags him to the back of the car and throws him face down on top of the trunk.

OFFICER

Hands behind your back.

THOMAS

Please, will you just listen to me for a second?

Morgan stops handling him for a second and leans over him, his mouth hovering inches from Thomas' ear.

OFFICER

I tried listening to you, Mr. O'Mally. But I have zero tolerance for listening to people lie-

As Thomas pleads with Morgan we drift under the car to REVEAL drops of DARK LIQUID building up beneath the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

THOMAS

I'm trying to tell you the truth!  
Just *listen* to me! The gun is my  
neighbors. His name is Phil  
Miller. I took it away from him  
tonight because he was drunk and  
threatening to kill his wife!

Morgan stops putting the handcuffs on.

OFFICER

Is that true?

THOMAS

Yes, I swear!

Suddenly Morgan feels and hears a gentle TAPPING on his boot. He looks down and notices some sort of liquid dripping from beneath the trunk.

He bends over and dabs his finger in the small pool collecting in the dirt. He raises his finger into the light, it's covered in BLOOD.

OFFICER

My god-

THOMAS

What? What's going on?

Morgan grabs the radio strapped to his shoulder while keeping one arm on Thomas.

OFFICER

(into radio)

This is Officer Morgan, I have a possible homicide suspect in custody out on highway one-eighteen. Requesting a back up unit immediately, over.

THOMAS

Oh Jesus, oh god-

OFFICER

Shut the fuck up! Step away from the vehicle. NOW.

Morgan aims his gun with both hands squarely on Thomas.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

What's in the trunk, sir-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Thomas is in no condition to answer questions, he's starting to sob hysterically.

THOMAS

(crying)  
*I'm sorry-it was an accident--I swear I never meant for this to happen...*

OFFICER

That's what they all say, you sick fuck. Open the trunk nice and slow or I will put a bullet in you.

Thomas slowly reaches his hand under the lip of the trunk and presses the release mechanism. The trunk begins to open on its own.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Now step away from the vehicle-

Thomas slowly steps back. Morgan approaches the trunk and looks inside. His eyes go wide, he almost dry heaves-

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(horrified)  
 Jesus Christ-

He whips around and points his gun at Thomas' head.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Get on your knees and put your hands above your head!

Thomas drops down to his knees.

THOMAS

I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...

OFFICER

Hands above your head, now!

Thomas raises his hands. Officer Morgan quickly whips out a set of HANDCUFFS and forces Thomas' arms behind his back.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(while applying the cuffs)  
 You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Thomas begins to weep. Morgan locks the second cuff and steps back in front of Thomas.

THOMAS

*Please, god--help me...*

OFFICER

God? God can't help you.

(leans down to

Thomas)

You sold your soul to the devil...and now he's come to collect-

**ZIP!** A BULLET quietly bursts through Officer Morgan's head, showering Thomas in a bloodbath of brain and skull.

A distant CONCUSSION of sound echoes off the desert rocks like a thunder-clap all around Thomas.

Morgan's lifeless body collapses face first in front of Thomas, who looks up in utter shock.

Suddenly another SHOT rings out and a bullet ROCKETS into the TAIL-LIGHT just to the right of Thomas.

THOMAS

JESUS FUCK!

Thomas falls onto his stomach out of instinct. His movement is limited by the fact that his arms are still cuffed behind his back.

Another shot hits the dirt a few feet in front of Thomas. He slowly looks up and sees THE KEYS to the handcuffs latched to the back of Officer Morgan's belt.

He makes a break for it and crawls to the body and then FLOPS himself on top of Morgan's corpse so that his hands are on the keys.

THOMAS

Please, please-

Thomas manages to get his fingers on one of the keys and shakily guides it into the keyhole but--**BANG!**

THOMAS (CONT'D)

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Another stray bullet BLASTS into the car just missing Thomas who is now screaming uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

He jerks the key sideways and the cuffs POP OPEN.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 (genuinely surprised)  
 AH! AHA!-

Suddenly a pair of high-powered HEADLIGHTS ignite in the distance.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Oh god-

A cluster of FOG LIGHTS attached to the unknown VEHICLE light up the hillside as the violent, guttural sound of a large TRUCK ENGINE is heard roaring into life.

Thomas quickly gets up and sprints to his car and dives into the driver seat.

The truck lurches into gear and descends down the hill, like a vessel from hell.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Oh god, oh Jesus--please-

Thomas punches the ignition switch, but nothing happens.

RADIO  
*Key not in range-*

THOMAS  
 What?!

Thomas punches it again and again but still nothing happens.

RADIO  
*Key-key-k-k-k-key not in range-*

Thomas looks around for the key but then remembers the last thing he did with it. He looks ACROSS THE ROAD and sees his keys lying where Officer Morgan kicked them.

THOMAS  
 Son of a bitch!-

The cabin becomes consumed in a blinding WHITE LIGHT. Thomas turns to see the demonic PICK UP TRUCK on a full speed collision course with his car. Thomas braces for impact-

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 GAHHHHHH!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

The truck SMASHES into the rear of Thomas' car, sending it SPINNING VIOLENTLY across the road.

Thomas hangs on to the steering wheel for dear life as glass flies all around him.

His car comes to a stop on the other side of the road. The pick up truck slams on its brakes a few hundred feet ahead.

Thomas looks up and sees the truck whip into a u-turn, it tail-spins in the dirt until the headlights face Thomas once again.

The radio finally gives him some good news-

RADIO (V.O.)

*Key detected-*

Thomas looks out of his driver door, which is hanging open. The truck has smashed his car within arms reach of his keys.

Thomas grabs the keys but as soon as he does the truck lurches forward, speeding directly at Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Fuck--come on!!

He punches the IGNITION BUTTON and the exquisite German-built engine sucks in air and comes to life.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yes!

Thomas shifts into reverse and slams the pedal to the floor. The car rockets backwards, just missing another oncoming collision with the truck.

The truck corrects itself and comes full speed at Thomas, who is now doing almost fifty miles an hour going in reverse, off road...in a sports sedan.

He looks at the blinding headlights in front of him. A small flash goes off followed immediately by a BULLET blasting through his WINDSHIELD.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

FUCKING CHRIST!

Thomas ducks down as another two shots pierce the glass in front of him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (12)

The road is now becoming extremely unforgiving. Thomas' car is rattling and shaking so badly that his head shoots up into the ceiling.

The trunk, which was left open, spits out the occasional body part as the entire rear bounces up and down.

Thomas quickly looks back to try and see where he's going, he sees nothing but blackness out the rear window.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

WOAH!!!!

Thomas WHIPS the steering wheel, swerving the car away from the EDGE of the HILL he's been blindly steering towards.

The truck doesn't see the drop-off in time and goes FLYING OFF THE EDGE. It SMASHES into a LARGE ROCK on it's way down and FLIPS violently till it comes to a stop at the bottom.

Thomas slams on the brakes and brings his car to a quick stop. He holds his breath for a second, waiting to see if the headlights return...they don't.

He turns around and frantically searches the backseat for his neighbor's GUN. After a few awkward moments he finds it lying underneath the passenger seat.

Thomas steps out of his car and cautiously approaches the hillside, gun at the ready.

He peers over the dark edge and spots the truck lying in a steaming wreck down at the bottom of the hill.

Thomas hears movement coming from inside the truck. The driver door is KICKED OPEN and a MAN flops out onto the ground.

THOMAS

(horrified)

Jesus Christ-

The man is extremely disoriented from the crash. He looks up and spots Thomas standing at the top of the hill.

The man crawls back to the car and reaches into the wreckage. After a few seconds he pulls out a HANDGUN, its reflection catches Thomas' eye.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No, no just wait on a minute-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

Thomas looks back at his car, he spots the open trunk and rushes over to it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 (yelling back)  
 I have what you want, just hold on  
 a second-

He arrives at the trunk and lifts the lid open all the way.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 -GOD DAMN IT.

The limbs which were neatly packed in the cardboard box are now strewn all about the trunk in a bloody mess. Thomas sifts through them till he finds what he's looking for: THE DRUGS.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Aha! Here! I got it right here-

He grabs the bag and turns back towards the hill, but THE MAN has already made it to the top. He limps towards Thomas, one of his legs looks to be horribly broken.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Jesus--how did you get up that so  
 fast??

