

Headlong  
by  
Steve McDonell

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An old mining town, full of dilapidated buildings. The sun is fierce, the heat shimmers.

A black limousine is parked on one side of a barn; two silver sedans on the other.

SUPER - WEST OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight filters through gaps in the walls. Two groups of men face each other.

SLICK(35), DQ(25) a black guy, ANTONIO(30) and RAY(30) are on the left, all wearing stylish black suits.

The other group comprises MASON(40), and four henchmen. Two of them carry a large strongbox.

SLICK

Well, here we are then.

MASON

Yep. No weapons, I can vouch for that.

DQ

Ha! As if...

SLICK

Quiet! We don't want any trouble. Ray?

Ray steps forward, a briefcase in his hand.

MASON

All uncut gems? As arranged?

SLICK

Yes. No need to check them. My word is good.

Mason waves a hand at the strongbox.

MASON

True. The million in cash. Send your men over.

Slick nods. Ray walks to the centre of the barn, Antonio follows. Suddenly, the ground RUMBLES. Long fissures appear in the dirt around them.

ANTONIO

Hey, what the...

MASON  
What is this? A trick?

SLICK  
No! I don't...

Suddenly, sections of the ground cave in. Hideous shapes emerge, falling on Mason's henchmen. Zombies...?

MASON  
You gotta be kidding me...

In seconds, the zombies have mauled the second group. Ray stumbles at the edge of the opening. A zombie reaches out to bite him. DQ and Antonio back away.

DQ  
Come on, boss! Let's get outta here.

Slick stands for a moment, facing the zombies. He turns and follows his men. The zombies drag Mason and his cronies into the pit. Ray lies still, briefcase in hand.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The three run back to the limo. Slick opens the trunk, takes out a shovel.

ANTONIO  
Aw, boss, we aren't going back in there...are we?

SLICK  
Of course we are, fool. I don't think Lucas will be happy about losing the money and the gems, will he?

ANTONIO  
But those things...we don't have any weapons.

DQ  
Yeah, boss. What's with your 'no gun' policy, anyway? We're bad guys, remember? Bad guys are supposed to have weapons.

Slick shuts the trunk, sighs.

SLICK  
Weapons and excessive violence are a sign of weakness and not being in control. It's why I'm so successful in my line of work.

DQ

Hey, you give me an Magnum and I'll definitely be in control. Man, those things in there were like...zombies.

SLICK

Both of you shut up and follow me.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Slick strides in, backed up by the cautious other two. The barn is completely empty. no zombies, no pit...nothing.

DQ

What the hell? Boss, they've gone. Everyone's...gone.

ANTONIO

Great! Can we go home now, boss?

SLICK

No, we dig. Or rather, you two can take turns. The money and gems have to be here somewhere.

He hands the shovel to DQ.

ANTONIO

Poor old Ray...he was a swell guy.

DQ

What? He was a total loser! Never liked him. Wouldn't surprise me if he set this whole thing up.

He starts digging into the dirt.

SLICK

I have to contact Lucas soon. He'll be expecting to hear it all went well. So we better find what we're looking for.

DQ

Damn zombies...

No one notices faint tracks leading out the rear of the barn. Dragging foot marks...

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF DESERT - CONTINUOUS

A figure in black makes its way across the expanse of baked desert plain, halfway between the mining town and the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A late model, twenty foot motorhome moves along the Interstate.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The driver is BRENT(24), tall, crewcut. His brother JASON(22), solid, springy blonde hair, sits in the passenger seat, looking at a road map book.

BRENT  
 ...stay tonight at Sedona, then  
 head through Flagstaff, up to  
 the Canyon's North Rim.

Jason nods as he examines the map. Takes a sip from a water bottle.

JASON  
 Sounds good, bro'. Looking  
 forward to it.

Both young men have Australian accents.

Jason leans back, YAWNS, closes his eyes for a moment. The RV moves around a bend, lined by walls of rock.

BRENT  
 Jet lag hit yet?

JASON  
 Not really. I'm good for a few  
 more hours.

His eyes flicker. The water bottle dips forward from his hand. Brent reaches across to take it.

JASON(CONT'D)  
 (sleepily)  
 Few more minutes maybe...

Suddenly, there's a movement in front of the RV. A sloppy kind of THUD. Brent leans forward, grips the wheel. Jason sits up.

BRENT  
 Shit, we hit something! A bird?  
 Maybe a deer?

JASON  
 Um. I don't...I dunno. Saw  
 something for a sec.

Brent looks into the side mirror. A trail of fluid runs from the RV.

BRENT  
Better check it out. Might be  
an oil leak.

He signals and pulls over onto the shoulder, switches off.  
They both get out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys meet at the rear of the RV.

JASON  
Is that petrol? The fuel tank  
leaking?

Brent crouches, touches the fluid. It's sticky, sort of  
gross. He sniffs it.

BRENT  
Not petrol.

He ducks his head to peer under the RV. Eyes widen.

BRENT(CONT'D)  
Oh, bloody hell...

JASON  
What is it? Let me  
guess...roadkill everywhere?

Brent doesn't answer, just stares underneath. Jason leans  
down, has a look.

JASON(CONT'D)  
You gotta be kidding me.

Halfway along the vehicle, Ray lies on the ground. One  
hand clutches the chassis, the other holds the briefcase.  
He turns his head, grins at the boys.

BRENT  
Where did he come from? Oh, man,  
this is bad...

JASON  
Settle down. Ok, so you ran  
over some dude. But he's alive.

BRENT  
Yeah, but look at him. He's all  
scraped to the shit.

They scramble along the RV, kneel again. Ray pops out all  
of a sudden. The boys are startled, look at each other.  
Ray slides out, staggers to his feet.

JASON  
Hey, you should take it easy,  
man. You might have internal  
injuries.

Ray ignores him, looks around. He examines the RV, nods,  
smiles.

BRENT  
I think...I dunno how, but I  
think he's alright.

JASON  
Yeah, but still in a bad way.  
His face is...  
(beat)  
Ah, mister? My brother's sorry  
for running you down.

BRENT  
What! Oh, come on...it was an  
accident. He stepped out in  
front of me.

JASON  
Mister? Have you any pain?  
Should we take you to a doctor?

Ray turns around, shakes his head. BANGS his fist against  
the RV. Nods.

BRENT  
Is he trying to tell us something?

JASON  
Could be. Maybe you severed his  
vocal chords when you knocked  
seven shades of shit out of him.

BRENT  
What the hell? Stop saying I  
hit him!

JASON  
But you did! I saw it all.  
Smashed right into him.

BRENT  
Total accident. Why are you  
hanging the guilt factor on me?

JASON  
I'm not. I'm just reporting the  
facts.

Ray continues to BANG the RV. The brothers don't notice him.

BRENT

Bullshit! You're blaming me!  
What, you think you're a bloody  
coroner? Is this an inquest?

JASON

Hey, listen, bro'. You weren't  
watching and ran right over him.  
Dragged him for a good twenty  
metres too. You can't deny it.

BRENT

This is ridiculous. Look, he  
seems ok. If we go to a  
hospital there'll be all sorts  
of hassles. We'll never get to  
Vegas by the weekend.

Ray stops hitting, turns to Brent.

RAY

Vey...gas?

BRENT

Huh?

RAY

Vey...gas. Riiide...

JASON

Looks like he wants to come  
with us.

BRENT

I...what should we do?

JASON

Give him a lift of course.

(beat)

It's the least you can do after  
parking on his head.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent drives as Jason and Ray sit at the table.

JASON

...flew over from Australia to  
L.A, then onto Phoenix. My bro  
here - the mean mother who  
skittled you - lives there. Our  
folks live in Vegas, and we're  
heading there for our dad's  
fiftieth this weekend. Pretty  
cool, huh?

RAY

Vey...gas...

JASON  
You have a name. man?

RAY  
Raaayy...

BRENT  
Did he say 'Ray'?

JASON  
Close enough for me. Hey,  
Ray...you wanna beer?

Ray nods. Jason grabs two cans from the fridge. POPS them.  
Ray chugs his down like nothing. BELCHES loudly.

BRENT  
Hey, did you notice his suit?

JASON  
Yeah. Nice outfit. Until the  
road carved it up.

BRENT  
No, I mean, it's sort of odd.  
The back of his suit is scraped  
but there's no fresh marks on  
his body.

JASON  
You know, I did see that.  
(beat)  
That means this is his normal  
condition.

BRENT  
Wow, yeah. Some type of hideous  
disease. Like the Elephant Man.  
Poor guy.

Ray grabs another beer from the fridge. Drains it. Another  
BELCH.

JASON  
Well, at least he hasn't let  
his deformities affect his  
playfulness. Cheers, Ray.

Ray laughs, a CRUNCHY sort of sound. Lifts one cheek and  
lets a long, SQUELCHY fart go. The smell is immense...

BRENT  
Oh, come on...that's sick, man.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The sound of COUGHING as the RV speeds along.

JASON(O.S)

Ok, Ray...it's time for you to learn the rules of roadtripping...number one...no farting inside the RV...number two...

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

There are holes dug in the middle of the barn. DQ and Antonio sit exhausted and dirty. Slick stands unmoved, thoughtful. His mobile RINGS. He winces slightly at the number.

SLICK

(on phone)

Lucas, how are you?

(beat)

No, we had a problem. It was a...trap. Mason\_\_

(beat)

You did? And its...yes, Lucas, I understand.

(beat)

Oh, I won't fail you, I can promise you...yes, I realise that...goodbye.

He ends the call, walks to the rear of the barn. The faint tracks catch his eye and he smiles.

DQ

What's going on, boss? How did Lucas take it?

ANTONIO

Yeah, is he sending guys after us? If so, I'm outta here...

SLICK

You both deserve severe punishment for being totally inept. I can only do so much with the shoddy materials my employer gives me...

ANTONIO

Huh?

DQ

He means we're losers.

SLICK

But today, we are in luck. Lucas took the precaution of installing a tracking device in the briefcase.

(MORE)

SLICK (CONT'D)

It was set to activate if the gems weren't exchanged. And according to him, the briefcase has been moved from here.

He points to the footprints. Antonio walks closer, peers at the ground.

DQ

That sucks! Lucas didn't trust us to do the job properly?

ANTONIO

Someone took the money, right?

DQ

Ray! What did I tell you? Knew he was a traitor.

SLICK

It's possible it was him. Or someone in Mason's gang. Anyway, we can follow the signal. My phone can be used as a transmitter.

(beat)

Gentlemen, we have been given a second chance. Let's not waste it.

They head out the door.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The sleek vehicle speeds along the Interstate. DQ drives, Antonio shotgun. Slick is in the back, examining his phone.

ANTONIO

Gotta signal yet, boss?

SLICK

It's very faint. Lucas said the mountains could cause some interference. But it's heading north.

DQ

How far ahead do you think?

SLICK

Maybe forty five minutes. If they stop, we'll be close.

ANTONIO

I wonder who 'them' is...I mean...are?

DQ

Ah, boss? There's something I should tell you...

SLICK

Let me guess...you're not really a black man? You just have a very heavy tan?

Antonio breaks into LAUGHTER. DQ grins.

ANTONIO

Ha! Good one, boss!

SLICK

I find levity at appropriate times can alleviate stress levels. This leads to increased motor function and intellectual stimulus.

ANTONIO

Huh? Levity? Isn't that when you float in the air?

Slick blinks, shakes his head.

DQ

No, ah, boss? This limo? It belongs to my cousin. He drives for weddings, prom nights, that sort of thing.

SLICK

He's to be commended for loaning it to you.

DQ

Well, the thing is...

SLICK

Yes?

DQ

I got to have it back by five o'clock this afternoon. He's got a big gig on.

SLICK

Well, of course we'll have it back by then. Your cousin's chauffeuring is far more important than getting a million dollars worth of gems back, isn't it?

ANTONIO

I tried to tell him, boss...

DQ

As long as we don't damage it...

SLICK

You're the one driving. Look, we'll catch up to...whoever...persuade them to give us the money. Then we head back to Phoenix, drop the limo off and get the cash back to Vegas. It won't even get a scratch. Trust me...

ANTONIO

When you say 'persuade', boss...does that mean we can rough them up?

SLICK

We'll see.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brett drives, as Jason and Ray knock back a few beers.

JASON

So, what's your story, Ray? What are you doing hiking out here?

Ray looks at him sadly, shakes his head.

BRENT

Why are you bothering? He can't talk or anything.

JASON

Hey, he's still a human, isn't he? With emotions...

BRENT

Looks sub-human from here...hey, let's have some music!

He opens a console in between the seats.

BRENT(CONT'D)

Dad got me the best birthday present a few weeks back.

(beat)

The entire remastered Beatles catalogue!

JASON

Aw, come on, man...the bloody Beatles? I hate those guys!

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)  
 Dad brainwashed you from birth  
 with their stuff! Come on, Ray,  
 back me up here.

Ray nods, smiles - which looks like a grimace. Gives Brent  
 a thumbs up.

BRENT  
 Hey, good choice, Ray. I guess  
 you aren't a lost cause, after  
 all.

JASON  
 Thanks a lot, Ray. I thought  
 you were my friend...

BRENT  
 Let's see now...hmm, yep.  
 Rubber Soul...

He inserts the CD. 'Drive My Car' begins...

LATER

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A red Firebird zooms along the left side of the RV. A  
 gorgeous young blonde woman, TAYLOR, is at the wheel. She  
 waves to Brent.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent smiles out the window.

BRENT  
 Hey, guys...look out the left  
 side.

Jason scrambles to the window. Ray sort of slides over...

JASON  
 Wow. That's a real hottie.

BRENT  
 Welcome to America, brother.

JASON  
 What do you reckon, Ray? A bit  
 of alright?

Ray nods, his shattered face pressed against the glass.  
 Taylor holds the Firebird level with the RV.

TAYLOR  
 (yells)  
 Hi boys! Fancy a good time?  
 There's a motel a few miles on.

JASON  
Is she for real?

Brent shrugs.

BRENT  
Ask her.

Jason slide open the window.

JASON  
(yells)  
How much? For both of us?

Ray taps him on the shoulder urgently, GROANS.

JASON(CONT'D)  
Sorry...the three of us?

TAYLOR  
(yells)  
Hey, I'm no hooker! Just a  
friendly soul looking to help  
the lonely drivers on the road.

The vehicles continue neck and neck down the highway.

JASON  
(yells)  
Ok, we'll be there!

Taylor grins and lifts her skirt over her hips.

TAYLOR  
(yells)  
Here's a preview!

Jason leans closer, then his jaw drops.

JASON  
What the? Hey, that's a guy!

Brent bursts out laughing.

BRENT  
(yells)  
Nice package, man!

Taylor LAUGHS and waves, toots the horn, ROARS off. Brent still CHUCKLES as Jason shakes his head. Ray MOANS, his head slides down the glass, leaving a trail of ooze.

JASON  
Damn. How could she...he, look  
so hot? Damn...  
(beat)  
You knew? All the time?

BRENT

Only right before we saw the  
last turkey in the shop. Like  
I said, bro, welcome to America.

JASON

Talk about being ripped off,  
hey, Ray?

Ray nods, a forlorn look on his ravaged face. Jason LAUGHS.  
Brent GUNS the engine, the RV leaps forward. Soon, the  
Corvette speeds back the other way, on the opposite lanes.

LATER

INT. LIMO - DAY

DQ increases his speed. Slick is intent on the signal.

