

HONOR

By

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v5.0

*Sounds of an angry ocean storm...*

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Waves *crash* and *smash* in a rough sea.

TOM DONOVAN, 58, sits on the deserted beach and seems oblivious to the ocean spray and high winds.

He gazes out at the majestic force of nature spread out in front of him.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A gun is cocked and handed to HONOR DONOVAN, 17.

She looks terrified by what she is holding.

ROY STEVENS, 21, stands behind her and raises both of her arms as he helps her aim.

Honor closes her eyes.

HONOR  
I don't think I can do this...

ROY  
Just relax.

Bang! She fires a shot and drops the gun.

HONOR  
I can't.  
(beat)  
I just can't.

Roy picks up the gun and smiles. Takes aim and BANG! The bottle explodes.

ROY  
See it's as easy as that!

He hands her the gun.

ROY  
You can do this. You need to do this!

Honor aims... Takes a breath and fires. *Bang!* A second bottle explodes.

Honor smiles.

ROY  
See... Told ya.  
(beat)  
A natural born killer, baby.

She lowers the gun.

HONOR  
I don't want to hurt anyone. I...

ROY  
Just an expression.  
(beat)  
Relax, baby.

Roy takes the gun.

ROY  
Let's try it a couple of more times.

Roy walks over and lines up more bottles.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Money being counted and placed into an envelope.

CLERK (O.S.)  
You do know we could wire that for you?

Tom smiles as he licks the envelope and slides his glasses down onto his eyes.

TOM  
I'm old school.

Tom writes an address on the front of the envelope.

CLERK  
By old school, you mean old fart.

Tom looks up at the CLERK, 65.

TOM  
You and me both, buddy.

He slides the envelope to the Clerk.

CLERK  
See you next week.

Tom nods leaves the post office.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A furious CLARE DONOVAN, 36, rushes into a room that looks like it has very recently been the victim of a controlled explosion.

She rips open the blinds so hard, they almost come off their fittings as sunlight pours into the room and makes it look like an even bigger mess.

The sight of that mess in daylight makes Clare even more angry.

She runs to the bed and rips the duvet off and onto the ground.

Underneath we see, Honor, who sticks her head under a pillow, as if the sunlight pouring into the room is actually burning her skin.

CLARE  
You do know it's two in the  
afternoon?!

Honor talks from under that pillow.

HONOR  
Anger issues much, Clare?

Clare rips the pillow from her head and throws it clean across the room.

HONOR  
Alright... Alright... Al-fucking-  
right.  
(beat)  
I'm up, already!

Honor reaches for a cigarette and puts one in her mouth.

Clare swings and knocks it out.

CLARE  
Really? Now you're smoking?

HONOR  
Newsflash, Clare. I've been smoking  
for six months.

Clare paces. Even more furious. She turns to look at Honor, who has already placed another cigarette in her mouth and lit it.

CLARE  
After.... After what happened. To  
your father?

Honor drags on the cigarette like a forty a day veteran.

HONOR  
It relaxes me. Besides there's like  
a hundred other ways to die. So I  
figured... Fuck it.  
(beat)  
I'd meet it halfway.

Clare runs her hands through her hair and bites her lip. Tries with every fiber in her body to not completely lose it with her daughter.

She takes a small bag from her pocket and throws it at the bed.

CLARE  
And this?

Honor looks down at a small bag of white powder.

HONOR  
So now you're going through my  
stuff, too?!

Clare walks over and stops. Shakes her head.

CLARE  
It was stuck in the filter of the  
washing machine...

HONOR  
It's not mine anyway...

CLARE  
Whose is it?

HONOR  
If you must know, it's Roy's.

She puts the bag under her pillow.

HONOR  
Happy now?

CLARE  
Not even close.

HONOR  
Shocker.

Honor sits up.

HONOR  
Was there something else?

CLARE  
I have a right mind to toss you  
right out on your ass.

Honor laughs.

HONOR  
Why don't you then. Grow a pair of  
balls, Clare.

CLARE  
Why can't you call me mom? I've  
earned it.

Honor shakes her head.

HONOR  
Because I'm not five anymore,  
Clare...

She puts out her cigarette on the bed side locker. Leaving a  
mark.

All Clare can now see is that mark. It taunts her.

CLARE  
You have to keep pushing it, don't  
you?!

Honor undresses and stands in front of her mother... naked.

HONOR  
Do you mind?

She walks towards her and Clare backs out of the room.

Honor smiles at her as she slams the door in her mother's  
face.

INT. BAR - DAY

Honor sits in a booth, legs wrapped around, Roy.

She feeds him from a beer bottle and takes a sip herself.

HONOR

She just makes me...

She puts down the bottle and clenches her fists.

ROY

I hate seeing you so stressed,  
baby.

(beat)

Forget her, she's old and we're  
not.

They share a kiss that goes on several seconds too long to  
be just a kiss.

ROY

Besides. There's no point worrying,  
because you and me are going to  
blow this shithole town once and  
for all.

HONOR

I've been hearing that but we've  
just been talking about it for far  
too long.

Roy places his hand under her chin and looks into her eyes.

ROY

We're long past talking. Trust me.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clare sits alone at a small table in an even smaller  
kitchen.

She drinks vodka from a mug like it was water. Tears stream  
down her face and she is still shaking with waves of anger  
and regret.

On that table in front of her is a letter. The letter head  
reveals it is from a hospital.

She glances over the words on that page. Oncology is  
visible, among other words. None are words anyone ever wants  
to read or hear...

She looks at the half filled bottle of vodka on the table in  
front of her. A look of self disgust on her face.

She picks it up. Walks to the sink and pours it all down the plug-hole.

Clare slides down into the seated position and cries as she tucks her knees under her chin.

She is an utter mess and very much alone.

INT. CAR - DAY

Honor and Roy make love in the back of the car. Clothes are ripped off and it all goes from PG-13 to R rated in the matter of seconds.

Suddenly an alarm goes off in the car. Roy struggles with the pants around his ankles, as he looks for something.

Honor just carries on but stops when she sees him looking at his cellphone.

HONOR

Come on!

Roy sits and pulls up his pants which makes Honor even more annoyed.

ROY

We're on.

She is confused for a moment, that quickly passes.

HONOR

We are?

Roy leans in and kisses her.

ROY

We are.

(beat)

No more eating shit for dogshit pay, working for some asshole on a power trip. No More! This is it baby.

(beat)

This is it!

Honor slides on top of him and that kiss is followed by a dozen more. Each one more passionate.

She stops and looks into his eyes.



HONOR

You ready?

He doesn't answer. He just kisses her. They both smile. Passion and something else in both sets of eyes.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Tom kneels in prayer. Eyes shut and clasped hands on his chin.

A rosary beads wrapped tightly around his hands.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The door to the bank swings open.

Honor and Roy charge in, wearing rubber masks and carrying two guns each.

ROY

No one do anything dumb and you'll  
all make it home to your coffee and  
dvr's tonight.

The SECURITY GUARD, 65, struggles with his gun and quits as Roy place a gun against his forehead.

ROY

No job is worth it, pops.

The Guard gets down on his knees as Honor takes his gun.

HONOR

Everyone down on the fucking  
ground!

Roy turns to look at her and smiles through his mask. He raises it above his mouth, so does she and they kiss.

The MANAGER, 42, walks out of his office, with a horrified expression.

Honor rushes to the main desk points her guns at the CASHIERS, who all get down on the floor.

ROY

And since we have the man of the  
hour.

Roy points his gun at the manager.

MANAGER

You don't want to do this. This money...

ROY

The vault.  
(beat)  
Pretty please.

He glances over at Honor as she controls the customers and employees.

ROY

Almost there baby!

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The Manager opens the vault and steps inside.

Roy follows and is stunned to see the amount of cash inside.

A steal pallet sits in the middle of the vault. With at least five to six million on it.

ROY

Holy fucking shit dick!

MANAGER

Please... Just leave it. You don't know who owns this money.

Roy rips a bag off his back and starts to fill it.

ROY

I do know... Me!

The Manager swallows his spit.

MANAGER

You don't understand. They'll find you.

ROY

Don't worry, MR. Suit. I ain't fucking dumb. I know if I take too much, the feds will never let it go. I'm just taking enough. I'm dot dumb or greedy.

The Manager sniggers nervously.

MANAGER

The feds? You don't know who owns  
this money do you?

Roy continues to load up his bag with cash as he turns to  
look at the Manager.

MANAGER

What you're doing. Who you're  
taking from... Will put us both in  
the ground.

The Manager holds an expression of sheer fear on his face.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roy and Honor burst into the shitty little road side motel  
room.

ROY

We did it baby!

An open bottle of champagne in each of their hands.

They slam the door, kissing as they do and are all but in  
the middle of making love before they even hit the bed.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

The Manager stands silent in the exact same spot. He looks  
like he hasn't moved. Except for the fact his suit is  
different. But the sweat stains in the shirt are even more  
prevalent now.

He looks on as STAN MADSEN, 63, who walks around the pallet  
of money.

Also in the vault is DANNY MADSEN, 32, who just stands  
looking at the Manager.

DANNY

We pay you a lot of money to look  
after our money!

Stan places a hand on Danny's shoulder.

STAN

I would like to thank you for the  
call. No point getting the law  
involved in our affairs.

The Manager nods. But doesn't speak. He just stares at the mad, insane eyes of Danny who looks at him. Looks through him, without even blinking.

STAN

The less people know. The more contained we can keep this... So the natural... expected mess that follows, doesn't blow back on us.

Stan stops pacing.

STAN

How much did they take?

DANNY

Where's your manners. When you're asked a question, you should answer.

The Manager opens his mouth to speak.

MANAGER

T-t-two hundred thou-thousand.

Stan stops pacing.

STAN

That's interesting.

Danny takes his eyes off the Manager who almost relaxes when Danny turns away.

DANNY

How so?

Stan lets out a long breath.

STAN

Can't be someone trying to hurt us. Else they would have taken every cent.

DANNY

What's the difference?

STAN

Means we could be just looking for a couple of fools trying to get rich.

Stan walks to the Manager.

STAN  
We'll take a look at the CCTV  
footage now if you please.

The Manager nods.

STAN  
And relax. I'm not going to hurt  
you.

The Manager forces a fake smile and turns to leave.

Stan gives Danny a hard look that doesn't require any words  
and Danny just smiles to himself.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A chess board with several pieces missing.

OFFICER NORTON (O.S.)  
Sometimes I regret the day you  
introduced me to this game.

Tom smiles and moves a piece. Taking one of the other pieces  
off the board with the move.

TOM  
Like right now?

He looks up from the board at OFFICER JIM NORTON, 55. Who  
shakes his head with a mixture of frustration and  
admiration.

OFFICER NORTON  
I'm going to miss these games.

TOM  
You'll forget all about it once  
your feet hit Florida.  
(beat)  
Beside, you still have six months.

Norton studies the board in front of them.

OFFICER NORTON  
Time like that just flies by...

Tom sits back in his seat.

TOM  
Not from where I'm sitting.

Norton looks up from the board and nods at Tom.

TOM  
 We've still got enough time to  
 teach you a good game.

Norton moves a piece and almost instantly after his hand leaves the piece on the board, Tom makes a move and takes his knight.

TOM/OFFICER NORTON  
 Maybe not!

They share a smile.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

SHERIFF MICHAEL DONOVAN, 48, enters the office, coffee in one hand a bear claw in the other.

He takes a bite of his pastry as he enters.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 Morning, Kat.

He passes the reception desk where KAT HILL, 28, hangs up the phone.

