

Broken

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EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - 2007

Rain drips miserably down from the cloud-darkened sky. RYAN (19), a slim, dark-haired, edgy man-boy, is walking down an empty, dimly-lit, city street. He's dressed in an expensive, button-down shirt, his thin, silk tie loosened, and his jacket flung over his shoulder. He is expressionless and stoic as he walks slowly down the street, soaking wet from the rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan, without expression, enters his apartment building, heads into the elevator, and goes up to his floor.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan enters his apartment, sets down his jacket and keys, and heads to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan approaches and opens the fridge. Almost robot-like, he reaches in and takes out a beer.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan is sitting on a couch in his lavish apartment, still wearing his soaking-wet clothes, beer in hand. He seems sad and alone as he leans his head back against the pillows and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - EVENING - 1998

A few boys are playing hockey in a hockey rink in the middle of a snowy field. Four boys, including MICHAEL (11), play while young RYAN (10) sits on the bench. Michael scores a goal, cheers and then glides to the edge of the ice and steps to the bench. He takes off his skates and gives them to Ryan, who gladly puts them on and joins the game.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER - 1998

Ryan and Michael are walking home. They are talking about the hockey game. The boys walk closely, shoulder to shoulder, stride for stride, Michael with a posture of confidence, Ryan slightly hunched with a somber mood. Michael is dressed warmly in the winter chill, clearly a child of privilege. Ryan wears torn jeans and an old jean-jacket, his hands tucked under his arms to fight the cold. They are clearly best friends. The boys begin to laugh then Michael jumps Ryan, tackling the younger boy into a snow bank. They begin to wrestle and laugh in the snow. Ryan grabs an armful of snow and dumps it on Michael's head.

MICHAEL

Truce, truce.

Ryan stops and they both lie back in the snow and look up at the sky.

RYAN

When I grow up, I'm going to buy a big house and a nice car. I'm going to have everything. Like you.

MICHAEL

Why do you always say that?

RYAN

Because you have everything.

MICHAEL

What's mine is yours.

RYAN

No, it's not.

MICHAEL

Yes, it is.

RYAN

(beat) I want my own stuff.

Michael has no response. They get up and the boys continue to walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING - 1998

Michael and Ryan are walking by a neighborhood house; there is a cute, young girl, KELLY (10), sitting on the front step, her chin in her hands, staring at the ground. Her parents can be heard arguing loudly, angrily from inside the house.

The boys look at her and stop. Ryan nudges Michael, who steps up in front of Kelly. Ryan stands quietly to the side as Michael talks.

MICHAEL
Hi, I'm Michael.

KELLY
Hey.

Kelly looks inquisitively at Ryan.

MICHAEL
This is Ryan.

KELLY
Hi, I'm Kelly.

Michael looks over her shoulder at her house as a large crash is heard from inside.

MICHAEL
Is that your parents?

Kelly's parents can be seen through the front window, her father grabs her mother's arm and pulls her toward him.

KELLY
They're not my parents.

Kelly stands up and begins walking. Michael jogs after her.

MICHAEL
Where are you going?

KELLY
Anywhere but here.

MICHAEL
Hey, that's where we're going too.

KELLY
Then come on.

Michael matches his steps to hers. After a moment, she stops and turns around to see Ryan still standing on the sidewalk.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You too, Ryan. Let's get out of here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 2007

Ryan takes a long swig off his beer and sits back. As the raindrops dance against the window, Ryan cups his face in his hands, then he massages his face, falls back into the couch, and stares into the void.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KELLY'S STREET - AFTERNOON - 1998

Ryan is walking home alone. A patrol car drives by him, lights and sirens going. It pulls into a driveway a few houses up, next to an ambulance and another police car. Ryan quickens his pace and darts under the yellow tape strung up around Kelly's house.

He heads toward the front door, only to be stopped by the front door opening. The coroner is wheeling out a gurney with a body bag on top. Ryan wheels around, his eyes searching for Kelly.

He spots her, sitting alone in the back of a police cruiser. He steps up to the window and taps on the glass, Kelly turns her face toward him for a moment, there is a splatter of blood on her cheek. Her eyes are cold as she looks away. He places his hand on the glass window, but she will not look at him.

Suddenly, a car careens into the lot and screeches to a halt. KELLY'S MOTHER (30s) leaps out of the car, panicked, and runs to the gurney. Seeing the body bag, she begins to scream. Kelly shakes and then drops her head into her hands.

KELLY'S MOTHER

What did you do! What did you do!

Ryan, overwhelmed and frightened, takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBS/CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER - 1998

Ryan continues to run. The surrounding scenery shifts from the serenity of the suburbs to gritty urban city streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT - 1998

Ryan runs through the housing projects, passing the bums and drug addicts.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT - 1998

Ryan runs into the apartment building.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S MOM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER - 1998

Ryan enters his apartment.

RYAN
Mom! Mom... Mom...

Ryan walks into his tiny, decrepit apartment in search of his mother. He enters the living room, then moves along to the bedroom.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Mom! ... Mom ... Mom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RYAN'S MOM'S APARTMENT - 2000

Ryan exits the bedroom. He is now 12 years old. He proceeds into the kitchen.

RYAN
Mom! Mom... Mom...

There's a note on the stove.

INSERT - NOTE

"Hi hon, dinner is on the stove. I'm working tonight, be good... Love you, Mom"

INT. RYAN'S MOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - 2000

Ryan walks to the fridge and grabs a can of beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RYAN'S MOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 2003

Ryan exits the kitchen, now 15 years old, holding a bottle of beer in one hand and his dinner in the other. Ryan sits in his living room, alone, his face empty of emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S MOM'S APARTMENT - LATER - 2003

Ryan's mother, MARLA (29), enters the apartment. She is a worn-looking woman, still attractive, but world-weary and exhausted. She wears a waitress uniform with a short black skirt and dark tights with a small run in them. Ryan steps in from his room and glares at her.

RYAN

I need some money.

MARLA

Excuse me, how about "Hi mom, how was your day"?

RYAN

Whatever. You know what, fuck it.

MARLA

Don't talk to me like that.

Ryan shrugs and grabs his jacket off the hook.

MARLA (CONT'D)

It's a little late to be going out. Where are you going?

RYAN

Out... What do you care? You're not even around.

MARLA

Jesus Ryan, I work, to make money, for you. Don't be so ungrateful.

RYAN

Ungrateful? What's there to be grateful for? We don't have *anything!*

MARLA

I work my ass off for us.

RYAN

You're never here, you're always at work, for what... We've got fucking nothing.

MARLA

You watch your mouth, stop your bitching. I didn't ask for this.

RYAN

I never asked for this shitty
fucking life either. You want to do
something for me, fucking fix it.

MARLA

Just go if you're going to go, I
can't handle this right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - 2003

BABY BEAR (30), a large, powerful black man is violently stomping on another man's head. Behind them, half in shadow, stands another black man, ICE (30), watching Bear's work with a technical detachment. The beaten man lies nearly unconscious while Bear draws a pistol from the back of his pants and points it at the man's head. Bear is about to pull the trigger when Ryan enters the alley through a back exit of his apartment building. Bear is startled by Ryan and points the gun at him. Ryan freezes and just stares back. After a moment's stand off, Bear gestures with his empty hand.

BEAR

Come here.

Ryan walks toward Bear with his hands out and open. Bear starts when he realizes Ryan's just a kid.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Jesus, what are you, twelve?

RYAN

(cocky)

I'm fifteen.

Bear gives him a look. Ryan shrugs.

BEAR

What did you see?

RYAN

Nothing.

BEAR

Are you sure?

RYAN

Didn't see a damn thing.

Bear puts his gun in the back of his pants. The man lying in the alley moans and begins to move. Bear stomps on his head again. Bear bends down to the man, who's beaten and bleeding.

BEAR
 Today's your lucky day. But you
 know the rules. Don't ever let me
 see you again, got that.

Ryan ducks down the alley, his back to Bear.

BEAR (CONT'D)
 Where you goin'?

Ryan turns around.

RYAN
 Don't know.

BEAR
 You don't know?

RYAN
 Anywhere but here.

Bear looks at Ryan, measuring him.

BEAR
 You got a driver's license?

RYAN
 I can drive.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR GARAGE - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - DAY - 2007

We see a spare tire of a black SUV being removed from the trunk. The tire is then removed from its rim and filled with bags of cocaine. The tire is returned to the rim and put back on the SUV. Two black gym bags are loaded into the back of the SUV. A first aid kit and a folded duffel bag are placed under the back seat. LOW ANGLE as we FOLLOW a pair of legs where two black gym bags rest.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE UP on the gym bags as they are loaded into the SUV.

PULL BACK to reveal Ryan, now 19, considerably better dressed and healthy-looking, confidently working at the vehicle. Ice is nearby, watching Ryan work. Ice nods as Bear enters the garage and silently walks up behind Ryan. Ryan starts as he suddenly notices Bear's presence.

RYAN

Shit, I hate it when you do that.

Bear smiles a little, then inspects the loaded SUV.

BEAR

Good job packing.

RYAN

Thanks.

Ryan awkwardly smiles in the glow of praise.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Learned from the best.

BEAR

Don't you forget it.

RYAN

Yes, sir.

BEAR

So we're all clear?

RYAN

(nodding)
Crystal.

BEAR

Michael going with you?

RYAN

Yeah, he's coming.

BEAR

Just remember: no drinking, no drugs, no speeding. And no other guests. Just drive, drop it off, and come back. We sweet?

RYAN

Jeez Bear, we're sweet, like every other time.

Bear walks over to Ryan, placing his hands on either side of Ryan's face.

BEAR

You treat every time like the first time. You cannot get complacent. This is my business; this is the life of my wife and my kids. So you will take it as seriously as I do.

Bear lets go of Ryan's face and Ryan steps back.

RYAN

Bear, I've been with you for four years. I take this shit serious. Have I fucked up yet?

BEAR

I'm not in jail and you're still alive, so I guess not.