SLICK

Can't be more than a few miles  
ahead. Good driving, DQ.

ANTONIO

Yeah, you're da man, DQ!

He highfives the black man.

DQ

Hey, it's my job. Course I'm  
the best.

He glances in the side mirror. The red Firebird appears!  
DQ's window eases down.

DQ(CONT'D)

Well, looky here. Hello, little  
honey...

Antonio leans across, trying to see. Taylor comes level  
with DQ. Slick frowns.

SLICK

Ok, concentrate now. No bullshit.

He looks out the tinted window. Shakes his head, presses  
a button. The glass slides down. Sunlight and a breeze  
pierce the limo.

ANTONIO

(yells)

Hey baby! How you doing, pretty  
momma?

DQ

(yells)  
Yo' sugar! Don't listen to this honky talk. You know I got all the moves, honey.

TAYLOR

(yells)  
Hello, boys! What's doing?  
Looking for a good time?

SLICK

(yells)  
Hey you! Get lost! DQ, put your window up and drive. Ignore her.

TAYLOR

(yells)  
Aw, who's that in the back, boys. Your daddy?

DQ and Antonio look at each other, break into GIGGLES. The limo veers slightly.

SLICK

Watch the road! There's something ahead...traffic's slowing. An accident maybe...

TAYLOR

(yells)  
Check this out, guys!

The skirt is hoisted up. Antonio lunges across DQ to stare. DQ grips the wheel but looks too. The limo drifts...

ANTONIO

Yeah, baby, show us the\_\_holy shit!

DQ

Damn! That's disgusting!

Taylor LAUGHS, waves, speeds off.

ANTONIO

I...she's a he! Man, I feel sick...

SLICK

Satisfied? Now, DQ...get your eyes up front!

DQ

Hey, don't sweat it, boss. I'm on it.

Too late...the limo hits the edge of the blacktop, as it comes over a rise. A huge semi, with a load of concrete pipes, looms, slowed by the traffic snarl.

ANTONIO

That's it. We're dead.

Slick peers ahead. A wry smile. A slight shrug of the shoulders. 'I did my best'...

DQ

Not quite, my man.

He grinds his teeth, swings the wheel. The limo fishtails in some loose gravel, slides to a horizontal stop against the rear of the truck. The tiniest of BUMPS as the limo stalls.

ANTONIO

I...shit, man, that was awesome.

SLICK

Yes, good driving. It doesn't excuse the stupidity that preceded it, but...we'll discuss that later. For now, let's get going.

DQ

Whoa boy. Not even a scratch. Damn, I'm good...

Ahead, the traffic starts to move. The semi lurches forward. One of the supports CREAKS. DQ stares up at the buckling steel tie. Another long CREAK...

SLICK

What's that noise, DQ?

Dq frantically tries to start the engine. It turns over a couple of times. One of the pipes is loose now. It slides slowly back...

ANTONIO

DQ? I think we better move.

DQ keeps turning the ignition - nothing. The truck moves forward again, The huge pipe slides right off, comes to rest on it's end. The truck continues, leaving the pipe upright like a massive flagpole, but rocking slightly. Now Slick can see it...

SLICK

DQ, why aren't we moving?

DQ

I'm trying, boss...

The motor ROARS into life, but it's inevitable. Antonio crosses himself, mutters prayers. The pipe tips over, crashes down onto the middle of the limo. The roof is torn open, leaving Slick on one side, DQ and Antonio the other. A silence...

ANTONIO

Can I open my eyes now? Are we dead? I don't feel any pain.

Behind them, a cacophony of CAR HORNS and SHOUTS. Slick clambers from the wreckage, ignores the traffic banked up. He brushes dust from his suit. DQ and Antonio turn in their seats to stare at the truncated vehicle.

DQ

My cousin's gonna kill me.

SLICK

He'll have to get in line like everybody else.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Brent pulls the RV up at the pumps. A sign on the weathered building reads 'ROCK SPRINGS STORE. The two brothers get out to stretch their legs. MATT, mid thirties, emerges from the store. He's dressed in grubby overalls.

MATT

Howdy there, folks. Beautiful day.

BRENT

Sure is. Can you fill 'er up, please?

Matt nods, unhooks the fuel nozzle, starts filling. He seems familiar...

MATT

Not from around here? Can't quite pick the accents...

BRENT

From Australia. My brother here has just flown in. I live in Phoenix.

MATT

Heard good things about Australia. Apart from the vicious roos...

JASON

I...ok. Has anyone told you, you look just like Matt Damon? The actor?

MATT

Oh, shit yeah! I'm a bit of a celebrity in these parts. Tourists pop in, people come for miles to see me.

BRENT

Well, they would if they needed gas.

A bus pulls in. The passengers wave at Matt. He smiles, waves back.

MATT

There's another bunch now. Every day it's the same. Photos, autographs. The funny thing is...my name is actually Matt!

JASON

Wow. That's...pretty cool.

He looks at Brent, frowns. Matt glances at the RV - Ray's face is mashed against the window. Drool slides the glass.

MATT

Well, hey there fella!  
(beat)  
I'll be back in a minute, guys.  
Got something for you.

He ambles back to the store.

BRENT

What's going on?

JASON

Dunno. Maybe he's gonna take a photo of Ray. Guy seems a bit weird.

Matt comes back out, carrying a big package.

MATT

Here you go, boys. This weeks special...a Jumbo pack of HappyPetz crunchy chow. Suitable for all types of animals.

He hands it to Jason.

BRENT

Huh?

MATT

Your critter in the back there will love it. It's free with every gas purchase over thirty dollars.

The fuel pump stops. Matt hangs it up, wipes his hands.

MATT(CONT'D)

That'll be thirty five neat...thanks.

JASON

You ever thought of going to Hollywood? You could impersonate the real Matt Damon.

MATT

(laughs)

Yeah, some of my buddies have mentioned that. But I'm happy here...man needs to keep his feet firmly planted on the ground.. Good day to you.

He strides off to another car.

MATT(O.S)

Howdy, folks...no, I'm not. But I bet he wishes he were me...

Brent stands there with the chow, dazed. Jason claps him on the shoulder, LAUGHS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV is back on the road, cruising. A sign looms, reading 'SEDONA ???'

BRENT(O.S)

That's our turnoff.

JASON(O.S)

Cool. Hanging out for a shower, and a few more beers.

(beat)

Hey, Ray likes this stuff.

BRENT(O.S)

Aw, come on...he's eating it?

JASON(O.S)

Shit yeah. Actually...it tastes pretty good.

The sound of CRUNCHING, lips SMACKING, SLURPING...

BRENT(O.S)  
I...you're one sick puppy, bro.

JASON(O.S)  
Hey, I'm on holiday, remember?

INT. TOILET/SHOWER BLOCK - NIGHT

Jason, Brent and Ray enter with towels and a change of clothes. The block has showers along one wall, toilets opposite. A long bench to the right of the door, has basins and a wall length mirror.

The boys head to a shower each. Ray stands at the urinal, MOANS in relief.

JASON(O.S)  
Hey, I think that babe in the run down trailer works at a bar. She had 'something' tavern on her shirt.

BRENT(O.S)  
Ha! I wouldn't know. I wasn't staring and drooling like you. I was trying to park the RV onsite.

The SOUND of showers running.

JASON(O.S)  
As if! Anyway, Ray does the drooling.

BRENT(O.S)  
That's his natural state. And have you noticed his skin is getting worse? It's like...falling off?

JASON(O.S)  
Ssh...keep it down. He'll hear you.

BRENT(O.S)  
I think he's beyond insults.

Ray zips up, goes into a shower cubicle.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

An elderly man, POP, sits on the toilet. He squints his eyes as he strains to listen.

JASON(O.S)  
Yeah, bro. I reckon that girlie was checking me out too.

BRENT(O.S)  
Man, you gotta be dreaming.

JASON(O.S)  
We'll see.  
(yells)  
Hey, Ray? Isn't this fun?

RAY(O.S)  
Eeee...aarr...

BRENT(O.S)  
Yep, must be fun having a  
shower for the first time...

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Ray stands with his head under the water. The floor tiles are covered in dead skin and thick fluids...

JASON(O.S)  
I wonder if he has any friends  
in Vegas?

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Pop's eyes widen.

POP  
(whispers)  
Vegas, huh? Well now, I think  
my granddaughter and me have  
found ourselves a ride.

Pop's voice has a real backwoods twang to it...

POP(CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
These boys'll be like putty in  
Andie's hands, yessirree.

He tenses, squeezes his eyes shut. A loud, SPURTING sound ECHOES from the bowl. LAUGHTER from the showers.

POP(CONT'D)  
I gotta cut back on them  
jalapenoos...

LATER

INT. TOILET/SHOWER BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Brent emerge, dressed in casual shirts and jeans.

JASON  
You ok, Ray?

RAY(O.S)

Aaaar...yerrrr...

JASON

We'll be at the RV. Don't be long. Man's not a camel.

They leave. Soon, Ray comes out, stands at the basins. He's dressed like the boys, and has a towel wrapped around his head.

Pop comes out of the cubicle, washes his hands next to Ray. Now Ray holds a toothbrush and tube of tooth paste. He stares at them, frowns.

POP

Oh, howdy son.

He rinses his hands, squints at Ray.

POP(CONT'D)

Do I know you? You seem familiar?

Ray shrugs, grins hideously.

RAY

Aaaarr...nooo...

POP

No? I...that's it! You look just like my cousin Bobby Jo, back in Arkansas. Spitting image...

He looks at the toothbrush, then Ray's mouth.

POP(CONT'D)

I think it's a little late to start yer dental hygiene, son...

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A large tip truck pulls up near the front. Lettering on the side reads 'Flagstaff Scrap Metal'. Slick and Antonio get out of the passenger side.

DQ rises from the tipper, stares sadly at the two limo halves. He climbs over the side. The driver waves, rolls off.

ANTONIO

What a nice guy. Drops up off right here.

Slick checks the signal.

SLICK

The briefcase is still here  
some where. No movement.

(beat)

We'll get a cabin for the night,  
rest up. Find some new wheels  
in the morning.

ANTONIO

Be funny if whoever has the  
money is staying in this  
campground...

DQ

Oh yeah, real funny. Man, I  
can't believe it...the limo  
sliced in half...then we sell  
it for scrap?

ANTONIO

Yeah, how good is that? A lazy  
two g's. Sort of a bonus , hey,  
boss?

SLICK

Bonuses are usually earned for  
achievement above and beyond  
the call of duty. Neither of  
you have reached that  
distinction. I'll keep this  
money until we get the  
briefcase back.

They walk towards the office.

DQ

Wouldn't surprise me if that  
scrap dude welds the limo back  
together. My cousin is  
gonna...damn...

SLICK

We'll replace his limo, don't  
worry.

A line of cabins are set back from the office. A familiar  
red Firebird is parked outside one. Slick sees it. He  
stops, smiles.

ANTONIO

Hey boss, isn't that the\_\_

SLICK

Yes. Our luck is changing. We  
have our ride.

ANTONIO

Cool.  
 (beat)  
 And a free cabin as well!

Slick leads them to the cabin door. Motions for the others to be quiet. He KNOCKS lightly.

TAYLOR(O.S)

Is that my little desk clerk?

DQ

Oh, man, that's sick...

SLICK

(whispers)  
 Shut it...  
 (beat)  
 Ah, yes it is, ma'am...

A GIGGLE from within, FOOTSTEPS. The door is flung open. Taylor wears a flimsy nightie -it's an interesting sight.

TAYLOR

Come in, my\_\_

Slick smoothly takes her arm, pushes her back. DQ and Antonio follow, closing the door.

SLICK

Thanks for letting us stay.

TAYLOR

Oh...

DQ

Can't wait to drive your little car tomorrow.

ANTONIO

Don't worry, we aren't here for your body.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Brent and Jason wait in front of the RV.

JASON

I better go find him. He might've slipped over in the shower.

BRENT

He said he was ok...well, he grunted in the affirmative.

JASON

But he...good, here he is.

Ray limps up, towel over his shoulder. His hair looks perfect, incongruous on his ravaged features.

BRENT

Wow, Ray! You look a millllion dollars.

JASON

Yeah. He'll be fighting off the chicks tonight. Hey, we found out where that bar is. Five minute walk.

RAY

Baaar...beeeeerrr...

JASON

Exactly. Let's went.

They walk off towards the park entrance. Moments later, Pop approaches. He examines the RV.

POP

Comfy looking set of wheels.  
This oughta be fun.  
(beat)  
I'll give 'em twenty minutes to get settled.

He heads to a decrepit trailer, two sites down. Stops. Winces as he holds his stomach. SIGHS.

POP(CONT'D)

Back to the bowl, I guess. My intestines ain't getting any younger...

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Jason, Brent and Ray walk into the tavern. It's a clean establishment, with about fifty or so patrons. Some sit at the bar, others at tables.

The four pool tables are full. A juke POUNDS classic rock in the background.

JASON

Now this looks good, bro'. All you have to do is direct us to some decent American beer.

BRENT

Don't worry. I've tried a few of them.

They make their way to the bar. People smile and nod. Ray grins back at them.

ANDREA(23), pops up from behind the bar. The boys are startled as they take a seat. The barmaid is tall, with brown hair in a ponytail. And very pretty...

ANDREA  
Oh, hello. I was just cleaning  
up a broken glass.

She holds up the evidence, deposits it in a bin. Wipes her hands on a cloth.

ANDREA(CONT'D)  
Now, what can I get you boys?  
Beer?

Jason and Brent gape back at her, lost. Ray holds up three rotting fingers.

ANDREA(CONT'D)  
Three beers? Millers ok?

Ray nods.

BRENT  
I...yeah, Miller's is fine.

ANDREA  
Coming up.

She starts filling three glasses from the tap.

JASON  
Uh, nice little place. The food  
as good as the service?

He's regained his composure. Brent frowns. The contest is on...

ANDREA  
Sure is. The kitchen counter  
is over there. They'll take  
your order.

JASON  
Cool.

Andrea puts the beers on the bar. The boys fumble for their wallets. Ray leans over to give Andrea a fifty. She smiles at him, rings it up. Hands back the change.

ANDREA  
You guys look...yeah, you're  
at the campground! The big RV?

BRENT  
That's us.

ANDREA

Nice vehicle. And your voices...that accent...let's see...Aussies?

JASON

Right again, ah, miss...?

ANDREA

Andrea. I live in a trailer near your site. With my grandfather.

A shadow of sadness flits across her face...

BRENT

I'm Brent. This is my brother Jason. I live in Phoenix and little bro here just flew in from Oz.

ANDREA

Great! Here on holiday, then?

JASON

Yeah, a couple of weeks. Our folks live in Vegas. We're heading there via the touristy route.

ANDREA

Vegas, huh? That's...nice.

(beat)

And who's your shy friend here? Another Aussie?

Ray sips his beer, watches the pool players. One of them stares back.

BRENT

That's Ray. He's a local...we think.

JASON

Yeah, we...ran into him on the highway.

Brent drops his head, shakes it.

ANDREA

Oh, he was hiking?

JASON

Yep. He needed a ride to Vegas.

ANDREA

(murmurs)

Don't we all...

A chubby, stern looking man, CHARLIE(50), comes out from the office behind the bar.

CHARLIE  
Hey, Andrea! What did I tell you about idle chat? There's people waiting for a drink.