The man says nothing. He resembles one of the classic Terminators as he advances slowly and methodically towards Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Listen, this is what you're here  
 for, right?

Thomas lifts the bag as he backs away from the man.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 They're yours, okay? I don't want  
anything to do with this. This  
 whole thing was all one *big*  
 misunderstanding.

The man continues to advance.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Do you understand what I'm saying?  
*Ables ingles?* No quiero el  
 druggos! Here, take em'!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

Thomas tosses the bag. It lands at the man's feet but he lifts his gun and FIRES A SHOT at Thomas. The bullet strays wide.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

FUCK! What the hell do you want from me?!

The man's arm is waving about. He barely manages to aim the gun in Thomas' general direction and pulls the trigger AGAIN, again firing wide.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Stop!

He pulls the trigger again but this time all he gets is a hollow *CLICK!* Now Thomas aims his gun at the man.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Okay--look, I gave you the fucking drugs, I don't want to hurt you. Just turn around and take the bag.

The man doesn't stop. Now he brandishes a large knife from his belt. Thomas awkwardly cocks his gun, he's obviously never held one before.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm warning you, you fucking lunatic.

The man raises the knife at Thomas and continues his death march.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop walking at me or I'll shoo-

Suddenly Thomas' trigger finger slips and fires a PERFECT HEAD SHOT through the man's skull.

A spray of blood explodes out the back of the man's head as he drops to his knees and collapses face first into the dirt.

Thomas stares at the man's body, his mouth wide open in shock. The desert wind picks up as blood begins to pool into the sand around the body.

Thomas drops the gun in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

....I was--just trying to make you  
stop.

(beat)

Why wouldn't you stop?

Again, Thomas finds himself in a one-sided conversation  
with a corpse.

Suddenly the crashed pick-up truck EXPLODES at the bottom  
of the hill, knocking Thomas to the ground. He watches as  
a plume of smoke and flame rises into the night sky.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why is this happening to me?

(looking up at the  
sky)

What did I do to deserve this?!

Have I asked for too much?! HUH?!

Thomas' voice is bouncing off the empty desert rocks, he  
is truly alone.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

ANSWER ME YOU SON OF A BITCH!

As if in response to Thomas' request, a familiar sound  
begins to emanate from inside the deceased man's pocket.

Thomas turns around and spots a pale white light bleeding  
through the man's blood-soaked jeans: a CELL PHONE.

The ringtone plays on incessantly. Thomas approaches the  
body, carefully tip-toeing around the large pool of blood  
that has drained out of the man's exploded head.

He gently reaches into the man's pocket and pulls out the  
cell phone. He flips it over and wipes the blood from the  
screen to reveal the CALLER ID: "Unknown"...

Thomas stares at the screen as the phone continues to  
ring. The SLIDE TO ANSWER bar glimmers with every  
vibration.

After a few moments the ringing ceases, the screen  
displays a ONE MISSED CALL notification and then goes  
black.

Thomas looks up, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT**

A wide establishing shot of a lone 50s style DINER somewhere off the highway.

The battered BMW is parked out front. We see Thomas sitting alone in a booth by a window.

A familiar ringtone plays over and over...

**INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas sits in the booth staring at the ringing cell phone on the table in front of him. He lets it ring out...the screen now reads TWENTY SEVEN MISSED CALLS.

Thomas goes to take a sip of coffee but realizes that it's empty. Across the diner the WAITRESS spots Thomas and walks over with a fresh pot.

WAITRESS

'nother cup?

THOMAS

Yes, please.

As she pours, the phone starts to ring again. She looks at Thomas who just stares blankly at the screen and the "Unknown" caller and lets it ring out again.

The Waitress finishes pouring. She lingers, perplexed by what she just witnessed.

WAITRESS

Everything all right?

Thomas doesn't hear her.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Sir?

She taps him on the shoulder. He slowly looks up at her in a daze.

THOMAS

What?

WAITRESS

You've been lettin' that phone ring for over half an hour. Is everything all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

(deadpan)  
Yes. Thank you.

Thomas looks back down at the phone and takes a long sip of his coffee.

The Waitress watches for another moment and then decides to sit down across from him. She has an almost absurd smile on her face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...what are you doing?

WAITRESS

You look like you could use a good listener. Lucky for you there just so happens to be one who works at this very diner. Her name is Dee--  
(motions to her name-tag)  
--and that's me!

Thomas stares at her dumbfounded. Her enthusiasm is extremely unsettling.

THOMAS

Look, lady--

DEE

(pointing to her name-tag again)  
Dee...and you are?

Thomas is grinding his teeth into a fine powder.

THOMAS

...I would *really* like to be left alone right now. Do you think you could please just...go away?

DEE

(enthusiasm  
unaffected)  
Aw, c'mon now, mister...I know what that really means.

THOMAS

No, actually I'm not so sure you do--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEE

(cutting Thomas off)

You know, my momma always used to tell me that I had a knack for readin' people. Every day when I'd come home from school I could tell whether she was happy, mad, sad or glad just by lookin' at her face.

THOMAS

Please, stop.

DEE

Here's a good one. Did you know that you can tell whether someone is genuinely smiling or not by looking at the corners of their eyes? If they have wrinkles near the corners when they smile it means it's a real emotion. No wrinkles means it's just a big piece of phony baloney. Want to practice on me??

Dee offers him a smile that would make a child run for the hills. Thomas can't even muster up a response. He looks like he's staring into the deepest circle of hell.

VOICE (O.S.)

*DEE, KUSOGAKI!*

Thomas jumps in his seat as a little thundering ASIAN WOMAN appears from the kitchen, this is MRS. LEE, 60s, co-owner of the diner with her husband Mr. Lee.

DEE

Now *that* is Mrs. Lee...and she never smiles. And if she does there are certainly no wrinkles present, that much I can promise you.

(leans in and  
whispers)

*...I wonder if it's because she's Asian...they always seem to have such elastic skin-*

MRS. LEE

SHIGOTO NI MODURO! NAMKAI WATASHI  
WA ANATA O KATATTE IJI SURU  
HITSUYO GA ARIMASU KA?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEE

Hai, Mrs. Lee, hai!

Dee gets up and walks back to the kitchen where Mrs. Lee is slapping the counter-top with a rag in anger. Thomas watches this scene in fear.

The cell phone STARTS TO RING again, snatching his attention away from the circus act taking place behind the counter.

Once again, the screen reads: "Unknown".

Thomas grabs the phone and moves quickly past Dee and Mrs. Lee who are still yelling at each other loudly in Japanese.

**EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas steps out into the dirt parking lot. He looks down at the ringing phone and takes a deep breath.

His fingers drag the slider across the screen. He raises the phone to his ear but says nothing, just listens.

At first there's a long silence...but then-

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Hello?

The voice is deep and strangely soothing with a slight Spanish kick.

THOMAS

Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

So...it's you.

(deep breath)

I assume this means you've taken care of Javier. You must be quite good...he does not usually fail his assignments.

THOMAS

It was an accident.

(genuine remorse)

I didn't want to kill him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Of course not. Life is too precious a gift to ever want to waste. But need...need can overpower even the most unshakable human values. But now comes the one important question.

(beat)

What is it you want out of this situation?

THOMAS

Listen to me, my entire fucking life has come undone in the last six hours. I have literally lost every shred of normality that I have worked very hard to accumulate over the last ten fucking years. So what do I want out of this situation? I want to go home. I want to go home and pretend like this whole FUCKING night never happened. I just want my life back...

Beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Yes--I'm not sure I understand. So you want...nothing?

THOMAS

Okay, let's try this again. I have a bag of what I'm assuming is your product. A product I'm guessing is very dear to you seeing as you strapped a long-range tracking device to it and shoved it half way up a homeless man's rectum. Am I making sense so far?

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

...go on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

Now, here's what I need you to understand...I want NOTHING to do with your product. I don't want it for myself and even though I'm guessing I could probably pay off the rest of my brand new house with it, I don't want to sell it either.