Ryan grins at Bear.

BEAR (CONT'D)

But there's a first time for everything.

RYAN

Well, don't worry. It's going to get done... right.

They begin to walk away; Ryan hesitates.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Bear...

BEAR

Ask me.

They stop; Ryan fidgets nervously.

RYAN

Kelly's not a guest.

BEAR

What the fuck did we just talk about?

RYAN

I know, I know, I just--

BEAR

The less people that know your business, the longer you last! No guests!

RYAN

Okay... got it. No guests.

BEAR

Good, let's go see Jimmy.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bear and Ryan walk up to an apartment and Bear knocks on the door. JIMMY (40s), a scrawny man, answers the door. He steps back silently and allows them to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bear and Ryan enter Jimmy's apartment.

JIMMY

Bear, I'm really sorry, I meant to call you.

Bear pulls a golf club out of a bag close by and gives it to Ryan. Ryan takes it, uncertain as to why. Bear enters the living area, where Jimmy's girlfriend, KATHY(20s), is sitting on the couch. Bear pulls his gun from the back of his pants and puts in on the shelf nearby. He signals for Kathy to come to him. She steps over to him unsteadily, in a drugged haze.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Bear, please! I can get the money.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear walks into the bathroom with Kathy, sitting her on the toilet. He pulls out a pair of open hand cuffs and offers them to Kathy, who blinks at him uncertainly.

BEAR

Take 'em... put 'em on.

Kathy, the haze beginning to clear and confusion setting in, hooks a cuff on one wrist.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Loop it around the sink and do the other hand.

Kathy can't quite manage. Bear leans over and clicks them on her wrist.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Now, just sit tight and I'll be back for you in a few.

Bear exits as realization dawns on Kathy's face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear enters the living room, where Ryan and Jimmy are waiting. Bear leans against the back of the sofa, arms crossed.

JIMMY

Bear, please... I swear, I'll get it.

Bear nods at Ryan. Ryan takes a soft swing and hits Jimmy across the arm. Bear shakes his head and gives Ryan a look. Ryan takes another swing, this time harder.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck - Bear, please.

Bear shakes his head again. This time, Ryan hits Jimmy really hard with the club, and Jimmy goes down with a wheeze. Ryan looks to Bear and sees the large, black man's approving nod.

In response to Bear's approval, Ryan smiles, then turns back to Jimmy and hits him again, with equal ferocity. Ryan checks with Bear. This time, seeing Bear's pleased grin, something snaps in Ryan. He hits Jimmy again and again, then drops the club and jumps on Jimmy, pounding him with fists and elbows in a fit of rage and glee.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kathy is handcuffed to the sink and crying hard, as she hears Jimmy screaming for his life. She covers her mouth so she cannot be heard.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEAR

Wow kid! That is some fierce shit!

Ryan doesn't seem to hear Bear and keeps beating Jimmy.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Ryan! Whoa, whoa! Ryan!

Bear's forceful tone snaps Ryan back to reality. He stops what he's doing and sees what he's done.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Jesus boy! Gonna have to teach you
when to leave 'em alive... Damn.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear enters the bathroom. Kathy screams, thinking that it's her turn, but Bear throws her the key to the handcuffs and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear walks over to the shelf, grabs his gun, and hands it to Ryan. Bear's face says volumes as he presses the gun into Ryan's hands. Ryan nervously takes it and admires it before placing it in the back of his pants. As Bear walks toward the front door, Ryan stares at Jimmy in disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan enters Kelly's dim apartment. Candles are burning around the living room. Ryan is shaken up by what he's just done.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

KELLY (19), grown into the beautiful young woman that her ten-year-old self hinted at, is sitting in the bathtub. Ryan strips down and joins her, kissing her passionately. Kelly lies back onto Ryan, who carefully studies his knuckles before he softly traces Kelly's body with his fingertips.

KELLY
So I've decided I'm holding you
hostage this week and we're going
to make love ten times a day.

RYAN
Ten times a day, that all?

KELLY
Oh you think you can handle that?
I'm on vacation for two weeks and I
plan on doing absolutely nothing...
but you!

Kelly laughs playfully. Obviously thinking of his upcoming run, Ryan stares at her blankly.

RYAN

Oh really.

Kelly adjusts her body and rubs against Ryan.

KELLY

You don't feel too excited.

RYAN

Of course I am, babe...

They sit quietly for a moment, Ryan running his hand up and down Kelly's arm.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Bear needs me to take a trip.

KELLY

You're kidding me! You knew this was my vacation!

RYAN

I know, babe. I know.

KELLY

Damn it, this happens every time.

RYAN

Not every time... Listen, why don't you come with me?

KELLY

Baby, you know how I feel about the Bear situation. I told you, it's bad news. I don't want to be any part of it.

RYAN

I know... but listen. This one's easy. We just drive, switch cars, and come back. Quick and easy. And we get to be together the whole week.

Ryan smiles and stares into her eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Come on, babe.

KELLY

Why can't I ever say no to you?

Ryan whoops, pumping his fist in the air and splashing water onto the floor, they laugh and begin kissing.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

Inside the clinic waiting room is filled with couches and magazines. There are a few patients in the room waiting. Ryan's mother, Marla, now 33, who bears a striking resemblance to Kelly, is amongst the others sitting in the room. Marla's posture and demeanor is more tense than the other patients. Marla becomes fixated on the portraits hanging on the wall when she's approached by the RECEPTIONIST (20s).

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Gibson.

Marla continues to stare deeply at the portrait.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Ms. Gibson...

MARLA

I'm sorry?

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor will see you now.

Marla follows the receptionist into the doctor's office.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

When Marla and the receptionist enter the office, the receptionist places Marla's file on the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Please have a seat. The doctor will be right with you.

MARLA

Thank you.

Marla ignores the receptionist and paces the room anxiously instead.

Finally the door swings open and DR. BLAKE (50s) enters the room.

DOCTOR BLAKE
Hello Marla, sorry to keep you
waiting.

MARLA
That's fine, Dr. Blake.
(beat)
I've just been bouncing off the
walls.

DOCTOR BLAKE
Well I guess I don't have to ask
how you've been doing.

The doctor pulls out his chair from his desk and sits down.

DOCTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)
Why don't you have a seat.

Marla sits in the chair directly across from him. The doctor opens the file that was placed on his desk. He looks from his notes to Marla. She is looking desperately at him.

DOCTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)
I had you come in today because we
need to discuss the results of your
tests.

MARLA
It's not good, is it?

DOCTOR BLAKE
Marla, I want you to understand
that no matter what...

MARLA
Please, Dr. Blake, you're making me
crazy!

DOCTOR BLAKE
Now Marla...

MARLA
Just tell me!

DOCTOR BLAKE
You have ovarian cancer. It's Stage
3... very progressive.

Dr. Blake stops and looks at Marla, who is sitting across from him with a good poker face.

DOCTOR BLAKE (CONT'D)

Marla, please understand. There's a lot we can do to fight this. I want to schedule you for surgery immediately. You'll need to have a full hysterectomy, and after that, we'll start you on a full round of chemotherapy.

MARLA

Chemo...

DOCTOR BLAKE

I know it sounds scary, but we have a great chance of fighting this. The statistics say...

MARLA

What about my son? What will he... my God!

DOCTOR BLAKE

Marla, we have to schedule the surgery as soon as possible.

MARLA

I can't. I can't. I can't do it. I can't do it. I, I need to leave to.. I... just need to get out of here!

DOCTOR BLAKE

Marla! We need to treat this quickly.

Marla stands up, shaking her head.

MARLA

I can't do this right now. I gotta go. I'm sorry.

Marla grabs her things and exits the room. Dr. Blake stands up to go after Marla.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Marla rushes to her car.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ryan's house is old, but clean, with minimal furnishings. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

MICHAEL (20), clean cut, is sitting at the dining table of his meticulously clean apartment. He has law books and note papers spread around him on the table, and he continues to make notes while eating a sandwich. His phone rings, and he checks the caller ID. Sighing, he sets down his sandwich and answers the phone.

MICHAEL

Hey.

RYAN

Yeah Michael, it's Ryan.

MICHAEL

How you doing?

RYAN

Good, good. You?

MICHAEL

Doin' all right. Busy with school, ya know. You?

RYAN

Tryin' to make the world a better place. You know...keeping busy.

MICHAEL

How's *that* going?

RYAN

Good, that's kinda the reason I'm calling.

MICHAEL

Ah.

They share a laugh.

RYAN

You're on school break, right?

MICHAEL

Yeah...

RYAN

I need you to make a trip with me.

MICHAEL

Ryan. I told you last time. That was it... I'm done.

RYAN

Look, I need this favor from you. You have to come! I already told Bear you were coming.

MICHAEL

Like I care about Bear.

RYAN

Forget him then. Do it for me.

MICHAEL

I don't know, Ryan... the last time.

RYAN

It'll be the last trip, I promise, Bear said this trip's my last.

MICHAEL

How long?

RYAN

Six days. Three there, three back.

MICHAEL

Ryan, I'm in law school. *Criminal law...*

RYAN

I really need you. I can't do this by myself. You're the only person I trust.

MICHAEL

I don't know, man.

RYAN

Look, you don't have to do anything. Just one last road trip with your best friend.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well...

RYAN

Did I mention there's three grand
in it for you.

MICHAEL

It's not about the money, Ryan.
(long beat)
No surprises. Just there and back.

RYAN

No surprises, I swear.

MICHAEL

Fine. But this is the last time.

RYAN

Thanks man, uh, there's one thing
you should know. Kelly is going to
come with us, and we have to keep
it quiet.

MICHAEL

Now you're gonna mix Kelly up in
this shit?

RYAN

No, she's just coming along is all.
I'll see you in a couple hours.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan hangs up the phone. He looks out the window as Marla's
car pulls into the driveway. Ryan begins to get his things
ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marla sits in the car quietly with the motor off. After a few
moments, she exits the car and makes her way toward the
house.