He points to the far end of the bar.

ANDREA  
Ah, sorry, Charlie. These guys here are from Australia. Isn't that\_\_

Charlie dismisses her with a gesture. She creeps past him eyes down. Charlie smiles at the boys, a paradigm of falseness...

CHARLIE  
Hard to get good help these days.

JASON  
She was fine with us.

BRENT  
Yeah. I think you were, you know, a bit rough on her.

Charlie grins again, shrugs.

CHARLIE  
Just trying to earn a living.  
(beat)  
Aussies, hey? Had a holiday  
Down Under a few years back.

The boys drain their beer, look at each other. Ray finishes too. He signals three more, pushes notes across.

JASON  
Cheers, Ray. But it was my shout...

Charlie pours fresh beers.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, so we went driving around your Australian bush? Miserable place...too hot...boring scenery...millions of flies.

He leans on the bar, stares at the boys.

CHARLIE(CONT'D)  
I reckon Australia is a damn over-rated country.

BRENT  
That right? Well, I think  
you're full of\_\_\_

Jason touches his arm.

JASON  
Charlie, is it? You see any  
drop bears out in the bush?

Brent frowns, then keeps a straight face. Ray perks up...

CHARLIE  
Drop bears? Um, you shitting me?

JASON  
Hell no! They live in the trees.

CHARLIE  
We saw some...shit, what are  
they? Koala bears?

JASON  
Oh no. Drop bears and bigger  
and more vicious. You don't see  
'em till the last minute. Then  
they just...DROP...on an  
unsuspecting tourist!

BRENT  
That's right. Soon as they hit  
you, the biting and ripping  
begins. Then the screaming...

Charlie shudders, wipes the top of the bar. Ray has an un-  
photogenic grin on his face. Behind him, a huge BIKER with  
a pool cue, wends his way to the bar.

The boys sip their beer but Jason can't suppress a CHUCKLE.  
Charlie frowns.

CHARLIE  
Why you pair of Aussie  
assholes...I oughta throw you  
out. Drop bears...

JASON  
How do know it's not true?

Brent tries to hold a SNORT in, fails.

CHARLIE  
Dammit, I wasn't born yesterday.

JASON  
That's a shame. We could've  
started your personality from  
scratch.

Brent cracks up with LAUGHTER. Ray makes a KEENING sort of sound. Andrea looks up from the other end. The biker now stands behind Ray.

CHARLIE

Right, you can\_\_

BIKER

Hi guys! Welcome to our humble bar. The word is that you're Aussies?

Jason and Brent glance at each other.

JASON

(murmurs)

Here we go...time to get beaten up.

The biker claps Ray on the shoulder. Bits of skin rise from his neck...

CHARLIE

Yeah, damn Aussie full of cheek. They were just gonna\_\_

BIKER

Enter our pool comp? Excellent! We are one short. Aussies, hey? Man, i just love that Russell Crow.

JASON

Um, actually, he's from New Zealand.

BIKER

Oh...well, Mel Gibson is one of my favorite actors.

JASON

He was born in New York.

BIKER

I see...um, what about, yeah, that actor who's in politics?  
(beat)  
Arnie! Arnold Schwarzenegger!

The boys exchange frowns.

BRENT

I think you'll find he's from Austria. Not Australia.

BIKER

Oh...

Charlie shakes his head, walks away. A pregnant pause...

JASON

But anyhow...stiff shit! You said something about a pool comp? Well, I happen to be\_\_

Ray cuts him off, gestures to the biker. Stands and nods.

BIKER

Alright, the dude! Let's go. now, we all put in fifty bucks, twelve of us. The house kicks in another hundred. Random draw, last man wins!

Ray nods again. The pair walk to the pool tables. The brothers stare at each other.

BRENT

Ray sure is a man of surprises.

JASON

Shit yeah. Wonder if he's any good?

BRENT

Probably...hey, have you noticed he seems to have a lot of cash? Saw a big wad on his pocket.

JASON

Hmmm...what if he's some eccentric millionaire type? On his way to Vegas to gamble.

BRENT

Looking like that? Hiking there? You could be right...there's all kinds of fruitcakes in this country.

JASON

We better be extra nice to him then.

(beat)

Hey, here's Andrea...

BEGIN MONTAGE

People around the pool tables applaud as Ray wins game after game...

Jason and Brent sit at the bar, chatting to Andrea. she keeps an eye out for Charlie, but he's trying to chat up women customers...

Jason and Brent dig into a huge meal...

Ray's dominance continues. High fives all around...

END MONTAGE

A final great CHEER as Ray wins the final. Pop enters the tavern, peers around. He creakily walks to the bar, nods at the boys.

ANDREA

Pop! What are you doing here?  
You're meant to be resting.

Pop winks at the boys.

POP

Man's gotta have some social  
life. Even an old goat like me!  
(beat)  
Howdy boys. Pleased to meet ya.  
Saw your RV there in the park.  
Nice looking motor.

ANDREA

Jason, Brent...this is my  
grandfather. Pop, these guys  
are from Australia.

POP

Ya don't say? Heard about them  
killer roos down there.

JASON

I...gidday, Pop. Can we buy you  
a beer?

POP

Well now, that's mighty decent  
of you.

ANDREA

You'll be sorry. He drinks like  
a fish, and don't expect him  
to get the next round.

The boys LAUGH, Pop joins in. Andrea pours fresh beers.

POP

Here's to the Aussies!

They all raise their glasses, take a long swig.

ANDREA

The boys are on a road trip,  
Pop. Heading to Vegas.

Pop feign surprise, nods.

POP

You don't say? Vegas? Helluva nice drive that. Plenty to see.

BRENT

Yeah. We're going up to the North Rim first. Leisurely tour.

JASON

Our dad's turning fifty. Big party in Vegas this weekend.

POP

Is that so? Family...ain't it wonderful?

He glances at Andrea, mouths, 'ask them, girl, come on...' She glares back. All of a sudden a microphone WHINES. Movement on the small stage.

CHARLIE

(over mic)

Ok, folks...hope you're all having a good time. Congratulations to Ray over there at the pool tables. He's our winner for tonight.

CHEERS from the crowd. The biker holds Ray's arm up in triumph.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(over mic)

Don't forget our karaoke contest. It kicks off in a few minutes.

POP

That young fella is with you, ain't he?

BRENT

Ah, yep.

POP

He a friend? A relative? Maybe the black sheep of the family?

JASON

No, we\_\_

Brent dives in hurriedly.

BRENT

So, ah, Pop...you and Andrea live in the campground?

POP

Well, sort of. We're kind of...stuck here.

JASON

Stuck? Could think of worse places to be.

POP

True. But we, well, we were on our way to Vegas, funnily enough, a few months back. Going to stay with my sister. I'm getting on now, and Andie's finding it hard looking out for me.

Andrea smiles, moves down the bar.

BRENT

So what's the problem?

POP

Well, you see, Andie's car broke down. We were driving from Phoenix, a short distance each day. I can't sit for too long in a car. Back is long gone.

JASON

Can't fix the car?

POP

Nope. She's a basket case. Was an old heap of shit to start with. We ain't got much money. Andie's been working here but it only just covers the rent.

(beat)

That asshole Charlie owns the campground too. He's using Andie here for pittance, knowing she gets the punters in. The cheapskate knows we're in a bind.

JASON

Well, we can fix that.

BRENT

We can? I mean...yes, we can.

JASON

Yeah. You and Andie, uh, Andrea, are most welcome to travel with us.

Pop's elated but keeps a straight face. Andrea comes back along the bar, she's been listening...

BRENT

They are? I mean...um, yes, yes, they are...ah, you both are.

POP

Oh, young fella, fellas, that's mighty of kind of you. But we can't...

JASON

Nonsense. Plenty of room in the RV.

BRENT

And we have a dome tent for emergencies.

POP

Well, I...Andie? These generous young men have offered to take us to Vegas. It just makes the heart soften, don't it?

ANDREA

Um I don't think\_\_

BRENT

We insist.

JASON

That's right. You're both welcome.

The contest has just gotten serious...

POP

Damn, gotta love these Aussies! This calls for another drink! Andie, three more beers.

Andrea grins, pours the beers. Pop stands up, checks his pockets.

POP(CONT'D)

Aw hell...looks like I left my wallet in the trailer.

ANDREA

As usual.

BRENT

Hey, who cares? My shout!

CHARLIE(O.S)

First up the karoake...a big hand for RAAYYY!!

JASON

What the...?

They all look around. On the stage, Ray stands motionless. He's now dressed in skintight leather pants and vest. A long, straight haired wig sits on his head, secured by a red headband.

Suddenly, the opening notes of 'Sweet Child Of Mine', the classic GunsNRoses song...

BRENT

I don't believe it.

Onstage, Ray hugs himself, preparing, as the intro continues. Then...

RAY

(sings)

She's got a smile that it seems  
to me, Reminds  
me of childhood memories,  
Where everything  
Was as fresh as the bright blue  
sky...

His voice sounds exactly like Axl Rose. He does the movements and gestures spot on. The dance floor fills as the patrons go WILD.

ANDREA

Wow! He's awesome.

POP

Sure is. Is there nuthin' that  
boy can't do?

Ray keeps SINGING, does the snake dance. Absolute perfection...

LATER

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Ray support the drunken Pop. Andrea and Brent follow. They come to the old trailer.

ANDREA

You guys are the best. Things  
have been so hard...

Her eyes well up.

BRENT

Hey, it's ok.

POP

(sings)  
Wo, wo wo wo, sweet child of  
mi - e - ine....

JASON

Time for beddy-bye, Pop. Big  
day tomorrow.

POP

Oh yeah...hey, ain't my  
grandddaughter a sweetie? You  
brother seems to think so.  
Better watch him...

JASON

Don't worry. I will be.

He smiles back over his shoulder. Brent and Andrea are  
whispering.

POP

Ol' Ray...my buddy.

He kisses Ray on the cheek. Doesn't notice the stuff that  
sticks to his lips...

JASON

Careful there, old timer.

POP

I love this guy! Paying off our  
rent with his karoake and pool  
winnings. Boy's a goddam legend.

Jason and Ray haul him into the trailer. They emerge  
moments later.

ANDREA

Thanks, guys.

JASON

No prob. We'll see you in the  
morning. Right bro'?

Brent stares at Andrea, who returns it.

BRENT

Yeah, sure. Morning. Bright and  
early.

(beat)

Goodnight, Andie.

ANDREA

Night...and thank you again.  
All of you.

She goes into the trailer. Ray grins, claps Jason on the back. They walk on to the RV.

JASON

Pop was right, Ray. You are a dead set legend.

BRENT

Shit yeah! What other surprises have you got for us?

Ray CHUCKLES. A long slider of a FART sounds. He shakes his head.

JASON

I told you to avoid the chili...

LATER

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

DQ and Antonio stumble through the door. Slick lies on the bed, watching TV.

SLICK

You idiots...its past midnight. So much for a couple of drinks.

DQ

Sorry, boss. Things got out of hand.

SLICK

What?! Please tell me you didn't attract attention to yourself.

ANTONIO

Hey, no, boss, it's cool. Man, that bar was jumping. This real ugly guy was singing...damn he was good.

SLICK

Ok, whatever. Just get some sleep. Big day ahead. Our little friend is finally asleep...

(yawns)

I'm so tired. Now, I've set the alarm clock...when you hear it, WAKE ME. And if you hear the transmitter make a noise, WAKE ME!

DQ lies on the floor, falls asleep. Antonio climbs on the bed next to Slick. He's asleep moments later. Slick turns off the TV. The room is dark.

SLICK(O.S)  
 (whispers)  
 Fools...I always get stuck with  
 fools...

Moments later he's snoring...

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. CAMPGROUND - MORNING

Jason emerges from the RV. He stretches, looks around. Soon, Brent and Ray join him. They talk, laugh at something...

Andrea comes out of the trailer. Waves to the boys further along. They wave back...

The boys and Ray sit outside the trailer. Andrea brings out cups of coffee...

Pop finally emerges. He's totally naked and still half cut. The boys splurt out their coffee at the sight. Andrea rushes to cover him with a towel. Ray HOOTS...

Snatches of conversation as things are packed from trailer to RV...

BRENT(O.S)  
 ...loaded up and moving. We'll  
 stop at Flagstaff for a proper  
 meal.

ANDREA(O.S)  
 ...lucky we don't have much gear.

END MONTAGE

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The alarm clock buzzes loudly. All three men snore, fast asleep. The clock CLICKS off...

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The RV drives out through the gate. Brent and Ray are in the front.

JASON(O.S)  
 Hey, Pop? No more nudity, ok?  
 A slight hangover is bad enough.

INT. RV CUPBOARD -CONTINUOUS

The briefcase sits next to boxes of food, and bags. Suddenly, a green light flashes on a hinge...

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is still asleep. The transmitter starts making a BEEPING sound...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV moves along Arizona 89a.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Slick wakes up suddenly. Looks around. DQ groggily stirs, as Antonio snores.

SLICK  
You...GET UP NOW!

He leaps from the bed, steps on DQ. Antonio rolls over and off the bed.

DQ  
Ow, careful boss.

SLICK  
Last chance for both of you!  
If we don't catch them...

Antonio bounds off the floor. Stretches and yawns.

ANTONIO  
Hey, chill out, boss. We got  
the Firebird remember.

Slick is already opening the door.

DQ  
Yeah, we can take them easily.

LATER

INT. CABIN - DAY

A key turns, the door opens. A beautiful young maid, PEPITA, enters with cleaning gear. She tut-tuts at the mess, then strips the bed. A SOUND from the bathroom...she investigates.

PEPITA(O.S)  
Mi bondad! Senorita, what?  
Here, let me...

TAYLOR(O.S.)  
(exhales)  
Thank you. Can you untie my hands?

PEPITA(O.S)

Si. But what has happened here?  
Were you kidnapped?  
(giggles)  
Maybe your little games went  
mmm, levemente mal?

TAYLOR(O.S)

These knots are tight...no,  
some bastards jumped me. Took  
my car. There...free.

The two emerge from the bathroom.

PEPITA

You are very pretty, senorita.  
Your legs...

TAYLOR

I have to call a friend. I'm  
going to get my Firebird back  
from those hoods.

PEPITA

Is there anything I can do for  
you?

She lies on one of the beds, eyes glazed. Taylor glances  
up from the phone, becoming aware of the maid's beauty.

TAYLOR

Hmmm, very nice. I think my  
call can wait for now.

Taylor lies next to the maid. They kiss, long and with  
passion. Hands begin to wander...

PEPITA

Oh, senorita. I can't wait  
to...que pasa! You are a senor!?

TAYLOR

It doesn't bother you?

PEPITA

(shrugs)  
I'm a maid. Comes with the job.

INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Antonio drives, Slick next to him. DQ sulks in the back.  
They speed along Highway 17.

ANTONIO

Boy, this machine goes! Too bad,  
DQ.

SLICK

He had his chance. He wrecked  
the limo.

DQ

(mumbling)  
Not happy, man...not happy at all.

ANTONIO

So, when we catch them, boss,  
can we rough 'em up a bit?

SLICK

Possibly. Depends how much  
bother they give us.

ANTONIO

Alright!

He increases the Firebird's speed. It's a smooth ride.  
Even Slick grins as the car hurtles down the highway.

DQ

I shoulda stayed at the cabin...