KAT  
 You've got a visitor in your  
 office.

The Sheriff takes a sip of coffee to wash down his pretend breakfast.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 Now, Kat. I told you to have people  
 wait here and not in my office.  
 (beat)  
 Who is it?

Kat looks at him... Scared and doesn't answer.

Sheriff Donovan cleans his teeth with his tongue.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 No calls.

He enters his office.

INT. SHERIFF DONOVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan closes the door behind him as he enters.

Sitting at his desk is Danny Madsen. Feet up on that desk and all.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I wasn't expecting a visit.

Danny types away on the desk's computer.

DANNY  
You got solitaire on this thing? I love that fucking game.

Sheriff Donovan sits down and puts his coffee and pastry on his desk.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
What do you want, Danny?

Danny slides his feet off the desk.

DANNY  
My father wanted me to make a courtesy call.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Regarding?

DANNY  
We had a little trouble at the bank.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Funny, I hadn't heard.

DANNY  
My father just wanted you to know that it's a sensitive situation. Which means... We'd appreciate it if you look the other way.  
(beat)  
So to speak.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
What the fuck are you talking about?

Danny stands and take a fat envelope from his jacket pocket. He places it on the desk.

DANNY  
In case things get a little ugly.

Danny leaves the office.

Sheriff Donovan walks to his chair at the other side of the desk and sits.

He stares at that thick envelope in front of him. Opens a drawer and slides it inside. Locks it there.

He picks up his pastry and holds it to his mouth, as he stares at the drawer.

Sheriff Donovan dumps the bear claw into his waste bin.

INT. PLUSH LOOKING LIVING ROOM - DAY

A massive TV hangs on a wall on which some bullshit reality show turned up to eleven plays.

On a chair is the Bank Manager. Who stares at it with dead eyes.

The needle in his arm is completely out of context for the surroundings.

The front door closes as someone leaves.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Roy carries a tray of shots back to a waiting Honor.

They knock back three each in a row.

ROY

This time, tomorrow. Mexico, baby.

They kiss as Roy pulls away.

He looks across the crowded bar as the blood drains from his face.

CLOSE ON: Danny and three HENCHMEN enter the bar.

Roy turns to Honor.

HONOR

What is it, baby?

ROY

We need to go, now!

Roy takes her hand and runs towards the rest-rooms.

He glances over his shoulder to see Danny pointing in his direction.



ROY

Fuck!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He swings Honor around.

HONOR

You're scaring me, baby.

ROY

It might be nothing. There's some people here and I might have fucked up...

HONOR

You're not making any sense.

ROY

I need you to get to the motel, take the money and run.

He rips a gun from the back of his pants.

HONOR

What about you?!

ROY

I'll catch up, I promise.

He kisses her.

ROY

Now go!

Roy turns as Danny and the others round the corner.

He aims and shoots. The wooden wall beside Danny explodes in splinters.

People in the bar scatter as the music dies and everyone leaves in a real big hurry.

ROY

I didn't know that was your money... I swear.

Danny leans out and gives direction to one of the Henchmen, who goes back the way he came.

DANNY

I don't care.

Roy's hand shakes as he backs down the hallway right into the Henchman that left.

Roy's world goes dark as he is struck hard across the head.

Danny walks toward him and picks up his fallen gun.

DANNY  
Find the fucking girl.

Two of the men run past Danny and through the back-door of the bar.

Danny leans down on one knee and holds gun to the back of Roy's head.

DANNY  
We need to talk.

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Honor looks at the display on her phone.

HONOR  
Come on, baby. Call...

She bites her nails and pulls her hood down over her eyes, to shield her face as she looks around the bus station.

Honor holds the phone to her ear and speed dials Roy.

Straight to voicemail.

HONOR  
(into phone)  
Where are you?

She hangs up and checks that phone again and again.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom wakes up from a bad dream. Dripping in sweat. He sits up and takes a long, deep breath.

He gets up and pours a glass of water.

Tom sits there in the dark.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOTEL

Danny walks from a motel room and wipes the blood from his hands. He looks like he has gone a few rounds with someone and won.

DANNY  
Bring the car around.

A Henchman nods.

HENCHMAN  
Where we headed?

Danny looks at him. Rage still burning in his eyes.

DANNY  
Home.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clare enters the kitchen and flicks on the coffee machine.

She pours herself a coffee and turns. The cup falls from her hand and smashes on the floor as she sees someone sitting in the shadows.

STAN  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle  
you.

Stan flicks on the light beside him.

STAN  
I just closed my eyes for a few  
minutes.

He gestures at a chair.

STAN  
Please sit. This is your house  
after all.

He smiles.

Clare walks to the chair and steadies herself with it.

CLARE  
Why are you in my house?

Stan stands and holds out his hand.

STAN

Where are my manners. We've never met.

Clare sits and doesn't shake his hand.

CLARE

I know who you are.

Stan shrugs and lowers his hand.

He walks to the fridge and opens it.

CLARE

Why are you in my house?

Stan takes out a carton of milk and drinks from it.

STAN

I so adore milk but unfortunately,  
it doesn't feel the same about me.

He puts the milk back into the fridge takes out an egg.

Stan walks around Clare. Making her even more uneasy, if that was even possible.

CLARE

I said why...

STAN

(roars)  
I'm not fucking deaf!!!

The blood drains from Clare's face as Stan sits down in front of her once again.

STAN

I do apologize. That was rude.

(beat)

I'm a guest in your house.

He looks at the egg in his hand.

STAN

Eggs have always fascinated me. You can do some much with them and they are just unhatched children.

He looks up at Clare.

STAN

Speaking of children... Where's your daughter?

Clare swallows her spit.

CLARE  
I have no idea.

Stan sniggers.

STAN  
I doubt that.

He shakes his head.

STAN  
Mother's and daughters are always  
up in each others business.

He holds up the egg and examines it.

STAN  
You wanted to know why I'm in your  
house... I need to speak to, Honor.  
(beat)  
Clear up a misunderstanding so to  
speak.

CLARE  
I swear, I don't know where she is.

The hint of a defiant smile on Clare's face.

Stan looks at her and knows she will never tell him what he  
needs to know.

STAN  
I believe you.  
(beat)  
I do...

He claps his hands around that egg.

STAN  
But I'm also thinking if you did  
know... You wouldn't tell me  
either.  
(beat)  
Right?

Clare doesn't answer. She just stares at him. With zero fear  
in her eyes. He can't scare her. Not anymore because he  
doesn't know he has just given Clare a reason to die.

Stan crushes the egg in the palm of his hand. Yoke drips  
from his fingers onto the floor.

Stan stands and walks out of the room.

STAN  
I'll see myself out.

He stops at the doorway and turns to look at Clare.

STAN  
And sorry about the mess...

Stan leaves her alone in the room.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stan leaves the house and is met by Danny and three other HENCHMEN. Each of the Men are about twice as wide as Danny.

Stan wipes his hand clean and looks at Danny.

STAN  
Tear her apart if you have to.  
(beat)  
Find out where that little cunt is.

Danny nods at the other men as they walk into the house.

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tom prepares himself a breakfast for one and sits in the deafening silence.

His chessboard sits beside him on the table.

A knock on the door.

Tom ignores it for a moment. Another knock. LOUDER!

He puts down his cup.

Tom walks to the couch and slides his hand down the back of it.

Bang. Bang! BANG! On the door again.

He takes out a revolver and shoves it down the back of his pants as he walks to the door.

Tom cracks the door open. Honor stands there. Looking terrified.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom holds an expression that she is the last person on god's green earth that he expects to see on the other side of that door.

TOM

Honor?

Honor smiles and in her vulnerability, looks her age for the first time.

HONOR

I'm in a lot of trouble.

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom stands over a sitting Honor and hands her a glass of water.

TOM

How did you find me?

She takes a sip and puts down the glass.

HONOR

The money you've been sending since... Mark...

TOM

Your dad. I think he earned the title.

Honor looks up at him and back down at her feet.

HONOR

I checked the postmark. Talked to the guy at the post office down the block.

Tom smiles to himself.

TOM

The one with the big mouth. Smart for you dumb as hell for me.

Honor picks up the glass and takes another sip.

TOM

You talk to your mother about any of this.

HONOR  
You're joking right, Clar... She  
would turn me into the cops.

TOM  
She was always a smart woman.

HONOR  
You have to help me. They have Roy  
and...

Tom paces.

TOM  
Where's the money?

HONOR  
I have it stashed in a terminal  
locker.

She takes out a red key.

TOM  
You spend any of it?

HONOR  
No. I been too busy running.

Tom sits down in front of her.

TOM  
The fact you're here suggests you  
want my help. Unless you want to  
keep running?

HONOR  
No. I just want this over. Want my  
life back.

TOM  
Then you have to do exactly what I  
say.

Honor nods.

HONOR  
What now?

TOM  
Right now I have to find out who we  
are dealing with. So we take you  
home.

Honor stands and screams at Tom.



HONOR  
You're fucking kidding, right?!  
They'll kill me. They'll...

TOM  
Calm down...

HONOR  
You didn't see these guys.

TOM  
I said calm down!  
(beat)  
And you might do right to remember  
I'm still your grandfather. Might  
not have been a good one. But right  
now, I'll all you got.

Honor nods.

TOM  
Okay. So we've got a bus to catch.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Tom steps from a bus and turns as the bus leaves to see a police cruiser waiting for him.

He freezes in his tracks as the car approaches him and the window rolls down.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
We need to talk.

TOM  
Not in a talking mood.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
It's about Honor.

Tom looks around to see if there are any other cops or cruiser. None can be seen. He turns back to the cruiser.

TOM  
I guess I could let you buy me a  
coffee.

INT. DINER - DAY

Tom sits across from Sheriff Donovan in a small booth.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
You sure you won't have something  
to eat? You look like shit.

TOM  
Coffee if fine.

Tom looks at a mug of coffee in his hands.

TOM  
You should've been looking out for  
her.

Sheriff Donovan puts down his fork.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
This isn't on me. I had no idea  
what the kid was up to.

TOM  
By kid, you mean your niece.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
These people...

Sheriff Donovan shakes his head.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
(whispers)  
These people are fucking insane,  
Tom.

TOM  
What did she get involved in?

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
All I know is that they've been  
looking for Honor. Turning the town  
upside down.

TOM  
Who exactly are they?

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Blew into Cherry Falls about five  
years back. Buying up everything  
and everyone.

TOM  
Including you?

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I'll pretend I didn't hear that.  
(beat)  
I'm just trying to stay alive.

Sheriff Donovan shrugs.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Look, from what I can tell, Honor  
and this Roy kid stole money from  
the Bridges bank. Money that  
belonged to the worse kind of  
people.

TOM  
Where's this Roy kid now?

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
So far I've got two bodies. Roy is  
one of them.

He pushes his food around on his plate.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I sure as shit don't want Honor to  
be a third.

TOM  
How much did they take?

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
A couple of hundred grand is what I  
hear.

TOM  
Hell of a shitstorm for so little.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Knowing the people involved.  
(beat)  
The shitstorm's only started.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom knocks on the door as he enters the house.

TOM  
Anyone home?

He steps over the egg still on the ground and walks towards  
the stairs.

Tom stops when he sees a table on it's side and the signs of a struggle.

TOM  
(shouts upstairs)  
Clare?

He walks slowly up those stairs, as if he is afraid of what he might find at the top.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom cracks open the bedroom door and it slowly opens to reveal something inside that we don't see.

We don't need to see. Tom's face tells us enough about what faces him in that bedroom.