BACK TO:

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marla enters and notices that Ryan is about to leave.

MARLA

Going somewhere?

RYAN
Yeah, business trip.

MARLA
This business trip legal?

RYAN
Since when do you involve yourself
in my life?

Marla walks into the kitchen and sits down; she watches Ryan
pack. Ryan enters the kitchen.

MARLA
Can I talk to you.

RYAN
It's going to have to wait. I'm
back in a week or so.

Marla stares at Ryan as he exits the kitchen.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Mom, I don't need this shit.
Whatever it is, it's gonna to have
to wait.

Ryan walks away, continuing to gather his things as Marla
walks into the living room and sits down on the couch. Ryan
walks in and out of the room without speaking. Marla sits,
staring into the void. Ryan walks over and sits on the couch.

RYAN
(hesitant)
Okay talk. What is it?
(beat)
You need some money?

Marla shakes herself from her trance.

MARLA
No hon, I don't need any money.

RYAN
Well, what then?

MARLA
I just wanted to talk, see how you
were doing.

RYAN
Save it. I was here, remember? You
weren't.

MARLA

I'm real sorry you hate me, Ryan.
I don't know, I guess... I--I don't
know...

RYAN

Look, I don't hate you. You okay?

MARLA

Yeah, yeah... I'm fine.

RYAN

You don't look so good, maybe you
should go see a doctor. Get a check
up or something...

Marla giggles to relieve the stress.

MARLA

Yeah, maybe I'll do that.

RYAN

I got to go. Got some people
waiting for me.

Marla watches in silence as Ryan finishes gathering his
things.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

A thin, dark line cuts through a panorama of the snowy
mountains, viewed from above. As the camera closes in, a
dirty, black SUV roars along the long, snowy, winding road.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - EVENING

Ryan, Michael, and Kelly are seated in the warmth of the SUV,
Ryan and Michael periodically taking turns driving.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - LATER

Through the windshield, we can see the diner coming into
view.

RYAN

Pull over. We have to throw this
shit out.

Michael pulls over and they rid the car of garbage. Ryan pulls out a gun and checks the clip. Michael looks back.

MICHAEL

Hey, whoa! What the fuck... What are you doing with a gun? Put that thing away before you kill someone.

RYAN

For protection.

MICHAEL

Protection? Are you an idiot?

Ryan points the gun at Michael's head.

RYAN

Say that again! Come on motherfucker, say it again.

Kelly and Michael sit silently in total disbelief.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Ryan starts laughing and lowers the gun.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god! You should've seen the look on your face, man. It was priceless.

MICHAEL

You're a fucking idiot. Someone could get killed with you goofing around like that!

RYAN

(smacking the seat)
Relax, I'm just messing with ya.

Michael puts the car in gear and pulls away, toward the diner. He sees a police car and fear takes over.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The old, rundown diner sits alone on the expanse of the highway. Outside sits a police car, an SUV identical to Ryan's, and two other small cars.

Ryan puts his gun in the back of his pants before they all exit the SUV. The trio walk toward the diner's entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF CHARLES (30s), a blonde woman with a slightly weathered air is sitting at the counter having a conversation with the waitress, SUSAN (40s), who has been working at the diner her entire life. The diner is empty except for two men who sit at a table by the window. The men are nondescript, wearing dark but unremarkable clothing. They eat without talking or looking around.

The sheriff pushes back her empty plate and sighs with contentment.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Good as ever. What's Joe put in that meatloaf? It's seriously addictive.

SUSAN

Your dad always said that too.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Where do you think I got my love of meatloaf? He used to bring me in here every Friday, after I'd visit him at the department.

The door jingles as it opens. Ryan, Kelly, and Michael enter.

SUSAN

I remember.

Susan pushes off from where she was leaning on the counter. Sheriff Charles smiles at the trio.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Good evening.

KELLY

Hi.

SUSAN

Sit anywhere you like, I'll be with you in a minute.

Ryan, Michael, and Kelly sit at a booth by the window. Kelly and Ryan sit facing two men who sit the next table over. Michael sits with his back to the men. Susan comes over with a note pad. Ryan looks at her with disgust.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 What can I get for you folks?

MICHAEL
 Three coffees, please.

RYAN
 And some menus.

Ryan looks at her name tag.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (CONTD)
 Susan.

Susan reaches across the table to grab the menus laying against the napkin dispenser. She drops them in front of Ryan.

MICHAEL
 Thank you.

Susan walks away.

KELLY
 Ryan, tone it down.

RYAN
 (deliberately too loud)
 Fuck her.

Michael signals toward the officer; Ryan looks in her direction.

RYAN
 Fuck her too... just relax, enjoy
 some food.

The three open their menus.

Susan returns and pours cups of coffee for everyone.

SUSAN
 So, what'll it be?

KELLY
 Could we have a few more minutes?

SUSAN
 Sure dear. Just let me know when
 you're ready to order.

Susan heads back toward the counter. The men at the other table look up.

MAN #1

Excuse me, can we get the check please?

SUSAN

Sure. You don't want anything else?

The men shake their heads. Susan pulls the check out of her apron pocket, checks the math, then sets it on their table.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Here you go. You can leave it here unless you need change.

MAN #1

No, no you keep the change.

SUSAN

Thank you then. Have a nice night.

Susan turns and heads back to the counter, passing Ryan's table just as he places his keys at the end of it. The two men get up. As they walk by, the first man grabs Ryan's keys from where Ryan has just placed them. The second man places another set of identical keys in their place, which Ryan grabs in one swift motion. Ryan places them in his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The two men get into the Ryan's SUV and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Susan clears the men's table. Ryan and company have been served their food and are eating. Susan steps over to the counter with the money the men left.

SUSAN

Well, that's generous. A twenty on an eleven dollar bill.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Speaking of bills, what do I owe you? Gotta get back to it.

Sheriff Charles stands, and begins pulling on her coat.

SUSAN

Don't you worry about it. I'll add it to your tab.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Thanks Suze. See ya tomorrow.

SUSAN
Take it easy.

Sheriff Charles crosses through the diner and out the door.
Michael watches her leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ryan, Kelly, and Michael are now driving in the other SUV,
heading back in the same direction from which they came.
Visibility is poor due to the blowing snow.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ryan, Kelly, and Michael head down the hallway. Michael peels
off and unlocks a room. Kelly and Ryan proceed to the next
door.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Kelly are in their room. Ryan grabs Kelly and kisses
her.

RYAN
Wanna go to bed?

KELLY
(laughing)
Not yet. I need a bath.

Ryan slaps her ass as Kelly rummages through her bag and then
heads to the bathroom with her kit.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Ryan lies in the bed having a smoke, watching TV, as Kelly
exits the bathroom fully dressed, and Ryan gets off the bed
and begins to put on his pants.

RYAN
Going to the store. Wanna come?

KELLY

Is there anything open around here?

RYAN

I think I saw one down at the corner that looked open.

Ryan grabs his gun off the night stand and examines it before sliding it into the waistband of his pants.

KELLY

Why are you carrying that thing around?

RYAN

For protection.

KELLY

From what?

RYAN

In my line of work, anything can happen. I need to be prepared.

KELLY

Ryan, all you do is deliver stuff.

RYAN

Think that's what I'm gonna do for the rest of my life?

KELLY

I sure hope not.

They exit the room together.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Ryan knocks on the door, as Kelly stands off to the side waiting impatiently. Michael opens the door.

MICHAEL

What?

RYAN

We're going to the store. You want anything?

MICHAEL

Potato chips? And a Yoohoo.

RYAN
All right. Later.

Ryan starts to walk away.

MICHAEL
Hey, have you called?

RYAN
No, not yet.

MICHAEL
That's the first thing you're
supposed to do.

RYAN
Yeah, whatever, I'll call when I
get back.

Michael shuts the door, agitated. Ryan and Kelly head out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Ryan and Kelly walk up to the vacant storefront.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE. - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Kelly enter the store. SAM (30s), the store clerk,
stands behind the counter, expressionless and rigid, looking
nervous. The store is otherwise empty.

KELLY
(to the clerk)
Hi, how are you?

RYAN
Hey.

Sam has no response but rather just stares at his hands.
Ryan and Kelly exchange an awkward glance before gathering
what they want.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Do you want anything else?

KELLY
I'm good.

They head to the register. Sam is visibly sweating.

RYAN
Man, you don't look so good.

Ryan places the things on the counter.

SAM
(nervously)
Will that be all?

RYAN
(sarcastic)
Yes that will be all.

Sam nods and almost drops the soda he has picked up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Breathe, buddy, breathe. I got
plenty of money. I ain't going to
rob you.

The clerk nervously rings their items through and bags them. He hands them their change. The clerks hands are shaking and he swallows hard.

SAM
Have a, a, nice... good night.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

RYAN
Fuck, he was weird!

KELLY
Some people are.

RYAN
Shit, forgot my cigarettes. Hold
this; I'll be right back.

Kelly holds the bags while Ryan turns back to the store.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan opens the door and sees a man with a gun to Sam's head.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan and Kelly enter the motel frantically. Ryan's arm is bleeding.

RYAN
Aaah! This fucking sucks!

KELLY
Let me see.

RYAN
Just pack our shit! We're getting
the fuck out of here.

KELLY
Can we try and stop the bleeding
first?

RYAN
No! We gotta get the fuck outta
here.

KELLY
You gotta stop the bleeding.

Ryan removes his belt and wraps it around his arm as Kelly packs their bags.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly knocks frantically on Michael's door.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What.

KELLY
Michael! Michael!

RYAN
Open the fucking door!

Michael opens the door.

MICHAEL
What?!

Michael notices Ryan's pale face and bleeding.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...the fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Sheriff Charles walks into the liquor store to find one of her deputies, DANNY (20s), pacing nervously. There is yellow police tape up and the blue and red flashing lights of a police cruiser reflect through the window.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Danny. What we got?

Danny swallows nervously.

