

2 Ghosts

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Two TEENAGE BOYS with tattered and bloodied clothing sit atop a mucked up RED PONTIAC.

One of the boys is MARCUS, 19 with a military cut, wife-beater and tattered jeans. He jumps off the car and picks up a rifle. His eyes gaze upon the sunshine dripping through the forest canopy.

MARCUS (V.O.)

We ran. Looking back at the specters of time and death following us.

The other boy, TOM, same age, sits on the hood of the car, flipping his long unkempt skater-hair to the side. He lights up a cigarette.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Like in a dream. Feet sinking into the ground, hard to move. Each time we turned around it seemed like they had caught up. Each time, just a little bit closer.

A dark brown FALCON sits valiantly on a branch. It judges the boys with a piercing glare.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)

I don't know why I kept moving forward. My body turned, twisted, begged to stay and my legs kept moving.

(pause)

How do we shine brightest in the eyes of the Lord? In our will to survive, or our courage to look death in the face? Which is more noble?

Marcus's eyes wander, searching for something. An answer. He spots the falcon. An easy enough target. He raises his rifle.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Blessed am I, molded in the vision of my creator.

The falcon doesn't budge, daring Marcus to make his next move.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Cursed am I, destroyed by the
 nature of man.
 (pause)
 If I must die, I will take you with
 me.

Marcus aims and locks in. The falcon is directly in his line of sight.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Let us enter eternity together.

A deafening GUNSHOT reverberates through the forest.

FLAPPING echoes immediately after.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

A waft of smoke dances its way up towards a light bulb.

Tom lights up his bowl and paces around the cluttered garage. Hip-hop bumps through his ear-buds.

Some muffled YELLING and STOMPING crescendos, rivaling the music. The door flings open and slams into the back wall with Tom's dad, MARTIN, middle-aged with a perpetually pissed-off drunk expression, darting towards the fridge to grab a drink.

MARTIN
 I'm not going to fucking deal with
 this shit anymore Linda. Honestly-

Tom's mother, LINDA, mid-40's, blonde and used-up, comes stumbling in after him holding a glass of Merlot.

LINDA
 None of this shit would have to be
 dealt with if you got a job! You've
 been unemployed for 6 months,
 Martin! We don't have money. We
 could have sent Tom to school by
 now.

MARTIN
 God forbid you ever get a fucking
 job, you stupid cow. Go back to
 guzzling that shit, it's the only
 fucking thing you know how to do.

Tom ignores them the best he can, tweaking the volume on his iPod.

MARTIN
(to Tom)
And what the fuck have you been
doing all day?

Tom is indifferent, deaf to his father's taunting.

Martin yanks Tom's headphones off and flings them against the fridge. Tom stares at his dad emotionless; he's seen this a million times already.

Linda slinks back into the house and closes the door.

MARTIN (cont'd)
You enjoy lounging around here like
a bum? Smoking fucking drugs? You
worthless little shit.

He gives Tom a bully's push. Then a soft slap on the face. Tom remains unfazed.

Martin is furious now. He shoves and pins Tom straight into the supply rack. Tools and sports equipment topple down.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Why don't you fucking get a job
huh? Why don't you fucking earn
some money? You useless fucking
monkey.

As soon as he loosens his grip, Tom flies free and into the house.

Martin smirks and cracks open a beer can.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom sits in the dark staring at his laptop screen, scrolling on Facebook.

He pulls out a bowl from his drawer, fills it with weed, cracks open the window and lights up. After several puffs, a cough, and a quiet blow gently out the window, he shuts his laptop and makes his way down to the foyer.

INT./EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom grabs his car keys from the hook and heads out to his red Pontiac. He jumps in and cranks the ignition. The engine ROARS, and the car rolls down the street.

INT. WENDY'S - SAME NIGHT

Tom examines the menu.

TOM

Um, let me just uh, get, uh, double cheeseburger...

CASHIER (O.S.)

Sure.

TOM

And, um, large fries.

CASHIER (O.S.)

Do you want a meal?

TOM

Huh? Um, yeah... yeah.

CASHIER (O.S.)

Ok, what kind of drink would you like?

TOM

Um, could I get a frosty with it instead of a drink?

CASHIER (O.S.)

Yeah sure.

Tom hands over some cash and lets his eyes wander to the back kitchen. He spots someone he knows.

It's Marcus working the fryer.

They exchange a "hey, I know you" head nod, and Marcus walks towards the counter.

MARCUS

What's up dude.

TOM

Hey.

They dap fists.

MARCUS
Getting some dinner?

TOM
Yeah, just needed to get out of the house you know?

MARCUS
Yeah, hear ya. I guess we're the only two left behind here huh? You know, since everyone else has gone off to college and shit...

TOM
Yeah. It sucks. It's whatever though.

MARCUS
Yo, you wanna chill? I get out in a few minutes.

TOM
Um, yeah. I could chill. I'm definitely not trying to get back home.

MARCUS
Cool, cool.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME NIGHT.

Tom takes a bite into his burger.

MARCUS (O.S.)
So you been going to Morris Community or anything?

TOM
Nah, not right now.

MARCUS
Why, what's up?

TOM
Family can't really afford it right now.

MARCUS
Oh, damn. I thought that shit was supposed to be cheap. You know, at least cheaper than regular college. I took a few classes there. ROTC too.

TOM
ROTC?

MARCUS
Yeah. I'm still trying to enlist.
Getting in shape you know?

TOM
That's cool.

MARCUS
Yeah. I've been practicing some
shooting too. My dad's had this
sick rifle, gave it to me a couple
years before he passed. Been taking
it out to the woods. I'm getting
better with targets. Hopefully if I
pass the exams and physical
training I can get selected for
boot camp and get the fuck out of
this shit hole town.

Tom eats a spoonful of his vanilla frosty.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Yo, let me show you the rifle. It's
down in the basement. Wanna see it?

Tom shrugs a "why not?"

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The light switches on and Marcus navigates through some
boxes and basement clutter and pulls out a sleek black
rifle.

MARCUS
Look at this beautiful fucking
thing. My pride and joy.

Tom nods, not too interested, but pretending to be impressed
for sake of courtesy.

MARCUS (cont'd)
(pointing and aiming)
What, you don't like rifles? This
thing is expensive you know...

TOM
(shrugging)
Not really a gun person.

MARCUS

Aw shit. What the fuck man? Really?

Tom shrugs, feeling awkward for not joining in his host's enthusiasm.

MARCUS (cont'd)

I fucking love guns. There's this incredible feeling of command you get, you know? Long range shooting, being all stealthy and shit. Cracking a motherfucker before he even knows you're there. When you get that shot and see your target go down, that's the shit. Can't wait to fuck up some Arabs. They'll be calling me Devil of Hammadi two-point-0.

Tom checks through some books stuffed in boxes on the basement floor.

TOM

I don't know. I always felt like killing someone should be a bit more personal.

He picks up and stares at a copy of IAIN BANKS' "THE WASP FACTORY".

MARCUS

What do you mean?

TOM

Like, if you're pissed off at someone or they're, like, a really shitty person, I feel like a gun wouldn't really make them feel it. It'd be too quick. It wouldn't send a message.

MARCUS

Shit. I don't know, I feel like you don't really got that choice in the army. You just gotta kill... before you get killed.

TOM

Yeah. But I mean like, someone who you personally know and hate. Someone you actually want to kill face to face.

MARCUS

I know a couple people like that.
Hell, if I could get away with it,
I'd do it.

TOM

Well, anyone would do it if they
could get away with it.

Marcus smirks, trying to figure out if that was a joke.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tom fiddles around with the innards of the car while Marcus watches. The few twirls and tricks he tries aren't doing anything. He throws the wrench on the ground in frustration.

TOM

Fuck this shit. Fucking piece of
shit.

Marcus gives a mocking scoff.

MARCUS

(reaching for the wrench)
Amateur hour over here.

TOM

Oh yeah, because you know how to
fix this thing.

MARCUS

Shit, I'll give it a try.

Marcus goes into surgery under the hood, clinking and clanking his way around. After a few minutes, he goes back into the car and turns the ignition. Nothing.

MARCUS (cont'd)

What the fuck?

Tom throws a mocking scoff back.

TOM

Amateur hour.

MARCUS

(not amused)
Fuck you.

Tom grabs the wrench and starts to fidget under the hood again.

TOM

There's got to be something with the battery. All I did was just shut the car off. I didn't like, crash it or anything.

Tom's incessant mutter gets on Marcus's nerves.

MARCUS

Its fucking over, man. Forget it. I told you a million fucking times, we should wait and then turn ourselves in. Cops are gonna find us sooner or later.

Tom isn't listening.

TOM

I think I can get this wire to-

MARCUS

Its fucking OVER dude!

Tom stands upright.

TOM

Look, I'm not trying to go to jail okay?

MARCUS

Well then where the fuck do you wanna go?

Tom ducks back under the hood.

TOM

I don't know. Not jail.

Marcus starts to unload the bullets out of his rifle and sets them aside. He licks his thumb and rubs some scratch marks.

MARCUS

It's not that bad.

TOM

What?

MARCUS

Jail. I said I heard it ain't that bad.

TOM

What? Of course it is! It's fucking hell! You have to eat shit food, you only get an hour of daylight and you're practically everyone's bitch in there.

MARCUS

My brother was telling me they sensationalize it all. You know, to help stop kids from ending up there. They tell you it's a hell hole and you'll be miserable so people will do everything they can to avoid it.

TOM

It still isn't fucking Disneyland.

MARCUS

Austin said he met some interesting people down in there. He said they aren't all monsters you know? They all got a story to tell.

Tom gets frustrated and slams the hood shut.

TOM

So you're saying your brother liked jail?

MARCUS

He ain't ever said he liked it.

(pause)

He probably just got used to it that's all.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BERKS COUNTY JAIL - DAY

A sign reads "BERKS COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY".

INT. JAIL VISITING CENTER - DAY

Marcus sits slouched on a metal chair with his arms crossed. A frustrated expression covers his face.

AUSTIN, Marcus's 25 year old brother, tattoos, fairly long greasy hair, gives a stern but empathetic look across the table.

AUSTIN
(reaching out his hand)
Hey, it's ok.
(pause)
It wasn't meant to be bud.

MARCUS
(voice breaking)
It ain't fair. No matter how hard I
train, it ain't enough.

AUSTIN
What the hell you wanna go into the
army for anyway? That's not for
you. You need to be in school.

MARCUS
And be stuck here for another four
years? I can't get into any good
school anyway. Fucking Randall
ruined everything. You didn't
deserve what he did to you. He
fucking ruined you and now me and
mom too cause you're gone.

AUSTIN
Hey, I got in here cause I deserved
it. You know that.

MARCUS
He made you take the fall. He's a
fucking pussy and a liar!

AUSTIN
He did. But I'm paying my dues for
a lot of things right now. I did a
whole lot of bad shit in my life.
That's what it's all about, you pay
your dues sooner or later. You pay
'em sooner, then when you die you
can receive forgiveness.

Marcus looks off to some other families conversing with
their inmate relatives.

MARCUS
It fucking pisses me off so much.
Like if I even saw his face I'd
fucking rip-

AUSTIN
Hey, cut that shit out. You're
better than that.

MARCUS

Am I? When's Randall gonna get what's coming to him? When's he gonna pay his dues?

AUSTIN

That's up to God to decide. Not you.

Marcus scoffs and turns away, tears still streaming down his face. He wipes his eyes, trying hard not to look at his brother again.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Tom sits on the living room couch, flipping through channels. His dad is on the adjacent couch with a beer in his hand.

MARTIN

Just fucking pick one.

TOM

What's your problem?

MARTIN

Pick a fucking channel and stick with it. Why do you keep flipping through them like that? That remote's not a fucking toy.

TOM

(fed up)

Shut up.

Martin picks up a book from the coffee table and throws it at Tom, hitting him on the side of his face.

MARTIN

You don't fucking speak like that to me. Understand?

Tom gets up and tosses the remote on the ground. He departs as Martin continues to give him a cold stare.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom browses through Facebook. His news-feed is filled with pictures of people at parties and bars, couples hugging and kissing, friends on study abroad trips and at internships.