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Ah...how wonderful. A man should always take great pride in owning a home. Congratulations.

THOMAS

(caught off guard)

Uh--yes, thank you.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're welcome.

Thomas thinks for a moment.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Look...you sound like a reasonable man. I want to help you--but there actually *is* something I need in return.

(beat)

Something that a person in your--line of work--might be able to help me with.

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

I see. May I make a proposition?

THOMAS

Yes?

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Come to my home and return my product as discussed. Otherwise I will have to send my men to come find you, and believe me, they will...but that is not the way I think either of us would like for this to end, is it...Mr. O'Mally?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The realization of Thomas' name sinks in...he realizes he can't run.

THOMAS

No.

VOICE (O.S.)

Good. Now, after you've safely returned my property, we can discuss how I may help you with your--"situation". What do you say?

Beat.

THOMAS

How do I know I can trust you?

VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

As you said yourself, Thomas, I am a reasonable man. Beyond that I'm afraid you simply don't have much of a choice. But I give you my word, no harm will come to you or your family if you hold up your end of the agreement and bring me back what is mine.

(beat)

Do we have a deal?

Thomas closes his eyes and thinks as we-

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The body of Officer Morgan lies face first on the asphalt in the bloody aftermath of the shooting.

A flash of RED and BLUE lights slowly builds in intensity around the body as we hear a car approaching down the road.

The camera pans over to reveal another POLICE CRUISER pulling up to the scene. TWO HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICERS exit the vehicle. The first, OFFICER HANNA, early 30s, steps out from the driver side door.

HANNA

Jesus H. Christ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The second, OFFICER MILLS, also early 30s, slowly gets out on the passenger side.

The two approach Morgan's blood-soaked corpse. They stand over it, surveying the scene.

MILLS (CONT'D)

What the hell happened here?

HANNA

...nothin' good.

Mills leans down and inspects Officer Morgans body, he shines his flashlight on the area of face still left intact.

MILLS

(repulsed)

Oh god-

Mills immediately walks away from the body. Hanna stays by it, analyzing the carnage.

HANNA

Well, between you and me, Morgan always was an asshole.

(turns his head to  
get a better look at  
Morgan's shredded  
face)

Still...wouldn't have wanted him to go out like this.

Mills notices the busted tail-light and shines his flashlight along the broken plastic.

MILLS

Christ. I got an impact hole here the size of a half-dollar.

HANNA

Fifty cal?

MILLS

I'd reckon so.

(beat)

This certainly don't feel like your average traffic stop gone wrong, does it...

HANNA

No. It don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mills walks up to the front of the car. His flashlight catches the trail of dirt leading off the road. He spots TIRE TRACKS.

MILLS

Hey, Hanna-

Hanna looks up at Mills.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Tracks lead out into the desert.

HANNA

Go on. I'll call it in.

Mills takes out his gun and sets off into the dark. Hanna gets into the driver seat of Morgan's cruiser and picks up the radio.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Dispatch this is 307, over.

RADIO (O.S.)

We got you, 307, go ahead-

HANNA

I have an officer down out on highway one-eighteen, ten miles north of Deerfield. Requesting CSI and a medical unit, over-

Hanna begins to click away on the LAPTOP built in to Morgan's dash.

RADIO (O.S.)

Copy that. Sit tight 307.

Hanna finds the dash-cam surveillance footage and rewinds till he sees Thomas' WHITE BMW in the frame. He pauses the video.

HANNA

Gotcha, you son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. THOMAS' CAR - NIGHT**

Thomas drives his ragged BMW down a desert highway. The full moon has begun to set over the mountains on the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas exits the freeway and drives down a dirt road past a number of PRIVATE RANCHES.

He passes a large WOODEN SIGN with the name "Gallardo Ranch" branded into it.

**EXT. GALLARDO RANCH - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas turns down the road and arrives at a LARGE GATED COMPOUND. He pulls up to the intercom in front of an enormous WROUGHT IRON GATE.

He pushes the buzzer, waiting anxiously as it rings.

INTERCOM

Que?-

THOMAS

Uh--hello, this is Thomas, Thomas  
O'Mally?

Voices can be heard discussing in the background through the intercom.

The intercom BUZZES and the large gate starts to SWING OPEN, revealing a beautiful RUSTIC ESTATE up ahead.

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas pulls his car into a small roundabout surrounding an exquisite fountain. He sees a MAN dressed in black waiting for him near the entrance of the house.

This is ANGEL, EARLY 30s, MEXICAN.

Thomas parks the car and gets out. He starts walking down the long the walkway leading to the front of the house.

ANGEL doesn't move a muscle until Thomas is standing right in front of him. His dark, uninviting eyes lock on Thomas.

ANGEL

O'Mally.

THOMAS

(nervous)

Yes-

ANGEL

He's waiting for you.

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas follows Angel through the decadent hallways of the house. Every room has been tastefully decorated in a warm south-western theme.

They reach a big open living room surrounded by a gorgeous wall of floor-to-ceiling windows. There is a healthy fire roaring in the large stone fireplace.

A tall and well built gentleman stands with his back to Thomas facing the fire.

ANGEL

Señor Gallardo, your guest is here.

The man slowly turns to face Thomas.

This is VINCENTE GALLARDO, MID 50s. A handsome man with an extremely charming face. His perfectly groomed salt and pepper beard and sharp cut suit make him seem like he stepped out of an elegant Mexican beer commercial.

He smiles at Thomas and offers out his hand.

VINCENT

Mister O'Mally. Nice to finally meet you.

Thomas is caught off guard by the man's charm.

THOMAS

...thank you--Señor Gallardo. You have a beautiful home.

VINCENT

Please, call me Vincent.

Vincent notices the condition of Thomas' attire. At this point it looks as though Thomas has been killed, buried, resurrected and then killed again.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You know, I don't think it's possible to imagine a man who looks like he could use a drink more than you right now.

Thomas looks down at himself and for the first time realizes just how absurd he looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

...I don't think it's possible to explain just how horrible these past twelve hours have been.

VINCENT

I'm afraid you're going to have to, one way or another...

Thomas hears a metallic *CLICK* and turns to see Angel and a second CARTEL GOON pointing PISTOLS right at his head.

THOMAS

(betrayed)  
I thought you said there would be no harm done.

The Goon PISTOL WHIPS Thomas in the back, he screams in pain and collapses to his knees.

VINCENT

You're right, I did...and I am a man of my word. But first we must find out if you are a man of yours.

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - NIGHT**

Angel and Goon #2 lead Thomas at gunpoint back to his car. Vincent walks calmly behind them.

ANGEL

Where is it?

THOMAS

It's in the glove-box.

ANGEL

Take it out.

Thomas slowly opens the door.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

One wrong move and I blow your brains out right here, right now, Gringo. *Comprende?*

THOMAS

I never thought I'd hear that twice in one day-

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Thomas opens the glove-box and retrieves the BAG OF DRUGS inside. He hands it over to Goon #2 who looks to Vincent.

VINCENT

(to Goon)  
*Probarlo...*

Thomas watches anxiously as the Goon opens up the baggie and licks his finger. He dabs it in the powder and brushes the residue along the inside of his gums.

He pauses for a moment, letting the dopamine rush through to his brain. He looks up at Vincent and nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(to Goon)  
Take it inside and have it weighed. I want to know if there's anything missing.

THOMAS

There won't be. I told you I have nothing to gain from this.

VINCENT

Don't get upset, Thomas. You've done very well, but in my line of work one can never be too careful.  
(beat)  
Now why don't you show me your little "situation"...

**INT. THOMAS' CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The trunk opens, we are staring up at Thomas, Vincent and Angel from inside the trunk.

VINCENT

Ah.

Now to their POV looking down into the trunk which now contains JAVIER'S body on top of the mess of DISMEMBERED LIMBS from Thomas' first victim.

Angel catches a glimpse of the drug mule's SEVERED HEAD, it seems to fill him with a seething anger.

Goon #2 returns, Vincent turns to him.

GOON

*Todo està ahì.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Well, Thomas, seems you are indeed  
a man of your word.