Tom's expression is of a man who has just lost everything.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A morning fog hangs heavy over Clare's house.

Sheriff Donovan parks his cruiser and waits for several seconds before getting out.

Eventually he gets out and puts on his hat as he looks at the house for a few moments as if reluctant to step inside.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom still sits looking at the bed.

Sheriff Donovan enters and stops when he sees what Tom is looking at. A blood stained sheet over a body on the bed.

He walks over and removes the sheet at the top.

The naked remains of Clare are underneath. Bloodied and bruised.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
God damn it.

He lowers the sheet, gently over her face. Places a hand on her head and closes his eyes.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
What are you going to do?

He doesn't turn around as Tom stands up behind him.

TOM  
I don't want her to be alone.  
(beat)  
Please...

Sheriff Donovan turns around and looks at Tom as he leaves the bedroom.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I said what are you going to do?!

Tom stops and turns.

TOM  
Right now, I'm getting a drink.  
Haven't given much thought to  
anything after that.

Tom leaves as Sheriff Donovan turns back around to look at the body and lifts his cellphone to his ear.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom looks at a family photo on the wall as he leaves.

He stares at it and walks away.

He staggers and catches a wall as he walks through the kitchen.

He chokes back his pain. His tears and lets out a ear shattering roar.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan lowers his phone and turns toward the source of the scream...

And swallows his spit.

DEPUTY  
(on cellphone)  
Sheriff? You there...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Clare is zipped inside a body-bag and carried out.

Sheriff Donovan watches on as DEPUTIES work the room for evidence.

He walks from the house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan walks from the front door and takes off his hat.

He wipes his mouth and takes a cigarette from a DEPUTY'S, 30 mouth.

DEPUTY  
I thought you quit?

Sheriff Donovan takes a drag from the cigarette and his eyes almost roll as the smoke hits his lungs.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Well now I haven't.

He gives the Deputy a hard look.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
You still have a job, right?

The Deputy goes back into the house as Sheriff Donovan drags on that cigarette so hard, he almost swallows it.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Tom stands over Clare's body covered in a white sheet, laid out on a steel slab.

He walks to another slab and removes the sheet to reveal the body of Roy underneath.

Tom stares at him.

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Tom walks in and sits down in front of DES PARKER, 50, who takes a bite from his sandwich and stops to look up at Tom sitting in front of him.

DES PARKER  
Can I help you?

Tom sips a coffee.

TOM

You work in the morgue right?

Des puts down his sandwich and wipes his mouth.

DES PARKER

I'm the coroner yes.

TOM

I want to talk about one of the bodies in your morgue. Clare Donovan.

Des takes a sip of water and starts to look annoyed.

DES PARKER

I'm on my lunch break and besides I can't just talk about cases with anyone who walks in here.

Tom slides out his cellphone and shows him a picture of Clare on that steal slab. She is covered from head to toe in bruises and cuts.

Des sits back in his chair.

TOM

I'm her father.

DES PARKER

I'm sorry. But you have to understand I can't talk to...

Tom leans forward in his seat and slides the phone closer to Des.

TOM

What happened to her?

Des looks at the photograph and up at Tom. Straight into Tom's enraged eyes.

DES PARKER

I can review the file. Let you read it.

TOM

I want you to take me through it.

Des lets out a breath.

DES PARKER

Well. From the picture you can see her injuries were extensive.

TOM  
Did she suffer?

DES PARKER  
I'm... I'm afraid... yes. She must  
have. Her cheek bone was shattered.  
Her jaw from broken. Several of her  
ribs...

Des leans forward and pushes the phone back to Tom.

DES PARKER  
You don't need to hear this.

TOM  
I do. Please go on.

Des sits back in his seat and slides his once enjoyed lunch  
away as his appetite leaves him for the rest of the day.

DES PARKER  
Several of her fingers had been  
removed ... suggesting some form of  
cutters.

Des shakes his head.

TOM  
Rape? Did they rape her?

Des looks into Tom's eyes. Shakes his head.

DES PARKER  
I'm sorry... I don't see how...

Tom leans over and places his hands on Des's.

TOM  
Did they rape her?

Des swallows his spit.

DES PARKER  
There was evidence. Samples of  
several different assailants...  
(beat)  
I...

Tom sits back and removes his hands.

TOM  
Go on.  
(beat)  
Please.



INT. MARSHAL OFFICES - FILING ROOM - DAY

A pile of files sit on a desk inside a room filled with computers and cabinets.

MARSHAL DANIEL BLACK, 28, enters the office. A wide smile on his face.

Sitting on that desk, right behind the pile is MARSHAL ALICE BAKER, 33.

She looks up from her file.

MARSHAL BAKER

You better not be smiling at me.  
Because I'm pretty sure I could  
lose you body in here for a few  
years.

Marshal Black drops a file on her desk.

MARSHAL BAKER

Oh come on!  
(beat)  
Not another one?

She looks up at the smiling Marshal Black who just nods.

Marshal Baker opens the file and reads it.

MARSHAL BAKER

Jesus. This is so cold, it should  
be filed in Alaska.

MARSHAL BLACK

You fancy a field trip?

MARSHAL BAKER

So this is how you plan to climb  
the ladder? Chasing down ex-cons  
with one foot in the grave...

She looks up from the file.

MARSHAL BAKER

You're joking, right?

MARSHAL BLACK

This came in hot. So I volunteered  
us to look into it.

(beat)

Gets us out of this room.

She looks around at the files and leaps to her feet.

MARSHAL BAKER  
I'd kiss you right now but...

Marshal Baker walks to the door.

MARSHAL BLACK  
I know you don't like guys.

MARSHAL BAKE  
Well not guys as ugly as you.

He shakes his head and laughs to himself as he follows her.

MARSHAL BLACK  
Walked right into that one.

She opens the door for him and he leaves the room.

MARSHAL BAKER  
Face first.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - DAY

Tom puts the key into the lock and hesitates for a moment before he enters and closes the door behind him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Honor steps from the bathroom with leg of a chair in her hands.

HONOR  
You scared the living shit out of me.

TOM  
Sit down.

She shakes her head.

HONOR  
You could have at least knocked first before.

TOM  
(shouts)  
I said, sit down!

Honor stands there open mouthed and puts down her makeshift weapon.

HONOR  
Is it Roy?

She sits down and looks afraid to hear what is about to come out of Tom's mouth.

Tom paces.

HONOR  
Roy's dead isn't he?

Tom stops and looks at her.

TOM  
Yes they killed him.

Honor falls to pieces on the bed.

HONOR  
Oh Jesus. Why did he want to go ahead with this... I...

She looks at Tom and his face is one of fear.

HONOR  
There's something else. That's not what's troubling you is it?

She stands and backs away from him.

TOM  
Your mother.

She walks over and pushes him away.

HONOR  
No... No... No.

Honor shakes her head.

HONOR  
Don't say it.

TOM  
She's dead.

Honor shakes her head and pushes him even harder.

HONOR  
This isn't on me.  
(beat)  
This isn't on me.  
(screams)  
This isn't on me!

She collapses onto a heap on the floor.

HONOR  
This isn't on me!

Tom takes out his cellphone and shows her the picture of Clare in the morgue.

TOM  
What did you think would happen?  
(beat)  
This isn't on you? You started  
this!

Honor stands and wipes her eyes.

HONOR  
No... I... Roy...

TOM  
You fucked up and you're mother  
paid the price. Own it. It's your  
mistake and it's not going away...  
(beat)  
Ever!

Honor makes a break for the door and he stops her.

TOM  
You played an adult game and lost.  
Lost big. But right now you have to  
decide what you want to do.

HONOR  
They'll kill me too.

TOM  
Maybe.

HONOR  
I'm scared.

TOM  
You should be.

HONOR  
What do I do?

TOM  
Same plan. We set up a meeting.  
Give them back their money.

HONOR

What if they want more. What if  
they want me.

Tom stops pacing and turns to look at her.

TOM

Then It'll be up to me to persuade  
them enough blood has been spilled.

He looks down at the rosary beads wrapped around his right  
hand.

INT. BUS STATION - WALL-PHONES - DAY

Tom looks at Honor who sits on a bench looking years younger  
than she is.

TOM

(into phone)  
Just set-up a meeting.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Donovan holds a phone to his ear.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

(into phone)  
I had a visit from a couple of  
genuine U.S. Marshals.  
(beat)  
Real interested in you.

INT. BUS STATION - WALL-PHONES - DAY

Tom turns and looks at the wall.

TOM

(into phone)  
Why the interest now?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Donovan licks his finger and wipes a scratch on his  
desk.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

(into phone)

Fucked if I know. Clare's murder must have lit up someone's computer in some Quantico broom closet and some ambitious career seeking suit decided you might finally be worth chasing down.

Sheriff Donovan runs his hands through his hair.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Figured you might want to know so you keep your presence here a little low profile.

INT. BUS STATION - WALL-PHONES - DAY

TOM

(into phone)

I'll try my best.

SHERIFF DONOVAN (O.S.)

Do better than try. Just a friendly warning from the...

TOM

(into phone)

Just set up the meeting.

Tom hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Donovan lets out a long frustrated breath as he hangs up his phone.

INT. BUS - DAY

Tom sits beside Honor on a crowded bus.

She stares out the window, lost in her thoughts.

Tom's mind is elsewhere as he looks at the open road ahead, through the windscreen of the bus.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tom and Honor walk towards a rundown and disused bar. Tom carries a duffle bag, gripped tight in one hand.

A police cruiser rolls up behind them.

Sheriff Donovan gets out and puts on that hat.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

You sure about this? You don't know  
what type of people you're dealing  
with her, Tom.

Tom keeps walking.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

At least let me be in the room.

Tom stops walking and turns to look at the Sheriff.

TOM

Okay. But if things go south. Stay  
out of the way.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

From the interior that bar has been left as it closed.  
Bottles and glasses still on the table. The bar is still  
stocked, although most of the liquor has been consumed.

Tom and the others enter and turns around to the sound of  
clapping.

Danny steps from the shadows, still clapping.

DANNY

Finally, we get to meet.

(beat)

My father sends his apologies, he  
has pressing business elsewhere.

He looks only at Honor and walks towards her. Circles her as  
he examines her.

DANNY

My, don't you look like your  
mother.

He touches her hair and she pulls away.

HONOR

Fuck off!

Danny laughs.

DANNY

Oh I can see just like your mother.

Tom throws the duffle to the floor.

TOM  
Here's your money.

Danny nods at one of three HENCHMEN at the far side of the bar. One of them walks over and opens the bag. Examines the contents as the other two walk to Honor and Tom.

Both of the Henchmen frisk them for weapons.

Honor pushes the Henchman away.

HONOR  
I said, fuck off.

He grabs her by the throat.

TOM  
Enough!  
(beat)  
You got your money. Our business is done.

Danny walks to Tom and stands nose to nose.

The third Henchman walks to Sheriff Donovan and reaches for his sidearm. The Sheriff puts his hand on it, ready to draw.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Not in this lifetime.

The Henchman looks back at Danny, who nods and the Henchman backs away. Emptied handed.

Danny looks back into Tom's eyes. Neither flinch as they stand there, staring deep.

DANNY  
Jesus, you're an old dog aren't you?

Danny looks away.

DANNY  
Let's sit. Drink. Talk this through.

Danny turns and nods at one of his men, who pulls up chairs as one of the others walks over with a bottle and two glasses.

TOM  
There's nothing left to talk about.



Danny turns and screams.

DANNY  
I said sit down!