Muffled YELLING can be heard from the living room. A SLAP and then a SMASH.

Tom's frustration grows violently. His hands shake and explode as he flings his laptop across the room and it crashes into his bookshelf. He grabs his phone and wallet and darts downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FEW SECONDS LATER

Linda and Martin stumble around slurring curses at each other.

Tom, in the FOYER, has no intention of watching this unfold. He sneaks out the door.

His parents don't notice him.

LINDA

How fucking difficult is it Martin?
How fucking-

MARTIN

Go ahead. Keep acting like a bitch, drinking your wine, spewing shit out of your fucking mouth. I know why you're pestering me to get a job Linda. You don't give a fuck about me, you just want the money to keep pouring in so you can waste it all away on your Chardonnay.

LINDA

That is so... just, so fucking unfair of you! But its so typical.

MARTIN

You expect me to shower you with new clothes and jewelry every fucking day like I'm Donald Trump or some shit right? It's the fucking money, that's all it is. That's all it's ever been!

LINDA

I want you to help provide a home for us. For our son. We can barely afford this place anymore Martin.

MARTIN

Please.

LINDA

And don't fucking talk to me about drinking okay? At least I mind my own fucking business when I drink.

(MORE)

LINDA (cont'd)
Think about what you're doing to Tom.

MARTIN
He could use the shit kicked out of him once in a while. All he fucking does is laze around. Why doesn't he work? What the fuck is he doing all day? He acts like he's the fucking boss around here, so then he should be providing for this family. He should be paying for this house!

LINDA
Are you insane? How can you put all of this on him? If you would've been looking for work we could have sent him to college right now. He wouldn't be here!

MARTIN
He's a lazy fucking bum.

LINDA
He's eighteen! Oh my God, you insufferable fucking-

MARTIN
You know, when I was his age I was out working on my own. I was earning my own fucking money and paying for my own shit. He's driving that car of his every day and I'm the one paying for gas and insurance on it. And you defend him like the fucking idiot you are.

LINDA
I don't fucking know how you live with yourself. Blaming everyone else, every fucking person around you for everything.
(beat)
You're right though. I'm the idiot. I'm the fucking idiot who doesn't know shit. I'm the fucking idiot because I married you.

MARTIN
If you hadn't married me, you'd be worth absolutely nothing.

Linda splashes the rest of her wine onto Martin.

He grabs a book and flings it at her, but it misses and hits a few nick-knacks off a shelf behind her.

Linda drunkenly chuckles.

LINDA

My mother was right you know, I did marry a little pussy.

Martin is infuriated now. He grabs Linda's arm and violently slaps her across her face. She collapses on the floor. After gathering herself she looks at Martin. Tears well up in her eyes.

LINDA (cont'd)

I keep fucking asking myself every night why I stick around here with you.

Linda's sobbing now.

LINDA (cont'd)

You can't hurt me any more than you already have for the past 20 years. Nothing you do hurts any more.

Martin grabs her again and starts slapping her repeatedly.

Linda falls to the ground and buries her own face into the rug, muffling her cries.

Martin stands motionless on top of her. He falls back onto the sofa, collecting his thoughts.

Linda bawls on the floor.

Shards of glass are scattered on the floor, tainted with blood red wine. Time has passed. Linda's crying has faded out now.

Martin is still on the sofa, his head in his hands. He gets up slowly and starts picking up the glass pieces and throwing them in the garbage.

He goes over to his wife and lifts her up.

MARTIN

Come on. Come on baby.

Linda is groggy and limp, bright red welts on the her upper back.

LINDA
 (barely coherent)
 I hate this. I fucking hate us.

MARTIN
 I know. I know. Let's go to bed.

Martin has one arm around Linda and leads her slowly upstairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Martin gently sits her on the bed and looks directly into her droopy, teary eyes.

MARTIN (V.O.)
 Why do we do this to each other?

LINDA (V.O.)
 You deceive me. And I believe you.
 Every time.

MARTIN (V.O.)
 We bury our lies.

Martin gently massages Linda's waist, giving her a sorrowful, regretful look. Linda caresses Martin's hair. They kiss.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - SAME NIGHT

Tom stabs the baked pasta on his plate with a fork and stuffs it into his mouth, one bite after another. Marcus watches him comically.

TOM
 (looking up)
 What?

MARCUS
 (chuckling)
 Nothing man! You're eating like
 you've been starving for a week.

TOM
 Well, I've never had anything this
 good.

MARCUS
 Oh shit, well thank you very much!

TOM

What?

MARCUS

I made that bomb shit, man.

TOM

Really?

MARCUS

Yup. I have to. My mom works really long hours at the hospital. Ever since my brother got locked in, I had to take charge for myself a few times a week when it comes to dinner.

TOM

Wow. My mom never makes stuff like this.

MARCUS

Really? I figured your dad would want something home cooked, if he's as much of a stickler as you say.

TOM

Nah, he doesn't give a shit. When you're fucked up drunk all the time, any old shit will taste good.

Marcus decides to dig a fork of his own into the tray of pasta.

MARCUS

Can't resist.

(pause to chew)

My dad always loved having a home cooked meal. My mom loved cooking for him too.

Tom eats more slowly and silently now, feeling awkward.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Things used to be a lot easier then. Even before my brother got locked up, at least it was still a little easier.

TOM

Why did he go to jail?

MARCUS

This guy Randall framed him,
fucking pussy. He used to be my
brothers best friend.

(pause)

Sorry man, it makes me so fucking
mad talking about it. He ruined my
entire family's life.

Tom is not sure what to say. He finishes the remaining pasta
on his plate.

Marcus slams his fist on the table.

MARCUS (cont'd)

I'm gonna need a drink. You want
anything? I got plenty of Jack down
in the basement.

TOM

I'm not really a drinker.

MARCUS

Oh, I hear you. I mean, I'm gonna
be drinking so I figured I'd offer.
It's not like my house is in short
supply. Otherwise, I guess I'll see
you sometime later this week.

Tom suddenly realizes the last thing he wants to do is go
back home where his parents are.

TOM

You know, what the hell. I could
drink a glass or two.

Marcus smiles approvingly.

MARCUS

Cool.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME NIGHT

Marcus stumbles around swigging a bottle of Jack. Tom
reclines in an armchair, staring at the glass of whiskey and
coke in his hands.

TOM

This shit man. This shit is why my
house is a fucking nightmare.

MARCUS
Come one dude, don't blame the
alcohol. My dad drank too.

TOM
Yeah, but he never drank drank.

Marcus fidgets around with some guns lying on a foldout
table. He grabs a shiny steel pistol.

MARCUS
This thing would fucking wreck
somebody. I could do some serious
damage with this.

Tom smirks and gives a weird laugh. He's more than tipsy
now.

TOM
To who? Randall?

MARCUS
(chuckles)
Yeah! Some sorry fucker like him.

TOM
What, you're gonna kill him or
something?

Marcus hadn't thought of it, but he grows bold in his
drunkenness.

MARCUS
Yeah. Yeah. I should. I should just
do it you know? You're right. I
should just fucking kill him. What
the fuck do I have to lose?

Marcus loads some bullets into the gun.

Tom isn't entertained by this. He becomes concerned.

TOM
Dude, chill out. You had a little
too much Jack.

Marcus cocks the gun.

MARCUS
(growing emotional)
No, I'm serious dude. Everything in
my life got royally fucked by that
asshole. My brother kept telling me
(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)
 God would take care of it. God
 would decide his fate. I'm fucking
 tired of waiting man. I'm fucking
 tired of sitting around in the
 ashes of what he did and watching
 him walk around a free fucking man.

Marcus raises his gun.

Tom is worried and stiff, waiting for Marcus's next move.

The phone rings. Marcus lowers his gun down and turns toward his cellphone. After several rings he picks up.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 Hello?
 (beat)
 Hey mom.
 (beat)
 Yeah, I know we have plans for
 dinner tomorrow. It's no problem.
 (beat)
 I've got work late, but I should be
 able to make it, Darren said he'd
 cover for my night shift.
 (beat)
 Yeah, ok. I love you too.
 (beat)
 Bye.

Marcus drops his phone onto the table and his gun beside it.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tom stands motionless. Faint POLICE SIRENS echo through the forest.

TOM
 Do you hear that? Ghosts. Phantoms.

He turns around and looks at Marcus.

TOM (cont'd)
 They found us.

The sirens gradually start to get louder and grow in number.

MARCUS
 Shit.

Tom runs to the driver's seat and attempts to start the car.

MARCUS (cont'd)
That thing isn't going to start
dude. Come on, lets get to the
ravine.

He desperately tries the ignition several times but it
doesn't work, he punches the steering wheel and tries to
break it apart.

TOM
You fucking piece of shit. FUCK
YOU. FUCK YOU.

MARCUS
Dude, let's go!

Marcus runs out of the car, gun in hand, and jumps into a
nearby ravine. Tom quickly follows suit, grabbing a gun from
the trunk. The sirens blare louder.

The sun dips behind the clouds for a few minutes and the
forest is blanketed in shade.

Marcus and Tom both check the ammunition in the guns.

MARCUS (cont'd)
You good?

Tom breathes heavily and closes his eyes.

TOM
Yeah.

They cock their guns and wait underneath an overhanging tree
root. The sirens are deafening now.

MARCUS (V.O.)
Cowering away from them. This is
what we've come to. Killers. On top
of the world. Now hiding like rats
in the shadows.

The trees rustle in the light breeze that travels through
the forest.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Why can't I find courage? Why can't
I find strength now, after all this
time? I raged and shattered
everything in my life and now I
can't make a sound.

The sirens fade out slowly and the sun once again graces the
forest with its light.

Marcus and Tom breath sighs of relief.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Another day.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

The sky is gray and the colors of the suburban neighborhood are dull and worn.

Tom and Marcus run along the sidewalk chatting out of earshot. Marcus is enthusiastically running ahead while Tom lags behind, panting. They turn into another street and Marcus's eyes catch something which forces him to a halt.

MARCUS
I know that woman.

Tom grinds to a halt as well.

A funeral. A DARK HAired WOMAN cries on her husband's shoulder. A group of MOURNERS surround them in condolence.

TOM
Who is she?

MARCUS
It's that kid Mikey Santucci's mom.
He was a few years younger than us.
He killed himself a couple weeks ago. This must be his funeral.

TOM
Oh shit, I think I heard about that. Do you know what happened?

MARCUS
I kept hearing it was because his girlfriend dumped him. He just, couldn't take it I guess.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

The sun shines down on a large oak tree, painting its leaves with shimmering gold. Birds sing on the branches, a wind rustles the air, whistling a lullaby.

MARCUS (V.O.)
They used to go to this big tree in the park to hang out. It was where they had their first kiss.

A strong branch extends off the trunk of the oak. Towards the center of the branch, a rope is tied tight. Hanging from it by the neck, is Mikey's body.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
I never knew love like that. I
don't think I ever will.

BACK TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Tom awkwardly shuffles his feet.

TOM
Killing yourself over a girl. I
don't know, maybe I just don't know
that feeling.
(pause)
Would you ever kill yourself over
something?

MARCUS
(smirking)
I was gonna go into the army
remember?

TOM
Oh, right. Die for your country.

MARCUS
Die for yourself. That's the only
thing worth dying for anyway.

A priest begins his sermon as the coffin is lowered into the grave. Mikey's mother falls to her knees in heartbreak.

INT. TOM'S CAR - EVENING

Tom drives nervously, periodically looking at Marcus, who is leisurely staring out the window.

TOM
Should I keep going? Or turn?

Marcus is daydreaming.

TOM (cont'd)
Dude!

He snaps out of it.

MARCUS

Chill, I'll tell you when to turn, don't worry! Trust me, I know where to go and I want to get there worse than you.

TOM

Where are we going anyway?

MARCUS

You'll see.

TOM

Would you just tell me?

MARCUS

If I tell you, you won't want to go.

TOM

Just tell me alright?

Marcus shakes his head, but eventually gives in.

MARCUS

We're going to the place Randall works at.

Tom, as expected, grows concerned. He darts a few suspicious looks at Marcus.