(puts his arm around  
Thomas)

Why don't we go inside and discuss  
how you ever managed to get  
yourself into such a mess...

(to Angel)

Take the bodies to the shed.

Angel watches on in a silent rage as Vincent leads Thomas  
back into the house.

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A SMALL TEAM finishes cleaning up the crime scene on the  
side of the road. OFFICER MORGAN'S REMAINS are zipped up  
in a black body-bag and wheeled away into an ambulance.

Officer Mills stands and talks to the FORENSICS TEAM.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Officer Hanna sits in his cruiser scanning through data  
on his dash-computer. Suddenly his WALKIE goes off-

MILLS (O.S.)

(over radio)

Hey Hanna-

Hanna grabs his walkie, his eyes stay fixed on the screen  
in front of him.

HANNA

Yeah, go-

MILLS (O.S.)

(over radio)

You're gonna wanna come see  
this...

Hanna looks up from the screen.

**EXT. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER**

Mills walks Hanna along the tracks leading towards the  
edge of the hill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILLS

There's a whole set of tire tracks out here belonging to our "mystery car"...which lead straight to-

They arrive at the top of the hill and look down. A crew of FIREMEN are cleaning up the smoldering wreckage down at the bottom.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Now that truck there matches every description we've been given of them Mexican dope-running trucks Chief's been goin' crazy about these past few weeks.

HANNA

When am I supposed to suspend my disbelief, Mills-

MILLS

Our guys just found a *whole lotta* blood down there with no other body in sight.

Hanna thinks about this.

HANNA

It wasn't Morgan's?

MILLS

Nope. Forensics said it wasn't a match. On top of that, Morgan called in a homicide before he was killed and then *this* whole circus act went down.

HANNA

So...there should be *two* bodies here?

MILLS

...but all we have is Morgan's and a whole lot of someone else's blood.

Beat.

HANNA

What the hell did we just stumble onto?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILLS

I don't know, but it sounds like the damn *jackpot* to me. For starters we have a Cop killer *and* a dope-runner...I mean, who knows how far this goes.

(beat)

This is the kind of thing they hand out medals for, Hanna.

Hanna takes this in.

HANNA

...I think you should see what I got back at the car.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER**

Hanna and Mills sit in the cruiser, gathered around the dash-computer.

HANNA

So I pulled up our recently deceased colleague's dash-cam footage and-

Mills hits the keyboard and a SCREENSHOT of THOMAS' CAR pops up on the screen.

MILLS

(entranced)

Well, heelloooo beautiful. Now, I'd think a nice piece like that would have some sort of lo-jack system installed on it.

HANNA

As did I. I ran the plates through the database and sure enough the car has a recovery system installed.

MILLS

So...who is he?

Hanna punches a few buttons and Thomas' DRIVER'S LICENSE comes up on screen.

MILLS (CONT'D)

(reading off the screen)

Thomas O'Mally...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILLS (CONT'D)

(reading the address)

He sure drove a pretty mile to get all the way out here. Must've been in quite a hurry to skip town.

HANNA

Sure was. But as of three minutes ago that car is parked just twenty miles up the highway...

MILLS

Huh...

Hanna looks at Mills.

HANNA

Huh? I know *exactly* what "huh" means Mills and the only reason I'm even considerin' it is because I know that even if I say no you're gonna go off and get yourself killed like a goddamn idiot.

MILLS

You're damn right I will.

Beat.

MILLS (CONT'D)

So?

HANNA

(sighs)

...Did you bring the big guns?

MILLS

Got em' both in the back.

Hanna looks out the window, contemplating. Mills watches him like a dog watches an owner with a tennis ball in his hand.

HANNA

Screw it, lets go bag the son of a bitch.

MILLS

There's my partner!

Hanna turns the key in the ignition and the cruiser ROARS to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILLS (CONT'D)

It's a funny thing though...

HANNA

What's that?

MILLS

(looking at the  
screen)He really don't look like all  
that.

The two stare at Thomas' photo on his license. He's grinning like a moron.

HANNA

(sighs)

...How many times I gotta keep  
tellin' you, Mills-

MILLS

Yeah, yeah, "I watch wayyy too  
many movies"--punch that shit-

Hanna hits the gas and fishtails the cruiser back onto the road. The car speeds off down the highway and we-

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE - NIGHT**

Thomas sits at a beautiful circular wooden table across from Vincent and another associate, this is ENRIQUE, 40s.

Vincent and Enrique each have a glass of tequila in front of them.

They watch as Thomas' recounts the chain of events that brought him here-

THOMAS

(in mid sentence)

-so I tried telling him to stop, but he didn't. I even threw the bag at him but he just *wouldn't stop coming at me*. So I took the gun, which by the way, I've never even *held* a real gun before, and I tried firing a warning shot--you know--just to get him to stop. But the gun *kicked* so hard that I ended up--well yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vincent and Enrique stare blankly at Thomas.

VINCENT

So...what you're saying is that  
this whole thing was all one  
big...*mistake*?

THOMAS

Yes. That's exactly what I'm  
saying.

Vincent leans back and pours himself another serving of  
tequila, still at a loss for words.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you not believe me?

Beat.

ENRIQUE

...I just can't believe you told  
your wife you hit someone's *pet*  
*coyote*!

Enrique and Vincent both break out LAUGHING. Thomas  
stares at the two, not nearly as amused.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

(still laughing)  
I mean, seriously, who the *fuck*  
would have a pet coyote??

THOMAS

(quietly)  
Yeah...that's actually exactly  
what she said.

ENRIQUE

What did you expect her to say,  
*cabròn*?? You're lucky she didn't  
call your gringo-ass out right  
then and there!

VINCENT

A man should never lie to his  
wife, Thomas...where I come from  
lying to your woman is said to  
bring terrible luck upon the  
husband. Which in all honesty,  
till I met you I always believed  
was a bunch of bullshit. But  
you've made a truly undeniable  
case here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ENRIQUE

(drunken epiphany)  
*Chupa*, you're right. We can still help him though-

THOMAS

What?

ENRIQUE

There's coyotes crawling all over this place-

Enrique turns to GOON who's standing guard in the doorway. He snaps his fingers at him.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

*Cupo! Ve a buscar a un coyote en algún lugar y lo puso en el coche del señor O'Mally antes de irse. Àndele!*

Goon turns and heads for the door.

THOMAS

Oh--no, hey, whatever he just said--you really don't need to do that-

But Goon is already out the door.

ENRIQUE

Ah, let him go. Poor guy can't even find his way around a circle if he tried. He'll be fine.

Enrique gets up and walks to the bar. Vincent takes out a cigar and begins to light it.

VINCENT

I must say, Thomas. That is quite a story you have there.

THOMAS

Yeah...well, I'm sure someone like you has probably heard a lot worse than that.

Vincent takes a long drag of his cigar, Thomas worries he may have said something wrong.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that in a bad way or anything--I just meant that-- someone in your...line of work has probably done a lot of-

Vincent blows out a steady stream of smoke.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

-nevermind.

VINCENT

You know...people always look at me and see a bad man. An *evil* man.

THOMAS

Oh, no, no--see that's exactly not what I was saying.

VINCENT

(assuring)

It's fine, Thomas. You're right. I have done some truly terrible things in my life. But you know what? After listening to your story...about your job and your promotion and that--asshole--Dick Stevens-

THOMAS

Rick Stevens.

VINCENT

Yes, Rick Stevens...who by the way, if it means that much to you I could always have removed from the equation.

THOMAS

No. You should not "remove" him from the equation. Please do not do that.

VINCENT

Anyway, you know what I realized after hearing all of that?

THOMAS

What?

VINCENT

I realized that with everything I've done, good or bad...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

at least I never lied to myself  
about who I am.

(beat)

I look at you, Thomas, and  
everyone else out there, and I see  
an entire species trapped in a  
world created by those who sit  
above you...trying to sell you  
their idea of success. Their idea  
of happiness. And you all become  
so *obsessed* with the pursuit of  
this idea that somewhere in  
between chasing your "year end  
bonus" and your "two week  
vacations"...you lose what it  
means to be *you*. To be an  
individual with his own thoughts  
and his own desires.