DANNY
Uh, two dead... there's money on the floor and a gun by one of the bodies.

Sheriff Charles kneels and looks at the bodies.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Ah Christ, that's Billy Hadden, Harry's boy... known him all his life. Good thing Harry's dead, too good a man to have to go through this.

Sheriff Charles stands back up, looks around.

SHERIFF CHARLES (CONT'D)
This just doesn't seem right.

DANNY
I'm thinking robbery, you know. This one's right by the gun... and the money... he just got outta rehab. Prob'ly needed the cash for drugs.

SHERIFF CHARLES
That's good, Danny, but it's only half the story, I'm thinking.

DANNY
Whatcha mean.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Why'd Billy kill himself or Sam? He's clearly been given what he's looking for.

(MORE)

SHERIFF CHARLES (cont'd)
And with both bodies over here on
the floor, how'd blood from either
of them get over by the door?

She gestures to a smear of blood along the glass door.

SHERIFF CHARLES (CONT'D)
Not to mention these drops here.

She points to the ground by the door.

DANNY
Someone else was here.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Question is, were they with Billy?
Seems unlikely. Or did they just
surprise him.

BACK TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - EARLIER (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

Ryan enters the store. As soon as the door opens, he sees Billy with a gun to Sam's. Billy panics and his gun goes off, shooting Sam in the head. Ryan reaches for his gun, so Billy shoots at him. Ryan is able to return fire, hitting Billy twice. Billy falls dead. Ryan grabs his bleeding arm, looks around in a panic, and runs out of the store knocking his injured arm against the glass door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The junior officer is wide-eyed and excited.

DANNY
That makes sense.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Except why the third person would
have a gun. Unless Sam was real
unlucky and was about to get robbed
twice. Better break out the
glassware. Take samples of all the
blood, just in case...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan, Michael, and Kelly rush into the room in a panic.

KELLY

Come here, let's have a look.

RYAN

Ahhh, ahhh-

KELLY

Sorry baby, let me take your shirt off.

Kelly takes off Ryan's shirt and goes to the washroom. Ryan's arm is a bloody mess.

MICHAEL

Ah Jesus, Ryan. That doesn't look good. What are we going to do? Did anyone see you?

Ryan draws a blank.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Because if any one saw you we gotta go to the police, now! Did anyone see you?

RYAN

How the fuck am I supposed to know!

MICHAEL

'Cause you're the gangster wannabe, with your fuckin' gun.

RYAN

It wasn't my fault!

MICHAEL

You said there were two people dead, and you shot one of them. You *shot* one of them. Think about it! You're in some deep fucking shit and if you don't do something, you're gonna drag me down with me you!

Kelly re-enters the room with a hot towel.

RYAN

Michael, you're giving me a headache.

MICHAEL

You're going to have a hell of a lot more than that...

KELLY

Michael! Either shut up or get out.

MICHAEL

You don't tell me what to do.

Michael walks across the room and sits down on the bed while Kelly tends to Ryan's arm. The room is silent for a few seconds.

MICHAEL

We have to go to the police.

There is a long pause before Michael gets up and begins to pace.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is fucked! What if someone saw you? We gotta get to the police before they do. Explain the situation.

RYAN

No fucking police, Michael.

MICHAEL

Fuck! Shit, I can't handle this.

Kelly treats the wound while Ryan stares at Michael.

KELLY

It looks like it just went all the way through. It's pretty much stopped bleeding. If I can get it wrapped and cleaned you should be fine.

RYAN

First aid kit's in the car, babe.

Kelly nods and exits the room, then Michael sits across from Ryan.

MICHAEL

Jesus Ryan, I don't even know you anymore.

RYAN

People change, Michael. I'm trying to deal with a situation and you're really not helping.

MICHAEL

Ryan, you killed somebody. Fuck.

RYAN

How many times do I have to tell you?

MICHAEL

If you didn't bring that gun, none of this would've happened.

RYAN

If I didn't have this gun, I'd be dead!

MICHAEL

Have you thought about what *Bear* is going to do when he finds out about this?

RYAN

He's not going to.

MICHAEL

You can't be that stupid, man. *Bear's* definitely going find out. He'll have us killed, and he won't think twice about it. We gotta go to the police.

Kelly re-enters the room.

RYAN

Fuck off Michael. Just fuck off.

Kelly steps between them.

KELLY

Hey, let's just get through tonight okay? We can figure it all out tomorrow.

Michael leaves, slamming the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Shit, he's really freaked out.

RYAN

Yeah, fuck...

Kelly wraps up Ryan's arm with a bandage from the first aid kit.

KELLY

Can you... You gotta call *Bear* now.

RYAN
Shit, I almost forgot.

Ryan grabs his cell phone and keys in the number.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bear sits on a couch in his living room reading his news paper. His cell phone rests on a table in front of him. It rings.

BEAR
You're late.

RYAN
Sorry, man.

BEAR
Everything okay?

RYAN
In and out as planned.

BEAR
All right. Good job, good night.

RYAN
Good night.

Ryan sets his phone down... suddenly quiet, reflective and scared. He lies back in bed and lights a cigarette.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Come here, Kelly.

Kelly crawls across the bed and lies down beside him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I love you.

KELLY
Love you too.

RYAN
Sorry about tonight...

KELLY
I was there.

RYAN
I'm not sure if anyone heard or saw.

KELLY

There wasn't anybody there, baby.

RYAN

Are you going to be okay?

KELLY

Yeah, I'm fine, I'll be fine. You all right?

RYAN

Yeah, I'll call Bear later and ask him what to do. He'll know if anyone is looking for us.

KELLY

I don't want to know, okay?

RYAN

All I'm saying is that he'll know what to do. I have to tell him.

(long beat)

There's another thing... he can't know you were here.

off Kelly's look

RYAN (CONT'D)

He can't know you're here.

KELLY

...great, thank you.

Kelly rolls away from Ryan.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Blazing police and ambulance vehicle lights illuminate the outside of the store. Sheriff Charles carefully bends down, examines a mark on the ground, and then slides an orange numbered placard next to it. Orange numbers mark cigarette butts, footprints and a tire track. The store is cordoned off with police tape. The coroner exits the store and loads the last body into the county vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAR'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bear sits in the sitting area of his open concept bedroom. Behind him, his girlfriend, TINA (30s), a beautiful Caucasian woman, is in bed asleep. Bear is intently watching the news.

On the table in front of him sits his cell phone. Bear glances at the phone and then back to the television.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly appears to be asleep on the bed, her back to Ryan. Ryan is across the room at the table. He slowly keys in numbers on his cell phone, before nervously placing it against his ear.

RYAN
(quietly)
Bear.

BEAR
Now why did I know something was up?

RYAN
I have a problem, man.

BEAR
That's why there are rules, Ryan.

RYAN
This is serious.

BEAR
I'm listening...

RYAN
I had a mix up. I think I shot someone, at a store.

BEAR
You better be joking.

RYAN
You gotta believe me, man. It was an accident.

Kelly opens her eyes.

BEAR
No such thing. Did anyone see you?

RYAN
I don't think so.

BEAR
Think or know?

RYAN
No one saw...

BEAR
Was Michael with you?

RYAN
No, but I told him. He's freaking
out.

BEAR
In what way?

Ryan hesitates.

BEAR (CONT'D)
In what way is Michael freaking
out, Ryan?

RYAN
He says... he wants to maybe go to
the police.

BEAR
Where is he now?

RYAN
He's in another room.

BEAR
Well, I figure you know the
solution to your problem. When you
get up in the morning, if he's
still acting up... he'll need to be
dealt with. End of story.

Ryan sits in silence, trembling. He looks over at Kelly,
who's now awake, but looking the other way obviously
listening to his conversation. Ryan can barely speak.

RYAN
Bear...

BEAR
This ain't a game, Ryan, and you
know that. You bring me heat, you
lose. We clear?

RYAN
But Bear...

BEAR
We'll talk tomorrow.

After the phone disconnects, Ryan tries to fight back his tears. Kelly lies in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

Sheriff Charles enters the diner where Susan is at the counter. Sheriff Charles looks tired and drawn.

SUSAN

You look the worse for wear.

Sheriff Charles sits as Susan pours him a cup of coffee.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I heard about the liquor store,
poor Sam.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Awful shame. He was a good man.
One of the people who talked me
into running for Sheriff when my
dad retired.

SUSAN

The whole town wanted you to. After
all, your dad groomed you for the
job since you were knee-high.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Never wanted to do anything else.
Except maybe last night, standing
in that liquor store. Or talking to
Billy Hadden's aunt. Nothing to say
in the face of that kind of pain.

SUSAN

Oh bless her heart. You figure out
what happened. That'll ease the
pain some.

SHERIFF CHARLES

I can't even think of anyone in the
county who'd be carrying a gun,
much less into that store.

SUSAN

Town's full of folks, coming in for
a bite or fill up on gas.

Sheriff Charles thinks to herself.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Those three kids who came in last night? Mr. Sassy-man, the cute blonde girl, and the other boy. They were driving an SUV.

SUSAN

How's that?

SHERIFF CHARLES

Wouldn't have thought anything much but those other two men - Mr. Big-tipper and his friend - were driving the same make and model. Two black SUVs sitting in a mostly empty parking lot makes you look.

SUSAN

True enough.

The sheriff drains her cup and stands up.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Thanks for the coffee, Susan. I have a thought, gotta check it out.

She heads out the door briskly.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Ryan and Kelly are in the middle of a heated conversation.

RYAN

I need you to do this.

KELLY

I can't.

RYAN

Please, I'm begging you.

KELLY

Baby, I can't.

RYAN

Well then it's us.

KELLY

Maybe it has to be.

RYAN

Sometimes we have to do things that aren't right.

KELLY

You're talking about murder.

RYAN

I know what I'm talking about. But we don't have a choice.

KELLY

You don't; I do.

RYAN

Make it the right one.

Kelly stares at Ryan for a moment.

KELLY

Think what you're asking me to do.

RYAN

I'm asking you to help protect us.