TOM

I don't want to get caught up in some illegal shit man, ok? Don't make me your fucking getaway car.

MARCUS

(laughs)

I told you you wouldn't want to go. Anyway, I'm just gonna go talk to the guy.

(pause)

And maybe break a few ribs.

Marcus gives a cheeky smile. Tom doesn't take kindly to the joke.

The car rumbles up and down a hilly road.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Ok, that turn right there. Make a right. That building right there, the bar with the neon signs and shit. Swerve into the parking lot.

EXT. BARRACUDA BAR - PARKING LOT - EVENING

An old dive bar, loud and busy inside and out, flashes neon Miller Lite and Budweiser signs.

Tom and Marcus stand next to Tom's red Pontiac in the parking lot.

MARCUS

He's in there.

TOM

What he's a bartender or something?

MARCUS

Hell no. He's not skilled enough for that. He cleans the fucking bathrooms. Fucking loser.

Marcus pumps his chest and heads for the entrance.

TOM

Yo, remember, I'm not getting caught up in some stupid shit.

MARCUS

Then stay back here, pussy.

Tom rolls his eyes and capitulates, Marcus's loyal sidekick.

INT. BARRACUDA DIVE BAR - EVENING

The bar is filled with tattoos, bandanas, and leather jackets, chugging beer, and mowing down burgers and fries. Eighties rock blasts on the speakers.

Marcus walks in, chest pumped and arms flexed. Tom slinks in shyly behind him, a fish out of water.

Marcus spots RANDALL, 27, freckled face, shabbily styled orange hair with a mop and bucket talking to his MANAGER. He looks up for a second and sees Marcus giving him a deadly stare.

He gives a heavy sigh, slings a towel over his shoulder and comes over.

RANDALL

Marcus.

MARCUS

(gritting teeth)

Randall. You cock-sucking piece of shit.

Randall tries to look away from Marcus's gaze.

RANDALL
Look man, lets not do this here
okay?

MARCUS
Too busy mopping up other people's
shit?

RANDALL
(sighing)
I have a break in a few minutes, we
can talk outside.

Marcus sees Randall's manager staring at him and lowers his guard.

MARCUS
Fine.

He briskly marches out the door, Tom tailing behind.

EXT. BARRACUDA BAR - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Marcus paces up and down in the parking lot.

TOM
You know he might just run out the
back exit.

MARCUS
Sounds like something he would do,
fucking pussy bitch.

Randall opens the door and makes his way past a large group trying to enter the bar. He comes up to Marcus a bit hesitant.

RANDALL
Hey, Marcus. Look I wanted to-

Without a word, Marcus squarely throws a punch straight into Randall's nose, splitting it open. Blood starts flowing immediately.

A group forms around the fight.

Randall grabs his nose and tries to balance himself, but Marcus lands an uppercut into Randall's jaw. Randall falls to the ground.

The manager comes storming out.

MANAGER

Hey! Hey! Cut it out.

He grabs Marcus around the waist, pulling him away from Randall. Marcus flails around, but the manager swings and throws him into a car sending him stumbling.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Get out of here! What, did you come here just to fight? Huh? Get the fuck out of here before I call the cops on you!

Marcus follows orders. He and Tom head for the car. Randall holds a towel to his nose.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Houses of equal size and shape, lined up like soldiers, stained by the blood orange hue of the evening sunset.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The door creaks open and Tom slips in trying not to cause too much noise. He flicks the light on and freezes, numb.

Linda is lying passed out by the staircase, her dress stained rose with wine. A bottle smashed against the wall opposite her.

Stumbling in from the darkness, Martin mumbles incoherently to himself. When he reaches the light he pauses and looks down at Linda, then Tom.

MARTIN

(slurring words)

Typical huh? Had a little too much to drink yet again.

Tom is motionless, he only stares at his mom's limp figure.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Come on. Help me pick her up. Let's get her into bed.

Tom slowly inches over.

MARTIN (cont'd)

You take the arms, I'll grab the legs.

They pick her up together and carry her up the stairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

MARTIN

Okay, right there, on the left side
of the bed.

Tom shuffles over and places his mom's head on the pillow.
Martin rests her feet. Tom turns the lamp on.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Tuck her in will ya? And take her
blouse off. I'm gonna take a shit.

Martin stumbles out.

Tom looks at his mother's limp body. He gently unbuttons her
blouse, peeling it off tenderly, revealing blue welts and
red cuts up the length of both her arms and some on her back
as well.

He then proceeds to pull the covers from under her and
places them over her.

She shuffles around a bit but then gets cozy again.

Tom turns off the lamp and exits.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tom drags a baseball bat on the hardwood hall floor all the
way DOWNSTAIRS and into the GARAGE where he positions
himself in front of the storage shelves.

TOM (V.O.)

All you can do is just shatter
everything. Smash it. What else is
left?

He picks the bat up and swings it violently into the
shelves, sending cans, tools, tennis balls, and gardening
equipment flying and crashing to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY PRISON - VISITING BOOTH - SEVERAL YEARS PRIOR

Marcus sits with the phone glued to his ear, listening to
his brother Austin talk on the other side of the meeting
booth window, both on the verge of tears.

TOM (V.O.)

Do you remember what it was like?

MARCUS (V.O.)
I keep trying to forget. I do
everything I can to forget.

TOM (V.O.)
You can tell me. If anyone, you can
tell me. Just get it out.

INT. COURTROOM - AROUND THE SAME TIME

Austin sits in the stand scared and nervous, spilling
everything that happened with Randall and the police.

MARCUS (V.O.)
He told the truth. I know he did.
My brother told the truth that
night. But no one believed him.

CUT TO:

INT. AUSTIN'S TRUCK - NIGHT - SEVERAL MONTHS PRIOR

Austin nervously steers his truck down the road,
periodically looking into the rear-view mirror.

Randall sits carefree in the passenger seat dangling a
loaded gun out the window.

AUSTIN
Yo I'm serious bro, keep the window
closed.

RANDALL
Chillax.

AUSTIN
No, fuck you, chillax! There are
cops everywhere on this road man,
they already probably got the call
from the jeweler that we were
there.

RANDALL
That's why I told you, you
should've fucking killed the
motherfucker.

Randall gives out a loud and obnoxious laugh.

AUSTIN
Shut the fuck up.

RANDALL
(mocking tone)
You shut up, mom!

AUSTIN
(livid)
Fuck you.

Austin reaches his right hand out to take the gun away from Randall, but Randall hangs it far out the window.

AUSTIN (cont'd)
Give it to me you dick.

During the struggle it goes off with a BANG. Austin is terrified now, and Randall is shaken up back to reality as well.

AUSTIN
Shit! Shit, shit, shit, shit. You dumbass. Look at what you did. Shit man.

Austin gazes into the rear-view mirror and sees two bright lights in the distance.

AUSTIN
(nervous)
Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you.

Randall is silent as a mouse now, crouched in his seat, his sweater hood covering most of his face.

AUSTIN (cont'd)
They're tailing us man. They're like, only a hundred feet behind us. We're fucked, we are fucked beyond all comprehension.

INTERCUTTING INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The CAR slows down near an intersection and veers up a hill. Austin is periodically watching the rear-view mirror.

It seems for a moment they lost the tailing car, but then the two bright lights show up again.

Austin navigates through some tricky twists in the road.

He turns left into a branching street. He peers his head and tries to find a driveway to turn into.

He sees a long one that winds down. The house it leads to is out of view. He veers into the driveway.

He decides instead of going the length of the driveway, to veer off-road into the woods behind the house.

The truck comes to a standstill deep in the back woods and the lights go off.

After a few moments, a familiar pair of bright headlights appear at the top of the hill on the driveway. The lights continue to move forward.

Austin and Randall are dead silent.

The red and blue police lights on the top of the car suddenly come on. The chase is over.

AUSTIN

I'm sorry man.

Randall starts to whimper.

AUSTIN (cont'd)

Alright, come on. Lets get out together.

RANDALL

I don't want to go to jail. I can't... I can't.

AUSTIN

Come on. We can't do anything about it now man.

Randall is reluctant, but remorsefully agrees. Austin opens the door slowly and steps out. Randall does too.

Austin's hands go up in the air as he walks towards the patch of ground illuminated by the path of the cop car's headlights. Randall is still hidden in the dark.

The two cops get out of their car as well.

Suddenly a GUNSHOT is heard. The cops duck.

Randall tosses the gun towards Austin, who in that split second, catches it unwittingly. Randall runs.

The cops get back up and aim their guns at Austin.

COPS
 (together)
 Drop the weapon! Drop the weapon or
 we will open fire!

COP #2
 On your knees hand behind your back
 now! We will fire if you do not
 cooperate.

Austin quickly drops the gun and gets on his knees.

Randall is a good distance away from the scene now. He looks
 back for a second, but then continues running away.

BACK TO:

INT. COUNTY PRISON - HOSPITAL WARD - EVENING

Marcus wanders aimlessly in the hospital corridor, like a
 lost dog. He turns around in multiple directions looking for
 some guidance, but everyone is occupied.

A few cops walk down the hallway chatting and drinking
 coffee.

A NURSE, in scrubs and braided hair, walks through the
 corridor in a rush, but pauses and looks curiously at
 Marcus.

NURSE
 Excuse me sir, do you need to get
 somewhere?

MARCUS
 Yeah, uh, my brother is in the
 emergency ward here. I need to see
 him.

NURSE
 Okay, did you sign in?

MARCUS
 Um, no.

NURSE
 Alright, you need to sign in first
 and fill out the guest form and
 wait for them to call your name.

MARCUS
 But he's in the emergency ward.
 It's serious, I need to see him
 now!

NURSE

That's not how it works here
sweetie. You need to go sign in.
That lady over there will give you
the form and she'll take care of
you.

She gestures to the NURSE at the help desk and then quickly
departs.

Marcus trudges over to the waiting room.

He speaks to the nurse out of earshot and she hands him a
clipboard and a pen.

Marcus, with plodding steps, reluctantly makes his way to a
seat and plops down.

INT. COUNTY PRISON - EMERGENCY ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Marcus walks in and is greeted immediately by DOCTOR HANSON,
35. He sympathetically places his hand on Marcus's back.

DR. HANSON

Hey Marcus. How are you doing
today?

Marcus immediately grows very uncomfortable and worried.

MARCUS

What's wrong with my brother?

Doctor Hanson looks regretfully into Marcus's eyes, which
begin to well up before even a word is uttered. He knows.

DR. HANSON

You brother Austin suffered severe
lacerations from a series of knife
stabs during a cafeteria fight. We
tried to patch him up the absolute
best we could but he had already
lost a significant amount of blood.

Marcus starts to back away. He puts his hands on his head
and his sobbing grows more intense.

DR. HANSON (cont'd)

I'm very sorry, Marcus. I can't
imagine-

Marcus's tone takes a sharp swerve into anger.

MARCUS
 You can't imagine? You're sorry?
 What the fuck is that supposed to
 do?

He attacks the doctor dragging him to the ground.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 (increasing in volume)
 What the fuck am I supposed to do
 now? How am I supposed to tell my
 mom? Why the fuck didn't you do
 your job?

A pair of PRISON GUARDS come flying into the room and tear Marcus off the doctor. Marcus flails and scratches like a wounded fox. The guards place him in handcuffs.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 (screaming to the guards)
 Where the fuck were you? Why didn't
 you protect my brother? Let go of
 me you fucking pigs!

The guards drag Marcus out of the room grunting and thrashing.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME NIGHT

Moths flutter around the porch light, hypnotized.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME NIGHT

FOOTSTEPS arrive from upstairs. Tom walks in from the staircase into the dimly lit basement. He inches slowly forward.

Marcus stands by the table loading bullets into a gun. He gives a casual look at Tom but doesn't say anything. He cocks the gun and aims it at his own head.

TOM
 Marcus?!

MARCUS
 Don't. Move.

Tom is hesitant but he continues to inch closer.

TOM
 Don't do this dude. Come on. What
 the fuck happened?

MARCUS

Why? What the fuck do you care anyway? I've got nothing left. Nothing. This is all just a fucking waste of time now.