(beat)

You buy into this system and tell  
yourself "if only I had *this* job,  
if only I made *that* much money, if  
only I drove *that* car and had *that*  
house with *that* wife, THEN I'd be  
happy"...but you never will be.  
You know why?

Thomas has clearly been moved by this.

THOMAS

Why?...

VINCENT

Because you were busy fighting for  
someone else's idea of happiness  
in the first place.

(beat)

Life is a short and meaningless  
endeavor, Thomas. If we truly are  
just here to be pissed on, I'd  
rather be the one holding the cock  
in my hand.

Thomas is speechless. Suddenly a quiet voice is heard  
from behind the table.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Papi?*

Thomas turns around to see a LITTLE GIRL, 7, standing  
behind him in her nightgown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VINCENT

*Ai, mi amor-*

Vincent rises from the table and walks over to his DAUGHTER. He gently picks her up as she rubs the sleep from her eyes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What are you doing up so late? Did you have a bad dream?

GIRL

No...you never came to tuck me in.

VINCENT

*Ai--you're right, how could I forget...let's go fix this right away.*

Thomas gets up, Vincent throws him a wink as his daughter puts her arms around his neck.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Well my friend, this is where we say goodbye. Enrique will get your car cleaned up so you can go back home to your wife and wash your hands of this. I'm throwing in a little something extra for your troubles...and because I like you.

Enrique walks up behind Thomas and hands him a STUFFED WHITE ENVELOPE. Thomas hesitates but Enrique gives him an assured nod.

He takes it and opens the envelope...it's full of COLD HARD CASH.

THOMAS

Oh--Mister Gallardo--I can't accept this-

VINCENT

It's fine Thomas, you don't owe me anything for that. But I hope this evening has been a lesson for you. Because it certainly has been for me.

Thomas rises and offers his hand.

THOMAS

...thank you Señor Gallardo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Vincent shakes it firmly.

VINCENT

Thomas, Señor Gallardo was my drunk, abusive father. So for the last time... call me Vincent.

THOMAS

Thank you, Vincent.

Vincent turns to leave, his daughter is now fast asleep in his arms.

VINCENT

(as he walks away)

You can stay in the guest bedroom if you'd like. It's almost morning anyway-

Thomas watches him as he turns the corner and disappears.

**EXT. DESERT - DAWN**

The first pale streaks of blue light have begun to break over the mountains on the horizon.

A herd of CATTLE graze leisurely on a small patch of green outside a ranch. One of the cows slowly looks up as a lone HIGHWAY PATROL CAR **BLASTS** down the empty highway towards the rising sun.

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE, GUEST ROOM - DAWN**

Thomas stands in front of a window watching the first beams of light begin to vanquish the never-ending night.

He turns away and sits down at the table by the window. The WHITE ENVELOPE sits opened with the LARGE STACK OF BILLS poking out of the crease.

Thomas takes the stack and flips through the thick bundle of cash, but it doesn't seem to bring him much comfort. He tosses it back down on the table.

A loud KNOCK on the door startles Thomas out of his trance. He sits still, waiting to see if the knocking returns. It does.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL (O.S.)  
It's Angel, open the door.

Beat.

THOMAS  
Is something wrong?

ANGEL  
Señor Gallardo asked me to check  
on you before you go. Open the  
door.

Thomas is slightly hesitant but cracks the door open.  
Angel forcibly SHOVES his way in and closes the door  
behind him.

ANGEL  
What took you so long?

THOMAS  
I--was on the other side of the  
room. Is there something I can  
help you with?--

Angel PUNCHES Thomas SQUARE IN THE FACE, leveling him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
(grabbing at his  
nose)  
Ah, fuck!

Angel GRABS him by the collar and DRAGS HIM across the  
room. He sits Thomas down in a chair and quickly whips  
out a SWITCHBLADE.

He takes the cold steel edge and plants it firmly on  
Thomas' jugular.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
JESUS--what the hell are you  
doing??

Angel SLAPS Thomas across the face.

ANGEL  
One more peep out of you and I'll  
slice your fucking throat. Who are  
you?

THOMAS  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Angel slaps him again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

OW!

ANGEL

...Who the fuck are you?

THOMAS

I'm--I'm Thomas O'Mally-

Another backhand to the face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ah--god STOP!

Angel furiously shoves his finger in Thomas' face.

ANGEL

Don't give me that "Thomas O'Mally" bullshit. Who are you working for? DEA? FBI?

THOMAS

FBI? I have no idea what you're fucking talking about, man! I don't work for anybody! I'm a fucking corporate lawyer!

Angel shoves Thomas backwards and brings him down to the floor. He gets on top of him and covers his mouth with one hand while taking the switchblade in the other and SLICING a LONG CUT down Thomas' cheek.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

GAHHHH-

Thomas' screams are muffled by Angel's firm hand.

ANGEL

Shhhhhhh-be quiet. BE QUIET.

Thomas stops screaming, his body is heaving up and down with every breath.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Now, I'm gonna ask you one last time...and if you lie to me again you will die on this carpet drowning in your own blood.

(beat)

Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Thomas nods, Angel removes his hand.

THOMAS

(gasping for air)  
 --I'm not--lying to you--my name  
 is Thomas O'Mally--I'm a corporate  
fucking lawyer. I live in  
 Columbus, New Mexico--I have a  
 wife named Karen--she's six months  
 pregnant right now--please...

Angel slowly loosens his grip, it's clear that Thomas  
 isn't lying. He gets up and sits on the bed.

ANGEL

How the fuck did you get involved  
 in all this?

THOMAS

(hesitant)  
 ...I-

ANGEL

(warning)  
 The truth.

THOMAS

Last night I was on my way home  
 from dinner...I had a few drinks  
 so I was driving the back-roads. I  
 closed my eyes for one second and  
 the next thing I know I crashed  
 into this guy standing in the  
 middle of the fucking road...

Angel processes this information.

ANGEL

A man?

Thomas nods.

ANGEL

Did you kill him?

THOMAS

(guilty)  
 Yes--but it was a complete  
accident. I didn't even see him  
 standing there, he came out of  
 nowhere.

Angel stares blankly at Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGEL

How did you find the drugs?

THOMAS

I...

(remembering)

oh god-

ANGEL

SPEAK, Thomas.

THOMAS

...I had to...cut up the body so I could try and--get rid of him. I found the drugs in his stomach by accident.

Beat.

ANGEL

There was a tracking device in the bag.

THOMAS

Yes. As soon as I found it I tried to get it as far away as possible-

ANGEL

And Javier, you killed him too?

THOMAS

Well--yes, but also a complete accident, I swear to god.

ANGEL

(seething)

So...after killing two people you cut a deal with a druglord and brought the bodies here to his home to be disposed of. Do I have this right so far?

THOMAS

(shameful)

Yes.

Angel gets up from the bed and starts pacing back and forth.

THOMAS

Look, I've had a really long night, can I just go-

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

Angel turns around and lands another punch on Thomas  
SQUARE IN THE MOUTH.

THOMAS

(reeling)  
AH--GOD DAMN IT!

ANGEL

SHUT THE FUCK UP. Now it's time  
for you to ask me a question, you  
little fucking shit. Ask me who I  
am.

THOMAS

(holding his face)  
...who are you?

ANGEL

My name is Miguel Hernandez.

THOMAS

Miguel Hernandez? But I thought-

Angel waits for Thomas to piece it together.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(realizing)  
Wait--you're a--you're a *narc*?

ANGEL

Excellent work inspector fucking  
gadget. Now ask me who the man in  
your trunk was.

THOMAS

Oh...fuck...

ANGEL

Oh fuck is right, motherfucker, oh  
fuck don't even begin to describe  
the HALF of it.

Angel settles in and gets right in Thomas' face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

The man in your trunk just so  
happened to be my partner AND my  
best friend. He was supposed to  
deliver a shipment tonight which  
would've let us put Vincent away  
for life...but he never made it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Not until two hours ago when I saw  
him CHOPPED UP INTO LITTLE PIECES  
IN YOUR FUCKING TRUNK-

THOMAS

(starting to dry  
heave)

Oh god, I'm gonna be sick-

ANGEL

I've given up FOUR YEARS of my  
life trying to put that monster  
behind bars. If you knew what I've  
been through that sick little head  
of yours would be spinning faster  
than whatever piece-of-shit Black  
and Decker handsaw you used to  
turn my partner into a FUCKING  
JIGSAW PUZZLE!