KELLY

Us?

RYAN

Babe, please, I want us to be together. Forever. This is the only way that'll happen.

KELLY

Then why don't you do it?

RYAN

I have to drive.

KELLY

Why can't I drive?

RYAN

Listen, I need him in the front seat. I've already explained this...

Ryan slowly holds the gun out to Kelly, who hesitates. There's a knock on the door. Ryan stashes the gun.

RYAN

Yeah?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
It's Michael.

Ryan opens the door.

MICHAEL
So what are we going to do?

RYAN
Don't start.

MICHAEL
What the hell do you mean?

Michael rushes Ryan and throws him up against the wall. Ryan doesn't fight back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What are we going to do?

RYAN
Nothing. We have a delivery to make, and it's going to be made.

Michael pushes Ryan against the wall again before stepping away.

MICHAEL
You killed someone last night...
(to Kelly)
I thought, maybe you'd've talked some sense into him.

RYAN
Are you ready to go?

MICHAEL
The police will be looking for us.

RYAN
The police don't know what they're looking for.

MICHAEL
The officer in the restaurant saw us. We don't look like we're from here, and she left before we did so she knows what our fucking truck looks like.

RYAN
Then stay here!

MICHAEL

Ryan, for God's sake, please! Let's just go to the police. You said it was an accident... Kelly, make yourself useful and talk to him.

(beat)

So, what's this, the silent treatment?

RYAN

Michael, you coming or not?

Ryan begins to gather his things.

MICHAEL

I've known you all my life. Fuckin' listen to me!

RYAN

I have a delivery to make. Do you fuckin' understand?

MICHAEL

I'm going to the police.

RYAN

Michael...

Ryan glares at Michael, then steps toward him. Kelly watches.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You'd do that.

MICHAEL

We got no choice.

RYAN

If you want to be out of this, then stay. End of story.

Ryan picks up his bags and opens the door. Kelly looks at Michael, hoping for something... Michael looks at Kelly expectantly, but then gives up.

MICHAEL

Shit. (to Kelly) ...useless.

He leaves to get his things from his room. Kelly makes her decision, getting the gun from where Ryan stashed it and putting it in her purse. Then she gets her bags and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD NEAR MOTEL - MORNING

A black SUV pulls out of the parking lot. It is immediately pulled over by the police. Sheriff Charles steps out of her car and walks toward the SUV. She walks up to the driver's side.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF CHARLES
Morning, gentlemen.

Inside are the two men from the restaurant.

MAN #1
Morning, officer.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Sleep well last night?

MAN #1
Sure did, thank you.

SHERIFF CHARLES
How long have you boys been in town?

MAN #1
Only the one night; just passing through.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Where are you going?

MAN #1
West.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Where exactly? If you don't mind my asking.

MAN #1
The coast. Is there a problem?

SHERIFF CHARLES
I don't know? Is there?

MAN #1
No ma'am. We were just...

SHERIFF CHARLES
May I see your license and
registration, please.

She points to the passenger.

SHERIFF CHARLES (CONT'D)
You too.

The sheriff takes their identification and walks back her
car.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MORNING

FROM ABOVE on the road, we see the SUV drive through the
beautiful mountains.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD NEAR MOTEL - MORNING

Sheriff Charles is walking toward the two men, their personal
information in her hand.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Whose vehicle is this?

MAN #1
It's a company car.

SHERIFF CHARLES
What company?

MAN #1
Nivet Corp., from out east.

SHERIFF CHARLES
What are you doing out here?

MAN #1
We do audits.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Do you normally drive?

MAN #1
Yep.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Why?

Man #2 hits a speed dial number on his phone as the pair pull away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

FROM ABOVE on the road, we see the SUV drive through the beautiful mountains. Time elapses from day to evening.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUV - EVENING

Ryan is driving with Michael in the passenger seat and Kelly in the back. They sit in absolute silence until Ryan's cell phone rings, Ryan ignores the call.

Ryan glares at Michael while Kelly simply looks on. Michael shakes his head, and they all fall into silence.

A while later, Ryan begins to look at Kelly through the rear-view mirror. As they drive down the highway, they communicate with their eyes using the mirror. Kelly does a small line of cocaine.

Michael notices Kelly doing the coke.

MICHAEL

See? Even your girlfriend has a problem with this.

RYAN

You know what? You do what you need to do and I'll do what I need to do.

MICHAEL

What? Is that some kind of threat?

Ryan pulls the SUV over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

Extremely jittery, Kelly pulls herself toward Michael's left shoulder and shoots him once in the back, through the seat.

She drops the gun, screaming hysterically. She leaps to the other side of car (behind Ryan) and curls her feet up on the seat, crying and shaking. Ryan steadies Michael's head as if to make it look like he might be sleeping.

Ryan yells before collecting himself. He calms Kelly. Then they pull back onto the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN #2 - NIGHT

They pull into another town. Ryan looks toward a rental car office and pulls over. Michael is still in the front, with Kelly still shaking but not crying much anymore. She sits curled up on the seat.

RYAN
I'll meet you 30 miles up the road.

She throws up all over the back seat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Get yourself together, babe.

KELLY
(Shaking and crying)
Okay... Okay...

RYAN
Kelly, come on. Please. I need you.

Kelly nods and wipes away drying tears. They sit in the car as Kelly composes herself.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Remember. About 30 miles.

He kisses her before she exits the car. He drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly enters the office, setting the bell at the door jingling, causing Kelly to jump. She is clearly trying to behave normally but her eyes are wide and her manner is nervous as she approaches the female RENTAL CLERK (30s).

RENTAL CLERK
May I help you?

KELLY
Can I rent a car, please? Mine broke down a ways back. I had to hitch a ride here.

RENTAL CLERK

No problem. I'll need a credit card
and driver's license.

Kelly reaches for her documents, and accidentally drops her
purse all over the floor, including the gun. The clerk
doesn't notice the gun.

RENTAL CLERK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KELLY

Yes, yes. I-I'm fine.

As she gathers her things, the clerk looks on.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - NIGHT

Ryan has pulled the SUV over and is sitting inside, smoking a
cigarette. The SUV faces a cliff.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - LATER

Kelly pulls up next to Ryan's SUV in the rental car. She gets
out and heads to where Ryan leans against the back bumper of
the SUV. Her face is drawn and she walks slowly as if it
hurts to move.

RYAN

Hi, babe.

KELLY

Hey.

Ryan reaches toward Kelly to kiss her. She steps back to
avoid his touch. Ryan drops his arm, looking hurt.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't touch me, please. I can't...
I just need this to be done.

RYAN

Fine. Any problems?

KELLY

No.

RYAN

See... What did I tell you.

Kelly looks at him, her face tight as if she is barely holding herself together. Ryan tries to hug her, but she steps away again.

KELLY
Please, let's just...

Kelly gestures toward the SUV. Ryan hesitates and then shrugs.

RYAN
All right. Let's go. I wiped it down already. We'll just pack up, push it over and get out of here. It'll be like it never happened.

Kelly looks blankly past him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Babe?

Kelly walks to the back of her vehicle and opens the trunk. Ryan steps to the SUV, opens the hatch, and grabs the spare tire and their bags from inside. He motions for Kelly to place the bags inside the rental car.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

The couple is silent as they make their way down the highway. There are tears in their eyes as they stare out the windows in contemplation.

KELLY
You remember how you always say you love me.

RYAN
I do love you, babe.

Kelly hesitates, draws a breath.

KELLY
How... could you... would you ever, could you ever kill me?

RYAN
Are you serious? You know I could never do that.

KELLY
Michael was your best friend, but you made that decision easily.

RYAN
It wasn't easy. That wasn't--

Ryan gets agitated.

KELLY
I just mean, you didn't even look
at the other options.

RYAN
Kelly, there were no other options.
We didn't have a choice.

Kelly stares at Ryan for a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - MORNING

OFFICER WILSON (20s) stands where the SUV had once been. The officer steps toward the edge, looks over with a pair of binoculars, and notices the burnt, mangled SUV laying at the bottom of a very steep ravine.

OFFICER WILSON
What a mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - LATER

Another police car pulls up. Sheriff Charles gets out.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Hi. Sheriff Charles. I appreciate
the call on this.

OFFICER WILSON
Jeremy Wilson. You got here awful
quick.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Been looking around. I don't like
unsolved murders.

OFFICER WILSON
Well, we saw your email about a
black SUV, then got a call about an
SUV at the bottom of a cliff.
Seemed a little too close for
coincidence. Thought we'd give you
a call just in case.

The officer gestures toward the cliff.

OFFICER WILSON (CONT'D)

It's not in good shape. And we can't really get down there. The cliff face's too unstable.

They walk over to the cliff.

Sheriff Charles takes a look down.

OFFICER WILSON (CONT'D)

No skid marks. Could have fallen asleep at the wheel.

SHERIFF CHARLES

That's a definite possibility. Mind if I look around?

OFFICER WILSON

Be my guest. Unless something changes we're treating this as an accident. It's just your email caught our interest, you know.

Sheriff Charles examines the scene and notices a collection of three cigarette butts and footprints. She walks around carefully, taking in the scene. She bends over a separate set of tire marks.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Have you seen this? Different set of tire tracks right here. And there're foot prints here... seem to cross from one to the other.

OFFICER WILSON

No, hadn't seen that. Just got up here myself. Couple of hikers called it in. We called you and then headed up to take a look.

SHERIFF CHARLES

And see how the depression gets deeper here, and here... looks like the SUV was sitting here a while before it went over.

OFFICER WILSON

Looks like it's not going to be a simple accident.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ryan leans on the back of the SUV smoking, waiting for Kelly. She pulls up in the rental car and parks behind the SUV. He stomps out his cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ryan puts the SUV in drive and heads it over the cliff.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TURN OUT - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Charles leans against the back of Officer Wilson's cruiser. Officer Wilson sits in the cruiser and finishes calling in the request. He looks at Sheriff Charles who is staring out at the cliff.

