

faster...

by

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(Revised Draft)

CORCORAN STATE PRISON CELL DAWN
THE DRIVER pacing. In silhouette.

GUARD'S BOOTS. Walking quickly. Footsteps echo.

WARDEN (V.O.)
(East Texas drawl)
In The Prophet, Kahlil Gibran
writes of good and evil. "Of the
good in you I can speak, but not of
the evil. For what is evil but
good tortured by its own hunger and
thirst?"

Driver hears guard's footsteps. Stops pacing. Still in
silhouette.

Guard marching down catwalk. Stopping at Driver's cell.

Driver comes into light.

TIME SLICE FREEZE FRAME.

Look at this face:

Eyes. Million-mile stare.

Face. Shiv-fight scarred. Deep divot in cheekbone. Shaped
like a tear drop. Old bullet wound.

Only one tattoo: A THIN BLACK LINE on the inside of his
forearm.

Body. More scar than skin. More muscle than scar.

SUPER OVER FREEZE FRAME:

"THE DRIVER"

Steve McQueen on steroids.

FRAME UNFREEZES.

Guard opens bean chute on cell door. Driver thrusts hands
backwards through chute. Guard fits a two-piece on Driver's
wrists.

WARDEN (V.O.)
"Verily when good is hungry it
seeks food even in dark caves, and
when it thirsts, it drinks even of
dead waters."

BROADWAY

Guard leads Driver down Broadway.

Pin-drop silence as Driver passes other prisoners. More like a cathedral than prison.

Time slows down.

Everybody watches. Everybody.

ARYAN GIANT with one eye.

LATINO with a stump that used to be his left hand.

BROTHER with a slash scar across his throat.

All eye Driver. Respect. Revenge. Relief. Good riddance.

WARDEN (V.O.)

"You are only good when you are one with yourself."

WARDEN'S OFFICE

Warden. Outlet suit. Supercuts hair. Unlikely philosopher.

WARDEN

You weren't hardly more than a boy when you arrived here. I remember. Didn't give you a snowball's chance.

Driver sits opposite Warden. GUARD hovers behind.

WARDEN

What you been through I wouldn't wish on any man. But by golly you survived. Was like you were born to the darkness of this place.

Driver staring straight ahead.

WARDEN

But I hope to God that on this day you put that darkness behind you.

Driver rack-focuses on a SPIDER outside the window.

SPIDER wraps trapped FLY in silk shroud.

WARDEN

I want you to know that there is help on the outside.

(MORE)

WARDEN(cont'd)

If things start getting to you. If you feel like you just can't handle the pressure. Please call one of these numbers.

Warden hands Driver a card. Driver considers card. An ape contemplating quantum physics. Help? What the fuck is that?

WARDEN

To be perfectly honest, I have my doubts but I hope you luck. I truly do.

OUTSIDE CORCORAN FRONT GATE

Road bisects cold fallow fields. Driver comes out. Squinting against low autumn sun.

No one there to meet him. Did you think there would be?

Starts walking. Paper bag of meager belongings in hand.

Fast.

Faster.

Starts running. Warden's card flutters, spiralling to the ground.

Picks up pace. Drops paper bag. Flat-out sprint.

UP HIGH. Watching him sprint off down the road. Become a speck.

PARKING GARAGE NOONTIME

Generic. Some small Central California town. Driver runs into the garage.

IN THE GARAGE

Sprints up three flights of stairs.

TOP FLOOR

Empty except for ONE CAR. In the corner. Covered.

Driver runs for car. Rips off cover.

1970 CHEVELLE SUPER SPORT. Muscle-bound Astro blue with white racing stripes.

He feels up under front wheel base. Finds hide-a-key box.

Glove box flies open. Driver pulls out a piece of paper: A NAME AND ADDRESS. Along with a map.

Driver's hand probes under seat. Pulls out STAINLESS STEEL RUGER SUPERHAWK ALASKAN. Snub-nosed cannon.

Cracks cylinder. Full house.

Slides key into ignition. 454 LS6 roars to life. 450 horses idle menacingly.

Hand grips Hurst pistol shift grip.

Tires smoke and squeal. Driver guns it out of there.

THE ROAD

Straight stretch of black top. Through San Joaquin Valley farm country.

Throbbing heat haze. Super Sport a blue blob on the horizon.