THOMAS

Jesus, oh god--I'm sorry--I'm so  
sorry-

Angel leans down and looks Thomas right in the eye.

ANGEL

No you're not. You killed a man  
and then spent the night running  
around like a little fucking rat  
trying to get away with it.

(beat)

You're not sorry...not yet.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAWN**

A POLICE CRUISER drives down the same dirt road Thomas'  
drove down a few hours ago.

**INT/EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Hanna and Mills scope out the surrounding area.

HANNA

Shit. These are all private  
ranches, Mills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILLS

We are dealing with a cop killer  
AND a double homicide suspect  
here, Hanna. I don't think Chief  
would mind us not waiting three  
days to file a search warrant.

Hanna accepts Mill's logic. He looks around, still no  
sign of the white BMW.

HANNA

What's it say?

MILLS

(reading the GPS)  
We're close...another mile up this  
road.

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE, GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas watches Angel pacing about.

THOMAS

I'm not sure I understand what  
you're saying.

ANGEL

What I'm saying, you fuck, is that  
the way I see it you just got away  
with murder.

THOMAS

I just told you, it was an  
*accident-*

Angel pulls out his HANDGUN and points it right at  
Thomas.

ANGEL

DON'T! *Don't* you EVER say that to  
me again. From now on you shut  
your mouth and listen. Nod if you  
understand.

Thomas nods.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Good. Now, the second you get in  
that car and drive away, you're a  
free man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Meanwhile what's left of my partner is being used as slop for the fucking pigs out there and my entire operation has been compromised. *Does that sound right to you?*

Thomas can't bring himself to speak.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Now, being a representative of the law in this country, it is my duty to make sure that you answer for what you've done. And that is exactly what I intend to do, Thomas...

Thomas finally realizes there is no running away from this.

THOMAS

You're right. I give up...you can take me in.

ANGEL

Oh, no, no, no. You're not going anywhere, Mr. O'Mally.

THOMAS

What?

ANGEL

Vincent knows this was a set up, As soon as you leave here I'm as good as dead.

(beat)

If I'm going down then I'll go down fighting...but I sure as shit won't be going alone.

Thomas gets up and backs away from Angel.

THOMAS

Whoa-whoa, hold on. I said you could take me in, like--to stand trial in front of a judge and jury-

Angel slowly stalks towards Thomas.

ANGEL

Oh, you'll stand trial, but we're in my courthouse now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

And in my courthouse I'm the judge  
AND the jury. And based on the  
evidence placed before the court  
this evening, the jury have found  
the defendant guilty. And the  
punishment?

Thomas swallows in fear.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Death. By a Mexican firing squad.

**EXT. GALLARDO RANCH - CONTINUOUS**

Mills and Hanna pull up just outside the gate to the  
estate.

**INT/EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

They spot the WHITE BMW parked out front.

MILLS

Sweet mother of Christ, there it  
is...

GOON enters frame CARRYING SOMETHING towards the vehicle.

MILLS

Is that him?

HANNA

No, but whoever that is he  
definitely don't look like the  
friendly type.

Hanna turns to Mills.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Get the big guns ready-

Mills reaches back over and lifts the backseats to reveal  
TWO AR-15 SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

Meanwhile, Hanna watches Goon place whatever it is he's  
carrying into Thomas' trunk.

HANNA

What the hell do you suppose he's  
got there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILLS  
 (turning around)  
 Huh?-

Mills accidentally BUMPS the STEERING WHEEL with his ELBOW, setting off the HORN which gives out an abrupt HONK!

MILLS  
 Shit!-

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Goon turns around, startled by the noise. He spots the CRUISER parked just beyond the gate.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Mills and Hanna sit frozen, watching Goon. He looks like a wild animal suddenly made aware of an intruder.

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Goon slowly starts walking towards the gate.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Hanna and Mills POV of Goon stalking towards them.

HANNA  
 Whoa now, what the hell you doin',  
 boy-

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Goon reaches into his jacket and pulls out a FULLY AUTOMATIC GLOCK 18C HANDGUN and points it RIGHT AT THE CRUISER.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

MILLS  
 Oh FUCK-

HANNA  
 GET DOWN!

**INT/EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Goon UNLOADS on the gate and the cruiser. THIRTY TWO BULLETS come spewing out of his hand EVERY SECOND.

Lead PEPPERS the car, bullet holes blast into the windshield as Hanna and Mills take cover.

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE, GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Angel comes to a halt as he hears the gunfire going off outside.

THOMAS

What the hell is that??

Angel moves quickly towards the window and pulls down the blinds. He can see GOON outside walking towards the gate, unloading on the POLICE CRUISER just beyond it.

ANGEL

You gotta be fucking shitting me-

**INT/EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Goon finishes unloading the magazine.

HANNA

He's reloading!

MILLS

PUNCH IT!

Hanna starts the car and SLAMS the gear into drive. He PUNCHES THE GAS and sends the cruiser HURTLING TOWARDS THE GATE.

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

The cruiser SLAMS THROUGH THE GATE at full speed knocking it clean off it's hinges.

Goon finally finishes reloading. He stands his ground and manages to get a quick burst off before the cruiser SLAMS INTO HIM and SENDS HIM FLYING.

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE, GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas and Angel witness the collision from the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Jesus Christ!

Angel steps away from the window and takes out TWO HAND GUNS from his jacket.

ANGEL

Judgement day, gringo. Your fate is in god's hands now. I hope he gives you a swift sentence.

Angel grabs Thomas by the collar and heads for the door.

THOMAS

What are you doing??

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Angel opens the door and comes out of the guest room. He sees Enrique stumbling through the house, loading a gun of his own.

ENRIQUE

(in Spanish)

Angel! What the hell is going on?-

Angel THROWS Thomas to the ground in front of him and FIRES BOTH PISTOLS at Enrique. Both shots find their target, one to the CHEST, one to the HEAD.

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Mills and Hanna jump out of the cruiser.

HANNA

Get the AR's out here! NOW!

Hanna runs over to GOON who is crawling on the floor towards his gun. Hanna kicks the gun away from Goon, takes out his pistol and SHOOTS GOON in the head.

MILLS

Hanna, three o' clock!

Hanna looks up towards the shed and sees a GROUP OF FIVE MEXICANS emerge with guns.

He runs back towards the cruiser, firing pot-shots at them as he goes. Mills is grabbing the AR-15 rifles from the back seat.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HANNA

Get behind the car!

Mills tosses Hanna his rifle. Hanna drops his handgun and catches the AR and quickly loads his magazine. Mills finishes loading his and the two take up positions behind the hood and tail end of the car.

MILLS

Say when!

Hanna lets the Mexicans gain a little ground.

HANNA

NOW!

Hanna and Mills UNLOAD on the Mexicans. They take out the FRONT TWO, the rest of the group scatter behind cover and begin to return fire.

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the house, more FOOT-SOLDIERS continue to emerge from various rooms. Angel BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERS THEM one by one as they come into view.

Meanwhile Thomas continues to lie in the fetal position behind a large couch.

**EXT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Hanna and Mills are engaged in a full on fire-fight with the remaining Mexicans from the group.

Hanna manages to hit one IN THE NECK.

HANNA

Reloading!

Hanna ducks down behind the cruiser while Mills continues to lay down suppressive fire.

As Hanna reloads a BLAST shatters through one of the large panes of glass leading into the house.

Hanna looks up towards the house and sees VINCENT emerge from inside, dressed in a SILK ROBE brandishing a LARGE SHOTGUN.

HANNA (CONT'D)

...oh my god-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vincent cocks the shotgun then FIRES another round, BLASTING the front of the cruiser apart. The spray HITS HANNA in the arm, he screams out in pain.

MILLS

Hanna!

**INT. GALLARDO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Angel hears the shotgun blast go off and stops dead in his tracks. He looks towards the front of the house.