OFFICER WILSON

Question is... where's that other car?

SHERIFF CHARLES

And where'd they get it from?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #3 - MORNING

Ryan and Kelly are lying in bed, fully clothed and as far apart from each other as possible.

KELLY

You know the rental place has all my information?

RYAN

Don't worry about it.

KELLY

Easy for you to say.

RYAN

Don't start.

KELLY

You're right. I just wish I could wake up and have this all be a dream.

(beat)

You know I...

RYAN

I know.

KELLY

Do you still love me?

RYAN

You know I do, babe.

KELLY

Make me a promise.

RYAN

Kelly...

Kelly sits up in bed.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You knew who I was before you decided to come with me.

KELLY

And that makes killing someone okay?

RYAN

We didn't have a choice.

Ryan sit up in bed.

KELLY

Maybe we should...

RYAN

Maybe you should stop trying to tell me what I should do! I grew up without a mother and I don't need one now.

Ryan gets up, pissed, and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Charles pulls into the parking lot of the rental car office where Kelly rented her car. She gets out of her cruiser, double checks the sign, then enters.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

The bell jingles as Sheriff Charles enters the rental office. The rental clerk looks up and smiles.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Hi, how are you today?

RENTAL CLERK
Doing well, thanks. You?

SHERIFF CHARLES
Name's Sheriff Charles, I'm from
over in Hope.

RENTAL CLERK
Is there something I can help you
with, sheriff?

SHERIFF CHARLES
I hope so. I was wondering if you
were working last night?

RENTAL CLERK
Of course. When don't I work?

SHERIFF CHARLES
I know the feeling. You get a lot
of business here?

RENTAL CLERK
You know how it is, small town, not
much goin' on. A couple of regulars
rent cars or trucks to haul stuff,
pick up relatives at the airport,
that sort of thing. And sometimes
a car breaks down here and there.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Seems like you know the place
pretty well.

RENTAL CLERK
Lived here my whole life.

SHERIFF CHARLES
Then you're the perfect person to
talk to.

The clerk beams slightly.

RENTAL CLERK
Is this official business?

SHERIFF CHARLES

It is, but I can't really talk about it just yet. I was wondering if you might have noticed anything different the last few nights? Maybe someone came in and rented a car... didn't seem right? Someone you didn't recognize maybe.

RENTAL CLERK

(beat, thinking)

There was this girl who came in late, the other night. Real nervous and jumpy. Dropped her stuff on the floor.

SHERIFF CHARLES

She was alone?

RENTAL CLERK

(nods)

Her car broke down a ways back so she hitched a ride here.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Did you happen to see who dropped her off?

RENTAL CLERK

Nope. I didn't see her 'til she walked in.

SHERIFF CHARLES

May I see her rental agreement?

RENTAL CLERK

Sure thing. Just let me look it up.

The clerk begins flipping through files.

RENTAL CLERK (CONT'D)

You know part of the reason she stood out was because she wanted to pay in cash, but the company charges a big deposit for drivers under 23 and she didn't have enough cash to-- Aha, here it is. Let me make you a copy of everything.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Thanks, you've been a great help. You sure you don't want a job over in Hope? Could use a smart woman like you.

The clerk hands over the copies, grinning, clearly charmed.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Ryan and Kelly are driving down the highway. Ryan's cell phone rings.

RYAN
Hello?

BEAR
How you doin'?

RYAN
Good.

BEAR
How's the drive?

RYAN
Snowy, but fine.

BEAR
You don't sound too good.

RYAN
Just tired. The roads are pretty bad.

BEAR
I understand. I'm here to take care of you.

RYAN
I know.

BEAR
You did what you had to do.

Ryan has no response.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Stay focused and remember to breathe. I'll check in on you later.

RYAN
Right.

Ryan hangs up the phone, Kelly studies him.

KELLY
That was Bear?

RYAN
Yeah.

KELLY
What did he want?

RYAN
He wanted to know how I was doing.

KELLY
That's all?

RYAN
That's all.

KELLY
You know it's funny... I can never
tell when you're lying.

RYAN
I don't lie to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - EVENING (SUNDOWN)

As the car moves through the mountains, the sun slowly fades
to reveal a starry night sky.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Ryan and Kelly are still driving down the highway.

RYAN
What would you say if I wanted to
take the money and run?

KELLY
I'd say you were crazy. Bear would
hunt you down and kill you.

RYAN
There's over a million dollars in
there. We could go wherever we
want.

KELLY
There's no way I'm living my life
on the run.

RYAN
You're already on the run.

KELLY
Ha, ha, very funny.

RYAN
It wasn't meant to be.

Kelly stares hard at Ryan.

KELLY
What did Bear really say?

RYAN
I told you, he wanted to know how I
was doing.

KELLY
And that's all...

Ryan is silent.

KELLY (CONT'D)
So then what's with the sudden
change of heart?

RYAN
Huh?

KELLY
You talk about Bear like he's God,
now you say you're willing to steal
from him.

Ryan doesn't say anything as Kelly studies him.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I don't like this.

Ryan and Kelly sit in silence as the car curves through the
mountains.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL #3 - NIGHT

Ryan and Kelly pull into the motel.

RYAN
All right. Last stop.

KELLY

Why don't we just drive straight through?

RYAN

Because we can't. We have to be off the road and not draw attention. Besides, I'm tired.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Kelly enter the room. Ryan drops onto the bed. He opens another beer. He sits, staring at the beer label.

KELLY

I'm going to have a bath.

Ryan doesn't react, he seems to not have heard her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

All right then...

Kelly heads toward the bathroom.

RYAN

You know my mother is only 33 years old?

Kelly stops and leans back against the bathroom door.

KELLY

No, I didn't.

RYAN

And she raised me all by herself. We were so fuckin' poor. I'm never livin' that way again.

KELLY

Yeah...

RYAN

It fucking sucked. My mom always worked and we never had shit. All I ever wanted to do was fix it, make it better.

They look at each other. Kelly is searching for something to say.

KELLY

You can't change the past, Ryan.
You have to just accept it. What
you need to do is find a way to fix
your future.

RYAN

And that's what I'm doing.

KELLY

And this is your future? It's not
looking so good.

RYAN

You think I wanted all this shit to
happen?

KELLY

No, but this shit did happen, so
you have to deal with it. Stop
feeling sorry yourself and take
some responsibility.

RYAN

I'm not feeling sorry for myself. I
did what I needed to do. I won't go
back to the way things were.

KELLY

How were they?

RYAN

Imagine living your life knowing
your father never wanted you.
Hating your mother for the fucked
up choices she made. Thinking she
hates you because she's only
eighteen years old with a four-year-
old son.

KELLY

I'm sure it was horrible, but that
should've taught you a few lessons
about life. Something... by now.

Ryan stares at Kelly but doesn't say anything.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You talk about your father, and how
he ran out on your mother, but...

RYAN

You don't know...

KELLY

Just what you've told me.

RYAN

Do you know what it's like to look at every man you see and wonder: Could that be my dad?

KELLY

I don't? You do remember who you're talking to, right?

(beat)

I was the one who got yanked from foster home to foster home.

(beat)

We all have a past, baby, but doesn't mean we let it control our futures.

RYAN

Well, this is my future. Bear's my future.

KELLY

That's pretty pathetic.

RYAN

I owe him.

KELLY

And a minute ago you wanted to take his money and run.

Kelly looks for a reaction. There isn't one.

KELLY (CONT'D)

If Bear loves and respects you so much, why does he keep taking your choices away?

Kelly walks over and sits on the bed.

RYAN

He's looking after me like my mom never did.

KELLY

He just made you kill your best friend!

RYAN

You don't understand.

KELLY

Not agreeing isn't the same as not understanding, Ryan. Besides, what am I not getting?

RYAN

You need to understand that this is my business, this is my life and I have to take it very seriously.

KELLY

Those aren't even your words.

RYAN

What's the difference.

KELLY

That's the problem.

Kelly goes into the bathroom and closes the door. Pissed off, Ryan reaches for his cigarettes and a beer.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/OFFICE - NIGHT

Sheriff Charles is sitting in her office. There's a knock on her door before it opens slowly to reveal QUINN (30s), another deputy.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Hey Quinn, what's up?

QUINN

I ran a check on that name for you, Kelly Armstrong. Also sent out an email on her to the nearby departments.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Thanks. Anything yet?

Sheriff Charles gestures toward an empty chair. Quinn takes a seat.

QUINN

Well, Miss Armstrong has quite the record.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Really.

QUINN

The list includes drug possession, theft, and even a few prostitution charges. Hard to find the files though, she was a minor when it all happened. She seems to have been clean for the past few years.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Interesting.

QUINN

But... there's an incident that dates back to when she was 12 that caught my attention.

Sheriff nods for him to continue.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Looks like her stepfather was abusing her... sexually. So one evening she gathered the guts to stab him with a pair of scissors. He didn't make it.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Stories like that break my heart.

QUINN

Yeah, but it raises the question, if she's done it once...

SHERIFF CHARLES

Makes you wonder.

QUINN

She bounced around the foster system after that. Contacted one of the foster mothers, wasn't real helpful but she did mention Kelly's out east now, reconnected with some old childhood friends. Said something about Kelly dating one of 'em.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Get a name on him?

QUINN

Nope. She couldn't remember. Did say he sounded like bad news.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kelly is enjoying her soothing bath.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAR'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Bear is pacing back and forth in his home office, furious, his cell phone to his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 - CONTINUOUS

Ryan is lying on the bed, having a smoke, when the cell phone rings.

RYAN

Hello.

BEAR

You listen to me you fucking piece of shit! What'd I tell you about god damn guests? Have you seen the news?

Ryan sits frozen.

BEAR (CONT'D)

You have a half hour to take care o' this shit.