SMASH IN CLOSER.

Super Sport rips past. Driver opens it up. RPMs redlining.

Fast. Faster. Gone.

WELCOME TO BAKERSFIELD

Super Sport passes under the welcome arch.

BUSY STREET

Driver emerges from parked car. Runs across street, ignoring traffic, car horns, screeching brakes, epithets.

BUSINESS PLAZA

From above. Lone figure hustling against tide of workers leaving for the day.

LOBBY

Driver runs through lobby, barely concealing Ruger.

STAIRWELL

Driver tears up stairs two at a time.

TELEMARKETING OPERATION

Driver enters. Runs right past the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you--

She sees the gun. Driver enters rat's maze of cubicles. Checking faces as he goes.

Gets to cubicle at the end.

MIDDLE-AGED TELEMARKETER behind desk. Short sleeve work shirt, crummy tie. Speaking into headset.

Looks up. Sees Driver approach. Oh-oh moment.

Driver shoots Telemarketer point blank with Ruger.

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL MEXICAN RESTAURANT LUNCHTIME

Solamente Mexicanos. Bent over bowls of posole and albondigas.

Conjunto music competes with the deep fryer. Freddy Fender and Flaco Jimenez croon about lost love.

VAQUERO enters. Little guy. Big straw cowboy hat. Rodeo belt buckle. Makes eye contact with the COOK. Follows the cook's eyes down the hall.

BATHROOM

DUDE paces peeling linoleum. High mileage. Dissipated. Pinkish cowboy shirt. Slim Whitman sideburns and pencil-thin moustache.

A KNOCK. He unbolts the door. Sees who it is. Smiles. Lets Vaquero in. Bolts door.

Melancholy strains of Freddy and Flaco.

DUDE

Que tal, compadre?

VAQUERO

Mas a menos, amigo. You know how it is. One day good, the next not so good.

DUDE

You've got to go with the flow, baby. Go with the flow.

Vaquero pulls out a small, heroin-filled balloon.

Dude goes fishing for dough in his pockets.

Vaquero rolls his eyes. Old routine.

Dude comes up with some crumpled bills, some coins and some lint.

VAQUERO

Man, what did I tell you about that hairy change?

DUDE

It's legal tender, bro.

Dude holds out the money, change and all. Vaquero clenches the balloon.

DUDE

Fine. You don't want to do business with me, I'll take it elsewhere.

VAQUERO

It's your jones, homes.

Vaquero starts to leave. Panic. Dude cuts him off.

DUDE

Come on, man. I was joking. I don't talk like that.

Vaquero doesn't have time for this shit.

DUDE

I was joking.

(beat)

It's me.

(smiles)

Come on.

Dude proffers the cash and coins again.

DUDE

Please.

Pitiful doesn't begin to describe it.

AN ALLEY DUSK

Somewhere in Bakersfield. Beat-up turd-brown Crown Victoria parked.

Buck Owens audiocassette playing: **"HEARTACHES BY THE NUMBER."**

Dude shooting up between the toes. Bare foot a network of
NEEDLE SCARS.

Smack kicks in. He leans back. Fires up a butt.

A row of street lights flickers on in the gathering dusk.

Dude smiles. Rosy glow. Music plays. Heartaches? Nah.
It's all good now.

BACK TO TELEMARKETING OPERATION

Crime scene.

CRIME SCENE TECHS and M.E. work the scene. Uniforms mill on
the periphery.

UNIFORM consults with DETECTIVE CICERO. Cicero: mid-
thirties, worn around the edges, still a sexy woman, but
doesn't care what you think.

Uniform looks up.

UNIFORM

Oh no.

Cicero follows his eyes.

CICERO

Will you look at that?

Dude from bathroom walking towards them. Flashes his shield
to one of the uniforms.

CICERO

Will you just look at that.

TIME SLICE FREEZE FRAME.

Gut straining against cowboy shirt. Brown stove-pipe pants
hug skinny legs. Pink shirt, brown pants. Nice.

And bad shoes. Really bad.

SUPER OVER FREEZE FRAME:

"THE COP"

Weight of the world. You know what he's into.

His foot is about to step into a puddle of blood.

FRAME UNFREEZES.

The Cop continues toward the detectives. Steps in blood.
A tech looks up at him from the floor.