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

The black Kenworth barrels along Highway 17. The driver,  
STEAKHOUSE(45) is a huge man. He chews on four hot dogs  
at once. His phone RINGS, playing 'Convoy'. A gulp clears  
his mouth...

STEAKHOUSE

Hello? Who...hey, my favorite  
cross-dressing nephew.

(beat)

Yeah, I'm on 17. Heading to  
Flagstaff...you what? Your  
Firebird? Sons of bitches. But  
why would they...

(beat)

Chasing some guys in an RV? Ok,  
calm down, it's alright. We'll  
get your car back. When did  
they leave Sedona?

(beat)

Hmm, they'll be passing me soon,  
then. I'll keep an eye out. So  
your...

(beat)

I'll see you then...bye.

He clicks the phone off. Opens a can of Coke and quaffs  
it. BELCHES loudly.

STEAKHOUSE

About time I had some fun. Been  
too quiet around here.

He laughs as the rig thunders on.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Taylor stands outside with his bags. Pepita drives up in an RX-7. Her maid gear is gone - she wears a sleek jumpsuit.

PEPITA

Get in, my sweet! The open road awaits us.

TAYLOR

How the hell did you get this car, on a maid's pay?

PEPITA

I get a lot of tips.

TAYLOR

(shrugs)  
I can see why...

He stows the luggage in the trunk, hops in the front. Laughter as they speed out of the campground.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brent's RV passes a huge sign: WELCOME TO FLAGSTAFF - THE OBSERVATORY CITY.

INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Slick studies the phone signal, sips bottled water. Antonio drives, loving the power. DQ squirms in the back.

DQ

Aw, come on, guys. Can't we swap seats for twenty minutes?

SLICK

Stop complaining. We'll be...yes! They've stopped. Thirty miles ahead. Let's see...

He checks the map.

SLICK(CONT'D)

Flagstaff.

ANTONIO

Ha! Probably having lunch. Well, we'll give them something to chew on. Right, boss?

SLICK

Whatever you think. As long as we get the money back.

DQ  
Um, guys? I need to go to the  
bathroom.

ANTONIO  
Sorry, no wee-wee breaks. Right,  
boss?

He increases his speed.

SLICK  
Yes. No can do, DQ.

He holds up the empty bottle.

SLICK(CONT'D)  
You can use this.

DQ  
Actually, I have to do...you  
know. Those beers have gone  
right through me.

SLICK  
In that case, the bottle will  
make a good plug.

INT. COUNTRY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The gang sit at a large table, checking the menu. Andrea  
takes out a pill bottle, gives one to Pop. Ray looks at  
other customers, grins.

BRENT  
What are they for, Andie?

ANDREA  
His arthritis, his memory...all  
sorts of ailments. He has to  
take one every day.

She winces as Pop downs the pill.

BRENT  
You ok?

ANDREA  
Oh, I'm fine. It's just...well,  
these pills have certain side  
effects that can  
be...embarrassing sometimes.

JASON  
Let me guess...drooling and  
intense diarrhea?

POP  
You can only wish.

In the B/G, a formidable looking WAITRESS approaches.

ANDREA  
No, he...well, he quotes from  
his favorite movie.

BRENT  
Which is?

ANDREA  
'Jaws'.

JASON  
Not so bad. How long till it  
takes effect?

POP  
Oh, boys...boys...I think he's  
come back for his noon feeding.

ANDREA  
Immediately.

The waitress takes out her order book, scans the table.  
Ray stares back at her.

WAITRESS  
Lord Almighty...what have we  
got here? The friggin' Addams  
Family?

Ray HOOTS. The others join in. The waitress just shakes  
her head.

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth cruises along Oak Creek Canyon. Steakhouse  
talks on the mobile.

STEAKHOUSE  
...yeah, I'm heading back on  
89a now. They shouldn't be too  
far away. I can block the road  
easily.  
(beat)  
Ok, but tell your friend to  
drive carefully. This road is  
a bit icy today. Bye.

He finishes the call, takes a chicken leg from a food carton.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)  
Them ol' boys are gonna get a  
real surprise.

INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Antonio eases the Firebird around the winding bends. There's no other traffic. DQ struggles in the back.

SLICK

Ten minutes till Flagstaff.  
They haven't moved.

ANTONIO

We got 'em this time, boss. How  
you doing, DQ?

DQ

I can't hold on much longer.

SLICK

Sure you can. Think of the  
relief in Flagstaff. A nice  
bathroom, and the money back.  
You'll be...what the?

They round a corner. A bridge ahead is blocked by the Kenworth. Steakhouse leans near the front wheels, looking underneath. He glances up at the Firebird.

ANTONIO

Shit. We can't get past.

DQ

Oh, thank Christ! Now, I can  
have a crap.

Slick takes in the scene intently.

SLICK

Ok..Antonio, you stay in the  
car, keep it running. DQ, go  
take a dump. I'll handle things  
here.

EXT. OAK CREEK CANYON - CONTINUOUS

The Firebird pulls up twenty feet from the truck. Slick and DQ get out, the latter stumbles over to some bushes. A massive SQUELCHY sound erupts seconds later.

STEAKHOUSE

Hello there. Seems like your  
friend was on a mission.

SLICK

What's the problem here, buddy?  
We need to get through.

STEAKHOUSE

Well now, I'm sorry. But my  
brakes are playing up. No grip.  
Too dangerous on this road.

SLICK

So what are you doing about it?  
Have you called a mechanic?

STEAKHOUSE

Yeah. He's coming from Sedona,  
but could take awhile.

SLICK

Look, we have to get past! Can  
you move the truck over? There  
appears to be enough\_\_

He breaks off and ducks, as Steakhouse swings a baseball  
bat at his head.

STEAKHOUSE

Teach you boys to steal  
people's cars.

He swings the bat again. In the Firebird, Antonio's eyes  
open wide. Behind him, DQ emerges from the bushes. He has  
a relieved smile on his face.

SLICK

You gonna take on all three of us?

He does a complex martial arts routine. The Firebird ROARS  
as Antonio floors it towards the truck. The rear end  
fishtails and slides over the edge of the shoulder. A CRY  
from Antonio as the car disappears. A CRASHING noise  
follows it down. It all happens so quick...

STEAKHOUSE

Two of you.

DQ charges at him, but suddenly halts.

DQ

Oh God. Not again.

He scrambles back to the bushes. More SQUIRTING and  
RIPPING sounds...

STEAKHOUSE

Just you and me, sweetheart.

SLICK

It's hard to get good help  
these days.

He launches himself at Steakhouse, a flurry of chops and kicks. Surprisingly, he's pretty good...Steakhouse wields the bat but cops one in the ribs. He goes down to his knees.

STEAKHOUSE

Damn...too many hot dogs.

Slick whacks him on the neck. The big man slumps to the ground. DQ staggers back into view.

DQ

I...well done, boss. I think I'm ok now.

SLICK

Get in the truck.

He runs lightly to the Kenworth. DQ follows, looks at the Firebird's skid marks.

DQ

What Antonio? He might need help.

Slick steps up, opens the driver side door.

SLICK

Antonio needed help a long time ago. Now, let's go.

DQ shrugs, climbs up into the cabin.

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick runs an eye over the controls, then starts it up.

DQ-

You know how to drive this, boss?

SLICK

Of course. I'm multi-skilled.

He guides the truck away from the bridge. Metal SCRAPES...

DQ

Ah, yes, well...

SLICK

Relax. I learned it all from the Terminator movies. No problem.

The truck straightens, Slick increases the speed.

DQ

How we gonna turn around? The road is too narrow.

SLICK

I noticed a fire trail a couple of miles back. Simple matter of reversing.

DQ

You sure know your stuff, boss. Got it all figured out.

SLICK

A-T-D, my good man. Attention To Detail. You can't go wrong.

DQ

A-T-D! Yeah! Hey, it could also be A Truck Driver. Haha! Right?

SLICK

Well, yes...here's the phone. Keep an eye on the RV.

He sniffs the air.

DQ

Ah, sorry boss. Only had leaves to, you know, wipe...

SLICK

No matter. Things are looking up, DQ. Your foul stench is a minor complaint.

DQ

That trucker, boss? He was waiting for us, I'll bet on it.

SLICK

Yes. Good deduction, my friend! I don't why people say you're dumb. He must somehow be acquainted with the trannie. So, we could expect he is following us too.

DQ

Wow, boss. You're a walking computer.

SLICK

I do my best.

DQ frowns.

DQ

So who says I'm dumb?

EXT. OAK CREEK CANYON - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth drives past the stirring Steakhouse. He sits up, shakes his head. The rig disappears round a bend.

STEAKHOUSE

Goddam city boys. I'll get ya.  
Don't you worry 'bout that.

He makes a call on his phone.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)

Taylor? Yeah, um, I found them.

(beat)

Not exactly. They, ah, jumped me, took my truck.

(beat)

The Firebird? It, ah, sorta got damaged.

He holds the phone away from his ear, winces. Puts it back.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)

I'm sorry, there was...hey, I lost my damn truck, so don't...

(beat)

No, I don't want to talk to your Mexican friend! Just get here and pick me up. We can catch them.

The call ends. Steakhouse sighs.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)

I try to help and look what happens. My sister couldn't handle him. Damn, it's a harsh world.

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Taylor clicks his phone shut angrily. Pepita guides the car round the twisting bends.

TAYLOR

My Firebird...trashed by those bastards. My grandfather gave it to me. He rebuilt it himself.

PEPITA

It's alright, my Taylor. You being safe is all that matters.

TAYLOR

Now they've got my uncle's truck.

PEPITA

Just sit back and enjoy the thrill of the chase. You and me, hunting our prey. Stop worrying.

TAYLOR

I should be worried. My uncle fancies himself with the ladies. He'll be all over you like a rash.

PEPITA

I'm used to it. Ah, this must be him.

EXT. OAK CREEK CANYON - CONTINUOUS

The RX-7 pulls up beside Steakhouse. Taylor is out in a flash. He peers over the edge of the ravine. Pepita gets out, stretches, grins at Steakhouse.

TAYLOR

Oh, shit. My poor Firebird, I can see it. God...

STEAKHOUSE

We'll make those pricks pay, I promise. If they damage my truck...ah, you must be Pepita.

PEPITA

Pleased to meet you, Senor Steakhouse. Taylor's told me a lot about you. Fascinating.

STEAKHOUSE

Well, the truth is all lies...

PEPITA

...and the lies are all true. Yes, I've heard that one a million times.

TAYLOR

(clears throat)  
Ok, then. We should be getting after those crims.

STEAKHOUSE

Right. I wonder why they're after that RV?

TAYLOR

Who cares? I just want\_\_

A NOISE from behind them. Antonio stumbles onto the road. He limps, bruised and dirty, mutters to himself.

ANTONIO

Gotta get a lift...catch up  
with Slick.

STEAKHOUSE

I hope you're satisfied, asshole.

TAYLOR

You wrecked my car, you bastard!

Antonio looks at them, dazed. He's way off with the  
fairies...

ANTONIO

Minor scratches, that's all.  
Haul 'er out, be right as rain!  
Chase that RV, come on...

He collapses onto his knees in front of Steakhouse,  
clutches his legs.

STEAKHOUSE

Tell me, scum, what's so  
special about these guys you're  
after?

ANTONIO

Money, man! Tons of it. In the RV.

TAYLOR

Money? You sure? How much?

Antonio peers at him.

ANTONIO

Damn, you're even hotter  
closeup...um, three mill worth  
of jewels. Dude stole it from  
us. One of our own. The guys  
in the RV picked him up.

PEPITA

Trios million? Merde...

STEAKHOUSE

So, these guys don't know about  
about the jewels?

ANTONIO

Hell no! They would've vanished  
by now, man. Wouldn't you? Woah,  
I feel a bit sick. Bumped my head.

TAYLOR

Three mill would buy me a  
couple of new Firebirds.

STEAKHOUSE

You think we should...shit, why not? I gotta get the truck back anyway. Let's get moving.

PEPITA

My little Mazda will fly like the wind.

ANTONIO

Hey, can I come with you? I don't feel very well.

The other three look at him.

STEAKHOUSE

No.

He shoves Antonio backwards, who windmills towards the edge.

ANTONIO

Shit, not again.

He tumbles back into the canyon. Pepita is already in the car, REVVING the motor.

TAYLOR

I hope he hurts himself even more.

He and Steakhouse get in the RX-7. It zooms off.

INT. COUNTRY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Plates and cups are strewn across the table. Everyone sits, content. Ray BELCHES, he has apple and cream on his mouth. Andrea wipes his face.

JASON

Top feed. You Americans sure put on a good one.

The waitress re-appears with the bill. Ray fumbles in his pockets.

WAITRESS

Tsk, tsk...some folks...letting your runt here pay? Comes to thirty five fifty.

Ray pulls out some bills. The waitress eyes them warily.

BRENT

Here's a tip.

She takes a note from him.

WAITRESS  
 Ooh, a whole dollar. Excuse me  
 if I don't throw a party right  
 now.

Ray LAUGHS, makes gestures.

JASON  
 He's saying you can keep the  
 change.

WAITRESS  
 Must be my friggin' lucky day.  
 (beat)  
 Have a good trip back to  
 Cleveland...freaks.

She storms off.

ANDREA  
 Someone's having a bad day.

BRENT  
 We aren't your average  
 lunchtime crowd, are we?

POP  
 Larry, the summer is over.  
 You're the mayor of Shark City.  
 These people think you want the  
 beaches open.

JASON  
 Not really. We right to go then?

LATER

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick drives through the outskirts of Flagstaff. DQ checks  
 the phone.

DQ  
 Ah, boss, you should slow down.  
 We'll attract attention.

SLICK  
 Hmm, yes, you're right. I can  
 catch up to them on the highway.

He eases the speed a fraction.

DQ  
 You ok, boss? You seem a  
 little...I dunno...tense?

SLICK  
 Oh, I'm fine. Just dandy.

His maniacal grin says otherwise. DQ winces. Something catches his eye...

DQ

Aw, man, you gotta shitting me...

He points. The limo, with a massive weld mark across the roof and sides, drives past. The driver sees DQ, waves.

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Pepita threads her way around the canyon bends. Taylor is in the back, looking queasy. Steakhouse rides up front, enjoying the chase.

STEAKHOUSE

Damn, you're one hell of a driver, Peppy.

PEPITA

Gracious, Senor Steakhouse.

STEAKHOUSE

Oh, you can call me Steak.

PEPITA

Gracious...Steak. It's not often a man appreciates my driving skills.

STEAKHOUSE

I bet you've got all sorts of talents.

TAYLOR

Oh, yes. She's a real surprise packet.

PEPITA

Hush, my bambino. Don't fret your pretty head. Your uncle is just being friendly.

STEAKHOUSE

Yeah, that's right.

TAYLOR

I've seen his version of 'just being friendly'.

STEAKHOUSE

Getting my truck back is the priority. Anything gained after that is a bonus.

He grins at Pepita, who throws it back dreamily.

TAYLOR

And crushing the filth that  
destroyed my 'Bird.

STEAKHOUSE

Yes, and crushing the filth  
that destroyed your 'Bird. And  
beat up on me.

(beat)

Them boys got a lot of  
misdemeanors they gonna pay for.

PEPITA

And don't forget the three  
million.

The RX-7 ROARS on, everyone lost in their own thoughts...