Bear hangs up. Ryan looks like he just saw a ghost. He becomes quickly agitated and begins to pace the room like a caged animal, staring at the bathroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly hears Ryan's thumping and begins to get out of the tub but thinks better of it and sinks back into the water.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 - CONTINUOUS

Ryan turns on the TV and flips to local news. It broadcasts a picture of Kelly. Apparently, she's wanted, along with an unidentified man.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly climbs out of the tub.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 - CONTINUOUS

Ryan shuts off the TV and begins to pace again, staring at the bathroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly has wrapped a towel around her body and begins to wrap another around her head. While wrapping, she turns and opens the door.

KELLY

Ryan?

Kelly's eyes go wide in terror as she sees...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4 BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan is there, in the doorway, with a crazed look as he punches Kelly square in the face, sending her flying back into the bathroom. Ryan then wrestles her into the tub. Kelly thrashes about, but in no time, her energy is no match for Ryan's. She falls limp, drowned. Ryan looks down at Kelly's body. He freaks, falling back out of the bathroom, lost in a myriad of emotions.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Ryan is driving down the highway. His face is emotionless, without any spark of life.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. RYAN - CONTINUOUS

Everything is hazy, slightly blurry, and in slow-motion.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY BY CLIFF - NIGHT

Ryan pulls over at the edge of a cliff. He steps out of the vehicle and pops the trunk. He pulls out a large, heavy duffel bag and throws it over the cliff. He gets back into the car and continues down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Ryan has again pulled over onto the side of the road. He has popped the trunk and is emptying the money from the spare tire inside into a duffel bag. He closes the trunk and moves to the front to open the hood, making it look as though the car has broken down. He takes one last look, then turns his back and begins to walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A vehicle pulls over to pick up Ryan.

CUT TO:

EXT. VEHICLE ON THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The passenger door opens, revealing Ice behind the wheel.

ICE
com, wi a go home mon.
(Let's go home, man)

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryan steps in and the vehicle drives away into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - MORNING - 3 MONTHS LATER

Sheriff Charles' cruiser pulls up to the diner.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Charles enters the diner.

SUSAN
Morning, Lauren.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Morning.

As the sheriff sits down, Susan pours her a cup of coffee.

SUSAN

What's wrong? Not yourself today?

SHERIFF CHARLES

There are times I wonder why I took this job.

SUSAN

Billy Hadden's killing still got you stumped?

SHERIFF CHARLES

Dead end, every single lead. It's been months... and it's like that girl and those two boys just disappeared into thin air. I don't know. I feel like I'm letting a lot of people down.

SUSAN

Well, your dad was always mighty proud of you. And he was a darn good sheriff, too. What would he tell you to do?

SHERIFF CHARLES

Sheriff Charles Senior? He'd probably tell me if I can't find a trail there isn't one. Or to get a second opinion.

SUSAN

Then there you go.

SHERIFF CHARLES

Yeah, if I knew someone who... Hey, you remember dad's friend Dave Caulfield?

SUSAN

Married that girl up in Tall Valley? Moved to Chicago?

SHERIFF CHARLES

Didn't his son get a job with the FBI?

SUSAN

Timothy? I think I remember hearing about that.

SHERIFF CHARLES

That's it. Thanks a bunch Susan. I have a phone call to make. Second opinion indeed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Screen reads: 2 years later

A dark, cloudy and slightly rainy night. Ryan is walking down the street with a firm stride. He's clean-shaven, well dressed, with cold determination in his face. He walks to the entrance of a strip club. Two figures in a dark sedan watch Ryan from across the street. Ryan enters the club.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Bear is sitting in the club at a table surrounded with girls and other associates.

BEAR

So I tiptoe in, up the stairs and into the bedroom, take my clothes off, and crawl into bed to give it to her for about an hour. Then I get out of bed, tiptoe downstairs to get something to eat, and as I'm coming across the living room, my girl steps out and says, "Try and be quiet, Mom's upstairs in my room trying to sleep."

Ryan greets Ice as he joins the group toward the end of the joke. The rest of the table breaks out in laughter.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Mom has never been the same since.

Ryan sits down, looking world-weary and tight. Bear acknowledges him with a tip of his glass.

RYAN

Aren't you getting tired of telling that joke?

BEAR
That's some funny shit, man. You
need a sense of humor.

A hot, scantily-clad COCKTAIL WAITRESS (20s) approaches.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Another, Bear?

BEAR
Make it two.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Be right back.

RYAN
What time are we expecting?

BEAR
Anytime, brother. Relax. Enjoy
yourself.

RYAN
Right.

The cocktail waitress returns.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Here's two bottles of Cristal.

Bear and Ryan pour drinks into glasses and hand them out to
the members of the group.

BEAR
So, what are we going to toast to?

Ryan scans the room.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. RYAN - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS, GIRLS, and LIAISONS... there are all kinds of
things going down throughout the club.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

RYAN
Life?

BEAR
To life. May it only get better
than this.

RYAN
To life.

They all clink their glasses just before Bear's cell phone rings.

BEAR
Hello?

He checks his watch.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Okay.

He hangs up the phone.

BEAR (CONT'D)
All right, people. Grab your
glasses, but don't go too far.

The entire table gets up to leave except for Ryan and Bear.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Here, take the bottle with ya.
Don't go too far.

RYAN
So, this is it.

BEAR
The one, baby.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Ryan exits the club and walks to his Porche in the light rain. He gets in and starts the engine. The headlights blaze in the darkness and the car pulls away. Seconds later, the other car turns on its headlights and follows Ryan's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Ryan pulls up to the graveyard, turns off his headlights and walks in. The other car momentarily pulls up behind and turns off its lights as it parks. Ryan walks through the cemetery and finds a tombstone. He lies down beside it and stares up at the rainy sky.

RYAN

Hey mom. How're you doin'? Well, I'm here again. Don't really know why. Tryin' to make sense of all the shit in my life, I guess. As usual, you're not here to help... You'd come home, tired useless and empty.

Ryan begins to cry.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm feelin' a little tired, useless, and empty too. So now, for the first time in my fucked up life, it looks like we have something in common. (beat) Whenever I can't handle this shit, Bear tells me to inhale, exhale, slowly, deeply, slowly, deeply. All of a sudden I can breathe again, and I feel I actually have a life ya know... that it actually makes sense... for a little while at least.

Ryan wipes his tears.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Well nothin's changed. I'm stuck and you're gone. At least I've got Bear. I don't even know why I'm here. I guess I miss you. How worthless is that.

Ryan pulls himself together as he gets up and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan approaches his car and leans forward to pull open the door. Covered under an umbrella, AGENT FRY (30s) and AGENT BAUER (30s) emerge from the shadows.

AGENT FRY

Ryan Gibson?

Ryan straightens; alertness and a little fear run up his spine.

RYAN

Never heard of him.

AGENT FRY
Agent Fry, and this is Agent Bauer.
We're with the FBI.

The agents flash their badges. Ryan leans forward to study them.

RYAN
The FBI. Am I under arrest or something?

AGENT BAUER
No, we just need to ask you a few questions.

RYAN
About what?

AGENT BAUER
Why don't we go downtown? It'll be more comfortable there.

RYAN
Nah, I don't think I want to go downtown, especially with you two, but thanks.

Ryan turns to go his car.

AGENT FRY
Cancer is a terrible thing, isn't it?

Ryan turns back and faces the agents.

RYAN
Excuse me?

AGENT FRY
Your mother died of cancer. It's a terrible disease.

RYAN
What'd'you want.

Ryan looks away, back toward the graveyard.

AGENT FRY
I promise it'll be quick and painless. We can get into our car, drive downtown to have our chat, and we'll drive you back, safe and sound.

Ryan looks around and sighs.

RYAN
Am I going to need my lawyer?

AGENT BAUER
I don't think so, it's just a
friendly chat.

Ryan studies the two agents.

RYAN
Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan steps into the room and shakes off the rain, followed by Agent Fry and Agent Bauer.

AGENT FRY
Have a seat. Would you like
anything, some water?

RYAN
No thanks.

Ryan pulls out a chair and sits at the table. Fry sits across from him, while Bauer stands beside her. Ryan pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

AGENT BAUER
Sorry, you can't smoke in here.

Ryan smirks at Bauer before putting the cigarettes away.

RYAN
So, what do you want to talk about?

AGENT FRY
You. So how're you doing?

RYAN
(laughs cautiously)
Fine, thanks for asking.

AGENT FRY
How's the club business handling
itself?

RYAN
Good enough.

AGENT BAUER

So you like managing the club, do you?

RYAN

Sure, it's decent work. Hours are long, but the pay's good, so what are you going to do?

AGENT BAUER

Well, you don't have very upstanding clientele.

RYAN

As long as they pay for their drinks and don't touch the girls, I don't care who they are.

AGENT FRY

How about Melvin Anderson?

RYAN

I don't know any Melvin Anderson.

AGENT BAUER

Sure you do, you just like to call him Baby Bear.

RYAN

His name's *Melvin*? Thanks, you just made my day.

AGENT FRY

It's a little strange... You're just the manager of his club.

RYAN

What's so strange about that?

AGENT FRY

Well Mr. Anderson owns a few establishments, and you're the only employee he seems to spend any time with.

RYAN

We're friends. Nothin' wrong with that.

AGENT BAUER

It's the importing of drugs that we have a problem with.

RYAN

Drugs?

AGENT FRY

Obviously you want to protect Mr. Anderson; we understand that. But, as we see it, you're involved, and either you help us, or you go down with him.

RYAN

Well, since I don't know anything, there's nothing to help you with. Is that all, 'cause I gotta go.

AGENT FRY

Of course, go ahead.

Ryan stands to leave.

AGENT FRY (CONT'D)

Except... one more question, how about Kelly?

Ryan sits back down slowly.

RYAN

I don't know a Kelly.

AGENT BAUER

You're a crappy liar. Kelly Armstrong was your girlfriend.

RYAN

Oh, her. Haven't seen her in a while.

AGENT BAUER

Yeah, seems like nobody's seen her in a long while.

AGENT FRY

Apparently, the last time was a few years ago, actually. We know she rented a car out west in the mountains, but then, it's like she up and vanished.