TOM

Don't. We can fix this. Both of us. You're mom's still alive.

Marcus starts to tear up.

MARCUS

Take her too. Let them take her too, and you. Why tease me?

TOM

Put the gun down.

Marcus points the gun at Tom.

MARCUS

Don't you dare come closer you fucking-

Tom flings his phone at Marcus and ducks down and then, as Marcus stumbles, grabs Marcus's arm, trying to pry the gun loose from him. They both fall to the ground and wrestle. The gun FIRES into the air.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - A WHILE LATER

Tom and Marcus sit in silence, shuffling their hands around, unsure what to do or say. Marcus finally sighs and turns to Tom.

MARCUS

Why did you stop me?

Tom doesn't really know the answer himself.

MARCUS (cont'd)

You should have let me do it. It's only a matter of time before I die anyway. I don't give a shit anymore.

TOM

Don't say that.

MARCUS

It's true. You don't get it because you fucking hate your family

(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)
 anyway. You never lost someone you
 loved.

Tom crosses his arms, defensive and closed.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 I keep hearing my brother's voice
 ringing inside my head. Saying its
 God's plan, it's God's retribution,
 he's just testing our strength.
 Every day that gets harder to
 fucking believe.

Tom flicks some pebbles off the porch, trying to gather a
 retort to Marcus.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 I saw my brother lying there man.
 Beaten, cut up, just fucking lying
 there like a fucking slab of meat.
 Like a fucking deer hit by a
 semi-truck.
 (beat)
 I'd fucking rip Randall's head off
 his neck right now if I saw him.

TOM
 If that's what you feel, then do
 it.

Marcus turns to Tom in confusion.

MARCUS
 What?

TOM
 You keep talking about killing him.
 Do it then. At least that's better
 than killing yourself.

Marcus thinks for a moment.

MARCUS
 I'd be in jail.

TOM
 Oh, so now you care about your
 life.

MARCUS
 Fuck you. Why don't you kill your
 fucking dad? You complain about him
 too.

TOM
Trust me, I think about it.

MARCUS
I think about it too.

TOM
I don't know if its hatred or just,
like your brother said,
retribution. I mean, from a moral
standpoint, they weren't good
people.

Marcus agrees.

MARCUS
I'd do it if I could get away with
it.

TOM
Like I said before, anybody would
do it if they could get away with
it.

Marcus nods affirmatively.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The leaves rustle gently in the breeze. A timber rattlesnake maneuvers its way quietly ducking under and through the fall foliage. Ants scurry along the trunk of a tree, soldiers on their daily march.

TOM
Do you ever think if we just made
one decision differently we
wouldn't be here?

Marcus kneels on the ground saying a prayer. He gets up after a few seconds and brushes his knees.

TOM (cont'd)
Do you think it was worth it?

Marcus sits on top of the trunk of the car.

MARCUS
I'm not sure what you're getting
at.

Tom lights up a cigarette and inhales deeply.

TOM

There's a theory I read about. They say that every decision you make leads to an alternate universe and a different outcome. That means like, there's a version of us that made better choices and is living a better life. That's pretty crazy.

MARCUS

I don't really think about that shit. All I know is I'm at where I deserve to be. It's in God's hands.

TOM

God's hands.
(scoffs)
That's a nice excuse.

MARCUS

What, are you atheist or some shit?

TOM

Agnostic.

MARCUS

(snide chuckle)
So you're an atheist without balls then.

TOM

Aristotle, man. The only thing I know is I don't know.

Marcus chuckles, a funny concept to him. Tom puts out and flings his cigarette.

TOM (cont'd)

Think about it. You've never looked back on your life and thought what it would be like to make those choices over again?

MARCUS

It is what it is.

TOM

I reflect back all the time. Now more than ever. I didn't have to kill anybody. I didn't need to.

MARCUS

I don't dwell on the fucking past.
It doesn't mean shit to whats
happening right now.

TOM

You don't learn anything if you
don't look back on your mistakes.

MARCUS

Hindsight's always twenty-twenty
dude. People can look back and
reflect on shit all they want, but
that's destiny. God wanted it to be
that way, you can't change that.

TOM

Oh, what a fucking horse shit
excuse. Lay off that 'God
pre-ordained it' garbage.

MARCUS

Yo, that's what I know ok? This is
a stupid conversation any way, I'd
spend my time better trying to
catch something to eat.

TOM

You never cared to think how the
bad choices you made brought you
here? How fucking arrogant is that?

Tom opens his arms signaling to the barrenness of the
forest.

TOM (CONT'D)

All this? All this fucking
nothingness?

MARCUS

I told you I don't waste my time on
that. I gotta figure out whats
going on right now first.

TOM

How about your brother or your dad?
You know, if your brother didn't
make such shitty choices, your life
would've been better too... ever
think about that?

Marcus's nerve is hit. He gets up slowly and inches towards
Tom.

MARCUS
What the fuck did you just say?

TOM
I'm just saying-

MARCUS
You don't fucking talk about my
family like that you sack of shit.

TOM
I'm just saying.

MARCUS
My brother was fucking framed.

TOM
He robbed a jewelry store. I'd say
that's a shitty choice. It would've
gotten him arrested anyway.

MARCUS
Fuck you.

TOM
Face it, your brother fucked up.

MARCUS
You know, I may not have gotten
into the army, but I can still kick
your worthless ass.

Marcus charges at Tom and throws him up against the car and starts beating him with his fists.

Tom fights valiantly as well, trying to tackle Marcus to the ground. He rips Marcus's wife-beater and tries to pry him off.

Marcus grabs Tom's shoulders and head-butts him hard.

Tom is woozy, back-peddling and falling down.

MARCUS
Fuck you.

Marcus grabs his shotgun and runs away.

Tom is on the ground holding his head.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A GRAVE STONE with the name "MICHAEL DAVID SANTUCCI" carved on it. Tulips and cards lie at its base.

Marcus and Tom look down at it with a mix of remorse and curiosity.

MARCUS

What do you think happens when we die?

TOM

I don't know. I don't think anybody does.

MARCUS

I guess you've gotta believe there's something better if you're trying to kill yourself right? A better world. An escape.

(pause)

Like, your life is so bad that you figure the afterlife has to be an improvement. Anything but this world.

TOM

I guess.

MARCUS

Could be worse too.

TOM

Or maybe there's nothing.

MARCUS

I guess that's still technically better.

They chuckle uncomfortably, trying to force a comedic relief.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(lighthearted)

I figure though, God might have cut Mikey some slack, right? I mean, he did get dumped.

TOM

(chuckles)

You're saying God would've felt bad for him for getting dumped and then killing himself?

Marcus chuckles too, realizing the ridiculousness of his thought.

MARCUS
Well, I feel bad for the poor kid.

Tom laughs a bit louder now.

Marcus scans the surroundings.

He spots LYND SAY, Mikey's ex-girlfriend walking on the far sidewalk with some roses.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Yo dude, I think she's coming this way.

Tom sees her and he and Marcus both scurry off near a tree down the slope of the cemetery. They watch Lyndsay slowly walk over to Mikey's gravestone.

She pauses and speaks out of earshot.

TOM (O.S.)
What do you think she's saying?

MARCUS (O.S.)
I think she's asking for forgiveness.

Lyndsay places the flowers by the grave and cries.

TOM
A lot of good that does, feeling guilty after someone dies.

MARCUS
Yeah.

TOM
You think God would've forgiven you if I let you kill yourself?

Marcus is offended. He abruptly leaves.

Tom stands confused and then follows him.

TOM (cont'd)
What?

MARCUS
That was a pretty shitty thing to say.

TOM

Chill, I was just asking a question. I thought it'd be something to think about.

MARCUS

Well it wasn't fucking called for.

Tom avoids continuing the argument and accepts his fault.

TOM

Sorry...

Marcus waves a truce.

MARCUS

Fuck it man. I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna fuck Randall up. Its time he payed up for what he did.

Marcus gives Tom a piercing star. Tom looks to the ground.

MARCUS (cont'd)

You in?

TOM

What, me?

MARCUS

Yeah. We both got scores to settle.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

The neighborhood is dead silent, streetlights ominously standing guard illuminating patches of the sidewalks.

TOM (V.O.)

We do unspeakable things in the name of love.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Tom walks into the living room and drops his keys on the table. He adjusts his waist, a GUN is visible in the back right side of his pants, but his shirt quickly covers it up with his shirt.

Linda dances around with joy, reacting to the Buffalo Bills game on TV.

LINDA

Woooo! Yeah CJ! Atta boy!

She turns to Tom.

LINDA (cont'd)
Hey! Come on, come here, watch with me. CJ's been on his game all day today, three touchdowns!

Tom smiles awkwardly pretending to care.

LINDA (cont'd)
This season is going to be wild. Everyone's predicting a winning season, we might take it to the Pats for the first time in God knows how long.

Linda laughs with excitement.

Tom plops down on the sofa and already looks bored. He looks at his phone.

Linda watches him disappointingly, but then grows empathetic. She takes a seat next to him and puts her hand on his lap.

LINDA (cont'd)
Hey. You ok?

Tom acts nonchalant.

TOM
Yeah, I'm fine.

LINDA
Are you sure?

TOM
(annoyed)
Yeah.

Linda pours herself some wine.

LINDA
Look, I know we haven't been able to talk. I know that, everything that's been going on is, well, its not a great place to be in for someone your age. But I'm trying Tom, I really am. I'm trying to stay happy, I'm trying to be positive, I'm trying to think of the good things.

She starts to tear up.

LINDA (cont'd)
It's hard. I just want to give you
the home you deserve.

Tom fights back his emotion, and maintains his cool.

TOM
It's-
(beat)
It's ok. Really.

Linda knows its not.

A THUD is heard from the front door opening and another SLAM from it closing. Linda gets up.

Martin stumbles in from the foyer into the living room and gives Linda a dirty look.

MARTIN
What the fuck are you staring at?

Linda looks disgusted.

Martin goes over to the kitchen and browses the freezer. He pulls out a frozen chicken dish and tosses it on the table.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Here, fix that up for me.

Linda grabs it like she wants to throw it at Martin's head, but she turns back to Tom sitting on the couch.

LINDA
Tom, do you want anything dear?

Tom shakes his head without looking up.

Linda walks over to the microwave and pops the dish in.

MARTIN
Woah, woah, what the fuck?!

Linda backs away.

MARTIN (cont'd)
Don't fucking put that in the
microwave. Heat it in the oven!

Linda takes the dish angrily out of the microwave and slams it on the counter. She has had it.

LINDA
You fucking heat it yourself
shit-bird!

Martin clenches his fist.

MARTIN
What the fuck did you say to me?

LINDA
(emphatic)
Heat the fucking dish yourself.

Martin grabs Linda and slams her against the fridge.

MARTIN
I will teach you to fucking-

Tom gets up off the sofa.

TOM
Let go of her!

MARTIN
(to Tom)
You shut the fuck up! Stay right
there!

Martin starts beating Linda with his right fist. He turns her around and then slams her into the table, slapping and punching her.

Tom watches from the living room. His blood coming to a rolling boil.

Linda screams and yells as Martin, who is now taking off his belt.

Out of nowhere, a gunshot rings out and splinters one of the wood cabinets. Another shot rips through Martin's shoulder.

Martin is horrified. He turns back to see Tom pointing a gun in his direction.

TOM
Get on the fucking ground.

Martin obeys orders. Tom's eyes tear up in sorrow and rage.

Linda tries to gather herself.

TOM (cont'd)
 You will never fucking hurt her
 again.

Martin stands bewildered.

TOM (cont'd)
 (screaming at the top of his
 lungs)
 Do you fucking hear me?!

Martin, shocked into submission, merely nods.

Tom cocks his gun again.

Martin is shaking now.

LINDA
 Tom! Tom, put the gun down sweetie.
 Please.

BANG! Another bullet rips into Martin and puts him on the
 ground writhing.

Tom inches closer to him but Linda grabs his arm.

LINDA (cont'd)
 Tom you-

TOM
 Shut the fuck up.

He watches Martin struggle on the floor, bleeding from his
 gut.