Danny sits and raises a glass of whiskey.

Sheriff Donovan's hand moves on that sidearm, as Tom looks at the Henchmen.

One to the left, one to the right. The other behind Danny.

All of them share the same expression, that they will rip them to pieces like dogs as soon as Danny gives the order.

Tom sits down in front of Danny.

Danny looks at him with his glass raised and waits.

TOM  
I don't drink anymore.

DANNY  
Can't hold your liquor?

Tom shakes his head as he looks at that glass. Licks his lips.

TOM  
I'm just one of those people who shouldn't drink?

DANNY  
I don't trust a man who doesn't drink.  
(beat)  
It's like they have something to hide...

Danny knocks back his drink.

DANNY  
You want to talk. Then you drink.

Tom picks up the glass and raises his glass. Both men knock back their drinks and one of Danny's men refills their glasses.

DANNY  
I can see your interest in this,  
Sheriff. Blood is blood.

Sheriff Donovan looks around the room at the other armed men.

DANNY

But I don't know you, so color me curious. What is your interest in all of this?

Danny looks at Tom as he knocks back his drink.

TOM

Just a friend of the family.

DANNY

Well friend. I don't know if you understand all the story. But this little whore stole from us.

Tom pushes the bag of money towards him with his foot.

TOM

And you have your money back.

Danny smiles as he drinks another drink. That smile fades quickly from his face.

DANNY

It's not enough.

TOM

She made a mistake. Enough blood has been spilled. That's why I wanted to meet you face to face. To tell you we're good. But we're done.

Danny laughs.

DANNY

We're done.

He looks around the room at his men.

DANNY

Did you hear that boys. We're done.

Sheriff Donovan unclips his sidearm. *Gently...* So as to not make a sound.

DANNY

That's not how this works. A debt is owed. We have to send a clear message.

(beat)

One not easily forgotten.

TOM  
Which is?

DANNY  
You steal from us. You burn.

TOM  
She's paid enough.

Tom clenches his fist as he fights to bury his rage.

TOM  
You killed her mother and her  
boyfriend.

Danny laughs and takes another drink.

DANNY  
Easy now, mister. The law is in the  
room and those are some pretty  
damaging accusations you're  
throwing around there.

Tom looks into Danny's eyes.

TOM  
What do you want?

DANNY  
That's for my father to decide. But  
we'll let you know.

Danny waves his hand.

DANNY  
You can fuck off now.

Tom stands and looks at Danny.

He turns to leave and picks up that second drink. Knocks it  
back.

He walks towards Honor and Sheriff Donovan and stops.

TOM  
Why did you kill her?

DANNY  
Who exactly.

Tom turns to look at Danny.

TOM  
 My baby didn't have anything to do  
 with this.

Danny knocks back another drink.

DANNY  
 Like I said. We needed to send a  
 message and I do what I'm told.  
 Like a good son does.  
 (beat)  
 Not that I did anything illegal of  
 course... Sheriff.

Danny looks at his men and laughs. They laugh back. On  
 queue.

Tom turns and walks.

DANNY  
 But you called her a girl.  
 (laughs)  
 One things for damn sure, she was a  
 woman!

Tom stops dead in his tracks.

CLOSE ON: Tom's enraged eyes as he replays events in his  
 mind.

Flash of an enraged Danny, sweating on top of Clare.

Tom clenches his fist.

DANNY (O.S.)  
 Well she was a woman once we  
 finished with her, right boys.

CLOSE ON: Flash of Clare's body in the morgue.

CLARE (V.O.)  
 (screams)  
 Daddy!

Tom opens that hand.

He grabs for Sheriff Donovan's gun and rips it out of the  
 holster so fast, the Sheriff doesn't have time to react.

SHERIFF DONOVAN (O.S.)  
 Wait... No!

Tom swings around aims and walks towards Danny and the  
 others.

BANG!

He shoots Henchman #1 in the head.

Tom swings to the left. BANG! Dispatches Henchman #1.

BANG! BANG! Shots ring out, from the other side of the room.

Tom turns to see the third and final Henchman firing blind.  
BANG! He lets off another shot.

Tom calmly and with total control aims and BANG! Shoots the man in the head. He falls dead.

Tom turns to see Danny running for Honor.

Danny turns and tells the Sheriff to back right off with the business end of his gun. He grabs Honor by the hair and uses her as a shield. Gun to the side of her head.

Tom walks over to Danny. Gun raised.

Sheriff Donovan backs away. Hands raised.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Don't do this, Tommy.

DANNY

Listen to your friend. You said it yourself, there's been enough blood.

Honor struggles to get free.

HONOR

Let me go.

DANNY

(screams)  
Shut the fuck up!

He pushes the barrel of that gun into her temple.

DANNY

You do this. You're all as good as dead.

CLOSE ON: Tom's enraged eyes as he replays events.

Flash of Danny punching Clare in the face.

SHERIFF DONOVAN (O.S.)

Don't do this man.

TOM  
You shouldn't have touched her.

DANNY  
She's dead. What is she to you  
anyway?

TOM  
She was my daughter.

Danny's eyes grow wide and...

**BANG!** Tom shoots Danny in the head.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Fuck.

Danny falls dead and Honor turns to kick his dead body right  
in the balls.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
What the fuck have you done?

Tom hands Sheriff Donovan his gun back.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
You've just killed us all.  
(beat)  
And you told me I should have  
protected her!

TOM  
You should have dealt with these  
people the second they came into  
town.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
How? I'm the law!

TOM  
We both know the only law that  
applies to people like this comes  
out of the barrel of a gun!

Tom wipes his mouth and looks around the room as if he was  
just seeing the mess he created for the first time.

Tom walks to the bag of money and picks it up.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
What are you going to do now?!

Tom looks at Honor and grips the duffle bag in his hand.

TOM

We run.

Sheriff Donovan throws his hands up in the air.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

That's always the fucking solution.  
Right, Tom?

Tom looks at Sheriff Donovan.

TOM

You got a better idea?

Sheriff Donovan paces and shakes his head.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

After what you just did.

He stops and looks around the room. Shakes his head.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Just go... Now.

Tom takes Honor's hand and walks towards the door.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

And Tom.

Tom stops and turns to look at his brother. Possibly for the last time.

Sheriff Donovan tosses Tom a set a keys.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

My truck is parked outside the  
station house.

Tom looks at the keys in his hand and nods.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

This time, don't ever come back.

(beat)

This time... You keep running.

(beat)

And stay gone!

Tom nods... Turns and leaves.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The sun is slowly rising as they walk out into the dawn air.

Tom rushes out of the bar followed by Honor.

He stops at a mailbox and opens it. Takes out his revolver and sticks it in his belt.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff walks around the room and looks at the mess. Rips off his hat and tosses it.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Fuck!!!

He looks down at a flashing mobile phone on the floor.

An incoming call.

Sheriff Donovan leans down and picks up the cellphone.

The screen reads: "The old man".

Sheriff Donovan sits and shakes his head.

He bites his nails as his leg starts to nervously jump.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tom fires up the truck as Honor gets in.

TOM

You ready?

He looks at her as he puts that revolver into the glove-box.

HONOR

What about... Mom?

TOM

She's gone.

HONOR

But we won't get to bu... Bury her.

TOM

I'm pretty sure she wouldn't want you in the ground before her. So we leave now.

Tom pushes the truck into drive and drives into the road.



HONOR

But I don't have anything of hers.  
Not even a picture.

Tom looks at her. Shakes his head and puts the truck into a sharp, three sixty turn and heads back towards Clare's house.

TOM

Fuck!

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan looks at the dead body of Danny and then at that damn cellphone. Another incoming call.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Fuck. Fuck... Fu...

He answers the call and holds the cellphone to his ear.

Eyes closed.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

(into cellphone)

Mr. Madsen. This is Sheriff Mike  
Donovan, sir.

He looks down and into Danny's dead eyes. That stare right back at him.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

It's about your son. Danny...

He licks his lips. Nervous dry mouth.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

I'm afraid I have some bad news,  
sir.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Tom and Honor rush into her mother's house.

TOM

We need to travel light. So only  
what you need.

She rushes upstairs and stops in front of her mother's door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom follows her upstairs as she stares at the door of her mother's bedroom.

Police crime scene tape still hangs on the frame.

HONOR  
I caused all of this... I...

Tom places a hand on her shoulder.

TOM  
We're long past blaming.

Honor walks towards the bedroom. Tom reaches for her hand.

TOM  
You don't need to...

Honor turns to look at her. Tears welled up in her eyes.

HONOR  
I do...

She removes the police tape and steps inside.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The first thing... The only thing she sees inside. Is that bloodied sheet still on that bed.

It hits her like a punch to the gut and she loses the use of her legs as the waves of grief, regret and guilt flood over her so aggressively she can barely breathe.

Tom lunges forward and catches her before she falls.

He sits down with her. Arms wrapped around each other. Together in their grief and loss.

HONOR  
Mama... Oh mama.

Honor rocks in his arms.

Tom leans into her head and kisses the top of it.

INT. BAR - DAY

Stan enters the bar. Followed by half a dozen of his men, armed with automatic weapons that would be more suited to a modern battlefield.

Sheriff Donovan walks up to greet him, but Stan just brushes him to one side. Almost walks through him as he sees Danny on the ground, covered in Sheriff's Donovan jacket.

Stan, nostrils flared and wide eyed leans down and rips the coat off Danny's face.

He tosses the jacket at the Sheriff.

Stan blesses himself and mutters a prayer.

STAN

Do you know what happened?

Sheriff Donovan walks towards him but only gets within a foot before one of Stan's MEN blocks him.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

We're looking into it. As yet, you know as much as we do.

Stan turns to look at Sheriff Donovan.

STAN

I hope so, Sheriff. Because if I find out differently, you're going to wish you were laying in the dirt not my son.

Stan gestures at two of the men who clean off a table as two others pick up Danny and place him on the table.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

This is an active crime scene.  
You...

Stan turns and looks at Sheriff Donovan.

STAN

Your laws are of no use to me here.  
(beat)  
You are no use to me here.

He walks to Danny and places a hand over his face and closes his eyes.

STAN

Just tell me one thing...  
(MORE)

STAN (cont'd)  
 (beat)  
 Where's your fucking brother?!

Stan turns to look at Sheriff Donovan. Face to face.

STAN  
 I'll wipe this precious little town  
 of yours off the map if I have to.  
 (beat)  
 Burn it to the fucking ground!

Sheriff Donovan look away.

STAN  
 This conversation will be  
 continued, Sheriff. For now, stay  
 out of my fucking way.

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom hands Honor an empty box as she takes a framed picture from the wall.

She looks at him and he nods.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom opens the fridge and takes out a couple of bottles of water.

As he turns something catches his eye in the trash basket. A letterhead... *That hospital letter.*

Tom takes it out and un-crumple it.

His eyes dart over the words. The same words that cut Clare some deep.

Tom leans back against the fridge as the contents of that letter flood over him...

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Stan walks from the bar towards a dozen or so parked trucks to be met by a least two dozen ARMED MEN.

STAN  
 I'll keep this simple because time  
 is not our friend here.  
 (MORE)

STAN (cont'd)

(beat)

I want this man found. Dead or alive. Doesn't matter... What matters is he doesn't leave this town.

(beat)

No one does.

He walks up to one of the men and takes a weapon from him.

STAN

You beat who you have to. Burn what you need to and kill whoever stands in your way.

(beat)

Just find me Tom Donovan!

The Men run to their vehicles and drive in various directions.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom walks out with a box under one arm. Honor carries another.