TECH

Hey!

No respect whatsoever. Cop feeling no pain courtesy of las
drugas.

COP

Oh yeah, sorry man.

Cop steps more lightly over to desk.

COP

Whatta we got?

CICERO

Whata **we** got?

COP

Yeah. I caught the case.

CICERO

No you didn't.

COP

I did. I caught the case.

CICERO

No. You didn't. You couldn't
have.

COP

And why is that?

CICERO

Because Sergeant Mallory doesn't
let you near a homicide.

COP

Things must be busy because here I
am.

Cicero look unconvinced.

COP

Look, man, I don't like it anymore
than you. I'm like two weeks off
from my kiss my ass date. I got
retirement paperwork out the gazoo,
man. You know?

Cop pulls out a pack of cowboy killers. Taps one out. Flips it between lips.

COP

But when the supervising sergeant tells me to jump, I go with the flow, baby.

Marlboro flaps on bottom lip.

COP

Know what I'm saying?

A wink and a crooked smile. He flips the lid on an antique "bucking bronco" Zippo. Strikes the wheel with a flourish. Still some style left in this old dog.

DETECTIVE CICERO

(fucking hopeless)

You can't smoke in here.

DENNY'S AFTERNOON

Driver finishing up second Denny's Grand Slam Breakfast.

Empty plate next to the one he's working on. He mops up last puddle of yolk with final piece of pancake.

Time for dessert. Ex-Lax. Two.

Waitress eyes him. Can't look away quickly enough when Driver sees her.

BATHROOM

Toilet flushes. Driver exits stall.

Driver washing off something in sink. Finishes. Several tied-off condoms. He tears one open. Tight roll of Franklins inside.

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE NIGHTTIME

A television monitor plays BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FOOTAGE from telemarketing operation. Driver enters offices.

Cicero and Cop sit in front of monitor, watching.

Driver approaches Telemarketer's cubicle.

CICERO

Here it comes...

SURVEILLANCE TAPE DIFFERENT ANGLE

Driver approaching and killing Telemarketer. Real and raw and violent. FREEZE.

CICERO

Is that a gun or a Howitzer?

COP

Ruger Redhawk.

Cicero looks at Cop.

COP

Thing would drop a grizzly from fifty yards.

Cicero rewinds image. Starts over.

CICERO (O.S.)

Watch the poor bastard's face...

SUPER TIGHT on Telemarketer: grainy and pixilated. FRAME BY FRAME. When Driver appears, his eyes go wide with fear.

CICERO

He knew his number was up.

COP

Back it up.

CICERO

Why?

COP

Indulge me.

Image backs up FRAME BY FRAME.

COP

Play it.

Image plays again. Telemarketer double takes.

COP

Stop.

Image freezes.

COP

That's not fear, that's recognition.

CICERO
What are you talking about?

COP
He couldn't see the gun in the
shooter's hand from where he was
sitting.

Cop taps screen.

COP
It's blocked by this partition.

Cicero considers.

COP
He knew him.

She looks at cop in new light. Respect? Surprise is more
like it.

DRIVER frozen on the screen. Passive face illuminated by
muzzle flash.

OUTSIDE ANOTHER BUILDING NIGHT

Cheap stucco bungalow. Shingle: ROY GRONE PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR.

OFFSCREEN SOUND: SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK...

GRONE'S OFFICE

ROY GRONE. Black. Rail skinny. Seersucker suit. Razor-thin
sideburns and goatee. Porkpie hat.

Big SAMOAN sitting against the wall. Real big Samoan.
Working a set of wrist strengtheners. Source of the SQUEAK,
SQUEAK, SQUEAK.

Several crappy TV's playing different sporting events.

Grone wrapped up in a college basketball game. Wound up
tight. Sweating buckets.

GRONE
Pass the ball! He's open inside!
Pass the motherfucking ball!

Player drives. Shot blocked. BUZZER SOUNDS.

GRONE
No! No!

Buries head in hands.

GRONE

No...

SQUEAK, SQUEAK of wrist strengtheners.

Grone shoots big Samoan a look.

GRONE

You wanna knock that shit off?

Big Samoan does as told.

Grone foot-wheels his chair over to chart on the wall. Puts "L" next to North Carolina v. Wake Forest. \$3,000 in the bet column.