AERIAL VIEW - NORTHERN ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

The RV, Kenworth and the RX-7 are all visible as dots  
along the highway.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent peers ahead. Ray is in the front now. Jason, Andrea  
and Pop play cards. They pass a sign: GRAND CANYON - TWO  
MILES.

BRENT

Almost there, guys!

POP

Hooper! Forty five degrees  
south now, you hear?

JASON

How long do these quotes  
usually last?

ANDREA

Oh, only about an hour.

POP

What is this bite radius crap?  
Stick your head in...

He blinks, looks around.

POP (CONT'D)

Nearly to the Canyon? Good job.

JASON

Hallelujah.

Pop walks to the back door window.

POP  
 Why is there a big ol' truck  
 right up our arse?

ANDREA  
 Pop...

POP  
 Well, there is...

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick's eyes bulge. DQ glances warily at him. The Kenworth is only feet behind the RV now. Pop looks back at them.

DQ  
 Boss? I don't think\_\_

SLICK  
 We have them now. Quick, take  
 the wheel.

DQ  
 What? You crazy?

SLICK  
 No. Take it. I'm going to jump  
 over to the RV.

DQ  
 No way, boss. I can't drive  
 this beast.

SLICK  
 (sighs)  
 Do I have to do everything?  
 Alright, we'll ram it from the  
 side and roll it.

He puts the foot down. The Kenworth surges alongside the RV.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Jason follows the progress of the truck. Brent does too, in the side mirrors.

BRENT  
 This guy is a complete looney.

JASON  
 Hmm...one of those guys  
 looks...yes, he was at the bar  
 last night. Black dude, pretty  
 smooth lookin'.

ANDREA

I...yeah, I served him. He was with another guy. They seemed, I don't know...a bit suss.

POP

Why would they be chasing us?

JASON

Beats me. But they're not acting very friendly...

Ray frowns, climbs into the back. He gazes out at the truck. Winces...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two vehicles are level. Ahead, the town of Grand Canyon looms. Beyond that...the South Rim.

Slick turns the wheel sharply. The Kenworth shudders as it bashes into the RV.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent curses, turns the wheel to the right. He plants the foot and the RV motors ahead. YELLS from the back. Ray kneels, rummages in the cupboard. He pulls out the briefcase.

JASON

Damn, this is getting dangerous, I...

He watches Ray sit at the table and open the briefcase. Notices the green flashing light. Ray looks at him, takes out some of the gems.

The Kenworth surges forward again. Jason taps Andrea on the shoulder. She turns around.

ANDREA

That truck is\_\_oh, wow, what the...

Ray points at the gems, then out the window to the Kenworth.

JASON

I...Ray, are those guys...after these? Oh, man...

ANDREA

I'm no expert but those jewels look, well, very expensive.

POP

You're not wrong there, Andie.

JASON

Ray, how much we looking at here?

Ray MOANS, holds up three fingers.

ANDREA

Three hundred thousand?

Ray shakes his head. Jason SIGHS.

JASON

Three million, buddy?

Ray nods forlornly. A long, quiet FART slips out. Another CRASH as the RV is hit again.

BRENT

Jason! Andie! What's going on back there? Talk to me!

Jason pops between the seats. Holds up a couple of gems.

JASON

Seems like we got something they want...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth nudges ahead of the RV. Now they're passing houses, motels, tourist shops. Slick spins the wheel again.

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

DQ braces himself. Slick's face is the mask of a madman. Ahead, the road veers to the right.

SLICK

We'll get those gems! DQ, be ready. I'm gonna roll that RV over.

DQ gulps, looks ahead. There's a ragged line of trees...he realises what that means. In the side mirror, the RX-7 suddenly appears!

DQ

Boss? You better turn off.

SLICK

What? But we have them.

He suddenly sees what's coming. A frown...

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Pepita concentrates as the car nears the Kenworth. Taylor looks ahead, falls back in the seat. Steakhouse is pumped...

STEAKHOUSE

We nearly got 'em! The bastards  
are ramming the RV!

TAYLOR

How do you plan on getting the  
truck back?

PEPITA

Good question. Steak? I'm going  
to have to...

She trails off, stares ahead, past the truck.

PEPITA(CONT'D)

Oh mierda...the Canyon!

STEAKHOUSE

Ah, yes. Thought we were  
getting close.

TAYLOR

We're dead.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone YELLS again, as the Kenworth crunches the side.  
Brent glances ahead.

BRENT

Shit! Everyone...HOLD ON!

JASON

To what?

Brent hits the brakes, wrenches the wheel to the right.  
The RV tilts, nearly rolls. The engine SCREAMS as it  
straightens and ROARS off.

In the back, the gang are thrown everywhere.

POP

Yeegar! Now this is living!

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick tries to brake but it's too late. DQ flings open the  
door, leaps out. Slick watches him go, shrugs.

SLICK

Damn, but I gave it my best  
shot.

(beat)

Wow. Nice view...

EXT. SOUTH RIM - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth shoots over the edge. It doesn't drop immediately, seems to power along an invisible road.

Then the front nose dives and the truck flips elegantly. It tumbles end over end, and disappears.

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Pepita hits the brakes. Taylor closes his eyes. Steakhouse stares into the abyss. The RX-7 comes to a halt inches from the precipice.

PEPITA

Creo que me he hecho pis...

STEAKHOUSE

One hell of a ride, girlie.

He takes her hand, squeezes it.

TAYLOR

We're falling...oh, God, we're going to die...

STEAKHOUSE

We aren't falling. Open your eyes.

Taylor opens one eye, looks around. Opens the other.

TAYLOR

Oh...well, that's all good then.

EXT. SOUTH RIM - CONTINUOUS

They all get out of the Mazda. The Grand Canyon lies before them, in all its glory.

TAYLOR

Ok, now what?

PEPITA

The gems! I forgot all about it in the excitement. Where is the RV?

TAYLOR

Uncle? You alright?

Steakhouse stares out into the Canyon. His face glowers as he raises his arms to the sky.

STEAKHOUSE

(roars)

They destroyed my truck!! Damn, damn...DAMN!

On the last word, he pounds the trunk of the RX-7. The car CREAKS, then silently rolls forward over the edge. A silence...

TAYLOR

Aw, jesus...

STEAKHOUSE

Shit.

PEPITA

We're running out of transport options.

She bursts into tears.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent pulls the van up.

POP

Hot damn! Did you see that truck? Right into the Canyon. Christ on a bicycle that was awesome.

ANDREA

Pop...

JASON

Yeah, it was pretty spectacular. Hey, what...

The others look around, just in time to see Pop down a pill.

ANDREA

Oh, Pop, come on! What are you doing?

POP

Hey, my heart is beating like a motor, all this action.

JASON

Great...another fun-filled hour coming up.

BRENT

Ok, everyone out.

POP

They caught...A shark. Not...THE shark.

EXT. SOUTH RIM - CONTINUOUS

The group walk back along the Rim. A number of people are gathering at the accident site. The WHOOP of a police siren not far away. Suddenly, DQ appears from behind a tree. He's a gibbering mess...

DQ  
Keep the jewels! I want no part  
of it anymore. It's jinxed. I'm  
outta here...

He runs off. The group come to where Steakhouse, Taylor and Pepita are. Brent nudges Jason.

BRENT  
(whispers)  
That's the trannie...from the  
Firebird.

JASON  
I...yeah, it is.

ANDREA  
You know her?

JASON  
Him...long story.

BRENT  
Long day.

Steakhouse eyes the other party.

STEAKHOUSE  
(whispers)  
Don't say anything about the  
gems...

TAYLOR  
Ok. But how will we get them?  
We don't know where they are.

PEPITA  
Steak will think of something.  
Won't you, big fella?

STEAKHOUSE  
I hope so.

A police man, Officer REYNOLDS (30) solid build, pushes through the onlookers. He takes out a battered notebook, flips to a new page.

REYNOLDS

Well, now folks. Looks like we got us a real ball tearer of a situation here. First bit of excitement I've seen in this cat squirt town since leavin' Missouri. Anyone see what happened?

He's got the real good ol' boy drawl. The crowd are uncommitted, until JIMMY, a scrawny young man, raises his hand.

JIMMY

Yeah, Mikey. I saw everything. Damnedest thing it was.

REYNOLDS

Jimmy, what did I tell you? I'm Officer Reynolds. You don't address me as 'Mikey' when I'm on-duty, ok? It undermines my authority.

JIMMY

Say what?

REYNOLDS

Never mind. Just tell the story.

JIMMY

Ok, well, I was in the bar, over there at Clement's. All of a sudden, that RV, driven by this fella...

He points at Brent, then at the van parked further along.

JIMMY(CONT'D)

...came ripping down the road. And this black Kenworth, the one that went over, it was right on that RV's hammer, bumpin' and rammin' it. And the RX-7, it was on the truck's tail.

The police man looks at Brent for confirmation, who nods.

REYNOLDS

Keep going, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Ok, so the RV spun off, following the road. But that ol' Kenny kept on goin', right off into the Big Hole.

The onlookers GASP, a buzz runs through them.

REYNOLDS

And the Mazda?

JIMMY

Well, it stopped on the edge,  
close but safe on third. Until  
the big guy here got pissed off,  
and gave it a thump. Then it  
snuck into the Canyon too!

Some LAUGHTER in the crowd. Steakhouse looks sheepish.

REYNOLDS

That's a mighty fine story,  
Jimmy, yes sir. But I want you  
to tell me the truth now...how  
long had you been drinkin' when  
you saw all this?

JIMMY

Um, about eight hours, I guess.

REYNOLDS

Eight hours, huh? So there's  
no chance you might be  
exaggerating just a little?

JIMMY

No, SIR! I seen it. It happened  
like I told it.

REYNOLDS

Right, that's ok. Just don't  
leave town, alright?

He laughs, winks at Jimmy. No reaction from anyone...he  
looks at Steakhouse, clears his throat.

REYNOLDS(CONT'D)

You got anything to say, big  
fella?

STEAKHOUSE

He's speaking the truth. Them  
crooks stole Taylor there's  
Firebird, wrote it off, then  
overpowered me and stole my  
truck. I don't know why they  
were chasing the RV.

Reynolds glances at Taylor and Pepita. His eyes widen,  
chest puffs out.

REYNOLDS

Well, hello there, ladies.  
Sorry for the loss of your  
vehicles? Anything I can do to  
help?

He has eyes for Taylor...nope, he doesn't know. Steakhouse strolls to Brent and the crew.

STEAKHOUSE

Howdy, folks. We got caught up in it, didn't we?

BRENT

Sure did. Lucky no one got hurt.

STEAKHOUSE

Well, only the bad guys! Say, you got any idea why they were after you?

JASON

Nope. We never seen them before.

Brent starts to say something, but Andrea grips his arm. Steakhouse notes this...

POP

What are ya? Some kind of half-assed astronaut?

STEAKHOUSE

Huh? What's he on about?

ANDREA

Nothing. He's old...too much medication.

POP

You got city hands, Mr.Hooper. You been counting money all your life.

JASON

He's...completely gone.

Steakhouse smiles, moves away. He spots something under a bush, stoops to pick it up. The big man frowns, pockets the small object. No one is watching.

ANDREA

So what happens now?

BRENT

We camp here tonight. It's been a big day.

The group head back to the RV. Reynolds chats to Taylor, as Steakhouse returns.

STEAKHOUSE

Um, Officer? Is there anything that can be done about my truck?

PEPITA

And my poor little Mazda.

REYNOLDS

Hmm? Oh, yes, well, I'd say they'll be in pieces all over the Canyon floor. It's a long drop.

He giggles, makes eyes at Taylor, who reciprocates.

STEAKHOUSE

You ain't gonna send anyone down to look?

REYNOLDS

(shrugs)

No point. Won't achieve nothing. Look, if you're worried about insurance, tomorrow I'll take some photos, fill out a few forms. Don't worry, it'll be legit.

PEPITA

Too bad if the truck and my car landed on someone.

REYNOLDS

Well, it's a damn risky world out there, isn't it? We can't spoon feed every idiot tourist that comes here. Now, you people have any plans for tonight? You're welcome to stay at my place. Been a traumatic day for you all.

STEAKHOUSE

No, I don't think\_\_

TAYLOR

Oh, that would be very kind of you, Officer. We'd love to.

REYNOLDS

Well, great! And you can call me Mikey, pretty lady.

He walks off, arm in arm with Taylor. Steakhouse and Pepita exchange frowns.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Remnants of the Kenworth and Rx-7 litter the water. Suddenly, Slick breaks the surface, gasping for breath. He swims tiredly across the current, to a pebbly beach. He crawls out, lies panting.

His body is battered and bruised.

SLICK  
 (whispers)  
 Won't...get  
 away...from...me...that easily...

He rolls over, stares up the sides of the Canyon. It's all calm, serene...

The sound of VOICES. Something SCRAPES next to him. He turns his head. A rubber dinghy, two MEN in it. One jumps out.

FIRST MAN  
 Hey mister, you alright? You  
 fall or something?

The other man helps Slick sit up, gives him water. He drinks, coughs some back up.

SLICK  
 Yeah...you could say that.

SECOND MAN  
 We're on a camping trip.  
 Lifetime dream.

Slick nods, smiles. He feels his strength returning.

SLICK  
 Must be my lucky day.  
 (beat)  
 Say...that's a nice boat.

LATER

Slick is in the dinghy, paddling downstream. Back on the beach, the campers come to. They look around, watch their dinghy disappear.

FIRST MAN  
 Damn, he was good. I'm gonna  
 learn me some of that karate.

A SOUND from behind them. Two HILLBILLYS stand there, dressed in dirty overalls. One holds an ancient shotgun.

HILLBILLY  
 Must be our lucky day, Rob.  
 Here, hold my gun.  
 (beat)  
 Ok, boys. Pants off and kneel  
 down.

SECOND MAN  
 That's the last time I stop to  
 help anyone.

EXT. RV - NIGHT

The van is parked on a campground site, near the Rim. A billion stars fill the desert sky, burning like harsh flints. A coyote HOWLS...

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The gang are gathered at the table. The briefcase lies open. Silence...

ANDREA

I think we should hand it in.

BRENT

Yeah, maybe...

JASON

Let's not be too hasty here, guys.

ANDREA

Come on, Jason. This is stolen goods.

She gets up, turns the jug on.

BRENT

Pop? What do you think?

JASON

Don't encourage him!

POP

You get that little needle through his thick skin?

JASON

We got a bigger problem. I think that trucker knows about the gems.

BRENT

What? But how?

JASON

I dunno. But he acted kind of strange when Pop mentioned money. Even though he is demented...

POP

I seen one eat a rocking chair once.

ANDREA

You know, that RX-7 did seem to following the truck and us.

JASON  
 Exactly! The trucker dude, well,  
 he seemed sus to me.

Everyone looks at Brent. His head is down as he ponders.  
 At last...

BRENT  
 My dad is an attorney in Vegas.  
 He'll know what to do.

JASON  
 Yeah, Dad...good idea, bro'.

BRENT  
 In the meantime, I think we  
 should leave town.

ANDREA  
 We will, after a good night's  
 sleep.

BRENT  
 No...now.

JASON  
 Hang on...now? We're all tired,  
 man.

Brent stands up, paces to the back door.

BRENT  
 You said yourself that truckie  
 was sus. How do you know they  
 won't jump us when we're asleep?

TOMMY  
 I think Brent is right.

ANDREA  
 Are we going to be followed all  
 over Arizona?