TOM (cont'd)
 (to Martin)
 This is the last fucking time you
 hurt us you worthless piece of
 shit.

LINDA
 Tom, don't do this. It's not worth
 it you know that. Don't. You're a
 good kid. Please. Please, I'm sorry
 for all the pain we caused you but
 it doesn't need to be like this.

Tom turns to his mother.

TOM
 This isn't about me or you. This is
 about him. It needs to be like this
 (MORE)

TOM (cont'd)
because of him. I'm done. You can
act noble, act like you don't have
hate inside you, but I'm not going
to be keep lying.

Martin has now opened the knife drawer and is sliding a
large carving knife out.

Linda spots him ready to pounce.

LINDA
TOM LOOK OUT!

Tom turns around and sees Martin getting up charging at him.
He aims his gun straight at Martin's head and fires.

Martin's skull shatters and blood sprays all over the
counter and cabinets as his body falls limp to the floor.

Marcus backs away.

Linda inches towards Martin and then turns to Tom.

LINDA (cont'd)
Tom-

TOM
Go. Get out of here. Go to
grandpas. There's nothing for us
here.

LINDA
What do you mean, where are you
going?

TOM
I'll figure it out. Just go!

LINDA
Tom-

TOM
(screaming)
Just go! Get the fuck out of here!

Linda starts to sob and backs away.

Tom doesn't look back at her as he darts out the front door.

Linda stumbles around crying and disoriented.

INT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME NIGHT

Marcus sits Indian-style under a single dim light-bulb, aiming his gun into the air.

FOOTSTEPS grow closer.

TOM (O.S.)
I did it. I killed them.

Marcus slowly lowers his gun and takes a deep breath. He closes his eyes and mutters a prayer.

EXT./INT. RANDALL'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Marcus and Tom stealthily make their way through the bushes and small trees behind Randall's house. They see several windows glowing with light.

MARCUS (V.O.)
You deserve to die. If it must be me who delivers your fate, so be it. My brother was wrong. God is too kind, too merciful. He understands our Lord in ways I don't.

Marcus leaps over the bushes with his shotgun and runs to the back porch.

INSIDE

Randall's mother IDA, portly and old, sits at the kitchen table ladling in some chicken soup.

Randall comes over and sits in front of his bowl. He looks over to the entrance, he heard something.

Suddenly the door smashes open and Marcus comes charging in.

Randall leaps up, his mother starts screaming.

In a matter of seconds, Marcus is right near them, his rifle aimed. He fires a shot. It tears a hole into the wall.

Randall's mother throws herself on the ground screaming hysterically.

Randall cries and pleads against a wall.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
My God is a God of forgiveness. A God of love. I will die for him, but I will make sure you do too.

Marcus fires again, ripping Randall's head into shreds.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS - RAVINE - DAY

Marcus walks around a giant tree with his rifle. He spots a fawn in the distance poking around the fallen leaves. He crouches down and gets on his stomach and positions his arms with the rifle on a large rock.

Through the peephole of the rifle, the fawn perks its head up and look around. Slowly it lowers again and starts picking at grass. Marcus adjusts himself.

He recites Private Jackson's verse from "Saving Private Ryan", with the same intensity.

MARCUS

Blessed be the Lord my strength,
which teaches my hands to the war,
and my fingers to fight. My
goodness and my fortress. My high
tower and my Deliverer. My shield,
and he in whom I trust...

His finger quivers a bit on the trigger.

TOM (O.S.)

Marcus!

The fawn perks up and gallops away.

MARCUS

Fuck!

Tom runs up to Marcus.

Marcus turns around, gets up and shoves Tom in his shoulder.

MARCUS (cont'd)

The fuck man? I had 'em. He was as
still as a log too, easy target.

TOM

I got the car to start again.

Marcus isn't as excited as Tom had hoped.

TOM (cont'd)

Come on!

MARCUS
Whatever dude.

Marcus turns around and goes his own way.

Tom runs after him.

TOM
What the hell? You don't wanna get
out of here?

MARCUS
Where the fuck are we gonna go man?
Where the fuck are we gonna keep
running?

TOM
(struggling to answer)
I-I don't know.

MARCUS
Exactly. You don't fucking know!
We're just gonna keep driving and
the cops are just gonna keep
chasing after us. And we're gonna
go to bed every fucking night with
one eye open.

Tom gives a defeated look.

MARCUS (cont'd)
(turning to leave)
Just leave me alone dude.

Tom watches Marcus traverse across the ravine. He heads back
towards his car, double taking back at Marcus one more time.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Marcus continues to sneak through the woods with rifle in
hand, trying to be stealthy, but every time he inches closer
the deer inches further, watching and predicting his every
move.

He clutches his stomach and stumbles, feeling hungry and
tired.

A few bushes with berries on them tempt him, but as he goes
to reach for one, his hand gets stuck with multiple thorns.

MARCUS
Ah, shit!

He tries picking out the thorns and blood seeps out of the punctures in his hands.

He looks around. The deer is gone.

EXT. WOODS - TOM'S CAR - SOME TIME LATER

Tom sits in the car and tries to turn it on. It whirs and wheezes, but eventually putters out.

TOM

What the fuck?! It was working a fucking minute ago!

He tries a couple more, but the same sickly wheezing and puttering sounds off. Tom tries to pull the the steering wheel apart in a fit of rage.

He grabs a gun from the trunk and runs off after Marcus.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT./INT. ROADSIDE - TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Marcus sits in the passenger seat, drunkenly chugging from a bottle of rum. His head bobbles around and his body is jello.

Tom gathers his thoughts. He sees Marcus ready to collapse and solemnly holds him up with his right arm.

TOM

Dude, chill out with that.

MARCUS

(slurring words)
Fuck you.

TOM

(reaching for the bottle)
I'm serious. Give me that, you're gonna fucking puke everywhere.

Tom tries to grasp the bottle, but Marcus shoves him away.

They start to wrestle each other. Tom continues to reach for the bottle. He finally gets a hold of it and yanks it. The rum spills all over Tom. He starts flapping his arms trying to get them dry.

TOM (cont'd)

Shit. You jackass! Do you see what you did?

Marcus wiggles around. He struggles trying to grab the door handle.

MARCUS
(slurring)
Fuck you bitch. I don't fucking
need you.

Marcus stumbles out of the car, falling almost face first onto the roadside. He gets up slowly and starts hobbling and waddling down the side of the road.

TOM
Dude get back in the car! There
could be cops here. If they see us,
we're fucked.

Marcus doesn't look back. He continues his uncoordinated stroll down the side of the road, but eventually collapses on his knees and throws up.

Tom shakes his head in frustration. He gets out of the car and jogs towards Marcus. He attempts to pick him up off the ground, but Marcus resists.

TOM (cont'd)
Dude, come on. I'm serious. We're
gonna get caught.

MARCUS
I don't fucking care.

Tom starts to forcibly drag Marcus towards the car.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Dude. Stop it. Stop you fucking-

TOM
What.

Tom flips Marcus over to face him.

TOM (cont'd)
What huh? You want to get fucking
arrested?

Marcus starts to sob. He clutches Tom's jacket and pulls him closer.

MARCUS
Tom. Tom.
(pause)

(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)
Everything I ever gave a shit about
in my life was taken away from me.
Everything.

Tom gives an empathetic look.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Just promise me that whatever
fucking happens, we're in this
together. Please.

Tom gives and empathetic sigh and nods.

TOM
Lets get you back in the car.

Tom slings Marcus's arm around the back of his neck and
helps him back over to the car.

INT. BABY'S DINER - MORNING

Tom and Marcus sit at a booth table eating breakfast.

Tom sips coffee and looks discreetly at a pair of POLICE
OFFICERS at a far table.

MARCUS
I can't fucking feel my face.

Tom smiles.

TOM
You hit that vodka pretty hard last
night.

MARCUS
My head feels like its about to
explode.

TOM
I bet. You know you could've gotten
us caught right? You were out on
the road, I could have sworn
somebody saw us.

Marcus bites a piece of toast.

MARCUS
I can't believe Randall's fucking
dead now. He's actually gone!

TOM
Yo, quiet! Dude, right there, five
o'clock. Cops.

Marcus turns around and sees the officers. He sighs and continues eating. After a few bites, he leans back in his seat.

MARCUS
(whispering)
You know what I said yesterday, I
meant it.

TOM
I'm surprised you remember that.

MARCUS
That was a pact. If we go to jail,
or if we die, or whatever. I don't
want to go it alone.

TOM
I know. I got you.

A red-head waitress with the name tag reading JENNA, comes up to their table.

JENNA
Can I get you boys anything else?

TOM
(to Marcus)
Uh, coffee?

Marcus nods.

TOM (cont'd)
Yeah, more coffee.

JENNA
Sure, no problem!

She departs. Marcus breathes deeply and gives Tom a worried look.

MARCUS
(whispering)
We're murderers Tom.

Tom put his finger to his lips and looks in the direction of the cops who are enjoying pancakes.

EXT./INT. SUNSET MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

The red Pontiac pulls up into a parking spot in front of a two-story motel.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and Tom stand at the RECEPTION DESK and get their room keys. They carry their bags around the corner.

INT. ROOM 111 - MOMENTS LATER

Keys JANGLE and the door creaks open. Tom and Marcus carry duffel bags and backpacks into the room and drop them on the floor by the dresser.

TOM

How much shit did you get?

Marcus already heading for the balcony.

MARCUS

Everything. Everything I could find.

Tom opens up one of the bags and its stuffed with ammunition, bottles of alcohol and boxes and cans of food.

Marcus leans against the balcony railing and takes in the busy surroundings of the motel.

TOM (O.S.)

Credit cards?

Marcus nods without turning around. He sees cars whizzing by and lights from a barbecue joint flashing across on the opposite side of the road.

MARCUS (V.O.)

We were left festering. Wrestling with our fate, never looking back. When do we find peace?

A couple fight vociferously in the parking lot. They start swinging at each other and several bystanders decide to break up the action.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - SEVERAL YEARS AGO

The American flag hangs solemnly overhead a class of students goofing around and gossiping.

TOM (V.O.)

Josh Finney sat next to me
in homeroom.

JOSH FINNEY, 16 year old pale twig with glasses and greasy bed-hair, scribbles frantically into a notebook. His tongue sticks out as he concentrates to keep his thoughts flowing onto the page.

Tom, sitting a few feet away from him, headphones on, oblivious to everything else.

Josh turns to look at Tom. He leans over and taps him.

JOSH

Hey, do you think I should
get Michelle flowers? Do you
think that's too predictable?

Tom is jolted back to reality from his music.

TOM

What was that?

JOSH

I was wondering what you think
a cute girl would like if you know,
I was trying to 'get' with
her. Flowers are nice, but maybe
they're too predictable?

Tom realizes he is completely uninterested in this conversation.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(getting the hint)

Yeah, I think its a little obvious.

A group of tall jock-looking DUDES walk up. One of them, BILLY, built like a basketball player, snatches the notebook from Josh and begins reading it aloud to the homeroom class.

BILLY

(mocking nasally voice)

Dear Michelle, you are the
most beautiful girl I've ever seen.
Like a deer in the forest on a
warm summer morning with dew drops.

He starts to crack up really loud mid-sentence and can't continue on. The rest of the guys laugh hysterically with him, and a few stray chuckles from others also fill the room.

Josh sits looking at them with a dorky smile. He starts to laugh along too, desperate to fit in.

JOSH

Ha! Yeah, good one Billy! That is kinda cheesy huh?

TOM (V.O.)

There was something in his smile. Some dark hidden secret inside of them. A ticking bomb, only a few days from detonation.

Tom looks away, embarrassed for the kid.

BACK TO:

INT. DUSTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Marcus rips off a bite of St. Louis rib.

MARCUS

Wait, so you were the one who tipped off the cops?

Tom shakes his head.

TOM

Nah. I didn't think anything of it at the time. It's just, thinking back now...

MARCUS

So, who was it?

TOM

Fuck if I know. Maybe it was that girl Michelle that he stalked in the hallway everyday after class.

MARCUS

I would never think he'd be the one to try and shoot up the school.