ANGEL

...Vincent.

**EXT. GALLARDO RANCH - CONTINUOUS**

Vincent advances on the cop cruiser.

VINCENT

*¡Cerdos de mierda!*

Vincent FIRES another shot, the spray shreds the front tire providing Hanna and Mills cover. The car heaves downwards.

Mills quickly grabs Hanna by the shirt and drags him towards the back of the car. Another shotgun blast rips through the car.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You should have known better than to come here and start trouble-

He fires off another shot, it rips into the cruiser's tail light. Mills and Hanna are pinned down. Hanna is in serious pain.

MILLS

Hang in there, partner. We're gonna get you out of here, I promise-

Another shot BLASTS into the cruiser. Vincent is almost on them.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Did you pigs forget who you're dealing with? HUH?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

*Vincente Gallardo!*

Vincent stops and looks over his shoulder to see ANGEL aiming a PISTOL RIGHT AT HIM, Thomas is on his hands and knees behind him.

Vincent slowly turns to face Angel. He smiles at him, keeping his gun level.

ANGEL

Put the gun down.

Vincent stands defiant, the gun stays aimed right at Angel.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I said put the gun down...now.

Vincent makes eye contact with Thomas, he painfully smiles at him.

VINCENT

I'm sorry it had to end like this, Thomas. I was hoping to not drag you further into this mess.

THOMAS

(emotional)

You don't have to do this, Vincent--just put the gun down and listen to him!

Vincent and Angel stay locked on each other.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Vincent, I can help you--you can work out a deal with these people. You don't have to die here.

(beat)

*Think about your daughter.*

Vincent thinks.

VINCENT

Thomas...I would rather have my daughter grow up with the memory of a man...than in the shadow of a coward.

(beat)

I'm sorry-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vincent raises the shotgun but Angel pulls the trigger and POPS one right into Vincent's heart.

Vincent stumbles back, trying to aim the shotgun but life is quickly slipping away from him.

Thomas watches in anguish as Vincent drops to his knees and then falls onto his face.

Angel takes a deep breath, he turns and aims his gun at Thomas.

THOMAS

(in tears)

W-what are you doing?

ANGEL

I changed my mind. You're a fucking lawyer. You'll probably slime your way to a mild sentence and walk away from all this clean as a fucking whistle.

(beat)

I can't live with that.

His thumb clicks back the hammer on the gun.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Besides...they got more room for you in hell than prison-

**BAM!** Thomas flinches as a bullet BLASTS THROUGH ANGEL'S HEAD FROM BEHIND.

Angel's lifeless eyes remain locked on Thomas as he falls backwards, limp as a rag doll.

Thomas looks up and sees MILLS standing behind the battered cruiser with his AR-15. He lowers the gun and advances quickly towards Thomas.

THOMAS

Wait, wait--just hold on a second-

Mills takes the butt of the rifle and SLAMS IT INTO THOMAS' FACE-

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER DARKNESS WE HEAR A DISTANT LOW HUMMING. IT SLOWLY BUILDS UNTIL WE RECOGNIZE IT AS THE CONSTANT DULL HUM OF FLUORESCENT LIGHTS.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN**

Thomas' POV as his eyes slowly open.

CLOSE ON HIS EYES. One of them is badly swollen.

Thomas looks around, he is seated in a steel chair at a steel table placed in the middle of an empty room.

His hands are HANDCUFFED to the arms of the seat.

The walls are covered in monochromatic tiles. To the right is a LARGE ONE-WAY MIRROR. On the opposite wall in front of him is a BIG METAL DOOR.

The incessant humming from the lights is becoming overwhelming. Thomas tries to shift his wrists in the handcuffs but as he does he hears the sound of a door being opened deep within the walls.

He looks up at the door in front of him. He hears the echoing sound of ANOTHER door begin opened. Now he can hear a number of footsteps approaching.

The sound of yet ANOTHER DOOR opening is heard. The footsteps get louder till they reach ANOTHER DOOR that is opened.

Finally the door leading into the room OPENS.

A MAN dressed in ALL BLACK TACTICAL GEAR walks in and holds the door open. Moments later TWO OLDER LOOKING MEN dressed in suits walk through.

One of the men is carrying a STAINLESS STEEL SUITCASE. The two sit down at the table across from Thomas. The man with the suitcase sets it down on the table and calmly begins to open it.

This is SIMMONS, LATE 50s. His eyes quickly scan over the paperwork he has removed from the suitcase.

Thomas sits there with his mouth hanging open as if he's perpetually about to ask a question.

The SECOND MAN sits just a little further back from Simmons. He stares right at Thomas, saying nothing.

SIMMONS  
(still looking down  
at the paperwork)  
So...you are Thomas O'Mally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a few moments, Simmons realizes that Thomas isn't responding and looks up at him.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Is that correct?

THOMAS

(unsure)

Yes...

Simmons shifts into a much more amicable tone.

SIMMONS

Very good. I'm Deputy Administra-

Simmons notices that Thomas is handcuffed.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Jesus--can someone please get rid of the handcuffs?

Simmons looks around and waves the guard in the tactical gear over. The man takes out a set of keys and begins to take off the handcuffs.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

(while the guard  
removes the cuffs)

We had to put those on so you'd stop falling out of the chair...completely unnecessary now as long as you remain compliant.

The guard removes the second cuff. Thomas looks at Simmons confused.

THOMAS

Where am I?

SIMMONS

Well, as I was saying, I'm Deputy Administrator Simmons.

(motioning to the  
second man)

This is Mr. Radney, he's here on behalf of the office of professional conduct. We're with the United States drug enforcement administration.

Thomas looks at Mr. Radney who still hasn't broken eye contact or said anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

You're DEA?

SIMMONS

Yes, you clearly have an  
impeccable ability for deductive  
reasoning, Mr. O' Mally,  
congratulations.

(beat)

Now...I need you to tell me why  
you think we have you in custody,  
and please-

Simmons takes out a TAPE RECORDER places it in the middle  
of the table and hits RECORD.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

-don't lie. Things will be much  
easier on both of us if you just  
tell us what really happened.

Thomas looks down at the table, at this point he doesn't  
have any fight left in him physically or emotionally.

THOMAS

...Where do you want me to start?

SIMMONS

I think you know where to start,  
Mr. O' Mally.

Thomas lets out a deep breath. His eyes begin to water.

THOMAS

Last night... I had gone to dinner  
with my boss to celebrate some  
good news.

(beat)

It wasn't even *good news*,  
really...it was just the--  
pathetic, *potential* of good news.  
We both had a few drinks and then  
after dinner I--I decided to drive  
home...

Thomas is getting animated, speaking almost to himself.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Which, looking back was *so stupid*  
because I only did it to try and  
impress this fucking guy who at  
the end of the day is just a giant  
narcissistic asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Simmons and Radney watch on unaffected. An entire night along with a decade of pent up emotions now begin to breach the surface.

THOMAS

On the drive home... I had just finished talking to my wife, Karen, when I...

(starting to get emotional)

...I hit someone. I looked up and...there he was...just standing in the middle of the road with his hands up in the air...

(motions with his hands)

...almost like he was trying to--stop me or--warn me about something?

(beat)

I didn't even have enough time to hit the brakes, I just *smashed* into him going full speed...and I killed him. It was an accident but...*I killed him.*

(beat)

I got out of the car and went over to him, he looked like...some--hobo, a nobody. Some guy who no one would ever notice was gone.

(beat)

And that's when I decided to try and get away with it.

(beat)

I tried to get away with *murder*...and for what? So that I could go back and live my perfect little life and fight for some--*promotion?*

(beat)

I sold my soul for a pile of meaningless *bullshit*. So I could go on living some life I bought out of a fucking "*Better Living*" magazine?

(beat)

I'm done trying to pretend that everything can go back to the way it was, because it can't. I can't change what happened, I can't take back what I did...but maybe I'm not supposed to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I can still change who I am--who I  
am *going to be*.

(beat)

But it starts with accepting the  
consequences of my actions. So...  
let's just get this over with.

Simmons and Radney stare dumbfounded at Thomas.