JASON  
 I...yeah, could be. You're  
 right, bro'. Time to move again.  
 (beat)  
 What d'ya reckon, Ray? We do a  
 runner?

Ray GURGLES, nods his head.

EXT. BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The RV moves along an unsealed road, a bright speck in the  
 desert blackness.

BRENT(O.S)  
 We'll keep driving all night.  
 Take turns to sleep.

Long, steady FARTS...

ANDREA(O.S)  
 Pop...do you have to?

POP(O.S)  
 My husband tells me you're in  
 sharks.

JASON(O.S)  
 Ray is already asleep.

BRENT(O.S)  
 Half his luck.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds's house is behind the police station. He sits on  
 the couch, getting cosy with Taylor. Pepita is at the  
 table with Steakhouse.

PEPITA  
 (whispers)  
 We'll have to take his police car.

STEAKHOUSE  
 (whispers)  
 You may be right. At least  
 Taylor's distracting him.

REYNOLDS  
 Mr.Steakhouse? Your niece is  
 one great example of womanhood.

TAYLOR  
 Oh, officer. You're too kind.

REYNOLDS  
 Call me Mikey. All my friends  
 and...lovers, do.

Suddenly, a muted BEEP from Steakhouse's pocket. He heads  
 into the kitchen, beckons to Pepita.

STEAKHOUSE  
 Excuse me.

Reynolds doesn't notice - he and Taylor are kissing.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steakhouse checks the phone. The red dot moves.

PEPITA

Is that some kind of tracking device?

STEAKHOUSE

Yes. Found it near the Canyon. One of them scumbags must've dropped it.

PEPITA

So that's how they knew where the gems were. Smart.

STEAKHOUSE

But now the RV is taking off. We have to do something quickly.

PEPITA

Well, the officer will do anything for Taylor. He's fallen for her, sorry, him.

STEAKHOUSE

Yes...yes. Good idea.

They head back into the other room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Taylor and Reynolds continue to kiss. His hand strays dangerously low...

STEAKHOUSE

Ah, Officer? We need your help. Urgently.

REYNOLDS

Mmm...this is urgent.

Taylor locks an eye on Steakhouse, sees his gestures. He breaks the kiss.

TAYLOR

What is it, Uncle?

REYNOLDS

Yeah, what's going on?

STEAKHOUSE

Ok, we didn't tell you the truth before. We're actually undercover agents from the F.B.I. These men we're following are highly dangerous subversives. We're tailing them as part of a huge operation.

Reynolds sits up, serious now. This is his kind of scenario...

REYNOLDS

Wow! Bad guys, hey? Thought they looked guilty about something. No use asking to see your I.D, is there? You must be under cover, all of you, deeper than a bed tick in a straw mattress.

STEAKHOUSE

I...that's right. We're gonna need to commandeer your police vehicle. Gotta catch these vermin.

REYNOLDS

Well, I cleaned my cruiser this morning, so no need for co-mandeer-ing it. But you're welcome to take it though.

Steakhouse and Taylor exchange puzzled glances. The police man stands up, walks to the table.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Great disguises! Who'd ever think to suspect a trucker, a Mexican honey and a damn beauty queen?

PEPITA

Haha. The police officer is no fool, is he?

REYNOLDS

No sirree, ma'am.

STEAKHOUSE

Your co-operation will be noted at the highest level. Maybe even the President will hear of it one day. But for now...your keys?

REYNOLDS

Oh, well, I was kind of hoping to come along?

STEAKHOUSE

I...well, this is top secret.

REYNOLDS

I promise I won't say a word of any of it, to anyone. Besides, I know all the roads around here, the shortcuts.

PEPITA

I'm sorry, Senor Reynolds, but\_\_

TAYLOR

I think he'll be a great help to us. I say bring him. I'll take full responsibility.

She glares at Steakhouse behind the policeman's back. The big man sighs.

STEAKHOUSE

Ok. But he mustn't get in our way. Like I said, these people are prone to violence.

REYNOLDS

I'll be no problem. Count on that.

STEAKHOUSE

Right, right. Well, let's pack some food and get on the road. Those maggots have a head start on us.

Reynolds assumes his 'role'. He heads into the kitchen. The sounds of cupboards BANGING, the fridge opening...

REYNOLDS(O.S)

Any idea where the perps are headed?

PEPITA

Las Vegas.

REYNOLDS(O.S)

Vegas, huh?

He appears in the doorway with a carry bag.

REYNOLDS(CONT'D)

Always wanted to go there.

STEAKHOUSE

This ain't gonna be no pleasure trip.

TAYLOR

If we catch the filth, I can see us enjoying some well earned rest there. Who knows, officer...there could be some reward in this for you.

Steakhouse shakes his head, winces at Pepita. She's pissed too...

REYNOLDS  
 Just being with you is reward  
 enough, my sweet.

STEAKHOUSE  
 (murmurs)  
 That's what I'm afraid of...

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steakhouse, Reynolds, Taylor and Pepita leave the house. They pack the gear in the police cruiser, get in. The policeman drives, Taylor next to him. He takes off in a flurry of gravel.

REYNOLDS(O.S)  
 This is real exciting, you know?

BEGIN MONTAGE

Brent's RV moves steadily through the desert. Sometimes he drives, or Jason, even Andrea. The others sleep fitfully in the back...

Reynolds chatters as he drives. Taylor sleeps. Steakhouse and Pepita doze in the back. The phone signal glows...

END MONTAGE

EXT. GAS STATION - PRE-DAWN

Peach Springs is a town high up in the mountains. Brent fills the RV at the local general store. Andrea checks the map. Jason looks back across the desert.

BRENT  
 We're on the old historic route  
 66 now. We head to Kingman and  
 get onto 93 all the way to Vegas.

ANDREA  
 Sounds good.

JASON  
 Hey guys? I think we're being  
 followed.

BRENT  
 What? Come on...

ANDREA  
 Why, Jase? You sure?

JASON  
 I noticed headlights way back  
 when we stopped to rest during  
 the night. I dunno...just a  
 feeling.

Andrea joins him, scans the desert. She nods.

ANDREA

It's possible. We haven't seen much traffic. They could've been watching us at the campground.

Brent finishes the fill.

BRENT

True. But I've been wondering how those guys were able to follow us. All the way from Phoenix, they knew where we were.

JASON

I was thinking about that, too. And I might have an answer.

BRENT

We're listening.

JASON

Well, if you were carrying three mill in gems, wouldn't you have some kind of tracking gadget with it?

Brent and Jason stare at each other.

BRENT

I'll move the RV. We'll check out that briefcase again.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone sits around the table. Jason removes the gems from the briefcase. Ray MOANS softly.

ANDREA

We didn't notice anything when we counted it.

JASON

That's 'cos we were blinded by the bling.

BRENT

It's gotta be in the lining.

POP

I pulled a tooth the size of a shot glass, out of the hull of that boat.

JASON

You know, Jaws used to be one of my favorite movies.

(beat)

Used to be...

ANDREA

Be thankful his favorite isn't Tomb Raider.

JASON

That would fast track the euthanasia bill...hmm, there's something...

BRENT

Yep. I think...there's a hole in the bottom. Aah, got it.

He holds up a small metal button.

BRENT(CONT'D)

Right, let's smash it.

Ray leans across the table, MOANS again. He holds a tourist brochure, titled 'Grand Canyon Skywalk'.

JASON

What's up, Ray? You wanna go to the Skywalk? I don't think\_\_

Ray cuts him off with a gesture. Takes the bug from Brent, points at himself, then the brochure.

ANDREA

Hmm, I'm guessing he has a plan. A false tail, Ray?

Ray nods excitedly.

JASON

You're gonna take the bug, go to the Skywalk, lead the baddies away from us. But how are you gonna get there?

Ray points out the window. A tourist bus sits, getting filled. It has 'SKYWALK EXPERIENCE' in large letters on the side.

BRENT

And then you'll meet up with us in Vegas?

Ray nods again.

ANDREA

It'll give us some breathing space. But why can't we just destroy the bug, or dump it here in the desert?

JASON

That trucker following us would have friends all over the road network. It's best if we make them think we don't know about the tracking device.

Ray stands up. Grins at everyone.

POP

I don't believe it. Two barrels and he's going down again.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

The others watch from the RV as Ray boards the bus. The sun rises in the background.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER stares at Ray, who holds out a few bills.

DRIVER

I wouldn't normally do this buddy, but you look like you need some help. Make sure you sit right down the back, ok?

Ray nods, grins. He limps down the aisle. Most of the tourists onboard are asleep. A DRUNKEN TOURIST sits near the back, tipping on a hip flask. He pauses in mid-drink, gapes at Ray.

Ray nods at him, slips into the back seat and lies down.

DRUNKEN TOURIST

That's it...I'm giving up the booze.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds drives, Steakhouse up front. Taylor and Pepita sleep in the back.

REYNOLDS

Need to fuel up. Peach Springs isn't that far.

Steakhouse monitors the phone.

STEAKHOUSE

Ok, they're moving again. Hmm,  
they're staying on the back roads.

REYNOLDS

Looks like they might be  
heading for the Skywalk on the  
Canyon.

STEAKHOUSE

Yeah, that's it. Playing the  
tourists.

(beat)

Well, we may have a surprise  
for them out on that platform.

He CHUCKLES, a deep sound. Reynolds LAUGHS with him,  
getting wilder and louder. Soon, he's LAUGHING by himself.

REYNOLDS

Yessirree! This is damn fun!

He continues to HOOT. Steakhouse shakes his head sadly,  
looks out at the desert.

LATER

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The RV approaches the town of Kingman.

BRENT(O.S)

Here we go, then. North on 93  
all the way to Vegas.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits up, looks out the window. Other passengers stir.

The bus passes an airfield, tourist shops, rolls up to the  
Canyon's edge. A sign reads: WELCOME TO SKYWALK - THE BEST  
VIEW IN ARIZONA. Everyone gets out.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent drives, Andrea up front. Jason plays cards with Pop.

ANDREA

I miss Ray already.

BRENT

Yeah. He had a, I dunno,  
something about him...

JASON

A smell. Yeah, you know, we should've left old Pop there instead.

(beat)

Ha! Straight flush!

POP

Love to prove that, wouldn't you? Get your name in the National Geographic.

He winces, hold his belly. BELCHES and FARTS loudly.

ANDREA

You ok, Pop?

JASON

He ate too much. Disgusting to watch.

BRENT

Man, that brekkie was huge. Those waffles, the bacon...

Pop holds a hand to his mouth. He tries to get to the toilet...no chance.

Vomit sprays out, deflects onto Jason.

JASON

Oh, christ! Pop, what...shit!

Pop continues to the toilet. The sound of RETCHING...

ANDREA

Oh, no! Sorry, Jason...here let me help you.

She climbs between the seats. Jason stands up, puke on his shirt. Andrea grabs a dishcloth, wipes the mess. Brent LAUGHS. Andrea can't help a GIGGLE either.

JASON

That's right, guys. It's hilarious, isn't it?

ANDREA

Get in the front. I'll finish cleaning.

Jason sits in the passenger seat, closes his eyes.

BRENT

Highway ninety three coming up. Then it's straight to Vegas.

JASON

Thank christ. I've just about had enough of this trip.

BRENT

Aw, come on, bro'. It's been fun.

JASON

For some. What with listening to crap music, pursued by bad guys and deviants, nearly falling into the Grand Canyon, listening to this old coot fart and spout rubbish, being vomited on...man, I could go on.

BRENT

Look on the bright side. What else can happen?

(beat)

Hey, these guys might need a hand. I'm gonna stop.

The RV slows, pulls over. Jason's head starts to droop.

BRENT(O.S)

Hello there. Nice outfits...your van break down?

Jason opens his eyes, looks to his right. Four young MEN, identical to the 1965 Beatles, hover at the window.

Behind them, a dusty van lurches on a snapped axle. A sign on it reads: THE FABS - A BEATLE EXPERIENCE. Jason GROANS...

RINGO

Yer. We're playing in Vegas tonight, then.

PAUL

The van's shite. Any chance of a lift?

These guys have the full on accents and everything...

BRENT

Well, I...yeah, sure. I'm a huge Beatle fan, by the way.

GEORGE

Aye, so are we...me...ah, so am I. We won't be any bother.

JOHN

Don't listen to him. He's a swine.

POP

You're gonna need a bigger boat.

LATER

Brent drives, John up front. In the back, the gang sit amidst guitars, drums, amps, all sorts of musical gear. Jason tries to rest in a corner.

ANDREA

Wow, you guys are actually from Liverpool?

PAUL

Aye, love. Born and bred. Came over here to try our luck. Done a few gigs.

BRENT

Haven't you got a manager or roadies?

PAUL

Our manger left us in Tucson. Got a better offer from a Stones tribute band.

BRENT

Tucson, hey? Did you see Jo-Jo there?

He giggles. The Fabs look baffled.

RINGO

Sorry, man. You lost us there.  
(beat)  
So who's the old geezer, then?

ANDREA

My grandfather.

POP

We know all about you, Chief.  
You don't go in the water.

RINGO

I agree. I'm under-appreciated too.

JASON

Woo boy...we've hit road trip rock bottom.

JOHN

Who's the whining one?

BRENT

My brother. He's alright. Just hates the Beatles.

PAUL

Well, there's always one, isn't there?

GEORGE

You fellas from Australia, then?

BRENT

Yep. Our mum's American though.

RINGO

I've heard about killer roos down under.

JOHN

Aye. Eight feet tall, they say.

PAUL

Media hype. The usual. Lot of Australians in Australia.

GEORGE

Well, there's bound to be, isn't there?

JASON

Are we there yet?

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

Ray sits on a bench, outside the Skywalk entrance. Tourists pass by. An OLD WOMAN pauses, takes off her straw hat, drops it in front of Ray. She puts a few coins in it. Smiles at him and continues.

Ray looks down at the hat, shrugs. He stands up, limps to the entrance.

EXT. SKYWALK PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks out onto the glass platform. The Canyon falls away underneath. For the moment, no one else is out there. Just Ray and the view. He flicks the bug over the edge.

There is a sound - a CREAKING noise. Ray frowns.

The CREAK becomes a huge CRUNCHING, as the glass platform tears away from the canyon side.

RAY

Aaaaarggg...shiiiiit....

The Skywalk breaks clear, plummets. Ray falls gently forward, lies face down. The bottom rushes towards him.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Slick paddles steadily. He mutters to himself, occasionally howls at the sky. Suddenly, the bug bounces off his head, into the water. The light winks off.

SLICK  
Damn tourists...littering...

A giant shadow falls over the dinghy. He looks up, raises his fists in defiance.

SLICK  
(yells)  
What more do you want from me?

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle speeds along the back road. Steakhouse monitors the phone. It starts making a loud BEEPING sound. The signal fades and is gone.

STEAKHOUSE  
Dammit! We've lost them. No signal.

TAYLOR  
The bug was damaged maybe?

STEAKHOUSE  
No, I'm thinking one of them led us on a decoy...turfed the bug.

He sits, pondering...

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)  
We'll head to Vegas ASAP. Try to catch their trail again.

REYNOLDS  
You know, I got a buddy in Vegas PD. Might be able to swing us some help.

TAYLOR  
If someone had written down that RV's plate number, we could have an APB out on them.

STEAKHOUSE  
Yeah, well...

PEPITA  
The licence number you mean?