TOM

It's never the ones they want you to think anyway, right? That's the

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)
scary part. One day everyone turns on those goth kids in trench coats and it ends up being a nerdy fucking shrimp with glasses. Then they turn on them, and it ends up being a girl on the soccer team. It's like they think crazy is something you can pin down to a demographic.

MARCUS
You think anybody expected us to do what we did?

TOM
Probably.

MARCUS
You're right. I mean fuck, they treat army people like freaks all the time. Shaved head, tattoos, likes guns, likes hunting. I might as well change my fucking name to Timothy McVeigh.

TOM
(smirking)
And I've got alcoholic parents. How's that for most likely gonna end up being a fucking nut-job?

Marcus grows serious.

MARCUS
I don't think we're bad people.

TOM
I don't think you can really pin anyone down to just one word. Everyone's got a secret to hide. People make mistakes.

MARCUS
I wouldn't call what we did a mistake.

Tom rubs his eyes.

TOM
I didn't do it for the wrong reasons.

MARCUS

Everyone regrets something and they learn from it and grow. My brother always said sentimental things like that to me. Acting righteous and holy. What good does righteousness do? Land you in jail for someone else's lies and betrayal? Was he supposed to be some kind of martyr or something? I didn't do what I did for the wrong reasons either.

Marcus slams his fist on the table.

MARCUS (cont'd)

There's no sympathy for people like us. Not that there should be. Your fate is what it is. Maybe its our fate to get caught.

TOM

Maybe. Maybe not.

INT. CAR - MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tom and Marcus sip some vodka out of bottles hidden in brown paper bags.

MARCUS

What do you think will happen if we get caught?

TOM

(grunts)

I don't want to get caught.

MARCUS

Yeah, but, if we do.

TOM

Sometimes I think that would be worse than dying. Having to go to jail. It'll be for life too, probably.

MARCUS

(cheeky)

Maybe they'll make us cellmates.

TOM

(laughs)

Then we can make a plan to escape. Two brilliant minds put together

MARCUS

Oh hell yeah. We'd pull some crazy
Shawshank shit together.

Tom leans over to the radio and turns it on. He fidgets with the dial and puts on a hip-hop station.

Tom bounces his head to the rhythm. Marcus looks at him disapprovingly. When Tom turns away, Marcus sneakily changes the station. Tom's head turns back around.

TOM

What the fuck?

MARCUS

Yo check this.

Marcus turns it to rock and roll.

MARCUS (cont'd)

80's rock. Real shit.

TOM

Oh, fucking please. The most
overplayed songs on Earth.

MARCUS

Overplayed for a reason.

Tom smacks Marcus's hand off the dial.

TOM

Nobody taught you not to touch
another dude's radio?

Marcus isn't paying attention anymore. He's enjoying the music, and also, enjoying the view of TWO TEENAGE GIRLS, around 18, smoking cigarettes and chatting it up near the outside staircase of the motel.

One girl, AMBER, is blonde and halfway between trailer-park trash and hot cheerleader. She has certainly filled out all her tight clothes. The other one, brunette JESSICA, is more modest looking, the type of girl you'd call 'cute' not 'hot'.

MARCUS

You think you'd let them touch your
radio?

Tom looks over and shrugs.

MARCUS

Yo, lets ask them up to our room.
Might get lucky.

Tom gets a bit timid and slouches in his seat. He's never had much luck with the opposite gender.

MARCUS

(looking at Amber)
That blond one is fucking sexy.

TOM

I don't know man. I'd rather just avoid as many people as we can.

MARCUS

Are you fucking serious? Come on don't be a pussy. You take the brunette.

Tom looks over to Jessica. She is pretty cute, definitely the more approachable of the two.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus and Amber laugh lazing around on the bed and chugging rum out of fifths.

Tom is awkwardly standing by the dresser sipping a beer. He darts a look at Jessica, who is eyeing him intensely from across the room.

He is nervous as hell.

She walks slowly towards him, swinging her hips and showing off her smooth legs.

Amber and Marcus stop goofing around and stare in anticipation at Jessica and Tom's sexual chemistry.

Jessica grabs Tom's shirt and starts leading him towards the bathroom. Marcus is ecstatic. He starts egging them on.

MARCUS

Yes! Get it bro! You filthy fucking animal.

Jessica and Tom enter the bathroom and the door closes and locks.

Marcus laughs with excitement and jumps around. He is very drunk. Amber rolls around on the bed, swerving her hips. This catches Marcus's attention without much effort. He jumps on her and they start making out. After a while she pushes him away.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Hey, what the hell?

Amber just laughs, teasing and taunting.

Marcus thinks he can reel her in by impressing her.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Yo, let me show you something.

AMBER
Let me guess, you're gonna flash
your dick out at me.

Marcus is surprised by her raunchiness.

MARCUS
You want me too?

AMBER
Ew, fucking pervert.

MARCUS
Hey you're the one who mentioned
it.

Amber shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Here, check this out.

He goes into his duffel bag and pulls out a sleek rifle.

MARCUS (cont'd)
My fucking pride and joy.

Amber stares at it, mesmerized.

AMBER
Holy shit. That's so cool.

Marcus shows it off to her, unloading it, and then reloading it again.

MARCUS
It's my army rifle.

AMBER

Shit, you're in the army?

Marcus's eyes light up at the thought.

MARCUS

Yeah. 102nd infantry. They're deploying me back to Iraq in a month.

Amber's too drunk to process all this.

AMBER

(sexy)

That's tight dude. I'd love to fuck an army man any day.

Marcus's confidence is through the roof now. He grabs Amber's ass and starts biting on her neck. Amber still just wants to play around. She pries herself loose.

AMBER (cont'd)

Wait, Marcus. Let me try out your gun first.

Marcus is impatient.

MARCUS

We can do that later. Let me try out my moves on you first, sexy.

AMBER

Seriously! I've never held a gun before. Your dick can wait a couple.

Marcus isn't happy. He starts packing his gun away.

Amber skips close to him and grabs his crotch. He grabs her ass again. She stares him straight in the face and starts making out with him. They fall onto the bed, Amber on top this time.

Not a minute later, in one swift move, Amber jumps off Marcus and grabs the rifle out of the bag.

Marcus is angry and frustrated now, he starts to go after Amber but she points the rifle straight at him.

AMBER

(playings drunk)

Back away punk!

Marcus tries to maneuver himself closer but the barrel of his rifle terrifies him. It's loaded.

MARCUS

That-that gun is-is loaded. Put it down.

Amber is euphorically drunk. She swings the rifle around like its a handgun. She points it again at Marcus and tries to recite a Dirty Harry line very poorly.

AMBER

Ask yourself one question punk! Do you want it?

Marcus leaves her and darts for the door, slamming his fist repeatedly against it.

MARCUS

Dude, open up! Open the fuck up!

Tom and Jessica are giggling inside.

TOM (O.S.)

Dude. Hold on a minute.

MARCUS

Dude, Amber's got my fucking rifle! Open the fuck up. She's drunk and she's going to shoot it off!

Marcus hears FUMBLING around inside, and the door swings open with Tom and Jessica stripped down to their undergarments.

TOM

Dude what the fuck!

MARCUS

She's got my fucking-

BANG! CRACK! SMASH!

The rifle shatters a hole into the door frame and wall. Marcus and Tom both fall straight to the ground and Jessica starts screaming.

MARCUS (cont'd)

(livid)

You fucking stupid bitch!

Marcus jumps up like a kangaroo and charges for Amber, tackling her straight to the ground. He starts to slap her as hard as he can.

MARCUS (cont'd)
You fucking stupid bitch, you could
have killed us. You could have
fucking shot and killed us. What
the fuck were you thinking? I
should beat the living shit out of
you.

Amber screams and hollers. Tom comes over and drags Marcus
off of her.

TOM
Dude, what the fuck lay off! You're
going to get us arrested.

Amber starts slapping Marcus.

AMBER
(screaming)
Fuck you! Fuck you you fucking pig.
You fucking psycho!

Marcus attempts to go after her with fists blazing, but Tom
is holding him back with all his might.

MARCUS
(screaming)
I'm a psycho? You almost shot me
you fucking cunt!

TOM
(screaming)
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

Amber grabs Jessica.

AMBER
Put your clothes on. We're getting
the fuck out of here.

The two girls dress, grab their things and dart out the door
without a word.

Marcus starts to lose it. He bangs his fists against the
mirror, smashing it. He smashes the lamp on the dresser.

TOM
Dude, come on. Calm down. Calm
down. Just breath.

Tom does everything he can to calm him down. Marcus starts
to slow down.

TOM (cont'd)
We're already fucked man. We're
already fucked. Just stop.

Marcus is still now. He breathes and examines the wreckage that has been caused.

A KNOCK on the door.

Tom and Marcus dart a worried look at each other and then towards the door.

TOM (cont'd)
I'll get it.

Marcus tries his best to cool off and act natural.

Tom cracks the door open just a bit. A LARGE WOMAN with a concerned look stares him down.

LARGE WOMAN
What's going on boys?

TOM
Nothing much, just relaxing and
getting ready for bed... ma'am.

The woman tries to peer through the doorway and examine as much as she can. She sees the shattered door-frame to the bathroom, and Marcus's bloody fingers also catch her eyes.

LARGE WOMAN
Alright. Give me a few minutes.

She backs away slowly, her face still painted with a strong concern.

Tom closes the door slowly and takes a deep breath.

TOM
Start packing.

Tom darts around the room immediately and starts putting everything in their bags.

Marcus is much more reluctant. He lazes around, tossing maybe one or two items haphazardly into his duffel bag.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The door to the apartment opens and Tom and Marcus quietly step out. They nonchalantly walk down towards to the staircase at the far end.

They march down the steps and out through the back exit of the motel. They sneak around the side and spot their car in the front parking lot.

They start to hurry their pace towards the car. Suddenly a yell.

LARGE WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey! You! Hey stop it! Get back!
Hey, stop!

Marcus and Tom are in full sprint now.

The large woman is trying to pick up her pace but she starts panting and wheezing.

LARGE WOMAN
Stop! STOP!

She gives up and pulls out her cell phone.

Tom and Marcus throw the bags into the car, slide in themselves, and crank the ignition. With a roar, the car storms out of the parking lot and onto the main road.

LARGE WOMAN (cont'd)
(into the phone)
Yes. Yes, they just left in a red Pontiac.
(pause)
Probably 2003 or somethin'.
(pause)
No, I didn't catch the license plate sorry about that. They're on Route 601 right now.
(pause)
Yup.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME NIGHT

Tom chokes the steering wheel with his hands and keeps darting a dirty look towards Marcus.

Marcus leans against the windshield and gives a big sigh, which ticks Tom off even further.

TOM

This is your fucking fault you jackass. Acting like a rabid fucking animal. Everything was going great.

MARCUS

Fuck you. You should have left me there then, if you wanted to be such a pussy.

TOM

Pussy? What the fuck are you talking about? I'm a pussy for trying to save us from getting caught?

MARCUS

You think we're saved? You think the police aren't after us? How fucking stupid can you be dude? I mean Jesus fucking Christ. It's over. It's fucking over. I'm tired of this.

(beat)

And yes, you are a pussy. You want to keep running like a little fucking pussy instead of facing the music. Because you can't handle facing the consequences of what you did.

Tom swerves the car into the side of the road. He unbuckles himself and swings his fist straight into Marcus's face. He continues wailing on him.

TOM

You want to go? You want to turn yourself in? Then fucking go! I don't give a shit anymore dude. You were the one who said you wanted to do this together. That we wouldn't abandon each other. You said you were serious about that.

Marcus is solemn. He breaths heavy and nods his head.

TOM (cont'd)

Well, this is it then. You want to go, then that's your choice man. Good luck to you in jail. Probably on death row.

Marcus hadn't thought about that.

TOM (cont'd)
Don't tell me you thought you were just gonna get a few years or something like that. Dude, they'll fucking kill us. They don't give a shit. If I'm going to die, or rot to death, then I want to do it my way. I want to survive until my time comes.

Tom reaches over and opens the passenger door.

TOM (cont'd)
What do you want to do?