SIMMONS

Huh-

Simmons reaches over to the tape and stops the recording.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

...that was far more information  
than we needed from you, Mr.  
O'Mally. Though I suppose your  
honesty is something to be  
appreciated in this day and age.

Simmons removes a form from his suitcase and slides it  
over to Thomas along with a pen.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Now that we're all on the same  
page, if you could quickly read  
through that there and sign at the  
bottom we can all--wash our hands  
of this and be on our way.

Thomas stares at the document, confused.

THOMAS

...what is this?

SIMMONS

It's a confidentiality agreement.

THOMAS

What for? I just confessed to you-

SIMMONS

Yes. But as you said yourself,  
this was an accident. So if you  
just sign right there at the  
bottom agreeing to never disclose  
or openly discuss any of the  
events you witnessed last night or  
this morning then we have nothing  
left to discuss Mr. O'Mally.

Thomas' mouth is hanging open again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

...and if you don't mind, we are in a bit of a rush here.

THOMAS

Did you not hear a word of what I just said? I killed a man. For god's sake I killed one of your operatives!

Simmons starts to pack up the suitcase.

SIMMONS

Mr. O'Mally, these sort of mistakes happen all the time. We can't hold civilians accountable for getting tangled in our rather sizeable web. Agent McCoy should never have been there for you to hit in the first place. At the end of the day our operation was still a success and no one got hurt.

THOMAS

(livid)

*No one got hurt?* I just watched more people die in one night than I've known in my entire life! I killed two people! I don't want to just wash my hands of this! This happened to me for a reason, don't you understand?!

Beat.

SIMMONS

I understand your frustration, Mr. O'Mally...but I'm afraid I just can't reconcile that one for you.

Thomas stares at him bewildered. Simmons picks up the suitcase.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

Now--if you'll excuse me, I have a nine o'clock to get to. I'll leave you in the very capable hands of Mr. Radney.

(turns to leave)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Oh, and we have your vehicle waiting for you outside as soon as you sign the form there. Good luck to you, Mr. O'Mally.

The guard opens the door for Simmons who quickly leaves the room.

Thomas is left sitting in front of Mr. Radney who still hasn't moved a single facial muscle.

As the door slowly slams shut we-

CUT TO:

**INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING**

Thomas stands in front of a clerk's desk watching an OVERWEIGHT MAN type information into a computer. Thomas' demeanor looks like that of a man who has lost the will to live.

The clerk studies Thomas' outfit as he types.

CLERK

Looks like someone could'a used the day off, huh?

Thomas stares at the man blankly. The clerk starts laughing.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Shoot, I had me some crazy nights in my time too, brother, let me tell you. I wasn' always sittin' behind a desk like this. But when the bull bucks ye off ye just gotta get right back on, am I right, my friend?

Thomas looks like he might be suffering some sort of aneurysm. The clerk doesn't seem to notice.

CLERK (CONT'D)

All right then, Mr. O'Mally, looks like everything checks out. Let me just get yer keys fer ya.

The clerk swivels his large body around, he opens a lock box and takes out Thomas' keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK (CONT'D)

Now Ernesto, said there was some sorta awful stink comin' from the back...ye might wanna check her out before you take off. Make sure nothin' crawled up n' died back there.

**EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Thomas slowly shuffles across the parking lot towards his car, which at this point looks almost as bad as he does.

He walks around to the trunk and stands for a moment staring at it in silence. There is definitely an undeniable odor in the air around it.

Thomas pushes down on his keyless entry and the trunk slowly opens to reveal a DEAD COYOTE WITH A COLLAR lying in the trunk-bed.

Thomas just stands there and stares at it.

**INT/EXT. THOMAS' CAR - DAY**

Thomas drives his car down the street, still in a daze.

RADIO

*You have thirty seven unheard messages...*

**BEEP!**

KAREN (O.S.)

(through the radio)

*Thomas, this is not funny anymore!  
Phil just came over here crying  
about how he's sorry that he threw  
up on your car or something?-*

Phil's voice can be heard in the background of the message.

PHIL (O.S.)

(through the radio)

*TOM I'M SORRY! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!!*

KAREN (O.S.)

(through the radio)

*PHIL, GO HOME!*

(back to Thomas)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Thomas you need to get your ass  
back here and take care of this  
RIGHT NOW-*

Thomas hits the skip button.

RADIO (O.S.)

*Next message-*

CLINT (O.S.)

*(through the radio)*

*Thomas, where are you, we have a  
meeting in the conference room in  
one hour. Christ, I thought you  
could handle a few drinks on a  
weeknight, remind me to buy you a  
little pink dress to go with those  
precious little pigtails of yours-*

RADIO (O.S.)

*Next message-*

RICK (O.S.)

*(through the radio)*

*Tom, it's Rick Stevens. Look, I  
got the call from Clint this  
morning. Sounds like you two had  
one hell of a dinner. I just  
wanted to call and say...I respect  
you as a co-worker and--regardless  
of who ends up making partner, I'm  
looking forward to working with  
you either way.*

*(beat)*

*Oh and by the way, just in case it  
ends up being you, I've totally  
been porking Karen for the last  
three weeks. And if it's not--well  
then--sorry about that buddy. See  
you at work-*

Thomas turns off the radio. He comes to a stop at a red light.

Thomas looks to his left and sees a haggard OLD MAN sitting on a bus bench across the street. The man's head is leaned up at the sky, his mouth hangs wide open, his eyes stare blankly into the blazing sun.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Thomas walks through the halls of the law firm. As he approaches his office his SECRETARY sees him, her eyes go wide.

SECRETARY

Mr. O'Mally?

Thomas shuffles past her like a zombie and walks into his office.

**INT. THOMAS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Thomas sits in his chair staring at the wall. His secretary walks in.

SECRETARY

Mr. O'Mally-

He slowly looks up at her.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

...they're all waiting for you in the conference room.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Thomas' secretary leads him down the hall towards the big double doors leading into the conference room. She stops and KNOCKS on the door. After a moment she motions for him to go inside.

Thomas opens the door-

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-and walks in.

**POP!**

A CHAMPAGNE CORK goes flying as THE ENTIRE FIRM EMERGES from around the room.

GROUP

**SURPRISE!!!!**

Thomas looks up and sees a LARGE BANNER hanging in front of him that reads: "CONGRATULATIONS THOMAS!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone jumps up and down and applauds Thomas, no one seems to notice that he looks like an extra from THE WALKING DEAD.

CLINT and KAREN make their way over. Karen jumps up and wraps her arms around him.

KAREN  
(ecstatic)  
I'm so proud of you, baby!!

Karen forces a big wet kiss on him, but Thomas is still utterly bewildered by the scene taking place all around him.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You had me worried sick last night, but after Clint told me the news I knew everything was going to be all right! I love you!!

The office applauds and cheers enthusiastically. She tries to plant another kiss but Thomas pulls away.

THOMAS  
What the hell is going on?

Clint forces a glass of champagne into Thomas' hand-

CLINT  
Congratulations, my little girl scout. The position is yours, signed, sealed and delivered.

Clint clinks glasses with Thomas and starts to down his champagne.

THOMAS  
Where's Rick?

Clint almost chokes on his champagne-

CLINT  
(loudly to Thomas  
over the chaos)  
--I almost forgot! They just found Rick *dead* in his condo with enough illegal drugs to feed half of Mexico! Who would've known??

KAREN  
What???

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clint lets out a MANIACAL LAUGH and then slaps Thomas' back.

CLINT  
I told you he was a douchebag  
didn't I, O'Mally??

Karen begins to WEEP hysterically.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
Christ, Karen, get a hold of  
yourself-

Karen continues to sob but her cries are lost in the joyous celebrations. Clint lifts his glass to the entire office.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
(toasting)  
To Thomas!

GROUP  
*TO THOMAS!!!!*

Everyone cheers and dances around and spraying champagne on each other in the background like a bunch of lunatics.

Clint puts his arm around Thomas and then kicks his head back and HOWLS LIKE A WOLF.

The song "Tell All the People" by THE DOORS begins to play as the camera slowly pushes in on Thomas' BLANK STARE until we-

SMASH TO BLACK.

**BUMP**