Steakhouse looks at her.

STEAKHOUSE

You seen it?

PEPITA

Sure. Back at the Canyon. I always note stuff like that. Comes in handy.

TAYLOR

And the number?

PEPITA

NC3832. It was easy to remember. North Carolina...and thirty eight plus thirty two equals seventy. My grandmother's age. She is special.

REYNOLDS

Well, alright. I'll call my pal now. See what sort of greetin' party he can arrange.

EXT. SKYWALK PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Ray's face is pressed to the glass. Drool and other fluids spread outward. He sees the man below in the kayak, and smiles.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Slick tries to paddle faster. Too late...he looks up again.

SLICK

Aaaaaargh.....

The cries ECHO across the Canyon, up to the desert, over to Highway ninety three.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent sings along, as the Fabs play 'Nowhere Man'. They are very good...

LATER

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds drives through the outer suburbs of Las Vegas. The traffic is moderate.

TAYLOR

So, what's the plan?

REYNOLDS

We'll go see my buddy in North Vegas. He'll\_\_

His mobile RINGS.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Hey, it's him...yo' Gabe! Yeah,  
just comin' in on ninety three.

(beat)

Yeah, straight to your  
station...sorry, you what?

(beat)

Hot damn! A chopper? That's  
great.

(beat)

And they'll call in if they  
spot 'em...man, I owe you one.

(beat)

Sure will...see ya.

STEAKHOUSE

Sounds like we got 'em wrapped  
up already.

REYNOLDS

Oh, yes. Gabe got his station  
chief to put out an APB. But  
he kept it low key, so them  
boys don't get scared off. Any  
patrol car or cop on the beat  
sees 'em? Gabe'll hear of it  
first.

PEPITA

Very efficient, Senor Reynolds.

TAYLOR

I'll say. That's my boy.

REYNOLDS

Aw, it weren't nothing.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The van cruises into Vegas from the south. Andrea consults  
the map.

BRENT

Dad's office is on Flamingo  
road. Right amongst the casinos.  
Damn...his phone is off.

PAUL

You guys in trouble, then?

JASON

Yes, we're guilty of  
continually picking up weirdos.

GEORGE

Got an attitude problem, don't he?

RINGO

All part of being an Aussie.

ANDREA

The exit is the next left.

POP

Martin, my kids were on that beach too.

JOHN

Have you thought about trading him in?

JASON

Aye. Many a time.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds parks the cruiser out the front. North Las Vegas PD is a three storey building. A tall thin cop, GABE(35), comes down the steps, as they get out.

GABE

Mikey! You ol' dirt ball.

REYNOLDS

Hey, Gabe. Good to see ya. Man, really appreciate your help with this. Delicate situation.

Gabe checks out the others. Winks at Taylor and Pepita.

GABE

Well, us KC boys gotta stick together. How's life in Canyon town?

REYNOLDS

You know...not much happening. I miss back home.

GABE

Yeah. I thought this town sucked goat's nips at first. But I'm gettin' to like it.

STEAKHOUSE

Ah, can we get things going?

REYNOLDS

Yes, sorry...Gabe, these are the people I told you about.

He lowers his voice.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

The special mission...

GABE

Understood!

REYNOLDS

This is Mr. Steakhouse. The lovely blonde, who I'm currently involved with, is Taylor. Our Mexican friend is Pepita.

GABE

It's a pleasure, one and all. Now, if you'll step inside, we'll make our way up to the roof.

He lets Steakhouse, Taylor and Pepita go past him. They go up the steps, disappear.

GABE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Damn, Mikey. That Taylor is a piece! How'd you score her? She got a sister? You hit the jackpot, buddy.

REYNOLDS

Oh, yeah. And I didn't need to put any money in the slots.

They both laugh, head inside.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The pilot, COOP(27), solid, crewcut, waits in the police helicopter. The four walk to the heli-pad. Las Vegas stretches out around them.

GABE

Hey, Coop. Can you look after these folks?

COOP

Sure thing. Heading off on patrol now.

GABE

We'll be in touch. Keep an eye on the monitors. You'll have to move fast if the RV is spotted.

COOP

I'll be there! Hop in, guys.

Gabe waves, goes back across the roof. The others squeeze into the chopper. Coop winks at Pepita, gives Taylor a frown. He shrugs, starts the rotor blades.

REYNOLDS

I ain't ever been up in one of these birds.

STEAKHOUSE

Me neither.

TAYLOR

Relax. It's just like a roller coaster.

Coop is on the two way.

COOP

Yeah, thirty six in. Taking off now. Copy?

CONTROLLER(O.S)

Copy that, thirty six. We'll\_\_ wait a moment...ok, we got a situation out at Hoover Dam. You're the closest bird. Can you check it out? Possible injured.

COOP

Affirmative, Control. Update me on the way in.

He looks around.

COOP(CONT'D)

Sorry, but two of you have to stay here. Might need to airlift.

STEAKHOUSE

I...sure. Peppy, you and me'll take the patrol car. See what's going on at ground level.

REYNOLDS

Sweet! It's you and me, Taylor honey. Romantic flight over the Strip.

Coop gives them a strange look.

TAYLOR

Wonderful!

Steakhouse and Pepita climb out. They watch as the chopper takes off.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The van is a couple of blocks from the Strip. Tourists pack the sidewalk, ogling the attractions.

BRENT  
Seems to be a lot of cops about.

JASON  
Might be a convention.

BRENT  
I don't like it. Feels like  
we're being watched. Here, you  
try Dad.

Jason punches in a number. It's answered.

JASON(CONT'D)  
Hello, Dad? Yeah, it's Jase...  
(beat)  
Yeah, we're in Vegas. Not far  
from your office.  
(beat)  
The trip? Well, interesting  
doesn't cover half of it.  
(beat)  
Me neither...ok, I'll call when  
we're there. See ya.

BRENT  
I'll feel a lot better when us,  
and the gems, are safe in his  
office.

JASON  
I'm looking forward to a foot  
massage, a few hours of  
blackjack, and a pretty barmaid.

RINGO  
Aren't we all...

GEORGE  
If only life were that simple.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The RV passes a patrol car outside a burger joint. One  
officer chows down, the other watches the van roll by.

He frowns, checks his notebook. He snaps to attention,  
grabs the two way.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Coop works the controls. Reynolds and Taylor hold hands,  
marvel at the view. The Hoover Dam comes up on their left.  
Then, they are over it...

COOP  
Far side is our destination.

REYNOLDS  
 Still can't believe it.  
 Floating all that way? On a  
 glass platform? Man...

TAYLOR  
 Ooh, I think it would be so  
 romantic. We should try it one  
 day, honey.

Coop silently dry retches...

COOP  
 Ok...we're going down.

The chopper descends to the eastern shore of the dam. A group of people are on a small jetty, an ambulance and police cars nearby. The glass platform wallows in the water, tied to the jetty.

MEDIC 1 runs over to the chopper. He's a young black guy.

MEDIC 1  
 Hey, man. Thanks for dropping by!

COOP  
 No prob. Whaddya got?

MEDIC 1  
 Ok, two guys were found on the  
 glass. One's unconscious. Has  
 been for a day. The local  
 hospital's expecting him.

COOP  
 I'll make room for a stretcher.

He slides the seats back as Taylor and Reynolds watch.

REYNOLDS  
 Wow, it's all happening.

TAYLOR  
 Sure is.

The medic returns, sharing the stretcher with another ambulance man. They gently push it into the chopper. Coop secures it to the floor.

The medic gets in, attaches an IV drip to the patient... Slick. Reynolds and Taylor are kissing, so don't notice him.

COOP  
 All set? We're off then.

EXT. JETTY - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits, eating a sandwich. The medics hover around him. Onlookers take photos.

MEDIC 2  
Sir, I really think you go to the hospital. Just for an examination. You've been through a lot.

Ray grins at him. Lifts a cheek and FARTS.

MEDIC 3  
He isn't in pain, man. If he doesn't wanna go...

MEDIC 2  
Yeah, but look at him. I mean, damn...

MEDIC 3  
Probably from Ohio. I've heard the gene pool there is muddied.

MEDIC 2  
Hey, my wife is from Cleveland.

MEDIC 3  
Exactly...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick stirs, blinks. The chopper is halfway across the dam. He sits up.

MEDIC 1  
Whoa there, buddy. Take it easy. You've had a rough time on the river.

SLICK  
I...where are we?

COOP  
Hoover Dam. Taking you to Vegas. A nice hospital bed.

SLICK  
Vegas? I finally made it.

Taylor breaks the kiss, frowns. That voice sounds familiar...

The radio CRACKLES.

CONTROLLER(O.S)  
 All units, suspect RV has been sighted, heading inbound on Flamingo Road. Follow but do not make contact...I repeat, do NOT make contact. Keep under surveillance pending further orders. Out.

REYNOLDS  
 Alright! Looks like we got 'em.

Slick smiles. Takes a sip of water. Taylor leans forward, gets a full view of him. He sees her too, grins.

TAYLOR  
 (whispers)  
 Hey, I know that guy.

SLICK  
 Say...this is a nice chopper.

EXT - LAS VEGAS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The RV continues into the Strip. Dozens of police cars converge and follow.

BRENT(O.S)  
 Ok, now I'm worried.

JASON(O.S)  
 Maybe you're reading too much into this?

PAUL(O.S)  
 Maybe they heard we're in town?

ANDREA(O.S)  
 This doesn't look good.

POP(O.S)  
 Hooks and lines...what's the use?

EXT. HOOVER DAM - CONTINUOUS

The chopper spins in erratic circles. Coop and the medic fall out, limbs flailing. They splash into the water. The chopper gradually straightens, heads towards Las Vegas.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick is at the controls, whistling, eyes bulging. Reynolds and Taylor stare in shock at him, then out at the water. They see Coop and the medic swim towards land.

REYNOLDS

What the hell? You're crazy!  
You just kung fu'ed the pilot  
out. Who's gonna fly this thing?

SLICK

Why...I am! Oh, and it was  
karate I used, not kung fu.  
Completely different philosophies.

TAYLOR

Mikey, he's a criminal! He was  
in the truck that went into the  
Canyon. He and his idiot  
friends tied me up.

REYNOLDS

Tied you up?

TAYLOR

Yes. In Sedona. stole my  
Firebird and trashed it.

SLICK

Ah, that baby really went.  
Until it went over the cliff...

He laughs. Reynolds moves out of his seat, but Slick turns.

SLICK(CONT'D)

Uh-uh, Officer. You don't wanna  
try anything. We'll all go in  
the drink.

REYNOLDS

You bastard! What do you want,  
anyway? Why are you chasing the  
guys in the RV? They're highly  
dangerous.

SLICK

So your GIRLfriend hasn't told  
you about the gems?

REYNOLDS

Gems?

TAYLOR

Don't listen to him. He's lying.

SLICK

I never lie. It's against my  
beliefs. There's three million  
in jewels, riding in that RV.  
That's what your little piece  
of skirt is after, same as me.  
Nothing else.

REYNOLDS

Taylor? Tell me the truth,  
honey. You been tellin' fibbies  
to ol' Mikey?

TAYLOR

I...yes...I'm sorry, baby. But  
I truly love you. That's no act.  
We needed a lift to Vegas, is  
all. Can you ever forgive me?

REYNOLDS

Well, I dunno...back home in  
Missouri? Lying is a grave sin.

TAYLOR

(clears throat)  
It WAS three million dollars...

REYNOLDS

I guess I can forgive anything  
then.

SLICK

Ok! Officer, direct me to this  
RV, if you please.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steakhouse races through the streets. Pepita urges him on.  
The police radio SPOUTS excited call-ins.

STEAKHOUSE

Damn. Every cop in town is  
following them. We won't have  
a chance to get near the money.

PEPITA

We'll have to...wait, there it is!

Brent's RV pulls up at an intersection on their right.  
Steakhouse slows down. The lights change, the RV moves  
forward. Now Steakhouse faces a red.

STEAKHOUSE

Come on...

PEPITA

It's ok. There's no cops behind  
them yet.

STEAKHOUSE

I know, I'm just...aah.

The lights turn green. Steakhouse swings left. The RV is  
only a few car lengths ahead. The famous Strip casinos  
loom around them.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The furnishings are smart, the windows overlooking the Strip, a deep tint. ADAM Vale(50), a trim, blonde man with a goatee, answers his mobile.

ADAM  
Yes, Jason? You're here? Good.  
(beat)  
Out the window?

He strides over, looks out.

ADAM(CONT'D)  
(waves)  
I see you. Is everything  
alright? You sound...  
(beat)  
Followed? By who?

He looks up the street to his right.

ADAM(CONT'D)  
I...jesus...ALL of them?

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jason looks up at his father's window, nods slowly. The law firm is housed in an imposing office block. The others are all out of the van.

Police cars block the street fifty yards each way. Jason ends the call.

JASON  
He'll down in a minute.

BRENT  
This will be fun.

Loudhailer STATIC...a police officer addresses them. It is Gabe, Reynolds's buddy.

GABE  
Do not make any sudden movement!  
You are surrounded! Lay down  
your weapons and lie on the  
pavement.

John and Ringo LAUGH.

PAUL  
Weapons?

GEORGE  
He means Ringo's nose.

RINGO  
Here, watch it, you.

BRENT  
(loud)  
We don't have any weapons. This is all a big mistake. We're tourists, here to visit my father. He's an attorney, this is his office.

Gabe hesitates, some of the cops shrug at each other. Adam emerges from the building, walks over to his sons.

ADAM  
Brent, Jason? What the hell is going on here?

JASON  
Dad, it's a long story. But we haven't done anything wrong. Not even a speeding ticket.

ADAM  
I believe you. But something...

John shakes his hand.

JOHN  
Ah, Mr.Vale. So pleased to meet you at last.

ADAM  
Sorry? Why are you\_\_

JOHN  
The names's Lennon...John Winston Lennon. Named after the famous prime minister, John Churchill.

BRENT  
Not now, please.

ADAM  
So why are all these police here?

JASON  
There's a briefcase in our van. Contains stolen gems. Three mill's worth.

ADAM  
Gems? Let me see them...

The loudhailer SQUAWKS.

GABE

Ah, sir. I think you should  
step away from these people.  
We have our orders.

ADAM

Rubbish! These are my sons.  
They're here to help me  
celebrate my fiftieth birthday.  
Someone's set them up. They're  
no more a criminal than I am.

He and Brent disappear into the RV. Gabe frowns, doesn't  
quite know what to do. A few of the COPS relax, lean  
against their vehicles.

COP 1

Wow, that guy is looking good  
for fifty.

COP 2

Well, he is an attorney.  
Probably gets free facelifts.

COP 3

Those guys look just like the  
Beatles? What d'ya think?

COP 4

(shrugs)  
Yeah, I suppose.  
(beat)  
Still reckon the White Album  
woul'da been better as a single  
album...

Adam and Brent climb out of the van, with the briefcase.  
Both are smiling.

JASON

What's up?

BRENT

You'll see.

Adam walks towards the police barrier. The SOUND of a  
chopper is heard in the distance. Gabe comes out to meet  
Adam.

ADAM

Officer, it's ok. You can stand  
your men down.

GABE

Well, most of them are taking  
it easy already.

ADAM

This briefcase contains gems  
stolen in Phoenix last week.  
It was part of a special  
operation to catch Lucas Bradshaw.

GABE

Damn! We been trying to nail  
that guy for months.