Marcus ponders over it. He pulls the door closed embarrassed that he let Tom talk him into changing his mind.

TOM (cont'd)
I was serious about it too man, I told you.

Marcus looks at Tom trying to figure out what he meant.

TOM (cont'd)
We do this together. I didn't forget what you said.

This calms Marcus down a bit. Tom steers the car back onto the road.

They ride for a while and then Tom puts on his favorite station. The radio thumps hip hop.

Marcus, unwittingly, starts bouncing his head up and down to the beat. Tom looks over to him and smiles.

The car rolls down the road.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Marcus lightly steps through some bushes, rifle in hand, his attention locked in on a DEER grazing a few dozen feet away. He finds a thick bush and crouches down. His rifle peeks gingerly through the spiny branches of the bush. The deer has not noticed him. Marcus breathes heavily and gets ready to fire.

A gun lowers and touches the side of his skull. Marcus's eyes widen with surprise.

TOM (O.S.)
Don't move.

Marcus is a mix of aghast and furious.

TOM (O.S.) (cont'd)
Lower the gun down and stand up
slowly.

Marcus does as he's told. The deer perks up from its grazing and then scurries away.

Tom, gun still pointed at Marcus's head, leads Marcus into a small open grassy field in the forest. The canopy is bare and the sun's rays pour onto the ground unfiltered.

Before Tom can speak, Marcus turns around.

MARCUS
Go ahead. Shoot me you lousy fuck.

Tom is tempted. His finger adds just a touch more pressure to the trigger. Sirens start to echo through the forest.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Do it. You've always been a fucking pussy anyway, letting your dad treat you like shit all those years. You never had the guts to fucking kill him, until I showed up. We promised we'd go together. Whatever happens we'd make decisions together, but you can't handle it.

TOM
You were the one who left, not me.

MARCUS
I was just pissed, I was gonna come back. I'm not the one pointing a fucking gun in my friend's face.

TOM
I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of fucking sitting here. We could be miles away right now.

The sirens blare loudly.

MARCUS
(crazed)
Listen. They're here. You can't run anymore, you know that. You can't
(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)
fucking handle facing the music for
what you've done. Always looking
back at your past acting like you
can change shit. You can't. Face
it. It's over.

Tom is infuriated with Marcus's taunting. He jabs the gun
into Marcus's forehead and his finger is dying to click the
trigger.

TOM
Shut the fuck up.

MARCUS
(leaning closer)
Go ahead. Do it. You'll be all
alone. Rotting in a cell. Don't
think you can escape what you're
destined for.

Tom's piercing stare does not affect Marcus one bit.

MARCUS (cont'd)
(screaming)
Shoot me you fucking coward!

The finger gives. Tom pulls the trigger several times in
uncontrolled rage. Click click click click. Nothing happens.

Tom's eyes widen. Marcus doesn't waste a moment. He grabs
the gun and tackles Tom to the ground.

Marcus, the gun in his possession now, hangs over Tom like
the grim reaper.

MARCUS (cont'd)
You were really gonna kill me huh?
You were gonna shoot me? Fucking
dumbass, didn't even check to see
if the gun was loaded.

Tom is still in a daze, unaware of anything around him.

MARCUS
Tell me one reason I shouldn't
fucking shoot you right now.
Remember when you carried me back
to the car? When we left the motel?
We were supposed to stick together?
What a bunch of shit. What a bunch
of fucking lies. Now its my turn.

The police SIRENS fade away.

MARCUS
Lucky. Another day.

Marcus takes the butt of the gun and slams the back end of it into Tom's forehead, making a bloody gash.

Tom, woozy and delirious, fades out and faints.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tom is lying on the ground. His face is pale white and bloody. He slowly opens his eyes and winces at the sudden pain that rushes in his temple.

Marcus is still sneaking around trying to find game to hunt. He clutches his stomach a little bit, hunger cramps striking again.

Tom rises slowly up off the forest floor. As he gathers himself, he turns around and spots a FIGURE walking around in the far denser part of the forest.

He starts walking towards it slowly, like a zombie. Stumbling a few times he makes his way through some thick shrubbery.

When he reaches, he sees the figure carving something into the bark of a tree. It's a boy. The boy turns around and reveals himself to be JOSH. Tom stares in bewilderment.

RUSTLING in the background.

Tom turns his head towards a giant Elm tree in the distance. Appearing from behind the tree is a girl.

Josh spots her too and starts to follow her. She leads him deep into the woods.

Tom walks over to the carved bark. It reads "LOVE".

Tom watches the girls dancing and twirling away into the dense green shrubs, Josh stumbling in zigzags after her like a moth to a flame.

Tom's curiosity drags him along after them as well.

Marcus spots the deer again. It's trekking through the woods. Marcus looks back, thinking about waking up Tom not realizing he has already left, but ultimately goes after the deer.

EXT. WOODS - MARCUS'S PATH - SOME TIME LATER

Marcus clutches his stomach and winces. The hunger pains are hitting him hard, but he keeps moving.

The deer is once again in sight, grazing the wildflowers. Marcus crouches behind some shrubs and aims his rifle. His hand takes a little while to steady.

The forest is silent. Marcus's finger tremors over the trigger when a loud FLAPPING disrupts the air. The deer's ears perk up and again, it evades Marcus's shot.

The falcon is back. It perches itself like a specter above Marcus, who grows furious. His aim is now directed at the falcon.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Die already. Wither away. Leave me
in peace.

Marcus's shot is dead on, but the bird disappears. Marcus doesn't even witness it go, it just vanishes. He grabs his head unsure if he's losing his mind.

MARCUS

What the fuck?

A hunger pain strikes Marcus like a jackhammer. He clutches his stomach and collapses.

MARCUS (cont'd)

What the fuck do you want from me?

Marcus crawls forward and tries to lift himself up. He hangs on near the trunk of the tree and slowly trudges along, after the deer.

EXT. WOODS - MARCUS'S PATH - SOME TIME LATER

Marcus's hunger is extreme now. He drops his rifle and clutches his stomach like he has just been shot and stumbles tree to tree. He finally stops by a large oak and catches his breath.

His hand covers a carving in the trunk of the oak. He slowly moves his hand away and in jagged, uneven letters is the word "HATE". The carve cuts are very deep.

Marcus stares at the word then moves his way slowly around the tree. The other side of the trunk is dripping with blood.

Marcus stumbles back terrified. A sudden weakness overcomes him, causing his knees to buckle and he falls to the ground.

Now catching his breath, Marcus opens his eyes directly upward, and sees a pair of feet dangling above them. He struggles to move his body, but manages to shuffle himself a few feet. As he moves, he sees that the feet are attached to a boy's body, which is hanging by the neck from a rope tied to a thick branch.

Marcus jolts himself up, through pure adrenaline. The rope loosens and the body falls to the floor.

MARCUS

What... what are you.

The body starts to rise like a phoenix from the ashes. It turns to reveal itself as Mikey Santucci.

MARCUS (cont'd)

(exacerbated)

What? What the fuck? Mikey?

Mikey looks up into the trees.

MIKEY

She's never coming back. I will wait for an eternity, but I know I will never see her.

Marcus doesn't understand.

Mikey makes his way around the trunk of the oak.

Marcus is hesitant, but wildly curious. He follows him to the opposite side, but by the time Marcus gets there, Mikey is gone.

EXT. WOODS - TOM'S PATH - DAY

Tom continues to follow Josh and Melissa.

Melissa turns back periodically, looking at Josh, toying with him, but continuing to skip and dance further away. Josh is relentless, scurrying behind her like a puppy.

An opening in the forest clears up and a large lake is visible. Tom stops.

Josh and Melissa, one behind the other, are undeterred. They continue to skip straight into the lake, slowly sinking and disappearing beneath its brilliant blue surface.

Tom turns to look back. He doesn't know where he is anymore.

TOM (V.O.)
We are alone.

He starts taking off his clothes until he is down to just his boxers. He enters into the lake and continues to swim.

TOM (V.O.) (cont'd)
I have chosen my path. You, yours.
But we came from the same place.
Our metal was forged with the same
fire.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ROXY'S DINER - MIDNIGHT

The diner is still bustling, even late at night. Overworked staff run in and out of the kitchen.

High-school kids in tuxedos and prom dresses munch on disco fries and pancakes and gossip about who made out with who.

Senior citizen couples enjoy coffee and chat up waitresses.

Tom and Marcus sit in a booth seat in silence.

Tom looks into his wallet.

TOM
We don't have much cash left man.

MARCUS
I got their cards though.

TOM
We said we wouldn't use those.
Police can track them. Anyway, I
doubt there's much in them.

MARCUS
We'll be alright. We got some cans
of food left. If all else fails, we
can sell some of Randall's mom's
jewelry.

Tom shakes his head, unsure.

A bouncy waitress comes over to their table. Name-tag reads MORGAN.

MORGAN
How're we doin' today gentlemen?
You guys look like you could use a
serious pick me up!

Tom smiles faintly trying to play along with the mood.

TOM

Umm, I'll just take a coffee for now.

MARCUS

(into the menu)

Let me get, uh... the french toast with a side of eggs, sausage and hash.

Tom gives him a surprised look and motions down to his wallet. Marcus sighs.

MARCUS (cont'd)

(to waitress)

Actually, I'll just take a coffee for now too.

Morgan looks disappointed.

MORGAN

Aww, come on you two! I know you're famished. Tell ya what, I'll bring the coffee and give you a little more time. Those stomachs are gonna be rumbling once you get a chance to smell the stuff coming out of the kitchen!

She gives a lively giggle, to which Tom is appreciative, but Marcus rolls his eyes.

TOM

Dude, come on.

MARCUS

This is fucking stupid. Fuck this shit.

Tom put his head in his hands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We can't sleep where we want to sleep, we can't eat what we want to eat. What kind of fucking existence is this? Huh? What the fuck is this Tom?

TOM

Look, it's not that bad.

MARCUS
(a little loud)
Not that bad? Are you fucking nuts?

Tom folds his arms, done with the argument.

MARCUS (cont'd)
I don't want this anymore man. I know we settled it that we would go through this together and try to get away free, but I'm not living the rest of my fucking life looking over my shoulder. I'm not doing it.

Tom is about to respond, but Morgan comes skipping back.

MORGAN
Here's your coffee gentlemen. So... you get a sniff of that pancake stack that came outta the kitchen? Tell me your stomach ain't rumbling.

TOM
Uh, yeah. Yeah, I could eat something. Let me get the pancakes.

He gives a look to Marcus trying to appease him. Marcus eases up a bit.

MARCUS
I'll get that french toast with the sides I said earlier.

MORGAN
Alrighty! A pancake stack and french toast with I believe it was, um, eggs, sausage and hash? How're those eggs gonna be cooked?

MARCUS
I don't care really. Uh, surprise me I guess.

MORGAN
(laughs)
You said it boss. I'll be back!

At the front entrance, two COPS come walking in all smiles, and making conversation with the host.

MARCUS
(signaling Tom)
Check it out. At the entrance.

Tom turns around and sees the cops.

TOM
Play it cool. It's whatever.

MARCUS
(smiling)
Can't escape 'em man. Told you.

TOM
Play it cool. I swear to fucking
God, don't get any ideas.

Marcus shakes his head and snorts.

TOM (cont'd)
Why do you keep thinking this is a
fucking joke?

MARCUS
Because I'm tired of playing
fucking cat and mouse.

TOM
Go fuck yourself.

Marcus sits back in his seat and stares at the police officers. He darts a look at Tom, who looks back at him suspiciously.

Marcus gets up.

TOM (cont'd)
Wait, woah, what are you doing?

Paying no attention to Tom's question, Marcus makes a B-line towards the cops.

Tom jumps up and tugs Marcus's shirt and pulls him back.

TOM (cont'd)
(whispering forcefully)
Dude, cut this shit out.

Marcus struggles for a moment and then punches Tom in the face.

Tom reels back a bit but then balances himself and goes after Marcus, tackling him to the ground.

They start to attract the attention of patrons. The cops on the far side start to get curious as well.

Marcus and Tom are wrestling with each other now. Tom grabs Marcus down, holding with all his might. He reaches into the right side of his waist and pulls out a gun.