RYAN

That's strange.

AGENT BAUER

It gets even stranger. Somebody found that car not long after, and would you believe it, your fingerprints were all over it?

RYAN

Oh yeah, well, Kelly and I decided to go on a trip together, and our car broke down. So we rented a car, but that car broke down too. Funny, ain't it?

AGENT BAUER

Hysterical.

AGENT FRY

Why didn't you go back to the rental place?

RYAN

We were close enough to hitch back, so that's what we did. I just assumed Kelly handled it. I guess she didn't.

AGENT FRY

You didn't ask about it her later?

RYAN

We broke up pretty much right after that.

AGENT FRY

Pretty convenient. Why did the two of you break up?

RYAN

I don't know. You know the way it is. You just end up wanting different things. That trip didn't help. We realized it wasn't working out, so we split.

AGENT BAUER

Sad.

Ryan shrugs.

AGENT FRY

Okay, last question. Where is Michael these days?

RYAN

Ah man, I--I don't know. Haven't seen him a long time, either. He went to college and we kind of lost touch.

AGENT BAUER

Really? Maybe that's because we found his body in the wreckage of a burnt SUV at the base of a cliff. Oddly not that far from where Kelly rented that car. You know what's also interesting? He didn't die in the accident. No, he died from a gunshot wound to the back.

The agents toss a couple crime scene photos onto the table. Ryan glances down and then away.

AGENT BAUER (CONT'D)

So let's see... You've got one friend who ends up murdered. And a girlfriend, oh sorry, ex-girlfriend, who's still missing, who might've met the same fate. It sure is dangerous knowing you, isn't it?

RYAN

Are you going somewhere with this?

AGENT BAUER

I think you know where I'm going. You're in some deep shit, pal, and I think it's in your best interest to cooperate. Got it?

AGENT FRY

Aaron, relax. Why don't you take a break so Ryan and I can talk.

Bauer grabs his coat and moves to leave the room.

RYAN

Bye Aaron.

Ryan and Agent Bauer exchange dirty looks as Agent Bauer exits the room. Fry pauses for a few seconds before continuing.

AGENT FRY

I hope you can see that it doesn't look good for you, Ryan, but it gets worse.

(MORE)

AGENT FRY (cont'd)

We have surveillance footage *and* your DNA at the crime scene where you shot William Hadden.

Off Ryan's look.

AGENT FRY (CONT'D)

The junkie who was robbing the convenience store? Ring a bell? You came back into the store and got shot? Well, the gun you used to kill him was used in three other shootings in the last decade.

RYAN

I really don't know what you're talking about.

AGENT FRY

We've been on your trail for the last year and a half, Ryan. We've got everything we need to stick a needle in your arm if it comes to that. But... we know you're not responsible for all this. All we really want is your boss.

RYAN

I hope you can see that you don't know what you're asking.

AGENT FRY

We know about Kelly; we know about Michael. You're going down for their deaths. It's either you or Bear. Think about it... If he were sitting where you are and heard what you just heard, what do you think he'd do?

RYAN

I know what you're trying to do, and it's not gonna work. If you had something real on me you'd have busted me.

AGENT FRY

I don't think you heard me. We know what you did, we know what you do. We know about Bear and the deal that's going down in the next few days. I just need the specifics... times and exact locations. Your options have just run out.

(MORE)

AGENT FRY (cont'd)

Either way, you're going down, it's just a matter of how far. I'm the best friend you've got right now. Do this for me, I'll do everything in my power to help you. If you don't... you're going to be visiting your mom again.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAR'S HOUSE - DAY

Bear's house is big and lavish, very ornate. Photos of himself, his girlfriend and their son and daughter are littered decoratively throughout the house. Bear and Ryan are sitting at an island in the kitchen. Bear is finishing a conversation with Ice on blackberry.

BEAR

A dat mi wan fi hir... we fix it lata... aright.
(That's good to hear... We'll deal with it then. All right.)

Bear hangs up.

RYAN

How is he? Working, right?

BEAR

Workin' is right. Workin' hard 'cause you left. Where'd you disappear to?

RYAN

Nowhere really. Had something to take care of.

BEAR

Been watching the news lately?

Ryan looks to the TV.

RYAN

Only with you.

BEAR

How are you ever going to learn anything if you don't watch the news? So you don't know that they found Kelly's body a couple days ago?

RYAN

Shit.

BEAR

A couple of crazy white boys
walking up the side of the
mountain.

RYAN

Hmm.

BEAR

Don't worry, it's covered.

RYAN

...cool.

They walk into the living room and sit down.

BEAR

So are you ready? For tomorrow
afternoon?

RYAN

Yeah.

BEAR

You come here, we'll go for the
exchange at the warehouse. Five
million, man, a million is yours...
nice chunk o' change.

RYAN

Can't complain.

BEAR

True that. Listen, let me tell you
something...

Off Ryan's look.

BEAR (CONT'D)

I'm thinking... with my kids
growing up so fast, it's time. I'm
getting out. I don't want to put my
family through this shit anymore.
Family... that includes you too,
you know.

RYAN

Thanks man.

BEAR

I mean it. You're family. You'll always have a place in my house. You're like another son to me. I want you to know that.

RYAN

Don't know what I'd've done without you, man.

BEAR

Getting out doesn't change a thing.

RYAN

Right.

Ryan gets up to go. His face is tense.

RYAN

Well bro, I gotta run.

They walk down to the front door. As Ryan goes to leave, Tina enters the house carrying bags of groceries. Bear's and Tina's son, TREVOR (10), and daughter, TERESA (12), are with her.

TINA

Hi Ryan.

TREVOR

Uncle Ryan!

TERESA

Uncle Ryan!

RYAN

Hey Tina.

Ryan smiles before bending down to face Trevor

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hey little guy. Got something for you: close your eyes, hold out your hand.

Ryan drops something into Trevor's hands and he opens his eyes.

TREVOR

Candy.

RYAN

Yeah, candy.

TREVOR

Thanks!

RYAN
You're welcome. (to Teresa) Hey,
babe, you know Uncle Ryan didn't
forget you. Hold out your hand.

TERESA
Thank you.

Ryan stands up. Bear takes the groceries from Tina.

TINA
You're leaving?

RYAN
Yeah, I gotta go.

TINA
Too bad. We were just about to have
some dinner. You should stay?

RYAN
Can't, I really have to go.

BEAR
All right, later man.

TINA
Bye, Ryan.

TREVOR
Bye, Uncle Ryan.

TERESA
Bye, Uncle Ryan.

RYAN
Bye.

Ryan leaves the house. Bear gives Tina a kiss, and they all
walk back to the kitchen. Bear sets the bag of groceries on
the island.

Bear grabs and kisses Teresa and Trevor.

BEAR
Run upstairs; I want to talk to
your mother.

TREVOR
Okay dad.

Trevor grabs Teresa's hand and helps her up the stairs. Tina
and Bear watch them go, then head to the sofa and sit down.

TINA
What's up honey?

BEAR
I've decided it's time.

TINA
Time?

BEAR
After tomorrow, I'm getting out...
going straight.

TINA
Don't do this to me, Melvin
Anderson. Don't get my hopes up and
then go back for one more score.
Not again.

BEAR
I mean it, Tina. This time, I
really mean it... Maybe make an
honest woman out of you too.

Tina looks at him and a smile begins to blossom. She walks
over and they begin to kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A cloudy, rainy night. Ryan and Agent Fry are standing under
an umbrella out side of her car. They are having an
unintelligible conversation. Ryan hands Fry a voice recorder
and enters the cemetery.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan walks over to his mother's grave. He lies on his back
and looks up at the rainy sky. A few minutes pass.

RYAN
Hey mom... I figured some things
out. I thought I knew... I didn't.
I do now. Is that growing up, being
an adult? Time's finally come. It's
over. It's all over. I just wanted
to come here and tell you that I
realize what you did for me, for
us, and I'm grateful. I miss you
and I love you. I wish I would've
told you this when you were alive.
I'm sorry.

Ryan lies confidently under the sky for a few moments. Wiping away a tear, he sits up and kisses her gravestone. He begins to walk through the graveyard, looking blankly at the headstones as he passes them.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Ryan walks to his Porche. Soaking wet from the rain, he opens the door and gets in. He pauses as he's about to shut the door, then gets out, drops the car keys on the ground, and starts to walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT

It's a very dark night, storm clouds blotting out the moonlight. Rain drips miserably down from the sky. Ryan is walking down a dimly lit, empty city street. He is dressed in a button-down shirt, with his tie undone and his jacket flung over his shoulder. He is stoic as he walks slowly down the street, soaking wet from the rain.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan sits on the couch. He's still wearing his rain-soaked clothes. Ryan sits in thought for a few seconds and downs his beer before getting up and heading to his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan grabs the gun from his closet.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI - OFFICE

Agent Fry returns to the office with the voice recorder in hand. Agent Bauer sits up with interest.

AGENT BAUER
Have you listened to it yet?

AGENT FRY
I thought I'd wait for you.

Agent Fry places the voice recorder on her desk and presses play. There's nothing but the buzz of emptiness.

Agent Fry presses the fast forward button, then play, but there's nothing on the tape. Frustrated, they grab their coats to hurry out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Agent Fry and Agent Bauer walk through Ryan's apartment until they discover Ryan's body in his bedroom, surrounded by blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A small crowd is leaving the funeral. In the crowd is Bear, his wife Tina, their two children, Agent Fry and Agent Bauer. As they walk to their respective cars, Agent Fry and Bear lock eyes, fixating on each other. Unable to handle her glare, Bear puts on a pair of sunglasses. Agent Fry follows by putting on her sunglasses before walking on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

Michael (11) skates down the rink and passes the puck to Ryan (10), who is across the ice. They pass it back and forth, laughing. After they finish playing, they get together and begin to walk home. As they're walking, the young boys MORPH to the older versions of Ryan (21) and Michael (20).

FADE TO WHITE.