ADAM

Yeah...tough cookie to  
prosecute. Covers all his bases  
well.

GABE

But can you connect him to  
these? His men aren't around.

The ROARING of an engine gets louder. Everyone looks up  
to see the police chopper.

GABE(CONT'D)

Hey, that's Coop and Mikey.

The four cops are now playing cards, on the bonnet of a  
cruiser. A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY picks his way through the  
cordon.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Um, three Hawaiians and a  
Pepperoni?

COP 1

Yeah, man. Over here.

The chopper drops sharply. It lurches towards the ground.  
Gabe and Adam dive for cover. The briefcase slides across  
the concrete.

GABE

What the hell is Coop doing?  
(beat)

Wait a moment...that ain't him.

The chopper hovers feet from the ground. Slick leans right  
out, snags the briefcase. His face is that of a mad clown.

BRENT

That's the guy from the truck!  
But he should be...

ANDREA

What is he made of?

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick pops back into his seat. He works the controls, the chopper rises. He looks around at Reynolds and Taylor.

SLICK

Time for you folks to get out.

REYNOLDS

I'm taking that briefcase with me. Come on, honey!

He lunges at Slick, Taylor behind him. Slick grins, whips the stick to the left. The chopper tips...Reynolds and Taylor tumble out easily.

SLICK

See ya later.

He straightens up, hits the throttle. The chopper speeds off.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Gabe stand up. The others run over to them.

ADAM

Shit! Who was that guy?

BRENT

Must be one of that Bradshaw's hoods. Been chasing us all the way from Phoenix.

JASON

Christ, how did he survive going over in the truck?

Suddenly, Gabe looks up. Taylor lands in his arms.

TAYLOR

Oh...why, thank you!

GABE

Hey, little lady. Where's that Mikey?

Reynolds lands on the cruiser bonnet. Cards and pizza scatter.

COP 3

Damn it! I had a full house.

REYNOLDS

Uh, sorry boys.

COP 4

It's ok. This pizza is crap anyway.

The SOUND of a motorcycle engine...Steakhouse and Pepita get on a police bike parked nearby.

PEPITA

We're going after the chopper?

STEAKHOUSE

Yep. I ain't letting him get away that easily. Besides, I owe him.

They race off, zipping through the police cars. The chopper is a faint speck, heading north.

RINGO

Any ideas, lads?

PAUL

How about a song?

JOHN

We could all give chase in the RV.

JASON

Sounds good. Let's go!!

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The back garden is lush and expansive, the swimming pool huge. LUCAS BRADSHAW(40) a portly, balding man, sits at an outdoor table. He works on a laptop. His phone RINGS - he frowns at the number.

LUCAS

Hello? Yes, it is.

(beat)

You got the gems back...good.

(beat)

Well, disperse them through the usual channels...what? You're in Vegas?

The SOUND of a helicopter...

LUCAS(CONT'D)

No, you fool! Don't bring it here!

He looks up at the sky, sees a police chopper. Sees who's in it...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick holds the chopper over the pool. Plants get blasted,

SLICK

Too late, Lucas. I'm here.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A BODYGUARD comes outside. Lucas still watches the chopper.

BODYGUARD  
Sir, security cameras show a  
number of police vehicles at  
the front.

LUCAS  
Jesus, what? How many?

BODYGUARD  
Ah, lots.

EXT. FRONT GATES - CONTINUOUS

The street outside the mansion is packed with police cars.  
The officers gather at the gates.

GABE  
Ok, men, listen up. There isn't  
time for any strategy. We'll  
head straight in and arrest  
Bradshaw.

COP 1  
That fool in the chopper has  
led us right to him.

COP 2  
Um how do we get in?

COP 3  
Yeah. Those gates look pretty  
strong.

COP 4  
Any ideas?

A ROARING engine...the RV appears at the end of the street.  
It gathers speed, hurtles towards the gate.

GABE  
Outta the way, boys.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Ringo drives, yipping and yahooing. The others hang on for  
dear life.

BRENT  
Surely we can just hop out and  
climb the fence?

JOHN  
That would be too easy.

ADAM

This IS Vegas. Extremes served  
with everything.

RINGO

Hold on, lads!

POP

What are ya? Some kind of half-  
assed astronaut?

The RV SMASHES into the gates...

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of the impact reverberates across the back yard.  
The chopper lands on the grass.

SLICK

(yells)

Lucas, quick! I've called the  
airfield. Your jet is fueled  
and ready to go.

LUCAS

I...jesus, Slick...I can't just  
leave all this.

The first wave of police appear in the house. More come  
down the sides. A motorcycle REVS, as Steakhouse and  
Taylor fly over the fence. They lose control, the bike  
slide off onto the grass.

SLICK

You'll have to now. Come on!

Lucas nods, rubs to the chopper. The bodyguard follows.  
The WHIRR of another copter is close. The police and  
Brent's gang swarm out near the pool.

JASON

Shit, they're getting away.

GABE

Fire at will, men. Bring 'em down.

COP 2

Um sir? We don't have any guns.

GABE

What, none of you?

COP 3

Nope. Budget cuts.

GABE

Oh...well, it looks like they're going to escape at the last minute.

PAUL

What's that second chopper doing?

ANDREA

I don't know. But it's awfully close to the other one.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lucas falls into his seat. The bodyguard squeezes in behind. Slick grins, guns the motor, lifts off. He LAUGHS maniacally.

SLICK

And we're away...

A shadow falls over them. The bodyguard scans the sky.

LUCAS

Shit...who the...?

BODYGUARD

It's another chopper, Mr.Bradshaw. News crew.

SLICK

They can't stop us now!

BODYGUARD

They're getting close. There's a guy hanging out the side.

EXT. NEWS CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Ray leans from the open door, gazing at Slick's chopper. He signs 'lower' to the pilot.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick stares wildly at the approaching chopper.

BODYGUARD

Hey, I know that guy! It's Ray...one of your men, Mr.Bradshaw.

LUCAS

Huh? Ray? I thought he stole the gems in the first place.

SLICK

Can't be him...he's long gone in the desert.

BODYGUARD

No, it's definitely him. I used to hang out a bit with him. Lovely guy. His mom's a great cook...

LUCAS

Shut up! Slick, get us out of here!!

Slick grins, works the controls.

BODYGUARD(O.S)

Hey, he's jumping...

THWACK!! Ray lies sprawled across the glass, right in front of their eyes. He's dusty, covered in drool and pus. Cracks appear. Sections cave in.

Ray pokes his head through, as he clings to the frame.

RAY

Aaaar...stooooopppp...

BODYGUARD

Hello, Ray. How you been? your mom still make that delicious meatloaf?

LUCAS

Jesus, get this lunatic off...

SLICK

Done! Too late, Ray, my man...

The chopper rises. Ray slides in, onto the controls. The stick breaks off in Slick's hands!

RAY

Oops.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches as the stricken chopper tumbles into the pool. The blades churn up a massive wave, soaking the crowd. The chopper submerges, as giant bubbles form.

RINGO

Expensive way to water the lawn...

Two shapes break the surface; Ray and the bodyguard.

JASON

Hey! That's Ray!

Sure enough, it's him. He waves to the crowd.

ADAM

Where's Bradshaw and his crony?

Lucas surfaces, gasps for breath. He paddles to the side. The police descend on him. John pushes his way through.

JOHN

Excuse me...thanks. Right, I've always wanted to say this...

LUCAS

Who the hell are you? Why are there some many weirdos here?

JOHN

You're bloody well nicked, mate. Ok, lads...book him.

LUCAS

Ha! Fools! You've got nothing on me. Mr.D.A...where's your evidence?

GABE

Shit, he could be right.

ADAM

I don't think so. Mr.Bradshaw, that briefcase contains a hi-tech video camera. Every thing that has happened since it was stolen has been documented.

Ray limps out of the pool. The gang highfive him. The cops just stare.

PAUL

So where's the briefcase now, then?

Everyone pauses, looks around.

ANDREA

Is it still in the pool?

Suddenly, Slick powers out from the wreckage, at the far end of the pool. He wades out, carrying the briefcase. He spots the police bike.

GABE

Shit. He's gonna get away again.

Slick runs to the bike, heaves it upright. Jumps on, fires it up. He looks to the end of the garden. A landscaped grassy hill looms near the back fence. Slick grins at the mass of people running towards him.

SLICK  
So long, suckers.

He REVS the 'cycle. The hulking shape of Steakhouse appears. He grabs Slick, drags him off the bike. It ROARS off by itself, crashes into a tree. The briefcase skitters on the grass.

STEAKHOUSE  
Been waiting awhile for this.

Slick gets into his karate stance. He kicks and chops, but he's tired, too far gone.

Steakhouse dodges easily, lays an uppercut on him. Slick staggers back into the pool. Three policemen jump in, subdue him.

SLICK  
I need a new career. Maybe as  
a stuntman...

EXT. FRONT GATES - CONTINUOUS

Slick and Lucas are herded into cruisers. The bodyguard follows, chatting amiably to Ray.

BODYGUARD  
...so if your mom can email me  
those recipes...fantastic.

He gets in a police car. Brent and the crew watch them drive off.

ADAM  
Good job, everybody. That's put  
a dent in the Vegas crime rate.

BRENT  
I tell you...it was a weird  
feeling, having three mill in  
my hands.

GABE  
There'll be a reward. You guys  
can claim the bulk of it.

JASON  
I wanna know how Ray popped up  
from nowhere.

JOHN  
Yeah, who is this guy? Looks  
like one of Ringo's missing  
link relatives.

RAY  
Haaaaarrr...Beatlessss...

GEORGE

Looks like a devoted fan to me.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent drives, cruising back to the Strip. The others sit around the table, as Ray gestures and makes noises. Finally...

ANDREA

From what I can gather, Ray fell into the Colorado River on the Skywalk platform, somehow picked up that awful Slick man, and floated to the Hoover. The news chopper saw him, he heard the police call over the radio and got the chopper to follow. And, well, the rest is history!

JASON

Unbelievable...you couldn't make shit like that up.

JOHN

Would make a great movie, hey, chaps?

PAUL

What's the plan now?

ADAM

My fiftieth party tonight. You're all invited.

JASON

I dunno, Dad. It's been hectic for us. We're all tired. Could be a quiet night.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jason WHOOPS, sculls a yard glass. The gang are gathered around tables pushed together. The bar is tidy, with atmosphere. A stage at one end.

A sign reads: TONIGHT - THE FABs. Patrons on the dance floor move to classic rock hits.

A giant birthday cake takes centre place on the tables. Adam sits next to his wife, LAUREN(49).

BRENT

...and, Mom, you wouldn't believe the whole story.

LAUREN

I'm sure I wouldn't. Oh I can't wait to hear your friends play. I love the Beatles.

Pop comes off the dance floor. He's wearing the coolest gear, escorting a couple of honeys. The Fab appear from backstage, laughing and mucking about.

JOHN

Welcome to our brilliant show!

PAUL

'Ere, we aren't that good...are we?

RINGO

Course we are. Well, I am.

GEORGE

Any requests, folks?

JASON

Yeah...don't play at all.

Matt, the mechanic from Rock Springs walks past. He's accompanied by the real MATT DAMON, who wanders off to chat up women.

BRENT

Hey, Matt?

Matt looks around, grins. He strolls over. Women get excited, men whisper. The true Matt stops to sign autographs.

MATT

Hey, the Aussie guys. I been hearing about your exploits. You're heroes.

BRENT

Well, you know...hey, isn't that the real Matt Damon? What's going on?

MATT

Well, the same day you fueled up, Matt's manager came through. He saw me, offered me a job as Matt's stand-in!

JASON

Wow, that's fantastic. What are you doing in Vegas?

MATT

Matt's shooting a new film here...actually, several at once. The fifth, sixth and seventh 'Bourne' ones.

(beat)

Watch this...

Matt walks up to a BOUNCER.

MATT

Excuse me.

BOUNCER

Yes...ah, Mr.Damon? Anything I can help you with?

MATT

Yeah, there is. See that guy over there, who resembles me? Well, he's a stalker, an A-1 nutcase. Pretends he's me all the time.

BOUNCER

What an asshole! Would you like me to throw him out, sir?

MATT

That would be wonderful.

He passes the bouncer a fifty.

BOUNCER

Oh, no, sir. This one's on me!

He marches over to Matt Damon, grips him in a headlock. The gang all watch.

JASON

Ha! That's hilarious!

MATT

Yep. Fourth time this week I've done it to him. Anyway, I better go. See ya!

INT. BAR - LATER

The crowd awaits the Fabs. Around the tables, the gang drink, cheer, sing. Taylor and Reynolds kiss. Steakhouse downs a beer.

JASON

So, Mr.ex F.B.I agent...you're the Fab's new roadie?

STEAKHOUSE

Yessir. I realised my pursuit of the money was a grave error. I'm determined to prove my worth again.

JASON

Well, there was no harm done. My Dad said you didn't break any laws. And your truck was stolen...I would probably have done the same.

STEAKHOUSE

I'm ready for a new life with my little Peppy here.

BRENT

Yeah, that's awesome. Managing the Fabs...

PEPITA

I have a few contacts in the music business.

ANDREA

I'll bet.

Jason and Brent look at each other, nod.

JASON

Ah, Andie? Me and Brent need to ask you something.

ANDREA

Yes?

BRENT

Yeah, well, you know that...my bro and I kind of like you...

ANDREA

Oh, boys...of course I do. And I really like both of you.

BRENT

Well, then...we were wondering if you could, um...

JASON

...if you could make a decision about which of us...

ANDREA

Well, that's only fair, isn't it? I have already made a decision, a choice if you like...

Everyone except Taylor and Reynolds hold their breath; they continue the kiss.

ANDREA(CONT'D)  
...and I choose...Ray!

Silence around the table. Jason and Brent exchange vague looks. Then, Jason shrugs, holds up a beer.

JASON  
A toast...to Andie and Ray!!

CHEERS all around.

BRENT  
Um, where is Ray?

No one knows. Everyone looks around, but he ain't to be seen.

Pop sits next to Taylor and Reynolds, watches them. The kiss finally ends.

REYNOLDS  
Oh, honey, I can't wait any longer. It's time we were super close to each other.

TAYLOR  
Oh, yes, Mikey, yes...

They start to grope under the table. Up on the stage, the Fabs appear. The lights dim. They plug in, ready their instruments.

JOHN  
Good evening, ladies and genitals. We're the Fabs. We loaned a few songs to some band called the Beatles.

PAUL  
Now we're gettin' them back.

GEORGE  
We wanna thank our friends over there for the lift. Cheers all.

RINGO  
Can we do a Stones song?

JOHN/PAUL/GEORGE  
SHUT UP!!

John walks to his amp, checks the switches. There's a flurry of movement, he disappears.

Ray, dressed exactly the same, Beatle wig and all, Rickenbacker around his neck, smoothly takes his place. No one seems to notice...

Suddenly, Reynolds YELLS in surprise. His hand freezes under the table.

TAYLOR  
Anything wrong, darling?

REYNOLDS  
OH...MY...GOD...

POP  
Smile, you son of a\_\_

CHAAANG!! The famous opening chord of 'A Hard Day's Night' rings out. The Fabs launch into their set, as the spotlights hit.

Ray stands at the mike, in all his glory, singing perfectly...

'It's been a hard day's night, and I've been workin', like a dog...'

FADE OUT