He stops dead when he sees their truck is not the only vehicle in the drive.

A black SUV with government plates is parked outside.

Both doors swing open and Tom puts down that box.

He puts both hands up. His revolver visible down the back of his pants. Tom walks towards the truck.

TOM

(to Honor)

Keep moving.

He looks towards the truck. Gauges the distance to reach it.

MARSHAL BLACK (O.S.)

Don't even think about it.

Tom looks back towards the SUV.

Marshal Black moves his jacket to show Tom he is strapped and he is more than willing to draw on an unarmed man.

Tom looks to the drivers side. Marshal Baker removes her sunglasses and walks towards him.

MARSHAL BAKER  
We need to talk, Mr. Donovan.

TOM  
I'm sure you've got the wrong guy.  
He gestures Honor towards the truck.  
Marshal Baker places her hand on her gun.

MARSHAL BAKER  
Please.  
Honor stops.

MARSHAL BLACK  
You know reading your file and all  
that war hero shit.  
(beat)  
I thought you'd be bigger.  
Black and Baker circle around Tom.

TOM  
Keep the girl out of this.

MARSHAL BLACK  
She can leave. It's you we're here  
for.  
He smiles even wider.

Tom turns to look at Honor and looks past her.

CLOSE ON: A dirt trail rises in the distance. Several trucks  
are inbound and moving fast.

Tom shakes his head and looks at Honor.

TOM  
Just go... now!

Honor walks to the truck as...

Tom looks back at the Marshals.

TOM  
They killed my daughter.

MARSHAL BAKER  
None of our concern.

TOM  
Raped her...

He looks at the convoy getting closer and closer. Looks at Honor. Back at the house.

Tom's face changes as recent events and knowledge pour through his head.

He stares at Marshall Black.

Marshal Baker's eyes flood with concern.

MARSHAL BAKER

Wait!

She pulls for her gun.

Tom draws his gun. Lightning fast reflexes.

**BANG!** Marshall Baker falls.

He aims left **BANG!** Hits Marshal Black. Knocks him onto his back.

Neither had the time to fully draw their weapons.

He walks towards the truck. **BANG!** Fires a round through the engine-block of the Marshal's SUV as the radiator *explodes* in a hiss of steam and water.

Honor stands frozen as he reaches the truck.

HONOR

You killed them?

TOM

Get in!

Honor stares shocked at the fallen Marshals.

TOM

They're coming for us!

He points towards the dirt trail and approaching trucks.

TOM

Move... Now!

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He jumps into the truck as does Honor and Tom fires up the engine and pushes the truck hard into reverse.

The truck sends dirt and tire smoke everywhere.

Honor looks out the windscreen to see both Black and Baker stagger to their feet.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tom swings the truck into a hand-break skid, turns one eighty and pushes it into drive.

Drives straight towards the approaching convoy.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marshal Black checks the hole in his shirt and removes a bullet from his vest.

MARSHAL BLACK  
I fucking loved this shirt.

Marshal Black takes a deep breath and picks up her fallen gun as she looks towards the escaping vehicle.

MARSHAL BLACK  
Crazy old fucker!

He looks at Tom's truck as it speeds towards the approaching convoy of trucks.

MARSHAL BAKER  
That he is.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tom floors his truck and it gains speed getting faster and faster as he drives straight for the convoy of trucks.

**Futa... Futa.. FUTA!** Automatic machine-gun fire rings out!

The mirror on Tom's truck explodes.

TOM  
Get down!

He pushes Honor down with his free hand.

He opens the glove box and hands her a box of bullets.

Tom removes the gun from his belt and holds it in his left hand.

He floors the truck as pushes every inch of power from it.



The approaching trucks get closer and closer.

INT. OTHER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER starts to sweat. Worry all over his face as he eases his foot on the gas.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tom keeps driving forward.

The lead truck swerves to avoid them as Tom turns the wheel.

**BANG!** He fires and the third truck flips as the driver takes a shot to the head.

Tom's truck bounces across the uneven, desert ground.

Tom looks in the driver's mirror. A large sand trail behind them as several vehicles are still in pursuit and gaining FAST.

Several gun shots from behind as Tom drives towards the road and pushes his truck as hard as it will go.

The trucks follow but Tom's vehicle slowly begins to gain speed and they disappear behind them.

One of the trucks stops and everyone except the driver gets out.

The DRIVER floors it and gains ground on Tom.

He looks in the mirror and looks at the his truck's dash.

TOM

Hang on!

Honor reaches for her seat-belt as Tom *slams* on the breaks.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck skids to a stop. Smoke and burning rubber pour from all four tires as every wheel break kicks in.

The chasing truck skids and tries to stop.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tom clicks in his seat-belt just as they are hit. HARD.  
**SMASH!**

Honor and Tom are rocked by the impact.

Tom swings around with his gun.

TOM  
Stay down!

He opens fire and hits the driver. **BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Tom turns and slams the truck into drive. They speed away from the crash.

Tom hands Honor the gun.

TOM  
Reload!

Leaving the truck far behind and the town fast approaching on the road ahead of them.

HONOR  
Why are we going back?

TOM  
Because we took too long. We should have left!

He glances at the box of stuff from the house.

TOM  
We should have left sooner.

She hands him back the gun.

TOM  
I'm sorry. This wasn't your fault...  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Tom parks the truck and pops the trunk.

He gets out of the vehicle and walks to the back of it.

Tom takes out that old duffle bag and opens one of the boxes as Honor gets out also.

HONOR

What are...

Tom takes out one of the framed photographs of Honor and Clare and removes it from the frame.

He hands her the photograph and the duffle bag.

TOM

Need to travel fast and light.

Honor glances at the remains of her old life in the trunk and grabs for something... Tom slams the trunk shut, she pulls out her hand and walks to the passenger side of the SUV.

TOM

Leave it.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Marshall Black and Baker look like they may be a few feet from sunstroke as they walk towards the town.

MARSHAL BLACK

Remind again whose idea it was to come to this fucking shithole of a town?

MARSHAL BAKER

Just walk.

They continue towards the town on foot.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Honor follows a walking to fast to keep up with, Tom.

HONOR

What now?

She throws that duffle bag over her shoulder.

TOM

Same as before, we need to get out of town.

HONOR

What about the SUV?

Tom crosses the street and a parked row of Harleys.

Honor follows as he checks each bike for keys.

HONOR

Are you serious. You trying to get  
us killed?

Tom stops and looks at her and just shakes his head. Honor  
backs off and shuts up.

Tom sits on one of the Harley's and fires it up.

TOM

Get on.

BANG! A shotgun blast rings out and Tom puts the bike back  
on it's stand.

BIKER (O.S.)

Get off the hog.

Tom raises his hands over his head and swings his leg off  
the bike.

He turns to look at the BIKER, 45.

And is surprised to see he has dropped that gun and has his  
hands up.

Honor points Tom's gun at his head.

Tom grabs the shotgun and tosses it as he gets back on that  
bike.

He fires it up and takes it off the stand as Honor gets on.

HONOR

We'll take good care of it.

Tom rides away from the curb and Honor turns back around to  
see Tom's hand out.

He places the gun in it as he speeds out of town.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tom slows and pulls the bike into an alleyway.

TOM

We wait for it to get dark.

Tom parks the Harley and they get off.

TOM  
Stay here.

Tom walks towards the end of the alleyway.  
Honor looks up and down the alley. Afraid to be alone.

HONOR  
Where are you...

Tom keeps walking.

TOM  
You hungry?

She holds her stomach and remembers in that instant that she is.

TOM  
I'll be right back.

INT. BURGER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom collects his order and leaves.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tom lowers his head as he walks. Avoiding eye contact.  
The alleyway is across the street.  
Suddenly he is grabbed and pulled into another alley.

INT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom pushes his attacker away and pulls out his revolver.  
It's Sheriff Donovan.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
What the fuck are you still doing  
here?!

Tom lowers the gun and puts it away.  
Tom raises the burger bag.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
You're kidding right?

TOM  
We had a few set backs.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I heard but I figured you kept going.

TOM  
We tried.

Tom walks away and Sheriff Donovan grabs him.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Madsen is hiring anyone who wants to make a quick buck to join the hunt. The longer you wait...

TOM  
I get the picture.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
You know I can't be seen helping you.

TOM  
I've never expected it from you, Mike.

Tom walks out of the alleyway.

TOM  
We'll be fine.

Sheriff Donovan watches Tom leave and looks around, nervous and afraid. To make sure no one saw them talking.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tom rides out of town and switches off the bike's lights as he slows to a stop.

TOM  
We walk from here.  
(beat)  
And keep quite.

Honor and Tom get off as Tom pushes the bike off the road.

He keeps pushing past several men on the road who have formed another roadblock.

The MEN carry on drinking and playing cards as they walk past them unnoticed.

As they get far enough away, Tom pushes the bike back onto the road. Lights still off and far enough away, he fires up the bike and they get back on.

Riding blind in the night until they get far enough away not to be seen or give the men at the roadblock reason to pursue.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Marshal Baker and Black are both on saline drips.

Stan enters the room with two MEN.

SHERIFF DONOVAN (O.S.)  
 Whatever your thinking, Mr. Madsen.  
 I would consider... reconsidering.

Stan swings around furious to see Sheriff Donovan sitting in the room. He stands and puts on his hat.

STAN  
 Just wanted to talk.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 Maybe later. For now. The only  
 talking they'll be doing is with  
 me.

Stan glances over at Marshal Baker and gestures at his men as they all leave.

Sheriff Donovan takes off his hat and wipes the sweat from his stressed forehead.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 I think it would be best for you  
 both to leave town as soon as  
 possible.

MARSHAL BLACK  
 You do know we're U.S. Marshals  
 right?

Sheriff Donovan puts his hat back on.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 That man doesn't give a shit who  
 you are. All he cares about right  
 now is killing Tom Donovan. I'm  
 just trying to control the body  
 count.

MARSHAL BLACK  
You're the law. Why don't you  
arrest him?

Sheriff Donovan walks to the door and stops.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Son, I do wish it was that simple.

He leaves the Marshals.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom drives the bike along a deserted as the sun comes up.

INT. BAR - DAY

Stan pours himself a large whiskey as he looks past the bar  
at a room of his men.

MAN #3  
Isn't five million a little high?  
(beat)  
Didn't those kids only steal two  
hundred grand in the first place?

Man #3 looks around the room at the faces of the other men.  
All of who have the same expression of disbelief.

He looks back at Stan and in the instance wished he hadn't  
opened his mouth just now.

Stan walks over and takes one of the Men's guns from his  
holster.

He walks over to MAN #3.

STAN  
This isn't just about money. This  
is about respect... You steal from  
me, you pay in blood. Simple rules.

Stan points the gun at the man's leg and BANG!

Man #3 collapses in agony.

STAN  
Every time you limp on that leg.  
Let that limp remind you to think  
before you speak.

The man roars in agony.



STAN  
And shut the fuck up!

Man #3 stops as he grabs his shattered kneecap.  
Stan turns to the other men and tosses the gun.

STAN  
This isn't about money anymore.  
This is about my boy. I want you to  
reach out to everyone. Offer the  
reward. Alive if possible. Doesn't  
matter.

He walks over and makes himself another drink at the bar.

STAN  
But find them and find them  
quickly. This man put my son in the  
ground.  
(beat)  
So either he joins them, or you do!

Stan turns to look at the room as the Men look around at  
each other. Everyone of them afraid to be the first to  
leave.

Stan knocks back his drink.

STAN  
(screams)  
Go!!!

All of the men scurry in every direction. All with one goal  
in mind, get the hell out of that room.

Man #3 hobbles out as Stan watches him leave.

STAN  
Get me the Sheriff.

The only remaining Man in the room with him, nods and  
leaves.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Tom pulls the over and turns off the engine.

TOM  
I'm dead on my feet.

Tom rolls the bike around the side of the motel.

TOM  
Get us a room.

Honor turns and walks to the reception desk.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom lays down on the bed with a painful sounding groan. He covers his head with a pillow to drown out some of the light pouring in from the day outside.

Honor sits in a chair and looks at him.

HONOR  
Clare...

Tom removes that pillow and looks at her with one eye and that one eye is enough.

HONOR  
Mom never mentioned why you went to prison.

Tom slides that pillow over his eyes.

TOM  
Can't say I blame her for talking all that much about me at all.

HONOR  
What did you do?

TOM  
I did what most young men do with their lives and fucked it up.  
(beat)  
I came home from the war angry and bitter. Then your grandmother got pregnant with your mom and I tried to take my foot off the pedal. But she put up with more shit than any woman should. She was too good for me by a country mile.

HONOR  
I've only seen pictures of her. She was beautiful.

TOM  
That she was. Even when she got sick. But when she died I got... worse.

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

One night I went for a drink. Went looking for more than a drink.

(beat)

I don't remember even hitting the guy. But I did and the judge looked at my life of trouble and threw the book at me.

Tom lets out a long deep breath.

TOM

I was a son of a bitch for leaving her alone like that for leaving your mother alone when she needed me most. But as time went by I saw that she was better off without me in her life so I kept it that way.

Honor sits looking at him. Within moments Tom snores and is out cold on the bed.

Honor tucks her knees under her chin, as she stares at Tom.

She slides her cellphone from her pocket and powers it on.

Honor opens the phone's gallery app and browses pictures of herself and Roy. All smiles and love.

Tears run from her eyes as she swipes the screen to see selfie after selfie of happier, carefree times.

She stops on a picture of Clare, alone in her garden. A distant look in her eye. Worry on her face.

This photograph breaks her and the tears flow and guilt flows over her.

Honor rocks in that chair.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Tom sits on the bike as Honor throws that duffle bag over her shoulder.

HONOR

What about breakfast?

Tom shakes his head.

TOM

It's four in the afternoon.

She gets on the back of the bike and they ride onto the main road.

A Black truck with two MEN who look like they were born and bred on the wrong side of the street, watch them leave.

The Black truck follows their bike.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tom rides with Honor on the back as open road stretches out in front of them.

That black truck follows from a distance.

Tom glances at the bike's wing mirror at the reflection of that black truck.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tom pulls the bike into a diner and parks it.

TOM  
Bathroom break.

Honor follows Tom and he slows down.

TOM  
Don't turn around. We're being followed.

He opens the door for Honor and they step inside.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Honor enters and stands by a table.

TOM  
Go to the restroom and stay there until I come for you.

Honor doesn't even respond and walks past the food counter towards the rest-rooms.

Tom picks up a menu and sits as a WAITRESS, 44 pours him a coffee.

The bell over the door rings and the two rough looking MEN enter and walk to Tom's table.

Tom keeps looking at the menu as they sit down across from him.

BANG! Man #1 rocks in his seat and slumps dead to the table.

Shocked the other man reaches for his gun and looks up and down the business end of Tom's still smoking revolver.

TOM

Easy...

The man places his gun on the table.

The Waitress stands frozen.

TOM

Leave.

She leaves. Followed very closely by a terrified COOK, 50.

Man #2 smiles at him through *poorly cared-for teeth*.

MAN #2

You don't know how fucked you are.

Tom smiles.

TOM

Really?

Man #2 smile disappears.

TOM

Phone. Now!

Man #2 takes out his cellphone.

TOM

Call your employer.

Man #2 selects a contact on the phone.

TOM

Tell him you found us and the job is done.

Man #2 holds the phone to his ear.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Stan lies flat out on a massage table.

A WOMAN, 22, runs her hands down his back.

His phone rings and Stan answers it.

MAN #2  
(on phone)  
It's done.

Stan sits up and gestures at the Woman to give him a minute.

STAN  
(into phone)  
I'll need proof. Send me a picture.

The phone goes dead and Stan looks at the screen.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Man #2 gives Tom a confident look.

MAN #2  
He wants proof.

**BANG!**

Tom shoots the man in the head. His head rocks back and Tom takes the phone from his now dead hand.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Stan looks at that cellphone as a message appears.

He smiles and opens it to reveal a photograph of the two dead men.

He stands furious and reads the message text: "Let it go".

Stan snaps the phone in half.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Tom stands and drops a couple of bucks on the table.

He turns towards the rest-rooms and stops as something catches his attention.

He leans down and moves Man #2's jacket to one side. To reveal: A police detective badge stuck to his belt.

Tom takes the badge and checks Man #1. Another badge.

Tom takes off the other badge and sits down. In shock and looks at the two badges on the table in front of him.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom breaks through the door with Honor.

TOM

Move!

The sounds of sirens growing closer as he gets on the bike and starts it.

Honor climbs on the back and they ride away from the diner at speed.

Tom talks over his shoulder at Honor.

TOM

How did they track us so fast?

Honor checks her rear pocket for her cellphone and takes it out to show him.

TOM

You made a call?

(beat)

Who did you call?

HONOR

No one. I turned it on. I didn't call anyone!

TOM

That was enough. Get rid of it.

Honor looks at the phone and powers it off.

She slides it back into her pocket.

The bike passes out a truck.

Tom turns the bike on another road and the city appears ahead of them.

HONOR

Where are we going?

TOM

Change of plans.

Tom pushes the bike faster.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The motel sits on the outskirts of the city.

Tom parks the bike outside the motel and walks to the reception desk.

TOM

I need you to stay here until I get back.

HONOR

I don't want to be alone.

Tom puts out his hand and looks at her.

Honor hands him her cellphone.

Tom puts the cellphone on the ground and raises his foot.

HONOR

I have my life on that. Pictures. Memories...

He picks the phone back up and cracks open the back. Removes the sim-card and breaks it in half.

TOM

Even at my age, I know these things can be tracked whenever they are switched on.

He hands her the cellphone in parts.

TOM

No calls.

Honor nods as she follows him into the motel.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tom is alone on the bike as he rides deeper into the city.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Tom walks to a table and waits.

Officer Norton approaches and sits.

OFFICER NORTON

No chess today.

Tom slides over a paper bag.

TOM

No. Not exactly.



OFFICER NORTON  
Since this is a public place,  
Tommy. I'm hoping that's not a  
bribe.

TOM  
I'm in a lot of trouble, Jim.

Officer Norton opens the bag and looks inside. The two  
detective badges are visible.

OFFICER NORTON  
What kind of trouble?

TOM  
The worst kind.  
(beat)  
The kind you can't walk away from.

OFFICER NORTON  
What do you need from me?

TOM  
I need to know if these badges are  
real... If the cops that wore them  
were real.

OFFICER NORTON  
Are they dead?

TOM  
That we can discuss once I find out  
who they were.

OFFICER NORTON  
And if they're real?

TOM  
I'll decide that when we know.

Officer Norton stands and walks away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Honor lies on the bed and looks up at the ceiling.

Tom stands and paces. Peers out through the curtains.

Gets back on that bed. Anxious and bored.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom tosses some items into a bag and stops as he picks up a framed photograph of him with Honor's pregnant grandmother.

He stares at that photograph lost in it. His youth. Her smile. All the possibilities long since gone.

A KNOCK on the front door.

Tom takes the gun from the back of his pants and cocks it, as he walks to the door. Another KNOCK.

Tom looks through the peephole: Officer Norton is visible on the other side of the door.

Tom cocks the gun again and places it back in his pants as he opens the door.

Officer Norton enters.

OFFICER NORTON

I hope you had rent control on this place.

Tom checks the hallway as he closes the door.

TOM

Do you want a glass of water or something.

OFFICER NORTON

I'm fine.

TOM

Well?

OFFICER NORTON

I have good news and bad news.

TOM

I'll take the good news. Been a while since I had any.

Officer Norton takes the badges from his pocket and places them on the desk.

OFFICER NORTON

Traced the badge numbers. They belong to cops, just not in service. One's dead about five years, the others in a retirement home.

TOM  
That is good.

OFFICER NORTON  
Would it have made any difference  
to you if they were real?

TOM  
It would have altered my plans...  
considerably.

Tom paces. Relieved. He turns to look at Officer Norton.

TOM  
What's the bad news.

Officer Norton takes out a sketch of Tom and holds it up.

OFFICER NORTON  
They're looking for you.

Tom walks over and takes the sketch.

OFFICER NORTON  
Every agency in the state had  
received one of those.

Tom drops the sketch and paces.

OFFICER NORTON  
But that's not the really bad news.

Tom turns to see Officer Norton now pointing a gun at him.

OFFICER NORTON  
I made a couple of calls and  
well... Turns out...  
(beat)  
It's a lot of money...

TOM  
Not you too?

OFFICER NORTON  
Everyone has to stop running  
someday, Tom.

Officer Norton cocks his gun.

Tom moves his hand.

TOM  
You don't have to do this.

OFFICER NORTON

If it's the choice between a shit pension and this... Then yeah, I do.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door to Tom's apartment.

Sounds of a struggle inside. BANG! A gunshot rings out. BANG! Another shot and then nothing...

The door to Tom's apartment opens and Tom walks out without his bag of belongings.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Honor all but loses her life as she wakes up from a deep sleep.

Tom closes the door behind him. Peeks out the curtain, just to be sure.

HONOR

Are we leaving?

Tom turns to look at her.

TOM

Pack up your stuff.

Honor gathers what little she has left in the world and grabs the duffle bag.

TOM

Take this.

She examines the ticket. The single ticket.

HONOR

What... Where's yours?

TOM

You take this bus to Kansas. You don't wait for me or try to contact me.

HONOR

Wait. You're not coming. How will you find me?

(beat)

I don't understand.

Tom looks into her eyes and places his hands on her cheeks.

TOM

I won't. I don't want to know where you go from there. Just keeping moving for as long as you can. Don't ever come back or try to find me.

HONOR

I can't... No I won't. You can't leave me. I won't let you.

TOM

Listen to me. I've been running my whole life and you know where I've got?

He stares into her hurt, tear filling eyes.

TOM

Nowhere. I'm tired of running. I need to finish this.

HONOR

This is my choice.

TOM

This ain't ever going to end. They're never going to stop. You'll be looking over your shoulder for the rest of your life.

(beat)

That's no way to live. You're better than this.

HONOR

Take me with you... I...

TOM

No. Some good has to come of all this. I need to know you're safe. I can do this if you're with me. I can't protect you.

(beat)

Do this. Go and let me protect you.

She starts to cry and he places his forehead against hers.

HONOR

I'm so sorry.

TOM

So am I...

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Honor waves as she steps on a bus.

Tom sits on his bike and watches.

She walks to the back of the bus as it pulls away.

Tom waves and watches her leave.

As the bus disappears over the hill, Tom starts the bike and turns around.

He heads for a freeway and rides back to Cherry Falls.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Honor slides out her cellphone and flicks through some photographs and stops on one of Tom asleep on that motel bed.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom rides the bike past cars and trucks.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out those rosary beads.

Looks down at them in his hand and lets them fall to the road.

The beads are crushed under the wheels of a speeding semi.

EXT. ROAD - OUTSKIRTS OF CHERRY FALLS - DAY

A police cruiser sits on the road ahead.

Tom slows his bike and stops in front of the cruiser. Switches off the engine, but he doesn't get off.

Sheriff Donovan gets out of the cruiser and puts his hat on, as he walks towards Tom.

TOM

You sitting there since I left?

SHERIFF DONOVAN

One of my deputies said he passed you some miles back. Figured I'd come ask if your understood our last conversation?

(MORE)

SHERIFF DONOVAN (cont'd)

(beat)

You do realize what stay gone  
means, right?

He walks to the front of the bike and looks at Tom.

TOM

Change of plans.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

How much of a change?

TOM

Too early to say.

Tom fires up the bikes engine and revs it high.

Sheriff Donovan reaches for the keys and turns off the bike  
and puts his hand on his gun.

TOM

I came here to finish this.

(beat)

One way or another.

Sheriff Donovan pulls his gun and points it at Tom.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Just let me handle this.

(beat)

Please, Tom. Let me do my job.

Tom puts the bike on its stand and steps off.

TOM

You had your chance to do your job.

He walks past the Sheriff. Towards Town.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

There's been enough bloodshed.

Tom stops and looks at the Cruiser.

TOM

Time will tell...

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Honor stands in the middle of a bus station and looks up at  
a destination board on the wall. She browses over the  
selection of possible destinations and turns to look around.

People carry bags. Waiting on buses. Hugging. Talking. Getting ready to leave for good or just holiday.

She watches the numerous life events unfolding in front of him. But stands alone...

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Sheriff's cruiser drives slowly down the street.

Two MEN, 40's, sit sipping espresso's at a small table outside the restaurant.

The Cruiser parks at the sidewalk in front of the restaurant.

The passenger side window winds down.

One of the men puts down his cup and walks to the cruiser.

MAN #1  
How can I help you officer?

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Stan sits at a table and rips apart and over-sized lobster on the plate in front of him.

He bites down on the lobster and from his face it couldn't taste any better.

Stan's face and fingers are covered in lobster sauce as he reaches for a massive glass of red wine and washes it down.

Stan wipes his mouth and just spreads around the mess on it.

STAN  
(mouth full)  
Perfect.

SMASH!

That glass of wine falls from Stan's hand.

The main window of the restaurant explodes inwards as the Sheriff's cruiser crashes in and takes out several tables before grinding to a halt.

Stan looks on confused and shocked. A look of almost disbelief on his face.



He stands and tilts his head as he gestures at two MEN to check out the crashed vehicle.

The two Men approach the crashed car and draw their weapons.

Man #1 opens the driver's side door and points his gun only to see the two armed MEN from outside are inside the car and both are very dead.

Man #1 looks around and at Stan. Before he can get a word out.

BANG!

The back of his head explodes. He falls dead.

Man #2 swings around to see who fired and BANG! He is also shot... In the face!

Tom steps from the back of the car and looks across the room at Stan.

STAN

Somebody just fucking kill him!

Two more ARMED MEN, various ages and sizes but all ready for action, draw their guns.

One of the MEN #1 fires widely, spraying bullets all over the room. Hitting everything except Tom.

Tom slowly... calmly... takes aim and BANG! Shoots Man #1 square in the chest.

He turns as one of the other men, MAN #2 opens fire. Again shooting more in panic than aiming.

Tom aims. One shot. BANG! And hits Man #2 in the face.

Three more armed men enter.

Man #3 opens fire, he hits the wall and...

Tom is hit in the side and is spun around.

Stan now picks up one of the dead men's weapons.

STAN

Kill him!

Stan aims and shoots. Jammed. He struggles with the gun.

Man #3 smiles to himself and his smiles fades as he now notices Tom is wearing a Sheriff's issue kevlar vest.

Tom makes the most of the situation... doesn't slow. Just aims and BANG! Knock Man #3 onto his back. Dead!

Man #4 looks at Man #5.

The two remaining men turn too late as Tom walks to Man #4 and fires, point blank range. BANG! In the face. Man #4's head rocks back.

Tom turns to Stan no longer advancing but running away.

Tom aims at Man #5 and squeezes the trigger. Click! As His revolver hits a now empty chamber.

Tom throws his hand back and swings, throws that revolver with all of his might.

It hits Man #5 in the face with a SMASH! Sending his nose all over his face and several teeth out of his mouth.

Man #5 staggers back. STUNNED and in pain.

Tom rips Man #5's gun from his hands and fires it into Man #5's chest. BANG! BANG!

He picks up his own revolver and loads it from bullets in his pocket as he rapidly follows Stan from the building.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom closes the barrel of that revolver and aims it as he rushes from the door and BANG!

Stars and what looks like boots standing in front of him as he falls to the ground.

Tom's world goes dark...

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Tom opens his eyes. The room spins and is blurred.

He grabs his now broken nose and sits up.

Tom spits blood onto the floor and cracks his own nose back into place.

His eyes come into focus he sees he is locked in a holding cell.

Tom walks to the bars and grabs them in both hands.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan, with a plaster over a recently broken nose, walks past a JUNIOR DEPUTY, 22, at the main desk.

Sheriff Donovan takes a shotgun from the gun-rack.

JUNIOR DEPUTY  
You expecting trouble?

Sheriff Donovan looks up and at the young face of the Deputy as Kat enters. He turns to look at her.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
You can't be around here. Not today.

She stops and puts on her jacket.

KAT  
But I...

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
But nothing.

He looks around at others in the office.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
That's goes for all of you. I can't ask anyone to be here today.  
(beat)  
So once you're done what your doing, I want you all to clock out early and I'll be in touch...

He picks up the shotgun and walks to the main desk.

Sheriff Donovan takes the paperwork from the Junior Deputy.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Go home to your wife.

The Deputy lets go of the paperwork.

JUNIOR DEPUTY  
I-I'm not married.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Then go find one.

He pushes the Deputy from behind the desk.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Just go.  
 (beat)  
 All of you. OUT!

Kat and the other Deputies look at each other confused as they leave.

A voice shouts out from the holding cells.

TOM (O.S.)

What exactly is your plan here,  
 Mike?

Sheriff Donovan laughs to himself as he loads another weapon.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

I'll let you know when I have one.

Marshal Baker and Black walk through the main doors and looks confused at the others leaving.

MARSHAL BAKER

You called...

Sheriff Donovan walks over and hands her a shotgun and a box of shells.

MARSHAL BLACK

Did we miss something?

Sheriff Donovan walks to the window. His face drops...

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Shit!

The bathroom door opens and the Junior Deputy walks out. Still buckling his belt. The sounds of a flushing toilet from behind him.

Everyone turns to look at him.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

W-w-what?

SHERIFF DONOVAN

I thought I told everyone to leave?

The Junior Deputy fixes his belt and places his hand on the butt of his gun.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

Figured I'd s-stay.

Sheriff Donovan shrugs and puts on his hat.

STAN (O.S.)  
We need to talk!

Sheriff Donovan picks up one of the shotguns and walks to the door.

He grabs for the handle and stops.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
In case I don't come back...  
(beat)  
Don't let them in here.

Marshal Black looks around at the others.

MARSHAL BLACK  
Would someone please fill me the  
fuck in on what the fuck is going  
on?

Marshal Baker doesn't answer, just cocks that pump-action shotgun and tosses it to Black.

He looks at the weapon in his hands.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stan stands in the middle of the street. Several of his men stand behind him, all armed.

STAN  
I was beginning to wonder if anyone  
was in.

Sheriff Donovan walks up to Stan.

Stan gestures to one of his MEN, who walks up and drops two heavy black duffle bags.

STAN  
A million dollars. All you have to  
do it send him out and walk away.

Sheriff Donovan looks down at the bags and from his expression, he's even considering the offer.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I heard it was five million.

Stan smiles.

STAN

Can't believe everything you hear.

He waves his hand and one of his MEN walks up with two more bags and drops them.

STAN

But since we have a history and I know you have expensive tastes...

SHERIFF DONOVAN

I have to admit it's tempting.

(beat)

But no.

Stan's smile fades and he is genuinely shocked.

STAN

Don't be stupid.

He grabs Sheriff Donovan's arm. He rips away his arm.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

I'm not for sale. Neither is my prisoner.

STAN

You're making a real big mistake here.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Story of my life.

Sheriff Donovan looks around at the men and cocks that shotgun.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Now get off my street before I have you arrested for loitering.

Stan starts to shake his head. Furious is an understatement.

STAN

You're done, Sheriff! You hear me!

Sheriff Donovan walks backwards to the station house.

He backs into the station house and closes the doors.

STAN

Get everyone down here.

(beat)

And I mean EVERYONE!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan bolts the door and looks out one of the windows.

He puts down the shotgun and walks to the holding cells.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan enters to see a surprised Mike looking through the bars of a cell.

TOM

So you're going to hand me over to them?

Sheriff Donovan opens the cell door.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Don't tempt me.

He swings the door open and hands Mike a gun.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Because if I did, I think it might be the only good decision I've made lately...

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Tom follows Mike into the offices.

TOM

You don't need to do this. To get involved...

Marshal Baker looks at the shotgun in Tom's hand.

MARSHAL BLACK

You're sure that's a good idea?

Sheriff Donovan takes an automatic rifle from the gun rack and loads a magazine.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

I don't think good or bad has any place here today.

Marshal Baker loads her pockets with shells.

Sheriff Donovan cocks the rifle.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 Right now the only advice I have is  
 get ready because this is going to  
 get real ugly, real fast.

TOM  
 Well let's make sure whatever  
 happens, we don't make it easy for  
 them.

Sheriff Donovan hands a rifle to the young Deputy.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 Try not to shoot me.  
 (beat)  
 Please... I'm having a bad enough  
 day already.

The Young Deputy nods and swallows his spit.

Marshal Baker holds up her cellphone.

MARSHAL BAKER  
 No signal...

Sheriff Donovan walks to the desk phone and picks it up. No  
 dial tone.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
 Here we go...

Sheriff Donovan gets down low by a window as Tom takes  
 another window.

Out in the street several trucks arrive and MEN jump off to  
 join the others.

STAN (O.S.)  
 You have one hour. Send out the  
 prisoner or we come in and take  
 him!

Tom looks at Marshal Baker.

TOM  
 Please tell me you called for  
 backup?

Baker looks at Black.

MARSHAL BAKER  
 Someone didn't want to share the  
 arrest.



Black looks away...

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Fuck!

TOM

And fuck some more.

She checks her cellphone again. *Still nothing.*

SHERIFF DONOVAN

Unless they are...

MARSHAL BAKER

So what is the plan here?

TOM

Take as many of them with us as we can...

SHERIFF DONOVAN

And pray for a miracle.

Tom looks at Sheriff Donovan and they smile.

MARSHAL BAKER

Outstanding.

TOM

Hey at least it's something...

MARSHAL BAKER

Great fucking plan.

Tom looks at Baker.

TOM

You don't get to talk Mr. No backup.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The sun drops as darkness falls over the town.

STAN

Fuck the waiting.

He grabs an Uzi from one of his men and opens fire on the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Windows shatter and the interior is ripped to shreds.

Tom and Sheriff Donovan return fire.

Marshal Baker dives for cover as the wall beside her is riddled with bullets.

MARSHAL BLACK  
Jesus Christ!

Sheriff Donovan reloads and looks over at the Deputy.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
If we get over run, fall back to  
the cells.

TOM  
Where do we fall back from there?

Sheriff Donovan reloads and returns fire.