Marcus sees the gun and tries to pry it away from Tom. They roll over several times.

The cops are on their way over.

Tom tries to pull his hand from Marcus's grip and the gun BLASTS off.

The restaurant loses it. Kids, seniors and the waiting staff start stampeding for the exits. The cops get caught up in the mass onslaught of bodies rushing and get knocked over.

TOM (cont'd)

You fucking jackass! I'm going to fucking kill you!

Tom starts punching Marcus. Marcus is in a daze, and Tom is in a fit of absolute rage. He takes the gun and shoots Marcus straight in the torso. Marcus screams in pain. The cops are still struggling to get to the source of the gunshots.

Tom starts dragging Marcus away from the action and towards the back exit. He pulls Marcus as hard as he can.

TOM (cont'd)

Come on you fucking worthless shit.
Move! Move! I'm going to fucking murder you once we get into the car.

He crouches on the ground and pulls Marcus along with the crowd. They escape through the front entrance and Tom gets Marcus into the car.

The Pontiac roars away down the road.

INT. TOM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Tom is frantically driving, restless, unsure where to turn. He just wants to get away from everything. Tom hears SIRENS ringing in his ear and looks into the rear-view mirror to see cop cars in the distance in hot pursuit.

TOM
(frantic, nervous)
Fuck. It's okay. It's okay, we can
lose them.

Tom turns to Marcus and sees him slowly fading away, the bullet hole in his torso pumps out blood that drips through and down Marcus's hand.

TOM (cont'd)
Keep it together man, come on,
don't worry. Keep it together.

Marcus can barely keep his eyes open.

Tom takes a left turn into a wooded neighborhood. The houses are all McMansions and spaced out, hidden by the trees, though their driveways reach out to the road. Tom puts on the high beam to see where the road leads. He continues going up hoping that he shook off the cops.

After a few minutes of uphill driving, Tom sees a faint light in his rear view mirror. He picks up his speed and tries to find an opening anywhere in the woody forest on either side of the road. He decides to wing it.

He steers off into the woods. The car bounces up and down, cracking branches and leaves that it rolls over. It scrapes some tree trunks on its way deep into the woods.

The forest clears up a bit and the car starts to ride a little smoother. Tom drives it in very deep. The car comes to a stop and the lights switch off.

Pitch blackness now.

Tom looks in the rear-view mirror and sees nothing.

He turns to Marcus, who has fainted. Tom sticks his fingers on the side of Marcus's neck. A pulse.

TOM (cont'd)
We're okay man.

He places his hand compassionately on Marcus's shoulder.

TOM (cont'd)
We're okay.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WOODS - TOM'S PATH - DAY

Tom has reached the other side of the river. Josh and Melissa are nowhere on his radar. He takes off his clothes, wrings them dry and puts them back on.

After trudging through several hundred feet of forest, Tom sees another dried up ravine and a large rocky wall on the opposite side. He turns his head to look back at where he came from, but is determined to move forward. Maybe he really can escape.

He confidently marches into and through the ravine.

Once he reaches the other side, he pauses, contemplating how the hell he's going to scale this rock wall. Without thinking too much, he finds the best handle and footing he can get and lifts himself upward, inch by inch.

Tom's lack of athleticism is in full display, as he slips back down a few feet after having advanced up the same distance. He looks up the wall... its a long way. He shakes his doubt and struggles on.

EXT. WOODS - MARCUS'S PATH - DAY

Marcus continues, stumbling, panting, through the woods. He is at his wits end and his energy is draining out by the second.

MARCUS (V.O.)

What do you want from me? How much do I have to suffer, running around in circles, looking for nothing?

(beat)

I refused to look behind me, and still do. Is that my curse? Is there something you have hidden in my past? Something I refuse to search?

He is now in a very dense area of the woods. Marcus swerves his way through thick, thorny shrubs which cut and tear at his clothes and skin. The further he goes, the more frequent and deeper the cuts. His arms and torso starts to bleed.

He is tangled now. Any further force and the thorns will rip him. He tries to loosen them, but they keep firming their grip on him. The thorns start to dig into Marcus's arms and the blood starts running like little streams all along his body.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 What have I done? Who will guide me
 out of my misery? Will it be you?
 Will you abandon me?

Marcus stands still. A light illuminates the forest a few hundred feet away. Marcus sees his brother Austin, walking along with Randall. They are trying to find which direction they want to take. Their discussion starts to turn into an argument. Austin points Randall to one direction and motions he will go in the other.

MARCUS
 Brother. Brother. This way,
 brother.

Austin turns around to leave. He takes a few steps and Randall, just behind him, pulls out a gun and shoots Austin straight in the back of the skull. Blood shoots out like water out of a dam burst.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 (soft to loud)
 No. No. Brother. Brother. Brother!

Randall looks at Austin's limp corpse for a few moments and then turns his gaze directly at Marcus.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 No. No.

Randall starts making his way to Marcus. With each step, the thorns start to dig and rip at Marcus's body. He screams in pain and blood leaks out of gashes in his torso.

Randall is now only a few feet away.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 (begging, sobbing)
 What do you want? Please. Just tell
 me what you want. Please. Please
 make it stop.

Randall touches Marcus on the cheek. Marcus looks at him in fear.

RANDALL
 Marcus.

Marcus doesn't comprehend. He starts to cry, not knowing what to do or say anymore.

MARCUS

Just make the pain go away. Please.

RANDALL

Two ghosts. Lost in the woods.
Trying to find a way out of a maze
with no exit.

Randall holds his gun up to Marcus's head.

MARCUS

Please...

The bullet rips into Marcus's head.

EXT. WOODS - TOM'S PATH - DAY

Tom struggles to find his footing on the rock wall. He gets his right leg up on a jagged rock and then his left hand find itself a holding place.

Inch by inch, Tom makes his way up the wall. Once he's near the top, he reaches out to a ledge where he grasps on a rock jutting out. He puts both his feet on an outward sticking tree root. He presses down on the root to make sure its sturdy enough. He puts his whole weight on it.

As he is just out of the reach to the top of the wall, he feels the branch underneath his feet giving in. He freezes, not knowing what move to make next. He looks up at the ledge and a desperation sets into his eyes. He's going to go for it. Tom takes a deep breath and makes one final move. The branch under his feet cracks and splinters. Almost there. Just as he gets some solid holding with his hands on the ledge, the branch cracks and falls far down to the forest floor. Tom is hanging on the ledge. He feels his grip of the ledge slipping and he starts sliding down.

TOM

No... no no fuck no. Come on.

He tries with all his might to lift himself up but can't. His hands are almost ready to give in, when a pair of rough older hands grasps them.

Tom looks up, his eyes wide in utter disbelief.

It's his father Martin, blood dripping down his face and a dead, emotionless stare.

MARTIN

What are you searching for?

Tom is at a loss for words

MARTIN (cont'd)
Do you want me to save you? Hanging
from the edge of a cliff. So close
to death.

Tears start to come out of Tom's eyes.

TOM
What do you want from me?

MARTIN
Where does the forest end?

Martin's grip starts to loosen, and Tom starts slipping
downwards.

TOM
No. Please, no. No. No. No!

MARTIN
I'm sorry.

TOM
Please, please! Just, don't let go!

Tom is trying to hang onto Martin's hands with every bit of
strength he has.

Martin teases Tom, pulling him up a little bit, but then
letting him slip again.

Tom whimpers and shakes his head.

Martin lets go and Tom plummets to the depths of the forest.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. WOODS - MIDNIGHT

Tom's eyes are locked in on the rear-view mirror. No one,
just pitch black. He turns to Marcus and tries to shake him
awake. Plenty of blood has already poured out of Marcus and
his hand, covering the shot wound is painted scarlet.

TOM
Come on dude. We're good see? Look.

He points to the rear-view mirror

TOM (CONT'D)
No one! No one, we're free. We
finally made it. No one's coming.

Marcus remains almost unconscious, save for a light breath and a soft moan here or there.

TOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Let's go. Come on, you and me
remember? We do this together,
never leave each other behind.
Always together.

Tom runs his hand through the back seat and finds a gun. He puts it in his pant waist and then opens the door. He runs to the passenger side and drags Marcus out.

TOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
That's it. We're almost there man.
We got it. We're free Marcus, we're
fucking free!

He shuts the door and starts dragging Marcus, not in any particular direction, just away from the car.

NEAR THE ROAD - MIDNIGHT

The pair of cops from the diner have their vehicle parked at the edge of the wooded area. They shine their flashlights and carry on foot into the forest.

TOM AND MARCUS - MIDNIGHT

Tom starts to fatigue. He can barely pull Marcus now. He finds a small ravine to rest in and starts to slowly drag Marcus down with him into it. He finds an overhanging root of a tree and hides with Marcus underneath it.

EXT. WOODS - COPS - MIDNIGHT

The two cops are still searching in the woods, flashlights swinging from left to right trying to find traces. One of their flashlights picks up a red metal object.

COP #1
Hey, check it out, over there.

He points his flashlight at the red Pontiac, which looks damaged and scratched up.

COP #2
How did they manage to drive this
thing all the way in here?

The flashlights examine the exterior closer, lots of wear and tear.

COP #1
Looks like they forced it in.
Dents, scratches, the mirror's torn
off.

Cop #2 walks around near the passenger seat of the car, and
checks the ground.

COP #2
Got some footprints here, and a
pair of tracks, like he was
dragging something behind him.

COP #1
What direction?

Cop #2 points his flashlight in the direction of the ravine.

COP #2
That way.

EXT. WOODS - RAVINE - MIDNIGHT

Tom is out of breath, hiding in under an overhanging tree
root in the ravine with Marcus. He starts to hear some
rustling and light voices.

TOM
(to Marcus)
We got 'em man. We got 'em. Just
hold on, we're safe.

Tom pulls out his gun and poises his finger over the
trigger. The rustling and voices get louder.

COP #1 (O.S.)
Come out with your hands up, we
know you are hiding down there. We
will come find you and open fire if
necessary.

Tom looks to Marcus and gives him a hug.

TOM
Together. Like you said. This is
it.

Tom slowly makes his way out of the overhanging branch and
cocks his gun. He climbs up the ravine and into the line of
the flashlight.

COP #2
Put your hands up! Hands up!

Tom raises one hand slowly, but then jerks with the other and pull out a gun.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

His body rips open in several places, and blood sprays out. He falls to the ground.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tom lies on the ground of the forest floor. He opens his eyes.

The sun beats down on him through the canopy, it's a beautiful tranquil day.

He is slow to get up but does so, dazed.

He examines his clothes, tattered and bloody, holes in his shirt. He looks around and walks towards the ravine. He looks down but sees nothing but bare muck.

Tom wanders away from the ravine through the forest, aimlessly walking around trees and through bushes. A falcon flaps its wings and caws. Tom looks up and sees it glide like a deadly kite high up above. He starts to follow it.

His pace quickens as the bird weaves through the forest and lands on a thick branch of a large oak.

Tom sees Marcus hanging around near his red Pontiac. He is surprised and confused.

TOM
Marcus?

Marcus turns around and smiles.

MARCUS
Hey! Just trying to find something to eat. I think I saw a deer somewhere earlier. Maybe its gone now.

Tom looks around, still a little bewildered. He sees his Pontiac.

TOM
The car. Does it work? Can we-

MARCUS

I don't think so. No use trying
anyway, they'll be here soon.

Tom starts to faintly hear POLICE SIRENS. He gets on top of the car, and lights up a cigarette.

Marcus looks around the tops of the trees. He catches the gaze of the falcon, glaring, judging from high up above. An easy enough target. His arms slowly raise up the rifle.

MARCUS (V.O.)

We ran. Looking back at the
specters of time and death
following us.

The falcon is confident, unmoved by Marcus's motion.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Blessed am I, molded in the vision
of my creator. Cursed am I,
destroyed by the nature of man.

(pause)

If I must die, I will take you with
me.

Marcus aims, shutting one eye. The falcon is directly in his line of sight.

MARCUS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Let us enter eternity together.

A deafening GUNSHOT reverberates through the forest.
FLAPPING echoes immediately after.

CUT TO BLACK: