

The Motorist

Part I of III
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1993

EXT CORNFIELD - PREDAWN

DRYING CORN SWAYS gently on a **CRUMPLED HILLSIDE**. An **OLD MAN'S VOICE**:

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Comes a time a man has to begin living his own life 'stead of trying to save everyone else's.
Most men are happy to die without discovering that. When I was oh, prob'ly ten-

We see an **OUTER WALL OF CORNSTALKS**. We stare into **THE CROP** point blank. **SKIES** in the headroom.'

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Nother boy and I recited some hand-me-down politics in the hall at school. Ideas of which were incompatible. State of war was declared between us. Boys. Full of dumb virility and unearned confidence.

EXT SOYBEAN FIELD - TWILIGHT

An expansive field of **SOYBEAN CHAFF** rolls into **THE DISTANCE**. Several **GIANT OAKS** sit isolated throughout **ROLLING HILLS**.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Met after school to settle our differences. We beat on each other for twenty-five minutes straight. Schoolmates in the field looking on. First howling for action. Then fell silent- Skin split, lips tore. No one would give.

EXT SOYBEAN FIELD - DAWN

We see a **WALL OF DRYING CORNSTALKS** running into the distance against a seam of **SOYBEAN CHAFF**. **AN OAK'S SILHOUETTE** in frame.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...We realized it was a draw; just shook hands and stopped. John and I were inseparable after that.

IMAGE: TWO POOR SCHOOLBOYS stand shoulder to shoulder, in **VICTORIAN BREECHES AND SUSPENDERS**, smiling impishly at us with gashed, bloody scalps and faces. One slaps his cap on his opposite hand, dusting it off. Reverberating, **STIFLED LAUGHTER** at us.

IMAGE: FEMALE SCHOOLMASTER in **BUTTON-UP CALICO DRESS**. Her hands go up to her mouth, eyes wide in shock.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Both served in the war. John beat Guadalcanal just to lay his bike down on sixty-one ten years on.

EXT HIGHWAY - GOLDEN HOUR

We see **A HIGHWAY** separating a **LARGE PLAIN** from **A MOUNTAIN RANGE**. A **VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE** lies in **SCRUB GRASS** beyond the far **HIGHWAY SHOULDER**. The suggestion of **A BODY** tangled underneath. The **MOUNTAINS** loom quiet behind.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...I think about him everyday. Bald spot on my scalp; stripe on my chin from his knuckles. The marks of encounter.

EXT FOREST - DAWN

DAPPLED GOLDEN SUNLIGHT falls on a **CRIMSON-BROWN FOREST FLOOR**. **TREES SPAN UP** from **PERVASIVE FALLEN LEAVES**.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Nothing unites men like shared suffering. Nothing commands their respect like a capacity for pain. Like a sawgrass man blooms in adversity.

EXT FOREST - DAWN

BACKLIT COTTONSEDGE FIBERS float on a **GOLDEN ARM OF LIGHT** that trickles toward us through a wall of **TALL, SHADOWED PINES**.

EXT FOREST GLADE - MORNING

A **MARMALADE-HUED MAPLE** blazes above a bed of **FIERY LEAVES** in **DEEP GREEN MEADOWGRASS**.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...John always did exactly what he thought was right. No hesitation. But something happens as you settle into your middle years- Those bein' the ones John never saw- You make exception to principle for those you love.

EXT CHAFF FIELD - MORNING

We see **CORN STUBBLE** stretching over the close **RIDGE** of **A HILL**. A **TREELINE**, soft in the background.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Passion for your own persuasions declines. You soften with no particular purpose. Begin to leave stones where they lie.

EXT PRAIRIE - AFTERNOON

We see **COCKSFOOT SWAYING** on **PRAIRIE LAND**.

OLD MAN'S (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Suddenly them hills you was born to die on are spanned with tall grass. You realize this wheel's turned over a few times before.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

We approach **A VICTORIAN FARMHOUSE** surrounded by **DRYING CORNFIELDS**. A **RED 1986 OLDS SEDAN** sits in the **DIRT DRIVEWAY**. **THE HOUSE** is isolated and **WEATHERED**. **OVERCAST SKIES**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

This room was updated in the early 1970's. **YELLOW PATTERNED WALLPAPER**. A set of **CURTAINS** blows subtly over a line of **WOODEN DOUBLE-HUNG WINDOWS**. A wooden **TABLE AND CHAIRS** sit at the back of the room against a **BAY WINDOW**. **COUNTERTOPS** messy with **PACKAGED FOOD** products, **COFFEE CANS**, and **DISHES**.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...As your years grow so do the stakes of confessing your sins.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

We **PEDESTAL UP** past the uppermost **STAIRS** of **A FLIGHT**, floored with **SCULPTURED CARPET**. **WE DOLLEY FORWARD** into **A BEDROOM**.

INT ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

We approach **A MATTRESS** that sits in the **NOOK** of a **COVED WINDOW PLATFORM** at the far end of the small, quaint room. **SLANTED WALLS** consume headspace above us where they meet a crouching **VICTORIAN CEILING**.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Might think your daughter'd look at you different. Would you reveal what you really know about your life. Every bit of who you are, and what you've done. Yeah. Most men are happy to die before suffering the humiliation of participating in their own feelings. But we all hear the labyrinth call.

We approach **A WOMAN** who sleeps beneath **THE WINDOW**. This is **ALEXANDRA**, 34. Remarkably beautiful and fit. Not by effort. Understated and modest in style.

We **PUSH IN** on Alexandra's face.

IMAGE: SNOWSCAPE, GOLDEN HOUR. We see a man's bokeh'd image, center-frame, walking in slow motion toward us. His shape implies military implements.

IMAGE: We stare into a crop of **GREEN CORNSTALKS**.

INT ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Alexandra stirs. Sits up slowly, wraps herself in the **QUILTS**. She looks out **THE WINDOW** through **GAUZE CURTAINS**.

Several beats.

Alexandra brings her legs over the side of **THE BED** and hesitates. Her eyes flit back and forth for a moment, wetting. Alexandra closes her eyes and **BREATHES DEEP**- She begins to shiver. She wraps herself in **A ROBE** and descends **THE STAIRS**.

As she descends her **BREATH BECOMES VISIBLE**. We hear sustained, **NEAR-IMPERCEPTIBLE RESPIRATION**.

ALEXANDRA

Gosh-dang!

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Alexandra adjusts **THE ROBE** on her body, sticking her hands in her armpits and pressing **it** to herself.

She goes into **THE KITCHEN**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - SAME

Alexandra sees **WINDOWS** cracked open several inches. She **CLOSES** them hastily, pressing down hard on the rails and **FASTENING** the **SASH LOCKS**. She **RUBS** her shoulders crosswise on the way back to the **LIVING ROOM**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Alexandra turns a **MERCURY THERMOSTAT DIAL** on **THE WALL**.

She turns toward **A BAY WINDOW** at the front of the room. We see **A RECLINER** stationed between the **WINDOW** and the **HEAVY WOODEN FRONT DOOR**. A **1940'S MILITARY PORTRAIT** of a **YOUNG MARINE** sits on a **SIDE TABLE** under a **WEATHERED BRASS LAMP**. A **BEAT UP PILLOW**, a **FOLDED QUILT**, a **SERVICEMEN'S FLAG**, and a **BASEBALL CAP** embroidered "**WWII VETERAN**" with several **MEDALS** attached - sit nestled against **THE ARMREST** where it meets **THE SEAT** of **THE RECLINER**.

Alexandra moves to **THE RECLINER** and nestles herself into the floor against it, breast to footrest. She lays her head down on folded arms in **THE SEAT**. She looks longingly through a set of **FRENCH DOORS** into an unseen distance, then takes the portrait in her hand.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, papa.

Someone **SNORTS** loudly. Alexandra raises her head and shoulders up from **THE SEAT**, turning to look in the opposite direction. We see **A STOCKY MAN** with a wiry shock of black hair lying asleep on a **FLANNEL SOFA**. This is **RODNEY**, 39. He faces the backrest on his side, abdomen expanding and contracting. Rodney disturbs himself **SNORING** and rolls over to face Alexandra, **SMACKING** his lips, still unconscious. A **LOUIS L'AMOUR PAPERBACK** that rests split open on his rotund torso rolls off his person, bouncing off a **SOFA CUSHION** and onto **THE FLOOR**, a **DOG-EARED PAGE** revealed momentarily, then gone. **POPCORN CRUMBS** tumble from the breast of his pocketed short-sleeve cotton tee shirt, landing on the **SOFA** and **SCULPTURED CARPET**.

Alexandra looks on Rodney with pity.

A beat.

Alexandra moves into the kitchen and puts **A KETTLE** on. **FLAMES** lick steel on the **GAS STOVE** as Alexandra takes **A SEAT** at the **KITCHEN TABLE**.

INT KITCHEN - SAME

Alexandra stares off, face glazing over.

IMAGE: We race under **MATURE SOYBEANS** drenched in **GOLDEN SUN**. **RODNEY** stands in the crop looking away from us.

IMAGE: We back out from a mid-sized **AUTUMN MAPLE**, glistening in **SUNLIGHT**.

A beat.

The **KETTLE SOUNDS**.

Alexandra's eye-line flutters as she revisits something in her mind's eye. Rodney's **SHAPE** appears soft, aft frame. His blurry figure approaches **THE STOVE** where he **FLICKS** the **GAS OFF**. As **WHISTLING** slowly dissipates, Alexandra's eyes move around the side of her head, subconsciously acknowledging Rodney.

RODNEY

You still going to the broker?

Alexandra rotates her head slightly to one side in acknowledgement of the question without turning. She nods, then glances down at **BI-FOLDED DOCUMENTS** on the **DINING TABLE** to her right.

Rodney leaves the room.

Alexandra **SIGHS**.

She stands up and moves to **THE STOVE**. She places **A BLEACHED PAPER FILTER** into a **STEEL PERCOLATOR**, spoons **GROUND COFFEE** in from **A SNAPLID CAN**, and decants **STEAMING WATER** into **THE PERCOLATOR** from **THE KETTLE**.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alexandra appears through the **FRONT DOOR** holding a **STEAMING TRAVEL MUG**. She stops, looks up, and pauses, staring almost right at us.

POINT-OF-VIEW

Our view moves in a subtle **FORWARD DOLLEY**, approaching a **WALL OF DRYING CORN** across **THE DIRT ROAD**.

Reverse on Alexandra, perplexed by **THE CROP** as it **SWAYS** in **THE WIND**.

A beat.

She comes to, turns and walks into **THE DRIVEWAY**. She gets into **THE OLDSMOBILE**. **THE IGNITION SOUNDS** as she turns **THE KEYS**. **WHITE REVERSE SIGNALS LIGHT**. **THE VEHICLE** backs out of **THE DRIVEWAY** into **THE DIRT ROAD**.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD - SAME

DAPPLED SUNLIGHT falls on a rolling, brown **COUNTRY ROAD**, **BOUGHS OF GREEN AND GOLD LEAVES** swaying in **THE BREEZE**, some fluttering to the forest floor. **THE OLDSMOBILE SKATES** by.

INT OLDSMOBILE - DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Alexandra applies **MASCARA** to her lashes while driving, using the flip down **SUNSHADE MIRROR**. She keeps one eye on the road.
She hesitates for a moment and stares past the windshield, driving on autopilot, wet **MASCARA BRUSH** idle, midair in one hand, **STEERING WHEEL** in the other.

IMAGE: A steel **SERPENT AND STAFF** hangs, jangling against the veneer on the **OLDSMOBILE DASH**, from Alexandra's keys in the ignition.

IMAGE: "Saint Mary's ICU"

We hear **A VOICE** in Alexandra's head; her eyes and face betray consternation.

GLASS (V.O.)

It's too late.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

You can't have been that bad. You're a sweet old man.

GLASS (humored) (V.O.)

Let's maintain that impression.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

No... Tell me.

GLASS (V.O.)

My yarns aren't for the faint of heart.

ALEXANDRA

I'm an intensive care nurse. I ain't faint of heart.

We enter Alexandra's memory.

INT INTENSIVE CARE DORM - NIGHT

Close on **MR GLASS**, 62. He looks older due to a life of heavy drinking.
A beat while Glass decides Alexandra's fate.
Glass looks at us with clairvoyant, penetrating eye-contact.

GLASS

For fifty years my only thought was my next drink. I've done... Horrible things, Alexandra.

ALEXANDRA (sheepishly aggressive; pushing herself)

Like... Like what?

A beat while Glass breathes deep through the nose and sighs slow.

GLASS

Well... Christmas 71... woke up in a barmaids bed to her lineman wailing on the front door. He'd gotten surprise leave and didn't appreciate my truck in his lawn or the yuletide cheer i was spreading in his sheets. Shot through the window and rolled my ankle on the landing. Heard his boots clomp in above, snap of his belt and lamps crashing, her body smacking walls like a sack of potatoes. She was gonna die that day.

My head was pounding. I stumbled to the porch but he'd slipped the bolt. I caught birdshot through the door before it swung free. Then he was standing over me with a break action, swapping to buckshot.

He stood too close. Put a hoof in his shin and he came down.

Grabbed a paring knife from a chair close by and caught him a couple times in the abdomen-
He was cornfed and that just made him mad.

He tossed me against the siding and put a steeltoe in my chest, my ribs cracking like roman candles.

I managed to pull one of his pylons of out from underneath him again, and we rolled off the porch in a heap. He took the fall hard on his head; I only had seconds.

I knew if he got up he'd kill us both. Shot rang out and slapped back off the barn like a falling gavel. Dragged him in the crop and buried him. Put the roses he'd brought her in his grave.

Wife and kids were waiting round the tree at home the whole time.

We cleaned things up quietly. People knew she stepped out. They thought he'd finally left her.
House flooded later on and was condemned. Cant stop water from finding a low place.

INT OLDSMOBILE - AFTERNOON

Alexandra drives with a deadened look on her face.

Still preoccupied by her thoughts, she finishes a french braid in the **FLIPDOWN MIRROR**, **CLAPS THE SUNSHADE** shut, **EXITS THE VEHICLE** and enters a **BROKER'S OFFICE**.

INT BROKER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

An attractive **RECEPTIONIST** sits at the **FRONT DESK**.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon miss. How can I help you?

ALEXANDRA

I have an appointment with Mr. Robertson. I'm a few minutes late, I'm sorry.

A man blows into **THE LOBBY**. This is **ROBERTSON**, 39. **A CUSTOMER** he has just helped saunters past.

ROBERTSON

Miss Barker?

ALEXANDRA

Yes sir.

ROBERTSON

You look radiant. How you today?

They shake hands.

ALEXANDRA

I'm alright.

ROBERTSON

Have your paperwork?

ALEXANDRA

Yes sir.

ROBERTSON

Come on back!

Robertson leads Alexandra back toward a three-pane, glass-walled **SIDE OFFICE**.

ROBERTSON

Can I get you a beverage? Pepsi, Minute Maid, coffee?

ALEXANDRA

Oh, shoot-

Our view follows Alexandra through the **GLASS WALL** as she moves back to the **RECEPTION DESK**. She retrieves her **COFFEE MUG**. Robertson frowns impatiently while her back is turned, then beams his pearly-whites as she turns back toward him. She points at her retrieved **COFFEE MUG** and he winks in acknowledgment.

ROBERTSON

Looks like you've got it covered. Banana bread?

ALEXANDRA

No thanks.

ROBERTSON

Milano cookie?

ALEXANDRA

Oh, no, thank you.

They move into **THE OFFICE**.

ROBERTSON

Donut? Coffee cake? Swiss Roll?

Alexandra's blushes and opens her mouth but can't seem to find the words. Her ability to politely decline has waned.

ROBERTSON

Forgive me Alexandra- I pawn this stuff every chance I get! If I keep letting these women stock the cupboards... Between Little Debby and my wife's casseroles I might have to have a foot amputated.

Alexandra forces a smile for Robertson's benefit. She looks brittle during the familiarities. They sit.

Alexandra looks at **THE FLOOR**.

ALEXANDRA

I actually watched one of them last week.

It's as though she doesn't realize she's speaking out loud.

Robertson looks up slowly at Alexandra from **DOCUMENTS** he's **THUMBING** with a dumb look on his face. Alexandra realizes what she said. Robertson opens his lips as if to speak, but refrains. **A CRINKLE** as he deftly slips **A PEPPERMINT** into his mouth from a **CELLOPHANE WRAPPER** that seems to have spontaneously materialized in his hand. He smiles at her with big teeth. He closes his lips, still smiling, waiting.

Robertson is dressed above his paygrade. **GOLD CUFFLINKS, TAILORED THREE-PIECE SUIT, POCKET SQUARE, TAPERED SHIRT, COIFFED HAIR, LEATHER SHOES, GOLD TIE CLIP.**

ALEXANDRA

Continuing education up at K.U. Them buildins are so tall in the city.

ROBERTSON

Oh right!

He **CLAPS** and extends his whole arm at Alexandra with his finger pointed.

ROBERTSON

Nurse! I'm sorry Miss Barker, I remember now.

ALEXANDRA (embarassed)

You know, I think I would like a little water.

ROBERTSON (slick)

Your wish is my command darlin'.

Robertson leaves the room. Alexandra **TAPS** her foot and curls her lips up. Her knee moves rhythmically up and down. She sips her **COFFEE**. She cranes her neck and looks curiously at the pretty Receptionist up front through **THE GLASS**.

She looks the other way at a framed **MOTIVATIONAL POSTER** that says "**DARE TO SOAR; Attitude determines altitude.**"

She **WHICKERS**, then quickly suppresses.

ROBERTSON

Here you are miss!

Robertson sets a **PAPER JAZZ CUP** in front of her.

ALEXANDRA

Thank you.

ROBERTSON

How much money do you have saved Alexandra?

ALEXANDRA

About six thousand dollars.

ROBERTSON

How much do you owe creditors?

ALEXANDRA

Bout the same. My big brother got in trouble with the law awhile back.

ROBERTSON

I'm so sorry to hear that Alexandra. But I have good news!

ALEXANDRA

Oh?

ROBERTSON

We can roll that debt into the loan; put more money in your hand at closing.

ALEXANDRA

Oh.

ROBERTSON

How much of that six-thousand are you willing to spend?

ALEXANDRA

Well, I don't know, I-

ROBERTSON

Are you willing to spend all of it?

ALEXANDRA

Well-

ROBERTSON

You're not gonna spend any of it Miss Barker. You can keep that six-thousand and still refinance today. How does that sound?

Alexandra lights up, looking genuinely hopeful for the first time we've seen.

ALEXANDRA

Really?

ROBERTSON

The bricks and sticks of your home are the assets that appreciate. The frame. The land. You know what your equity does for you sitting in your home?

Alexandra shakes her head.

ROBERTSON

Nothing. Know what the wealthy do with their properties?

ALEXANDRA

No.

ROBERTSON

They finance them- A home loan is your sole defense from the government's rampant taxation.

The bigger the loan, the better- We roll everything in- Credit cards, auto loans, etcetera- Consolidate your debts into a single monthly payment, you keep your savings and we boost your liquid assets. Can even take that six-grand and treat yourself to a nice vacation while you're payment free. Hard working nurse like you deserves it. So what do you say Alexandra?
Yes or yes?

ALEXANDRA

Well it all sounds a little fantastic. But I do need this payment reduced.

ROBERTSON

Yes you do Alexandra. Just make plans for that six-grand you're keeping during those two free months.

ALEXANDRA

How can you give two months free?

ROBERTSON

Broker's magic.

ALEXANDRA

It doesn't make sense.

ROBERTSON

Well... We roll em into the principal, truth be told.

ALEXANDRA

Ain't that just the same as payin' em?

ROBERTSON (relaxed, casual, mirroring alexandra's energy)

Sharp girl. It's cheaper actually, cause we're gonna slash the interest.

ALEXANDRA

Oh. Ok.

ROBERTSON

Ok. Let me rifle through this packet real quick. Title's in your father's name?

ALEXANDRA

Yes, Abel Barker.

ROBERTSON

And he's signed a quit-claim deed?

ALEXANDRA

Yes.

ROBERTSON

And what do you make per year?

Alexandra hesitates a moment and **SWALLOWS**. Her **VOICE CRACKS** a little. Robertson looks up and squints with shark eyes at Alexandra while she's looking away.

ALEXANDRA

About fifteen-thousand dollars, before tax. I work at St. Mary's near Clio.

ROBERTSON

That the little hospital by one-eighteen?

ALEXANDRA

Yes!

ROBERTSON

My granddad passed there a few years ago.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, I'm sorry.

ROBERTSON

Oh, not at all. He was scarce. Hell of a business man, though.

ALEXANDRA (pondering)

Wait- Not Chet Robertson??

ROBERTSON (excited)

That's the old coot!

ALEXANDRA

He was in my unit! Sly old man. Always talkin bout duck huntin.'

ROBERTSON

Crack shot. Trained hounds to boot.

ALEXANDRA

Mmm. I lost my granddad too. Few years back.

Silence.

Robertson looks up at Alexandra and waits.

ALEXANDRA

Papa'd held the family together a long time. His presence was kinda like a warm cloak falling on you as you entered the house, almost pushin you down heavy in your seat. He wouldn't even have to talk. He'd just look at you from his chair with his big watery eyes and half-smile. Like he knew everything about you. Every thought, wish and fear. Everything felt so big when he was in the house. Walls taller, rooms wider.

IMAGE: Papa Tom beams at us from his **RECLINER**.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

When he passed it was like a boat suddenly kicked off the beach. There was this new sense of permanence to the sojourn of life. No return. Never had that feeling before. I never felt older than a little girl. I had troubles, but I always found the bright side. Just wasn't one to him leaving. He passed suddenly in the night. Was never even sick. Two wars couldn't kill him... I seen how rough my brothers was with each other as kids. It's like men hit their friends and call it a joke.

Papa musta seen some terrible things given how savage the world was in his time. But somehow all that violence made him... gentler.

Alexandra hesitates before the word "gentler," emoting a sense of surprise at the unexpected word, as well as the result her grandfather's experiences had on his character.

IMAGE: We see **PAPA TOM**, 84 in his recliner in the **BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM**. He fades away and we pan to see Rodney sleeping on **THE SOFA** like an orphan.

IMAGE: Shot of **YOUNG PAPA TOM**, 55, with **CHILD ALEXANDRA**, 5, cradled to his chest in one arm as he speaks to someone in the **BARKER FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM**. Child Alexandra turns her head, away backward over his shoulder toward us with her finger idly in her lips. We catch her gaze.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

...I don't know why I'm tellin' you all this.

ROBERTSON

I'm very sorry for your loss Alexandra. I'm sure your grandfather'd be pleased to know the house is in good hands and you're keeping your savings. He would want you to be well-taken care of.

Alexandra straightens up a little, embarrassed. Robertson's response sobers her. He quickly **RIFLES** through Alexandra's **DOCUMENT PACKET**.

ROBERTSON

Sturdy payment record! Alexandra, I want you to think about your dreams. If you could have anything in the world right now, what would it be?

ALEXANDRA

Anything?

ROBERTSON

If all was right in the world, darlin.'

ALEXANDRA

I'd go about twelve years into the past and stop time.

Robertson doesn't know what to say.

INT DEN - NIGHT - CIRCA 1981

In a **DARK ROOM**, we see **A YOUNG MAN**'s arm pull an **LP** off **A SHELF**. **GOLDEN INCANDESCENT LIGHT** spills in from an adjacent room, lighting **HIS SHAPE** dimly. We see his clothes in the dark from sternum to sacrum as he walks over to a **CONSOLE**, opens it, slips the **VINYL** from its **PAPER SLEEVE**, **FLIPS IT** once in the air and **CATCHES IT** with gusto, then sets it carefully in the **STACKING SPINDLE** of a **GARRARD 210 RECORD PLAYER**.

He adjusts the **FOUR-SPEED SWITCH** then **COCKS** the **REJECT LEVER**. The **TURNTABLE** begins **REVOLVING**. The **RECORD** is mechanically **DROPPED** onto it. The automatic **TONE-ARM** hovers over top and drops, **STYLUS STRIKING VINYL**.

We hear **SCRATCHING**, **WHITE NOISE**, and **ANALOG SPEAKER HUM** as we see the butt of the Young Man's **RELAXED-FIT JEANS** beneath the bottom hem of a **WHITE COTTON TEE**.

MUSIC CUE: "A Change is Gonna Come" by "Sam Cooke"

The **YOUNG MAN, 18**, begins walking away from the **CONSOLE** chase view. The velvet sonic swell of **STRINGS** carries him across the **CARPET** and up a **SINGLE STEP** through a set of open **ANTIQUÉ FRENCH DOORS** and into a **LIVING ROOM** with **BROWN SCULPTURED SHAG**, our view widening as it follows. The **DIN OF VOICES GROWS LOUDER**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

We are in the quaint **BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM** again. **DIFFERENT**

WALLPAPER. Several of the same **ARTICLES OF FURNITURE** we saw prior with lighter wear. Others settings swapped entirely.

PAPA TOM, 70 sits in **THE RECLINER** on the left. A huge **SPRUCE TREE** stands past him in the **BAY WINDOW** cove, dressed with **GLASS BULBS** of many colors, **COTTON SNOWFLAKES, STRING LIGHTS, NOVELTY ONE-OFFS** and **SILVER TINSEL.** The **YOUNG MAN** pauses, standing in front of Papa Tom. They smile subtly at each other. The Young Man looks wryly at his grandfather, like they share a secret. The old man beams benevolently back.

PAPA TOM (cryptic)

You know, sad music is like scotch, son. A luxury for those who can afford it.

Papa Tom winks.

YOUNG MAN (playful jab)

Well I guess I can afford it... Old man.

Papa Tom's countenance beams with pleasure as his grandson insults him.

The Young Man's eyes turn down. Still smiling, he continues over to **THE SOFA**, adjacent. The Young Man sits against the corner of **THE SOFA** closest to **THE TREE** and sprawls across it like he owns it- Legs stretched out over adjacent seats. The Young Man watches the scene with a look of quiet pleasure on his face, almost as though he isn't there. His poise is mythical, like that of a passive observer or guardian angel.

THREE WOMEN burst through the front door carrying **GIFT BAGS** and **WRAPPED PRESENTS**, barely acknowledging The Men in the **LIVING ROOM** as they file past excitedly. The Men look up, smiling. The Three Women dart past a **TELEVISION CONSOLE** that sits against **THE STAIRWELL**, through the **DINING ROOM ARCHWAY** into the **BARKER FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM.** They toss **GIFT BAGS AND BOXES** onto the **LARGE DINING TABLE** en passant as they continue through the **KITCHEN DOORWAY** into the **BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN** where **YOUNG JOANNE CLEMENS, 43** and **YOUNG ARLETTA BARKER, 41** are speaking over the small **KITCHEN DINING TABLE.** **YOUNG ALEXANDRA BARKER, 20** tends some baking. The kitchen is lit only by the **WARM LIGHT** of the **STOVE HOOD** as the women **TALK** and **MILL ABOUT** in the dark.

CONVERSATIONS and **DEBATES** are had. **WISECRACKS. LAUGHTER.**

LITTLE ROD, 5 saunters into the **LIVING ROOM** from the **PORCH THRESHOLD** clumsily, blinded by **FOUR ORNATELY WRAPPED GIFTS** stacked up in his tiny arms.

PAPA TOM (quietly to the child)

Comere little Rod.

Little Rod sheepishly moves to his grandfather. Sleight-of-hand, Papa Tom shoves four **GOLD CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED BUTTERSCOTCHES** into Little Rod's flannel **BREAST POCKET**.

PAPA TOM (winking)
Don't tell yuh mama.

Little Rod grins innocently at his grandfather.

Papa Tom grins back at the child and points him toward **THE KITCHEN** where the women have congregated.

JOANNE (hollering from the other room)
Somebody help that child!

PAPA TOM (hollering back)
He's got it just fine!

Papa Tom pats Little Rod on the behind, sending him into the **DINING ROOM** where he sets **THE PRESENTS** down.

MICHAEL BARKER, 26, enters. He beams an angelic smile.

PAPA TOM
Michael! When will you reveal the secrets of life to these shortsighted fools?

Michael mutters some happy gibberish, mustering these distinguishable words:

MICHAEL BARKER
Oh, yeah, right.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

JoAnne nods toward the **LIVING ROOM** at the Young Man.

JOANNE (to Alexandra)
Go give that boy my Elvis record baby.

Joanne grabs **AN ALBUM** off **THE KITCHEN TABLE** and hands it to Alexandra, smiling a wily smile.

ALEXANDRA
You know he ain't gonna listen. Ain't nothin he's more picky 'bout than song.

JOANNE
Don't gimme no lip little one. You tell him to mind his elders.

Joanne winks. She is half kidding.

Alexandra rolls her eyes and moves to the **LIVING ROOM** with **THE VINYL** and sits on **THE SOFA** next to the Young Man.

ALEXANDRA

Aunt Joanne wants you to play this.

The Young Man takes the **LP** out of Alexandra's hands and inspects it. He pulls the **VINYL** partially out of **THE COVER** in its **PAPER SLEEVE**. He smirks.

YOUNG MAN

She can wait.

Alexandra smiles. She lounges back and lays her head against the Young Man's shoulder. He puts his arm around her and rubs the ball of her shoulder briefly with affection. The Young Man looks down at her and smiles, then gazes down **THE HALLWAY** through the dark at the throngs of people gathering, still smiling as **SAM COOKE** continues playing.

Wide on the whole room, **TREE**, Papa Tom, Young Man, Alexandra, **STACKED PRESENTS, OLD-FASHIONED WALLPAPER, BIG DARK OAK MOULDINGS, COVE-BORDERED PLASTER CEILINGS.**

Papa Tom has fallen asleep in **THE RECLINER.**

Close on the Young Man and Alexandra. The frame tightens slowly on the Young Man's face. He stares happily through the empty **DINING ROOM** at **THE CROWD** in **THE KITCHEN** for a beat. His eyes squint at something that seems to have appeared at a distance before him. His face emotes curiosity, surprise, wonder, and then fear. We do not see the object of his gaze.

Close on Alexandra, who has fallen asleep against the Young Man's chest with her mouth agape, a **BIT OF DROOL** wetting his **SHIRT.**

HARD CUT TO INT BROKERAGE - AFTERNOON

END MUSIC CUE

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Did you..... Have any questions?

Alexandra snaps out of her reverie suddenly.

ALEXANDRA

How'd y'all get my number?

ROBERTSON

We're a preferred lender of State Trust; They own your father's mortgage. Due to our exemplary origination reputation, we're authorized to share new opportunities with their clientele any time. Anything else?

ALEXANDRA

I guess not.

ROBERTSON

We'll call anytime y'hear? We'll do whatever it takes to lower your rate.

ALEXANDRA

Ok.

They stand.

ROBERTSON

It's been my pleasure Alexandra. Have a wonderful evening! I'll speak with you tomorrow.

Robertson smiles big. Alexandra smiles back. They shake hands. She walks out of **THE OFFICE**.

A woman is standing over a **STACK OF MANILA FOLDERS** in another office. Her eyes flick up for a moment and catch Alexandra's as she walks out. Alexandra smiles. The woman manufactures a return. This is **TAMMY**, a fit, attractive blonde of 36. She is dressed in a **PALE-PINK PLAID FLEECE BUTTON UP SKIRT-SUIT** that accentuates her figure.

Tammy comes into Robertson's office and sits on the desk facing Robertson, legs crossed.

TAMMY

Who was that?

ROBERTSON

Alexandra Barker.

TAMMY

Know her from somewhere?

ROBERTSON

High school, though she certainly don't remember me. Never suffered her peers. She's always been easy on the eyes, though.

TAMMY

If you've a taste for the podunk farm-girl. "Scuse me mister, could I trouble you with my wares?
Would you care for some fresh cowsmilk?"

Robertson laughs.

ROBERTSON

I'll give you somethin' to milk.

Tammy uncrosses her legs.

TAMMY

You mind your words with me, now.

Tammy pantomimes felatio, pressing her tongue protrusively into the flesh of her cheek in rhythm with an oscillating hand.

ROBERTSON

Maybe I'll shack up with her. Show her the benefits of a two income household.

He smirks.

TAMMY (brazen)

Why not, she's awful cute.

The Receptionist comes into **ROBERTSON'S OFFICE** looking toward Alexandra as she crosses **THE LOBBY** to exit.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh my god, was that Alexandra Barker?

Alexandra turns to look back at Robertson, notices the women, and sheepishly waves, smiling innocently, in earnest. Robertson beams at her. The two women wave and smile at Alexandra without missing a beat.

ROBERTSON

It most certainly was.

Alexandra exits.

RECEPTIONIST

I don't think I've seen her in ten years.

ROBERTSON

Doubt she ever comes out of that godforsaken house.

TAMMY

And what pray tell made the dear lord forsake her home?

ROBERTSON (indignant)

That house should've been paid off in the 70's. Her old man auctioned his acreage like a retard. You'da thought he'da paid the home off outright when he done that. 'Stead he left town with sizeable unpaid debts. Plenty of principal and a lien.

Robertson's head rests against his hands in his reclined **CASTORED OFFICE CHAIR**, his feet up on **THE DESK**.

TAMMY

How you know all that you creep?

She shoves Robertson and his **SWIVEL CHAIR** tips, nearly dumping him. He knocks backsideways against **THE WALL**, panics briefly, then recovers, a little annoyed.

ROBERTSON (smugly)

Due diligence. Salesman's job to know his leads. You'd be surprised how easy it is to case a stranger. Tax and zoning documents, deeds of sale. All public records. Hell maybe I should've been a P.I. Seems like greasy work, though.

Robertson's posture is reclined once again, feet up, leaning back in his **CHAIR**.

TAMMY

Yeah wouldn't wanna smudge your cufflinks baby boy.

RECEPTIONIST

Whatever happened to the younger one after he went in the service?

Robertson and Tammy shrug and shake their heads, shrugging, as if to say "Who?"

RECEPTIONIST

Used to race cars. Big in town when we was kids.

TAMMY

Fly? *Her* brother?

Robertson squints. He can't recall.

RECEPTIONIST (sarcastic jazz-hands, seeing Robertson hasn't caught up)

Hot rods and fisticuffs.

Robertson's eyes flutter a little to the side in her direction.

ROBERTSON (surprised)

The Motorist?

The Receptionist nods.

Robertson looks through the floor jogging his memory.

ROBERTSON (humored)

Surprised he's from the same home.

TAMMY

Whole town loved him to pieces. Gave it all up for a spook. Took a plea deal and enlisted.

Robertson raises his eyebrows.

ROBERTSON

Hmph.

RECEPTIONIST

He'd roast sixty-one up to Clio most nights between Jones and Hampton's fields. They'd excuse the hollerin' tires on account of he'd whoop out-of-towners, send 'em back whea'they come from.

Robertson leans back in his **CHAIR**, feet on **THE DESK**, **SWIVELING** listlessly back and forth with his neck cradled in his hands, cocking his head slightly. He looks pompous like Clyde Barrow.

ROBERTSON

Jones & Hampton... So the Barkers knew some money?

TAMMY

Maybe him. Didn't know he was related to the little corn wench.

ROBERTSON

What was his name?

TAMMY

Never heard his Christian name. Called him Fly or Motorist. But you know what Clyde?

Robertson

What?

TAMMY

He was easy on the eyes.

ROBERTSON (smirk)

Runs in the family I guess. Knew of him. Never knowed 'eem.

TAMMY (sarcastic, aggressive)

You known *any* man? You're not an adulterer *and* a faggot?

Robertson's eyes fill with bitterness, but he sells himself calm.

ROBERTSON (ignoring her)

That family's always had this air about 'em. Kind of otherworldly pride. Like they know'd somethin' everyone else don't. No money, no connections. Alexandra coulda married any man she wanted. Oldest was in my class. Four-eyed gorilla who loved fancy words. Use'ta trade him cigarettes for homework. He's a complete fuckin' loser. Fries donuts at Winn Dixie.

Robertson **BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER. THE GIRLS** quickly join in. His composure hardens again.

ROBERTSON

You pay your dues or end up like that riff-raff.

Robertson has a slight belly but is handsome.

TAMMY

No charmed life they've lived huh?

ROBERTSON

No... But you know what?

TAMMY & RECEPTIONIST

What?

ROBERTSON

I don't one bit mind making a fat commission offa them tramps.

They all **LAUGH.**

EXT SWISS ALPS - MIXED DAYLIGHT

Wide on an **IMPOSING, SNOWY MOUNTAIN RANGE.**

The **BROAD, GNARLED STONE FACE** of a **HAZARDOUS MOUNTAIN- DARK IN FRONT, HALOED BY SUN.**

BEGIN SHORT MONTAGE

Heavy, moody shots of deep contrast between **MOUNTAINS** and **SKIES.**

END MONTAGE

EXT MOUNTAIN AIRSTRIP - LATE AFTERNOON

A **CESSNA 172** glides in from **THE SKY** and **ROLLS** to a stop on a **UTILITY AIRSTRIP** at the crest of a **BROAD, SNOWY MOUNTAIN SHELF.** The **AIRSTRIP** appears crude and ill-used. It is partially covered with **SNOW.**

MOTORIST, an athletic male of 32 opens the **COCKPIT** and descends from the **PLANE** to the **TARMAC.** His clothes are **BONE WHITE.**

Close on Motorist's face from nose to brow. **SUBTLE DOLLEY BACKWARD.**

He scans the **MOUNTAIN RANGE**, standing next to **THE PLANE.**

Motorist looks long into **THE DISTANCE**, then toward **A SMALL OUTBUILDING** at the far end of the **RUNWAY.**

He walks to the **CLIFFSIDE.**

Motorist raises a pair of **BINOCULARS** and examines the **MOUNTAIN RANGE** carefully. We see many **MOUNTAIN PEAKS**, still immense at telephoto range, some protruding through a thick, expansive **BLANKET OF FOG.**

WIND HOWLS quietly.

Close on Motorist's face.

Motorist lowers the **BINOCULARS** and his eyes scan the surroundings intently, one side to another.

His eyeline snaps to something in the distance and he raises the **BINOCULARS** again. We see an intimidating **MOUNTAIN PASS** at telephoto range through the **LENSES.**

Motorist returns to the **PLANE.** He retrieves a **SHEAF OF PAPERS** from the **COCKPIT.** He unfolds **A MAP.**

A MAP

The **TOPOGRAPHICAL GRAPHIC** shows six **BOLDLY MARKED CROSSHATCHES** annotated at short distances from one another at various landmarks.

Motorist looks back and forth between the **MOUNTAIN PASS** and **THE MAP.**

He slides **THE MAP** aside. **A LETTER** is revealed with **A PHOTO** of the **AIRSTRIP.**

THE LETTER

"Airstrip is a high-altitude maintenance pad for utility pylons straddling the range at 4000 meters prior to penetrating the franco-swiss border.

Property of the SFC.

Clement weather + nap of earth flight may permit an unsanctioned landing within 21 kilometers of POI.

Coordinates of interest marked.

Godspeed,

D.”

Motorist returns to **THE PLANE**. He retrieves **TWO HEAVY OBLONG SATCHELS** from a **CARGO COMPARTMENT** in the **FUSELAGE**.

He places them on **THE TARMAC**.

He **DIGS** deeper and pulls a **SMALL SATCHEL** out, **SLINGING** it over his shoulder.

Wider: Motorist pulls one of the **LARGE SATCHELS** off **THE TARMAC** and starts cautiously toward **THE HOVEL**.

Our view **TILTS UP** from Motorist as he walks away toward **THE HORIZON**. A hazardous **DIRT ROAD** of extreme grade **SWITCHBACKS** up **THE MOUNTAIN** from **THE AIRSTRIP**. The **SWITCHBACK ROAD** disappears, snowed over, beneath a string of **MASSIVE UTILITY LINES** running up and over the enormous **MOUNTAIN**.

EXT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - SAME

Motorist cautiously approaches the **STEEL DOOR** of the **HOVEL**.

An undisturbed **SNOWDRIFT** sits in front of the **DOOR**.

Motorist **PUSHES** lightly against **THE DOOR**, testing its strength.

He sets the **LARGE SATCHEL** on the ground, unzips it, and places **A HALLIGAN** and **AN AXE** in the snow.

He picks up **THE HALLIGAN**, looks up, around, and behind.

He strikes **THE DOOR** with **THE HALLIGAN**'s fork-end at three vertical points, latch-side. The **IMPACTS RING OUT, REVERBERATING** against **THE MOUNTAINS**.

Superwide from far off: Motorist ant-sized as **CLANGING RINGS OUT**.

Motorist **PRESSES** his foot into the bottom of **THE DOOR**. He **SCRAPES THE HALLIGAN ADZ** with speed laterally against the face of **THE DOOR**, sinking the **CLAWS** between **THE DOOR** and the **STEEL JAMB**.

Motorist levers **THE HALLIGAN SHAFT** downward with both arms aggressively, looking for play and taking up give with his foot.

A GAP appears between **THE DOOR** and **JAMB**.

THE SOUND OF SHEARING STEEL.

THE GAP opens further.

The resolve, relentless. The effort, animal.

THE LATCH begins to **FAIL**.

Motorist alternates between levering **THE ADZ** and prying **THE CLAWS** in **THE GAP**.

Motorist gives **THE DOOR** a **HEAVY KICK**.

He winds up for another.

INT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - EARLY EVENING

A column of **DIM EVENING LIGHT** stretches into the small building as **THE DOOR BUSTS OPEN**. Its dark.

An **OLD WOODEN BUNKBED**, a **MEAGER DESK**, an **EMERGENCY TELEPHONE** on the wall, a lone hanging **SINGLE BULB LAMP**. A **STEEL SUPPLY SHELF** sits against a wall stacked with **CARABINERS**, **ROPE**, **KERNMANTLE**, **STEEL CABLE**, a **KEROSENE HEATER**, **FUEL CANS** of various types.

INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT crowds **THE WALLS**.

SCUFFED, DIRTY, RUSTY, DAMP. A large steel **CIRCUIT BREAKER BOX** hangs on the **BACK WALL** against the **CINDERBLOCK**.

Motorist flicks **A LIGHTSWITCH**. Nothing happens.

POINT OF VIEW: We follow **STEEL ELECTRICAL CONDUIT** from the crude overhead **LAMP** across **THE CEILING** and down **THE WALL** where it **SPIDER-LEGS** out from **CIRCUIT BREAKER BOX**.

EXT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - EARLY EVENING

He kicks **THE HALLIGAN** up into his hand from the pavement and smiles at it.

Motorist returns to **THE PLANE**, retrieves the remaining **LARGE SACHEL** from **THE TARMAC**, and walks back to **THE WORKERS HOVEL**.

INT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - SAME

Motorist is sitting on the **BOTTOM BUNK**.

He unzips **A LARGE SACHEL** that sits in **THE FLOOR** before him.

He undresses. Deleterious striation. He retrieves a full-length **THERMAL GARMENT** and slips into it.

He unpacks a **SET OF BOOTS** and replaces the set he's wearing. Equips **THERMAL GLOVES**.

He puts on a low-hanging, flowing **BONE WHITE GARMENT**.

He stands up and forcefully **KICKS THE LARGE SACHEL** under **THE BED**. We hear **A THUD** as it hits the **BLOCK WALL**.

Motorist stuffs **THE MAP** into **THE SMALL SACHEL**, slings it over his back, exits **THE HOVEL**, and starts out up **THE ROAD**.

A BLEEDING SUN is falling.

EXT AIRSTRIP SLOPE - EVENING

Motorist moves off **THE ROAD**, turning away from the **UTILITY LINES**, into **SNOWY MOUNTAIN TERRAIN**.

EXT MOUNTAINS - EVENING

Motorist travels a long distance on foot.

EXT MOUNTAIN SADDLE - SAME

The light grows progressively dimmer. **A BEAUTIFUL SKY**. We see Motorist in **A MOUNTAIN SADDLE** against the **SUNSET**, moving between **TWO PEAKS**.

EXT MOUNTAIN OUTLOOK - SUNSET

Motorist raises a **MONOCULAR** to his eye.

EXTREME TELEPHOTO VIEW: A MOUNTAIN PASS. Motorist examines the idiosyncrasies of the **MOUNTAIN PASS**.

He flicks the view upward beyond **THE PASS** and adjusts the **MAGNIFICATION RING** on **THE MONOCULAR**, zooming in further.

We can just barely see a **TINY LIGHT** glittering in the distance, in a valley beneath a **HUGE MOUNTAIN PEAK**, high beyond **THE PASS**.

Motorist looks at **A COMPASS** in his hand, then back into **THE DISTANCE**.

He makes **MARKINGS** on **THE MAP** with a **MARKER**, fighting **WIND**.

Close on Motorist's face.

He takes one more quick look into the distance through **THE GLASS**, lowers it and looks sovereignly toward **THE LIGHT**.

Concern and conviction populate his face.

EXT AIRSTRIP SLOPE - TWILIGHT

Motorist descends **THE SLOPE** toward **THE AIRSTRIP**.

INT INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

GLASS

You like jokes Alexandra?

ALEXANDRA

Sure.

GLASS

I saw six men kicking and hitting my lawyer. My wife said "Aren't you going to help?" I said, "no, six oughta be enough."

Alexandra smiles.

ALEXANDRA

You ever go to meetins?

GLASS

Haha, yeah. Mostly they talk about the perils of "white knuckling"... The reliance on sheer will to recover. But what other way is there? There will always be the lone moments where no friend or tongue can comfort you.

ALEXANDRA

What'd your family do?

GLASS

Wanted to forgive. Especially my children.

ALEXANDRA

Yeah. Family's the ones overlook the more miserable sins.

GLASS

Some are too miserable.

ALEXANDRA

If they had hope for you, why didn't you change?

GLASS

Never had plans of quitting. Families are suckers. Users always know it. But there's a point at which even the most lenient creditors quit lending.

ALEXANDRA

Why would you wanna live such a terrible life?

GLASS

Those first four drinks... Like the love of others. Sadness is a bully, but hell is other people's "shoulds.". Since I've recovered, in my heart, not so much my guts...

Glass smiles at his dark joke.

GLASS (CONT'D)

...I can feel their grief from afar. Makes me feel close to them somehow. Ever had pain that felt pleasurable?

ALEXANDRA (pleading)

You have to try to talk to them!

GLASS

No. The one gift I can leave them is their sovereignty.

ALEXANDRA

So what now?

GLASS

Not much left to do but die.

ALEXANDRA

Don't you think they'd talk to you if they knew you were...

GLASS

No. I've gotten the better of them too many times.

Alexandra's face fills with despair.

Glass looks deep into Alexandra's eyes with evident purity and benevolence. He **LAUGHS** heartily.

GLASS (conflicted)

I'm okay Alexandra. My soul is secure.

Alexandra has moved closer. She puts her hand on Glass's forearm and he puts his hand on her shoulder, comforting her.

A beat.

GLASS

Alexandra- Though dark tides crash for a moment- That moment will pass. Let go.

ALEXANDRA (anxiously)

What do you mean?

GLASS (looking past everything)

The man with high arguments reasons with his own conscience; Add to him ambition and desire, and you have the most driven predator known to mankind.

INT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - NIGHT

Motorist makes a small **TORCH** and **LIGHTS** it, filling the small building with flickering, **DIM GOLDEN LIGHT** and **DRACONIAN SHADOWS**.

His face **SHINES WITH HEAVY PERSPIRATION**, as if he spent the day in the desert.

He removes his **OUTERWEAR**, revealing **SWEAT-SOAKED THERMALS**.

He undresses.

Motorist airs himself out, sitting naked at **THE DESK**. He retrieves **THE MAP** and a **RED-CAPPED MARKER**, which he sticks in his mouth.

He grabs a piece of **SCRAP WELDING STEEL** that leans against **THE WALL**. He opens **THE MAP** on **THE DESKTOP**. We see a multitude of **CROSSHATCH ANNOTATIONS IN BLACK** over the **TOPOGRAPHY**.

THE MAP

A tactile closeup as Motorist uses the **RED MARKER** and **SCRAP WELDING STEEL** to connect the **CROSSHATCHES** into a **JAGGED LINEAR PATH**, originating at a point annotated, "**AIRSTRIP.**"

The **RED MARKER'S FELT TIP STRIKES PAPER, INKLINE** oscillating **STRONG** and **OPAQUE** as it forms a **CONTINUOUS JAGGED LINE** of short neat runs between **CROSSHATCHES**. Motorist pivots the **SCRAP STEEL** on the **DESKTOP** repeatedly to change the **INKLINE's** direction.

Wide on **THE MAP: A RED LINE OF FANGS** across **MAP TOPOGRAPHY**.

Close on **MACHINE SCREWS** being **UNTHREADED** from a small unmarked **STEEL BOX** on **THE DESK**.

Motorist pulls a **COVER PLATE** off the back of the **OBLONG STEEL BOX** and sets it aside. A **CIRCUIT BOARD** and **INTRICATE, FINE WIRING** is revealed.

Motorist checks the circuitry with a **MINIATURE FLASHLIGHT**.

He **REATTACHES** the **COVER PLATE**.

Close on Motorist's hands pulling a small **FLAPPED NYLON SACK** from one of the **LARGE SATCHELS**. Motorist untoggles **THE FLAP**, peers inside, and loops **THE TOGGLE** shut again, tossing the **FLAPPED NYLON SACK** back into the **LARGE SACHEL**.

Motorist idly picks up the heavy piece **SCRAP STEEL** and drops it repeatedly against **THE DESKTOP**, listening to **THE SMACKING SOUND**.

SLOW MOTION:

PAPER RUSTLING and a **SMACKING THUD** as we see **THE RULER** falling on **THE MAP** in macro.

Motorist checks **HIS WATCH**. The **DIODE LCD** reads "**02:07**"

Motorist walks to **THE DOOR** and fastens two short, crude lumber **DROP BARS** down into a pair of protrusive **METAL SOCKETS** attached at either side of the **DOOR JAMB**, bolting himself inside.

Motorist retrieves a **SLEEPING UNIT** from **A SATCHEL** and sets it on the **BOTTOM BUNK**.

Motorist dries himself off thoroughly a **GARMENT**.

He sits on the edge of the bottom bunk, wearisome. He warms his hands with the flames of **THE TORCH**.

He opens **A VENT** at the top of a wall.

Motorist gets into the **BOTTOM BUNK** and sits up against the **CINDER BLOCK WALL**.

Weathered **GERMAN PLAYBOY CENTERFOLDS**, a **CLASH POSTER**, a **MAGAZINE CUTOUT OF MICHAEL JORDAN**, are pasted to the wall he is facing alongside other **POP CULTURE ARTIFACTS**.

Motorist gazes long into an imaginary distance.

His gaze drifts over to the wall by the door. He notices a **ZAUGG SNOWBLOWER**. Adjacent, a **MAGAZINE CUTOUT** of a **LINGERIE MODEL**, salaciously bent over, pasted to **THE WALL** next to a **JOHN WAYNE CUTOUT**. **JOHN WAYNE**'s outstretched hand seems to be pointing at the gluteal cleft of the **LINGERIE MODEL**, with a hand-made **SPEECH BUBBLE** above his head declaring "*Put 'er there, Pilgrim!*"

Motorist smirks to himself tiresomely.

Motorist stares into the imaginary distance again, the smile fades, and this time the stress and cold is obvious on his face. He looks like he has been on a 1,000 year sojourn. Weary beyond his age, he closes his eyes.

EXT SOYBEAN FIELD - GOLDEN HOUR

We see **A MULE** standing in an **EXPANSIVE CROPFIELD**. **THE MULE** stands amidst a landscape of **MATURE SOYBEANS** on **ROLLING HILLS** spanning into the distance. Everything drenched in **GOLDEN SUN**.

A STRAND OF RUBIES and a **PAIR OF BINOCULARS** hang from **THE MULE'S NECK**, swaying in **THE WIND**.

WIND RIPPLES through the **SOYBEANS**. **PUFFY CUMULUS CLOUDS** stack up into a **DEEP BLUE SKY**.

INT GLASS'S ROOM - ST. MARY'S ICU - NIGHT

Alexandra finishes swapping Glass's **IV BAG**. She **SCRATCHES** on a **PATIENT CHART**.

A CHART

We see the words "**ESOPHAGEAL VARICES**" and "**ALCOHOLIC SCIROCCOS**."

INT GLASS'S ROOM - ST. MARY'S ICU - NIGHT

Alexandra affectionately rubs Glass's forehead as he lies unconscious, **INTUBATED** in **THE BED**. An expression of tenderness, empathy, and meekness on her face.

She moves into **A BREAKROOM** where a coworker is pulling a **TV DINNER** out of a lone **MICROWAVE**.

INT BREAK ROOM - ST. MARY'S ICU - NIGHT

Alexandra pops her own **TV DINNER** in as **GINNY, 37** sits down to eat. They sit hobbled in a meager room behind the **NURSE'S STATION**.

GINNY

Mimi took an assignment tonight.

ALEXANDRA

I figured she would, the way it's been.

GINNY

Must be a month of full moons. Not that I would know. It's behind the trees in the wee hours when we get off. Glass is circling the drain.

Alexandra doesn't like these words.

ALEXANDRA (pitifully)

Don't he have no one to come visit?

GINNY

His sponsor came this afternoon but he'd already been intubated. I think he's just got the one niece with power of attorney, but she only wants to be called if it's "close to time."

Alexandra furrows her brow in sadness and frustration.

ALEXANDRA

How're we supposed to know that? We're nurses not psychics.

GINNY

I know. The patient's loved ones. Sweet when they're sweet and hell when they're hell. If he wanted his by his deathbed he shouldna thrown his life away.

ALEXANDRA (pitifully)

It's mortifying to think of him dying in that room alone. In ten years I seen it happen once. That was one time too many. What're we gonna do if someone codes when we're understaffed like this?

Alexandra looks through the wall and her eyes well up. Ginny is fussing with the **CELLOPHANE** on her **TV DINNER**, trying not to scald herself from the **STEAM**. The **MICROWAVE DINGS** and Alexandra gets up, using the opportunity to swallow her tears.

ALEXANDRA

I don't know why we're havin' so much trouble finding help.

Alexandra sits down with her **MEAL**.

GINNY

Everyone wants that big city money. Why don't you go out there? You ain't gotta husband.

Alexandra eyes Ginny with a wounded, vague resentment. Ginny is focused on stirring her macaroni in its injection plastic, not seeing. Alexandra's eyes move down to the side for a moment as if conceding to Ginny's comment in her own mind.

ALEXANDRA

Can't say I haven't thought about it a few times. But you gotta have a four-year degree now. That pretty much made the decision for me.

GINNY

Really?

ALEXANDRA

Yeah. They just changed the law.

GINNY

I couldn't never go back to school. *Two* years was a pain in the butt.

ALEXANDRA

No way I can pay the mortgage, go to school and manage this job.

GINNY

What about Rodney?

ALEXANDRA

What about 'eem?

GINNY

He works don't he?

ALEXANDRA

Yeah. But I barely require anything of him. Clean up after him most of the time, too. He pays about seventy-five dollars a month.

GINNY

Alexandra. Girl what're you doin given' him a free ride like that?

ALEXANDRA

I can't get him to do much of anything. It's pretty much what I'm doing or he's on the street. I don't have a lot of confidence he'd fight much for survival out there, if at all. I'd rather carry him than see him in a ditch somewhere. Or in here.

She motions to their surroundings.

ALEXANDRA

Could be worse.

GINNY (cocky)

Honey, I know what *you* need.

Ginny looks Alexandra up and down with an eyebrow raised.

ALEXANDRA

... What?

GINNY

Young stallion to knock boots with.

Alexandra makes a distasteful face.

GINNY

Maybe they could slap Rodney around a little for you too.

ALEXANDRA (deflecting)

No, he pretty much behaves... But only does what he needs to when he's under the gun.

GINNY

I don't know how you deal with that.

Alexandra shrugs.

ALEXANDRA (unjudging)

Him and daddy useta' talk bout all they'd do if they could get back all the time they spent workin.

Spend time on more meaningful pursuits. Talked such big talk I kinda believed it would all happen.

Her eyes square at us.

ALEXANDRA

...But it didn't.

GINNY

What did they talk about doin'?

ALEXANDRA

Rodney used to talk about writing. Books I guess. He loves uhm- Norman Mailer! and Joan.....

GINNY

Joanie Mitchell?

ALEXANDRA

No. Joan... Dider- Diderot? Didion! Joan Didion.

GINNY

Never heard of her.

ALEXANDRA

From California, I guess.

GINNY (proudly)

The land of fruits and nuts. I don't read much. Bores me. I watch Dirty Dancing to fall asleep most nights. That's the only literature I need.

ALEXANDRA (smiling)

Daddy and Rod were always good talkers. Rod reads about a book a day. He's brilliant- In here.

Alexandra puts a finger to her temple.

**GINNY (comedic,
motioning to the physical world)**
But stupid- Out here.

Alexandra chuckles half-heartedly.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Daddy's mind was...scattered. Wanted to be a professional musician before us kids. He was pretty good at music. But song was Elijah's native language. I think dad hated that.

GINNY

You miss Elijah?

ALEXANDRA (sarcastically threatening)

Ask me again and I'll cry.

GINNY

I'll pass.

Ginny woofs down her **MEAL**, eyeing Alexandra curiously as she speaks.

ALEXANDRA

Rodney and Daddy... Despite their high claims... Spent their free time drinking and gambling.

Ginny rolls her eyes.

GINNY

What is it about men? Why is it no matter how dumb they are every single one of them still thinks they're the man with the plan. And all of 'em at the same time!

Ginny starts laughing.

ALEXANDRA

You're not *not* right.

They **LAUGH**.

GINNY

They're all gonna hit them lucky numbers, start that real-estate empire! Move in their in-laws and save em from old age! Buy their friends houses and cars they didn't ask for!

Ginny's **LAUGHTER ESCALATES**. Alexandra is still **LAUGHING** too.

GINNY

Oh god, all of 'em just out there walking the streets. Born with senseless confidence and three-billion kids swimming in their pants. Eight out of ten- Idiots! Can you imagine?

Ginny's **LAUGHTER** has escalated to the point of tears. It's hard for her to speak between guffaws.

ALEXANDRA (laughing)

I can't.

GINNY

Then the nice ones are ugly as sin!

CONTINUOUS LAUGHTER. Alexandra's laugh is pleasant. It sounds innocent and unassuming. Ginny's laugh sounds tough and trenchant.

GINNY

You should throw that coochie around a little Alexandra. That's one way to make 'em act right. Find the right one you may never have to work again. God if I could do my twenties over with the legs I had then...

Alexandra continues **LAUGHING**. She and Ginny, despite their differences, have a bond of sisterhood from their severe line of work. One they may not otherwise have established.

Their heads whip to the side as **LAUGHTER** is broken by a mortal symphony of **SENSOR ALARMS** from hemodynamic, cardiac, and respiratory monitors.

They get up instantly, running toward **THE SOUND**. Alexandra spills a **PAPER CUP OF SODA**. She doesn't notice as it runs down her person and splatters on **THE FLOOR**.

ST MARY'S ICU - OLD WOMAN'S DORM - NIGHT

One of Alexandra's two patients, an **OLD WOMAN**, is coding. Alexandra and Ginny run into the room, beginning compressions and emergency procedures.

We see Alexandra's strength, despite her petite build. We hear **RIBS CRACK** as she performs compressions.

MIMI, 49, comes into the room to help. Mimi is the charge nurse. She disconnects **EQUIPMENT** from the Old Woman.

GINNY (perplexed)

She's stroking out!

ALEXANDRA

Let's get her downstairs!

Ginny hurriedly disconnects **LEADS** and **IV LINES** from the Old Woman, removes a **BREATHING TUBE** and applies an **AMBUBAG** to the Old Woman's mouth. Alexandra jumps onto **THE BED** for leverage, continuing compressions while Mimi pushes **THE BED** into **THE HALLWAY**.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - SAME

Mimi helps Ginny **WHEEL THE BED** down **THE HALLWAY** and into **AN ELEVATOR**.

INT HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - SAME

MIMI

You got this dais! Stay calm! You be okay.

INT HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - SAME

Ginny operates the **AMBUBAG** with one hand while moving **THE BED** against her body. Alexandra maintains compressions, still in **THE BED**.

The **ELEVATOR DOORS** close.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - SAME

Mimi walks back through the **ICU**, thoroughly checking each patient in each **DORM** and charting. She makes her way to an **OLD MAN**.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - OLD MAN'S DORM - SAME

Mimi turns the Old Man by herself. She fills a basin, preparing to clean him.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - BREAKROOM - SAME

Close on Alexandra's steaming, untouched **TV DINNER**.

STEADICAM

We sail away backwards, over the empty **NURSE'S STATION** where a **TOUCHTONE TELEPHONE** blinks. We continue moving backwards down the **MAIN ICU HALLWAY** and **PAN LEFT** to Glass and approach, entering his **DORM**.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - GLASS'S DORM - SAME

Glass's **BREATH CYCLE** slows.

Slows.

A BREATH.

A beat.

A BREATH.

Several beats.

A STRAINED BREATH.

Nothing.

Glass flatlines and the **CARDIAC MONITOR RINGS OUT.**

Mimi can't hear it.

INT HOSPITAL BASEMENT - NIGHT

Alexandra and Ginny exit **THE ELEVATOR.** A **BASEMENT HALLWAY** of **PAINTED CINDERBLOCK** emanates straight forward before us. Ginny wheels **THE BED** down the **HALLWAY** against herself, still operating the **AMBUBAG** with the other. They arrive at a **CT SCAN ROOM.**

INT CT SCAN ROOM - SAME

A **RADIOLOGIST** hops up from **A CHAIR** to assist. The **THREE WOMEN** transfer the Old Woman to the **SCANNER BED.**

GINNY

Alright get back up there! Keep an eye on my patients.

Alexandra runs back to **THE ELEVATOR** anxiously. She gets in. The **DOORS CLOSE.**

INT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - PREDAWN

Motorist opens his eyes.

EXT MOUNTAIN AIRSTRIP - PREDAWN

Close on a **STEEL STAKE** being **LOUDLY HAMMERED** into **FROZEN GROUND.**

Motorist swings the poll of **THE AXE** into **THE STAKE** from overhead.

EXT MOUNTAIN AIRSTRIP - DAWN

Motorist pulls a coarse white **MILITARY NET** over the entire **PLANE.** He fastens it down with the **STAKES.**

Motorist fuels **THE SNOWBLOWER.** He struggles to start it.

Motorist **BLOWS SNOW** onto **THE MESH,** concealing **THE PLANE.**

INT AIRSTRIP OUTBUILDING - SAME

Motorist outfits himself for another trip up the mountain. He takes **ALL OF HIS EQUIPMENT**. He leaves the **HOVEL** clean and **DOOR** latched.

EXT AIRSTRIP SLOPE - MORNING

Motorist ascends the **MAINTENANCE ROAD**, then cuts off the path, same as the day prior-away from the **UTILITY LINES**, into **OPEN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY**. He has both of the **LARGE SATCHELS** and the **SMALL SACHEL** slung over his back.

MUSIC CUE: Rachmaninoff Op. 37 No. 2 Directed by Tõnu Kaljuste

BLEAK, BEAUTIFUL, SOLITARY MOUNTAIN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Fixed Superwide: Motorist faroff, moving imperceptibly through a **BROAD SNOWY RIDGE-PLAIN-** Surrounding **PEAKS** loom, seemingly impassable. Intense, glaring scale.

AN EAGLE hangs on **THE SKY**, darting proudly through the sky at will. A **FLOCK OF COMMON BIRDS** soars in incalculable swirling vectors- blooming at a distance in the same **SKY**.

Motorist walks across a **MOUNTAIN TOP**, toward us. We sweep up and away from him in reverse and rotate slowly around him from afar as he hikes. The enormous **RANGE OF ALPS** around him. The **SUN SHINES**.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF MOTORIST TRAVERSING MOUNTAINS.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

EXT MOUNTAIN SADDLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Wide on Motorist as he descends in the **SADDLE** of two magnificent **PEAKS. FIERY MAUVES, FUSCHIAS, BLUES,** and **YELLOWS** of **SKY** shatter a burdensome **SILENCE**.

A long beat.

Wide from behind: We're looking into an impossible vista of **VALLEYS, WATERWAYS, FAROFF MOUNTAINS**.

Close on Motorist's face, his expression heavy with an unknown sorrow as he stares into lonesome oblivion.

We **SLOWLY TIGHTEN** on his face, landing on the eyes.

IMAGE: We see a **THICK, REGAL AMERICAN FLAG** filling the frame with all **FIFTY-TWO STARS AND THIRTEEN STRIPES**. **THE FLAG RIPPLES** subtly as though it is flying in the wind.

BLOOD begins staining the **WOOL CLOTH** top-down until it saturates **THE WOOL** and **THE FLAG** itself seems to be **BLEEDING**. **BLOOD** rolls down, slowly covering the entire **FLAG**.

INT HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

THE ELEVATOR is old and slow. It stops for a full five seconds at arrival. We hear **MUFFLED ALARMS** and see Alexandra's face tighten with anxiety as **THE DOORS CRAWL OPEN** revealing **THE ICU**.

Alexandra pushes against **THE DOORS** as though to speed up egress. The **ALARMS GROW LOUDER**.

ALEXANDRA (whimpering)

Oh Jesus! No!

Alexandra runs to **GLASS'S DORM** and begins compressions.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - INT GLASS'S DORM - SAME

The **ALARMS CRESCENDO** from Glass's and the Old Man's room where Mimi is trying to revive her own patient. The **ALARMS GROW LOUDER** until they become noxious and deafening.

We see Alexandra struggle bitterly to bring Glass back to life. Her face is filled simultaneously with despair, hope and physical strain.

INT ST MARY'S ICU - INT GLASS'S DORM - LATER

A **COVERED CORPSE** on **A STRETCHER** is rolled out of the room by **TWO TRANSPORTERS**, revealing Alexandra behind as she sits on a short **CASTERED STOOL** with her head in her hands. She is stained with **BLOOD**. **THE BED** sits empty in the background. Alexandra's shoulders toward us. We **DOLLY REVERSE AND PEDESTAL UP SLOWLY** revealing the battlefield. We see **LINENS** hanging down **THE BED** with bright fresh **BLOOD**. A nest of **TUBES AND LEADS** hang disconnected. **AMBUBAG** and **SPATTERS OF BLOOD** on **THE FLOOR**. Scattered on **THE FLOOR** are **TUBES AND MACHINERY, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS** and a **METAL TRAY**.

SLOW MOTION IMAGE: Papa Tom holds **CHILD ALEXANDRA, 6** in one arm against his breast, her looking over his shoulder away from him at us. **GOLDEN LIGHT** spills in the window as Papa Tom converses with someone past us.

IMAGE: POINT OF VIEW: Papa Tom smiling at us in a **HOSPITAL GOWN** from **A HOSPITAL BED**. **HOSPITAL BAND** on his wrist as his hand falls limp in Alexandra's.

IMAGE: SLOW MOTION: Rodney smiles a happy smile at us, blinking a few times.

IMAGE: Close on Motorist and Alexandra's faces in an airy renaissance light in the same frame, looking straight at us in human brokenness.

END MUSIC CUE as **A TIMECARD** is abruptly **PUNCHED** with a **LOUD MECHANICAL BUZZ**.

INT OLDSMOBILE CABIN - STATE HIGHWAY - DEEP NIGHT

Alexandra's face in the dark. Silence aside from **MUTED ROAD NOISE**. We're inside the **OLDSMOBILE CAB** as it cruises down a **DARK TWO-LANE HIGHWAY**.

Close on Alexandra's eyes.

She blinks deliberately to keep herself awake.

Superwide: **THE HIGHWAY** spans transverse as **THE OLDSMOBILE** skates across the entire frame, end to end. A **LONE FIELD LIGHT** lights the scene. Dark motionless **COWS** loom like boulders in the foreground, barely perceptible. **INKY BLACKNESS** beyond **THE HIGHWAY**.

Alexandra **TOGGLES THE RADIO**. We hear a **ROCK STATION**. She immediately adjusts the **TUNER DIAL**. A **COUNTRY STATION**. **SKIPS. SKIPS. STATIC. SKIPS**. We hear a **CALMING FEMALE VOICE**.

JIB PEDESTAL UP from the **HIGHWAY FLOOR** as the **OLDSMOBILE** speeds by us fore to aft. A large, tacky **ADULT STORE BILLBOARD** appears as we **RISE AND STOP**, watching Alexandra's **TAIL LIGHTS** blow into **THE DISTANCE**.

BILLBOARD

THE JERK JOINT: Where you can be the man your wife and daughter won't understand.

RADIO DJ

Hundreds of American Indians marched on the capital today. Our own Stacey Lynch was there as the Indians arrived.

STACEY LYNCH

The demonstrators are part of the longest walk - a three-thousand mile march from west to east coast. They are protesting what they call anti-Indian sentiment in Congress.

NATIVE AMERICAN LEADER

We are the original people of this country. We are the living evidence of the western hemisphere. The original people of this country have walked many thousands of miles to make this possible. At this time we are going to show the world we are a religious people.

We hear **CHANTING AND DRUMS**.

STACEY LYNCH

That Indian travelling song welcomed ten thousand American Indians to Washington this afternoon. The twenty-seven-hundred mile journey began with twenty-five native americans representing a coalition of Western tribes setting out from Alcatraz Island in San Francisco. Hundreds joined along the way. Daniel and Patrice Duncan, their children and two grandchildren- all members of the Yuki tribe of Oregon- made the entire trip.

We hear **WIND** and **DISTORTION** of **FIELD-RECORDED INTERVIEWS**:

STACEY LYNCH (interviewing)

What was the most memorable part of the journey for you?

NATIVE WOMAN

Ohhh when the weather started changing I guess.

NATIVE MAN

When we came over the rockies that was uh quite a change because the weather on the other side was freezing... and as soon as we came over the- the rockies on this side it was... it was about 30 degrees warmer.

NATIVE WOMAN

That was a welcome change.

NATIVE MAN

It sure was welcome. All you could see is snow. And then when we come on this side we could see the green.

STACEY LYNCH

No alcohol, drugs or firearms were allowed among the marchers. Organizers say the walk ended in Washington because of several bills being considered in Congress, bills which the American Indians say will take away their remaining water and land rights. Mississippi Least Heat Sun told a rally in a park ten blocks north of the White House that the indians "did not come to smoke the peace pipe with the white man."

NATIVE AMERICAN LEADER

We want you to know that we are attempting to call attention to and to gain your support in turning back the anti-indian attitude, the anti-indian legislation, the John Wayne frontier mentality that exists among the media today and their reporting. We are asking you to help to stop these genocidal practices that are taking place against my people. We come here to D.C. to educate the world- That our culture is very much alive even though in eighteen-ninety the

federal government saw fit to outlaw it by congress- Our religion and our way of life has survived all this time. We want you to know that our strength is back and we are rising again.

STACEY LYNCH

Most of the demonstrators are camping in the national park outside the city of Washington, but the marchers have set up fifty teepees near the Washington monument, where the religious leaders and elders will live while here in the city. This is Stacey Lynch for KSLU.

MUSIC CUE: "Billboard" by Wednesday

We see Alexandra doze. Come to. Doze. Snap to. Doze off. She remains asleep. We see **STREETLIGHT AND SHADOW** flying, stretching, spinning, winding in a rhythmic pattern across her slumbered face.

An enduring image of Alexandra against **THE SEAT** within the cab. **WE DOLLY BACKWARD** as she remains asleep at the wheel. Her hands fall from **THE WHEEL**. We perceive **THE CAR's** continued motion from **THE LIGHTS** crossing her face, her body and the cab bouncing lightly.

An ominous beam of light grows on the ridge of a blind hill. Vapor coils within from recent rain. The **ONCOMING VEHICLE** comes into view. Our **OLDSMOBILE** has drifted fully into the **ADJACENT LANE**.

Overhead: **THE VEHICLES** close on one another. Twenty yards hood to hood. The **ONCOMING VEHICLE** maintains its course.

The **OLDSMOBILE** jostles as the **DRIVER-SIDE TIRE** crosses **THE FAR SHOULDER**, **JOLTING** Alexandra awake. **A DOE** appears in the headlights between the vehicles. Alexandra swerves reflexively back into the correct lane, near-miss on the opposing **SEDAN**, but clips the **DOE**.

Alexandra pulls over on **THE SHOULDER** in shock panting **DEEP, HEAVING PANTS**. She looks in the rear view. **THE DOE** lies on the side of **THE ROAD**.

Alexandra approaches **THE ANIMAL** cautiously. **HEAVY ROAD-STEAM** in **HEADLIGHTS**. When she nears, **THE DOE STARTS VIOLENTLY**. Alexandra **FLINCHES**. She continues her approach as **THE DOE BREATHES QUICKLY AND HEAVILY**, lying prone.

ALEXANDRA

I'm sorry. What can I do to help you?

Alexandra reaches her hand out to touch **THE DOE**.

THE DOE allows.

They share a gaze.

THE DOE bolts into the **FIELD** with a hobbled jaunt.

ALEXANDRA

Wait! Are you gonna be okay?

THE DOE looks back at her for a moment as if it comprehends the question. Then it disappears into the night.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE - DEEP NIGHT

The **OLDSMOBILE** pulls into **THE DRIVEWAY**.

LIGHTNING FLICKERS in **THE DISTANCE**, revealing a vast **EXPANSE OF PLAINS** for a moment.

Alexandra, phantasmal, approaches the **FRONT DOOR** toplit by a **HARD PALE YARDLIGHT-DRAGON'S BREATH PLUMES THICKLY** from her nostrils. Her face **PLUNGED IN SHADOW**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DEEP NIGHT

Alexandra turns the **STEEL DEAD BOLT**, locking it with **HER KEYS** still hanging in **THE DOOR**. She tosses her **PURSE** and **COAT** into the **RECLINER SEAT**. She stops, holding her forehead in one hand in the doorway. Rodney appears ghost-like in the dark **DINING ROOM**. His **PAUNCHY SILHOUETTE** extrudes as he stands in profile framed by **PROLIFIC MOONLIGHT** that lights **THE KITCHEN** through **DRAWN CURTAINS**. He stares in front of him at the wall, seems to look sideways at Alexandra for a moment, then stumbles tired into **THE KITCHEN**.

Alexandra ascends **THE STAIRS** as Rodney **UNBOLTS** the **FRONT DOOR**. Close on **THE DOOR** closing. The **JUMBLE OF KEYS** rotates as Rodney locks **THE DOOR** from the outside.

INT ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

A faroff **TELEPHONE BELL JANGLES. EIGHT RINGS**. Alexandra flies up with a start, blown out of deep sleep. She runs down **THE STAIRS** and into **THE KITCHEN**, and pulls **THE PHONE** off **THE HOOK**. She plays nervously with the **PIGTAIL CORD**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

We hear **ROBERTSON'S TINNY VOICE**. Alexandra is shaken from the prior night. **BLOWN OUT TOPLIGHT** through the window on her head and eyes from **HEAVY AFTERNOON SUN**.

ALEXANDRA

Hello?

ROBERTSON

May I speak with Alexandra?

ALEXANDRA

This is.

ROBERTSON

Well hi Miss Barker! How are you this afternoon?

ALEXANDRA (hastily)

I'm well thank you.

She waits markedly, opening the floor, anxious to hear the offer.

ROBERTSON

How was your shift?

ALEXANDRA

Good.

ROBERTSON

Get a good night's sleep?

ALEXANDRA (curt)

Sure.

ROBERTSON

Is everything alright m'am? Did I catch you at a poor time?

ALEXANDRA (curt)

I'm fine.

ROBERTSON

Okay. Underwriting came back with an interest rate of eight-percent on a conventional thirty-year mortgage.

ALEXANDRA

I see.

ROBERTSON

You sound concerned.

ALEXANDRA

Well... That ain't much different from what I'm paying now.

ROBERTSON

Four percent is big savings Alexandra! Big savings! Down from the twelve your dad signed for in eighty-two.

ALEXANDRA

I have a friend at work got three-percent just a month ago.

ROBERTSON

Unfortunately the eight-percent was the best we could qualify a conventional loan. You have a very limited credit history.

A beat.

ROBERTSON

If a low interest rate is most important to you we can explore an adjustable rate or balloon option...?

ALEXANDRA

What's that?

INT BROKERAGE - ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

WE TRACK SLOW ACROSS THE DESK, EVENTUALLY LANDING ON ROBERTSON

ROBERTSON

Well an adjustable rate mortgage allows us more flexibility with the interest rate on the front end. It has a five-year term during which the rate will be fixed as much as two points below that of a conventional thirty-year mortgage. But, your monthly payment is still based on the thirty-year schedule. The shorter the term the lower the interest, because you're borrowing for a shorter amount of time. In short, you'll have a lower payment.

Robertson rolls **A PEN** through his fingers, scowling at the floor as he holds **THE RECEIVER**, waiting for Alexandra's answer.

A beat.

ALEXANDRA

What's the catch?

ROBERTSON

Well there's a small amount of risk in that after the initial five years, the interest rate adjusts once per year, following federal index rates.

Robertson swivels in **HIS CHAIR** looking sideways as Tammy comes in- He sticks an outstretched hand in her face and she closes her lips.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

...Worst case scenario you refinance again in five years. Obviously you can't control what rate you'll get then, but the market's healthy and this option lowers your payment right now.

He covers **THE MOUTHPIECE**.

ROBERTSON (to Tammy)

Watch me close this shit like your granny's pine coffin.

ROBERTSON

It's a 'marry the mortgage, date the rate' situation if you will Alexandra. Haha.

Robertson is scowling again. Tammy smirks and shakes her head at him, humored with arms folded, stand-sitting against another **DESK**, looking on.

Robertson motions for her to pick up **ANOTHER PHONE** and learn something.

ROBERTSON (to Tammy)

Your closing funnel's leaky, girl. And I'm the objection-overcomer plumber.

Tammy does as Robertson says.

ALEXANDRA

What's the rate I'll get?

ROBERTSON

Four point nine percent.

A beat.

ALEXANDRA

Sounds risky. I think if all I can recover is four-percent with a conventional refinance I'll have to wait for better rates to come.

Robertson rolls his eyes, shaking his head. He squints.

ROBERTSON

Well keep in mind you're knocking seven points off your current rate. That's....

Robertson looks down at some chicken-scratch.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

...Three-hundred dollars a month.

ALEXANDRA

Yeah I don't know. I don't know anything about index rates.

ROBERTSON

Well the large payment decrease should ease your mind about the risk. Another way to exit is to sell before the fixed rate concludes. On average people move every seven years. I imagine you've been in that house longer than that already.

ALEXANDRA

My family has been in this home over thirty years and I have no intention to leave.

ROBERTSON

Alright. Tell you what I'll do Alexandra. I can't stand to see a beautiful, industrious young woman like yourself stuck any longer with the offensive rate you're paying now-

Robertson winks at Tammy.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

...Especially with the god-fearing service you provide the public. I'm gonna speak directly with my underwriter and see if there's anything left on the table.

ALEXANDRA (sincerely)

I would so appreciate that.

ROBERTSON

My pleasure m'am. Give me just a few moments, I'll be right back with you!

Robertson sets **THE RECEIVER** face down on **THE DESK** and taps **A BUTTON** on his **PHONE DECK**, where **A LIGHT** begins blinking. He pulls a **FLIP TIMER** out of **THE DESK**. Winds it up to **EIGHT MINUTES**. Sets it on **THE DESK**, counting down.

ROBERTSON (hollering)

Samantha! Grab my salad from the fridge!

INT BROKERAGE - ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Robertson squirts **LOWFAT CAESAR DRESSING** from **A SQUEEZE-PACKET** onto a **CAESAR SALAD** in a **PLASTIC TAKEOUT BOWL**. He eats.

TAMMY

You're a fucking character you know that?

Robertson pulls a bagged **COKE-ROCK** out of a **DESK DRAWER**. He motions to Tammy who draws **VERTICAL, VINYL STRIP-BLINDS**, obscuring them inside **THE OFFICE**. He cuts up **A LINE** on **THE DESKTOP** while **THE TIMER** counts down.

Robertson **SNORTS COKE** with Tammy. **THE BLINDS** still **SWAYING** carelessly.

ROBERTSON

We've got six minutes.

Tammy gets a wily smirk. She finds Robertson exciting and endearing, but has no love for him. She likes wedded scoundrels. They kiss like animals.

They **SNIFF**, straighten their clothes and exit the **OFFICE DOOR**.

INT BROKERAGE - SAME

It's quiet in the small brokerage. The Receptionist and **A REALTOR** mind their work, milling about. Robertson and Tammy sneak into the **HALF-BATH** and close **THE DOOR**.

IN HALF BATH - SAME

Robertson sets Tammy on **THE SINK**, **UNSNAPPING** her **BUTTON UP SKIRTSUIT** at the hip.

INT BROKERAGE - SAME

POP-ROCK plays quietly from the **OVERHEAD SPEAKERS** as we look at **THE BATHROOM DOOR** from the outside. We hear imperceptible **LOVEMAKING**.

INT ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - 6 MINUTES LATER

THE RECEIVER is snapped off **THE HOOK**.

ROBERTSON

Alexandra?

ALEXANDRA

Yes?

ROBERTSON (turning on the charm)

What would you say if I told you our underwriter has made a small exception at my behest and approved you for a two-point-nine percent, five-year ARM?

ALEXANDRA (relieved)

Oh my gosh! Three percent?

ROBERTSON

...Two-point-nine.

A beat.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - SAME

ALEXANDRA

That's great... But can't you get me that with a conventional loan?

ROBERTSON

I'm sorry Miss Barker, there's just no way. The two-point-nine only comes with the five-year ARM attached. At this point we've moved heaven and earth for you. The short loan term minimizes the lender's risk, giving them the ability to lower your rate in return. You would have to sign today. The deal comes off the table at 9pm tonight.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, man! ...What's the conventional rate again?

ROBERTSON

Eight percent. I'll have the documents ready.

A beat.

ROBERTSON (confident)

When shall I expect you?

A beat.

ALEXANDRA (anxious)

I ...I'll come now.

She **SLAMS THE RECEIVER** onto **THE HOOKS**.

IMAGE: Robertson smiles a scoundrel's smile at his mistress.

EXT MOUNTAIN PASS - AFTERNOON

Motorist enters the **MOUNTAIN PASS**. **LONG SHADOWS** fall on him though it is midday.

Motorist hikes **THE PASS**. **SKY OVERCAST** with **HIGH WINDS**. Motorist winds around **A CLIFFSIDE** on **THE PATH** when a **VIOLENT GUST** knocks him sideways. A **LARGE SACHEL** slips off his back and **ROLLS** over **THE PRECIPICE**.

He scrambles after **THE SACHEL** and **SLIPS**, catching himself before tumbling over **THE PRECIPICE**. Motorist looks over **THE CLIFF** to watch **THE SACHEL RICOCHET** into **A SNOWBANK** five-hundred feet below.

MOTORIST

Ahh.

EXT MOUNTAIN CLIFF - LATE AFTERNOON

Motorist descends a **SMALL CLIFF** of bare rock nimbly. He steps onto the floor of **THE RAVINE**.

EXT MOUNTAIN RAVINE FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Motorist winds around the **MOUNTAIN BASE** in the **SNOWY RAVINE**. Huge, **DEEP DRIFTS OF SNOW** sit against the **MOUNTAIN BASE**.

Wide: Motorist appears to us from behind a protrusive chunk of **MOUNTAIN FOOTING**. He freezes, his eyes wide.

A MOUNTAIN LION CUB tampers with **THE SACHEL**.

POINT-OF-VIEW:

Motorist checks behind him, rotating his entire body in a full circle, panoramically searching. He stands frozen for a beat, then begins approaching **THE SACHEL** cautiously.

Motorist retrieves **THE SACHEL**.

He backs away from the **MOUNTAIN LION CUB** slowly and then disappears behind the **MOUNTAIN BASE**.

Motorist establishes distance from the **MOUNTAIN LION CUB**.

He crouches and looks around conspicuously. He keeps his back toward the **CLIFF WALL**.

MOTORIST

Where are you mama?

MUFFLED WIND BLOWS.

WE APPROACH MOTORIST.

The **MOUNTAIN LION CUB** has followed him and is climbing his leg with his sharp miniature claws.

A look of distress from **MOTORIST**.

Motorist retrieves a **BUOY KNIFE** in a **LEATHER SHEATH** from **A SACHEL** and places the left hand pronated over **THE SHEATH**, and the right hand supinated over **THE HANDLE, TANG** to palm. He crouches. He waits.

POINT-OF-VIEW

WE PAN over deep powdery **HILLS OF SNOW** on the **VALLEY FLOOR**. **GLITTERING SNOWFALL**. It **GROWS DARK**.

Motorist crouches there alert for a long time. It **GROWS DARKER**.

Motorist stands, stuffs **THE KNIFE** in his pants, grips the **LARGE SACHEL** and backs toward the **CLIFF WALL**. He crouches down again. He sets the **LARGE SACHEL** down into **THE SNOW** and unzips it. His right hand rests ready on **THE SCALES** of **THE KNIFE**. He rifles through **THE SACHEL** single-handed without looking down. He retrieves two **BARBED CLIMBING PICKS, CARABINERS THEM** to his person, and **REZIPS THE SACHEL**.

He stands, gripping **THE SACHEL** loosely by its **NYLON STRAP** in his left hand. He waits, back toward **THE CLIFF**.

MOTORIST releases his grip on **THE KNIFE** and turns suddenly, slinging **THE LARGE SACHEL** over his shoulder and hurling his **PICKS** hastily into **THE CLIFF WALL**, ascending twenty feet in a few seconds. He struggles to find footing on the mountainside to secure himself, **HIS BOOTS** slipping against **THE CLIFF**.

A **DARK FIGURE** materializes, levitating out of the **DARKNESS** in ascent from the **MOUNTAIN BASE**. The **DARK FIGURE** sails a graceful twenty feet vertically.

An **ADULT MOUNTAIN LION** appears adjacent to Motorist, clinging into the **ICY CLIFFSIDE** a few feet lateral. **SHE** stares at him searchingly, her **TAIL FLICKING BACK AND FORTH**. **SHE** is silent.

WIND BLOWS.

The long sinews of **HER** figure contract powerfully as she hangs on the vertical with ease. Motorist and the **MOUNTAIN LION** freeze.

They glare into one another's eyes, searching for intent. Grace and harmony seem to populate the air between them.

SILENCE.

SNOW FALLS PEACEFULLY.

The **MOUNTAIN LION**'s claws begin **SLIPPING** on **THE ICE**. She maintains her gaze. Her countenance is fierce, eyes wide with curiosity and suspicion. Motorist stares back with fearful wonder. His face exhibits fatigue.

Several beats.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** releases her grip and falls back down to the **VALLEY FLOOR**. **PLUMES OF SNOW** emit from beneath her paws as **SHE** lands.

SHE walks back and forth beneath Motorist. He looks down for a moment and then begins climbing again.

EXT MOUNTAIN PASS PATH - EVENING

A **HAND AND PICK** stretch over the **CLIFF'S EDGE**. **THE HOOK** sinks into **THE GROUND**. Motorist pulls himself up and over **THE PRECIPICE** and lays on his back, exhausted. **DEEP HEAVING BREATHS**.

POINT-OF-VIEW:

An imposing **GREY SKY OF CLOUDS**.

Motorist rests on his his back a few beats. He slings the **SATCHELS** over his shoulder and continues up **THE PASS**.

EXT MOUNTAIN PATH - NIGHT

Motorist is winding through the treacherous **MOUNTAIN PATH** in **THE DARK**, dimly lit by **MOONLIGHT**. He moves round **A BEND**, away from us. A **DARK FIGURE** flicks across the foreground, momentarily blotting out our entire view.

INT FARMHOUSE CELLAR - MORNING

Rodney pours a **BAG OF SALT PELLETS** into a **WATER SOFTENER TOWER**. He sets **THE BAG OF SALT PELLETS** down carelessly against the **CELLAR WALL** with the top corner of **THE BAG** ripped open. We see Rodney's bare feet ascend **A PETRIFIED STAIRCASE**. **WE PAN** to **THE BAG** which falls to **THE FLOOR**. **SALT PELLETS SCATTER**.

EXT FARMHOUSE FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Rodney drags on **A CIGARETTE**. He is sitting in an old **ROCKING CHAIR**. He ashes in a filthy **MAXWELL HOUSE TIN** full of **OLD BUTTS** and **RAINWATER**. He holds **A PAPERBACK** open from its spine, one-handed over-top with a strong thumb and carpals. **THE BOOK** is an Arthur Rimbaud. He reclines in **THE CHAIR**. He brings **THE BOOK** close to his face and tilts his head forward looking over the top rim of his **STEEL AVIATOR CORRECTIVES**, eyes gazing up his forehead. It seems he is peering up at us with a maniacal look, but he is just reading **THE BOOK**.

EXT MOUNTAIN CREST - NIGHT

Motorist sets up **CAMP**.

He pitches a **ONE-MAN TENT** in **THE SNOW**, in the lee of **A HUGE ROCK**. He lights **A TORCH** inside **THE TENT**. He exits **THE TENT** and looks over his shoulder behind him at **HIS**

FOOTPRINTS.

Then he walks the other way and raises his **BINOCULARS** over the **HUGE ROCK**.

We see **THE LIGHTS** of his destination, much closer this time.

Motorist turns back to **THE TENT**.

POINT-OF-VIEW

The **AIRBORNE MOUNTAIN LION HITS** us. Motorist is **KNOCKED** to **THE GROUND**.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** sails past Motorist following **THE HIT**, tumbles once sideways in **THE SNOW** and is upright.

Motorist finds the scales of **THE KNIFE, UNSHEATHING**. Another pass from the **MOUNTAIN LION**. She leaps into the air and all hundred-forty-five pounds of her **LAND** squarely on Motorist's chest. He is placed on his back, supine.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** on top of Motorist in **THE SNOW**. Motorist drops **THE KNIFE** and **THRUSTS** both palms forcefully behind the **MOUNTAIN LION'S MANDIBLE**.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** struggles to clamp her fangs into Motorist's carotid- He has both hands under her jaw as she **GNASHES**. Her mid-body arcs between Motorist's hands on her neck and her grounded back legs. She strikes at his ribcage with suspended front paws.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** lands a **DEVASTATING BLOW** to Motorist's ribs. He winces. She lands another **STRIKE**, her claws lacerating Motorist's abdomen through his shirt. Motorist compresses his thighs upward, grappling to block her boxes whilst keeping his hands on the **MOUNTAIN LION's** neck.

Motorist releases one hand and lands several **ELBOWS** and **HOOKS** on the top of the **MOUNTAIN LION's** head.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** tires. Motorist spots the **THE KNIFE** within reach. He **FLAILS** for it with one arm. As Motorist grips **THE KNIFE** with his right hand, the **MOUNTAIN LION's** jaws clamp down on his **LEFT TRICEP**. He **SCREAMS** briefly.

Motorist swings **THE KNIFE** toward the **MOUNTAIN LION's** midsection and grazes her breast with the tip, drawing a shallow hook shape in the fur of her underbelly as she, with feline grace, slinks reflexively backwards from the **STRIKE**.

The **MOUNTAIN LION** falls back at guard, ears back and **SNARLING** a few yards away. Motorist stands, holding **THE KNIFE**. He checks **THE BLADE**. A small lick of **BLOOD**. The **MOUNTAIN LION** walks back and forth in front of Motorist.

A beat.

Her snarls become less frequent, posture still aggressive. Her ears stand up again. She looks behind her. She looks at Motorist and begins panting. She lowers her body into **THE SNOW** in a low prow. She relaxes into a sphinx posture. A felign sprawl. She looks like a dog panting with it's tongue out on a lawn after a pleasant summer jaunt. She glazes over looking away from Motorist into the distance, unconcerned, now like a listless cat in savanna.

A beat.

THE MOUNTAIN LION's gaze returns to Motorist, relaxed in **THE SNOW** with mouth agape.
HER PANTING SLOWS.

Motorist is **BLEEDING**. He **COUGHS** and **SPITS BLOOD** into **THE SNOW**, slightly bent over with one hand on his knee, the other hand gripping **THE KNIFE**. He never looks away from the **MOUNTAIN LION**.

SHE YAWNS.

Motorist begins a cautious approach. As he nears, her ears pull back. She flattens. Begins slinking backwards. She turns and darts off into **THE DARKNESS**, sinews of her haunches contracting mightily as **SNOW** flings against the **DARK MOONLIGHT**.

INT TENT - NIGHT

A SMALL TORCH BURNS.

Motorist **GULPS LIQUOR** from a **PLASTIC PINT** and **COUGHS**. He draws **LIQUID** from **A VIAL** into **A SYRINGE**. He injects **THE SYRINGE** and flushes the **BITE WOUND**. He fastens **NYLON FLOSS** to **A NEEDLE**.

Motorist sews up **FOUR HUGE PUNCTURE WOUNDS** from the **MOUNTAIN LION's** fangs on his left tricep in **WARM TORCHLIGHT**. He has trouble. He **BLEEDS ON HIS GEAR**. The angle of suture, dodgy- the tricep hard for him to see.

THE TORCHLIGHT projects a **GROTESQUE OVERSIZED SHADOW** of Motorist's shape onto the **TENT CANVAS** behind. He washes and dresses a **SHALLOW LACERATION** on his **ABDOMEN**.

He eats from a vacuum-sealed **MRE**.

Motorist **ZIPS THE TENT** from the inside, climbs into the mummy-like **SLEEPING UNIT** and zips himself up for the frigid night.

IMAGE: Motorist looks pitiful, asleep. His **LUNGS CREAK** from broken ribs and a bruised diaphragm.

INT 1970 DODGE RAM - NIGHT

Close on the eyes of **YOUNG ALEXANDRA**, 8. Red, white, yellow orbs flicker across the iris and whites of her eyes as her head nods between consciousness and slumber.

Wider: She is sitting against the rear **BENCH SEAT** of the vehicle as it travels.

Light potholes jolt her out of slumber repeatedly.

TILT DOWN to reveal a **YOUNG BOY**, 5 stretched out fast asleep across her lap. His abdomen rises and falls with short breaths through his two-piece pajama set. His legs are extended with one ankle crossed over the other, his tiny arms perpendicular to the sides. One arm cantilevers a hand off the **BENCH SEAT**, clutching a **TOY GUITAR**.

The hand of the other outstretched arm clutches a **MODEL CAR**.

Wide overhead: The **TWO CHILDREN** on **THE BENCH**.

INT FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rodney stares off from the edge of **THE SOFA**. **A DAINTY HAND** comes down onto his shoulder.

ALEXANDRA

How ya doin'?

Rodney snaps out of a daydream and slowly looks up at her then resumes his thousand-yard-stare.

RODNEY

I'm alright.

ALEXANDRA

You wanna watch Cheers with me?

RODNEY

I'm more partial to Seinfeld.

ALEXANDRA

I don't get Seinfeld.

RODNEY

Not much to get. Just a show about morally ambivalent unmarried thirty-somethings in a postmodern metropolis. What's funny is their constant selfishness and blindness, which is yet accompanied by a staunch self-righteousness. We can relate to them, can't we?

ALEXANDRA

I can't.

RODNEY

Oh come now. Any adept response a well-adjusted person might have to a problem, they neurotically and hyperbolically avoid. Comedy is just truth in rhythmic brutality. A modern replacement for the bloodsport of the coliseums. Humanity constantly hungers for violence. Even if only neutered violence against our own social constructs. We all resent the absurdity of the rules we live by. Jerry is aware of that.

ALEXANDRA

I'm a woman Rod. I need romance.

RODNEY

Indeed. The unredeemable rake bewitches the pure idealist.

ALEXANDRA

Don't be mean. I just don't need one of your roman tragedies to have a good time.

RODNEY

You mean Greek.

ALEXANDRA

Whatever. Diane has her low moments, too.

RODNEY

Mama wouldn't have let you watch Cheers. You're slipping into secularism Sandy. The devil is coming for you. He begins with the small things. First he convinces you to tip a rude waitress three percent. Then, short on change, you use all the take-a-penny's at the service station on a pack of Doublemint and you don't even offer your coworkers a stick. Now you fall prey to the base sensuality of Thursday night television. Before you know it you'll be turning tricks.

ALEXANDRA

What's that?

RODNEY

It doesn't matter. God I could use a drink.

ALEXANDRA

I don't want to hear none of that.

RODNEY

All they do is drink on Cheers and it's your favorite show! Let's get in the spirit!

Alexandra scowls at Rodney.

INT FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wide: Rodney and Alexandra watch **CHEERS** in the dark on separate **FURNITURE**.

DIANE CHAMBERS

Sam, I'm going away for six months. No more of this "have a good life" stuff.

SAM MALONE

You never know. You could die. I could die. The world could end. One of us could bump our heads and uh, wander the streets for the rest of our lives with amnesia. Or maybe one of us will decide they want something else.

DIANE CHAMBERS

None of those things will happen. I'll be back here. I will. I'll see you in six months. Okay?

SAM MALONE

Okay.

Diane walks out of the pub as Sam watches.

SAM MALONE (now alone)

Have a good life.

ON THE TELEVISION:

Diane, now old and grey, sews in a cozy living room. Diane gets up from sewing as elderly Sam comes in the front door with a paper. They waltz slowly. The show fades to black.

A commercial comes on. A **MACAQUE MONKEY** stands serenely against a **MOUNTAIN LAKE** holding **A WALKMAN** with his eyes closed, zen achieved, listening to music. **WIRED HEADPHONES** connect to the **CASSETTE DECK** held in **THE MONKEY**'s hands. **THE MONKEY** looks regal and transcendent, meditating whilst standing upright with shoulders back proudly.

JAPANESE MAN

音の進歩は続いています、人類はどうでしょうか。

CLOSED CAPTIONS ONSCREEN:

"The progress in sound continues. But what about mankind?"

COMMERCIAL VOICE OVER (deep timbre)

It's a Sony.

ALEXANDRA

Rod... Why was you and mom always under each other's skin?

We see Rodney turned over with his back toward **THE TELEVISION**.

RODNEY (facing away)
We weren't.

ALEXANDRA
You were so. Rod?

Rodney doesn't answer. We hear **SNORING**. We close in as Alexandra looks over at Rodney with deep pity, in the dark. The **TV LIGHTS** her abstractly. Alexandra covers Rodney with **A QUILT**. They sleep. Alexandra in the **RECLINER**. Rodney on the **SOFA**. We see **PAPA TOM'S SHRINE**, which has been moved over to the **SIDE TABLE**.

EXT SOYBEAN FIELD - TWILIGHT

We see Abel Barker faroff in **SILHOUETTE**. He rides **A MULE** in from frame-left, stopping in the middle of the **SOYBEAN FIELD**. Young Elijah walks into frame on foot from the right.

YOUNG ELIJAH
I choose you Abel Barker.

ABEL
You always were a disrespectful son.

YOUNG ELIJAH
You're an unprincipled man, Abel.

ABEL
Well, ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies, my son.

Alexandra looks back and forth between them anxiously as they speak.

YOUNG ELIJAH
What kind of man competes with his own offspring?

ABEL
What kind of son dishonors his father?

YOUNG ELIJAH
"Brother will betray brother to death, and the father his child; children will drag their parents to the judgment seat. Everything done in secret will be made known. I have not come to bring peace on earth, but a sword. Son will turn against father, a man's enemies will be the members of his own household."

ABEL

Always answering the simple with your riddles. You're a prude, just like your mother.

Young Elijah draws **A PISTOL**. Abel smiles. **A SHOT**.

Young Elijah's face: Eyes wide in clammy distress. A tremor as he looks past everything into the distance.

Wide: Young Elijah **FALLS** to his knees, a **BULLETHOLE** in his back.

Close on the **SMOKING BARREL** of a **PISTOL**.

Young Elijah rolls over in **THE SOYBEANS**. Rodney is revealed in **THE FIELD** at a distance with **A PISTOL** outstretched.

YOUNG ELIJAH (in death)

Why didn't you want me as a son? I was a good son.

Abel's countenance fills with terror and shame.

Rodney and Abel spot Alexandra. They **MOVE** toward her. She **RUNS**. They **CATCH** her.

IMAGE: A set of dainty **HANDS ARE FOREARMS** tied to a **LARGE PIECE OF LUMBER** by **TWO SETS OF MALE HANDS**.

YOUNG ELIJAH (dying)

Alexandra! Do not fear those who kill the body. They cannot kill the soul!

EXT HILLTOP - TWILIGHT

A **BLOODRED SKY** blazes.

We **STEADICAM SLOWLY IN REVERSE** away from the **TWILIGHT**, sailing over a revealed **PATIBULUM**. **DRACONIAN FIGURES** revealed in **SILHOUETTE** as Alexandra hangs on **A CROSS** with **TWO WOMEN** on **EITHER ADJACENT CROSS**.

ALEXANDRA (weeping)

Mama! Mama where are you?! Why have you forsaken me? Mama!

INT FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Alexandra **STARTS** awake.

COSMO KRAMER

Here's to feeling good all the time!

We see **COSMO KRAMER** on **THE TELEVISION** as he tips a pint of beer to his lips, the lit cigarette in his lips submerging in his libation.

Alexandra **TOGGLES** the **TV** off.

INT FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DEEP NIGHT

Rodney wakes up from his slumber and moves about the house sluggishly, gathering some things. He puts his **SHOES** on and takes **CAR KEYS** off the **DINING ROOM TABLE**. It's still dark out. He walks past Alexandra in **THE RECLINER**. He quietly removes a **TWENTY DOLLAR BILL** from her **PURSE**, which sits next to **THE RECLINER**. He exits through the **FRONT DOOR**.

Close on **ALEXANDRA's KEYS** turning as they hang on the inside panel of **THE DEADBOLT**.

INT BEDROOM - MORNING

We see **MEI's** face. 27. Her eyes open, head on a **LUXURIOUS PILLOW**.

Our view tracks away slowly. Her breasts and hips are obscured by a **WHITE LINEN SHEET** she is wrapped in. Her shoulders, legs and arms protrude.

BLOOD stains the linens beneath her as well as the linens over her abdomen and pubis. She looks down to discover her disposition.

She presses her hands against her low abdomen and twists **THE SHEETS**, pulls them away and looks at her **BLOODY HANDS**.

She looks to the side with tears in her eyes, slowly and fearfully, as though not to disturb someone in **THE BED** with her.

INT TENT - MORNING

We **CROSSCUT** to Motorist whose physical disposition mirrors Mei's. He is asleep in **THE TENT**, lying in a mess of **FRIGID BLOOD**. He **SHOOTS UP** out of sleep in alarm. **HE CHOKES** on **SALIVA**. He **HEAVES AND PANTS**. A beat while the adrenaline calms. He has **FROST** in his eyebrows and hair. He **GROANS** in pain.

Motorist inspects his **TRICEP**: It's actively **BLEEDING**. Close on a **BUSTED STITCH**. He **RESTITCHES HIMSELF** immediately without anesthetic.

Close on **THE NEEDLE AND FLOSS** piercing and exiting **SKIN** around **THE BITE WOUND**.

Motorist injects **POTASSIUM AND MAGNESIUM SOLUTIONS** into his thigh through his garments, with **TWO SYRINGES**. He begins to move. He grimaces and **GROANS** in pain and

rage, annoyed at his body's fragility. He seems to regard pain as a mere physiological obstacle; a light indication to be ignored.

IMAGE: BLOODY WATER runs down a **BATHTUB DRAIN**.

IMAGE: BLOODY WATER TRICKLES over **MOUNTAIN ROCK**.

IMAGE: Motorist washing **HIS WOUND**.

IMAGE: Close on **SMELLING SALTS** beneath Motorist's nose as he **BREATHES DEEP**.

We back out as his eyes go wide. He **FLINCHES**.

EXT MOUNTAIN CREST - MORNING

Motorist appears surprisingly placid. The hope of a fresh morning upon his countenance.

Motorist takes wind and pressure measurements with an **ANEMOMETER, BAROMETER, MAP** and **COMPASS**.

He looks over **THE RIDGE** of **THE MOUNTAIN** with the **MONOCULAR**.

TELEPHOTO VIEW:

A **SKIING CHALET** with postmodern architectural flares of **STEEL, WOOD, CONCRETE** and **GLASS** is built into the **MOUNTAIN SIDE**. The **CHALET** sits on **A NORTHWESTWARD SLOPE** of **WHITE POWDER** with a difficult grade. The **CHALET** has a **SKI LIFT**. The structure has a cube shaped **ANTEROOM** with **GLASS WALLS** from floor to ceiling. **GUARD 1 & GUARD 2** sit dressed in black on a front **VERANDA**. The **VERANDA** sits slightly below the elevation of the **ANTEROOM**.

Motorist drops the **TWO LARGE SATCHELS** into the **SNOWY GROUND**. He **UNZIPS** one. He retrieves an **ARCTIC WARFARE RIFLE** by the **FORESTOCK**.

Motorist rapidly and precisely outfits a **BIPOD, LONG RANGE SCOPE, LONG BARREL, MONOLITHIC SUPPRESSOR**, and **MAGAZINE**. He **SNAPS** the foldable stock into operating position. With **THE RIFLE** assembled, Motorist positions himself on his stomach in **THE SNOW**.

Motorist lies prone, legs behind the ridge. His **RIFLE**, head and arms sit over top of **THE RIDGE**.

Wide: The perch and mountains surrounding.

Motorist's **RETICLE:** Telephoto range as the **LENS COVER** is **FLIPPED UP**.

We **RACK FOCUS** from Motorist to the close **ANEMOMETER** as he glances at it. It **SPINS RAPIDLY**.

Motorist examines the **CHALET** through the scope. The **VERANDA** sheltering **GUARD 1 & GUARD 2** has a short **STEEL ROOF**. The **RETICLE** moves up to the large glass **ANTEROOM**.

Through the **GLASS WALLS**, we see three inbuilt **STEPS** that span the width of the **ANTEROOM** leading down into a split-level **DEN**. A **FIREPLACE, TAXIDERMIED TRAPPINGS, EAMES CHAIRS**, a pair of **POKER TABLES, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES, SCULPTURED SHAG**. A **STEEL DOOR** sits at the **BACK WALL** of the **DEN**. A small ornate **KITCHENETTE** sits at the close end of the **ANTEROOM** against the south **GLASS EXTERIOR WALL**.

The **RETICLE** moves upward. We see a set of high-design floating **SUSPENSION STAIRS** leading up from the **ANTEROOM** to an **ANTEROOM BALCONY LANDING**. The **ANTEROOM BALCONY LANDING** has a **GLASS-PANED BANISTER** with a **POLISHED GOLD HANDRAIL**, and floats cantilevered into the **ANTEROOM**, transversely spanning the entire width of the cube-shaped **ANTEROOM**. The **SUSPENSION STAIRS** terminate at the mouth of a second-floor **MAIN HALLWAY** on **THE BALCONY LANDING**. The **MAIN HALLWAY** extrudes linearly from **SUSPENSION STAIRS** and **GLASS DOUBLE FRONT ENTRY DOORS**, running lengthwise down the center of the building. We see only the mouth of the **MAIN HALLWAY** from our angle of view. A **WOODEN DOOR** sits underneath the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** on the **BACK WALL** of the **ANTEROOM**, dividing a **KITCHENETTE** from the **DEN**.

The building appears quiet. Guard 1 and Guard 2 sit lazily on the **VERANDA**, dressed for an extended duration in the cold weather.

Motorist looks down at his **WATCH**, and back to his **INSTRUMENTS**. The **ANEMOMETER** still **SPINS** rapidly.

Motorist rolls over on his back behind cover, putting **METAL HEADPHONES** on. We hear **CHIPMUNK SOUNDS** as he **REWINDS** a **WALKMAN**. He **STOPS** the **CASSETTE** and **PRESSES PLAY**. Quickly **REWINDS** once more. **PRESSES PLAY**.

MUSIC CUE: "Visions of Johanna LIVE 1966" by Bob Dylan

THE SKY

We see **THE EAGLE** again, soaring overhead.

Motorist closes his eyes.

IMAGE: POINT-OF-VIEW, a beautiful **YOUNG JOHANNA**, 23 looks into the camera at us, smiling with unfettered adoration in her eyes. She is basked in **GOLDEN LIGHT**. She wears a **BANDANA SHAWL**, her long hair fluttering gracefully in unheard wind. It's **GOLDEN HOUR**. A

1974 PLYMOUTH DUSTER, soft focus, behind her. **PLAINS AND HILLS** stretch into **DISTANCE** behind. **TELEPHONE POLES** and **CORN STUBBLE**. The young woman talks to us but there are no words.

IMAGE: Underexposed shots of **A THRONG OF COED YOUTHS** hanging around **CARS** in **FIELDS OF TALL GRASS** in **TWILIGHT**. **YOUNG ALEXANDRA**. **YOUNG RODNEY**. **YOUNG STEVE**, 20, who has dark hair.

IMAGE: **A WOMAN** walks down a dark, **FAN-VAULTED NEO-BAROQUE HALLWAY** in stockings and scanty lingerie. Close on a **DIAMOND ENCRUSTED FINE CHAIN-LINK** wagging from her hands, hips and feet. Light and shadow falls inward in columns, lighting her face abstractly, as she passes adjacent rooms.

IMAGE: **A MAN** standing above a **YOUNG WOMAN** who is kneeling on the floor in front of a **CONSOLE**. We see just **THE MAN'S TROUSERS** from the knee down. The **YOUNG WOMAN** looks up at **THE MAN** in a daze as though for direction. She looks down reluctantly for a moment. Close on **HER ARM** being **TOURNIQUETED** and **INJECTED**.

IMAGE: **A YOUNG BOY** in a **FOREST OF RED PINE** with his hands grazing **LUSH GREEN FOLIAGE** as he walks toward **A LUMINOUS LIGHT-SOURCE** beyond the **TREES**.

IMAGE: **GOLDEN HOUR SUNLIGHT** creeping through obelisks of **RED PINES**.

IMAGE: **A GAG** being put in **A WOMAN'S IDYLIC FULL LIPS**.

IMAGE: Dozens of **MALE HANDS OF MANY COLORS** writhe reaching out from behind **A WOMAN'S BARE TORSO** as she looks at us with a detached expression.

IMAGE: The **STRIATED TRAPEZIUS, RHOMBOIDS AND LATISSIMUS** of a **BLACK WOMAN'S BACK**, contracting in **HARD SUNLIGHT**.

IMAGE: **A JAPANESE MAN**, 31 holds a little **JAPANESE GIRL**, 5 to his chest. The both wear **KIMONO**. The man stops on a **STEPPED STREET** built into a **HONSHU HILLSIDE**. Close on the **JAPANESE MAN's** face. A **METROPOLITAN CITY** far in the background.

IMAGE: **A WOMAN** lying on a **HERRINGBONE WOOD FLOOR**, half-conscious as **THICK SMOKE** envelops her.

IMAGE: Wide on a **HYPERMODERN BRUTALIST GARAGE**. **A MAN** in a **TAILORED THREE PIECE SUIT** walks to a **1989 LAMBORGHINI** and gets in. Face unseen.

IMAGE: **YOUNG ALEXANDRA** reads **A PAPERBACK** in **SUMMER GRASS** at the edge of a **FIELD OF POPPIES**.

IMAGE: A NAVY SEAL TEAM in **A BOG**. Faces blackened, eyes just above the surface of **A RIVER**. **THE SEALS** erupt from **THE WATER** through **MANGROVE & PAPYRUS**, eliminating a **BAND OF REBELS** with **SUBMACHINE GUN FIRE**. Motorist's **SEAL TEAM** falls. He survives. He turns. Across **THE RIVER** we see **FIVE HAIRLESS MEN** of starkly contrasting skin-tones in **SHEER WHITE ROBES** lining the **RIVERBANK**, staring at him with stoic, saintly faces.

IMAGE: A regal **VICTORIAN PARLOUR**. **TWO YOUNG WOMEN** dance whimsically on a **SECOND EMPIRE TABLE** in long **SHEER FLOWING DRESSES**, nude figures subliminally visible, backlit by **LAMPLIGHT**. **A MONET** hangs behind them. A **MUCH OLDER MAN** stands behind them looking on with a scotch. **A SECOND MAN** stands at **A RECORD CONSOLE** next to **THE PAINTING**.

IMAGE: THE BARKER FAMILY eats dinner in the **BARKER FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM**.

IMAGE: Mei is struck repeatedly by the hand of a **MUCH OLDER MAN** with loosened tie and slacks.

IMAGE: Rodney is pulled backwards into a **THICK CLOUD OF SMOKE** by unnatural **CHARCOAL COLORED HANDS**, standing upright with his eyes closed as if in a supernatural slumber. The pad of a thumb stamps his forehead with a **BLACK MARK**.

IMAGE: A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in a **STRAW HAT**, seen through a long lens, under **AN UMBRELLA** on the **FRENCH RIVIERA**.

FADE TO BLACK

INT FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Alexandra walks past **RODNEY'S ROOM** in the hallway with a **LAUNDRY BASKET**. Rodney flips **A ZIPPO OPEN AND CLOSED** repeatedly, looking morosely at it, sitting on the edge of his **BED** in the **SQUALID ROOM**.

RODNEY

Bonnie & Clyde came out when I was fourteen. I remember begging mom to let me go see it with Uncle Bill.

Alexandra stops in the hall as he speaks and doesn't turn, looking away. She stands frozen, just past the doorway, looking stuck. Her eyes move around back her head as he speaks, in his direction.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

...Now it's considered an old-fashioned movie.

Rodney **SNICKERS** bitterly.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

...First Blood makes it look like a sunday school lesson. If only we knew then what postmodernity would bring. Mom's only glow came after the house was full of people. I had to catch her while she was happy. So I asked her to see the film after company'd left. She decried me with this long moral analysis of what the sixties university was doing to the fabric of American society. Even when she didn't insist on bringing everything back to Eden, our conversations about culture always degenerated into character assassinations of the opulent. An obsessive dismantling of those we'd never meet. Who are we to comment on anything? Pale niggers out in the plains.

Rodney **LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.**

ALEXANDRA (reluctantly, afraid to bother him in his delicate form)
You can't smoke in here Rodney.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

...How could I want to see such a tasteless rag? But I knew...

Rodney wags a forefinger with the cigarette, jabbing the air.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I could always pull the levers of mom's heart. I guilted her relentlessly, and eventually, she let me go... But when the Barrows fell crimson from that model forty in the dirt, a deep black dread settled in the pit of my stomach. The film wasn't scary. But that black in the pit of my stomach never left.

Alexandra sheepishly backs up a few steps and cranes her neck to glance at him.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Things were different after that day. All she ever wanted to do was talk about God. A few years before she died I started coding my words. Rebranded my thoughts; Told her I'd pray about things. Prefaced statements with "lord willing"'s. Laced my speech with the phrases of the upright- and as the prophets and scriptures began to emit from my lips- my thoughts began to matter in her world. To her, I became to her a god-fearing man, to myself, an holy ass.

Rodney looks vaguely at Alexandra, at her body.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

...It was never enough in mom's world to do the right thing. You had to do it for the right reason or it still didn't matter. I know I bully people with my mind. But I never insisted my language be the one universally spoken.

Rodney looks up into Alexandra's eyes as she stands in the hallway outside his door. His eyes betray a mix of rage and sadness.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

...I just wanted to be spoken to.

Alexandra, looking down, comes into the room and sets Rodney's neatly **FOLDED LAUNDRY** on **THE BED** beside him. She hesitates, avoiding eye contact. She puts her hand on Rodney's shoulder for a moment, half-heartedly. Then she walks off with the **LAUNDRY BASKET**.

EXT MOUNTAIN CREST - LATE MORNING

Motorist looks back through **THE SCOPE**. Lighting has changed. He checks the **INSTRUMENTS** again. **ANEMOMETER** has slowed.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

THE RETICLE moves up and right of Guard 2's head. We see an **ANNOTATED LINE** on **THE MAP**: "**810M**"

Motorist **INHALES** and holds his breath. He **EXHALES** and **PULLS THE TRIGGER**.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

We drop back down from recoil and see **BLOOD SPATTER** upward against the **CHALET GLASS**. Guard 2 crumples backward.

Motorist **INHALES, CYCLES THE BOLT**. A **SMOKING .338 SHELL** hits the **SNOW**, condensating.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

THE RETICLE flies to Guard 1 who has begun to flee- Motorist aims for the body- **FIRES**. Guard 1 dives behind a small **WET BAR** that sits left on the **VERANDA**.

Guard 1 is concealed behind the **WET BAR**. All paths of escape visible. Motorist **FIRES THREE TIMES** into the **WET BAR, CYCLING THE BOLT** following each **SHOT**. He replaces the **EMPTY CLIP. TWO SHOTS**. He waits, patiently eyeing the **WET BAR**. He **BREATHES DEEP**. Controlled adrenaline apparent.

Motorist removes his left hand from **THE BARREL** and shakes it in the air. Puts it back. He opens his blind eye for stereo, wide-eyed. He blinks a few times deliberately. He closes his left eye once again for mono.

INT CHALET ANTEROOM - LATE MORNING

SEAN, 49 appears from the **MAIN HALLWAY** in a **MONOGRAMMED ROBE**, **TROTS** down the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** into the **ANTEROOM**. He retrieves a **PACK OF CIGARETTES** from a **COFFEE TABLE**. Leisurely, he **LIGHTS A CIGARETTE**. He stands looking through the **GLASS WALLS** at the **MOUNTAINS** blowing **SMOKE**. He seems pleased with the morning scene.

Sean stands for a moment admiring **THE VIEW**. His eyes drift. He notices **FINGERS** of an outstretched **HAND** protruding in front of the **GLASS DOUBLE ENTRY DOORS** on **THE VERANDA**. He approaches.

Sean's brow furrows as he walks slowly and anxiously to the **GLASS WALL**. He peers over a piece of **PATIO FURNITURE**, hands on the **GLASS WALL**, looking down.

POINT OF VIEW: A BODY peeks at us from behind a **PATIO CHAIR**.

Sean's eyes widen in horror. He backs away from **THE GLASS** in terror. We hear a **DEAFENING CRASH**. The **GLASS WALL** has **SPLINTERED** high above Sean. He falls backward to **THE FLOOR** and drops his **CIGARETTE**.

EXT CHALET ANTEROOM - LATE MORNING

We are looking down upon Sean at an angle through the **EXTERIOR GLASS WALL**. Sean's **DISTORTED IMAGE**, multiplied to us through the **SPLINTERED BULLET IMPACT** on **THE EXTERIOR**.

Another **SHOT CRASHES** into **THE GLASS**. Two seconds. **ANOTHER. DEAFENING**. The additional **BULLET IMPACTS** superimpose over Sean's **FRACTURED IMAGE**.

INT CHALET ANTEROOM - LATE MORNING

Sean feels himself up. He is intact. He reactively crab walks backwards. He stands, tripping in **PANIC** and retreats up the **SUSPENSION STAIRS**. He trips again on **THE STAIRS** and makes it into the **MAIN HALLWAY**.

EXT MOUNTAIN CREST - LATE MORNING

Motorist lowers **THE SCOPE**, mildly perplexed. He stands, **DISROBING** his **DUSTER**. It **LEVITATES ON THE WIND** behind him, revealing a **KEVLAR VEST**, an **MP5**, and several **SIDEARMS** and **UTILITY IMPLEMENTS** attached to his person. The **DUSTER** hangs majestically behind Motorist for a moment before **FURLING** away rapidly into the **DISTANCE**. We see the **ANEMOMETER SPIN QUICKLY** as the **DUSTER** vanishes.

Motorist holds the **STEEL BOX** in one hand.

INT CHALET HALLWAY - LATE MORNING

Sean races down the long, narrow **MAIN HALLWAY**. We see several **SUITE DOORS** pass on either side.

INT CHALET GUARD ROOM - SAME

We back away from **GUARD 4**'s face as he speaks, preoccupied with something unseen in his hands.

BEGIN MONTAGE

We see **GAME SOFTWARE CHARACTER SPRITES** referenced on a printed **INFOGRAPHIC POSTER**.

GUARD 4

Punch the faggot matador when he scoops. The gook when he flirts. Pinko when he stomps his feet like a bitch on the rag. Towel-head when he's dizzy. Kraut when he bobbles. Homer Simpson's inbred-lookin-ass cousin is his tummy booboo, and this bald fuckin' slav when he's about to run a train on you. That motherfucker should try Rogaine.

END MONTAGE

GUARD 3 is playing **NINTENDO**.

GUARD 3

What about Iron Mike?

GUARD 4

I dunno never got that far. But I sure am good at the first half of this game. You wanna rail summa this snow?

MIKE TYSON'S PUNCH OUT on a **PROJECTION TELEVISION**. He faces "Bald Bull." **GUARD 4** is preparing to snort a **LINE OF COCAINE** off a **COLLAPSIBLE TV TRAY**.

GUARD 3

Nah, I'm good.

Guard 3 is tilting **THE CONTROLLER** in the air as though it will cause his character to dodge punches in **THE GAME**.

GUARD 4

Dude I used to work in a nursing home. We had to flip these old people over. Did you know when you get old- like really old- your skin just starts flaking off all the time like dandruff? Not just your scalp man- your arms, legs, face- like, all of it. Age is fucking brutal. One time someone called it "granny glitter." I think I'm gonna start calling blow "granny glitter."

GUARD 3

That's a little niche.

The in-game round clock hits 3:00. We see **DOC** exhorting **LITTLE MAC**, who has two swollen eyes.

GUARD 4

Look at Doc. You can tell he does blow. Look at those fucking bug eyes. What a stallion. Dude I wanna play Contra.

GUARD 3

We're not playing Contra.

GUARD 4

Come on, man!

GUARD 3

You're too high for Contra. You'll be all falling off the fucking world while I'm jumping platforms.

GUARD 4

I will not. I'm not high man- I'm fine!

Sean **BURSTS** in.

SEAN

Alex- He's... Dead! On the porch! Someone's here! They- They shot at me!

Guard 3 is a deadly-looking man of 42. Guard 4 is a buff, snot-nosed kid of 29. They both wear **BLACK BASICS**. They are unconcerned.

Guard 3 & Guard 4 look skeptically at each other from their **LA-Z-BOYS**.

GUARD 3

Sure you didn't drop a tab too many Sean?

Guard 4 laughs a **STONERY LAUGH**.

Sean is a shrimpy guy. He approaches Guard 3 hysterically, grabs him by the shirt-collar and **SLAPS** him with feminine rage several times on the head. Guard 3 looks up at Sean with thinly masked murderous glare as he silently takes the abuse. Guard 3 looks like he could kill Sean with a flick of his pinky finger.

SEAN

Get out there you fucking idiots!

Sean shakes Guard 3 once more, lets go of his shirt, and races out of the room. Sean's eyes are wide with horror.

Guard 3 and Guard 4 side-eye each other skeptically, still sitting, defiantly taking up space for a beat. They reluctantly stand and retrieve **KEVLAR VESTS** and **HK33's** from a **TALL WOODEN CABINET**.

GUARD 4

He's tripping balls.

GUARD 3

You can say that again.

EXT MOUNTAIN SLOPE - AFTERNOON

A SINGLE SHOT

We move at high speed down a **LONG SLOPE** as a continuous **WAKE OF SNOW** is thrown aside. **A HAND** tosses small **FLAPPED NYLON SACKS** into **THE SNOW** at calculated intervals.

We **DECELERATE** with sudden **SHAKE** to a full stop and **WHIP-PAN** to the close **DISCHARGING MUZZLE** of a **SUBMACHINE GUN SUPPRESSOR**.

CHALET VERANDA - SAME

ROUNDS impact the **WET BAR**, puncturing **HOLES**. **FLAKES OF LAUAN** spring up from the **VENEER**.

INT CHALET HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Sean runs to an **ADJACENT ROOM**.

INT NAP ROOM - SAME

Sean **RIFLES** through a **SUITCASE**, tossing **MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS** into **THE FLOOR**. He finds a **SATELLITE PHONE**. He **FUMBLES** with **THE PHONE** in **PANIC**. He **FIDDLES** with **THE ANTENNA** pedantically. Struggles to power **THE PHONE** on. It's clear he's never used it.

We see the inside of the hard plastic **PHONE COVER**. Sean reads **A STICKER** scribbled with **PEN-SCRATCHED INSTRUCTIONS**.

Sean gets **THE PHONE** to **DIAL**. We hear a myriad of **TOUCH TONE SOUNDS** and garbled **MACHINE GIBBERISH**, then a conventional **OUTBOUND RINGTONE**.

VOICE

Ja.

SEAN

We need assistance! We have an assailant!

STATIC overtakes the line.

SEAN

HELLO?

EXT CHALET - SAME

Close on a simple steel **TOGGLE SWITCH**, beneath Motorist's thumb on the **STEEL BOX**.

INT CHALET GUARD ROOM - AFTERNOON

Guard 3 and Guard 4 are gearing up. The image on the **PROJECTION TELEVISION SCREEN** snaps shut, catching their attention. The **GAME CONSOLE LED** and **DIODE ALARM CLOCK RADIO** also power off simultaneously. They hear Sean's **HYSTERIA** in the **NEXT ROOM**. Their posture stiffens.

INT NAP ROOM - SAME

SEAN (into the phone)

Can you hear me? Hello?! Oh god... HELLO?

Sean throws the **SATELLITE PHONE** in childlike **HYSTERIA**. He hesitates. He **PACES** in confusion, close to **HYPERVENTILATION**. He returns hastily to his suitcase and **RIFLES** through his **LUGGAGE**, uncovering a **USP PISTOL**.

He picks the **PISTOL** up. He **TRIPS** over himself, **FUMBLING** the **PISTOL** onto **THE FLOOR**.

He retrieves it, **EJECTS** and **REINSERTS THE MAGAZINE**, **COCKS THE GUN**, then stations himself kneeling behind a **DAYBED**, **PISTOL** drawn and aimed at **THE DOOR** over some **CUSHIONS**. He **PANTS**. He looks down at the **PISTOL**, turns it sideways and sloppily **FLICKS THE SAFETY** off.

Sean **SHAKES** profusely, glistening with **SWEAT**.

INT CHALET MAIN HALLWAY - LATE MORNING

Guard 3 and Guard 4 **ADVANCE** in clearing formation on either side of the narrow **MAIN HALLWAY**, vested with fully automatic **HK33 RIFLES** outstretched in front of them. They move quickly and carefully forward toward the **ANTEROOM**.

Guard 4's face is drawn and **SWEATY**.

They reach the mouth of the **MAIN HALLWAY** at the **ANTEROOM BALCONY LANDING**. They look over the **ORNATE RAILING** of the **ANTEROOM BALCONY LANDING** briefly. They spot the **BULLET IMPACTS** on the **GLASS WALLS** of the **ANTEROOM**.

They look anxious.

GUARD 4 (shaken)
That's a big bullet.

Guard 3 flashes Guard 4 an annoyed, reproachful look. **BOTH GUARDS** reflexively begin moving backward toward the mouth of the **MAIN HALLWAY**.

We hear a **DEAFENING DISCHARGE** and **GLASS SHATTERING**. A **STEEL IMPLEMENT RICOCHETS** off the **SHATTERED ENTRY DOOR FRAME**. Our vision **BLOWN OUT WHITE**. A flat **HIGH PITCHED SIBILANCE**.

As our hearing and vision slowly return as we hear **MUFFLED GUNFIRE** and **PROJECTILES SPLINTERING WOOD**. We see Guard 3 from a low angle. **WOOD SPLINTERS** upward from the **BALCONY FLOOR** beneath him. **BULLET ENTRY WOUNDS** tear in a ribbon shape from his thighs up to his head.

Wide on Guard 3 from the back as we face the **ANTEROOM** from the mouth of the **MAIN HALLWAY**. **MUZZLE FLASH IGNITES** over a **BLURRY FIGURE** at a distance.

We **PEDESTAL DOWN AND PAN** as Guard 4's legs cross the frame. Guard 3's pained, bloody face falls tight into frame, obscuring the **BLURRY FIGURE**. **BLOOD** pools in front of us on **THE FLOOR** as life leaves his face.

A SPENT CLIP SMACKS WOOD PLANKS. **MUZZLE FLASH** lights the **BLURRY FIGURE** again as we **STEADICAM BACKWARD** down the **MAIN HALLWAY**, Guard 4 fleeing toward us, returning the way he came. A full magazine of **FIRE** is **DISCHARGED** skillfully in his direction.

Guard 4, uninjured, stations himself around **A CORNER**, in a small, **TRANSVERSE HALLWAY** that punctuates the rear of the **MAIN HALLWAY** at the rear of the structure. Guard 4 sits against a **GLASS WINDOW WALL** at an **EXTERIOR WALL**. He is boxed in.

CHALET ANTEROOM - SAME

Close on **MOTORIST'S BOOTS** stopping at **THE THRESHOLD** between **DECKING** of **THE VERANDA** and the ornate birch **HERRINGBONE FLOOR** of the **CHALET INTERIOR**. A beat as **THE BOOTS** stop in place. **THE BOOTS** cross **THE THRESHOLD** from the **VERANDA** to the **ANTEROOM**, onto the **HERRINGBONE FLOOR**, **GLASS CRUNCHING** underfoot. Close on **A GLOVED HAND** as it picks up Sean's **BURNING CIGARETTE** from amid the **SHATTERED GLASS**, takes it to mouth, and drags.
CHASE CAM. Motorist soft, left frame.

IMAGE: We look into **THE CHALET** from outside. Motorist's back as he stands framed squarely by the **SHATTERED ENTRY DOOR FRAME**, **GLASS FRAGMENTS** hanging. The **MP5** hangs in his free hand.

A **VOLLEY OF SUPPRESSIVE FIRE** emits from the **TRANSVERSE HALLWAY** toward us as Guard 4 fearfully blind-fires toward the **ANTEROOM BALCONY LANDING**. **BULLETS GRAZE** the **SUSPENSION STAIRS**. Guard 4 has no visual.

Motorist's spectral **SHAPE** remains unconcerned; only mildly adjusting his head position as bullets careen, still approaching their origin.

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Guard 4 peeks the corner.
Reverse: We see **BLURRY MUZZLE FLARE** from just above **THE STAIRS**. **CHUNKS OF BULKHEAD** corner are aggressively **CHEWED AWAY** next to Guard 4 from **RETURN FIRE**. **DEBRIS** falls to **THE FLOOR**. The **ONCOMING FIRE** stops for a moment. Another **VOLLEY OF FIRE CHEWS** the **CORNER** away as Motorist purposefully demoralizes his enemy.

INT NAP ROOM - SAME

BULLETS perforate the **NAP ROOM DOOR** causing **STREAMS OF LIGHT** to fall into the dark room. Sean falls prone behind **THE DAYBED**, hands over head.
The unlatched **NAP ROOM DOOR** swings partially open from **BULLET** velocity.

CHALET HVAC CLOSET - SAME

Close on **TELECOM WIRES** being **SLICED** with the **BUOY KNIFE**.
Close on **ELECTRICAL WIRES** being **SLICED**.
Close on a **MAIN BREAKER, TOGGLED OFF** then **ON**.

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Guard 4 looks around as the **RECESSED LIGHTS** come back on.

INT CHALET DEN - SAME

Close on Motorist's wrist as he marks three "I" markings on the inside of his wrist with **PERMANENT MARKER**.

We see two of Motorist's fingertips graze listlessly across the **SPINES** of a neatly shelved **RECORD COLLECTION**.

Close on **DUSTY FINGERTIPS** being cleared off by **A THUMB**.

Close on several **LP's** as they are slid partially out of **A RACK** in curiosity and then returned. We see **A RED ONE** slid out partially, then removed.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Tactile **JUMP CUTS** of **THE RECORD** being **UNSLEEVED** and inserted onto a **RECORD PLAYER**. **THE NEEDLE STRIKES BLACK VINYL**.

END MONTAGE

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Guard 4 is aimed down his **HK33'S IRON SIGHTS** at the blind **MAIN HALLWAY CORNER**, shaking. He waits with his **GUN** trained on **THE CORNER**. **SILENCE**.

MUSIC CUE: "Merry Christmas Baby" by Otis Redding

Guard 4 furrows his brow in confusion as the **UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYS, ECHOING QUIETLY** down the **MAIN HALLWAY** from the **ANTEROOM**.

IMAGE: A HAND FLICKS A SMALL STEEL LEVER with a plastic endcap from "**LOCAL**" to "**ALL**".

Our **VIEW TILTS UP** to a wall-mounted **HOUSE SPEAKER** above Guard 4. The **SONG SLAMS THROUGH**.

IMAGE: A hand turns a VOLUME KNOB until the **MUSIC** is **VERY LOUD**.

Guard 4 starts at the **SUDDEN LOUDNESS**. He re-sights his **GUN** at **THE CORNER**. His view migrates downward at something on his person. He pulls the slide of his **HK33**, realizing he has forgotten to chamber the initial round of a fresh magazine.

INT CHALET ANTEROOM - SAME

Motorist **GROOVES TO THE MUSIC** across the **BROKEN GLASS** toward the **KITCHENETTE**. We see a disheveled **CHRISTMAS TREE** and **MINIATURE NATIVITY SCENE** setup in the background on a **SIDE TABLE** next to the **SHATTERED ENTRY DOOR FRAME**.

INT CHALET KITCHENETTE - SAME

A **REFRIGERATOR DOOR** opens, revealing a sloppy interior organization indicative of male usage. Motorist peers inside, taking a **HALF GALLON CARTON** that says “**MILCH.**” He **TWISTS** the **CARTON LID** off and **DRINKS MILK** backhand from **THE CARTON**, dragging **THE CIGARETTE** between **SIPS**. He walks back to the **ANTEROOM**.

MILK in hand, Motorist looks sideways. He notices the **CHRISTMAS TREE** has been knocked askance by his breaching charge. A melodramatic **JESUS STATUETTE** has fallen onto **THE FLOOR**. Motorist puts **THE CIGARETTE** in his lips, squats down, dragging and exhaling, picks the **JESUS STATUETTE** up, and places it on the **TOP BOUGH** of **THE TREE**, adjusting **THE TREE** and **JESUS STATUETTE** just so, with an expression of comical pride. Motorist stands for a moment admiring his work with a smirk.

He **GROOVES TO THE SONG**, **CIGARETTE** hanging in lips, **MILK** and **MP5** in hands. Motorist drops the **CIGARETTE BUTT** and smears it on the **HERRINGBONE FLOOR**, **GLASS CRUNCHING** underfoot. He ascends the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** carefully, with the **MILK** in one hand and the **MP5** in the other at his hip.

He sets the uncapped **MILK CARTON** down on **A STEP** and furtively peeks over **THE CREST** of the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** and down the **MAIN HALLWAY**. One last **DANCE STEP**, moving up and down the **STAIRS**. A **SPIN MOVE** as he tops them.

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Guard 4 waits in suspense as **THE MUSIC CRESCENDOS** with **TRUMPET STRIKES** and **VOCAL ADLIBS**.

A **METAL OBJECT** slams against **THE WALL** in front of him. He looks away anticipating another flashbang and **FIRES**.

BULLETS EMERGE in return through the substrates of the **WALL CORNER** as Motorist pre-fires, sliding headfirst to the **RHYTHMIC CLIMAX** of **THE SONG**. Guard 4's **BLOOD** spatters up the **WINDOW WALL** behind as Motorist's **BULLETS CONNECT**.

EXT CHALET WINDOW WALL - SAME

The outside of **THE CHALET**. We see **GUARD 4'S BODY SLUMP** against the **WINDOW WALL** inside as **BLOOD SPATTER SLAPS** upward on **THE GLASS**.

IMAGE: THE NEEDLE elevates from **THE VINYL**.

END MUSIC CUE

PAN to the **METAL OBJECT**: It's just an **EMPTY CLIP**.

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Motorist approaches Guard 4's **BLOODY CORPSE** and kicks **HIS BOOT**. **BLOOD POOLS** on the floor.

Motorist retrieves Guard 4's **HK33**, careful not to step in the **POOLING BLOOD**.

Motorist notices **THE DOOR** of the **NAP ROOM** is slightly ajar next to him. Motorist cautiously moves toward **THE DOOR** and **KICKS** it open.

INT NAP ROOM - SAME

He glances across the small room. **THE SUITCASE** is neatly set on the end of **THE DAYBED**. No signs of inhabitation. Holding the **HK33** in hand Motorist pivots. He briefly examines the **GUARD ROOM**. One final door sits between the **NAP ROOM** and **GUARD ROOM**. He tries the handle. **LOCKED**.

Motorist walks back down the **MAIN HALLWAY** toward the front of the structure.

We hear **SEMI-AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE** as **BULLETS IMPACT** around Motorist. **A ROUND CONNECTS** and he **LANDS** in **THE FLOOR**, dropping the **HK33**. We see **MUZZLE FLASH** light the **NAP ROOM** intermittently through **A SLIT** in the **DOOR JAMB**. **WOOD VENEER** flakes up from the **NAP ROOM DOOR** as it is **PIERCED** by **BULLETS**.

Motorist turns over and **UNLOADS** his **MP5** in the direction of the **ASSAILING SHOTS**. He **BLOWS** the **LATCH** out of an **ADJACENT DOOR** and **ROLLS** into **A SUITE**.

INT CHALET SUITE 1 - SAME

Mei sits naked in an empty Whirlpool **JACUZZI BATHTUB** at the far end of the room. We are in a **LARGE STUDIO SUITE**. A **CALIFORNIA KING BED** sits before a decorative **DIVIDER WALL** of **FLUTED OAK**. An ornate **MARBLE BATHROOM** sits past the **DIVIDER**.

Mei stops **WEEPING**. She looks at Motorist shaking, **SNIFFING** a few times. Her face is glazed with **MUCUS** and **SALIVA** that shimmers varnish-like from lamentation.

Mei has dark hair and clairvoyant eyes.

Motorist, approaching, lowers the muzzle of his **MP5**. Mei's eyeline darts offscreen nervously at something. Motorist pivots at the **DIVIDER WALL**, following her gaze.

RALPH, 55 hides in a corner against the **DIVIDER WALL**. No shoes, undone slacks, partially unbuttoned shirt. Hair unkempt, five-o'clock shadow.

Ralph slides his back from the **DIVIDER WALL** to the **MARBLE WALL** opposite Motorist. He looks as though he is trying to dissolve into the wall. He tries to move away from Motorist, though this is impossible. The man embodies shame and disgrace. He looks desperately at Motorist, saying nothing. His hands are partway up in half-hearted surrender, like ugly claws hovering in front of his chest.

Motorist takes several imposing but graceful steps toward Ralph, closing the distance slightly. With each step it is as though Motorist makes withdrawals from Ralph's pride.

MOTORIST

Have a little fun did you?

Motorist approaches Ralph and rotates him so his face is toward **THE WALL**. Motorist **SLAMS** Ralph's head into the wall, **BREAKING HIS NOSE**.

Ralph falls to **THE FLOOR**.

Motorist takes a **LARGE ZIP TIE** from a pocket and lashes Ralph's wrists together.

Motorist turns to Mei briefly and tosses her **A TOWEL**.

MOTORIST

Keep your head down and stay in the tub.

Motorist grabs a **HAND TOWEL** and walks Ralph to the **SUITE DOOR**. Motorist **KICKS** Ralph's knee out, into **THE HALL** where he **SLAMS** into the opposite **WALL** and **FALLS** to **THE FLOOR**. **GUNFIRE** emits from the **NAP ROOM**. Ralph takes a **BULLET** to the calf, **WHIMPERING**.

RALPH

Ahhhh! It's Ralph! Don't shoot! Ughhh!

Close on **A PIN** being pulled from a **TEAR GAS GRENADE**. Motorist sticks his hand around the corner of **THE DOORJAMB** and **ROLLS** the **TEAR GAS GRENADE** down the **MAIN HALLWAY** toward the **NAP ROOM**. We hear Sean **SCRAMBLING** and **COUGHING** in the **CLOUD OF TEARGAS** as Motorist waits at ready, peaking carefully around the corner toward Sean's position. Sean doesn't emerge.

INT MAIN HALLWAY

Motorist steps into **THE HALLWAY** and **YANKS** Ralph up off **THE FLOOR** violently, dragging him toward the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** as a meat-shield.

Motorist **KICKS** Ralph to **THE FLOOR** of the **BALCONY LANDING**. Motorist places his knee in Ralph's back. He **LASHES** Ralph's ankles together with another **ZIP TIE**. He hogties Ralph, **BINDING** the **WRIST AND ANKLE LASHINGS** together with a third **ZIP TIE**. Ralph is still **SCREAMING IN PAIN**. Motorist **GAGS** him with **THE HAND TOWEL**. Motorist drags Ralph to the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** and **KICKS** him over the edge. Ralph **YELLS UNINTELLIGIBLY** through the **GAG**, **ROLLING** sidelong down **THE STAIRS**. He **LANDS** on **BROKEN GLASS** in the **ANTEROOM FLOOR**.

IMAGE: Motorist removes the **MAGAZINE** from Guard 3's **HK33**, placing it in his **VEST**.

IMAGE: Motorist **DROPS THREE UNLOADED HK33's** into **THE SNOW** in front of the **VERANDA EMBANKMENT**.

IMAGE: Motorist retrieves a **SNUBNOSE SHOTGUN** from a **LARGE SACHEL** and **SLINGS** his **MP5**.

INT MAIN HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Motorist aims the **SHOTGUN** at a downward angle, targeting the **DOOR LATCH BOLT** of **CHALET SUITE 2**. He fires, maiming the **DOOR LATCH BOLT**. The **SMOKING SHELL** exits his **SNUBNOSE SHOTGUN**. He kicks the door open in clearing posture.

A **HANDSOME YOUNG MAN** sits up in another **CALIFORNIA KING**. This is **JACK**, 31. **VICTIM 1, 25**, lies in the bed next to him. She is chained to the **HEADBOARD** by **MANACLES** on each wrist.

Motorist shuts **THE DOOR** behind him without turning his body. **COCAINE** and **AMPHETAMINES** sit in plain view on a **SIDE TABLE**.

JACK

Who the fuck are you?

MOTORIST

Unlock the girl.

Jack looks Motorist over. The young man's posture stiffens. He becomes forcibly jovial, if not a little nervous. His nerves are deft in political, but not physical warfare.

JACK

Wow, you- You don't look like a guy who makes a lot of compromises.

The punchline is **RALPH'S BLOOD** on Motorist's person. Jack blinks in a sort of delirium, but he is smirking.

JACK

Sorry to be so familiar. My name is Jack. And you are?

MOTORIST

The sun on your back.

JACK

That's funny.

A beat. Motorist sits across from Jack at the foot of the bed on an **OTTOMAN**, silent.

JACK

Well slim, I don't know what you're after, but I can help you get it. I broker amicable solutions between parties of mutually exclusive convictions.

MOTORIST (preoccupied)

What I want you cannot give me.

Motorist changes **THE CLIP** of his **MP5**, slinging the gun back around his side.

JACK

Try me.

Motorist **CHAMBERS BUCKSHOT**.

MOTORIST

I don't seek influence among men.

Motorist gazes out the window, **WHITE LIGHT** reflected from snow lighting his countenance. His eyes glitter.

Jack blinks dumbly.

MOTORIST

But you might give me one thing.

JACK

What's that?

A beat.

Jack turns his face and squints one eye at Motorist slyly, taking measure. The corner of his mouth turns up, wily.

JACK

Everyone has an earthbound need. I retain a diverse stable of clients. Most, very impassioned people; Just like you. A man like you has enemies. Tell me what you want.

MOTORIST

What I want cant be lobbied.

Jack hesitates. A **SCARED CHUCKLE**. Wags a finger.

JACK

Lobbyist. It rains on the righteous and unrighteous alike. One can't be faulted for resourcefulness. We're not so different, you and I. I'm the rainmaker. You're the haymaker.

Motorist smiles. This encourages Jack.

JACK

I get people of opposing ends to cooperate. A good broker doesn't have to lie. In fact it is his responsibility to find his clients- His friends- The most honest, precise and enduring solution to their ever-challenging, highly specific problems. Is this not the definition of good and honorable service?

A beat. Motorist says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

A gentleman professional such as myself, will always be taken care of. Because his client always departs with his need precisely met. The solution to life's problems seldom comes in the form we expect. The quality of my future is a reflection of how effectively and generously I have solved the problems of my friends. The giving hand... always receives back.

Motorist nods and raises his eyebrows.

MOTORIST

Reaps what it sows.

JACK

A life of riches lies in finding one creative solution to one very specific problem. Then solving that problem thoroughly, and repeatedly, for as many people as possible. Find the who, not the what, my friend. There's only so much time in life. Instead of wasting it learning the what- a craft that's already been mastered by someone else- Find the who. He who has already mastered it.

Because *he* is one possessing the years of skill and practice required to solve your problem today. My team boasts a thousand years of collective knowledge.

Motorist **LAUGHS**. Jack is caught aback but fakes his way through his offense, impressively continuing his pitch with sustained rhythm.

JACK

I'm the who. Just tell me the what. What gate might I open for you? What is it that you want?

MOTORIST

For gilded cufflinks, steel shackles. For pleasant musk, a stench. For moist ink, a faded sandstone.

Jack's face tightens in anger. His swagger is rarely disregarded. He is afraid, but more angry at his situation. He thinks more confidence is the way out. His youthful entitlement protrudes.

JACK

I see you are an earnest man. To me, your methods are brutish, antiquated, but that's just my opinion. I've got weapons too. Well...

Jack shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have one.

Jack motions toward the **SHOTGUN**. Then he puts his hands up slowly to show he means no harm and reaches slowly into his **SUIT JACKET** on **A CHAIR** next to **THE BED**. He pulls out a **GOLD PEN** and a perforated **100LB PAPER**. He has many **RINGS** on his fingers.

Jack **SCRATCHES** on **THE DOCUMENT**.

JACK

Three million, same as cash. No tricks. That's generous right? There will be no questions asked. It is needless that I die and I sincerely do not want to. Swiss account. If I'm declared dead, the assets will be frozen, muy rapido, comprende? Check-o no clear-o.

Jack tears **THE CHECK** off **THE DOCUMENT** with a **SHHHHRK**, **SLIDES** his heavy **GOLD TIE CLIP** onto **THE CHECK** and **TOSSES** it onto **THE FLOOR** where it lands with a **HEAVY THUD**. Motorist bends to pick it up, never removing his gaze from Jack.

MOTORIST

The city on the hill groweth dim. Her eyes wet with slumber. Woe to the sojourner. Who hath bested time and tide. For justice is weary. She now loveth bribes.

JACK

A man of exploits and prose; Who's the author?

MOTORIST (mocking)

That's an original, just for you.

Jack maintains a casual air to diffuse intensity.

JACK

A creative. I had an expansive education- But I can't really say I ever understood the economy of so many words.

MOTORIST

Yet your voice rattles on.

Jack looks down in proud disappointment like a frustrated parent who can't get through to his child.

JACK

Please, don't let me waste any more of your valuable time. Take that as a token of my discretion. Some contentious associate of ours has their panties in a fat twist? Someone needs a little extra heat at the polls? A strange world of power I orbit.

Jack **LAUGHS**. He tries to filibuster.

JACK (CONT'D)

Armed guards. Always chalked it up to youthful imagination on behalf of my friends. The punchline is the quick work you made of them and not their inflated price tag like I thought. A mere speedbump for a man of your talents. Consider that an advance. Take your polaroids to your journalist. It's no skin off my back. Most aggressive, uh, private investigation I've witnessed yet. Sets a terrifying precedent. But politics are civilization's one remaining form of warfare. We all have secrets. My own dear bride wouldn't appreciate this scene. But she's dripping with ice and floating from her last shellac to her next glass of rosé on a Rover's suspension. She doesn't need to know everything. Wherever man sets his feet- washington, the suburbs- or here in Europe where humans are more... evolved-

Jack grazes the fingertips of one hand up **VICTIM 1's** hip and oblique next to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's the same old song and dance. Forever realities we'd rather not talk about. The nature of the sexes and their wants- The conflict of interests between parties- timeless. We're only human.

A beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

A visceral man like you must appreciate women. We've got quite a selection. We could make a few drinks, put on some music. I hear you like music.

Jack smiles an evil smile at Motorist.

JACK (CONT'D)

One must tango before the ballroom goes up in flames. When will we learn? Haha. I'm talking too much. So, are we square kemosabe?

MOTORIST

We're square.

Motorist puts **THE SHOTGUN** away.

The young man smiles.

A beat.

Motorist stands, folding **THE CHECK** and putting it in his pocket. He **LIGHTS A CIGARETTE**. He pulls out **HIS WALKMAN**. He crosses to Jack and puts **THE HEADPHONES** on Jack's head.

Close on the **HEADPHONES** moving in and being put on our head.

Close on Motorist's hand setting the **WALKMAN** on **THE BED**.

Motorist stands over Jack as he turns the **LIT CIGARETTE** around, offering it to him.

Jack hesitates, suspicious. With scared doe-eyes he looks between **THE CIGARETTE** and Motorist's face, then takes **THE CIGARETTE**.

Motorist **PRESSES PLAY** and walks back, taking **HIS SEAT** once again.

MUSIC CUE: "Like A Rolling Stone, LIVE 1966" by Bob Dylan

A SNARE SMACKS. B3 ORGAN QUAVERS. GUITAR HUMS. PIANO JANGLES. THE STALWART HEARTBEAT OF DRUMS PULSES INTO OUR CONSCIOUSNESS LOUD AS A DERAILING TRAIN.

Close on Motorist's face, stoic and unmoved.

Reverse on Jack, afraid.

A BRITTLE VOICE.

*"once upon a time
you dressed so fine
through the bumps of time
in your prime
didn't you?"*

*people call
say beware doll
you're bound to fall
you thought they were all
kiddin you,"*

Eyes latched with esoteric intensity, like shaman in prayer.
Close on Motorist's face. The corners of his mouth begin to ascend gradually into a smirk.

*"you used to
laugh about
everybody that was
hangin out
now you dont
talk so loud
now you dont
seem so proud
about having to be scrounging around
for your next meal,"*

JACKS TERRIFIED VISAGE.

MOTORISTS SMILE.

A WHITE THROW FLIES THROUGH FRAME, LANDING ON VICTIM 1.

MUFFLED SHOTS.

BLOOD SPATTERS ON THE WHITE THROW AS IT LANDS ON THE GIRL.

SHE SCREAMS.

Jack struggles for a long moment, falling out of **THE BED** in confusion as the life begins to leave his eyes.

*"how does it feel?
how does it feel?
to be on your own?
with no direction home
like a complete unknown
like a rolling stone."*

Jack's face betrays his inner rejection of reality. This couldn't happen to someone like him. He's trying to stand up and run but his muscles don't work. He **FLAILS. A DRESSER CRASHES** down on top of him. **BLOOD POOLS** down his body as he writhes in shock and succumbs on **THE FLOOR.**

Motorist takes a **SHORT MACHETE** from his belt and hacks the corner of the **HEADBOARD** away so **VICTIM 1** is freed. She **SPRINGS UP** and **BOLTS** toward **THE DOOR**, the piece of

HEADBOARD hanging from the distal **MANACLE**- Motorist **GRASPS** at her arm but she pulls free as he falls from **THE OTTOMAN**. She flings **THE DOOR** open and rushes into **THE HALLWAY**.

HK33 FIRE rings out from the back of the **MAIN HALLWAY**.
Motorist drops prone, covering his head. **ROUNDS PIERCE THE WALLS** above him.

A THUD in the **MAIN HALLWAY**.
END MUSIC CUE

INT CHALET SUITE 1 - SAME

We see Mei clutching her head in **THE TUB**. **BULLET HOLES** perforate **THE WALLS** of **CHALET SUITE 1**. **MARBLE FRAGMENTS RATTLE DOWN** around her.

Mei peeks her head over the lip of **THE TUB**. She eyes the **BULLET HOLES** in the wall. **STRANDS OF LIGHT** spill through them, filled with **SPECULAR DUST**. **VICTIM 1'S ARM** is framed by **THE DOORJAMB** in **THE FLOOR** of the **MAIN HALLWAY**. **BLOOD POOLS** framed by **THE DOORJAMB**.

INT CHALET SUITE 2 - SAME

Motorist moves into the **MAIN HALLWAY**, **MP5** outstretched.

INT CHALET SUITE 1 - SAME

Motorist passes Mei's line of sight in **THE DOORJAMB**. (Over Mei's shoulder, focused for hallway)

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Motorist reaches the **TRANSVERSE HALLWAY**. The **HK33** lies tangled in **THE STRAP**. **SPENT CASINGS**. Motorist kneels down, feeling the **CHAMBER** for heat, **MP5** outstretched in his free hand. He **DETACHES** the **EMPTY MAGAZINE** and slings **THE HK33** around his back.

IMAGE: Motorist clears the **GUARD ROOM** and the **NAP ROOM**.

Motorist disappears from our view into the **MIDDLE DOOR**.

INT CHALET SUITE 1 - SAME

Mei raises herself up out of **THE TUB**. She looks toward **THE DOOR**.

INT ANTEROOM - SAME

Super-wide: We peer down the **MAIN HALLWAY** from midair in the **ANTEROOM**.

Mei steps into the **MAIN HALLWAY** over **VICTIM 1**'s arm.

She looks either way down the **MAIN HALLWAY**, meekly.

She walks away from us toward the **TRANSVERSE HALLWAY**.

INT TRANSVERSE HALLWAY - SAME

Mei sees Guard 4 slumped dead against the **WINDOW WALL**. She sees a **MINI FRIDGE** through the **NAP ROOM'S AJAR DOOR**.

INT NAP ROOM - SAME

Mei **FLINGS THE DOOR** open and **RUNS** into the room, opening **THE MINI FRIDGE**. Inside are stacks of **SNACK PACK PUDDING CUPS** and rows of **BOTTLED WATER**.

Mei **RIPS** a **PUDDING CUP** open and **CONSUMES** it ravenously with her fingers. Then another and another. She gorges herself.

Mei sits there a moment. Her blood sugar spikes. She hasn't eaten until she was full in a very long time. She dozes to sleep, childlike, curling up on **THE FLOOR**. **PUDDING** on her upper lip.

INT RODNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

We see Rodney **TALKING TO HIMSELF**. On an eventual return of our **REVOLVING VIEW**, we see **A MAN** sitting in a **RICKETY CHAIR** by the **WINDOW**.

RODNEY (stammering, unsure)

I'm not sure that's the truth. I am not my thoughts. I should not be... I will not be judged for them.

DAMON

They are beneath you. They see only what is just before them. They do not see you as you truly are. Your passions, clairvoyance- uncharted waters. Others believe only what is pleasant for them. They see a strong chin among beggars and give him their alms.

RODNEY

I'm so tired. I need to sleep. Please leave me. I want to rest.

DAMON (rapidfire and pompous)

Take for instance the believer Rodney. His life is not his own, bought at a price for the service of man's salvation. Even this supposed winner of lost souls hurtles mindlessly toward pleasure and darkness. One must acknowledge that if salvation is untrue it is the most diabolical lie ever to have given ideological seed. Yes, the sequoia of lies, a marvel of majestic scale with ramparts

to either side, dividing mankind with the sword of dictated separation for thousands of years. On the outside the secular humanist, a vaguely optimistic creature living in the pretext that his position is uniquely bedded on scientific verity. Yet he also relies on dumb faith. Faith in mankind's ability to love with the power of will instead of through the supernatural death of a handsome bearded jew. But his dream is just as pink, fat and rife with worms as the prize sow of christianity. His religion; equally simple. Like any other man of persuasion, he conceals from himself the gnawing question of God, relying as much on denial and wishful thinking as any other man. He dismisses the cosmic argument entirely, leaving it for simpletons. He ignores the reactive consciousness of light. The promiscuity of photons and particles. The proof that creation, in reflexive mutation, conceals its own secrets. He wrestles with words to bind the hands and feet of his adversary when reminded of his naive, illegal doubt. His betters and prophets- thinkers, governments, nobel prize winners. All mitigated by human weakness. The only wisdom available on earth does not consist of knowledge. It is to choose constant humility in awareness of the crushing narrowness of human consciousness, even in those of the highest acumen. Humans can see two, maybe three things at once. But they can focus only on one. The only virtue, the only truth... is uncertainty. But if refused eternity, it is at least pleasant to be one's own God, and to play the game of convincing oneself he is right. Inside the rampart sits your tribe Rodney. The blind, superstitious zealot deferred to fabricated deity. Judging all things by fable and a poorly translated version of ancient, immovable verse, the original cultural context of which is lost upon modern man and reinterpreted at his convenience. He is a sentimental fascist, the slaughterer of ambiguity- his cause sanitizing the world of impure behavior, purifying it for the happiness of an insecure master being. In his blind zeal the believer abandons earth and its people- The physical fate of a planet he knows will pass away is to him already meaningless. Just a petri dish to be flooded. A pit of vipers to be burned... Both these men are fools. And yet their conflict endures. What is the meaning of it? What is freedom and what is injustice? What is morality? What is a lie if there is no absolute contradicting verity to prove its falsehood? It is not a lie at all, just antimatter. What is a human life but a mass of atoms rebounding from substrate to substrate? And what consequence does life have in its impermanence? There will be no record of any event to be prosecuted by idealists in the halls of time, no adversary to the murder once the victim's soulless body passes into the great mystery.

Murder is nothing. Just the universe defecating.

A beat.

Damon eyes Rodney mercilessly.

DAMON (CONT'D)

If God created humor... He would be funny. But there is no humor in your mother's rigid response to the sensate world. Her sensual bankruptcy. The lack of hip-throw in her gait- Her behavior explained by a simple perusal of Freud. She was a liar and you were right to despise her. It is sad however for a son's knowledge to outweigh his mother's. A son desires to protect her. Desires to supplant his own belief with hers- Even when he knows hers are incorrect. He would make himself incorrect to make her correct, and repair the imbalance of fate, restoring her to her ordained position- Thus freeing himself from his starcrossed burden. But I suppose there's even something selfish in this hero's wish, since it is for his own comfort that the son

wishes to glorify his mother. You are deeply loving, Rodney. Loving to a fault. But you know better than to shower idiots with approval. You carry the heavy burden of truth. It is not written, "Let God be true and every man a liar."? Did He not also say "I have made you gods?" Are you then not then also a god Rodney? And what god needs friends? Friends take your words home and extrapolate their anger and weakness upon them. They see the corner of your mouth turn up at dinner and say in their heart "Aha! I knew his politics were with the fool!" What is friendship but words for inquisition in private chambers? We need friends only to heap criticism upon. We praise them in present and dismantle them in private. Work drafts of our own principles upon their frames before testing them ourselves because in friends we wish only for slaves. For captive entertainers. We punish their poor doings with silence and reward those appropriate to our view with small praise, sometimes even punishing the good to keep them from seeing themselves as better than, or equal to us. Envy fuels the gathering fire of friendship. Friends are food tasters, nothing more. These lowly books under your ire as of late-

Damon motions to some self-help books.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You are right to despise them, they are baseless, intellectually impoverished psychological comedies moonlighting as timeless wisdom. But they do hold one truth, as you suspected: Common people are willing hebrews existent only for the erection of monoliths. Monoliths like you, Rodney. Do you know that careful words are the currency with which slaves are bought? And you have many with which to make purchase. The servant who believes his master his benefactor will never backbite. Venerable are your abilities rodney. But your will is weak. You need more testosterone. Have a drink! Loosen up, lad! Have you thought anymore about my proposition?

RODNEY

No. No I can't. Leave me alone.

DAMON

Don't you see Rodney? Everything is meaningless.

WE CLOSE IN on Damon's face as he erupts gradually into **SUPERNATURAL LAUGHTER**.

INT CHALET MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

SLATE GREY HUES with a **SKYLIGHT** for a ceiling. **MOUNTAIN PEAKS** visible through it. A **TAXIDERMIED MULE'S HEAD** mounted above a **CALIFORNIA KING**. **ESOTERIC SYMBOLS** ornately set into the **WOOD FLOOR** with varying species and tones of wood. A **MYTHOLOGICAL STATUETTE** sits on a **FLOATING WALL CONSOLE**.

The room is tidy, modernist, full of angles and lines. Beautiful, understated architecture and curated furniture. Mixed **MID-CENTURY**, **POSTMODERN**, and **BRUTALIST** tendencies. Earth tones and woods, industrial greys, stone, marble. Flecks of gold. The green of plants rounding

the masculinity out just so.

UNDERSTATED LIGHTING. Out of context for the time, implicit of unique taste. No one here. One more door in sight. The **SOUND OF WATER RUNNING.** A half-hearted **FEMALE WHIMPER.**

There is a disturbed pile of **COCAINE** next to an **AMEX BLACK CARD** on a **MARBLE SURFACE.**

Motorist approaches the **THE DOOR** cautiously. He moves inside silently.

INT BATH - SAME

Sean forcibly copulates with a **YOUNG WOMAN** while she half-resists, **CRYING** to herself. We are in an **OVERSIZED STONE SHOWER**, in a **CLOUD OF STEAM.**

Overhead: Sean's head of hair above the Young Woman as she **JOSTLES.** This is **SOPHIA**, 26. She is laid out across a **TEAK SHOWER BENCH.** We see her face and breasts oscillate unhappily beneath Sean for a half-second.

MOTORIST'S HAND reaches into view, grasping **SEAN'S HAIR** from overhead.

Motorist **YANKS** Sean backwards off Sophia and throws him onto a **STONE BENCH** against the **BATH WALL.** Sean sits **PANTING.** He looks up at Motorist, trembling. On his face an expression of total fear. He looks like a kid facing dad after breaking his sister's leg roughhousing.

Sean **SNIFFS.**

MOTORIST

There were two fresh magazines on your lackey's vest just six feet away.

Motorist **TAPS THE MUZZLE** of the recovered **HK33** on his back.

MOTORIST (CONT'D)

...You're a lousy shot.

Sean winces, regretting his error. "What if's" seen in his face. Deep despair emanates from him. He makes a decision. His face slowly distorts, changing slowly and completely into a maniacal grin.

SEAN

Sight the mercenary and kill the whore- Risks must be taken sometimes. Shame she had to walk out when she did. I enjoyed railing that ass while it walked the earth.

Sean laughs a guttural, unhinged belt of laughter. He's high. Motorist looks down at him, waiting silently with a steely, unmoved expression. Motorist looks neither sorrowful nor spiteful, neither

angry nor peaceful. Motorist throws the girl **A TOWEL** without looking. He sits down across from Sean in a **TEAK CHAIR**, placing his pistol on his lap.

Sean squirms at Motorist's regression.

Motorist **WHISTLES** and points without looking, signaling Sophia to leave.

She runs delicately between them and out the door.

Sean sizes Motorist up, searching for his epitaph.

SEAN

Boy do I love women – all flavors, ages, politics. Red and yellow black and white. What unites humanity- In what do we all share if not boredom? We tire easily, desire something new. Eat just to eat again. Last meal, mushroom veloute and mignon. This time something piquant- Raspberries, almonds, cream and ganache. Ahhh. That hit the mark. I am quenched for a moment. Yet satisfaction hides. With each last bite, I dream of the next. How volatile, humankind. I locate my muse and alas, she transforms! I won't know what her dreamy flesh feels like till I find her again. So I sight, I pursue, and I taste my quarry. A deep barren itch relents for a moment. It's all so boring- All but the anticipation... The mystery of what quenches. I'm not concerned with getting it exactly right. Do you know why?

Motorist has his **PISTOL** disassembled. He **CLEANS IT** in his lap.

MOTORIST

Why?

SEAN

Because unlike silly prudes married into captivity, I know monogamy is biblical mysticism. The suburbanite waltz is a song of overlords. An army of simpletons, in pious slavery to the expectations of others. Even the middle class husband, glorified lawnmower that he is, senses the charade- yet nonetheless he plays along, character-acting in public for fear the few opportunities he does possess will be revoked, should he not participate. We parade for our neighbors, in-laws, betters- domestic and civic due diligence- Suffering as commoners at the paws of a bitch and the talons of taxmen. The great american pastime, projecting a relatable image- Contemptible to ourselves; but approachable to others. We fear to lose even the shrill, small world we possess- We must after all, appear pleasant. Tenable. Fatherly. Gentle. I can tolerate a shrew like the best of them.

Sean holds his **WEDDING BAND** up.

SEAN

The politics of the day change. The words you can and can't say- But powerful men will roam free. Or they are just a castrated bull. Women only care for loose cash and handbags. Provide them that; you can do anything to them.

A beat. Motorist is reassembling **HIS PISTOL**.

SEAN

Are you a man of faith? You couldn't have made it here if it weren't so. Faith too has its counterfeit reward- If one can swallow the notion of cosmic judgment. Gives you a sense of superiority. But after years of seeing what the world contains, you'll bend your rules, too.

Motorist **COCKS THE HAMMER.**

SEAN (CONT'D)

...Wait. Listen to me. Lust knows no age, no family. Spares no daughter, mother, sister. There is no boundary to its reach. It obeys no ideal, no wealth. I thought I'd reach the bottom of my depravity. But the pit keeps... multiplying. You taste the unspeakable- just once- and the appetite deepens. Lips, valleys, barbiturates. Preference mutates, each taste chased by heaving dryness- Like a desert in your guts. Food loses its taste. The sun grows black. A thirst - in here- I can't sleep till I've felt something, someone unfamiliar. Far from the pageantry of home and family. Desire! The specificity he demands, once courted! I am constantly compelled by amorosness. Why shall I repress it? Women run after danger, leaving gentlemen in the wings. I grow older while young women remain supple. Mankind desires children. I must answer! My very body points me, demands that I quench my appetite. What is this modern contempt for the man- That he should stifle his seed, cast down his kingly manner? That he should become feminine, burdened with motherly responsibility; have his nature stripped from him like some germanic savage hunted by a religious caesar. It is my right to sow my seed as i am compelled- An endless well is witness! I am that I am- how can one apologize for what he is? I would rather die a king reveling in his courts than some fearful quaker!

Motorist takes Sean by the scalp and pulls his face close to his.
He releases him and stands back up, looking into space.

BEGIN MONTAGE

We see **VAST IMAGES OF NATURE. A TIMELAPSE OF STARS. THE LIONESS IN HER DEN WITH HER CUBS, EYES GLITTERING AS THE EVENING LIGHT FALLS. DESERT BUTTES IN TWILIGHT. CAVES IN THE DEEP. WHEAT SWAYING. CHIMNEYS STAND ALONE ON A CHARRED STEPPE. THE OCTOPUS HIDDEN IN ITS REEF CHANGES COLOR AND HURTLES AWAY FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR. A WILD, SOLITARY MOUNTAIN BLIZZARD CRACKS OBELISKS OF PINE TO THE FOREST FLOOR. WE SEE AN OBSCURED BLACK FIGURE CROUCHED IN THE BLIZZARD. HE SEEMS TO HAVE GLOWING EYES AND WEAR SPIRED ARMOR.**

MOTORIST

What quality of man is he
Who speaks without knowledge?
A lamp has glittered in the deep
Far from slumbering cottage

In search... for you.

Can you bind the chains of Pleiades?
Can you loosen Orion's belt?
Where does moonbeam lay his head?
Where does shadow reside?

Can you hold them in place?

Show me peaks of thunder,
from whence the four winds scatter.
Guide me to the wells of the deep,
You who captured oceans behind dunes
Clothed them in westerlies,
And said, "Here is where proud waves halt."

END MONTAGE

Sean **WHIMPERS** and raises his arm, **CLASPING** Motorist's wrist to push **THE GUN** away-
Motorist is strong. His hand doesn't move, even fully distal.

SEAN

What is your price? Please!

Motorist does not answer. Nor does he avoid the blow. He allows Sean to touch him. A beat
while he maintains eye contact.

Wide side-profile: Motorist **SHOOTS** Sean twice in the chest and once in the head.

The gun **CLICKS QUIETLY** with the emanation of each **ROUND**. **SHELLS CLANG** on the
STONE FLOOR of **THE BATH**.

INT CHALET MASTER SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON

Motorist sits on **THE BED**. **LIGHT** suddenly begins pouring into the darkness from the adjacent
WALL. A **MOTORIZED SPOOL** draws a dark gray, oblong **BLACKOUT CURTAIN** up from
THE FLOOR. What was previously a wall is now a **GLASS PICTURE WINDOW**, beholden to a
breathtaking **SNOWY MOUNTAIN VISTA**.

Motorist **PULLS THE BEDCOVER** back. An **INFRARED REMOTE** with a **DEPRESSED**
BUTTON, which he has sat on, is revealed.

Motorist walks to **THE WINDOW** and stands looking into the **MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS**
pensively.

MOTORIST

All these kingdoms will I giveth thee, shouldst thou fallest down and worship me.

SOPHIA appears in frame, soft in **THE CLOSET DOOR** behind him.

SOPHIA

What is your name?

MOTORIST (still looking out the window)

Knowing's liable to cause you trouble.

A beat.

SOPHIA

Thank you.

MOTORIST (turning)

Least I could do.

Motorist moves past Sophia, sits back down on **THE BED**, pulls his **VEST** away and checks his shoulder- A **CONTUSION**. He exhibits some tenderness upon movement. He pries **THE ROUND** out of his **KEVLAR**, dropping it to **THE FLOOR**.

Sophia cleans herself off with **THE TOWEL**.

We see Sophia's legs as she drops her **TOWEL** to **THE FLOOR**. Motorist doesn't look.

SOPHIA

Most men either gawk or try desperately to look like they don't see.

MOTORIST

Those men don't have sisters. It's just a body. New ones come round everyday.

Motorist looks around for a moment, then tosses Sophia **A ROBE**. She looks at him skeptically.

SOPHIA

Hmmm.

Motorist smiles, staring off.

MOTORIST

My sister ran round the house half dressed. And she'd be lucky if I wore anything before

the age of ten. We were close as kids. Never thought about it till we were older. I was raised by a symphony of women.

SOPHIA

So you're the perfect man.

MOTORIST

Just accustomed to peaks and valleys.

SOPHIA

Didn't know men like that existed.

MOTORIST

Well I wish I could say there are many. Hell there might be. But neither of us are gonna meet 'em.

Motorist smirks.

SOPHIA

Only ever known the common kind.

MOTORIST

Might have something to do with ending up here. Ever fired a rifle?

SOPHIA

Twice, I think.

MOTORIST

That'll have to do. Aim down the sights like this. Eject the magazine here, insert a new one like so- Pull the slide. Place the stock tight against your shoulder, take a deep breath, and fire. Dont leave an enemy alive. Single round, three-round burst, fully automatic. You want single.

SOPHIA

Terminally single. Why are you giving me a gun?

MOTORIST

Can I trust you not to point this at those you merely dislike?

SOPHIA

I think so.

MOTORIST

Let me see you use it.

Motorist **BREAKS** the **MAGAZINE** away, handing Sophia the **HK33** and **MAGAZINE** in either hand. Sophia **CLAPS** the **MAGAZINE** into the **RIFLE**, **PULLS THE SLIDE** and raises the **RIFLE** against her humerus, aiming down the sights.

MOTORIST

Good.

He hands her several spare **MAGAZINES** which she **STUFFS** in her **ROBE POCKETS**.

Motorist **STEPS** into **THE HALLWAY**.

INT MAIN HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

MOTORIST

Show me where the others are.

Sophia hesitates a moment, then **STEPS** out. She seems uncomfortable at the thought of liberty. She catches herself mid-**SCREECH** upon seeing Guard 3. She **GAGS** and **WEEPS**, seeing **VICTIM 1** dead on the **MAIN HALLWAY FLOOR**.

Motorist stabilizes Sophia as they **WALK**.

They step over **BLOOD**, **SPENT CASINGS**, **WOOD SPLINTERS**, and **DRYWALL DEBRIS**.

They cross the **ANTEROOM BALCONY LANDING**, and descend the **SUSPENSION STAIRS**.

Motorist lifts Sophia entirely over the **BROKEN GLASS** near the base of **THE STAIRS**. A moment of chemistry as they glance into one another's eyes en passant, tears still in her eyes. Motorist sets her back down on the carpet in the **DEN**, deliberately taking no notice of her swoon.

Sophia motions to the **STEEL DOOR** at the back of the **DEN**. She **STARTS**, seeing Ralph bound and hogtied on the **ANTEROOM FLOOR**. He has fallen asleep in his **BINDINGS**.

MOTORIST

Wait here.

Motorist approaches Ralph and **UNBINDS** him. Ralph tries to crawl away. Motorist **KICKS** him in the kidneys several times. Motorist grabs Ralph by one ankle and **DRAGS** him through the **SHATTERED GLASS**. Ralph **SCREAMS** through **THE GAG**. They cross **THE THRESHOLD** onto the **VERANDA**.

EXT CHALET VERANDA - AFTERNOON

Ralph's **LEG BLEEDS** from the **BULLET WOUND** and **LACERATIONS** from **GLASS**. Motorist **LIFTS** Ralph up forcefully, making him stand. Ralph **WEEPS** in fear and doubles over. He attempts to stand up again, impeded by pain.

MOTORIST

Get up. You can do it. You can stand.

Motorist **SLAPS** Ralph a few times to liven him up.

MOTORIST

If you have any respect for yourself, you can stand.

Ralph struggles against the pain. He puts a hand on Motorist's person to help himself up.

Motorist **KICKS** Ralph's legs out from under him, **LEVELING HIM** to **THE DECKING** again.

MOTORIST

Don't touch me.

A beat while Motorist watches Ralph struggle.

Motorist **UNHOLSTERS** his **PISTOL**. Ralph immediately stands up erect.

MOTORIST

Good. Now go.

Motorist motions to the **EXPANSIVE DISTANCE**.

Ralph looks at Motorist in confusion.

MOTORIST

Take dominion. Be fruitful, and multiply.

Motorist smirks. Ralph looks at Motorist's face. Ralph's face is a plea of terror. Motorist, standing quite casually, **TAPS** the **PISTOL** hanging in his grip with his middle finger.

Ralph turns and walks out into **THE SNOW**. He stops and looks back at Motorist. Motorist stares coldly back. He waves **THE PISTOL** past Ralph, urging him to continue.

INT ANTEROOM - SAME

Motorist moves through a **WOODEN DOOR** in the **DEN**.

INT LOWER HALLWAY - SAME

Motorist walks down a dark **NARROW HALLWAY**.

INT GARAGE - SAME

Motorist appears through **A DOOR** into the large **FOUR-CAR SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE**.

BARE POURED CONCRETE.

Two black **1990 ISUZU TROOPERS** sit parked inside. Motorist approaches and slides underneath **A TROOPER**. He feels behind the **FENDERS, WHEEL WELL**, peers under **THE HOOD**. He finds a **TRACKING BEACON** on each vehicle, removes and sets them on **THE FLOOR**.

INT GARAGE - LATER

Motorist **HOTWIRES IGNITIONS. STARTS THE VEHICLES.**

Close on a **STEEL CLIMATE CONTROL LEVER** being slid to **FULL RED**. Close on a **DEFROST BUTTON** being toggled. The **ORANGE DIODE** glows.

IMAGE: An upright **CONION C100-F**. We hear the transistor-warmth of a **NONDESCRIPT JOURNALIST** on a **TELEVISION** closeby. A hand loads the **TAPE DECK**. The **CLICK** of a **PLAY BUTTON**. The **SPROCKETS** turn. We **PUSH IN** on the **TURNING SPINDLES**.

MUSIC CUE - "Julia" by The Beatles

IMAGE: 16MM HOME MOVIES: A small female bundle of energy, rebounds gleefully between pieces of living room furniture circa 1970's. We hear her **FATHER'S VOICE** from behind the camera.

FATHER'S VOICE (lovingly)
What're you doin'?

JULIA
Exercising!

FATHER'S VOICE
Oh yeah? I've never seen those moves before!

JULIA
I invented them!

FATHER'S VOICE
Good job baby!

IMAGE: Julia wears a princess dress. She sits before an ornate, flaming layer-cake. The table is surrounded by young girls and relatives. She beams and blows her candles out. Her mother kisses and affirms her.

IMAGE: The Father throws Julia up in the air repeatedly, standing on the lawn. She laughs with unabashed delight. The Mother smiles aft-frame in adoration of both of them.

INT ROOM – WINDOWLESS FLUORESCENT LIGHT

We track across a room full of mattresses, placed unceremoniously on the floor. Women of various shapes lie dissolutely in sweats or underwear.

We stop at the mattress of a sixteen-year-old girl and **DOLLY FWD** toward her bed. She listens to the song on **HEADPHONES**.

END MUSIC CUE

CASEY

Why do you spend so much time on your appearance?

GLORIA

Showing men what they want to see has its benefits.

Gloria smacks her full lips. We see her **FRESHLY APPLIED LIPSTICK** in a **FOUNDATION MIRROR**.

CASEY

oh, what, like ending up here?

GLORIA

even here, favoritism has its perks.

CASEY

Yeah you keep wearing slingshots, bitch. One's sure to wife you and bring you home to mama.

GLORIA

theyll retire you before long with that attitude.

CASEY

bitch i'll retire you right now.

Gloria **SNAPS THE MIRROR SHUT** in spite.

GLORIA (arrogant)

Dont punish me for perfection sweetie.

LATOYA (commandingly)

cool it the fuck down.

We are in a squalid, oversized room. Unpainted **FINISHED DRYWALL**. Cheap **WOOD PANELING**. **PEELING WALLPAPER**. Drab, dirty, **PINK, PILLED CARPET**. **MATRESSES** sit on **THE FLOOR** in disorder. **SWEATS** and **LINGERIE** hang upon **METAL CLOTHING RACKS**. **A HOLE** in the **SHEETROCK** where it has been tested for escape. **CINDER BLOCK** behind.

DIM FLUORESCENT LIGHTING. **CRT TELEVISION, GAME CONSOLE, VCR** on a **CASTERED CART**. **VHS TAPES** stacked messily.

A **DOZEN WOMEN** populate this **ROOM**. White, black, asian, east indian, hispanic. Most in their twenties. Julia looks 17. They lounge indolently in sweats or underwear.

Women in various postures: Reading, sleeping, watching television, lying staring at the wall blankly. There is a small **CHAIN LINK ENTRY CAGE**- We see **A PANEL** where supplies can be passed through.

Motorist appears in **THE ENTRY CAGE**.

Two of the women look, hearing **THE DOOR**, and give a confused look. Most pay no attention. No one speaks.

Latoya, 29, lies contrapposto closest to **THE ENTRY CAGE** with her back turned, reading **A MAGAZINE**, flipped open on **THE MATTRESS** before her.

LATOYA (without looking, flipping pages)

I know you didn't forget to bring us breakfast millimeter skeeter. Starved pussy ain't good pu-

Latoya breaks her neck to face backwards. Her side-lying contrapposto swagger unchanged.

LATOYA (casually)

Who the fuck are you?

Motorist acknowledges Latoya briefly with his eyes but looks past her to address the room.

MOTORIST

Time to go ladies. Take only the necessities.

He opens **THE GATE**. **THE WOMEN** hesitate, then scramble. **A WOMAN** hesitates in shock. **OTHER WOMEN** run out immediately in their underwear. Some dress in sweats and bun their hair loosely. A few pickup **PERSONAL KEEPSAKES**. **A WOMAN** emits anxiety about leaving things behind. **ANOTHER** freezes in anxiety at idea of leaving in general.

Motorist walks into **PRISONER'S DORMITORY** and walks through the middle of the **BUSTLE OF WOMEN**. He looks around with a sad curiosity. **BODIES, CLOTHES** and **BEDDING** fly

through the frame around him. The **COMMOTION DISSIPATES STEADILY** as the women trickle out **THE ENTRY GATE**, soft in the frame, behind him.

POINT-OF-VIEW

A SLOW PAN of **THE ROOM**, now empty. Mismatching **BEATUP DAMASK MATTRESSES**, some without any sheets showing **FRAYED PANEL-STITCHING**. Oppressive monotone **FLUORESCENT TUBELIGHTING**. **WHEN HARRY MET SALLY** plays on the **TELEVISION**. Two **STACKS OF VHS TAPES** sit on top of **THE TELEVISION**.

THE GRADUATE, PRETTY WOMAN, DIRTY DANCING, RISKY BUSINESS sit in one pile. **WHEN HARRY MET SALLY, SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, ANNIE HALL, ROMAN HOLIDAY** in another.

A **CHEAP FORMICA VANITY** sits against **A WALL** with a **GAGGLE OF COSMETICS, TAMPONS, and TOILETRIES** atop. Several **WASTE BINS** overflow with **KLEENEX, BLACKENED COTTON SWABS, TAMPON WRAPPERS, DEBRIS, OLD CLOTHING, and MESSY SYTROFOAM FOOD TRAYS**.

Motorist reaches the **BACK WALL** and turns around toward the **ENTRY DOOR**, preoccupied with sadness.

Motorist sees something on **A MATTRESS** and kneels down. He slides a **TORN PICTURE** of **A MAN** from under a **CHEAP, STAINED COVERLESS PILLOW** and looks at it.

A **STACK OF PAPERBACKS** sits adjacent. Among them **THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD, LONG WALK TO FREEDOM, WITHIN THE WHIRLWIND, MEMOIR FROM THE WOMEN'S PRISON**.

There is a piece of **8" X 11" PAPER** scotch-taped to the **WOOD PANELING** above this **MATTRESS**, with a **TYPED POEM**:

A POEM

*"I put my hands upon a girl
And she was shaped like clay.
I put my hands upon another –
And sculpted her the same.*

*This one, she loves the books I love;
This one repeats my words;
The both alike sing out of my mind
As it were hers, or hers.*

*Where she is touched, she's cut away,
To better fit my hand –
So woman's empty after all;*

Man ever kisses man.

WOMANIZER'S SOLILOQUY

Karina Kitt, 1992"

Motorist **PULLS OPEN** the **BATHROOM DOOR**, peering in, **PICTURE** still in his hand. We see a tiny squalid roughed-in **CONCRETE ROOM** with a cheap **STANDUP SHOWER** and **EXPOSED PLUMBING**. No flooring, drywall or paint. **RUST STAINS** abound.

Motorist snaps out of his reverie and exits **THE PRISONER'S DORMITORY**.

INT NEW YORK HIGH RISE - DAY

MARTIN HEWITT, 58, and a young man named **KLEMPER**, 25, walk through **ORNATE HALLS** of a **NEW YORK HIGHRISE**, getting in **ELEVATORS** and descending **FLIGHTS OF STAIRS** toward the ground floor.

We see **MASSIVE LETTERS** mounted to an **ORNATE WOOD-PANELLED WALL** that read "**HEWITT AND ASSOCIATES**" in **REFLECTIVE GOLD TYPOGRAPHY**.

Martin takes Klemper down the long way to show the young man the breadth of his kingdom.

MARTIN

People go to school for years to be social workers, teachers, doctors- And what do they get?

KLEMPER

I don't know, Mr. Hewitt.

MARTIN

It's Martin. Klemper...

A beat while Martin reflects.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...I went to Columbia with this guy Jimmy Sturgis. Pre-med. He was so naturally benevolent, I always marveled at him. Good catholic family out of Rogers Park. We were on the rowing team together. One time Jim's driving us back from Big C and this Ford side swiped us, fast, took the driver side mirror off. My dick turtleheads, I'm cussing hysterically at our gone assailant- And all a perfectly calm Jimmy said was, "Maybe the guy's wife is in labor and they're on the way to the hospital."

Martin **LAUGHS**. Klemper raises his eyebrows.

MARTIN

Jimmy said things like that all of the time. Chronically good-natured fellow. Relentlessly optimistic, no matter the circumstance. He spent four years in undergrad, four in med school, three in residency, two in fellowship, then finally established a practice in Hoboken. I ran into him years later at a gala- Jimmy Sturgis, idyllic demigod of health, had a spare tire, a sallow face and these dark bags under his eyes. Starts telling me somber tales bout his average day. Sheryl so-and-so comes into his clinic with acid reflux. She's obese and prediabetic, so he gives her a shortform education on nutrition. Nothing advanced just 'eat your vegetables, limit processed foods, quit soda or switch to diet.' So Sheryl chucks the soda but adds a half dozen snack packs to the daily pile and to boot, becomes a frequent flyer in the cardiac unit at her local hospital- Catches the 'betes anyway, starts chewing tums like a fiend, even likes the way they taste, chalky mint coating makes her mouth feel clean. Brags to Jimmy she quit the soda but she's wearing the snackpacks. Her stagnant weight loss, ashy skin and need for a stool softener give Jim a total read on her regression despite her evasions.

KLEMPER

What's the point?

Martin looks at Klemper mildly surprised and smirks, delighted at Klemper's unspoiled naivete, spunk and conscience. We never see Martin's face clearly.

MARTIN

Point is Sheryl'd rather get her toes chopped off than stop gobbling down Ho Ho's and Pepsi; And, you can't conceal information from an ingenious surveyor. Sheryls are a dime a dozen. This sort of experience consumes Jim's waking life until his altruism is destroyed. He accepts that after twelve years of study, a four-hundred-thousand dollar education, and his balls in the vice of a five year triple net lease, he's just a glorified pusherman, shuffling proton pump inhibitors, insulin and doxycycline for a living. His patients are real people, not the fucking character sketches they show you in textbooks. They dont follow instructions like in fiction. But they do live and breathe and suffer like the rest of us. The vices they come home to are the only comforts they can afford after a day of carting grubby kids home on a schoolbus for nine bucks an hour or punching meaningless collations into a spreadsheet, packed like sardines in aluminum cubicles in a warehouse of interminable beiges and vinyl shrubs. Can you imagine spending your waking life squashed between drainage ditches in a business park beneath drop-ceilings spanning to the horizon? Just to go see fuckin Jimmy and be told you can't eat sweet, creamy Ho-Ho's anymore? There's nothing more offensive to the human spirit than being told what to do. Especially by some snot-nosed M.D. twenty years younger than you who's taking away your last sacred comfort, even if that comfort is something as poor in taste as a goddamn Ho Ho. Everyone has pride, regardless of social position, and they must protect it to survive, even if with active stupidity. That's why bums give you a fucking sob story to justify asking for change. Even they are wage workers, understanding of their own position.

Klemper's brow is furrowed, he stares sideways, marveling at Hewitt.

KLEMPER

Hmmm.

MARTIN (smirking)

You're young yet Klemper. I have another old college buddy Tess. Doctorate in Psychology. That's a diamond-studded euphemism for "social worker." Tess has a patient, Ed- A decorated 'nam vet who watched his entire platoon get chewed up by punji pits and bamboo whips outside the sanh.

KLEMPER

I'm sorry, punji what?

HEWITT

Medieval boobie traps with spikes and shit.

Hewitt makes a huge finger gesture to illustrate the size of the spikes- About ten inches.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

Nasty, barbarian war technology. Keep up Klemper. Anyway, Ed has tormenting secrets about what he did to some vietnamese women when he finally took the city, sans his dismembered squad. Ed survives the war with all of his appendages intact, but his perception of humankind skewered. He returns home with secret sexual shame and public pride of country, only to be spit on by hippies outside an airstrip in California. The press disavows these occurrences, whitewashing anti-war demonstrations as "mostly peaceful," because you know, liberals are all just big benevolent teddy bears carrying the loving banner of mankind. Needless to say, Ed's gears are a little worn. He and Tess work on his hellish anger with breathing techniques and a stress ball - This little squash ball that you squeeze in your palm when you're upset - Eventually Ed even talks about his feelings- Not a small thing for a guy whos old man used to lock him in a corn silo overnight when he was pissed. But after the more intense sessions Ed starts getting headaches and experiencing precuneal IRMs- sort of like acid flashbacks- but instead of pleasant visions of fluorescent paisleys and complicit harems, everyone around Ed suddenly takes the shape of a hostile gook brandishing a bayonet. Ed does okay for awhile, uses medication when necessary, manages the upsets as best he can- he's really honest-to-god trying, you know? but one day his self-help books don't come through and he ends up kicking his wife through a wall and airing his children out with a thirty-odd-six and serving back to back life sentences. Tess's compassion fatigue sets in and now everyone gets prozac. She steps back from her dream of transforming lives to play interference. Not exactly the future she dreamed of when she was dressing her Barbies in business casual and scrapbooking her Moroccan destination wedding at the age of twelve. The discipline of hoping; of insisting that even one or two of her clients can recover a basic capacity for stress and maintain the relationships necessary to survive in their disenfranchised human communities- well, its too false an illusion for her to maintain anymore. She'd rather turn mankind into comatose zombies happy leering at the boob-tube- instead of risk turning maladjusted people loose on society to make advanced decisions.

Martin stops his gait, squaring up to Klemper in the middle of **THE HALLWAY. A WOMAN** squeezes past them, annoyed. Klemper is preoccupied with her and attempts to move out of her way, but Hewitt takes no notice, holding Klemper in place by the shoulder.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...The risk always gets eliminated from everything. Nothing in the modern world is not about results. It's not about empathetic, thorough, or scientific solutions. Not even about the pursuit of objective truth like everyone pretends. It's about placidity. It's about there being just enough to go around that the criminal outgrowths of the pervasive wounds of paternal abandonment in our little slice of civilization don't become too obvious to the untrained eye. So that there's a semblance of peace on the facade of things. We can point to Mr Rogers and the fucking Twin Towers and claim "We're doing it boys! Onward, to a more frictionless union!"

They begin walking again. Martin sets the pace.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And Tess is just providing what's in demand... People don't want to work for things. They don't want real solutions. They want mythology, so they can be instantly justified. They want to be accredited for that which they have not meritoriously accomplished. They just want the symptom, the temporal pain or inconvenience to go away. Of course if you ask anyone if they want to thrive, to be whole, to enjoy life fully, everyone says "Yes." But when you show them the process, all but a few take a hard pass. Because they can only think far enough to manage their present suffering. They can't visualize the bleak end their laziness will cause them, when their glory days are spent and they're too old and brittle to compete for resources.

A beat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...Every kid thinks they're gonna grow up and change lives. But the world is going to push very hard on your convictions. And most of us are going to fail... And have our kids abandon us to nursing homes.

KLEMPER

Mr. Hewitt.

MARTIN

Yes?

KLEMPER

What am I supposed to make of this?

MARTIN

You're supposed to understand we're not living in a world of ideals Klemper. You're gifted, but you're too sensitive. You're not here to save the world. You're here to close. Every prospect has

an insatiable vice, a point of vulnerability. It's your job to isolate and leverage it before they realize it exists. Preferably *without* them realizing it exists. People are giving you information about themselves at all times. Don't fall prey to the naive optimism that people's words are what indicate their intent. Where do they touch their face. Where are their feet pointing? What are they dressed to accomplish? Invisibility, or... Upward mobility?

Martin motions to WOMAN 1 & WOMAN 2, one dressed in frumpy earthtones designed to camouflage her among her surroundings. The other, dolled to the nine with taste and intent.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I gave you the Bernadino deal because it suits your temperament. Now close it, little buddy.
This is your baby. Show me you can man up and get this done.

Martin **PATS** Klemper on the nape of his neck like a father.

MARTIN (walking away, back turned)

Fools underestimate the currencies of human forgetfulness and stupidity. Use these timeless and abundant resources to your advantage.

Another young man, **MIGUEL**, 29 walks up behind Klemper as Martin leaves Klemper standing in the **ORNATE LOBBY**.

MIGUEL

You the new fish?

KLEMPER

I mean, three months?

As Miguel speaks, his gaze follows Martin in admiration, who has left the frame as he approaches the **FRONT DOOR**.

MIGUEL

Don't worry, Martin's a great guy.

KLEMPER

Is he always like this?

MIGUEL

Exclusively.

KLEMPER

Does he ever lighten up?

Miguel looks at Klemper.

MIGUEL

What's your name?

KLEMPER

Klemper.

MIGUEL (nice, but arrogant)

Look Klemper, Martin's a genius. He's not a humble man, neither should he be. You look like a smart guy. My guess is you didn't accept an internship with the most successful lobbying firm in the states to punctuate your catechism. You want some advice?

KLEMPER (annoyed)

Do I have a choice?

Miguel sizes Klemper up like a great white gazing at a retarded baby seal.

MIGUEL (smiling)

Your job consists mainly of completing tasks you're grossly unprepared for, but don't ask for help. Learn to bullshit, fast. There's so much money flying around here only catastrophic mistakes tend to get noticed.... And Klemper...

KLEMPER

...Yeah?

MIGUEL

You might wanna change your name. What's a Klemper? A fucking meat tenderizer?

INT CHALET GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Motorist is hurriedly ushering **THE ESCAPEES** into the **RUNNING ISUZU TROOPERS**. It is a comical display. **THE VEHICLES** are overcrowded. **THE WOMEN** are packed in on top of one another, some lap-sitting. **ISOLATED BICKERING**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

MOTORIST (to Latoya)

Take the road east down the pass. There are thirty rail tickets in this bag. Get to Gare de Sierre by seven P.M. tomorrow. Sierre Station. When you get to Paris, separate. There are twenty-thousand francs there. Charter everyone home. Did these men know your names?

LATOYA (chewing gum)

I don't think so. Most of these is college bitches got picked up in clubs. I'm a working girl. Had one drink with the wrong client.

Sophia sits in the **REAR BENCH SEAT** with **THE RIFLE**. Motorist reaches in and **PULLS THE SLIDE** for her. He nods at **THE GUN**.

MOTORIST

Remember what I said.

Sophia nods. Motorist puts his palm on her shoulder in farewell then turns to the other vehicle.

SOPHIA

Hey.

Motorist looks back at her.

SOPHIA

Who are you?

Motorist maintains eye contact with her for a moment, then turns back to what he's doing.

MOTORIST (back turned)

I am an abacus, reckoning debts.

Motorist turns to **ISUZU TROOPER 1** and leans on the **OPEN WINDOW FRAME**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 1 - SAME

MOTORIST

Has anyone in this vehicle used a firearm?

CASEY

I used to shoot down in the gorge with my daddy.

MOTORIST

Good, you've just been elected defense officer. Magazine's fresh.

He **PULLS THE SLIDE**.

Motorist hands Casey the **HK33**, muzzle down. He **FLICKS THE SAFETY**.

CASEY

Thanks.

Motorist nods.

CASEY

Do you think I'll need to use this?

MOTORIST

Don't wanna make a liar of myself. I hope not.

ALLEY (thick texas accent)

He's kinda cute. You got a girl, tough guy?

MOTORIST

Not that I'm aware of.

ALLEY

That's too bad. *Involuntary* shackles take a little wind out of a girl's sails. Been a long time since I let a proper man tie me up. Have a little imagination left yet.

Motorist ignores Alley's advance and taps the **GARAGE DOOR OPENER** in a **TROOPER SUNSHADE**. He walks off, **SMACKING THE HOODS** of the **TROOPERS** simultaneously from between, signaling the drivers to pull away.

Alley moves around **A WOMAN** next to her to stay available to Motorist's line of view.

ALLEY

After two years you'd think I'd dry up like a sagebrush!

Motorist heads toward the **SMALL HALLWAY** that leads back into the **CHALET**.

ALLEY hangs out **THE WINDOW** looking after Motorist as he walks away and **THE TROOPER** begins to pull away.

ALLEY (shouting)

You got sack baby boy! Tough but graceful! There's something sweet about you!

As they pull away Alley stares back at Motorist, visibly swooning. Her head rests on her arms over on top of **THE BENCH SEAT**.

ALLEY

Who the hell is that boy?

CASEY

I don't know, but he seems to get results. My ex couldn't even piss in the bowl.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

SOPHIA (dreamily)
Paris.

LATOYA (sarcastic)
White bitches and Paris. Y'all always scrapbookin.'

SOPHIA (benevolent)
Oh be nice Latoya. We all know you're really a sweetheart. You've done so much for us. Our cherished negotiator. When we arrive I'll buy you a baguette.

LATOYA (softens, smirking)
Bread sounds good.

LAUGHTER.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 1 - AFTERNOON

SLOW REVERSE DOLLEY toward the front of **THE VEHICLE**. **THE WOMEN** in the **TROOPER** are revealed slowly. Naked, hungry, tired. Bruises. A few with track marks. In sweats or underwear. Messy buns. Varying moods. Some downtrodden. Some appear content or hopeful.

CASEY
Ow! Goddammit!

VAL
What?

CASEY
Buckle almost went up my ass!

VAL
Maybe you should buckle it instead of sit on it, princess.

ALLEY
Yeah start using things for their intended purpose instead of shoving them up your ass.

LAUGHTER.

CASEY

Man, when we get to Paris I'm taking a ten-hour bubble bath and eating a gallon of strawberry gelato.

VAL

This bitch is fancy.

CASEY

What about you two?

ALLEY (dreamily)

I'm gonna find that boy and implement all my feminine wiles. Make him carry me off somewhere beneath a waterfall. Have 'eem build me a cottage out of red pine by the riverside.

Casey and Val give each other looks with furrowed brows.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

...I see veins throbbing like pipes in his forearms, him chopping wood in the conifers while I fetch him cold water from the smooth river stones. He'll tame bird and fowl and they'll speak to us, be our only friends- Stand witness at our union. We'll dress a grizzly in roman collar under a trellis of wild vines. Then one dewy morning little red robin will nest in my hair, serenading me with her whistling falsetto. Over the years she'll deceive me- Tangling my brains up in her nest of locks, driving me slowly mad with her song, till im just a crazy old witch, mixin potions and muttering to myself. I'll sap that strange crusader's life with my wanton love by night, and insatiable demands by day. Then I'll cut his long hair in the night, stripping him of the strength I covet for my own. For in the end... What I really am is cruel.

VAL

Girl, you're wild.

CASEY

How you gonna kill him? Boil him?

ALLEY (happily)

No. He'll go mad as well, at the memory of my gone passion... And once-glorious thighs that've turned to cottage cheese.

CASEY

How can you lust for a man already?

ALLEY

I'm surprised myself. Thought I'd never dream of a dick again.

THE GROUP OF WOMEN (raising invisible glasses)

Here, here!

ALLEY

But I can feel a calloused soldier's hands on my hips already.

VAL

Sophia said he killed them all.

ALLEY

All the more attractive.

CASEY

This is the weirdest day of my life.

ALLEY

Reality's stranger than fiction.

CASEY

I have more will to live than I thought.

ALLEY

You're sharing my Irish luck. First ending up here, then being miraculously saved by some nameless crusader.

VAL

Luck is far from what I'd fucking call it.

CASEY

You can say that again.

ALLEY

Well that's the idea. Irish ain't ever been lucky. One of 'em just made that up one day to feel better about their awful heritage.

Close on Alley's face as **THE VEHICLE** ascends the **SNOWY SLOPE** to its **CREST** where **A MOUNTAIN ROAD** runs in two opposite directions. **CHAINLINK** on the **TIRES** chunks into **THICK SNOW**.

Alley has dreamy eyes. She is a resilient creature.

Alley gazes out the **REAR WINDOW** at the **CHALET**.

A SINGLE SHOT

We face the **REAR WINDOW** super-wide. The **CHALET** disappears through the **REAR WINDOW** as the vehicle turns a corner from the **CHALET DRIVEWAY** onto **THE ROAD**.

As **THE VEHICLE** turns, Alley transfers her gaze from the **REAR WINDOW** to the **SIDE WINDOW**, keeping her gaze toward the **CHALET**.

TWO BLACK DOTS appear faroff on **THE HIGHWAY** through the **REAR WINDOW**.

Alley lazily swivels her gaze back out the **REAR WINDOW**.

REVERSE SHOT

Her expression slowly transforms from whimsy to: Wide eyes and anxiety. Hope and skepticism. Deep consternation to horror.

EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

ISUZU TROOPER 3 BARRELS down **THE ROAD** in pursuit. **OPERATOR 1** stands up in **THE MOONROOF**, dressed in **BLACK**, holding an **HK33**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 1 - SAME

Alley **SCREAMS**. The **OPERATOR OPENS FIRE**. The **REAR WINDOW GLASS** on **ISUZU TROOPER 1 SPLINTERS**. It is bullet resistant.

EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

OPERATOR 1 maintains **CONTINUOUS FIRE**.

OPERATOR 2 leans out the **PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW** and **OPENS FIRE**.

EXT CHALET DRIVEWAY - SAME

ISUZU TROOPER 4 FISHTAILS TO A HALT at the crest of the **CHALET HILLTOP** in the **CHALET DRIVEWAY**. **BJORN** stands up in the **MOONROOF**. We see only his back.

SNIPER 1 JUMPS out of **ISUZU TROOPER 4** and **SPRINTS FULL SPEED** up the **MOUNTAIN CREST**. He carries a **MAUSER** in one hand.

EXT MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

SNIPER 1 kneels, sighting a **REAR TIRE** of **ISUZU TROOPER 2**.

He **ADJUSTS** his **RANGE DIAL**. **HE FIRES FOUR SHOTS, CYCLING THE BOLT BETWEEN**.

EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD - SAME

A **TIRE PUNCTURES** on **ISUZU TROOPER 2**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

The **WOMEN SCREAM**. The **WINDOWS** begin to **FAIL**. **BULLETS IMPACT** constantly from **ISUZU TROOPER 3's** pursuant **FIRE**.

ISUZU TROOPER 2 FISHTAILS and **TUMBLES OVER** the **ROADSIDE PRECIPICE**.

EXT MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

ISUZU TROOPER 2 leaves Sniper 1's sight, **ROLLING** over a **ROADSIDE PRECIPICE**. Sniper 1 **FIRES THREE SHOTS** at **ISUZU TROOPER 1**. All misses. **ISUZU TROOPER 1** vanishes around **A BEND**. Sniper 1 **COMMUNICATES** on **A RADIO**.

EXT MOUNTAIN DEPRESSION - SAME

FOUR OPERATORS descend a **LARGE HILL** beneath **THE PRECIPICE** with **HK33's** drawn.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

Alley is **BLOODY**, lacerated and bruising.

MEN SPEAK GERMAN faroff. Alley looks around desperately in the **OVERTURNED TROOPER**.

Several other girls are **MOANING AND SOBBING**. Several unconscious or dead. Alley spots the **HK33** behind a **MANGLED BENCH SEAT**. She tries to crawl toward **THE WEAPON**. She finds it difficult to move. **BODIES, SEATS,** and **MANGLED CABIN** crowd her way. A leg is limp. She realizes it is broken.

CROSSCUT - EXT CHALET HILLTOP - SAME

We **PEDESTAL UP** and **DOLLEY FORWARD** over **TROOPER 4**, looking over Bjorn's shoulder. Bjorn soft. Pull focus for **CHALET** and **EXT MOUNTAIN CREST** beyond.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

THE VOICES draw near. Alley's fingers **GRAZE THE STRAP** of the **HK33**. She can't quite grasp it. She forces **HER LEG** upward from under the knee with her hands, **YELPING** in pain. She takes hold of **THE STRAP**. **THE RIFLE** gives but won't come to her. Alley cranes her neck.

POINT OF VIEW

THE STRAP is tangled around a **HEAD SUPPORT**. Alley yanks at **THE STRAP** as hard as she can repeatedly, **CHOKING BACK TEARS**.

EXT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

Though broad daylight on a sunny day, we're in the shade of the **MOUNTAIN** above.

The **FOUR OPERATORS** approach the **OVERTURNED VEHICLE**, now walking proximal on flat snowy ground, guns at hips. We **TRACK Laterally with them**. A **PATH OF MARRED SNOW** slides into frame, trailing beside us with the **FOUR OPERATORS**. **TROOPER 2** slides into frame. We're looking straight into **THE WINDSHIELD, GLASS** of which has fallen out. **THE DRIVER** bloody, **AIRBAGS DEPLOYED**. **TWISTED STEEL**. **BLUE GLASS** lies in otherwise **UNTOUCHED SNOW**.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - SAME

From behind: Bjorn **VAULTS** the edge of **TROOPER 4**, **LANDING** in **THE SNOW** with his **RIFLE** close but relaxed.

Close on his **BOOTS** landing with **A CRUNCH**.

We **PEDESTAL SLOW, UP BJORN'S BODY TO HIS FACE**.

Tight on Bjorn's face. Cold blue or hazel eyes. Tawny skin. Rutger Hauer intensity. His eyes roll across the **CHALET GROUNDS** and **SLOPE**.

WET GOLD LIGHT GLISTENS in his eyes from the **GOLDEN HOUR SUN**.

We **BACK OUT SLOWLY** as Bjorn begins moving in a relaxed strafe.

SILENCE, except **WIND BLOWING** and **SNOW CRUNCHING**.

Bjorn walks, relaxed, toward **THE CHALET** in a sidelong, indirect way. His eyes move curiously and suspiciously, up, sidelong, to his partners. Eyes seem to speak, as though everything seen is both suspect and obvious to him.

CROSSCUT - EXT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - CARRY SOUND

The **FOUR OPERATORS** come astride **ISUZU TROOPER 2**, two on either side. **MUZZLE FLASH** emits outward from under **THE VEHICLE**. **THREE PINK CLOUDS EMIT** from the rear of **OPERATOR 3'S JACKET**, **FIBERS OF CLOTHING BLOOMING OUTWARD** around **THE EMISSIONS**.

OPERATOR 3 falls backward into **THE SNOW**. **OPERATOR 2'S KNEE EXPLODES** next to him. **OPERATOR 2 SCREAMS**. We hear with Bjorn's ears.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - SAME

Bjorn's eyes roll to the side in the direction of sudden **EXTENDED GUNFIRE**, faroff. He smirks an impish, near imperceptible smirk, and his eyes slide back to the **CHALET**.

CROSSCUT - EXT ISUZU TROOPER 2 - SAME

OVERHEAD on the **THREE LIVING OPERATORS** unloading their **HK33's** into **THE CABIN** of **ISUZU TROOPER 2**. **OPERATOR 3** dies on his back in **THE SNOW**. An **EXCESSIVE VOLLEY**.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - SAME

A succession of facial shots as the attention of **MULTIPLE OPERATORS** migrates towards the **EXTENDED GUNFIRE**.

INT NAP ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

SUBLIMINAL GUNFIRE REVERB TAILS in the soundscape as Mei awakes from her slumber. She blinks for a beat. She rubs her eyes. She stands up. She exits **THE NAP ROOM**.

INT MAIN HALLWAY - SAME

Mei is topless in **PASTEL, RUFFLED FRENCH-CUT UNDERWEAR**. Her cadence is unhurried and spacey. She looks about her at **THE DESTRUCTION**, detached. No reaction or sense of danger. Psychological anesthesia. Her body reveals **BRUISING AND GRIPMARKS** around her wrists and calves. A few nasty **BODY BRUISES**.

A single, long, stranded **DIAMOND EARRING** hangs glistening from a **BLOODY EARLOBE**. Close: **BLOOD ON THE DIAMONDS**.

Mei walks down the **MAIN HALLWAY**, passing **THE BODIES. SPLINTERED WALLS, SHELL CASINGS, BLOOD**. The sound of **MEI'S FOOT** in **VICTIM 1'S BLOOD**. Close on her halting foot in the **PUDDLE OF BLOOD, VICTIM 1'S HAND** in frame.

Mei **WIPES** her lip.

EXT MOUNTAIN DEPRESSION - SAME

ISUZU TROOPER 3 SQUEALS TO A STOP.

DRIVER

det är bra. kom igen. lämna honom.

The **THREE LIVING OPERATORS** board, the latter two while the **VEHICLE** is already moving, tires **BURNING OUT** in **THE SNOW**.

We pan to **ISUZU TROOPER 2** fifty feet away. A single run of **CHIMES**. Overhead on **ISUZU TROOPER 2**. **OPERATOR 3** loses consciousness in **BLOOD STAINED SNOW**. **BLOOD** begins to stain the downward pitch beneath **ISUZU TROOPER 2**.

We **PULL AWAY BACKWARD AT HIGH SPEED, HUGE MOUNTAIN PEAKS** revealed. We **FLY BACKWARD UP THE HILL** and soar **HIGH ABOVE THE CHALET** where Bjorn and

EIGHT OPERATORS fan out surrounding the **CHALET**.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Bjorn walks the **HILLTOP** with his **HK33**. He seems to be waiting for something. **EIGHT OPERATORS** fan out across the **HILLS**, surrounding the **CHALET**.

EXT CHALET VERANDA EMBANKMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Tight on Motorist's face. He holds a **SHARD OF GLASS** out around the right edge of **VERANDA EMBANKMENT**. Bjorn snaps to attention faroff in **THE MIRROR**. **BULLETS RATTLE** against **THE EMBANKMENT** as Motorist covers.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - LATE AFTERNOON

BJORN FIRES fully automatic, discharging most of a magazine at the corner of the **VERANDA EMBANKMENT**.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - SAME

Motorist hugs the **VERANDA EMBANKMENT** as **BULLETS IMPACT** above and to the side.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - SAME

Bjorn looks up at Sniper 1. Bjorn extends his free hand, **POINTING PINKY-UP WITH THE THUMB DOWN** above his **RIFLE** that extends toward Motorist's location.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

Sniper 1 leaves his location, heading further up the mountain to search, at range, for Motorist.

EXT CHALET HILLTOP - SAME

PLUMES OF RED SMOKE appear adjacent to the **VERANDA EMBANKMENT**. The **PLUMES OF SMOKE** grow into **LARGE CLOUDS** that enshroud the area.

Bjorn motions to **DRIVER 2** to flank **TROOPER 4** into the **MIDDLE OF A NORTH HILL**. Bjorn signals **TWO OPERATORS** to converge on his position.

INT ANTEROOM - SAME

Mei passes into the **ANTEROOM** from the **MAIN HALLWAY** in a trancelike state.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

Sniper 1 **DECELERATES**, settling into a new vantage point, higher up the **MOUNTAIN CREST**. He sees Motorist's **FOOTPRINTS** and **BLOOD** near the **HUGE ROCK**. Sniper 1 scopes in at the **VERANDA**.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

CLOUDS OF SMOKE. Sniper 1 searches for targets. Nothing. He drops the scope lower. We see Mei through the **ANTEROOM GLASS**. Sniper 1 adjusts the **RANGE DIAL**, aims for Mei's head, tracing her with a slight lead as she descends the **SUSPENSION STAIRS** to the **ANTEROOM**.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

Bjorn walks ahead of **TROOPER 4**, slightly uphill. **TROOPER 4 CHUNKS** through **THE SNOWBANK** on the open face of the **NORTH HILL**. Close on Bjorn's face. Hard **GOLDEN HOUR SUNLIGHT** shines on his steely countenance.

TWO OPERATORS tuck their **RIFLES** and strafe across **THE DRIVEWAY** toward Bjorn, keeping their attention on the **CLOUDS OF SMOKE**.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - SAME

Motorist's **FACE** and **HK33** appear phantasmal, **OPENING FIRE** from within **THE CLOUDS OF SMOKE**. He fires beyond **TROOPER 4**, forcing Bjorn to cover. Motorist swings his sightline. **FIRES TWO CONVICTED SHOTS**. The **TWO OPERATORS** crossing **THE DRIVEWAY** skitter into **THE SNOW**. Motorist places **A BULLET** in **EACH SKULL**.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

Bjorn is against **TROOPER 4** unshaken, **THE TROOPER** stopped. Bjorn rises to return fire. **BULLETS RAIN** upon Bjorn again, forcing him to cover.

EXT WEST DESCENDING SLOPE - SAME

Bjorn's head appears.

Motorist **FIRES FULLY-AUTOMATIC** at the **TROOPER** in tandem to the prior kills, stepping out of **THE SMOKE** slightly mid-assault. He **RELOADS** and **FIRES** again. A **CLICK** as the **MAGAZINE** empties. He vanishes into the **CLOUD OF SMOKE**.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

Bjorn stands. Searches. Motorist is obscured.

Bjorn falls behind the **PASSENGER SIDE WHEEL** as **THE TROOPER** is **UPBRAIDED** by multiple magazines of **GUNFIRE**. **TIRES POP** and **SEEP AIR**. **BULLETS IMPACT STEEL**. **GLASS SPLINTERS** and **FALLS DOWN** around Bjorn. **THE TROOPER** suspension **SWAYS**

and **CREAKS** against **GUNFIRE** as the elevation of **THE CABIN** descends on the **DEFLATING TIRES**.

Bjorn **GESTURES** to Sniper 1: **TWO FINGERS. HIP LEVEL REVERSE CHOPPING MOTION. TWO FINGERS. UPHELD FIST SHAPE.**

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

Sniper 1 speaks into his **RADIO**.

EXT REAR CHALET - SAME

TWO OPERATORS prepare for entry through the **GARAGE. TWO OPERATORS** approach **THE VERANDA** walking the **NORTH CHALET EXTERIOR**.

Bjorn peeks over the **TROOPER HOOD. DRIVER 2** climbs out the **REAR PASSENGER DOOR** with an **HK33**.

Bjorn and Driver 2 open fire over the hood of **THE TROOPER** at random into **THE SMOKE**.

INT CHALET ANTEROOM

Mei crosses the **ANTEROOM** floor. A leg **BUCKLES** as her foot is **SLICED** by a **GLASS SHARD**.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

THROUGH THE SCOPE

We see Mei through the **ANTEROOM GLASS WALLS**. She stalls as her gait becomes hobbled.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - IN SMOKE - SAME

Motorist fits **SKIS** and **SLINGS A SINGLE LARGE SACHEL** over his back.

INT CHALET ANTEROOM - SAME

Mei steps toward **THE VERANDA THRESHOLD**.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

THROUGH THE SCOPE

Sniper 1 traces Mei's head as she approaches **THE VERANDA**.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - IN SMOKE - SAME

Close on Motorist's hand depressing **A DETONATOR**.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

THROUGH THE SCOPE

Mei steps one leg over the **VERANDA THRESHOLD**. Sniper 1 steadies, preparing to fire. A **MASSIVE UPHEAVAL OF SNOW** obscures our sightline.

The entire swath of mountainside between Sniper 1 and the **CHALET** erupts into a **CURTAIN OF SNOW**.

Sniper 1 opens his eyes for stereo, careful to maintain the position of his scope, estimating Mei's position, blinded by **THE EXPLOSION**.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - SAME

Mei descends the **VERANDA STAIRS**. Close on her bare feet. One **BLEEDS** as she steps onto the snowy **WEST DESCENDING SLOPE** in front of **THE CHALET**. She walks down **THE SLOPE** a few steps and stops. The **CURTAIN OF SNOW GLITTERS** majestically behind her. She watches Motorist ski away, carving a serpentine path through the leese of the **SMOKE EMISSIONS**.

A **MAUSER RINGS OUT**. **THE ROUND IMPACTS SNOW** at Mei's feet.

EXT WEST DESCENDING SLOPE - SAME

Motorist **WHIPS** his gaze backward. He catches sight of **THE GIRL** standing abandoned outside **THE CHALET** and **CUTS** to a **STOP**, eyes wide. He stands at marksman distance from enemies. The **CURTAIN OF SNOW** obscures him from Sniper 1's view.

The **SMOKE COVER** is winding down.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - SAME

MUSIC CUE: "Visions of Johanna LIVE 1966" by Bob Dylan

THE SONG picks up where it left off.

We see Mei standing in the snow. The **CURTAIN OF SNOW** behind her on the **SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST**.

She stands bare-breasted, disoriented and frozen. She doesn't seem to feel the cold, hear the gunfire or respect death. Her physicality presents the tender innocence of a child.

She stares forlorn into oblivion.

She and Motorist lock eyes. An imperceptible **GLASS GLIMMER** high on **SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST** as the **CURTAIN OF SNOW** endures, but begins to **THIN** behind her.

We slowly approach Motorist's face until we see just his eyes and nose.

IMAGE: POINT OF VIEW. We see **JOHANNA** in front of the **DODGE DUSTER**. She walks toward us and puts a hand on our face, eyes twinkling in adoration. Close on Motorist's face.

EXT WEST DESCENDING SLOPE - SAME

Motorist strikes **HIS SKIS** into **THE SNOW**, drops the **LARGE SATCHEL** and kneels with the **HK33**.

HIS EYES scour the **SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST**. The **SNOW WALL** is dissipating. He sees **THE GLIMMER** again. He aims through the **IRON SIGHTS**. He raises **THE SIGHTS INTO THE SKY**. **HE FIRES SEVEN SEMI-AUTOMATIC SHOTS**.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

THROUGH THE SCOPE

Sniper 1 kneels, abandoning his obscured angle on Mei. He moves his view "up" above the waning **SNOW WALL**.

We see **MUZZLE FLASH** in front of a tiny Motorist, who shoots at us from afar. We hear **STACCATO BULLET WHIZZ** and distant **CRACK OF GUNSHOTS** seconds later. We aim at **MOTORIST'S HEAD** through **THE RETICLE**. Sniper 1 adjusts **THE RETICLE** for wind and distance. **THE RETICLE HEAVES UPWARD** with **THE SHOT**. **THE RETICLE** begins to descend then **DOUBLES BACKWARD** as we hear close **BODY IMPACTS**.

TERRIFYING REVERB TAILS RATTLE AND HANG long in the mountain air.

IMAGE: Bjorn and Driver 2 search blind.

EXT WEST DESCENDING SLOPE - SAME

We see Motorist **KEEL** forward into **THE SNOW** from **THE BULLET**.

EXT SOUTH MOUNTAIN CREST - SAME

Sniper 1 **LIES DEAD** in **THE SNOW**.

EXT VERANDA EMBANKMENT - SAME

Close on Mei with detached expression, gazing at Motorist.

EXT WEST DESCENDING SLOPE - SAME

Motorist stands up.

He is **BLEEDING** from **THE SHIN**.

He begins **SPRINTING UP THE HILL**, away from his **HILL-STABBED SKIS** as the **SMOKE GRENADES** wind down.

IMAGE: Alexandra adds **SALT** to a **BOILING POT**. She breaks **SPAGHETTI** in half, into the **BOILING WATER**. She stares into **THE YARD** through **A WINDOW** from the **KITCHEN TABLE**.

IMAGE: Johanna and Young Steve.

IMAGE: Motorist moves up **THE HILL**, firing blind through **SMOKE** to intimidate.

IMAGE: THE POT BOILS OVER. Alexandra comes to, with a start from her seat at **THE KITCHEN TABLE**.

Motorist makes it to the **CHALET** under **FIRE** from Bjorn and Driver 2 on the **NORTH HILL**. He scoops Mei up in his arms and runs her up to the **VERANDA**. He sets her down on her feet. Motorist tosses an armed **FRAG GRENADE** off the **NORTH END** of **THE VERANDA**.

EXT NORTH CHALET WALL - SAME

OPERATOR 4 and **OPERATOR 5** approach the **VERANDA** quietly, slinking down the **NORTH CHALET EXTERIOR**. Operator 5 speaks quietly into **A RADIO**. An **ARMED GRENADE** lands in **THE SNOW** in front of them. Operator 4 fishes **THE GRENADE** out of **THE SNOW** and tosses it back up on **THE VERANDA**.

EXT VERANDA - SAME

The **RETURNED GRENADE SKITTERS** up onto the **VERANDA**. Motorist **SHOVES** Mei hard to the **VERANDA FLOOR** and **FIRES** at **THE GRENADE**. A **SMATTER OF BULLETS** knocks **THE GRENADE** back off the north edge of the **VERANDA**. Mei lands in **BROKEN GLASS** on the south side of the **DOUBLE ENTRY DOORFRAME**. The **GLASS WALL** she faces **SPLINTERS**. We **WHIP PAN** to see **OPERATOR 7** obtruding from the **SMALL HALLWAY** beneath **THE SUSPENSION STAIRS**. Mei recoils, rolling over, away from the **BULLET IMPACTS**. She is staring into Guard 1's **DEAD EYES**. She **SCREAMS**.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

Bjorn aims down the iron sights of his **HK33** at the **VERANDA CORNER** waiting for a shot. **OPERATOR 5** is **DISMEMBERED** by the **RETURNED GRENADE** at a distance. **OPERATOR 4** dives beyond the **VERANDA EMBANKMENT**.

EXT VERANDA - SAME

Motorist falls on his back **FIRING** into the **ANTEROOM** through the **ENTRY DOOR FRAME**. **OPERATOR 7** crumples backward. Motorist picks Mei up off the **VERANDA FLOOR** forcefully and **THROWS** her into the **ANTEROOM** as he **FIRES** again piercing the **SMALL HALLWAY DOOR**. **OPERATOR 8** tumbles headlong into the **ANTEROOM** through the ajar **DOOR**, dead. Motorist enters the **ANTEROOM**.

INT CHALET ANTEROOM - SAME

OPERATOR 4 climbs onto the **VERANDA**, **FIRING** at Motorist through the **GLASS WALL**. He ceases fire when his shots are deflected by **THE GLASS**.

OPERATOR 4 and Motorist lock eyes through **THE GLASS**. They walk as though in sync along the **GLASS WALL** that separates them, toward the **ENTRY DOOR FRAME**, **OPERATOR 4** on the **VERANDA**, Motorist in the **ANTEROOM**.

Close on their faces in succession. **OPERATOR 4** wears a beleaguered expression. Motorist looks unmoved. Their **GUNS** trained on one another.

Motorist **PULLS THE PIN** out of a **FRAG GRENADE** with his thumb, cooking it in hand with a blank look on his face. **OPERATOR 4** sweats.

A beat. Maintaining eye contact, Motorist banks **THE GRENADE** sideways against the **ENTRY DOOR FRAME**. It bounces clean as a pool-shot onto the **VERANDA**.

OPERATOR 4 turns and dives off the **VERANDA**.

Close on **OPERATOR 4** as he scrambles out of **THE SNOW**. Rack focus to Motorist casually taking aim as **OPERATOR 4** turns to face the **VERANDA**.

Wide from a distance: Motorist **OPENS FIRE**.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

Bjorn and Driver 2 struggle the tattered **TROOPER** further down **THE HILL** to improve their visual. We see Operator 4 killed from their perspective.

INT ANTEROOM - SAME

Motorist pulls an **M79 GRENADE LAUNCHER** and **SEVERAL PROJECTILES** off the body of **OPERATOR 7**.

Motorist sets a few more **SMOKE GRENADES** and **FRAG GRENADES** loose as interference. He lifts Mei off the floor and swings her ass-up over his shoulder.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

SMOKE and **FRAG GRENADES** bloom in front of Bjorn and Driver 2.

EXT WEST DESCENDING SLOPE - SAME

Motorist travels on foot down the **WEST DESCENDING SLOPE**, unloading the **M79** on **ISUZU TROOPER 4**.

EXT NORTH HILL - SAME

Bjorn and Driver 2 are humbled by the **M79** as rounds **EXPLODE** around the **TROOPER**, sending **SHRAPNEL** and **DISPLACED SNOW** flying. Bjorn manages **A FEW VOLLEYS OF FIRE** before Motorist and Mei are gone.

Bjorn retrieves a kitted **STEYR SSG 69 RIFLE** from the cargo bay of **TROOPER 4**. He claps **A MAGAZINE** into **THE RIFLE** and **CHAMBERS A ROUND**. He climbs on top of the **TROOPER**, and stands, searching the **WEST DESCENDING HILL**.

BJORN (to Driver 2)
Approach.

Driver 2 moves down the **WEST DESCENDING HILL** with an **HK33**.

Bjorn catches a glimpse of Motorist and Mei. He hesitates. It's a poor shot.

Motorist and Mei disappear and reappear in **HEAT DISTORTION**. Bjorn **FIRES** blind through **SMOKE** as they disappear again. **CYCLES** the bolt. **CHAMBERS** a round. **FIRES**. **CYCLES**. Again. Again. He discards the **SPENT MAGAZINE**.

The **SMOKE CLEARS**. They're gone. Bjorn looks toward **THE GARAGE** and **SLINGS** his **WEAPONS**.

INT CHALET GARAGE

The **GARAGE DOOR SLIDES** open. Bjorn sees **A SNOWMOBILE**. Bjorn looks around. He sees the **DETACHED TRACKING BEACONS** on **THE FLOOR**. He spots a **SMALL SET OF KEYS** hanging on **A PEGBOARD**. He grabs **THE KEYS** hastily, mounts the **SNOWMOBILE**, starts the **IGNITION** and **TEARS** out of **THE GARAGE**.

EXT NORTH HILL

Bjorn **TEARS ACROSS** the frame.

EXT MOUNTAIN BLUFF

Bjorn accelerates up a **LINE OF BLUFFS** overlooking a **VALLEY** of **CONVERGING SLOPES**. He drives and drives. He stops and sights his **RIFLE** down **THE SLOPE**, searching. He drives further and stops. A wider view. He sees **A MOVING BLIP**.

He scopes in, mono. Motorist and Mei are seen at eight-hundred meters. Bjorn jumps off **THE SNOWMOBILE**, drops prone in **THE SNOW** and rescopes. **THE RIFLE** rests on **A RETRACTABLE ALUMINUM TRIPOD**.

We face Bjorn anteriorly at an angle as he lies prone. We tighten slowly on his face. He takes a **DEEP BREATH**.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

THE RETICLE leads ahead of Motorist as he **SKIS**. Bjorn traces Motorist for a long while. **A SHOT**.

EXT MOUNTAIN VALLEY

A **THWAP** as the bullet punctures Motorist's **LEFT LATISSIMUS**, piercing his **ARMOR**. He **DROPS**. Mei **ROLLS** in **THE SNOW**, **TEARING** a ligament and **BREAKING** a metatarsal.

POINT OF VIEW

Our view **JOSTLES** with fury searching **THE DISTANCE** behind. We spot no one.

EXT MOUNTAIN BLUFF

Bjorn scrapes **THE HORIZON** with **THE RETICLE**, re-tracing the area of engagement. Nothing. He waits patiently. He sees **MEI'S HEAD AND SHOULDER**. He **FIRES**.

EXT MOUNTAIN VALLEY

A bullet **PUNCTURES MEI'S SHOULDER** clean and **IMPACTS SNOW** in front of her. She **SCREAMS** and **FALLS**. Motorist lies on top of her as additional shots **IMPACT** nearby.

The pain revives Mei's awareness. Motorist pulls her up with one arm and they **FLEE** down **THE GRADE**. Motorist snatches up the detached **SKIS** and **LARGE SATCHEL** as they move. **SHOTS IMPACT** around them.

EXT MOUNTAIN BLUFF

Motorist and Mei leave Bjorn's sight. A beat. Bjorn drops the **STEYR** in **THE SNOW** and **TEARS AWAY** on the **SNOWMOBILE**, **HK33** drawn.

EXT MOUNTAIN VALLEY

Motorist and Mei struggle down **THE GRADE** through deep snow hand in hand. Motorist **DRAGS** her along as she **HOBBLES** through injuries. Motorist **SLIPS** an **HK33** around to his ribcage where it **CLANGS** against his abdomen as he **MOVES**. They leave a **TRAIL OF BLOOD**.

Wide as they **RUN** toward us. **WE SWEEP PAST THEM** overhead, **FLYING UPHILL** to Bjorn as he **HURTLES** toward them. **THE GAP** closes rapidly.

Motorist and Mei approach a narrow **MORaine** between two rock **ESCARPMENTS**.
Bjorn comes within range, **EASES** off **THE GAS. COASTING**, he **OPENS UP** with the **HK33**.

Nothing lands.

Bjorn **SLOWS**.

Motorist hears the **ENGINE IDLE ADJUST**. He hastily pushes Mei behind a **COPSE** and **DIVES** behind, covering her.

Bjorn comes to a **STOP** in the open and **FIRES SEMI-AUTOMATIC** into **THE TREES**.

A beat.

Bjorn fakes a **MAGAZINE SWAP** and Motorist takes the bait, popping up to return fire.

Bjorn **FIRES**. Motorist drops back behind the **COPSE**.

Motorist hears Bjorn's hammer **DRYFIRE** and stands up **UNLOADING**.

Bjorn swings his core to the leese of the **SNOWMOBILE** and **ACCELERATES** as **ROUNDS IMPACT** the **VEHICLE**. His right hand and leg remain over the **SNOWMOBILE'S SEAT** as he crosses **THE VALLEY**.

Bjorn takes **A ROUND** to the calf. His remaining leg **FALLS** from the **SNOWMOBILE**. He maintains **SPEED, DRAGGING** himself to a **LONE ROCK** in the middle of the **VALLEY**. The **SNOWMOBILE** is **BURNING**.

Motorist's **GUNFIRE CHEWS** up the **CRASHED SNOWMOBILE**. He moves Mei behind him and **RUNS INTO THE OPEN** toward the **MORaine**. Motorist's **RIFLE** is trained on the **LONE ROCK**.

Bjorn pops up to fire. He is forced behind **THE ROCK** by careful marksman **SHOTS**.

Motorist conserves ammunition as he and Mei cross **OPEN SNOWSCAPE** between the **TREES** and the **MORaine**.

Motorist and Mei near the **MORaine**.

Bjorn rises up. He takes **A BULLET** to the **FOREARM** and **DROPS** his **RIFLE**.

Close on Bjorn's **ARM BEING PUNCTURED**, fingers stretch out in flowing blood like an angered god.

Motorist and Mei escape into the **MORaine**.

Close on Bjorn's face snarling with stoic rage.

EXT MOUNTAINS - EVENING

MUSIC CUE

Something like "Track 3 Airstrike" - Frank Klepacki - Command & Conquer 64

Motorist skis with no hands, drifting down a **STEEP MOUNTAIN**, carrying Mei in his arms. They are bound with **TOURNIQUETS, SMUDGED** and **BLOODY**. **INDULGENT SLOW MOTION** as they descend **THE MOUNTAIN**. An **EVENING SKY** of **MERIGOLD, AMBER, SCARLET, MAUVE AND BLUE** burns behind.

END MUSIC CUE

EXT CAVE - NIGHT

Mei looks deathly as Motorist carries her inside like a ragdoll, her limbs jostling in the cold.

INT FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alexandra is in her **NURSE'S UNIFORM**.

ALEXANDRA

Rodney! I need you to go down in the basement and reset the sump pump.

A beat.

ALEXANDRA

I need you to pickup groceries too.

RODNEY

Nope! I'm not going to the store! The store is evil!

A beat.

RODNEY

...I'll take care of the pump though.

ALEXANDRA

Thanks. I hate it down there.

RODNEY

Is it all the bodies? I hear John Wayne Gacy owned this home before us. Oooooooh!!

ALEXANDRA (unimpressed)

STOP.

IMAGE: Alexandra goes out to the **GARAGE**, procures some tools, and sets them by **THE TELEVISION**.

INT BARKER KITCHEN - SAME

Alexandra takes her **KEYS** off the counter, **GRABS** her **PURSE**, and **SLIPS** into her **JACKET**.

ALEXANDRA

There's a storm comin,' chop chop. Its gonna rain like the dickens.

RODNEY

Will you get off my case? You act like I never do nothin' round here.

Alexandra makes a facial expression to herself where Rodney can't see, as if to say, "Well, yeah."

INT MOUNTAIN CAVE - NIGHT

A small **MOUNTAIN STREAM TRICKLES** through **THE CAVE** and out the **EXIT**.

Motorist **EXCISES** the **BULLET** from **MEI'S WOUND**, laying across her to pin her extremities down. She **SCREAMS** and fights him reflexively. We see Motorist's own **WOUND DRIP BLOOD** as his trapezius and latissimus contract to finish the task.

Motorist cleans Mei's **LACERATED FOOT**, setting several **PIECES OF GLASS** on the **STONE FLOOR**. He **BANDAGES HER FOOT**. He tests Mei's **SHOULDER, ANKLE, AND KNEE** movement. She **YELPS**.

He **KINESIO-TAPES** Mei's destabilized joints, wrapping her **KNEE AND FOOT** with **COMPRESSION BANDAGES**. He **DRIES** her and pulls a set of **BLACK SWEATS** from the **LARGE SATCHEL** and **CLOTHES** her. He **WARMS** her extremities with hand **FRICTION**.

Motorist does all of this forcefully, without words. Mei is not particularly cooperative.

Motorist pours **ACETAMINOPHEN POWDER** into a **CAMP THERMOS** and **SHAKES IT, UNTHREADING** the **THERMOS** and giving it to Mei.

Motorist positions himself against the **OPPOSITE WALL**, across the **TRICKLING BROOK**. Mei looks suspiciously at **THE COCKTAIL**, at Motorist, at **THE COCKTAIL** again. As the mixture hits her tongue she **GAGS**, but powers through, **GULPING** most of it down quickly. She **COUGHS** and **GAGS**.

A beat.

Mei sits against the **COLD STONE WALL** and stares at Motorist with a long look. She seems to be acknowledging him for the first time. Confusion, dizzying pain, fatigue, slight curiosity.

Motorist looks back at her **PALE, SWEATY, SICKLY**. His **ABDOMEN BLEEDS**.

A beat.

Motorist leans forward miserably, **SLIDING** the **WALLET** of **SURGICAL TOOLS** toward himself. He removes **FORCEPS**, a **SCALPEL**, a **TOWEL CLAMP**. He opens a **VIAL** and dips the **SCALPEL** and **FORCEPS**, reaches around his back reluctantly and starts **FISHING** around in his **WOUND**.

He wears a look of sick discomfort on his face.

Motorist discovers the bullet, the majority of the way through the soft tissue of his abdominal cavity. The bullet is lodged several inches beneath the superficial skin of his abdomen below his costal cartilage.

MOTORIST

I need your help.

Motorist stretches out his hand toward Mei, with a pair of long **NEEDLE NOSE FORCEPS**.

A beat. Mei reluctantly takes the **FORCEPS**. Her hands **SHAKE** from cold.

Motorist sets a **CLOTH** on **THE ROCKS** and lays prone across it. He **BITES** down on an **EMPTY MAGAZINE**. Mei **INSERTS** the **FORCEPS** and **FEELS AROUND**.

Close on Motorist's face. A look of excruciating pain.

His eyes roll back in his head. This goes on for a moment.

We see **THE PROJECTILE** getting close to the surface.

IMAGE: The **TWILIT MOUNTAIN**. Motorist's **REVERBERATING SCREAM**.

IMAGE: **BLOODY FOOTPRINTS** leading into **THE CAVE**.

Close on **THE BULLET** coming out of the **ENTRY WOUND**.

Motorist shuffles to the **CAVE ENTRANCE** and **VOMITS** into **THE SNOW**.

Close on **THE PROJECTILE** Mei holds curiously in **THE FORCEPS**.

With extreme fatigue, Motorist attaches **FLOSS** to **NEEDLE**.

He runs **THE NEEDLE** through **THE FLAME** of **A LIGHTER**.

He hands the **NEEDLE** and **SPOOL** to Mei.

He motions to the **ENTRY WOUND**, then lies face down again.

Mei reluctantly **SEWS THE WOUND**, grimacing.

Close on **THE FLESH** being punctured and **SUTURED**.

Mei snips **THE SPOOL** off with **FORCEPS**.

EXT MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Motorist hacks a **SMALL PINE** down with a **MACHETE**.

INT MOUNTAIN CAVE - NIGHT

Motorist **LIGHTS A FIRE.**

Mei looks on him with pity as he sits against **THE WALL.**

Motorist lays out the **SLEEPING UNIT** and gets in it.

MOTORIST

For the purpose of survival... We should to share this.

He nods off instantly.

Mei sits to herself **SHIVERING** against the **CAVE WALL.**

Several beats.

Mei reluctantly **CRAWLS** into the **SLEEPING UNIT.**

We **PEDESTAL UP** and **DOLLEY BACKWARD, WIDE** on the inside of **THE CAVE.**

FADE TO BLACK

We hear a **HEAVY CHOPPER PROPELLOR THWOOP THWOOP THWOOP** in the night.

FADE IN

EXT MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The **FEET AND BREAST** of a **BLACK CHOPPER** traveling against an **APOCALYPTIC NIGHT SKY.**

Behind the **HELICOPTER**, the **REACHING SUMMITS.** A **FLASH** of **INTERCLOUD-LIGHTNING** beyond illuminates **THE MOUNTAINS.** It **SNOWS.**

Abstract flailing **SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS.**

Close on **A PROPELLOR.**

INT CAVE - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER PROPELLOR REVERBERATES.

WE PAN from a **MOUND OF GLOWING, SMOLDERING COALS** to Motorist who sits up.

We see **WOLVES.** They **YELP** and **GROWL** at the **MOUTH OF THE CAVE.**

EXT MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A SEARCHLIGHT PROJECTION focused on a **PACK OF WOLVES** outside **AN INLET** in a **ROCK FORMATION.**

ANOTHER LIGHT flicks across the **COUNTRYSIDE**, searching.

FOUR OPERATORS descend **ZIPLINES** from a **CHOPPER.**

INT MOUNTAIN CAVE - NIGHT

Motorist scrambles, grabbing the **LARGE SATCHEL**. He pulls Mei forcefully out of the **SLEEPING UNIT**. He looks toward the **BACK OF THE CAVE**.

A WOLF slips into **THE CAVE**.

Motorist finds a **CREVASSE** leading further into the mountain, under a natural **SHELF**. He **SLIPS** underneath with a **FLASHLIGHT**.

INT CAVERN - SAME

We are in a **SMALL CAVERN**. Motorist searches with the **BEAM** of **THE FLASHLIGHT**. The **CAVERN** terminates at a sheer **PRECIPICE**. Nowhere to go. The **BROOK** emanates through a **SMALL CREVASSE** high on the **STONE WALL**, **TRICKLING** down it and continuing its course under **THE SHELF** to **THE CAVE ENTRANCE**.

Mei **SLIPS** into the **CAVERN**.

Motorist motions to the **SMALL CREVASSE**.

Mei shakes her head in protest.

MOTORIST

It's the only way.

SEVERAL WOLVES slip into the **CAVERN**. **WOLF 1** lunges at Mei, knocking her to **THE FLOOR**.

EXT MOUNTAIN - SAME

THE FOUR OPERATORS approach the **CAVE ENTRANCE**. **AN OPERATOR** fires **A BURST OF SHOTS** at the **WOLF PACK**, killing one marauding **WOLF**. The **REMAINING WOLVES** bolt down **THE HILL** into **THE MORaine**.

INT CAVERN - SAME

WOLF 2 and **WOLF 3** move in, **CHOP BLOCKING** Mei, **SNAPPING** at her ankles. Motorist tackles **WOLF 1**, pulling **THE WOLF** from Mei. **WOLF 1** and Motorist fall to the **STONE FLOOR**. Motorist struggles for the **WOLF'S MUZZLE**, draws his **BUOY KNIFE** and **STRIKES** the animal in the breast repeatedly. **THE WOLF YELPS**, dying. Motorist rolls, prepared to engage with **WOLF 2** and **WOLF 3**. **WOLF 2 & WOLF 3** pace and **YELP**. They hesitate. We **DOLLEY TOWARD** toward **THE WOLVES**. Motorist **LIFTS** Mei into the **SMALL CREVASSE** keeping one eye on **THE WOLVES**.

Mei, weeping, reluctantly moves into the **SMALL CREVASSE**, **SHIMMYING** upward. Motorist follows close behind.

We see the abject, claustrophobic struggle from within the **SMALL CREVASSE** as they **CRAWL** along the freezing **BROOK**.

INT CAVE - SAME

OPERATOR 9 and **OPERATOR 10** enter the cave. They see the **SLEEPING UNIT**, **SMOLDERING COALS**, and **BLOOD** flowing in **THE BROOK**.

Operator 9 finds the **SHELF** into the **CAVERN**. He falls prone. He aims a **TACTICAL LIGHT** into the **CAVERN**. **WOLF 2 THROTTLES** him by the neck.

EXT CAVE - SAME

OPERATOR 11 hears **COMMOTION** inside **THE CAVE** and moves inside.

Operator 9 is **BLEEDING HEAVILY** from **THE NECK**. Operator 10 is looking for a shot at **WOLF 2**, sighting down the barrel of his **GUN**. **WOLF 2** and Operator 9 are tangled up on the **STONE FLOOR**.

Operator 11 **FIRES**. He catches **WOLF 2** in **THE LEG**.

WOLF 3 flashes through the **CAVE**, **KNOCKING** Operator 10's legs out from under him. Operator 10 **SMASHES** into the **STONE FLOOR** as Operator 11 **SPINS** on his heels **FIRING** a few bunk **SHOTS** at **WOLF 2 & WOLF 3** as they **BOLT** out the **CAVE ENTRANCE**.

INT SMALL CREVASSE - SAME

Motorist and Mei hear **METAL SCRAPING STONE** and **MURMURS** as **OPERATORS** enter the **CAVERN**. Motorist and Mei freeze in despair. Motorists' eyes roll up slowly as he seems to look straight at us. His face implies the expectation of death.

Slowly and quietly, he pulls a **GRENADE** from his hip and slips his thumb inside **THE PIN**, waiting.

BLOOD is entering **THE BROOK** continually as it collects underneath Motorist and Mei and runs in **THE WATER** out the **SMALL CREVASSE**.

INT CAVERN - SAME

WOLF 1'S BLOOD FLOWS HEAVILY into the **BABBLING BROOK** on the **STONE FLOOR** where it lays. A sad look in its eyes as **OPERATOR 11** enters.

BLOODY WATER trickles silently down **THE CAVE WALL** from the mouth of the **SMALL CREVASSE** in the frame behind Operator 11, as he inspects **THE ABYSS** with **A FLASHLIGHT**.

INT SMALL CREVASSE - SAME

Motorist **PULLS THE PIN**.

INT CAVERN - SAME

A beat.

Operator 11 spots **THE BLOOD** trickling down **THE CAVE WALL**.

IMAGE: We move with **A GRENADE** as it is **JOSTLED** along by **RUNOFF**. It snags with a **CLINK** on a **PROTRUSION** in the streambed at the mouth of the **SMALL CREVASSE**.

Operator 11's attention snaps immediately to **THE SOUND**.

OPERATOR 11 (into radio)
They're in the waterway.

INT SMALL CREVASSE - SAME

Motorist sees the **GRENADE** has not cleared. He **SLAPS** Mei's leg, signaling her to move. Their movements **ECHO LOUDLY** into the **CAVERN**.

INT CAVERN - SAME

OPERATOR 11 moves quickly beneath the **SMALL CREVASSE**, **RIFLE** extended. **THE GRENADE** drops from the mouth of the **SMALL CREVASSE** into the **CAVERN FLOOR**. It **DETONATES**, breaking **OPERATOR 11** into **PIECES**.

INT SMALL CREVASSE - SAME

Motorist covers his head as the **GRENADE DETONATES**. Motorist takes a few small pieces of shrapnel to the leg. He and Mei scramble upward, further into the **CREVASSE**.

INT CAVE - SAME

Operator 9 and Operator 10 scramble out of **THE CAVE**.

IMAGE: We're outside **THE CAVE** as the interior is **DETONATED** by **OPERATORS** with **PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE**.

INT SMALL CREVASSE - SAME

Motorist and Mei struggle through a **BOTTLENECK** in **THE CREVASSE**.

EXT MOUNTAIN SADDLE - NIGHT

Motorist and Mei appear out of **A HOLE** in the rock on the adjacent side of **THE MOUNTAIN**.

A **CHOPPER HEAVES** over **A RIDGE** above. Rack focus on a long lens. **HARD MOONLIGHT** bursts through a **DEEP BLUE-GREY CLOUD, SHIMMERING ON CHOPPER STEEL** as Motorist and Mei escape **DOWNHILL** in the foreground.

EXT FOREST HIGHWAY - MORNING

A car approaches, finally. Motorist sticks his thumb out. His **BONE-HUED CLOTHING** is blackened with **OLD BLOOD**. Mei is barefoot. They're **SOAKED**. They stand **SCRATCHED, BANDAGED, BRUISED, BLOODY, and FRIGID**.

THE CAR is not slowing.

MOTORIST

Hope he has a spare.

Motorist shoots the **FRONT PASSENGER TIRE** with his **MP5. THE TIRE BURSTS. THE CAR** fishtails mildly. **THE CAR** continues, slightly impeded.

MOTORIST

Everyone's a hero.

Motorist puts **TWO WARNING SHOTS** in **THE BUMPER**.

MOTORIST

Goddammit.

THE CAR ACCELERATES. Motorist **FIRES** again. **DRIVER'S SIDE TIRE** blows. Driver keeps going.

Motorist crosses **THE ROAD**. He approaches the **DRIVER DOOR**.

MOTORIST

Stop the fucking car!

An **OLD SWISS MAN** rolls **THE WINDOW** down, looking at Motorist with a petulant gaze.

OLD SWISS MAN

Ich habe keine Angst vor dir Ganove!

EXT FOREST HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The **OLD SWISS MAN** slaps Motorist in the face repeatedly as Motorist carries the petite man, fully detached from the ground, to the back door, setting him in **THE BACK SEAT OF THE SEDAN**.

Motorist checks **THE TRUNK**. He finds what he's looking for beneath the **TRUNK LINER**: A cheap **SCISSOR JACK**, **TIRE IRON** and **SPARE TIRE**. He places the **LARGE SACHEL** in **THE TRUNK**. He removes **A MAGAZINE** from **THE SACHEL**, and installs it in **THE MP5**. The **MP5** hangs at his sternum. He closes **THE TRUNK**.

INT VOLVO - SAME

Mei gets in the **FRONT PASSENGER SEAT**. She puts her face directly in front of the **HEAT REGISTER**, drinking in the warmth. She lays her head on **THE DASHBOARD**. **HER FEET** are deep red from **FROSTNIP**. She **FLINGS THE GLOVEBOX** open.

Motorist gets in the **DRIVER'S SEAT**.

IN THE GLOVEBOX:

AUTO MANUAL, **BOX OF RUBBER BANDS**, **NAPKINS**, **BOX OF PLASTIC CUTLERY**, **DOCUMENT WALLET**, **GUM**. Mei rips **PAPER PACKAGING**, peels **SILVER WRAPPERS** and packs **GUM** into her mouth ravenously. A relieved expression. She rubs her face against the smooth **FABRIC OF THE HEADREST**.

Mei looks around **THE CAB**. There is a knitted **WOOL BLANKET** folded neatly in the **BACK PASSENGER SEAT**. She grabs it ferociously. The **OLD SWISS MAN** has a wild bewildered look as she snatches **THE BLANKET**. He begins reaching out to withhold **THE BLANKET**, but thinks better of it.

Mei wraps herself in **THE BLANKET** in pure elation. She rubs **THE WOOL** against her face, cupping a swath of **THE BLANKET** in her hands. She double wraps her feet and sticks them in front of the **HEATING REGISTER**. She smiles for the first time we've seen. She pulls her moisture-soaked **SWEATSHIRT** off and swaddles herself.

THE CAR begins moving.

IMAGE: TWO BARE RIMS pulling the vehicle forward. **SPARKS** on **THE PAVEMENT**.

The **OLD SWISS MAN** coolly inspects the **TWO PASSENGERS**.

POINT-OF-VIEW

We look Motorist and Mei up and down from **THE BACKSEAT**.

CLOSE TILT SHOT

Mei's **BLOODY DIAMOND EARRING, TANGLED HAIR, DRIED BLOOD** on her neck. **SHOULDER WOUND** at her left acromion. **SWEATPANT KNEES WORN THROUGH**. Other portions of **HER GARMENTS** look brand new. **PAN TO MOTORIST**. Also covered in **BLOOD. LACERATED NECK. ASH AND OIL SMEARS** on his hands. Both of them **SOAKED** from head to toe.

We see a sudden sense of pity in the **OLD SWISS MAN'S FACE**. His expression slowly morphs from offense from the initial moment of observation to sympathetic resignation by the moment he sits back in his **SEAT**.

OLD SWISS MAN leans sideways to get a look at Motorist's **SUTURED TRICEP**. His eyes go wide, comically. He sits back and minds himself.

Another look of pity for his new traveling companions.

MOTORIST

Hey pal, she's gonna need your socks.

The **OLD SWISS MAN** slowly looks up at him, raising his eyebrows then looking into **THE REARVIEW**. He doesn't speak English.

A beat.

MOTORIST (in the rearview)

Your socks.

OVER THE SHOULDER, CHASE FRONT SEAT: Motorist sticks his foot up on the dashboard and points first to **HIS BOOT**, then at Mei.

Mei looks over at Motorist.

A beat as she examines him.

The **OLD SWISS MAN** takes off his **SHOES** and hands them up front.

MOTORIST

No, no. Your socks.

Mei's **SWEATSHIRT** sits over the **SPARE HEAT REGISTERS**, where she's hung it to dry. Mei puts the **OLD SWISS MAN'S SOCKS** on.

EXT FOREST ROAD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Motorist pulls off **THE ROAD**.

INT VOLVO - SAME

Mei looks severely concerned.

MOTORIST (putting his hand up to comfort her)
It's okay. We're not gonna get far without at least *three* tires.

Motorist gets out of the **RUNNING CAR**.

EXT FOREST UTILITY LANE - SAME

Motorist piles **SNOW** in **A MOUND** behind the vehicle with **A SHOVEL** from **THE TRUNK**. He severs **LARGE BOUGHS** off adjacent **PINES** and tosses them over **THE MOUND**.

IMAGE: We see **THE MOUND** from **THE ROAD**, hiding the vehicle from our line of sight.

IMAGE: Motorist places **A LOG** behind the **REAR TIRES**.

IMAGE: Motorist hastily **JACKS** the **FRONT END** of **THE VOLVO** up with the **SCISSOR JACK**.

Wide on the scene. **THE CAR** sits in a **NARROW, FORESTED POWERLINE CORRIDOR** between miles of hundred year old **CONIFERS**. Everything is covered with a **THICK BLANKET OF SNOW**. A delicate **SNOW FALLS**.

GENTLE SILENCE aside from Motorist **REMOVING A TIRE**.

Motorist **POPS LUGNUTS** off the **FRONT DRIVER SIDE WHEEL** quickly. Mei gets out of **THE CAR**. She looks up and around at the scene taking it in. She moves away from **THE CAR**.

Motorist is distracted by Mei. He stands up, looking at her.

Mei's magnificent beauty steals our attention. We share in a moment of wonder as she sticks her tongue out, attempting to catch a snowflake at random. She closes her mouth and smiles at Motorist. Sticks her tongue out again. She catches one. She smiles.

Motorist furrows his brow. His seriousness turns to a subtle grin.

TIRES ON THE ROAD. Motorist and Mei turn to the road. They huddle down, pressing their bodies against **THE CAR** behind **THE MOUND**.

EXT FOREST ROAD - MORNING

A **BLACK ISUZU TROOPER** passes on the road. We see **OPERATOR 12** standing in the **MOON ROOF** surveying the surroundings with an **HK33** as they pass. The **CABIN** is stuffed with more **OPERATORS**.

POINT OF VIEW

We see the **UTILITY LANE**. We **TILT DOWN** to discover **SLIGHTLY FADED TRACKS** in **THE SNOW** leading down the **UTILITY LANE**. **OPERATOR 12** looks at **THE MOUND** for a moment, then turns the other way.

Motorist peers over **THE MOUND**, **TOGGLING THE SAFETY**. He waits a beat.

He hands Mei **THE GUN**, swiftly replaces **THE TIRE** and lowers **THE CAR** to the ground. He looks over **THE MOUND** again. He tosses the **TOOLS** in **THE TRUNK** and **SLAMS** it.

IMAGE: Motorist dismantling **THE MOUND**.

IMAGE: **THE SHIFTER** thrown **IN REVERSE**.

IMAGE: **THE WHEELS SPIN** in **THE SNOW**.

MOTORIST

Looks like you're driving.

Mei reluctantly climbs into the **DRIVER'S SEAT**.

EXT FOREST UTILITY LANE - SAME

MOTORIST pushes **THE CAR** as Mei guns it.

He throws **LUMBER** behind the **FRONT WHEELS** for traction.

THE CAR SKIDS NOISILY back and forth laterally. **THE WHEELS DIG HOLES, SPINNING SNOW INTO MUD**. Motorist pushes harder. **THE CAR** begins to budge. **THE WHEELS GRAB WOOD AND TURF** and Mei **GUNS IT** backing **THE CAR** towards **THE ROAD**.

Motorist **SPRINTS** after **THE CAR**.

INT VOLVO - SAME

Mei pulls into **THE ROAD**. She looks to the side at Motorist, still fifty yards off. She looks down **THE ROAD**.

She looks back at Motorist.

The **OLD SWISS MAN**'s face as he looks at Mei.

Close on **THE SHIFTER** in "**R**". Mei flicks **THE SHIFTER** to "**D**". The transmission **CLUNKS** into gear. Mei swallows. Motorist runs toward us through the foggy **DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW**.

A beat as Mei sweats, staring at him. She slaps **THE TRANSMISSION** to “P” with a **HEAVY SIGH**.

Motorist opens the **PASSENGER DOOR** and gets in.

Motorist looks over at her. She looks back. A beat.

They drive off.

IMAGE: Alexandra gets out of **THE OLDSMOBILE**, goes inside **THE FARMHOUSE**, up to **HER ROOM**, and falls asleep reading in **BED** with **THE LAMP** on.

INT MIAMI PENTHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A **PHONE JANGLES** in a **LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE**. A **MAN** stirs in bed, rolls over and picks up **THE PHONE**. A **SLEEPING WOMAN** adjusts position next to him.

ERIC

Hello...?

He looks at his **CARTIER**.

Several beats as he listens.

He laughs.

ERIC

Not your best Miguel. Stripper at Thanksgiving was better. Grandma still won't look at me the same..... Holy shit... Miami International, one hour.

EXT MOUNTAIN VALLEY - MORNING

A **WET MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY** glaring in **HARD MORNING SUNLIGHT**.

Close on a **RECIPROCAL SAW BLADE RIPPING** through **AUTOMOTIVE STEEL**.

We see **ISUZU TROOPER 2**. **FOUR MEN** in **COVERALLS** cut **THE VEHICLE** down to **CHUNKS**.

They carry **THE CHUNKS** to a **WRECKER** and toss them on **THE BED**.

BLOOD and **RUTTED TRAILS** in **THE SNOW**. **THE RUTS** and **BLOOD** disappear in **THE SNOW** next to **A SET OF TIRE TRACKS**.

INT FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Alexandra wakes and moves downstairs.

INT FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Alexandra checks her watch and looks through **THE CURTAINS** into the driveway.
THE OLDSMOBILE sits alone.

IMAGE: DARK CLOUDS roll in.

IMAGE: PALE YELLOW MIST moves beneath a blanket of **SLATE-COLORED STORMCLOUDS** spanning to **THE HORIZON**. The mountains have vanished in the distance.
LIGHTNING far off in **THE CLOUDS**.

Alexandra checks the weather forecast on **THE TELEVISION**.
Thunderstorms for three days.

A SHAFT OF LIGHT from **RODNEY'S DOOR** gleams into the **DINING ROOM**.

Alexandra enters the **DINING ROOM**.

INT DINING ROOM

She looks at the **DOOR** to **RODNEY'S ROOM**. It sits slightly ajar.

IMAGE: Close on **THE JUMBLE OF KEYS** in **THE FRONT DOOR DEADBOLT** and **STEADICAM BACKWARD**.

Alexandra takes a **DEEP BREATH** and moves toward **THE BEDROOM DOOR**.

IMAGE: The **KEYS JOSTLE** in **THE DEADBOLT**. They **ROTATE, JANGLING**. We hear **THE DEADBOLT SLIDE CLEAR**.

ALEXANDRA halts in the **DINING ROOM**, turning toward the **FRONT DOOR**.

IMAGE: THE FRONT DOOR OPENS to Rodney's **DARK SHAPE**. **A PISTOL** extended in Rodney's hand.

DAMON (whisper) (V.O.)

Alexandra giveth. Alexandra taketh away. Oh Rodney.... If you would only realize- The world is your oyster, but you fear to reach out and take it.

A SHOT. A SABER AND GAUNTLETS descend in front of Alexandra. **THE BULLET SHATTERS THE SABER**, sparing Alexandra.

Close: **THE HILT AND SHARDS** fall **LOUD** on **THE CARPET**.

Alexandra looks into the face of **WARRIOR CREATOR**.

INT ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Alexandra wakes up.

INT DINING ROOM - SAME

Alexandra enters the dining room hurriedly. She looks around the room bewildered. She sees something on the **CARPET. FAINT IMPRESSIONS** burned in, as if from hot steel.

INT VOLVO - NIGHT

Motorist and Mei travel down a **MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY** in **PITCH DARKNESS**.

MUSIC CUE: "The Dead Flag Blues" by Godspeed You! Black Emperor

We close in on Motorist's face as he becomes drowsy in the **PASSENGER SEAT. DIM LIGHT** from **THE CONSOLE** glowers in **THE CABIN**.

IMAGE: The **LOOMING NIGHT ROAD** in the **THROW OF HEADLIGHTS** from the top of **THE HOOD. SNOWBLIND** in the close bloom of **HIGH BEAMS**.

Motorist dozes, head nodding.

Mei toggles **THE HEADLIGHTS** off. **HARD MOONLIGHT** gleams on **SMOOTH STEEL**.

IMAGE: TIRES SPINNING fast on a **WET ROAD** in a glare of **SUNSHINE. SNOW** on the shoulder of **THE ROAD** in the background.

Motorist's eyes open again slightly.

POINT OF VIEW: The **DARK BLIZZARD ROAD**.

We approach Motorist's face, bouncing and swaying with **THE CAR** as we enter his mind:

The face of a stoic **NATIVE AMERICAN MAN** looks into our eyes against empty **BLACK SPACE BEHIND**.

He waits long and then begins to speak, summoning images that **SUPERIMPOSE:**

IMAGE: A burning **ISUZU TROOPER** in a **REMOTE SWISS VILLAGE**.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

The car's on fire and there's no driver at the wheel.

IMAGE: Barren, snowy **ALPINE MOUNTAINS** in daylight.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...And the sewers are all muddied with a thousand lonely suicides.

IMAGE: A WOMAN'S HAND AND FOREARM falling in **SLOW MOTION** from perpendicular, through **A THRESHOLD** onto a **WOODEN PORCH, BLOOD FLOWING** underneath out of a **COTTAGE DOOR.**

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...And a dark wind blows.

IMAGE: A BLAZING WINTER SUN in a **CLEAR BLUE SKY.**

IMAGE: A MAN in a **TAILORED THREE PIECE SUIT** walks **ROOMS OF STAGGERING OPULENCE** beyond the reach or imagination of common people.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...The government is corrupt. And we're on so many drugs with the radio on and the curtains drawn.

IMAGE: Wide on a **HYPERMODERN BRUTALIST GARAGE. THE MAN** walks to a **1989 LAMBORGHINI** and gets in. We don't see his face.

IMAGE: DUSK AND ARCHITECTURAL SILHOUETTES as a **GREY-HEADED MAN WITH GLASSES** walks out of a **STATELY BUILDING** with a **BRIEFCASE, THERMOS** and **COAT** draped over his forearm. Close on **HIS RINGS.** He gets in a **PRIVATE CAR.**

IMAGE: GREY-HEAD and **THREE-PIECE SUIT** meet in a **CHIC RESTAURANT** with lots of **GLASS.** They shake hands and drink **BOURBON.**

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...We're trapped in the belly of this horrible machine. And the machine is bleeding to death.

IMAGE: We BACK OUT SLOWLY on the now-empty **WOMEN'S PRISON QUARTERS** in the **CHALET.**

IMAGE: The MOUNTAIN LION feeds on the corpse of **A LOBBYIST,** her facial fur, flew and jowls **STAINED PINK.**

IMAGE: ALEXANDRA SLEEPS soundly in the night.

IMAGE: RODNEY awake deep in the night, lying sideways on his **BED.** A **DIM LAMP BURNS** in his squalid room as he stares off maniacally.

IMAGE: A SWISS, AMERICAN, ISRAELI, CHINESE and **RUSSIAN FLAG** hang limp on poles in an **OVERCAST SKY.**

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...The sun has fallen down, and the billboards are all leering. And the flags are all dead at the top of their poles.

IMAGE: The **DARK MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**.

IMAGE: Close on **MEI'S EYES FILLED WITH MOONLIGHT** from outside **THE CAR**.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...It went like this: The buildings toppled in on themselves, mothers clutching babies- Picked through the rubble and pulled out their hair.

IMAGE: A **NUCLEAR EXPLOSION** vaporizes a **METROPOLITAN CITY** in a few seconds.

IMAGE: A **MOTHER** wandering in **FIERY STREETS** with a **SWADDLED BABY**. She walks toward us. Close on her **WIDE EYES** as they come close and fill the frame. In them we see unhinged terror.

IMAGE: An immense **TWISTED I-BEAM** of a fallen skyscraper spans stories upwards from **A CRATER** in **PAVEMENT**. The **I-BEAM** burns. It **CRACKS IN HALF**, falling into **THE STREET** in front of us.

IMAGE: A **NUCLEAR SKYLINE** of abstract beauty.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...The skyline was beautiful on fire- All twisted metal stretching upwards. Everything washed in a thin orange haze.

Motorist's face turns on **THE HEADREST** toward Mei. His head bobs and eyelids flutter as he looks at her.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...I said "Kiss me you're beautiful, these are truly the last days," you grabbed my hand and we fell into it... Like a daydream... Or a fever...

His eyes close into a final slumber.

GOLD LIGHTS of a far-off **MOUNTAIN VILLAGE** in the **BLACK DISTANCE**.

Motorist and Mei again, alone in the front of **THE CAR** together.

EXT MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The **SONG CONTINUES INSTRUMENTALLY**.

ISUZU TROOPER 1 races down **THE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**.

OPERATOR 13 stands in the **MOONROOF** of **ISUZU TROOPER 3**. He **FIRES** magazine after magazine into the **ISUZU TROOPER 1**. The **WOMEN SCREAM**, lying in the bench seats covering their heads.

ISUZU TROOPER 3 closes on **ISUZU TROOPER 1**. **THE DRIVER** of **TROOPER 1** is losing her nerve. **TROOPER 3** makes a **PIT** maneuver. **THE VEHICLES DECELERATE** for a moment after **CONTACT**. **OPERATOR 14** and **OPERATOR 15** jump into **THE STREET**, anticipating cleanup kills. **TROOPER 1** weathers heavy proximal **GUNFIRE DAMAGE** but manages to **ACCELERATE** and pull away. **OPERATOR 14 & OPERATOR 15** jump back onto **TROOPER 3**. The **REAR WINDOW** of **TROOPER 1** begins to **FAIL**.

Wide shots as **TROOPER 3** and **TROOPER 1** race precariously around **MOUNTAIN PRECIPICES**.

Sophia looks down at the **HK33** sitting in **THE CABIN FLOOR**. She takes **THE GUN**. Flicks the **SAFETY** off. Toggles to **SEMI-AUTO**. She rolls the **REAR DRIVERS-SIDE WINDOW** down.

Sophia takes a **DEEP BREATH**. She slides herself out **THE WINDOW** and **FIRES**, careful not to expose body. After some misses she lands **CHEST SHOT** and **NECK SHOT** on **OPERATOR 15**. He falls from the **REAR DRIVERS SIDE WINDOW** into **THE ROAD**. **HIS BODY CRUMPLES** and rolls away.

SOPHIA (subliminal)

Open the moonroof.

DRIVER (subliminal)

What?

SOPHIA (subliminal)

OPEN THE MOONROOF!

The Driver fumbles, looking for the controls. **THE GIRL** riding shotgun locates it through tears.

THE MOONROOF SLIDES open. Sophia watches her **ENEMIES' FIRING RHYTHM** through the **SMASHED REAR WINDOW**.

A lull. She stands in **THE MOONROOF** and **FIRES**. **A SHOT** connects. **OPERATOR 13** falls in **THE MOONROOF** of **TROOPER 3**, fatally wounded. The **REMAINING OPERATORS** withdraw to cover inside **TROOPER 3**. Sophia **TOGGLES THE RIFLE** to automatic. She **UNLOADS** on **TROOPER 3's WINDSHIELD**, unopposed. **THE WINDSHIELD SPLINTERS**. **TROOPER 3** hits a **PATCH OF ICE** and **SKIDS** onto **THE SHOULDER**.

SOPHIA'S GUN bucks high and drops onto **THE ROOF** of **TROOPER 1**. She scrambles to recover **THE GUN** by **THE STRAP**. **BULLETS** resume **SLAMMING** into **TROOPER 1**. **TROOPER 3** pulls back onto **THE ROAD**. **OPERATOR 16** and **OPERATOR 17** take the place of their comrades, as though **TROOPER 3** boasts has an endless supply of new bodies.

ALL THREE PROTRUDING OPERATORS OPEN FIRE upon **TROOPER 1**, increasing aggression.

The Driver of **TROOPER 1** sees the **REAR WINDOW** perforating in the **REAR VIEW**. **TROOPER 1'S VELOCITY INCREASES**, racing down the **TWISTING MOUNTAIN GRADE**. We enter **A TUNNEL**. **LIGHTS, PIPE, CONDUIT**, and **CONCRETE** hurtle by. We exit into a **BREATHTAKING PASS**.

DRIVER (subliminal)

There's a village! We can hide there!

SOPHIA (subliminal)

That's not a good idea!

DRIVER (subliminal)

Well this isn't working!

SOPHIA (subliminal)

We have to keep going!

The Driver ignores her.

EXT MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - LATE MORNING

TROOPER 1 PEELS into the **SMALL PAVED ROAD** of a **SMALL VILLAGE**. **A MAN SHOVELS SNOW** in his front yard. A **GAS PIPELINE** runs through **REMOTE HILLS** beyond **THE VILLAGE**.

EXT HIGHWAY BLUFF - SAME

TROOPER 3 stops on **A BLUFF** above **THE VILLAGE**. **SNIPER 2** exits with a **KITTED RIFLE**. He stands in **THE HIGHWAY** overlooking **THE VILLAGE**.

Sniper 2 sights the **SHATTERED REAR WINDOW** and **DENTED BUMPER** of **TROOPER 1**, protruding from a **SMALL ALLEY** next to a **MUNICIPAL BUILDING**. Sniper 2 **SPEAKS UNINTELLIGIBLY** into **A RADIO**.

A passing **CIVILIAN VEHICLE** approaches Sniper 2. He slings **THE RIFLE** over his back nonchalantly. **THE VEHICLE** comes abreast, slowing down and crossing to the other side of **THE ROAD**. Sniper 2 smiles and waves from behind **SUNGLASSES**. We see **THE DRIVER'S** gawking, skeptical face as he passes and drives on.

EXT MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - SAME

TROOPER 3 enters **THE VILLAGE**. They park.

EXT VILLAGE ROAD - SAME

OPERATOR 16 and **OPERATOR 17** hop out onto **THE ROAD** and walk the **DESCENDING GRADE**. **THE VILLAGE** sits in a sweeping **VALLEY** between **TWO LARGE RANGES OF PEAKS**.

It's a cold day. **THE VILLAGE** looks barren. About **ONE AND A HALF DOZEN STRUCTURES**, mostly **COTTAGES**, sit quietly in **THE SNOW**, **CHIMNEYS SMOKING**.

Operator 16 and Operator 17 walk **THE ROAD**.

EXT COTTAGE 3 - SAME

WE TRACK along the broad side of **A LOG COTTAGE** toward **THE ROAD**. Sophia is revealed, hiding. **JULIA**, the youngest prisoner, comes into frame next to her.

Sophia peeks around the edge of the cottage, sighting Operator 16 and Operator 17. She quickly pulls her head back to cover, undetected.

An expression of severe anxiety. She looks down at Julia with concern.

Operator 16 and Operator 17 thread **SILENCERS** to the muzzles of their **RIFLES**. They see **BAREFOOT PRINTS** leading to separate **COTTAGES**.

Operator 16 puts his head up against **THE DOOR** of **A COTTAGE**. He turns **THE KNOB**, unbolting **THE LATCH** without opening **THE DOOR**. He kicks **THE DOOR** open.

INT COTTAGE 1 - SAME

He stops in the doorway and his eyes search the scene. A **POT OF WATER STEAMS** atop a **BURNING STEEL WOODSTOVE**. **OLD SWISS MAN 2, 78** sits at a quaint, small **DINING TABLE** staring at Operator 16 with an unmoved expression. Operator 16 levels his **RIFLE** at Old Swiss Man 2.

IMAGE: ESCAPEE 1's contorted, terrified face as she hides under **A BED**.

A beat.

THE DOOR SLAMS against Operator 16. He is knocked against the **DOOR JAMB**. A **PARING KNIFE PUNCTURES** his carotid followed by a **DAINTY HAND**. He falls to **THE FLOOR** with **ESCAPEE 2** on top of him. She **HITS** him several times and **SHOUTS A WARNING** toward **THE BEDROOM**. She rises, running to **THE BEDROOM** where she fumbles to remove **A SCREEN** from **A WINDOWFRAME**. She helps Escapee 1 and Latoya out the **SMALL SLIDING WINDOW**.

Operator 16 **BLEEDS** from **THE KNIFE WOUND**. He rises. Stunned, he moves toward **THE BEDROOM**. He **SHOOTS** Old Swiss Man 2 without looking. Old Swiss Man 2 **FALLS** sideways with his **CHAIR** into **THE FLOOR**.

We follow Operator 16 chase view. He enters **THE BEDROOM**. **A WOMAN'S FEET** fall through **THE WINDOW** from Escapee 1's grip as he enters.

Reverse shot, Escapee 1 turns to Operator 16. She stares in terrified defiance, trembling. His **MUZZLE LIGHTS** and Escapee 1's shape drops in the foreground, **THUDDING**.

Operator 16 moves to the window. **THE WINDOW** is too small for his torso. He extends his arm elbow-deep through **THE WINDOW** and **FIRES** blindly downwards.

EXT CABIN 1 - SAME

We see Escapee 2 and Latoya dodge **THE BULLETS** in **THE SNOWBANK** below **THE WINDOW** as they slip between **TWO COTTAGES**, toward **THE ROAD**.

INT COTTAGE 2 - SAME

We see a **GROUP OF ESCAPEES** against the back wall of **COTTAGE 2**. The **CURTAINS DRAWN** in the dark.

EXT CABIN 2 - SAME

Operator 17 stands on **THE PORCH**. He **SHOOTS THE LOCK**. We see Operator 17 side profile. He kicks **THE DOOR OPEN** and stares for a moment. He **UNLOADS AN ENTIRE MAGAZINE**.

EXT CABIN 3 - SAME

Sophia sees Escapee 2's and Latoya's feet drop into **THE SNOWBANK** through **THE STILTS** of **CABIN 1**. Escapee 2 and Latoya 4 move toward her between **CABINS**. They spot Sophia and freeze in place.

APPROACHING STEADICAM

Sophia with her eyes wide. **HK33** in hand. **SPARE MAGAZINES WAGGING** heavily forward in two hip pockets, as **THE ROBE FLAPS** unclosed in **THE WIND**, her scant figure visible underneath. The robe is bigrammed "**M.H.**"

Sophia is about to mouth something to them when Operator 16 stumbles, **BLEEDING** profusely, out **THE DOOR** of **COTTAGE 1** with **THE KNIFE** still in his neck.

Sophia's **GUN RINGS OUT** as she puts Operator 16 down.

EXT HIGHWAY BLUFF - SAME

Sniper 2 hears the **SHOTS**.

A RETICLE

Sniper 2 searches **THE VILLAGE**.

EXT MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - SAME

Operator 17 looks for the origin of fire from **THE PORCH**. **ECHOES RATTLE** through **THE VALLEY**.

RESIDENTS peep out of **DOORS** and **WINDOWS**. They see **OPERATOR 16'S CORPSE** and bastion themselves inside.

BLOOD pools down the **WOODEN STEPS** of **COTTAGE 1**.

Operator 17 is preoccupied by the **PEEPING NEIGHBORS**. Sophia sprints into **THE STREET** and **FIRES** upon him. Operator 17 dives from the porch, between **TWO DISTANT COTTAGES**. He crawls away from **THE STREET**.

A distinct **RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT**. Sophia looks to the side. Escapee 2 has dropped into **THE SNOW**. Sophia's eyes go wide. Latoya has her back tight against the adjacent **COTTAGE**, mortified.

We hear **BULLET WHIZZ**, **WOOD SPLINTERING**, and **RICOCHETS** as **ADDITIONAL BULLETS IMPACT**.

EXT HIGHWAY BLUFF - SAME

Sniper 2 **CYCLES THE BOLT** and **FIRES**, working to create panic and confusion among **THE WOMEN**.

EXT VILLAGE ROAD - SAME

An **IMPACT** near Sophia as she reaches the far side of **THE STREET**. Sophia procures **THE KEYS** to **ISUZU TROOPER 3** from **OPERATOR 16's CORPSE**. Her gaze double-times between Operator 17's last known position, and **ISUZU TROOPER 3**.

Sophia runs uphill toward **TROOPER 3**. **THE VEHICLE** is parked in the middle of **THE STREET**.

Operator 17 moves away from **THE VILLAGE** into the **SNOWY FIELDS** until he has a visual of Sniper 2, above on **THE BLUFF**.

EXT VILLAGE BLUFF - SAME

THROUGH THE SCOPE

Operator 17 gives a hand signal indicating Sophia's location.

Sniper 2 descends **THE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**, looking for a new angle.

EXT MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - SAME

Sophia **SLIPS** to a stop at **TROOPER 3**, **FALLING** to the ground and **SLIDING**. A near-miss **RIFLE SHOT IMPACT**. Another near-miss **IMPACT** as Sophia gets in **TROOPER 3** and **STARTS THE ENGINE**. **SHOTS IMPACT UPON THE VEHICLE**. She hesitates. She puts the vehicle in reverse and backs into **A COTTAGE**, **SMASHING** the **EXTERIOR CORNER**.

We see Operator 17 moving back toward **THE VILLAGE**.

Sophia opens the **GLOVE BOX**, throwing **PAPERS, NAPKINS, MAGAZINES** aside. She finds a **TOOL KIT**. She flings open the two **BACK PASSENGER DOORS**. She wedges **SCREWDRIVERS** into the **LATCH-CATCH** of each **DOOR**. She realizes her **GUN** is empty. She **RELOADS**. She **ACCELERATES** to where Julia and Latoya hide on either side of **THE STREET**.

ROUNDS resume **IMPACT** upon **TROOPER 3** as it emerges from cover.

Sophia **BRAKES HARD**. The heavy steel **PASSENGER DOORS** fling forward with inertia, **CLAP BACKWARDS** against the **BLOCKED LATCHES** and **SWING OPEN** again. Operator 17 appears in the street **OPENING FIRE** upon **TROOPER 3**. Sophia ducks as Latoya runs and dives into the **BACK SEAT**. **ROUNDS SMACK** against the **SHATTERED ARMORED WINDSHIELD**. **BULLETS** begin to **PIERCE THE GLASS**. Julia is frozen in terror between **TWO COTTAGES**.

Operator 17 corners to reload. Sophia steps out of the driver's seat into **THE STREET**, **OPENING FIRE** on his position.

EXT OPERATOR 17'S POSITION - SAME

THE WOOD CORNER of **THE COTTAGE** is **CHEWED AWAY**.

SOPHIA (subliminal)

Get in the car!

Sophia takes a round in the hamstring from Sniper 2 and falls to **THE GROUND**. She lies in shock for a moment.

Julia sees, and runs and jumps into the **TROOPER**.

EXT VILLAGE BLUFF - SAME

A RETICLE

We halt for a moment between Sophia and Julia. We scope the kill-shot. We **DRY-FIRE** at Sophia's head.

Sniper 2 **EXCHANGES** the **EMPTY MAGAZINE** in a flash.

EXT MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - SAME

Operator 17 moves to fire again. He is checked as Sophia **FIRES** at him, rising up in **THE STREET**. Operator 17 fires blind, holding his **GUN** around **THE CORNER** of **THE COTTAGE**. Sophia hobbles quickly into **THE VEHICLE**. She turns the car around. Operator 17 steps into **THE STREET**. He crouches, **FIRING** on **TROOPER 3**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 3 - SAME

A terrifying symphony of **BULLETS, SHATTERING** and **CLANGING**. The **REAR WINDOW PERFORATES**. **BULLETS** hit the **DASHBOARD** and **SEATS**, throwing **FOAM AND PLASTIC** around **THE CABIN**. **CONTINUOUS FAROFF STACCATO RIFLE FIRE** from Sniper 2. Exterior **GLASS AND STEEL IMPACTS**. Sophia, Latoya, and Julia ascend to **THE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**. They disappear around a **MOUNTAIN BASE**.

IMAGE: GLOVED HANDS shape **PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE**. **WIRE LEADS** are **PRESSED IN**.

IMAGE: Wide on **THE VILLAGE**. **BIRDS TAKE FLIGHT**. **THE VILLAGE EXPLODES** into **BALLS OF FIRE**. **DEBRIS FLINGS** high into the air.

EXT VILLAGE BLUFF - SAME

Sniper 2 overlooks the scene. He catches sight of something in the distance.

GLORIA runs frantically through **DEEP SNOW**. She wears **TIGER PRINT THONG LINGERIE**. A **BULLET IMPACT THROWS SNOW** at her feet. A few seconds. Another **MISSED IMPACT**. Wide on the valley as she is downed faraway.

Close on **GLORIA** falling into **THE SNOW**. Her buttocks jiggle as her body pronates into **THE DEEP SNOW**. Her face falls into frame below her bottom. Lip fillers, runny mascara, long sparkling earrings, lipstick and foundation. She blinks. She haplessly attempts to get up.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...We woke up one morning and fell a little further down. As sure as the valley of death, I open up my wallet... And it's full of blood.

IMAGE: We see the **AMEX BLACK CARD** through the top of Motorist's **WALLET** lying in the **CARPET** of the **VOLVO RUNNING BOARD**.

END MUSIC CUE

IMAGE: Sniper 2, profile view, sighting carefully.

IMAGE: The **RIFLE STOCK** as he sights.

IMAGE: The **HAMMER DESCENDS**.

CUT TO BLACK as **THE SHOT CRACKS** and **REVERBERATES**.

EXT MOUNTAIN SERVICE STATION - DARK PRE-DAWN

THE RIFLE SHOT coincides with the heavy steel **CAR DOOR SLAMMING**. Motorist shoots up out of slumber with **A YELP**. Mei has gotten in the car. A beat as Motorist looks around and realizes where he is.

Mei looks at him for a moment.

MEI

They have a mechanic. They can fix the wheels by noon.

MOTORIST

She speaks. What's your name?

MEI

I'm Mei. You'll forgive me if I'm... Wary of men.

Motorist nods thoughtfully, smirking slightly.

MOTORIST (sadly, glancing sideways)

Yeah. I'm Fly.

A beat.

MOTORIST

I'm gonna get some food. You want anything?

MEI

Yes.

MOTORIST

Think the Swiss have hot dogs? I could use a fuckin hot dog. You want to-

MEI

I'll come in.

MOTORIST

Okay.

INT MOUNTAIN SERVICE STATION - SAME

Motorist walks through the dumpy service station. Aged amber colored **TILE FLOORING**, old steel **DRINK COOLERS**. He stops at a **RACK** of **TOURIST CLOTHES**. He grabs several **SWEATSHIRTS**, pairs of **SWEATPANTS**, and pairs of **GLOVES**. He makes a trip to **THE CHECKOUT COUNTER** and sets the items in front of **THE CASHIER**.

The Cashier looks at Motorist & Mei up and down. They still wear **TATTERED RAGS**. The Cashier smokes **A CIGARETTE** with the cool essence of a frenchman.

Motorist walks toward **THE COOLERS**, past a **HOME SUPPLY SHELF** with garden supplies, hand tools and hardware. Motorist, having a second thought, comes back into frame to look at the products. He grabs a couple **BOXES OF NAILS** and **BOTH RUNS OF GARDEN HOSE**. He adds them to **THE CHECKOUT COUNTER**.

Motorist stacks several packages of **CURED MEAT**, and several **JUGS OF WATER** onto the counter. A comical **PILE** has accumulated.

Mei is in a **DRY GOODS SECTION**. She sees quad-packs of **SNACK PACKS**. She stops, staring at them for a moment. She purses her lips to the side. She passes.

Mei tosses **A BOX OF SANDWICH CRACKERS**, **A SIX PACK OF SODA**, **SWISS CHOCOLATE**, and a **SMALL PIZZA** from a warming cabinet on the pile.

Motorist smirks, picking up the **SANDWICH CRACKERS** and inspecting them.

MOTORIST

I used to eat these when I was a kid.

Mei smirks.

MEI

Why'd you stop?

The Cashier begins tallying the order. Motorist licks his thumb and begins flipping **SWISS BANK NOTES** out from **A WAD**.

MOTORIST

Wie viele Berglöwen leben dort oben?

The Cashier laughs him off and looks back to his tally, thinking it was a joke. When he looks back up, Motorist is at a loss.

A beat.

CASHIER

Berglöwen sind hier seit Tausenden von Jahren nicht mehr gelaufen.

Motorist squints dumbfounded for a moment.

A beat.

He looks over the counter at The Cashier's feet. He tosses **THE KEYS** on **THE CHECKOUT COUNTER** toward The Cashier.

He doles out **THE CASH**, slides it over to The Cashier, and then sets **TWO ONE-HUNDRED FRANC NOTES** to the side under his forefinger.

MOTORIST

Something for you. And the shoes.

Motorist jabs his finger downward over **THE COUNTER**.

The Cashier looks back with a "huh?" face. He looks down at his **SHOES**.

INT MOUNTAIN SERVICE STATION - SAME

Close on Mei's feet in **1990'S HIGH TOPS**, sizes too big. **THREE PAIRS OF WOOL SOCKS** split the difference.

We **PEDESTAL UP** slowly.

Motorist wears **A SWEATSHIRT** with an **ILLUSTRATED NATURE PRINT**. The image features a **ROCKY RIVER** with **PINES** and **CAT TAILS**, a **PROUD BUCK**, **SERENE DUCKS**, and a picturesque **WOLF'S HEAD** in the background howling at a big **FULL MOON** in a **SKY FULL OF STARS**. The words "**LET HEAVEN AND NATURE SING**," caption the image.

Mei wears a tourist rag: **A SWEATSHIRT OF MOUNT MATERHORN** captioned simply "**MATERHORN**" in deep red **BRUSH LETTERS** with a **GREY DROP SHADOW**. The mountain is shaded in strong blues. It's a sweatshirt your grandma would buy on her European choir tour.

Mei moves to pickup the **THREE BAGS OF SUPPLIES**.

CASHIER (to MEI)

Allow me.

The Cashier puts his coat on, places the **CAR KEYS** in his pocket and takes **THE BAGS** outside in his arms, opening the **STATION DOOR** by its push plate with his hip.

INT VOLVO TRUNK - PREDAWN

We see The Cashier's face as the **TRUNK DOOR** swings open. He sets **THE BAGS** inside. He spots something and pauses. He looks both ways suspiciously. He pulls the zipper of the **LARGE SATCHEL** back slightly revealing the barrel of the **HK33**. His jaw tightens up.

EXT SERVICE STATION - PREDAWN

Close on a **MANGLED STEEL WHEEL GRINDING** on **ICY PAVEMENT** as **A MECHANIC** pulls **THE VOLVO** into a **REPAIR BAY**.

The **OLD SWISS MAN** is sitting on **A BENCH** outside the **STATION DOOR**. Motorist brings him a **CUP OF COFFEE** and a **HOT SANDWICH**. The **OLD SWISS MAN** takes them in each hand and raises them to Motorist with a smile in thanks, as though he has accepted the young vagabonds as his own.

Motorist looks around. He grabs a **FIVE-GALLON BUCKET** of **ROAD SALT** that sits adjacent to the **STATION DOOR**. He walks around a corner out of sight and dumps **THE SALT**.

INT GARAGE - SAME

The Mechanic finds **A BULLET** in the **BUSTED TIRE**. He scratches his head.

INT SERVICE STATION - LATER

Motorist and Mei sit at a cheap little **FORMICA DINING TABLE** in **PLYWOOD SCOOP-BENCHES**, shoved in the back corner of the tiny service station. They await car repairs.

IMAGE: The mechanic and cashier conferring from the desk, from the background to the foreground where Motorist and Mei sit.

It **HAS BEGUN TO SNOW** outside. It's still dark.

Motorist perforates the **LABEL** on **A BOX OF NAILS** with a tiny **POCKET KNIFE**.

Mei nods to the **POCKET KNIFE**, rolling her eyes down with an unimpressed look.

MEI

You ever kill anyone with *that*?

Motorist smiles.

MOTORIST

No.

Motorist bites a chunk of pizza off a slice, setting the remainder on a **PAPER PLATE**. He chews, puts the **POCKET KNIFE** away and unsheathes his **BUOY KNIFE**.

MOTORIST

But this....

Mei rolls her eyes.

Motorist begins slicing a **RUN OF HOSE** into **THREE INCH FRAGMENTS** with the **BUOY KNIFE**.

MEI (sarcastic)

So what's the plan? These fashion models with machine guns- Do we flee them for the rest of time?

Motorist speaks with his mouth full of **PIZZA**.

MOTORIST (sassy)

Oh, you're not having fun? All this time I thought we were having a moment. Could've sworn your eyes lingered when you pulled that bullet out of my ass.

She **FLICKS** her **BOTTLE CAP** at him.

MEI (pointed)

It was your back. Not your ass. I don't like men with hairy asses.

MOTORIST (leaning forward)

That'll thin a crowd of suitors.

Motorist smiles impishly. He pushes **SIXTEEN-PENNY NAILS** through **FRAGMENTS OF HOSE**; Through one wall of the vinyl and out the other, at odd angles, creating improvised **CALTROPS**. He tests each one on the table to make sure a **SPIKE** stands upright no matter how the **CALTROPS** are dropped. He tosses each completed **CALTROP** into the **FIVE-GALLON BUCKET** that sits next to his seat.

Mei scowls.

MOTORIST (in earnest)
Where you from?

MEI
Tokyo.

MOTORIST
What brought you to Europe?

MEI
University. What brings you to Switzerland, Fly? Besides the killing of many men.

MOTORIST
Well it wasn't the skiing.

MEI
You have a very strange name.

MOTORIST
If you know me long, you'll see I'm an uncommon man.

MEI
Let's keep the knowing brief.

She opens her mouth, realizing what she said, then stops.

MOTORIST (humored, then irritated)
That's an uncommon female sentiment.
I wouldn't worry, your chances of a short-lived relationship are looking pretty good.

The Cashier **WHISTLES**.

CASHIER (looking into the parking lot)
Freunde?

Close on Motorist's face as he breaks his neck to look through the **GLASS STOREFRONT**. He drops low and peers carefully beneath a hanging **WINDOW AD CARD**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

ISUZU TROOPER 5 pulls into the **SERVICE STATION LOT**. Half a dozen **OPERATORS** get out. **THE OPERATORS** spread into a **SHINGLED V-SHAPE**, implying a well-practiced routine. They float like poetry in motion across the property.

We see **THE OPERATORS** from overhead.

AN OPERATOR posts at each point of egress. Several stand out in the flanks. **OPERATOR 18** knocks on the door of the garage.

INT SERVICE STATION - SAME

WIND WHISTLES. TILT UP from **THE TABLE** to **A TRANSOM** at the top of **THE REAR WALL**. Mei struggles through **THE TRANSOM**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Bjorn approaches **THE FRONT DOOR** and steps into the **SERVICE STATION**.

INT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Bjorn halts immediately inside **THE DOOR. SILENCE** except the faint **WIND WHISTLING**. His eyes roll slowly across the environs once. He peers brazenly into The Cashier's eyes. An intense, laserlike gaze. Bjorn says nothing, reading the Cashier's face as though it were rife with discernable information. His eyes move up-sideways to the **WHISTLING TRANSOM**. Then directly back to **THE CASHIER**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

We see the **REAR EXTERIOR WALL**. Motorist helps Mei down catching her feet in his hands under **THE TRANSOM. OPERATOR 19** and **OPERATOR 20** pull their **COAT FLAPS** back on one side placing their hands on revealed, slung **SUBMACHINE GUNS** as they approach the **REAR CORNERS** of **THE STATION** from either side.

Chase on **OPERATOR 19**. He walks along the side of **THE STATION** and rounds **THE CORNER. OPERATOR 20** across from him.

They **TOGGLE FLASHLIGHTS**. In the **FLASHLIGHT BEAMS** we see several **TRASH BINS**, a **PROPANE EXCHANGE CABINET**, and piled **AUTO SHOP REFUSE**. They shift their **FLASHLIGHT BEAMS** into the distance, away from the structure. There are no proper exits on the back of the building. No sign of Motorist or Mei.

IMAGE: Motorist sweats inside a **TRASH CAN**. He **COCKS THE HAMMER** of his **PISTOL**.

OPERATOR 19 and **OPERATOR 20** retreat.

IMAGE: We see **MEI'S SNEAKERS** in the **PROPANE EXCHANGE CABINET** between **PROPANE TANKS**.

INT GARAGE - SAME

OPERATOR 21 motions to The Mechanic to drop **THE VOLVO** on **THE LIFT**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

The **OLD SWISS MAN** looks at **THE OPERATORS** from **THE BENCH**. **OPERATOR 22** smiles sardonically at him from a **REPAIR BAY**. The **OLD SWISS MAN** looks uneasy.

INT GARAGE - SAME

The **OPERATOR 23** and **OPERATOR 24** comb **THE VOLVO**. They rifle through the **GLOVEBOX**. Sniff fabrics. Check underseat. They find documents.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

OPERATOR 22 tosses the **OLD SWISS MAN'S WALLET CONTENTS** onto the **ICY LOT** as he rifles through it. He pulls the old man's **IDENTIFICATION CARD** out and inspects it.

INT GARAGE - SAME

OPERATOR 23 and **OPERATOR 24** scouring **THE VOLVO**. There are a couple of **DARK STAINS** on the front seats of **THE CAR**. They are dry and scentless. They check **THE GLOVEBOX**. **UNDERSEAT**. Pull **PANELING** off. Reach inside the **SEAT CUSHIONS**.

OPERATOR 23 moves to the back of **THE VEHICLE** and stands outside **THE TRUNK**.

IMAGE: We see **THE BARREL** of **MOTORIST'S HK33** in **THE SATCHEL** reflecting the shapes of **MOVING FIGURES** on the **OILED STEEL**.

OPERATOR 23 KNOCKS on the trunk, **OPERATOR 24** pulls the **TRUNK RELEASE** in the **DRIVER'S SEAT**.

THE TRUNK POPS. **OPERATOR 23** looks inside. **THREE BAGS OF GROCERIES** and **JUGS OF WATER**. **OPERATOR 23** pulls the spare **RUN OF HOSE** out of one of the **GROCERY BAGS** and looks at it strangely.

He pulls up the **CARGO LINER**, revealing the **SPARE TIRE COMPARTMENT**. Nothing.

INT SERVICE STATION

Bjorn moves to the **CHECKOUT COUNTER ENTRY GATE**.

CASHIER

das kannst du nicht

Bjorn pulls the **FLAP OF HIS JACKET** back revealing **HIS GUN**. The Cashier backs up against the far **ANTERIOR WINDOW**, hemmed into the **KIOSK**. Bjorn maintains constant eye contact with The Cashier. Bjorn locates a **DOUBLE-BARRELED BREAK ACTION SHOTGUN** behind **THE COUNTER**. He **CRACKS** it open. He puts **THE SHELLS** in his **COAT'S HIP POCKET**. He locates a **LOADED PISTOL**. He places it in his inside **BREAST POCKET**. Bjorn frisks The Cashier quickly. Bjorn returns to the opposite side of **THE COUNTER**. He leans on the **FRONT DOOR**, cracking it open. He tosses **THE SHOTGUN** out **THE DOOR** into the **ICY LOT** where it **SLIDES** faraway.

Bjorn begins searching the interior. He opens **THE CABINETS** beneath the **SERVICE BAR**. He stops at **THE TABLE**. Checks underneath. Runs his finger across **THE TABLE** and examines **A FEW CRUMBS** on **HIS FINGERTIPS**. He looks up at the **WHISTLING TRANSOM**. Opens a **MOP CLOSET**. He sits at **THE TABLE**. He lights **A CIGARETTE** and stretches his arms out across **THE TABLE**. He reclines. He closes his eyes, dragging on **THE CIGARETTE** hard, hands-free. He pulls **THE CIGARETTE** from his mouth and extends the smoking hand and arm over **THE BACKREST**.

We see him from the back.

Close: Bjorn opens his eyes. He gazes up at the window again discerningly.

Bjorn stands and walks through the **GARAGE MAN DOOR** into the **AUTO SHOP**.

INT GARAGE - SAME

OPERATOR 23

es ist sauber

Bjorn looks back through a **PANE OF GLASS** that gives view between the **STORE INTERIOR** and the **AUTO SHOP**. He catches sight of something on the ground at a distance, sitting against a leg of the **SERVICE BAR** behind the **TABLE**. He walks back into **THE STORE** toward **THE OBJECT** and picks it up. One of Motorist's **CALTROPS**.

Bjorn becomes suddenly furious. He tosses **THE CALTROP** aside and storms out the **FRONT DOOR** and toward **REAR EXTERIOR**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Bjorn approaches the **BACK CORNER** of **THE BUILDING**.

IMAGE: We see Motorist's face in the dark, holding **HIS GUN** close to his face in fear.

Bjorn comes around the corner, firing his submachine gun into the **TRASH BINS, PROPANE LOCKER** and **REFUSE**. His coat flies in the wind as **SNOW FALLS**. He opens the **TRASH BINS** and **LOCKER** and **KICKS REFUSE** around. Nothing. He throws **TRASH BINS** and **DEBRIS** in rage.

IMAGE: We back out to see Motorist and Mei huddled against a rocky riverbank just forty yards from Bjorn.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Bjorn walks out into **THE SNOWBANK** and looks into the distance. Only **DARKNESS**.

INT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Bjorn storms back through the station to **THE AUTO SHOP**, grabbing a **QUART OF LIGHTER FLUID** on the way, and **HIS CIGARETTE** which is revealed burning in the **CENTER NOTCH** of **AN ASHTRAY** on **THE TABLE**.

BJORN (to OPERATORS)
los geht's

Bjorn opens **THE HOOD** of **THE CAR** and **YANKS** the **DISTRIBUTOR CABLES** out of it. He **SLASHES ALL FOUR TIRES**. He points up at the **OVERHEAD SHELVES** stocked with **VIRGIN TIRES**. The Mechanic drops to **THE FLOOR** as **THE OPERATORS OPEN FIRE**, perforating all of **THE TIRES**. We follow Bjorn outside.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Bjorn **OPENS FIRE, DEFLATING THE TIRES** of **STAFF VEHICLES**. He breaks **THE DRIVER-SIDE WINDOWS** with his elbow, pulling the **HOOD LEVER** on each. He pulls the **DISTRIBUTOR CABLES** out of these vehicles. He piles **THE CABLES** together in **THE ICY LOT**, **DOUSES** them in **LIGHTER FLUID** and tosses his burning **CIGARETTE** in the pile, **SPARKING FLAME. ALL OPERATORS**, save one, get into **ISUZU TROOPER 5** and **BOLT**. One **VERY LARGE MAN** stays behind as a sentry. This is **LOTO**, 43.

Close on the **BURNING DISTRIBUTOR WIRES** and **JIB UP**, revealing **ISUZU TROOPER 5's TAIL LIGHTS** blazing into the **DARK, SNOWBLIND DISTANCE**.

EXT CREEKBED - PREDAWN

We see near-imperceptible **FOOTPRINTS** in **THE SNOWBANK** leading away from the **REAR EXTERIOR** of the **SERVICE STATION**. We track with the **FOOTPRINTS** backwards to **A CREEKBED**.

EXT FAR CREEKBED - PREDAWN

The **SERVICE STATION LIGHTS** burn faraway in the **BLACK NIGHTSCAPE**. Heavily **FALLING SNOW** has assisted Motorist and Mei's escape. They walk **THE CREEKBED** westward. They are a half mile from **THE SERVICE STATION**. In the broad valley distant objects appear close. Motorist turns back to look at **THE SERVICE STATION**.

The **ISUZU TROOPER** peels out of the **ICY LOT** and drives west down **THE HIGHWAY** and continues on into the night.

Motorist looks down in fatigue and regret.

MOTORIST

I've gotta go back.

Mei's face crinkles up.

MEI

Don't leave me here. Please.

MOTORIST

We have no food, weapons or transportation. There may be sentries.

MEI

Please! Don't go back.

MOTORIST

Even if we survive long enough to find shelter...They'll scale every mountain, Mei. They'll crouch at every door.

MEI (yelling)

We must leave Europe!

MOTORIST

Shhhh. Yes. Yes. We must. Listen to me. We've come this far, right?

MEI

Yes.

MOTORIST

I need you to trust me. I know that's unreasonable to ask. But I need you to do so anyway.

They linger. Motorist takes **HIS OUTERWEAR** and **SHIRT** off and dresses Mei with them.

They look deeply into one another's eyes. Motorist kisses Mei forcefully. She allows the kiss for a moment, clutching his tricep like rigor mortis, and then pushes him away.

POINT OF VIEW

We sail away from Mei in reverse.

REVERSE SHOT

Motorist walks backward, away from Mei, looking at her gently as he **COCKS** his **PISTOL**.

Close on Motorist's face.

MOTORIST

If I don't return... Run.

Motorist turns and runs over the **OPEN HILL**, through **DEEP SNOW** back toward the **SERVICE STATION**.

We approach Motorist as he stops upon the **OPEN HILL**. He stands severely in **THE SNOW**.

INT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Loto **SLAMS TWO PICTURES** down on **THE CHECKOUT COUNTER**. A long beat while he stares at The Cashier.

"When?"

"Yesterday"

"Car?"

"Nein"

"On foot?"

"Ja"

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Loto in the **CONVENIENCE STORE** through **THE STATION GLASS**. The Old Swiss Man on **THE BENCH** in the foreground. **WE TRACK WITH** Loto as he walks into **THE AUTO SHOP** through the **INTERIOR MAN DOOR**. **WE STOP** in front of **A REPAIR BAY DOOR** as Loto speaks, unheard, to The Mechanic, showing him the **PICTURES**. The Mechanic shakes his head and shrugs, denying.

WE TRACK AGAIN as Loto continues moving and exits the **AUTO SHOP MAN DOOR** on the far side of the **SERVICE STATION**.

WE TRACK AGAIN, SWAPPING DIRECTION as Loto comes full circle to the **OLD SWISS MAN'S BENCH**. **THE BENCH** sits aside the **SERVICE STATION FRONT DOOR**. Loto sits down next to the Old Swiss Man. He looks long at the Old Swiss Man. Loto's face gradually distorts into a wicked smile. The Old Swiss Man ignores him, mostly. Loto lights **A CIGARETTE**. He offers the **BURNING CIGARETTE** to the Old Swiss Man. The Old Swiss Man glances at **THE CIGARETTE** and ignores Loto. Loto shrugs.

Loto stands up, facing the Old Swiss Man for a beat, smoking. He takes the **OLD SWISS MAN'S HAT** off his head and ruffles the Old Swiss Man's hair. He throws **THE HAT** up in the air and **FIRES** several shots through it with his **SUBMACHINE GUN**. Loto picks **THE HAT** up from the floor of the **ICY LOT** and places it back on the Old Swiss Man's head, chuckling.

Loto walks to the far side of the **FRONT DOOR**. He stands at the northwest corner of **THE STATION**, dragging on his **CIGARETTE** in **LAMPLIGHT**.

OVER LOTO'S SHOULDER

We see **THREE MUZZLE FLASHES** in the dark distance, within **THE BLIZZARD**.

FINE PINK CLOUDS as **TWO ROUNDS** impact Loto in the **TRAPEZIUS** and **PECTORAL** consecutively. **A RICOCHET**. Loto retreats hastily into **THE SERVICE STATION**.

INT SERVICE STATION - SAME

The Cashier falls prone behind **THE COUNTER**. Loto takes cover behind the **BILATERAL DRY GOODS SHELF**. **THE SHELF** splits **THE STORE** into **TWO SMALL AISLES**. Loto, back against **THE SHELF** in the **REAR AISLE**, touches **HIS SHOULDER** where he's shot, pulling his hand away, **BLOODY**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Motorist sprints down **THE HILL** and **FIRE THREE MORE SHOTS**. **THE FRONT DOOR SHATTERS**, throwing **GLASS** on **THE GROUND**.

IMAGE: Inside, a peeking Loto is forced back **BEHIND COVER** as Motorist **FIRES** close-range, nearing the **ANTERIOR WALL** of **THE STATION**.

Through **THE WINDOW**, we see Loto pop up, **FIRING** half a magazine. Motorist reaches the **ANTERIOR WALL**, taking cover against painted **CINDER BLOCK** below the **CHECKOUT COUNTER WINDOW**.

The Mechanic exits the **AUTO SHOP MAN DOOR** and escorts the Old Swiss Man to the far edge of the **ICY LOT**, where they watch, ducking behind the **SABOTAGED CARS**.

Motorist draws Loto's **FIRE**. Loto's hammer **DRYFIRES** prematurely.

Motorist's **PISTOL** is empty.

Hearing the **EMPTY MAGAZINE CLAP** on **THE STATION FLOOR**, Motorist enters and charges Loto with the **BUOY KNIFE**.

INT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Loto stands five inches higher than Motorist and looks one-hundred pounds heavier.

Loto deflects **THE KNIFE** as the small of his back is **SLAMMED** into the **FORMICA TABLE**.

Loto's **GUN** is directed askance, **DRYFIRING** again.

Motorist and Loto are in a heap on **THE FLOOR**.

Motorist drives several **ELBOW STRIKES** into Loto's neck.

Loto presses his thumbs into Motorist's eye sockets.

Motorist recoils, **SEVERING** Loto's **GUN STRAP** and half **LOTO'S THUMB** with the **BUOY KNIFE** as he comes away.

THE SUBMACHINE GUN skitters across **THE FLOOR**.

Loto draws the **PISTOL** off Motorist's person as he comes away.

It **DRYFIRES** as Motorist throws a **MICROWAVE** from the **SERVICE BAR** at Loto, knocking him to the ground.

Motorist dropkicks Loto as he rises. The **DOOR SLAMS** the wall and **REBOUNDS VIOLENTLY** as Loto falls through the ajar **AUTO SHOP MAN DOOR** into the **AUTO SHOP**.

Motorist approaches **THE AUTO SHOP DOOR** with the **BUOY KNIFE**.

Loto stands. He walks slowly around the front of **THE STATION**. Loto takes his time. Motorist mirrors Loto's position, edge guarding inside the **CONVENIENCE STORE**.

Loto steps through the **FRONT DOOR** calmly.

Motorist gives Loto a **HEAVY SHIN KICK**, attempting to use Loto's inertia to plunge the **BUOY KNIFE** into his chest.

Loto eats **THE KICK**, tripping forward and paying attention only to Motorist's **KNIFE HAND**.

Loto forces rotation of Motorist's forearm with both hands, absorbing the assault. Loto pronates the hand, turning **THE KNIFE** sideways.

Loto knees Motorist in the gut. He continues striking Motorist with knees as they grapple.

Motorist claws with his free hand at Loto's face trying to gouge.

THE KNIFE DROPS.

Loto smiles.

He tosses Motorist hard into the **DRY GOODS SHELF**. The whole thing **CRUMBLES**.

Motorist pops up, returning cautiously and landing conservative **STRIKES**.

Loto recoils slightly but seems to absorb the attack.

Loto clamps down on Motorist and tosses him again. This time Motorist hits the **SERVICE BAR**, perforating an **ICEE MACHINE**. Motorist lands in the floor as agitating **FROZEN COLA** pours down his face and shoulders.

Loto attempts to stomp Motorist.

Motorist **DEFLECTS** with grapples.

Loto puts **THE KNIFE** through **MOTORIST'S QUADRICEP**, pinning him to the floor.

Motorist **SCREAMS**.

Loto sits on top of Motorist and beats him profusely and savagely. He **SLAMS** Motorist's head into **THE FLOOR**.

Loto drags Motorist by the leg toward the **FRONT DOOR**. He picks Motorist up and shot-puts him through the **FRONT PLATE GLASS WINDOW**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - SAME

Motorist is **BLOODY EVERYWHERE** and partially conscious. He sees the **DUAL-TRIGGER DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN** lying on the **ICY LOT** a few feet away.

In what seems like a journey, he grasps it with barely compliant hands and levels it at Loto meagerly, struggling to move. The first **HAMMER CLICKS** in futility as Loto approaches. The second **HAMMER CLICKS**. Loto is reloading **HIS SUBMACHINE GUN** as he approaches. Motorist pulls the **.50 CALIBER ROUND** out of his trouser pocket with a limp, shaking hand. He is fumbling to put **THE ROUND** in the **12-GAUGE BREAK-ACTION**. Loto is not concerned. Loto steps over Motorist, **PULLS THE SLIDE**. Loto **FIRES A SHOT** into Motorist's abdomen when his **FIRING WEAPON** suddenly yanks sideways. **PINK VAPOR** emanates from Loto's chest. His clothing **BLOOMS IN EXIT WOUNDS** and his chest **BLEEDS**. He staggers as his weapon **FIRES** sidelong toward the **GAS PUMPS**. He falls on top of Motorist. The Cashier is revealed as Loto's body falls out of frame. The Cashier stands silhouetted with **MOTORIST'S HK33** in the **FRONT DOOR**, **MUZZLE SMOKING** as a **COLUMN OF LIGHT** pours out into the dark **ICY LOT**.

Motorist struggles. The Cashier helps push **LOTO'S BODY** off him. Motorist sits up, **HIS FACE BRUISED** and **WELTED**, nose **POURS BLOOD**. The Cashier helps him up. Motorist nods in thanks.

The Cashier protests as Motorist attempts to stumble back across the **OPEN HILL** to Mei. Motorist falls into **THE SNOW** unconscious. Mei sees Motorist and runs to him, helping him up. The Cashier comes up **THE HILL** to help her. They escort Motorist back to **THE STATION**.

Daylight is breaking.

The Cashier pulls the missing **LARGE SACHEL** out from under the **SERVICE BAR** where it was hidden. He gives it to Mei.

INT SERVICE STATION - DAWN

MEI

All of the vehicles are sabotaged. Are you- Are you okay?

Motorist smiles a tired smile, feeling good about being alive.

MOTORIST

Never better.

Mei holds pressure on his new **BULLET WOUND**. His scalp is **SPLIT OPEN** in a couple of places. His **FACE SWOLLEN**.

The Cashier **TOURNIQUETS MOTORIST'S UPPER THIGH**.

The Cashier, Mechanic, and Mei remove **THE KNIFE** as Motorist **SCREECHES**.

Through fatigue and blood, at an absurd tortoise-like pace, Motorist begins searching through the **PILES OF MERCHANDISE** on **THE FLOOR**. He **BLEEDS** on **THE MERCHANDISE**. He sits at **THE TABLE** having gathered **ITEMS**. He begins improvising **DISTRIBUTOR WIRES** with **RESIDENTIAL WIRE, CLAMPS, and HAND TOOLS**. He quickly falls unconscious on **THE TABLE**. Mei gets up and walks into the **AUTO SHOP**. We see her speaking to The Mechanic through **THE GLASS**. Then she gets The Cashier to help her dress Motorist's **THIGH**.

The Cashier turns the "**OPEN**" **SIGN** around in the broken door to "**CLOSED**."

IMAGE: The Mechanic walks round back and finds two **OLD BALD TIRES** in **THE RUBBISH**.

IMAGE: The Mechanic repairs two of the **SABOTAGED VIRGIN TIRES**.

FADE TO BLACK

INT SEDAN - MORNING

Motorist is **JARRED** awake in the **PASSENGER SEAT** of **THE VOLVO** as it begins to move. He looks around in surprise at the **RUNNING CAR**.

MOTORIST

Wait.

He puts his hand on Mei's shoulder, urging her to stop **THE VEHICLE**.

EXT SERVICE STATION - MORNING

Motorist gets out and stumbles to the Old Swiss Man, who is back on **HIS BENCH** in front of the **EMPTY WINDOW PANE** as though nothing has happened. The Cashier has tidied up the interior. **THE CORPSE** and **BROKEN GLASS** remain outside.

Motorist hands the Old Swiss Man a **CHUNKY PAPER BAG**. The **OLD SWISS MAN** looks down at it then back up at Motorist.

Motorist is about to speak, but the Old Swiss Man speaks first, putting his hand on Motorist's shoulder like a grandfather.

OLD SWISS MAN

Jungemann. Es macht nichts. Kein problem.

The Old Swiss Man smiles benevolently.

A beat.

Saying nothing, Motorist takes the Old Swiss Man's other **HAND**, shaking it. Motorist claps his free hand against the outside of the handshake. He gets in **THE CAR** with Mei and they drive off. The Old Swiss Man sits back down and looks inside **THE BAG** and his eyes go wide- Then he looks into the distance after Motorist and Mei as his **VOLVO** leaves his sight forever.

Wide on **THE STATION**. **LOTO'S CORPSE** lies on the **ICY LOT** in a **POOL OF BLOOD**. The **SHATTERED GLASS** and **OPEN WINDOW FRAME** with **AD CARDS** swaying in **THE WIND**. A **BLUE SEDAN** drives up with a **MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN** in the **DRIVER'S SEAT**. The **THREE REMAINING MEN** get in. They drive off down **THE HIGHWAY**, in the opposite direction of **THE VOLVO**.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE - DEEP NIGHT

The weather threatens to pour. It is **MISTING**. **LIGHTNING** lights the sky.

Alexandra gets out of **HER CAR**, **CLAPS** the **STEEL DOOR** shut, and goes up to the **FRONT DOOR**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Close on **THE LATCH** as it turns. **WE DOLLEY SLOW BACKWARD** as Alexandra enters. She stops on **THE LINOLEUM ENTRY SQUARE** removing her **SHOES**. She sets **HER COAT** down on **THE RECLINER**.

She looks at a **COLUMN OF LIGHT** that shines into the **DINING ROOM** from **THE SIDE HALL**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM - SAME

She approaches the **COLUMN OF LIGHT**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE SIDE HALL - SAME

A **LAMP BURNS** in **RODNEY'S ROOM**. There are no other lights on in the house. Alexandra moves toward and hesitates at **RODNEY'S DOOR**. She enters.

INT RODNEY'S ROOM - SAME

WE PAN over the environs. **BOOKS, LIGHTERS, SMALL CRT TELEVISION. A GAME CONSOLE** and **CARTRIDGES. CLOTHES** strewn about **THE FLOOR**. The room is squalid. **DIRTY WALLS. TAWDRY BED. CLUTTER AND REFUSE EVERYWHERE.**

Alexandra spots **A DRAWER** ajar in an **OLD BUREAU**. She looks down and **SIGHS**, looks back up at **THE DRAWER**, then moves to **THE BUREAU** and pulls **THE DRAWER** fully open. She rifles through **CLUTTER, PENS, NOTEPADS, DOCUMENTS. A GOVERNMENT LETTER** is revealed.

A LETTER

"BOARD OF PARDONS AND PAROLE COUNTY OF LIVINGSTON

Consideration of Status of: Rodney James Barker

Offender # 200748

LARCENY

ARSON

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY

SEXUAL ASSAULT

OPERATION OF MOTOR VEHICLE WHILE INTOXICATED

PAROLE TERMS COMPLETE DATE OF XX-XX-XXXX

STATUS: DISCHARGED"

Alexandra sees **A BOOK** shoved beneath **RODNEY'S BED** splayed open from the middle, spine up. She opens **THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV**.

She thumbs through the book and comes across **HIGHLIGHTED OR UNDERLINED PASSAGES**. All passages concern the consumption of alcohol.

A SECOND BOOK is flung open in Alexandra's hands. **PAGES FLIP**. More **UNDERLINED PASSAGES**.

IMAGE: Another book of the same.

IMAGE: Another book of the same.

Alexandra's face fills with horror, then grief.

INT ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM - SAME

Alexandra eats **ICE CREAM** from the **CARTON** whilst reading **A BOOK** in bed in a **CAMISOLE**. She sets **THE BOOK** and **THE EMPTY CARTON** on the **NIGHT STAND**. She rolls over and falls asleep.

INT CHALET - AFTERNOON

Allen covers his mouth with a silk handkerchief as he steps over the threshold of the **CHALET ANTEROOM** and onto the broken glass. He steps over two **OPERATORS** corpses- escorted by a team of armed **OPERATORS** and **CLEANERS**.

The swollen bodies of **GUARD 1 & GUARD 2** lie on the front veranda. **GUARD 3** dead on the landing.

Allen proceeds in terror up the stairs. We see the body of **VICTIM 2** in the hall. Gagging, Allen pushes open the door to **SUITE 2**. The **MOUNTAIN LION** looks up from **JACK'S CORPSE**. Her muzzle stained pink. She glares at Allen with her ears back, showing her teeth.

Allen's eyes go wide as he stumbles out **THE DOOR** and **SLAMS** it. He **GAGS**.

CUT TO a telephone conversation between Allen & Hewitt.

ALLEN

He killed everyone.

MARTIN (surprised)

That's drastic.

ALLEN

What do you think he wants?

MARTIN

What does anyone want?

ALLEN

Money?

MARTIN

Don't insult a man of such will. Jack would be alive. It isn't the money that buys people. It's the power it offers them.

ALLEN

Well what then?

MARTIN

Haven't I taught you anything Allen? Everything in life is a sale, the thing you want- the commission.

ALLEN (rolling eyes)

Mankind has soulish needs...

MARTIN

Mammon is the infrastructure of comfort, the road bearing mankind to his desired end. Scratch the itch, close the loop, till desire beckons again.

ALLEN

Judging by the look of things, he has no itch to scratch.

MARTIN

Not yet. But we'll create it. What unites mankind despite varying persuasions, is that we all love life more than our ideals. We pretend to love friendship, benevolence, and good will. Yet we prove with our purchasing behavior everyday that we love excess, convenience, and self. We'll move out of Switzerland for awhile.

ALLEN

...

INT LUXURY SUV - NIGHT

MARTIN (chuckling)

Don't worry, Allen. Problems of this kind tend to resolve themselves. Fear not.

Martin **HANGS UP**.

Klemper sits shotgun in Martin's **LUXURY SUBURBAN**. Klemper has queued a Nirvana CD.

MUSIC CUE: "Lithium" by Nirvana

Martin glances at the **PIONEER CD PLAYER**, then back at the road.

A beat.

MARTIN

Do you really like this postmodern shit?

KLEMPER

At least it's original. All that new wave crap sounds the same.

MARTIN

Sign of the times I guess.

END MUSIC CUE

INT VOLVO - AFTERNOON

Motorist sleeps ragged in the **PASSENGER SEAT**. Mei drives. She looks over at him. Motorist comes to in the background. He wakes up without giving himself away.

MOTORIST'S POV: We see **A BLUE SKY WITH CLOUDS** through **CABIN WINDOWS**.

MOTORIST

The swiss sure can keep a secret, huh?

A beat.

MOTORIST (CONT'D)

The sky is funny. This living abstract painting. Always on display, waiting for us. Whether we're looking or not. Eat your heart out, Bob Ross.

Motorist closes his eyes and rolls over.

Mei looks over at him in surprise, furrowing her brow.

A beat.

MOTORIST (singing quietly)

A shadow turns, her pale arm folds
The corridor blows damp and cold
A cat slips out into the dark
A flickering lamp, a calling lark
The moon-ripped violet starshot sky
The empty street, the question "why?"
Warm sadness grins, the nerves release
Back into solitary peace...

A beat.

MEI (surprised)

What's that?

MOTORIST

Some bullshit I penned once. Sometimes quoting my own prose helps bore me to sleep.

MEI

Is there more?

MOTORIST (eyes still closed)

Anna takes you by the arm
Says "Boy, you shouldn't take it so hard
After all only death is sure
Like 'Sin the curse, and Christ the cure'"
Long and lithe with greek sea eyes
She too behind her sass destroyed
So youre eternal or youre not
Warm sunlight cant bear either thought.

MEI

Do you always make war as a backdrop for your prose?

MOTORIST

Always.

MEI

Do you still write?

MOTORIST

When I was a child, I thought as a child: when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; and then face to face: for now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

Mei **LAUGHS** at him. She looks at Motorist with mixed emotion. She's delighted and curious; but senses pretension.

MOTORIST (rapidfire)

What? It's Saint Paul, standing before god in death. The frail blindness of earthly human senses finally removed, the soul absolved from the limitations of the body, God's face beholden, all mysteries answered.

MEI

Have you always read the bible?

MOTORIST

Yes. I was raised with it. Regardless of one's metaphysical persuasion it's a beautiful text.

MEI

What was the childish thing you put away?

MOTORIST

I was a musician.

A beat.

MEI

Were you good?

MOTORIST

That's for others to decide.

MEI

Did you write many songs?

MOTORIST

Many.

MEI

Why'd you stop?

MOTORIST

I was young and foolish. I thought the pink candied clouds of dreams could be real.

MEI

So serious. What makes you silly?

MOTORIST

Silly?

MEI

Yes. What humors you?

MOTORIST

A few extra pints of blood would really blow my skirt up about now.

MEI

Why'd you stop playing music?

A beat as Motorist realizes she's not giving up on the question.

MOTORIST

I didn't like what I became to people. Did something to efface my own glory. Something I felt had more virtue than singing or dancing.

MEI

Nothing has more virtue than singing or dancing. What did you become to people?

MOTORIST

Music passed from a personal joy to a public expectation.
I disliked the thought of being loved for what I did... Instead of who I was.

MEI

Isn't that how everyone measures themselves? By what they do.

MOTORIST

Yes... It's disgusting.

A beat.

MEI

You know, you pose a lot.

MOTORIST

Pose?

MEI

The way you stand. You look like a Michaelangelo.

MOTORIST

I do not pose.

MEI

You do pose. You are a proud man.

MOTORIST (scoffing)

Proud. Life has weight enough without ego's heavy metal.

MEI

There you go again, minstrel.

They look at each other skeptically, then crack a pair of charming grins.

The **BACK WINDOW SHATTERS**. **DASHBOARD** and **SEATS EXPLODE** into **FIBERS**; **PLASTIC SHARDS** and **COTTON PLUMES ERUPT INTO THE AIR**. **THE CAR SWERVES** as Motorist forces Mei's head down and grabs **THE WHEEL** from the **PASSENGER SEAT**.

MUSIC CUE: "Territorial Pissings," by Nirvana

MOTORIST

Step on it!

THE VOLVO ACCELERATES.

MOTORIST

Keep as fast and straight as you can. Stay low!

Motorist holds the **DUAL TRIGGER BREAK ACTION SHOTGUN**, crouching behind the **PASSENGER SEAT** in the floor, peaking intermittently for an opening. Motorist, ducking and blind in the **RUNNING BOARD**, releases one hand from the **STEERING WHEEL**.

EXT HIGHWAY - SAME

OPERATOR 21 maintains **CONTINUOUS FIRE** from **THE MOONROOF** of **ISUZU TROOPER 5**. **OPERATOR 22** and **OPERATOR 23** simultaneously drop **SPENT MAGAZINES** into **THE HIGHWAY** from either **REAR WINDOW**.

MOTORIST

Pull left!

Motorist moves swiftly out the **PASSENGER WINDOW** of the **SWAYING VOLVO** as **THE OPERATORS RELOAD**. He sits on the **WINDOW FRAME** and sights the **SHOTGUN** over the **VEHICLE ROOF**. He **FIRES** two marksman **SHOTS** at **TROOPER 5's WINDSHIELD**. Both **SHOTS** land on the **ARMORED GLASS**. The outer **GLASS SPLINTERS**. In but a half second, Motorist **BREAKS THE GUN OPEN** sending **SMOKING SHELLS** flying and **CHAMBERING** two more. A second **PAIR OF SHOTS SMASH** into **TROOPER 5'S WINDSHIELD**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 5 - SAME

We see **THE WINDSHIELD** from the **REAR BENCH**. **THE WINDSHIELD SPLINTERS** as **BUCKSHOT IMPACTS**. A **SECOND ROUND IMPACTS**, perforating **THE GLASS** slightly. **DRIVER 2** takes **PELLETS** to the neck. He **SCREAMS**.

INT VOLVO - SAME

MOTORIST

We can't outrun them. We need cover.

Motorist procures the **HK33** from **THE LARGE SATCHEL** in the **BACK SEAT**. He **FIRES** through the **REAR WINDOW**. He **RELOADS**.

EXT HIGHWAY - SAME

TROOPER 5 SLOWS and **WEAVES**.

INT ISUZU TROOPER 5 - SAME

OPERATOR 21, sitting shotgun, moves into the **DRIVERS SEAT** as **OPERATOR'S 21, 22,** and **23** pull Driver 2 backwards from the **DRIVERS SEAT**. Driver 2 floats rapidly and effortlessly, conveyed in a buoyant, centipede-like motion over the **PASSENGERS' EXTREMITIES** as he is deposited in the **REAR CARGO BAY, BLEEDING**.

Bjorn sits stoic in the **REAR PASSENGER SEAT** with a cold look of preparation on his face. They continue pursuing **THE VOLVO**, which flees in **THE DISTANCE** then vanishes.

IMAGE: Motorist chambers his sole remaining **SHELL OF BUCKSHOT** in the **RIGHT BARREL**. He hesitates before inserting the **.50 CALIBER ROUND** into the **LEFT BARREL**.

CALTROPS fly into **THE HIGHWAY** from behind a **WOOD SHED** on **THE SHOULDER**. Bjorn sights his **RIFLE** transversely over the **WINDOWSILL** at ready.

SLOW MOTION.

We see Bjorn aimed down-sights as **THE TROOPER** approaches the **LEESIDE** of the **WOOD SHED**. Bjorn senses Motorist's presence. **OPERATORS 22** and **23 FIRE** upon **THE VOLVO** as it becomes visible on the **LEESIDE**. **GLASS** and **SHRAPNEL SCATTER** around **THE CAR**. We hear a **DEAFENING CLANG**, like that of **A BELL**, paired with **SMACKING RUBBER** and **GRINDING METAL**.

BJORN'S POV

Bjorn **OPENS FIRE**.

The face of the **WOOD SHED** passing.

THE VOLVO creeps into view, a meter beyond **THE SHED**.

Nothing.

We're astride **THE SHED** and **VOLVO**.

TILT DOWN as we hear a **SECOND RESOUNDING CLANG**.

IMAGE: The **SHOTGUN** dislocates Motorist's shoulder.

BJORN'S POV

WE JOSTLE AND SLIDE as Motorist appears, **GLASS** in his hair, huddled prone, tight against the far **FENDER** beneath us, almost under **THE VOLVO**.

Bjorn and Motorist's eyes meet and pass like ships in the night. Bjorn tries to adjust his aim.

EXT HIGHWAY - SAME

We see the **SPENT .50 CAL. SHOTGUN SMOKING** in **THE GRASS**.

Motorist takes **A BULLET** to **THE BICEP** whilst shimmying under **THE VOLVO**, dragging the **HK33**.

He gets stuck for a moment struggling against the low **UNDERCARRIAGE**.

Bjorn's continuing **FIRE** is bunk as **TROOPER 5 FISHTAILS**.

Bjorn's **ROUNDS IMPACT TURF** and **CONCRETE**.

IMAGE: OPERATOR 21 fights for control of **THE TROOPER**.

EXT HIGHWAY - SAME

Motorist pops up, elbows to **THE HOOD**, leese, **OPENING FIRE** with the **HK33**.

He **LANDS** the better part of a clip on the broad side of **TROOPER 5** as it **FISHTAILS**.

Bjorn **FIRES** back ineffectively, **CAREENING**, **TROOPER 5** out-of-control on **TWO NAKED PASSENGER SIDE RIMS**.

IMAGE: CALTROPS in the **DRIVER SIDE TIRES**.

IMAGE: The TROOPER DRIVER'S SEAT. Motorist **KILLS OPERATOR 21** (driving) as **SHOTS RATTLE** in through the **OPEN PASSENGER WINDOW**.

The **TROOPER HURTLES** down **THE HIGHWAY**, jack-knifing lanes toward the **A CLIFFSIDE**.

IMAGE: Close on Mei's face in horror. **BULLETS IMPACT** the **WOOD SHED** she hides behind.

TROOPER 5 flies toward a deep **HIGHWAY-SIDE DITCH**.

Bjorn **BAILS**, **CAREENING** into **THE DITCH**.

Bjorn loses his **RIFLE** on the **DROP**.

Motorist **RELOADS** crouched against **THE VOLVO**, missing Bjorn's tumble.

TROOPER 5 IMPACTS a **LARGE CULVERT** head-on and is **LAUNCHED AIRBORNE** twenty-feet.

Motorist sees the **TROOPER** midair as he rises from cover.

The **TROOPER** rains copious **REFUSE**, lands on its **FRONT PASSENGER FENDER** and **ROLLS** several times, **MANGLING** with the ease of an aluminum can.

TROOPER 5 SLIDES TO A STOP on the **HIGHWAY SHOULDER**.

Bjorn crawls into **THE CULVERT**.

Motorist **SPRINTS** full-speed to the **TROOPER** with a limp, unknowingly running past Bjorn's position.

We see **OPERATOR 23's** fearful visage as Motorist stops in front of the **TROOPER**, **OPENING FIRE** without hesitation.

Motorist **KILLS** everyone in **TROOPER 5** in moments.

Motorist pulls the The Driver out of the **CARGO BAY ROOF**, executing him on **THE HIGHWAY** pavement.

Mei watches with horror from **THE SHED**.

She turns away and sits on the ground with her elbows on her knees, dazed.

Motorist sharp **IN FOREGROUND**.

RACK TO Bjorn hobbling out of **THE CULVERT** behind.

Bjorn moves down **THE DITCH** to escape, locating **HIS RIFLE**. He spots **MEI'S HAND** against **THE SHED**.

Motorist is obscured from Bjorn's view.

We read concern in Motorist's face. Bjorn is not among **THE DEAD**. Motorist sees movement in **A REFLECTION** on **VEHICLE SHRAPNEL**.

Bjorn raises his **RIFLE** at Mei, who is looking away.

Motorist turns and **CLIPS** Bjorn.

Bjorn hobbles, shot, toward **THE PRECIPICE**.

Motorist **FIRES**.

Bjorn takes another **ROUND** and **DOUBLES OVER THE PRECIPICE**.

He **LANDS, BREAKING LIMBS**, on a **SMALL MOUNTAIN SHELF** below.

We see Motorist searching for Bjorn on **THE PRECIPICE**.

Wide: We see Bjorn hugging the **CLIFF WALL** below as Motorist peers over **THE PRECIPICE** above simultaneously.

MOTORIST'S POV

We looking over the edge of **THE PRECIPICE. TREES, GORGE, ROCKS, SNOW.**

MOTORIST (shouting)

You there motherfucker?

He rattles a **SPATTER OF SHOTS** into the air and then the **ROCK SHELVES** beneath.

MOTORIST (shouting)

Time to retire you fuckin' pussy! That big motherfucker's as dead as your mother's uterus!

Motorist approaches Mei. She looks at him and then stares beyond him at **THE TROOPER**, preoccupied. She shivers. She's gone mute.

Motorist follows her gaze, realizing she saw everything. He looks down at the ground for a moment, then back up at her.

MOTORIST (looking back at the vehicle)

I had no choice Mei. It's over now. I'm gonna take you home.

Mei doesn't respond. He takes her by the arm and walks her back to **THE VOLVO**.

IMAGE: Our view askance, the **BARKER FIELDS** sit dark.

IMAGE: The floor of the damp **BARKER BASEMENT**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

We sweep through the living and dining room into the **BARKER HALLWAY**.

ALEXANDRA

...To live here. You go to work. And you don't drink. That was the deal.

RODNEY

I ain't drinkin. But why shouldn't I? I work hard. I should spend my free time as I wish.

ALEXANDRA

You know why.

RODNEY (humored)

A man only has a problem if he goes to meetings Sandy.

ALEXANDRA

Rodney please! I'm your sister! Don't put me in this position!

Rodney rises from his **BED** imposingly. His shape seems to grow larger as he approaches the door. His **LARGE SHADOW** pulsates black against the walls behind him.

RODNEY (angry)

You want my money? Take it!

Rodney **THROWS CASH** at Alexandra's person. It falls to the **FLOOR**.

ALEXANDRA

Please Rod. You're not a deadbeat!

RODNEY (slow and dark)

You better watch the way you talk to me bitch. I am a dangerous man.

Rodney slowly comes closer. When he gets close Alexandra backs out of the room, crossing the threshold, giving him ground. Rodney's pace increases. Alexandra **SLAMS THE DOOR** between them. Rodney pulls from the other side, **RATTLING THE LATCH**. Alexandra puts her feet against the **JAMB** and **PULLS THE KNOB** with all her might.

The **RATTLING** stops. Alexandra's breath slows. Alexandra **SLIDES** suddenly over the threshold before letting go. She runs toward the stairs as Rodney pursues, she ascends through her **DOOR**, slams it and **LOCKS** two **DEADBOLTS**. She moves to the **WINDOW**, ready to jump out if necessary.

INT ALEXANDRA'S ROOM - DEEP NIGHT

We back away slowly from Alexandra's door.

RODNEY

Sandy open up. Sandy please open up. I'm sorry. Please Sandy. I'm sorry.

Rodney begins to **WEEP**.

RODNEY (through infantile tears)

Please Sandy! I'm sorry! Please. Please open the door...

Alexandra's face is revealed full of sorrow. She clutches an old revolver beneath the quilt.

INT TRAIN - AFTERNOON

MUSIC CUE: "Untitled #4 Njosnavelin" by Sigur Ros

Motorist and Mei walk to **THEIR SEATS**.

SLOW MOTION AMBIENT PHOTOGRAPHY to **SONG**.

Motorist looks out **THE WINDOW**, exhausted. **DEEP VALLEYS, MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, LAKES, PINES, CLIFFS- THICKLY SNOWED UNDER. SUNLIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE CLOUDS.**

We look far down the **CORRIDOR** to a **VANISHING POINT** through **COUPLERS** and **MULTIPLE TRAINCARS** as we **JOSTLE** gently. **GOLDEN LIGHT FLICKERS** through **OVERHEAD & SIDELONG WINDOWS**.

Motorist and Mei stare off, harrowed. Motorist drinks in the **SOLITARY AMBIANCE. SUN SHINES** over the **WINTERSCAPE**.

Motorist and Mei catch eyes.

She glares at him. Mei's brow furrows as she sees something in his eyes. Her eyes and face begin to soften.

Mei reaches out and touches Motorist's face, her palm on his mandible. She caresses his stubbled cheek with her thumb, admiring him for a moment.

IMAGE: We see **JOHANNA** in Motorist's mind. She stands in an **EXPANSE OF WHITE** with **OSCILLATING STREAMS OF LIGHT** pouring over her. It is as though she is dappled with the shaded light of invisible trees. She looks at Motorist with a reluctant but permissive face, as though releasing him from a vow.

EXT CARGO BARGE - AFTERNOON

A **STEEL SHIPPING CONTAINER** is **OPENED**.

FRAGMENTS of **ISUZU TROOPER 1** are heaved overboard **INTO THE SEA** by **TWO MEN**. We see **A KEEPSAKE** belonging to one of the **ESCAPEES** float, then waterlog and sink.

INT OFFICE – LATE AFTERNOON

MUSIC CUE - “Julia” by The Beatles

Julia's Father, now older, sits at a desk. The cassette plays on a **STEREO** atop the **DESK**. He sits before a drained decanter and empty tumbler. A snubnose revolver hangs cocked in hand against the inside of his right thigh.

A **KNOCK AT THE DOOR**.

EXT BUNGALOW - SAME

The front door opens.

Julia turns around in the lawn, slowly looking up at her father.

He runs down the stairs and flings his arms around her.

His eyes go wide as he locks eyes over Julia's shoulder with Latoya, who glares back behind a cracked tinted passenger window. He screws up his eyes. **THE CAR PEELS OUT**.

FATHER
HEY!

He begins involuntary pursuit, stumbling across the lawn over the curb before realizing the feat's impossibility, his attention confused between his daughter's appearance, the shock and relief, and the nebulous, merciless rage fuming in his heart at the vehicle that has borne his daughter strangely back to him. He realizes he's still holding the revolver.

He drops it in the grass and runs back to his daughter, kneeling and holding her tight with both arms around the torso. Red-eyed and frazzled, he fawns over and kisses her, undone.

She hugs him tight and weeps, tousling her father's hair.

EXT DINGHY - NIGHT

The **TOKYO NIGHTSCAPE** above a **BLACK CHANNEL OF WATER**. **NEON** and **GLITTERING GLASS**.

DARK WATER FLUTTERS against the breast of an **ANTIQUATED DINGHY**. Mei sits in **THE STERN** swaddled like a duchess in **FURS**. She is clean, well-kept and made up. She looks up at the **BLACK OBELISKS**. Motorist stands aft drinking in the **NIGHTSCAPE** in wonder.

The **WATERCRAFT** passes under **SMALL BRIDGES** in the **DIMINUTIVE CHANNEL**, heading into the heart of **THE CITY**.

We see **ALLEYWAYS** and **NIGHTLIFE**. People go about their business in a hushed beauty. **CAFES, RICKSHAWS, CARS, HIFI SHOPS. BRIGHT LIGHTS** and **NEON INSOMNIA**.

An enduring **MONTAGE** of **TOKYO AMBIANCE** as **THE SONG ELEVATES**.

INT HIGHRISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mei and Motorist enter. This is **MEI'S PLACE**.

MUSIC MOVES TO BACKGROUND

We see a **CELLO, MUSIC STAND** and **SHEET MUSIC** beneath a **HUGE WINDOW WALL**. A **RECORD PLAYER** and **VINYL COLLECTION** sit against a wall.

Motorist sees the **MUSIC EQUIPMENT**, surprised, and walks over to Mei's **RECORDS**. He **RIFLES** through them, pulling out **DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN**. He looks at her in awe and excitement.

Mei smiles at him, seeing his giddiness.

MOTORIST

You have Springsteen?

MEI (smiling)

A must-have.

Mei furnishes Motorist with **BEDDING**, setting it on the **BARE MATTRESS**. She grabs a few things and heads for **THE DOOR**.

MOTORIST

Gotta be somewhere?

MEI

I'm staying with a friend.

Mei moves with agency, purposefully aloof. Motorist watches her. Mei moves to **THE DOOR** with a small **DUFFLE BAG**.

MUSIC ELEVATES

Motorist approaches and grabs Mei by the arm. She turns toward him with a mean squint, her forearm still in his hand. She pulls her arm away firmly. She turns to walk out.

Motorist grabs her arm again, this time pulling her to himself by the hips. She drops the **DUFFLE BAG** attempting to pull away from him, her mouth beginning to tremble. Her eyes fill up with tears.

MEI

Let go of me!

Motorist pulls her forcefully back to him again.

Mei punches Motorist in the chest and **SLAPS** at his face, making **CONTACT** several times. He barely notices.

After **STRUGGLING** a few beats, Mei concedes. She puts her arms around Motorist's neck, falling to the floor **WEeping** against him. He descends with her as she clamps onto him in grief. She clutches at his clothing, exhibiting a contained violence and anger. All of the sadness of her life, all of her desire to be loved as she is, all of her loneliness; the longing, overlooked parts of her soul wishing for understanding, all of her hatred for men, all of her broken ideals for humankind, all of her love for this warrior; bloom like daffodils in a climax of primal feeling. Motorist combs Mei's hair away from her face with his hand, kissing her forehead delicately as they land in the floor of **THE ENTRYWAY**. He holds her against himself while she **WEEPS**.

Several beats.

Mei looks up at Motorist completely vulnerable. He kisses her. She reciprocates passionately, putting her hands behind his head.

EXT TOKYO NIGHTSCAPE

It begins to **SNOW**.

END MUSIC CUE

MUSIC CUE: "16 Years" by Phantogram

IMAGE: Motorist and Mei run to one another. Mei jumps into his arms, straddling him behind a **PANE OF GLASS** in **SILHOUETTE**. We see the glittering **LIGHTS OF TOKYO** behind them through a successive **PANE OF GLASS**.

IMAGE: A **HIGH-SPEED TRAIN BARRELS** in front of the **TOKYO SKYLINE**.

IMAGE: Motorist and Mei sit in **THE TRAIN**. Mei dances to a song on **A WALKMAN**. Motorist, conflicted, tries to remember what it is to be young and free.

IMAGE: They lie in the top of an open **DOUBLE-DECKER BUS** in **BLANKETS** staring at **THE NIGHTSKY**.

IMAGE: **POINT OF VIEW**. We see **POWERLINES, MARQUEE, HIGHRISES** move against **THE DARK REDDISH GREY WINTER SKY**.

IMAGE: They walk through tight **TOKYO ALLEYS**.

IMAGE: A **DRAGON DANCE TROUPE** rolls through **AN EXCITED CROWD** as the **1994 NEW YEAR** is **CELEBRATED** in **THE STREETS**.

IMAGE: Motorist and Mei meet a **CROWD OF MEI'S FRIENDS** in **THE STREET**.

END MUSIC CUE

MUSIC CUE: "Maura" by Wednesday

INT TOKYO MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

Our perspective cuts between an impressionist emulation of a **VHS CAM** and **16MM PHOTOGRAPHY**.

SLOW MOTION

A **LIVE AMERICAN GRUNGE BAND** fills the air of **A TINY CLUB** with the **SEATTLE SOUND**. **THE CLUB** is bursting with **PEOPLE**.

HANDS CROWD AIR. RED AND YELLOW LIGHTS.

Motorist and Mei dance in a strange, slow-paced sway. **THE CROWD** throngs around them.

THE CLUB is dark and abstractly decorated. A **MODEL SKELETON** stands in a corner dressed in **SUNGLASSES, A LONG ROCKER WIG** and a **70'S LEISURE SUIT**. **PAPER STARS AND ORNAMENTS** hang from **THE DIRTY CEILING**. **CONCERT POSTERS** cover **THE WALLS**, weathered and torn. People **SPILL BEER** onto **THE FLOOR** without care.

LEAD RIFF AND CHORUS strike the air. **THE CROWD SWAYS IN JUBILATION**; Jubilation the flavor of which one only witnesses among university students of very particular taste. Motorist and Mei stare doe-eyed at one another. Close on Mei's face. Reverse shot on Motorist.

END MUSIC CUE

INT HIGHRISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mei lays against Motorist on the bed, drinking a **CUP OF TEA**. They lie as kindred spirits against one another with a relaxed leisure normally observed in long-term relationships of secure, matured intimacy.

MEI

I've been thinking about your song. Who is anna?

Motorist smiles.

MOTORIST

You remembered it?

MEI

I wrote it down.

Motorist looks shocked as Mei produces a **SMALL FLIP NOTEPAD** with the **LYRICS SCRIBBLED**.

A beat.

MOTORIST

Anna is the belligerent siren. A Grushenka of sorts. She carries a torch for the lovelorn protag. They have witnessed one another's many failed flames. Unbeknownst to the author, he is Anna's one true love- But also her dear friend. While he is swallowed up by the grief of his recently lost love, anna mocks him in jovial sarcasm to cheer him up. She is afraid to reveal her love, for though she could wager to gain his- She may lose him forever. So she plays the bawdy fool instead.

MEI (cutely)

...Anna is in the friend zone.

MOTORIST (humored)

Indeed.

They watch **TELEVISION**. **DAVID BOWIE** is interviewed on **BBC**.

DAVID BOWIE

...When I began there was no MTV. It wasn't sort of wall-to-wall, blanket music. And so therefore it had kind of a call-to-arms kind of feeling to it. This is the thing that will change things. This is, uh, a dead dodgy occupation to have. It still produced signs of horror from people when you said "I'm in rock and roll." Now it's a career opportunity. And the internet now carries the flag of the subversive and possibly rebellious. And chaotic, nihilistic.

Jeremy Paxman makes a face of severe skepticism. Bowie interrupts as though Paxman's expression is a disagreement worthy of return:

DAVID BOWIE (CONT'D)

Oh yes it is. The monopolies do not have a monopoly.

JEREMY PAXMAN

What you like about it is the fact that anyone can say anything, or do anything?

DAVID BOWIE

I embrace the idea that there's a new demystification process going on between the artist and the audience. It's almost like the artist is to accompany the audience and what the audience are doing and that feeling is very much permeating music. And permeating the internet.

JEREMY PAXMAN

What is it specifically about the internet? Anyone can say anything, and it all adds up to what? There's nothing cohesive about it in the way that there was something cohesive about the youth revolution in music.

DAVID BOWIE

Until the mid-seventies, we felt that we were still living under the uh, in the guise of a single and absolute created society where there were known truths and known lies and there was no kind of duplicity or pluralism about the things that we believed in. That started to break down rapidly in the seventies- In the idea of a duality in the way that we live. There are always two, three, four, five sides to every question. That the singularity disappeared. That has produced such a medium as the internet which absolutely establishes and shows us that we are living in total fragmentation.

JEREMY PAXMAN

You don't think that some of the claims being made for it are hugely exaggerated? I mean when the telephone was invented people made amazing claims-

DAVID BOWIE

Yes, the president at the time- he was outrageous! He saw the time in the future when every town would have a telephone. How dare he claim that. Absolute bullshit! No, I don't agree. I

don't think we've even seen the tip of the iceberg. I think the potential of what the internet is going to do to society, both good and bad, is unimaginable. I think we're actually on the cusp of something exhilarating and terrifying.

We **CLOSE IN** until tight on Motorist's face as he receives this prophecy with apprehension. Mei nuzzles him and he comes back to reality.

EXT CITY - DAY

MUSIC CUE - "Liar" by Rollins Band

People walk the streets of a densely populated metropolis, looking down into their empty hands. Their faces are downcast, lit by **COLD AMBIENT LIGHT** from an invisible source.

A FEMALE GIANT steps into frame, demolishing buildings with her steps.

She wears a **HORNED RAM'S SKULL**.

She picks up and **DEVOURS PEDESTRIANS** as the **CITY CRUMBLES** in her wake of terror.

Her victims don't seem to be alarmed until the moment of death.

A **LONG FINE CHAIN** is revealed attached to a collar around **THE GIANT'S** neck.

We see a **DIMINUTIVE MAN** standing faroff, holding the other end as a leash.

A GOLD AXE falls and **SEVERS THE CHAIN**.

THE GIANT CRASHES TO THE GROUND, unconscious. Her grotesque adornments fade slowly. She lies naked in the street, restored, blemishless and peaceful.

INT PENTHOUSE - DEEP NIGHT

Motorist wakes up. **THE TELEVISION** is on. He **SHUTS IT OFF** and goes back to sleep.

INT TOKYO DINER - MORNING

Mei and Motorist eat a traditional **JAPANESE BREAKFAST**.

MEI

You're decent with chopsticks.

MOTORIST

Been east many times. I have an old friend who lives here.

MEI

Oh? Is he japanese. Or.... She?

Mei looks intimidated. Motorist smirks.

MOTORIST

He.

MEI

When shall I meet him?

Motorist looks up her at with a mischievous smile and doesn't answer.

MEI

You're quite a rascal.

MOTORIST

I've never seen the cherry blossoms. When do they bloom?

MEI

March.

MOTORIST

We have to see them.

MEI

Yes.

Mei smiles at Motorist with adoration. Her face tightens up as she prepares to say something.

MEI

In Switzerland... How did you find us? How did you come to do such things?

A beat as Motorist prepares to answer.

MOTORIST

The spoils of genetic lottery privileged me with a view of male corruption from a young age.

Mei stares inquisitively.

MOTORIST

My father was a scoundrel.

Mei nods.

MOTORIST

The male need for purpose... And risk, is biological. Unanswered with meaningful purchase, he is led to his base proclivities. Generally at the expense of women. I've tried to, in a small way, be antithetical to that.

MEI

Do you always make generalizations of the sexes?

MOTORIST

If you consider empiricism an errant thing. I'm not altruistic. Men and women, despite admissible variances, have always shared predictable tendencies with their kind. One tends to meet the same men and women over and over, though they bear different skins.

MEI

What about you?

MOTORIST

What about me?

MEI

What skin do you bear?

MOTORIST

This pale Irish crust.

MEI

And what are the tendencies you share with other males?

Motorist thinks for a second.

MOTORIST

Violence. Grief masked by anger. Repression of my gentler traits, especially those the which attract the ridicule of other men. Prolific sexual appetite. Unuttered dreams. Reproach toward my available realities.

MEI

What makes you different than the rest?

MOTORIST

Nothing. Except, I suppose, intent. An attempt to choose discipline over desire. Good men are not without very bad desires. They merely rule over them.

Mei looks scared. But her eyes glitter with want.

MEI (challenging)

Are you a good man?

MOTORIST

That's not for me to decide. All I am required to do is heed my conscience.

MEI (sadly)

Isn't there anything outside yourself you believe in? Anyone you admire?

MOTORIST

None living. People's minds are mushy now. Too much leisure is making us soft and stupid. High ideals belong in the arts, where virtue is implied instead of stupidly self-ascribed. I'd fucking kill myself without rock and roll.

MEI

Yes, the arts are wonderful. But you are part of mankind. And we are freer than ever! The berlin wall is down. Don't you think the developing peace in the world is a good thing?

MOTORIST

You speak as though you were not just in slavery! At the hands of those most privy to the markets of the free world! The world is not becoming more peaceful. We've just moved from open bloodshed to ideological warfare. As you and I have both seen, there are evils now hidden in plain view that would make the blood of the masses run cold. If you mean less death by famine, perhaps... But how would laymen such as you and I know? We used to rely on journalists. But as print slides toward propaganda... We must blindly trust or forego conclusions. Few choose the latter because we are creatures of ego. We must possess right answers to impress our friends. The market for independent thought is all but a corpse. Death is better than spiritual assassination. People believe what their betters tell them, choose willful ignorance only because it's too difficult to acknowledge the crushing envy that drives human hearts, then drink coffee and climb into a cubicle.

MEI

People aren't as bad as you say. They mean well. With technology everyone will have a voice. Like Bowie said, the singularity of dominant religions, the traditional ways which have served their purpose- Those things which we have evolved past are now able to be cast aside at the moment they no longer serve us. People are allowed to define their own cause. Mankind can live without shame in the identity they feel most true. That is wonderful! We are free to live in the way we see fit, without persecution.

MOTORIST

It won't last long.

MEI

Why?

MOTORIST

The nature of mankind.

MEI

Who are you to define the nature of mankind?

A beat.

MOTORIST

No one. I just know we only accept the infallible when a military boot lands in our groin.

MEI

So curiosity is a virtue in some places and not others?

MOTORIST

Perhaps. But there's one thing I know. A day is coming when the papers will print with one of two intentions: to divert our attention, or to manifest our anxieties. Information will fail to inform. Death by quantity instead of scarcity. Few will resist the frictionless river.

MEI

You have no faith in anything. How can you live?

Motorist smiles.

MOTORIST

Perhaps I am a crude tool with one purpose. Not every soul is as precious as Sunday school teachers imply. While we probably agree it isn't our place to judge mankind as one of them- it is every living soul's responsibility to reject tyranny, even if only in our hearts. We are all born to intrinsic glory; but adolescence past, all bets are off. People are responsible for their choices. I've seen things that make that mountain chalet look like a consenting orgy. It isn't man's job to redeem every scoundrel. When the powerful find pleasure in slavery- Let Mephistopheles have them. Let them die.

MEI

Isn't anything noble? Isn't anything true?

MOTORIST

What is truth?

Mei looks very sad.

A beat.

MOTORIST

When mouths are forced shut, the blood of the tyrant must flow. And the wheel will turn over again. We are ever-caught in this dance. This is what it is to be human. Beyond the peril of the elements, we're left with intellectual masturbation and feigned righteousness. If we are anything as humans, we are clever with words. A lack of extra resources; hunting tonight's supper... is all that keeps men honest.

He shakes his head.

MEI

I could not live in your head. I'd... Wisdom burns her fire for no witness.

Motorist smiles at her.

MOTORIST

How did you begin listening to Springsteen?

MEI

My mother is half american.

MOTORIST

Half American?

MEI

Why shouldn't she be half American? Can't American be a heritage? My mother was raised in the states by my grandmother, japanese, and my grandfather, an italian whose father's father emigrated to New York in the early nineteenth century. There aren't records beyond him. They were burned in the civil war. My mother calls herself an American. And she loves rock and roll. I grew up listening to Fats Domino, The Beatles, Springsteen, Pink Floyd, big band and Sinatra, even obscurities like the Velvet Underground. Right here in Tokyo. To my father's chagrin I was raised with the spirit of a western woman... Funny how parents contradict themselves.

MOTORIST

What do you mean?

MEI

My father loves my mother for her rebellion and dishonor toward the old ways. But he will never admit it. Not even to himself. The Japanese live in a strange dichotomy of cultural pride and unemigrated expatriatism. Honor is a serious thing here. But there is an entire generation searching for identity in the shadow of the great war... And many find that identity, find that escape in western culture. My mother and I love Springsteen. The unfettered passion. The wet desire in his voice. The stuff a lady's dreams are made of.

Motorist takes it all in.

MOTORIST

How long have you played the Cello?

Mei grabs him by the shirt collar and pulls him close to her.

MEI

Come to the symphony tonight and find out.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON?

A THUNDERSTORM rolls across infinite **FIELDS**.

RAIN begins **POURING DOWN**.

INT CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "A Night on the Bare Mountain" by Modest Mussorgsky

Motorist's stoicism is slowly broken as he's swept away by the **SYMPHONY**.

IMAGE: The **MOUNTAIN-LION** standing sovereign with her **CUBS** in the **CHALET**, reclaimed by the elements.

IMAGE: The **DESTROYED SERVICE STATION**.

IMAGE: **RALPH'S FROZEN CORPSE**.

IMAGE: Close on the **BLOODLETTING** of **FEMALE ARMS**. Close on **BLOOD** flowing in multiple **ORNATE, STEPPED TRACKS** down into a **STONE BASIN** cast in the shape of **AN EYE**. **THE EYE** submerges.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

THE TOOLS sit untouched by **THE TELEVISION**.

Alexandra **SHOVES** the **TV CABINET** aside revealing a **TINY DOOR**.

She **OPENS THE DOOR**.

She looks down a **STEEP PETRIFIED WOODEN STAIRCASE** into a **DARK STONE BASEMENT**.

A **FLASH OF LIGHTNING** illuminates **THE CHASM** momentarily through **A TRANSOM** in **THE FOUNDATION**.

INT BASEMENT - SAME

Alexandra descends **THE STAIRS** cautiously, **TOGGLING** a **HALOGEN FLASHLIGHT**. She searches for **THE PUMP**. She **SHAKES THE TORCH** to get a brighter **BEAM**. **DUST GLITTERS** in the **DIM ORANGE SHAFT OF LIGHT**.

STACKS OF BOXES, CLUTTER and **JUNK** line **THE BASEMENT**.

REEDS FLAP against **THE TRANSOM**.

IMAGE: Wide on **THE FARMHOUSE**. The **WINDOWS GO DARK**.

IMAGE: Inside: The **SIDE TABLE LAMPS, STOVE HOOD** and **TELEVISION** go dark.

Huge tropical-like storm.

A huge oak cracks and falls, a branch protruding into the home.

Taxidermied animals leer in the basement.

Alexandra discovers an **ENVELOPE OF PHOTOGRAPHS**. She **RIFLES** through **PICTURES** in the **TORCHLIGHT**. She pulls out a picture of **A YOUNGER ITERATION OF HERSELF, YOUNG RODNEY, YOUNG MOTORIST, and YOUNG STEVE**.

She smiles and touches **THE PICTURE** with affection.

Alexandra locates the **PUMP RESERVOIR** on the **STONE FLOOR** at the back of **THE BASEMENT**.

A beat as Alexandra contemplates how to position her **FLASHLIGHT**.

She rifles through **RUSTY TOOLS** on an adjacent **ALUMINUM SHELF**. A **MINI-SLEDGE SMACKS** on the **STONE FLOOR**, startling her.

Alexandra finds a **SPRING CLAMP** on **THE SHELF** and **CLAMPS** the **FLASHLIGHT** onto **THE SHELF** upright at an angle so **THE BEAM** lights the **PUMP RESERVOIR**. Alexandra removes the **PUMP COVER** with some trouble.

She **STUMBLES** backwards as **THE COVER HEAVES** upward.

She catches her balance.

We see the **MURKY BASIN** and **SUMP PUMP** revealed.

Alexandra **FUMBLES** with **THE PUMP**.

After **STRUGGLING** awhile an **ELECTRICAL LEAD PULLS FREE**.

She yanks at **THE PUMP**. It is **DRY-SEIZED** in place.

It finally **PULLS LOOSE VIOLENTLY**.

She sets **THE PUMP** next to **THE RESERVOIR**.

Alexandra stands up, bends over, and picks up **THE PUMP**.

With the pump in one hand, Alexandra attempts to **PULL** the **FLASHLIGHT** from **THE CLAMP** with her free hand.

It fails to release.

She **PULLS HARDER**. She **LOSES HER BALANCE**.

She **PLUNGES** into **THE RESERVOIR**.

THE PUMP and **FLASHLIGHT SMASH** to **THE FLOOR**.

Her pelvis **SMACKS THE FLOOR**

A LEG BOTTOMS OUT in **THE RESERVOIR**, **JAMMING** her **FEMUR**.

Alexandra **PULLS** her leg out of the **MURKY WATER** slowly, **WRITHING** in pain.

A severe **LACERATION** is revealed.

DARK BLOOD RUNS from a **PUNCTURE WOUND** in **ALEXANDRA'S CALF AND THIGH** as she **CRAWLS** away from **THE RESERVOIR**. She takes **THE FLASHLIGHT** and moves toward **THE STAIRS** on her hands and knees.

ALEXANDRA SCREAMS. A **GIANT FIGURE** in **SPIRED BLACK ARMOR** stands before her with **GLOWING EYES**.

She covers her head and double-takes. **THE FIGURE** is gone.

RODNEY CAROUSING IN MADNESS

Halfway up **THE STAIRS**, Alexandra remembers **THE PUMP**. She **HOBBLES** back and grabs **THE PUMP** from the **STONE FLOOR**, leaving a **TRAIL OF BLOOD**.

We look up **THE STAIRS** from **THE BASEMENT**.

We see **ALEXANDRA'S FEET** disappear through **THE DOORFRAME**.

We see **THE PUMP CORD SNAG** on the **FRAME** of the **BASEMENT DOOR**.

THE PUMP is **PULLED AGGRESSIVELY** through.

We see the **HALF-DOOR CLOSE**.

WE TILT DOWN and **PAN**, then **DOLLEY** toward **THE PHOTOGRAPHS**.

We see **WATER SEEPING** through **WALLS** and **OLD TRANSOMS**.

THE WATER begins to **RISE** on **THE FLOOR**. We see **THE PHOTOGRAPHS** strewn across **THE FLOOR** overtaken by **THE WATER**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

HEAVY SUNLIGHT filters through the **GAUZE CURTAINS**.

Alexandra sits in her underwear with her **WOUNDED LEG** extended on the **LINOLEUM KITCHEN FLOOR**. She expels **PUSS AND FLUID** with her fingers into a **JUNK TOWEL** from broken skin over the developing infection. She washes the **GASH**. She cuts **GAUZE AND BANDAGE** and dresses her **WOUND**.

Alexandra freezes suddenly, remembering something. She shoves the **TV CABINET** aside, moving past it. She **CLIPS** her hip on **THE CABINET**, **YELPING** as she heads through **THE DOOR**.

She **GRUNTS** angrily.

Alexandra crawls barefoot into **THE APERTURE** and down into the **FLOODED BASEMENT** anxiously.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - SAME

She kneels in **THE WATER** and **PLUNGES** her hands into the **MURK**, **TRAWLING** the **STONE FLOOR** through **THE WATER**.

Close on **A WIRE** with **EXPOSED LEADS** in **THE WATER**.

IMAGE: A technician in a bucket lift working on the powerlines.

Alexandra searches the ground. Alexandra pulls up **DESTROYED PHOTOGRAPHS** and **THE ENVELOPE**.

She **WEEPS**, kneeling in **THE WATER. WE BACK OUT WIDE** on the scene. Her **DRESSING** comes undone, **THE WOUND** exposed to the **FILTHY WATER**. She exhibits no concern over it.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Alexandra checks **THE DRIVEWAY** through **THE WINDOW**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - SAME

Alexandra has **THE PUMP** disassembled on the **KITCHEN TABLE**. **BOOKS** entitled "**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING**" and **MECHANICAL ENGINEERING BASICS FOR DUMMIES** sit atop **THE TABLE**.

Alexandra works with **SCREWDRIVERS, WIRE STRIPPERS, PLYERS, CLOTH** and **A HAMMER**.

She slips a **FLATHEAD SCREWDRIVER** into a groove in the **PUMP BODY** and **SMACKS** the butt of **THE SCREWDRIVER** with the broad side of **THE HAMMER**. The **BOTTOM CASING** of **THE PUMP FALLS CLEAR** onto **THE TABLE**. We see the **CLOGGED AGITATOR** inside **THE PUMP**.

We see **ALEXANDRA'S WOUND, DRESSED. BLACK TRACK MARKS** run outside **THE BANDAGE** from **GROWING INFECTION**.

Alexandra glimpses **THE MAILMAN** driving off. She goes out to the **ROADSIDE MAILBOX**, procuring **THE MAIL**.

POINT OF VIEW

We stare into the **WALL OF CORN** on the opposite side of **THE ROAD. DOLLY SUBTLY FORWARD**.

Wide on Alexandra, **THE HOUSE, THE ROAD**, the **CORN**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

We see **THE MAIL** drop on **THE TABLETOP**. Alexandra returns to working on **THE PUMP. A LETTER** from a mortgage company peeking out in the **PILE OF MAIL** gives her momentary pause.

The **LIGHTS TOGGLE ON**, pulling her attention away from **THE LETTER**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - SAME

We see **SALT PELLETS** dissolving in the pool of **BASEMENT WATER**.
We see **THE WIRE LEADS** hanging in **THE WATER, SPARKING**.

Alexandra descends **THE STAIRS**.
She is about to dip her toe into **THE WATER** when she suddenly draws back.
She ascends **THE STAIRS** having thought of something.
She comes back with **RUBBER BOOTS** on.
She steps into **THE WATER**.
We see **A TOOL** submerged on the **STONE FLOOR**.
Alexandra reaches her hand toward **THE WATER** to fetch **THE TOOL**.
We **RACK FOCUS** from her face to **THE WIRE** as she spots it.

Alexandra looks at her **RUBBER BOOTS** with a horrified expression. She freezes in place, thinking.
She moves around **THE STAIRS** toward a **PANEL** on the opposite **BASEMENT WALL**.
She trips, landing on a **STACK OF CRATES** that **FLING** sideways.
Alexandra comes millimeters from the surface of **THE WATER**. She attempts to stand up carefully. The **CRATES TUMBLE** suddenly and she **SLAMS** into **THE STONE FLOOR** amidst an **ELECTRICAL SOUND**.
A **BREAKER SLAMS** off.

CUT TO BLACK

Alexandra awakes.
She **COUGHS**, lying in two inches of **WATER**.
She gets up, taking no notice of her condition.
LEG BLOODY, hair matted wet to her face. **NIGHTIE** torn and soaked.
Her spirit alights from its long flight.
Her composure is different. She suddenly seems unburdened.
Alexandra bursts out **LAUGHING**.

INT KITCHEN - GOLDEN HOUR

Alexandra reassembles **THE PUMP**.
She plugs it into a **MAKESHIFT ADAPTER** she has spliced from **SPARE WIRE**.
The freshly cleaned **PUMP** begins **AGITATING**.
She stands up with swagger, smiling down upon her work.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - EVENING

Alexandra installs **THE PUMP** in the **RESERVOIR** and reattaches the **WIRE LEADS**.
THE PUMP TOGGLES ON and we see **THE WATER** begin **RECEDING** from **THE STONE FLOOR**. Close on **THE WHIRLPOOL** on the surface of **THE WATER** above **THE RESERVOIR**.

Alexandra stands with her hands on her hips, scowling at **THE PUMP**.

INT BARKER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - SAME

Alexandra puts **THE KETTLE** on. She pours a **GLASS OF MILK** and takes a **SIP**. She eyes **THE LETTER** from the mortgage company anxiously as she stands against the counter with the **GLASS OF MILK**.

She moves toward **THE LETTER**. The **KETTLE SOUNDS LOUDLY**. She draws back.

JUMP CUTS OF COFFEE BEING BREWED.

Alexandra opens **THE LETTER**, sitting at the kitchen table. Her **CUP OF COFFEE** sits on a **SAUCER** next to her, steaming. She sits at **THE TABLE** and reads through **THE LETTER** as she adds **SUGAR CUBES** and **CREAM** to her **COFFEE**. She stirs the **COFFEE, SHUFFLING PAGES**. She reads something causing perusal- She's suddenly engrossed in the **LETTER**. She **FLIPS A PAGE** hurriedly as she finishes the last line of the previous. Her eyes roll quickly across the new lines.

Alexandra flips back and forth between the bottom of a **PRIOR PAGE** and the top of the **CURRENT PAGE**, double-taking. Her hand moves to the side in shock, **SPILLING HER COFFEE** as she stands involuntarily from her seat at **THE TABLE**.

In rage and frustration, she **THROWS SEVERAL OBJECTS** about the kitchen.

INT HOSPITAL SIDEROOM - AFTERNOON

Ginny is cleaning **ALEXANDRA'S WOUND** with hospital supplies. Ginny injects **A SYRINGE** into Alexandra's thigh. Alexandra doesn't flinch. We see saline fluid flush out of the **PUNCTURES** in her thigh.

ALEXANDRA

That man stole from me. My payment's lower. But he took all the money outta the house.

GINNY

Well I don't know why you didn't hire a lawyer. I told you to.

A beat as Alexandra glares at Ginny in anger.

ALEXANDRA (angry)

Ginny, do you ever think before you say things?

Ginny is shocked.

GINNY (calm but indignant)

I just tell it like it is honey. Don't get all hysterical. Used to could be *less* gracious.

Ginny finishes dressing Alexandra's wound.

ALEXANDRA (forceful)

I ain't gettin' hysterical. You're a rude person Ginny. I been your friend for five years and I've taken all your... Shit! ...Cause I like you and we're in the trenches together.

Ginny **OPENS THE DOOR** to leave.

GINNY (surprised)

I'm doin' you a favor. I don't need to be hearin' all this right now.

ALEXANDRA (yelling)

Don't you walk out on me Ginny!

Alexandra grabs Ginny by the wrist and **YANKS** her back into the room. Ginny holds her wrist in pain as her eyes widen, gazing at Alexandra like a deer in the headlights.

ALEXANDRA

Normal folks don't understand what we do. It's unusual wearin' peoples blood, watchin' 'em lay dyin' day after day! You're tough and a goddamn good nurse, and I'm better for knowin you, cause you've been a friend; a sister when I don't have none. But ya gotta air things out sometimes. This job woulda crushed me without you, but you ain't God's gift of counsel to everyone like you think... You're being a bitch!

Ginny looks down in a stunned, pensive posture. Alexandra glares, never looking away from Ginny's face.

Ginny **SWALLOWS**. She looks into Alexandra's face, eyes moving subtly back and forth. We see a new respect, bordering on fear, suddenly present.

GINNY (struggling)

I'm... sorry.

A beat.

ALEXANDRA (entitled but sincere)

Apology accepted.

Several beats. Ginny wants to disappear. Her hands behind her against **A COUNTER**.

GINNY (cautious)

Why... Why do you try to trust people? You seen plenty'uh trouble.

ALEXANDRA (soft)

I guess... I excuse people. Make up good reasons for their badness in my own head. So i don't judge them. To protect myself from hating the whole world.

GINNY (more carefully)

Yeah. You do do that. It's okay to look out for yourself, girl. Don't work so hard to protect others from your own common sense. If Rodney's gonna hang himself ain't nothin you can do. Pull the bandage off.

ALEXANDRA

Well I oughtn't do that. You just put it on.

They **LAUGH**.

GINNY (wily)

While you got this hot blood may as well stop by that broker's office, too.

INT OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Alexandra passes through **TOWN**. She looks out frame right then double takes. We see the **REAL ESTATE BROKERAGE** through the **CAR WINDOWS**.

A look of ambivalence on Alexandra's face. She stops **THE CAR** in the middle of the **EMPTY STREET** looking through the **DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW**. She looks at her **DIODE WATCH**. **8:37PM**. Through **SEVERAL PANES OF GLASS** we catch a far glimpse of Robertson on **THE PHONE** in his **OFFICE**.

Alexandra pulls **THE OLDSMOBILE** into a **PARKING SPACE** and **CUTS** the **HEADLIGHTS**. She gets out of **THE SEDAN** holding her insulated **LUNCHBAG**. It hangs at her right side from **NYLON STRAPS**.

The **DOORSIGN** is turned to "**CLOSED,**" **LOBBY DARK**. **ROBERTSON'S OFFICE** shines alone in back. Alexandra **SWINGS THE DOOR** open and crosses **THE LOBBY** to **ROBERTSON'S OFFICE**.

INT ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We see Alexandra in the dark through the **SHEER PANES OF GLASS** as she walks toward **ROBERTSON'S DOOR**. He stares at her in surprise, his eyes tracking with her, swiveling in **HIS CHAIR** subtly.

ROBERTSON

Just a formality. Standard paperwork. Yeah. Nothing to be concerned about. Hey Bob, I'm gonna have to call you back, okay? Alright. Thanks.

Robertson **HANGS UP THE PHONE** and interlaces his fingers as Alexandra stops in **HIS DOOR.**

ALEXANDRA

You told me you were helping me. But I have no equity in my home.

ROBERTSON

I don't mean to be curt Miss Barker but we're closed right now. If you'd like to setup an appointment-

ALEXANDRA

Sounded like a business call to me.

A beat.

ROBERTSON (playing dumb)

Miss Barker, you came to this brokerage to lower your monthly mortgage payment. I lowered your payment. To the best of my knowledge I have done this scrupulously and lawfully.

ALEXANDRA

You deliberately deceived me with smooth talk, and took all of the money out of my property. "Two months free," "roll it into the principal," "beautiful industrious young woman."

ROBERTSON

Alexandra-

ALEXANDRA

You listen to me you backwoods wallstreet wannabe. You may have gotten the best of me. And you may make money hand over fist with your fountain pen and your fake gold cufflinks.

Robertson looks at his wrists.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

...But you're the one who has to lay your head on your pillow at night with the knowledge that you steal from hard-working people who are just trying to keep food in the cupboards and clothes on their backs. You're the one who has to sit here knowing you're flush with cash but bankrupt of principle. I hope you hear ghouls holler in the night like Ebenezer Scrooge. I hope bells of shame chime out in your rooms, eating at your thoughts like a whistling serpentine.

ROBERSTON

Miss B-

Alexandra **SLAMS** her fist on **THE GLASS**.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

...And when your folks come dyin' in our beds I won't treat em no different. Because I bet no matter how hard life was pushin' on their character they tried to raise a good son and give him a future, maybe one they weren't privileged to have. We all know struggle. To feel like every moment's between life and death. That's to be human. But ain't nothin' human bout what you done to me. Even if I die poor and alone at least I'll know I never gave up tryin' to be a good woman. That I'll never be like you. You're a liar Mr Roberston. A liar and a cheater.

Robertson stands, his eyes sparkling with rage.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

...But if the easy thirty-grand you made off me is what you need to feel you have value in this world, you need that money more than me.

Roberston moves toward Alexandra as he speaks.

ROBERTSON (country drawl suddenly breaks through)

That's enough Alexandra. I ain't sittin' here and listening to this bullshit. I was kind enough to perform your refinance and I'm not gonna have my name drug through the mud by the likes of you.

A beat.

ROBERTSON

But if you wanna know what I really think: You're unfit to shine my shoes.

Robertson comes closer to Alexandra.

ROBERTSON

You're a loser from a crop of losers. People like you owe it to people like me. We held the community up while lowlifes like your dad gambled petty loans away and your little brother hustled hotrods for beer money. Yall're just spit in the gravel.

ALEXANDRA

You... You're...

Robertson grabs Alexandra by the forearms while she resists.

ALEXANDRA

Let go of me!

ROBERTSON

I bet no one even knows you're here you little tramp.

Alexandra pulls one arm away and reflexively **SWINGS** her **LUNCH BAG** at Robertson. The bag **HITS** the broad side of his skull. **GLASS SHATTERS** inside **THE BAG**. Robertson **SLAMS** into the **BACK WALL** and **REBOUNDS**. His head **SLAMS** on **THE DESK** on the way to **THE CARPET** where he lands in a heap.

Alexandra stands for a moment, looking at him. She checks his pulse. She walks out.

INT BROKERAGE - DAWN

Robertson comes to the next morning and wakes up with **DRIED BLOOD** on his head. He slowly rises in a stupor. He thumbs through **HIS ROLODEX** until he comes to **A CARD** scribbled "**TOM SLOANE, ESQ.**" He picks up **THE PHONE** and turns **THE ROTARY**. He stops halfway dialed, thinking. He slams the **HANDSET** down on the **PLUNGERS**.

He whips **THE PHONE** at **THE WALL** in humiliation. The **BELL JANGLES**, **CORD RIPS** out of **THE TELECOM SOCKET** as **THE PHONE SMASHES** to pieces, **PAPERS WAFTING** lazily from **THE DESKTOP** to the **CARPETED FLOOR**.

INT REHEARSAL SPACE - MORNING

Mei practices **CELLO** with **A TEACHER**.

INT TOKYO RECORD STORE - MORNING

Motorist buys some **RECORDS**.

INT TOKYO CONVENIENCE SHOP - MORNING

Motorist buys **MILK**, **COFFEE**, and **TAMPONS**.

INT TOKYO PENTHOUSE - MORNING

JUMP CUTS OF MOTORIST BREWING COFFEE WITH A HAND GRINDER AND POUR OVER VESSEL.

Motorist removes a **BRIGHT BLUE LP** out of **CELLOPHANE**, crumpling the **CELLOPHANE** and tossing it into **A WASTEBASKET**.

The **RECORD COVER** drops onto a surface into view. We see **TWO NERDY MUSICIANS**, cropped in view as they stand facing us in print against the **BLUE FILL** of the **ALBUM COVER**.

Motorist places **THE RECORD** in the **STACKING SPINDLE**. He returns to **BREWING**. The **RECORD** starts **PLAYING**.

MUSIC CUE: "The World Has Turned & Left Me Here" by Weezer

Motorist wags his head casually to **THE SONG**. He becomes preoccupied, looking up from **THE COFFEE** and into **THE KITCHEN** in front of him. He turns his head over his shoulder toward the **RECORD PLAYER**. The corners of his mouth turn down as his brow furrows in approval. He smiles.

COFFEE overflows from **HIS MUG** beneath the **POUROVER VESSEL**.

MOTORIST

Shit.

INT TOKYO PENTHOUSE - LATER

Motorist sits on a small sofa, **SMOKING** and **DRINKING COFFEE**. He watches **BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD** in **HEAVY SUNLIGHT** from **THE WINDOW**.

BUTTHEAD

I don't like things that suck.

Motorist **CHUCKLES**.

EXT TOKYO STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Motorist walks out the **FRONT DOOR** of the **HIGHRISE**. He walks **THE CITY**.

A MONTAGE of moody **90'S PERIOD TOKYO PHOTOGRAPHY** as **TWILIGHT** sets in.

A **JAPANESE MAN** with a **HEAVY ACCENT** is doing a Bruce Springsteen impersonation in English, dressed in **DENIM** and **RED-BANDANA ASCOT** on a **STREETCORNER** outside a **RECORD SHOP**.

Motorist stops and watches from across **THE STREET**, smiling. He drags on **A CIGARETTE**. He stands with his hands on his hips with **THE CIGARETTE** dangling from his lips. He spaces out.

MUSIC CUE - "The Promised Land" by Bruce Springsteen

INT LIVINGSTON BARROOM - NIGHT

We see **YOUNG STEVE**, 23. Wiry with brown hair. He blows into **A SAXOPHONE**, face flush and eyes closed, sweating heavily under **CHEAP STAGE LIGHTS**.

ABEL BARKER, 50, plays the guitar to his side.

YOUNG MOTORIST, 24, stands grinning with swagger next to a **MIC STAND** in front of Abel, shuffling.

Young Motorist slaps Young Steve on the ass as he finishes his sax solo.

Young Motorist flies to **THE MIC**. He blasts a **HARMONICA RIFF** through the **PA**.

Young Motorist **SINGS** as the song rounds to a verse, working **A CROWD** that hangs on his every word.

FARMERS, WOMEN, BIKERS, CIVIL SERVANTS, DRUNKS, line **THE BARROOM** and **TABLES** drinking **PINTS** and smoking, raising **BOTTLED BEER** and **CHEERING** as the band covers Springsteen's "The Promised Land."

YOUNG MOTORIST

*Well there's a dark cloud rising from the desert floor,
I packed my bags and I'm heading straight into the storm...*

Young Motorist's eyes fill with tears of passion as he glares into the faces of his **SPECTATORS**.

YOUNG MOTORIST (CONT'D)

*....Gonna be a twister to blow everything down,
That ain't got the faith to stand its ground.
Blow away the dreams that tear you apart,
Blow away the dreams that break your heart,
Blow away the lies that leave you nothin but lost and brokenhearted!*

Young Motorist walks into **THE CROWD** dragging the **LONG MIC CORD**. He grabs hands with **PEOPLE** at **THE TABLES** as they jostle him around, smack him on the back, tousle his hair, try to hand him beers- He points at someone, arm extended as he sings.

YOUNG MOTORIST (CONT'D)

*The dogs on Main Street howl,
'Cause they understand,
If I could take one moment into my hands,
Mister I ain't a boy, no I'm a man,
And I believe in a promised land,
And I believe in a promised land,
And I believe in a promised land!*

YOUNG AUNT JOANNE swoons in the background over her nephew.

ARLETTA BARKER, 45 weeps.

THE BAND finishes the song.

Close on **ABEL BARKER**.

He smiles as the **CROWD ROARS**, but looks jealously at Young Motorist as Young Alexandra runs, jumps and straddles him in a warm hug as he catches her in his arms. Young Alexandra kisses Young Motorist's cheek before dropping her feet back to the floor. She walks arm in arm with her brother and Young Steve toward the **EXIT, CROWD CHEERING**.

EXT TOKYO STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Motorist comes to, his eyes wet with tears. He looks down in embarrassment. He takes a last drag on **THE CIGARETTE** and tosses it down, **SMEARING** the remaining **TOBACCO** into **THE SIDEWALK** with the point of his shoe. He walks out of frame.

INT HIGHRISE APARTMENT - EVENING

MUSIC CUE - "The Christmas Song" by Nat King Cole

STEADICAM IN the **FRONT DOOR** as Mei enters. The **SMALL PENTHOUSE** is decorated quaintly with **HOLLY, MISTLETOE, RIBBON AND BOW** and a **DECORATED CHRISTMAS TREE** beneath the window.

MEI

How did you know? I've always wanted an American christmas! A spruce tree, mistletoe, egg nog and a rotund Santa with horn rimmed spectacles.

MOTORIST

For the latter you'll have to settle for an emaciated scoundrel.

MEI

Come to me, strange man.

Motorist smolders across the room to Mei, smirking happily.

MEI

My own rake. You are posing again.

MOTORIST

I don't pose.

Mei wraps her arms around Motorist's neck. They kiss.

MEI

You do pose. I'm convinced you're Paul Newman's illegitimate child. But I could never believe he was unfaithful to Joanne Woodward. It would destroy me.

MOTORIST

“Why go out for a hamburger when there’s steak at home?”

Motorist reveals a small, **WRAPPED GIFT** from behind his back that is topped with a **LARGE BOW**. Mei looks down, delighted. She opens **THE GIFT**. An ornate **DIAMOND NECKLACE**.

MEI

This is too fancy for me.

MOTORIST

Nonsense.

Motorist **CLASPS THE NECKLACE** around Mei’s neck.

They kiss.

MEI

What is your name?

MOTORIST

What does it matter?

MEI

I want to know who you are.

MOTORIST

Yours.

Motorist produces a **TAKEOUT BAG**.

MEI

Wakayama?

Motorist nods, smiling at her.

He kisses her, resting his hand on her cheek for a moment. She clutches his hand and rubs her cheek against it.

MEI

God sent you to me. My very own angel. You are unlike anyone I have ever met.

They begin eating.

MEI

I got you something, too.

MOTORIST

What?

MEI (playful)

I'm not going to tell you. You'll have to open it and see!

Mei gets **A PACKAGE** from **A CLOSET**.

MOTORIST (smiling)

It's heavy.

Motorist sits down with the **OBLONG CARDBOARD BOX** in his lap, **RIPPING PACKAGING**. He pulls an **AMERICAN FENDER TELECASTER** out of **THE BOX**. Motorist holds **THE GUITAR** on his lap, looking down at it in shame.

A beat.

MEI

You need to sing Fly.

A beat.

Motorist's posture and eyes roll up toward her slowly. He looks at her in anger.

MOTORIST (controlled rage)

Mei, you wouldn't be here if I were still out there *singing*.

Mei is surprised at his response. She thought she was doing something very sweet.

MEI

I thought it could... be good for you...

MOTORIST (composure loosening)

How do you know what's good for me? You barely know me!

MEI

I want to.

MOTORIST (losing control)

Why do women always try to fix men? Did you ever comprehend we're not fucking projects?

MEI

I didn't mean it that way.

MOTORIST (letting it fly)

What way did you mean it? Huh? My life is my own! I am sovereign over it. I live it on my terms. I don't need your permission to bury the unspeakable in my world. I don't need permission to erase myself.

MEI

Fly-

MOTORIST

I don't need God or government to inform me of my destiny! I didn't need permission to bury the degenerates who put you in slavery. And I don't need your permission to bury my own talents if that's what I choose!

MEI

I just want to know every part of you.

MOTORIST

No you don't. You want me to be unshakeable, decisive and indifferent. That's what women want of men. But not you or anyone else in this godforsaken fucking world is gonna tell me who to be. Just. Just let me *be*!

He gets up, heading toward the door. He **SMASHES A VASE** against **THE WALL**. Mei **STARTS**. He **OPENS THE DOOR**.

MEI (concerned)

Where are you going?

MOTORIST

Out.

MEI (pleading)

Are you coming back?

Motorist half turns his head, facing the partially **OPEN DOOR** away from her. He extends his hand to the side, flaring his fingers in an exasperated, inflammatory gesture. He **OPENS THE DOOR** and walks out, **SLAMMING THE DOOR**. A **PICTURE FRAME** falls from **THE WALL**, **BREAKING** on **THE FLOOR**.

Mei drops to her knees on the floor, **CRYING**.

MEI

Fly, wait.

EXT TOKYO STREETS - NIGHT

Mei walks through the streets anxiously looking for Motorist.

THE STREETS HOWL with **NEW YEARS TOURISTS**. People throng past her uncaringly as she searches. The beautiful **CITY** becomes crude, aloof and intimidating.

Mei walks several blocks, **WEEPING BITTERLY**.

She sees **A MAN IN SUNGLASSES** and a **BLACK COAT**. Mei's eyes go wide. She **RUNS** the opposite way. **A SECOND MAN IN SUNGLASSES** stands across **THE STREET**. She turns perpendicular, ducking down an **ALLEY**. **PEOPLE PUSH** against her as she struggles to navigate the **SEA OF PEOPLE**.

EXT HIGHRISE - NIGHT

Mei **FUMBLES** nervously with her **KEYS** at **THE DOOR** of **THE HIGHRISE**. They **CLANG** to the **PAVEMENT**. She procures them, panicked. She makes it inside.

INT HIGHRISE LOBBY - NIGHT

Mei **JAMS** the **ELEVATOR BUTTON** repeatedly. The **FLOOR INDICATOR CRAWLS** above **THE SLIDING DOORS**. Mei runs to the **STAIRWELL DOORWAY**. Locked. The **ELEVATOR ARRIVES**.

WE SLIDE into **THE ELEVATOR** as **A MAN IN SUNGLASSES** squares up to **THE FRONT DOOR**, staring.

The **ELEVATOR DOORS** close with Mei inside.

IMAGE: A MAN'S HANDS open the **FRONT DOOR** with **A KEY**.

INT HIGHRISE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The **ELEVATOR DOORS** open. Mei runs down **THE HALL** to **THE PENTHOUSE DOOR**. She **SHUTS** herself in, **FASTENING** the **LATCH AND DEADBOLT**.

INT TOKYO PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

She pulls **A REVOLVER** from **A NIGHTSTAND**.

She **CUTS THE LIGHTS**.

She hides behind **THE BED**.

Camera closes in on the **CHINK OF LIGHT** beneath the door as it burns into **THE DARKNESS**.

Several beats.

IMAGE: THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES open. **TWO FEET** hesitate, then step over the **STEEL THRESHOLD** onto **HALL CARPET**. Our view moves around back of **A MAN'S LOWER LEGS**, dressed **IN BLACK**, as he moves toward **MEI'S PENTHOUSE**.

INT TOKYO PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Mei sees the **DARK SILHOUETTE** of **TWO FEET** throw **SHADOWS** in **THE STRIPE OF LIGHT** beneath **THE DOOR**. The **LATCH** and **DEADBOLT JIGGLE**.

Mei raises **THE PISTOL**.

Trembling, she **FIRES THREE SHOTS** through **THE DOOR**.

INT STRANGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THREE MIDDLE-AGED JAPANESE WOMEN sit at **A TABLE** having supper.

CHINA DISHES SHATTER in an **ARMOIRE**.

We see **THREE BULLETHOLES RIP** through the **WOODEN APARTMENT DOOR**.

CHINA FRAGMENTS SCATTER about **THE ROOM**.

THE THREE WOMEN drop to **THE TEAL CARPET** hands over heads.

They crawl to an adjacent room.

We **PAN** to the **DOOR**, perforated by **THREE BULLET HOLES**.

INT APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

We see a **MAN'S ABDOMEN** with **A PISTOL** against it.

INT TOKYO PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The **DEADBOLT TURNS**. Mei levels **THE PISTOL** again. Motorist enters with **A PISTOL** drawn. Mei drops **THE PISTOL** as Motorist approaches, falling into his arms.

MOTORIST

Are you hurt? It's alright. You're safe. You're safe now.

Motorist combs Mei's hair back and soothes her, kissing the top of her head and holding her close to himself.

MOTORIST (CONT'D)

I won't leave you Mei. I will never leave you...

EXT SUMIDA RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Motorist and Mei sit on **THE RIVERBANK**.

MOTORIST

I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you.

MEI

It's okay.

MOTORIST

It's not okay.

Mei looks up into Motorist's eyes and her gaze lingers. She esoterically understands what he is saying.

He sinks down in front of her, kneeling on the ground, wrapping his arms around her hips as his head rests against her breast, looking down **THE RIVER** into **THE NIGHT**.

MOTORIST

Growing up I had no ownership of anything. Clothes were hand me downs. Slept on a old mattress in the den. I didn't bother me, because we were all together. First thing I ever owned was the duster I rebuilt with these two hands. **He looks down at them, palms up and open.** All we can own is what we create.

All my life I was surrounded by men talking. Salesmen who couldn't sell. They would talk and talk. Boast beyond their means. All theory. Expect others to take them seriously when they never went out and risked anything. They just sat waiting for praise for some plausible thesis they made that they never had the stones to go out and test.

Everyone I ever knew, even my own parents were completely full of shit. Everyone except my grandfather and sister. All I've ever wanted to do is be honest. Be the same person in every circumstance. People act like that's impossible, but I disagree.

It's absolutely possible, but comes at a cost cowards aren't willing to pay.

In America people walk around reciting their politics like they deserve some gold star; And at first notice they'll drop them for the next fashionable idea.

There's nothing respectable or noble about that.

MEI

And what about you?

MOTORIST

Me?

MEI (somewhat desperate to know him)

Yes. Who are you? What does Fly think?

Motorist sits back on **THE BENCH** next to her, purses his lips thoughtfully, looking out at **THE RIVER**.

MOTORIST

I try to think without permanence. Thoughts are only as good as your next action. There's more virtue in being small- Uncertain; than pretending you know the answer to things you can't know, so others will pat you on the back. To me human society is fearful nonsense. Just a way to claim false respect. Respect only has meaning if people really see you. And very few people are willing know anyone. Fewer still are willing to be known as *they* truly are. There's too much liability in it. Cause they've got secrets. Only secret I've ever had is the Macy's Lingerie section under my mattress, that I'd jerk off to in the farmhouse bathroom. Sometimes before church.

He smirks.

Mei smiles subtly at him, rubbing his back as he speaks.

MOTORIST (CONT'D)

I was looking at the same model for ten years. She's probably an old woman now. We're made for love yet we run the moment we see it. My siblings used to pick on me because I was the runt. I started out sensitive but they made me tough as hell. I had to be strategic. I paid close attention and learned all of their vulnerabilities. Rodney was afraid of disappointing my mother. Of stepping on the sinner's side of her religious assessment of the world. More than anything he desired her approval. But he despised her piousness in secret. He would break all of the rules when she wasn't looking. For him, it was about maintaining her lens to continue receiving her praise. It didn't matter to him if it was false. Alexandra was a rule-follower. She was mortified to contradict anyone's chaste image of her. They put her on a pedestal. She loved and hated it. I could see how she suffered. But I was never able to use these vulnerabilities against them because seeing their weaknesses so clearly just made me feel more compassion for them. I set out to conquer them and ended up their protector. What is love but to pity?

MEI

Unamuno.

MOTORIST

People have always assumed that because I was smart or talented I wanted to be noticed. They thought I was competing for that same gold star. But I only wanted to be who I was on the inside. Now I just want to be invisible.

MEI (sincere)

You are a good man Fly.

MOTORIST (sincere)

I love you Mei.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE - EVENING

A **LINCOLN TOWN CAR PULLS** into **THE DRIVEWAY**. Rodney emerges. He comes up onto **THE PORCH**. Some of his **POSSESSIONS** sit in a **LARGE CARDBOARD BOX** on the **PLANK FLOOR**.

He puts his **KEY** in **THE LATCH**.

THE LOCK won't turn. He tries several more times. He **RATTLES THE DOORKNOB**.

He tries the **PORCH WINDOWS**. He looks down at his **POSSESSIONS** on **THE PORCH**.

He tries the **SIDE DOOR**.

He walks around **THE OTHER SIDE** of **THE HOUSE**.

INT RODNEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

We hear **GLASS BREAK** in **THE BEDROOM WINDOW** behind a cheap **TAN RETRACTABLE SHADE**. **THE LEGS** of an **ALUMINUM CHAIR** puncture **THE SHADE** and protrude in our view. Rodney **JERKS** the **SHADE BOTTOM**, activating the retractor. **THE SHADE SNAPS** upwards, coiling at the top of **THE WINDOW FRAME**.

Rodney begins removing **SHARDS OF GLASS** from the **WINDOW GLAZING**.

We move in close on Rodney's face. He looks up as **A LIGHT SNAPS ON**.

We see Alexandra, waiting in **THE DOORWAY OF HIS ROOM** with **A SHOTGUN**.

ALEXANDRA

Get outta my house Rodney.

RODNEY

This isn't your house Sandy.

ALEXANDRA

I've paid nine-hundred dollars a month for this house since nineteen-eighty-eight, workin nights and watchin honest people die. How much have you paid Rodney?

RODNEY

A hundred dollars.

ALEXANDRA

Seventy-five.

RODNEY

I pay twenty-five dollars utilities.

ALEXANDRA

And take ninety-minute showers.

RODNEY

I work. And I take care of the garden and yard.

ALEXANDRA

I know you ain't been goin to work Rod. You think I'm stupid?

RODNEY

That's not true. I have been goin. Just been staying at a friend's.

ALEXANDRA

I know everything you do Rodney. Often before you know it. Even when I don't, I can feel it. I store every deed of yours in my heart. I am painfully aware of your suffering. I never speak of it cause your self-esteem is so fragile. Do you know how many nights my imagination's kept me up with images of all the different ends you might come to if I required you to do the bare minimum everyone else in this world does to survive?

RODNEY

I do enough. It ain't fair what they make you do to earn a bed in this life. Besides I deserve more than others. My soul, my emotions- they're deeper.

ALEXANDRA

Deeper?! You're thoughtlessly selfish. Talent don't deserve credit. Accomplishment does. You're turned completely inward. You think of no one else. When I cook and clean for you and pay your bills- You don't thank me. You expect it. You do mental gymnastics to blame me for your wasted life! You're so concerned with how you stack up in other people's mind's you're paralyzed. By whats in here!

She points to her head.

ALEXANDRA

It ain't real! Stop squandering your mind!

RODNEY

You don't know what it's like. People don't give me the respect I deserve. You included!

ALEXANDRA

Respect? Who's respect? You don't even talk to no one but me. How can you be so paralyzed by other peoples judgments? Judgments of friends you don't even have? What failure is there to fear?

RODNEY

My pride is all I have Sandy. It's limited. You can't let others take it from you. Even if you don't have any money.

ALEXANDRA

It ain't about money Rodney. Nobody worth a spit cares about that! If you could just mind your business and do what we've agreed on you'd be welcome here. But you've proven over and over that's too much of a burden.

RODNEY

What do you know about my burdens? You're a woman. People roll out a red carpet because of your genitals!

ALEXANDRA

You can never face what's at hand. You gotta throw the dictionary at people. You misdirect others from your stupid choices by making them feel small. What did filling your head with the insanity of german philosophers ever do for your self-image Rod? How has it prospered you?

RODNEY

Don't talk to me like that Sandy.

ALEXANDRA

I'll talk to you how I like. It's my turn.

A beat.

ALEXANDRA (softer)

...You know what Papa Tom said to me one time?

RODNEY

What?

ALEXANDRA

He said "often what most people think is a reasonable effort, just ain't enough." People have wildly different ideas of how life is to be lived Rod. I know that. But it's *them* words got me through school when nobody in this family ever went. It's *them* words helped me dodge bastards when I coulda easily married one. And it's *them* words got me through the family troubles. I ain't no victim Rodney. I refuse to blame Daddy, you or anyone else for the bad in my life. I chose my path. It's mine, for better or worse. I may not burn as brightly as some, but I can look back without regret. Aint met a man protected me like Elijah did. Aint met a man made me feel seen like Papa Tom did. Even if I loved someone more than the moon and stars- if he didn't really know me- Even if he had all the money in world, i'd still cut him loose. You and I have for years had some kinda sick dependence. Some cheap substitute for love and companionship. Maybe it served its purpose for a time. But not anymore.

RODNEY

Sandy, come on. Settle down. I have been goin to work, honest!

ALEXANDRA (unhinged)

Dont insult me Rodney! I keep people's hearts runnin' when theyre fixin to die with these bare hands? I'm smart Rodney. I'm strong! You know when they can't breathe I cut em open alive, get em breathin while theyre bleedin through my fingertips? Sometimes lookin' 'em in the eyes, awake. And you think I'm weak and stupid.

Rodney prepares to climb over **THE WINDOWSILL**.

Alexandra **FIRES** a warning shot into **THE CEILING**.
PLASTER RAINS DOWN on Rodney's head, startling him.

ALEXANDRA

Stop Rodney!

RODNEY

Whats gotten into you?

ALEXANDRA (yelling)

I been readin one of your books.

IMAGE: Alexandra in the **LIVING ROOM** picking up a **HEAVILY CREASED PAPERBACK** titled: **SLOUCHING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM**.

A MONTAGE

in **CROSS-DISSOLVING IMAGES**, Alexandra reads **THE BOOK** to herself wearing **VARIOUS PAJAMAS** of **DIFFERENT EVENINGS**, before slipping into peaceful sleep in **HER BED**.

END MONTAGE

We move in slowly, tightening on Alexandra's face as she speaks in **RODNEY'S BEDROOM**.

ALEXANDRA

"The fact is self-respect has nothing to do with the approval of others – who we are, after all, has nothing to do with reputation. Those with courage can live without reputation. But to live without self-respect is to be a captive audience to an eternal film of our own failures, both real and imagined.

IMAGE: Glass watches **HIS LIFE** on **A SCREEN**.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

"...To live without self-respect is to lie awake at night, beyond reach of sedatives, hands on the covers, counting our sins, the trusts betrayed, the promises broken, the gifts wasted- the laziness, cowardice, carelessness. However long we postpone it, we eventually lie down alone in that bed of thorns we make ourselves.

IMAGE: Glass in Alexandra's arms in **THE ICU** as she **WEEPS**. He awakens for a moment beneath his **BREATHING TUBE**, smiling at Alexandra as he dies.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

"Whether or not we sleep in it... Depends on whether or not we respect ourselves."

IMAGE: We look up at **THE CEILING** of **ALEXANDRA'S ROOM**. She **CUTS THE LAMP** off and sets a **PAPERBACK** on **THE NIGHTSTAND**, rolling over to sleep. She looks peaceful. We see "**JOAN DIDION, 1961**" printed at the foot of **A PAGE** that protrudes in our view, off the edge of **THE NIGHTSAND** where **THE BOOK** is splayed open, face down.

Alexandra is finally speaking Rodney's language.

EXT BARKER FARMHOUSE YARD - EVENING

Rodney backs away from the **WINDOW FRAME** he is elevated into. He stands on a mish-mash of **STACKED IMPLEMENTS** from **THE YARD**.

Rodney **CLIMBS** down, turns away, walks into **THE YARD** away from **THE WINDOW**.

He stops and looks back at Alexandra, testing her pity.

She stands framed by **THE WINDOW** above him, holding **THE SHOTGUN**.

Alexandra wears a mixed expression of disdain and sadness.

Rodney stuffs his **POSSESSIONS** from the **FRONT PORCH** into **THE TRUNK** of his **CAR**. **THE TOWNCAR** disappears down the **DIRT ROAD**.

Once Rodney is gone, Alexandra breaks her composure and **WEEPS**.

INT FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Joanne lets herself in at the **SCREEN DOOR**, knocking on **THE WALL** to announce herself.

JOANNE

Warm today.

ALEXANDRA

Mmm hmm.

JOANNE

Figured you could use some company in this old lonesome house.

ALEXANDRA

Yeah.

JOANNE

You an' Mike's always gotten along.

ALEXANDRA

Mike's always been helpful.

JOANNE

Baby why ain't you married?

ALEXANDRA

S'pose I ain't met a man I respected enough.

JOANNE

Honey you'll dry up like 'maters on a sill waitin.' Every man's got secrets. Lotta women too. But men ain't allowed to talk about certain things. And women aren't allowed to do certain things.

You don't have to change the world baby girl. But you do have to live your life. It's best done mindin' your own business. Don't rock the boat too much.

ALEXANDRA (cutting but preoccupied)

Joanne you been married five times. Rod called you didn't he.

A beat.

JOANNE (sighing, in surrender)

Yeah.

ALEXANDRA

Whad he say?

JOANNE

Said you was actin' crazy. Said you unloaded birdshot in his room.

ALEXANDRA

That I did, and I don't regret it one bit.

JOANNE

Well I can't say I blame you. He's been living off your kindness for a long time. Everybody knows Sandy. We just never seen another option.

ALEXANDRA

Why ain't one of y'all taken 'eem?

Joanne purses her lips.

JOANNE

Cause...

ALEXANDRA

Cause he's my family. My blood. The ties that bind.

JOANNE

Somethin' like that.

A beat.

JOANNE

I always knew you was one tough sumbitch. You'd share everything with others as a child. Give other kids the clothes right of your back. Even then I knew.

A beat.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

...But you're right. I'm a cat in the rain. You and Elijah... You share that long patience. Tender but brutal you both are... When that second hand finally strikes high noon on the clock of mercy. Took you longer than him. But you are a woman, after all.

A **LOUD CRASH** is heard from the **FRONT YARD**.

MICHAEL, 39 has driven Joanne's car into **A SMALL TREE** in **THE LAWN**.

Alexandra **BURSTS** out the **FRONT DOOR**, smiling at the scene.

MICHAEL

Zaindy! Gotsego to work!

Michael points to **HIS WATCH**. Joanne **BURSTS** out **THE DOOR**.

JOANNE

I'm sorry Michael, I forgot! I'll call your boss and let 'em know we're coming!

Joanne **RUNS** into **THE HOUSE** hurriedly, the spring-loaded **SCREEN DOOR SLAMMING** behind her.

Michael holds his hands up in the air in exasperation, pouting. After Joanne is inside Michael's expression changes to an impish grin at Alexandra from the **DRIVER'S SEAT**. Michael makes a "she's crazy" gesture at Joanne's expense, circling his right ear with his right forefinger and shrugging, beaming like a million bucks.

He puts his thumb in the corner of his mouth as he smiles.

Joanne comes back out on **THE PORCH**.

JOANNE

Can you pick him up at nine? The Pizza Hut in town.

ALEXANDRA

My pleasure.

JOANNE

I love you baby. Don't be a stranger.

Joanne kisses Alexandra beside the lips.

ALEXANDRA

Love you too.

Joanne crosses **THE LAWN** to **THE CAR**. Mike goes around to the **PASSENGER SEAT**. They drive off.

INT TOWN CAR - SUNRISE

Rodney emits a disturbing, pained **MOAN** as he wakes up in **GOLDEN DAYBREAK** from a bender with an **EMPTY WHISKEY BOTTLE** against his protruding belly.

He **UNCORKS THE BOTTLE** and dribbles the final drops into his mouth, one running down his chin.

CORN STALKS touch **THE CAR** on either side. **THE VEHICLE** is parked snugly, deep in a **FARM TRACK**. Rodney pulls **A PAPERBACK** off the **RUNNING BOARDS** and **THUMBS THROUGH** it, lying sideways on the **BENCH SEAT**.

He arrives at a **DOG EARED PAGE** and reads.

We hear **ALEXANDRA'S VOICE**.

BEGIN MONTAGE

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

There's a superstition that 'self-respect' is some amulet-
Something shielding its wearer from danger, strange beds, and political conversations...

IMAGE: Motorist in Mei's arms in **THE PENTHOUSE**.

IMAGE: A **CHOPPER MINIGUN RIPS DOWN CONIFERS** like an awl through straw in the

SWISS ALPS as **TRACERS** rail through the **DARK FOREST**. Motorist and Mei run through **THE TREES** in **THE SNOW**.

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

It is not. This is no empty crystal, and has nothing to do with appearances. People with self-respect have the courage of their mistakes. They know the cost of things.

IMAGE: Motorist hobbles down **THE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY**, one leg failing him, severely **WOUNDED**, after the final showdown with Bjorn.

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

They don't run to explain themselves in a pang of bad conscience.

IMAGE: circa 1970s. **ABEL BARKER** sneaks out of **A STRANGE WOMAN'S** window.

IMAGE: circa 1970s. **ABEL BARKER** explains himself in frustration to **ARLETTA BARKER** who points to **HER WATCH** as he comes in after dark to the **BARKER FARMHOUSE**.

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

They don't apologize for their share of breath. They have what was once called character-

IMAGE: circa 1980s. **PAPA TOM** sitting in **THE RECLINER**, beaming.

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

...something losing ground to niceness, which is more instantly attractive to fools.

IMAGE: **ALEXANDRA** and **MOTORIST**.

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

People with self-respect don't whine at the embarrassments of agency, or test their popularity.

IMAGE: **MARINES** storm the **SHORES OF NORMANDY**. Many are maimed by **MACHINE GUN FIRE**. **BLACK MARINES** raise **BARRAGE BALLOONS** into a **PEWTER SKY**. **AN INDIAN MEDIC** treats wounded behind **TANK TRAPS**.

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

They accept responsibility for their life. They sense an immutable truth:

IMAGE: An **AMERICAN GI** lands a **MARKSMAN SHOT** in a **GERMAN MACHINE-GUNNER'S** skull. Most of **THE AMERICANS** die on **THE BEACHES**.

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

...That one lives by doing things one does not particularly want to do. By putting fear and doubt
aside,

IMAGE: **GUADALCANAL**. A **YOUNG MARINE** dives on a **STICK GRENADE** that lands amidst **A COMPANY** on **THE SAND**. We see the life leave his eyes as his torso bounces from **THE**

SAND momentarily- His friends cower for a moment then look on in fear and admiration as they continue storming **THE BEACH**. We see a **GUNNER NEST EXPLODE**. An **AMERICAN GI** raises his **M1 GARAND** in triumph.

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

and weighing immediate comforts against the possibility of nobler ends... People with self-respect spend their bodies in pursuit.

IMAGE: 16MM FILM - PRECOCIOUS FAMILIES OF CONTRASTING RACES carry on together joyfully. It's the 1950's or 60's- **A WOMAN** takes **INSTANT POLAROID**S. The families crowd together eating dinner in an **OLD-TIMEY HAMBURGER JOINT**. **A CHILD** blows his **CANDLES** out on **A CAKE**.

IMAGE: NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS in **DUNGAREES** play **FOOTBALL** in a **CITY PARK** that is surrounded on 4 sides by **BUNGALOWS**.

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

They may not always play. But when they do they know the odds.

IMAGE: ABEL BARKER looks up from **A PILE OF DWINDLING CHIPS** on a **CARD TABLE** in a **HONKY TONK**. **YOUNG MOTORIST** and **YOUNG STEVE** appear through a **BACK DOOR**. They pause, hands on hips and stern faces from a distance as they look toward Abel over the shoulders of his **OPPONENTS**.

IMAGE: We see **ALEXANDRA'S SILHOUETTE** in **THE BARKER FARMHOUSE**. She organizes things that have long been strewn in disorder. She finds an **ENVELOPE OF PHOTOGRAPHS** and holds them to her face, kissing the **ENVELOPE**.

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

To know your own worth is to have everything: the ability to judge, to love, or to remain indifferent. To lack it is to be locked within yourself, without love or will...

IMAGE: Michael **BRUSHES HIS TEETH**. Folds **LAUNDRY**. Makes **HIS BED** in **RODNEY'S ROOM**. **HELPS ALEXANDRA WITH DISHES**. **WRITES MENUS** in a **NOTEBOOK**.

IMAGE: Rodney continues reading the passage in **THE CAR**. We **DOLLEY CLOSE** as his eyes roll across the lines.

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

...If we do not respect ourselves, we are forced to despise all who know us. Since our self-image is unbearable; we must live out everyone's false notion of us. No makeup too garish, no role too ridiculous. We lie to ourselves the desire to please all is an attractive trait. But in abdication of self, we no longer answer the telephone. Someone might want something; and to say no without drowning in self-hatred is impossible....

IMAGE: The **PHONE RINGS**. Alexandra ignores it with a marked peace.

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

...Yet ageless in the halls of time, defiant of era or fashion, to assign unanswered calls their proper weight, and to free you from the expectations of others – Stands the great, singular power of self-respect.

IMAGE: Michael and Alexandra watch **CHEERS** happily on the sofa hip to hip, eating **POPCORN** out of **A BOWL**. Michael puts his arm around Alexandra and smiles at her warmly. She smiles back. He lays his head on her shoulder and stuffs **POPCORN** in his mouth.

IMAGE: Michael sweeps the **KITCHEN FLOOR**, golden hour light framing him as he turns his head and smiles at us from **THE KITCHEN**.

IMAGE: Motorist's head against Mei's chest as she embraces him.

THE END