MARSHAL BAKER  
Great.

She checks her cellphone again. Still nothing!

Her phone is hit and explodes in her hands.

MARSHAL BAKER  
Fuck!

She crawls to one of the now smashed windows and returns fire with the others.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stan runs back to behind a truck as the MEN to both the left and right of him are hit.

Stan takes a weapon from one of the other men and returns fire, using the truck as cover.

STAN  
Move up. I want men in that  
building.

His Men look at each other.

STAN  
Work around from the back!

Several men using trucks as cover run towards the back of the station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Donovan spots the movement and aims at the running men.

He fires, one down and another. Suddenly he is hit and falls backwards.

TOM

Fuck!

Tom runs to him and drags him backwards through the room as bullets rip the stations to pieces from all sides.

TOM

Fallback!

He drags Sheriff Donovan backwards as a MAN comes through the front door.

Sheriff Donovan aims with his good arm and shoots. The Man falls dead.

Another Man crawls through a window.

TOM

Look out!

The Young Deputy swings around. Too late but the Man is shot by Marshal Baker who runs over and pushes the Deputy towards the cells.

MARSHAL BAKER

You get left behind, you stay dead!

(beat)

Move!

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES

The group back through the office area and reload as they move towards the holding cells.

Several MEN come through the doorway.

Tom cuts them down and holds them off.

TOM

Go!

The others move towards the cell as Tom swings an automatic rifle off his shoulder and empties the clip at the doorway on front of him. Clumsy but effective.

A blind shot hits him in the side and spins Tom around. Wounded but still standing.

He backs towards the cells and follows the others. Switching to the shotgun and firing as he goes.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Stan stands in the street and looks at the carnage around him. The station is shot to shit and there are bodies and wounded men everywhere.

STAN  
Pull everyone back.

One of the MEN looks at him, confused.

MAN #1  
But... we have them corned? There's  
no way out.

STAN  
I said pull everyone out.  
(beat)  
We'll burn them out.

He gestures at one of the MEN who grabs a gas canister from one of the trucks and walks to Stan. He hands him a flare. One of the other Men grabs another canister.

The Two Men walk into the station, protected by several of their comrades with guns.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Marshal Baker barricade the doors of the room with anything that moves as they back against a stone wall. Guns raised, ready for the final stand.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE AREA - DAY

One of the men tosses the remains of the gas canister over Sheriff Donovan's desk and leaves... quickly.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The remains of the MEN run through the front door of the Station House as Stan lights the flare and tosses it inside.

The Station House erupts in flames as the flare meets the floor covered in gasoline.

Stan watches the flames rise high into the night sky.

People in the nearby houses look through windows and open front doors.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Smoke pours in under the only door into the cells.

The Deputy sees it first.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

L-look!

He points at the door.

TOM

Fuck.

MARSHAL BAKER

What now?!

Sheriff Donovan looks around the room, even though he knows there is no way out.

Tom looks down at his wound and there's a lot of blood.

Before anyone makes a decision. Tom removes the barricade and opens the door to reveal the flames outside the cells.

TOM

We have to leave, unless you want to be the main course of this barbecue.

SHERIFF DONOVAN

They'll cut us to pieces.

Tom turns around.

TOM

Just me. Madsen gets what he wants he may still let you live.

Sheriff Donovan walks to Tom.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Or he might just kill us all.

Tom looks at the burning offices and back at his brother.

TOM  
We can't stay here, so it's chance  
worth taking.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
But either way you're dead.

TOM  
Not much of anything can stop that  
now.

He looks at the others.

TOM  
I don't want any more blood on my  
hands.  
(beat)  
Just let me do this.

Sheriff Donovan looks at the others and his burning station  
house and nods.

INT. OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

The flames are everywhere. They attempt to push through but  
it's unbearable. Impassable. They can't make it.

As they move back to the cells the Junior Deputy rips a fire  
extinguisher from the wall and tosses it into the flames.

He takes aims and BOOM! The extinguisher explodes and knocks  
a clear extinguished path through the flames.

Sheriff Donovan nods and smiles at the Deputy as they walk  
through the burnt offices towards the main doors.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tom leads the way as he helps Sheriff Donovan.

Everyone is choking as they walk from the burning station  
house.

By the size of the fire, they only had minutes left before  
they died in those flames.

Tom drops his gun and gets onto his knees.

MARSHAL BLACK  
What do we do now?

Marshal Baker drops her gun.

MARSHAL BAKER  
Follow their lead.

Baker drops his gun.

MARSHAL BLACK  
Well this is just fucking great.

Sheriff Donovan check his gun as he walks past Tom and puts himself between Tom and Stan's men.

TOM  
You don't need to do this.

Sheriff Donovan holsters his gun.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
Yeah, I do.

Stan walks to Sheriff Donovan. A wide confident smile on his face.

STAN  
We could have avoided this whole mess if you'd just let me have him.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I still can't...

Sheriff Donovan places his hand on his gun.

STAN  
Only one way this ends, Sheriff.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
I can't let you take him.

Stan walks to them, followed by his MEN. He raises his gun to Sheriff Donovan's face.

TOM  
Wait!

Stan cocks his gun as as Sheriff Donovan pulls his gun.

BANG! One of Stan's men shoots Sheriff Donovan in the gun hand.

His weapon falls as he screams in agony and grabs what is left of his hand.

Tom leaps to his feet and runs to his brother.

Stan aims his gun at the approaching Tom.

STAN  
Remember this is your mess,  
Sheriff.

SHERIFF DONOVAN  
No!

Stan turns to Sheriff Donovan.

STAN  
Who do you think you are?  
(beat)  
This is my town.

BANG! He shoots Sheriff Donovan in the head.

TOM  
Noooooooo!

Tom runs to his brother and dives onto his knees. Holds Mike's now dead head in his hands.

Whispers and looks from the Townsfolk who have gathered.

Shock on their faces.

Stan shakes his head and aims his gun at Tom's head.

TOM  
I'm going to kill you!

Stan shakes his head and laughs to himself.

STAN  
You still don't get it do you?

He cocks that gun and...

Several shots ring out. Shots from every direction.

Tom looks down at his own chest. Expecting to see blood.

Stan turns to see his men are ALL down and dead around him.

He is surrounded BY armed TOWNSFOLK.



STAN

What the hell do you think you're  
doing?!

He looks around at his dead men, with an expression of  
disbelief.

Tom looks Sheriff Donovan's now dead eyes.

MAN #1

(broken voice)

This is our town!

Stan walks towards the armed MAN and places his gun against  
the Man's head.

Tom closes his brother's eyes. He looks down at the blood on  
his hands. Not his own blood. His brother's blood.

STAN

I'll slaughter you all!

(beat)

Every one of you!

The Man closes his eyes and awaits his faith as Stan is  
struck from behind. Hard across the head!

Stan falls bleeding to his knees. Drops his gun and Tom  
picks it up. Tosses it away.

Tom's revolver again in his other hand.

Tom looks around at the faces of the armed people. All  
different ages and race. All armed with shotguns and hunting  
rifles.

STAN

I'll see you all you burn for this.

(shouts)

This is my town!

Tom stands over him and fights to get the smoke out of his  
lungs.

STAN

They won't hold me. I have money  
and money is everything. It's the  
only real power.

He looks around at the eyes of the people surrounding him.  
Defiant eyes.

STAN

(shouts)

I'll have everyone of you killed!

The townsfolk look at each other. All share the same expression of fear.

TOM

I had a dog when I was a kid. Loved him but like everything he got old and sick.

(beat)

My father always use to say, it's not fair to live in pain...

Tom raises his revolver.

TOM

He had the same look in his eyes as you do right now.

Stan grits his teeth.

STAN

Go fuck yourself...

Tom inspects the revolver. One shot left. He raises the gun to Stan's head.

TOM

This is how my brother should have handled you.

Tom looks around at the faces of the Townsfolk. As they back away. *Terrified.*

STAN

You haven't got the fucking balls...

BANG! He shoots Stan in the head.

Stan falls dead to ground. A look of disbelief forever frozen on his now dead face.

He looks down at Stan's dead body and drops his gun.

Tom turns around and raises his hands out in front of him.

TOM

Now you can take me in.

Marshal Baker looks past him at the body of Stan.

MARSHAL BAKER

For what?

Tom gestures at Stan.

Everyone turns around and looks at each other and just shake their heads.

MARSHAL BAKER

I don't think anyone saw anything.

Tom smiles and collapses to his knees.

MARSHAL BAKER

But I'm sure there will be Marshals who want to talk to you...

TOM

If I live, they can question me away.

Marshal Baker helps Tom to his feet.

MARSHAL BAKER

They can have you.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

W-what do we do about all t-this?

Tom looks over his shoulder.

TOM

You're the Sheriff now kid.  
(beat)  
You decide.

Tom tosses his brother's badge to the Deputy.

The Junior Deputy catches the badge and looks around at the mess.

Marshal Black walks up to him.

MARSHAL BLACK

Considering everything. I think that went pretty well.

The deputy looks down at that badge several times and back up at the mess on the streets.

He looks at Marshall Black who pats him on the back and walks away.

The deputy looks around at the burning police station... The bodies... The carnage...

Swallows his spit and pins the badge to his shirt.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

Sh-shit!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tom lies on a bed alone. A Deputy stands at the door.

He slowly opens his eyes and looks around the private room.

Tom's eyes roll as he tries to get up but someone pushes him back onto the bed. He tries to see their face as everything turns from blurry to dark.

Honor? He can't make out the face.

A sheet is placed over his head as he is bed is wheeled from the room.

HONOR

Stay down...

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom opens his eyes and looks up at the ceiling. Lights flash past. He is moving. On a gurney.

He removes that sheet.

Tom looks up to see who is pushing it. The Junior Deputy?

He can't make it out. Voices. Confusion. As his eyes roll again.

Black and Baker walk towards his room.

The Junior Deputy, now Sheriff leads them.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

S-s-sorry. I was told he was in that room...

(beat)

This is his room down here.

He points down the hall.

MARSHAL BLACK  
You sure this time?

Marshal Baker catches a glimpse of Honor and stops. She raises the baseball cap on Honor's head and...

Throws the sheet back over Tom's head.

She winks at Honor and pulls the cap back down.

Honor pushes that gurney even faster down that hall.

MARSHAL BAKER  
Hey wait up!

Honor stops dead in her track and turns around to see Baker was shouting at the others and not her.

She pushes the gurney out the main doors, trying to walk fast enough that she isn't breaking into a run.

FADE OUT.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Tom open his eyes, vision still blurred and looks around the back of the empty ambulance.

He tries to get up. He's weak and... Strapped down!

TOM  
What's. Whose doing thi...

Tom's eyes roll again and...

FADE OUT.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tom opens his eyes to see the ocean stretched out in front of him. He's in the front passenger seat.

The beautiful calm Pacific Ocean as seen from a coastal road.

Tom turns to see who is driving.

TOM  
Honor?  
(beat)  
How?

Honor glances over and smiles at him.

HONOR

About time you opened your eyes.

(beat)

I was starting to worry if I  
overdosed you or worse...

TOM

I thought I told you to run.

HONOR

Isn't that what we're doing?

He opens his mouth to reply and is distracted by the view as  
he glances out the window.

TOM

Beautiful isn't it?

Tom smiles to himself.

A look of peace on his face for the first time.

TOM

Yes it is...

The ocean stretches out as far as the eye can see.

The seas are calm and peaceful.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck drives along that empty, winding road to an  
unknown destination...

FADE TO BLACK.