Wheels back from board. Sits there gazing at the board. Lot of "L's" equals pile of lost dough. Grone shakes head.

GRONE

God-damn. I'm 'bout to get my thumbs broke. Followed shortly thereafter by my skinny black ass.

Gust of wind. Papers fly. Driver stands in open door.

GRONE

Well, hello, playa'. I been expecting you.

Grone indicates television.

TV SCREEN

A news report from the office building where Driver killed Telemarketer. SOUND IS OFF.

GRONE

You been a bad boy.

Grone smiles.

GRONE

Pretty sweet ride I scammed for you, huh?

Driver peels a fat stack of bills from his roll. Delicately places stack on Grone's desk.

Grone wheels over on chair. Picks up the cash. Sniffs it. Pulls a face.

GRONE

Damn, son, that's some hinky-ass
coin right there.

Starts counting money.

GRONE

I guess you want the other names.

Grone holds up a sheet of paper. A list of names and
addresses.

Still, Driver says nothing.

Grone shoots a look at betting board. *Click!* Light bulb
moment.

GRONE

Afraid the price has gone up.

DRIVER

That's the number.

GRONE

Well, that "number" no longer
suffices, playa'.

Driver doesn't like this.

GRONE

Took me ten years and a lot of
money to track these dudes down for
you. I want to renegotiate.

Driver susses him out. Stare-down. Driver blinks first.

DRIVER

Okay.

Grone with another smile. Spins in chair. Touchdown!

Driver stops spinning chair with foot.

DRIVER

Number just went down.

Definite buzz killer. Grone's smile turns upside down.

GRONE

Oh, Kenny.

Samoan stands up. Gets between Driver and Grone. Dwarfs
Driver. Length and width wise.

GRONE

Let me tell you a little something
about my Samoan friend here. He
was an Ultimate Fighting Champion.

(beat)

In Guam. You don't even want to
know what kind of sick third world
shit they got to do to win that
title down there.

Driver looks up at Kenny. Eyes empty. No fear. No anger.
Just ten years of prison. And his own share of sick third
world shit.

Kenny mad dogs Driver from head to toe. Wait a minute.
Double take. What the fuck is this? Kenny's eyes lock
onto...

THE BLACK LINE TATTOO on the driver's forearm.

Kenny shrinks. Mouth goes all retarded.

KENNY

Oh...

Driver doesn't say a word.

Kenny unglues eyes from tattoo. Little more than a
whisper...

KENNY

I got no beef wit you, brah.

GRONE

Stop bumpin' ya gums and stole up
on his honky ass, nigga.

Kenny never takes his eyes off the Driver.

KENNY

Dude's a ghost.

(beat)

You can't fuck up no ghost.

Kenny walks to the door.

GRONE

You better get your fat Samoan ass
back up in here, motherfucker.

Kenny is already gone, rubber flip-flops flapping. Grone
turns to Driver. Bravado replaced by fear.

GRONE

You know what? I think I'm gonna give you a refund.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT MOMENTS LATER

Driver looks at contents of file folder: **FOUR FILES WITH FOUR NAMES**, HOME ADDRESSES, WORK ADDRESSES, MAPS AND PHOTOS.

Driver stares at DMV photo of Telemarketer. Crumples page and throws it in the back. Rifles through files. Finds next name and face.

PALM SPRINGS PRE-DAWN

Sun just below the horizon. Lights of Coachella Valley starting to come on. Palm trees sway.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

I did the shavasana this morning.

A row of street lights flicker off.

A HOUSE

On a promontory. Mid-century masterpiece.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

They call it the corpse pose.

IN THE HOUSE

Polished concrete, glass, steel and stone. Big-ass Basquiat, big-ass Schnabel dominate the walls.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

It was amazing.

YOGA ROOM

Wood floor. Glass walls overlook desert. Wind whips foliage outside. Sand swirls, peppering glass.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

I could actually feel my soul.

Looking down from the ceiling. KILLER lies supine in the middle of the floor. Palms up. Perfectly serene. Stark contrast to the mad wind outside.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

That's not quite right.

MOVING DOWN TOWARDS HIM.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)
I **became** my soul.

TIME SLICE FREEZE FRAME.

Eyes closed. No movement. Completely at peace. All lean muscle shot with snaky blue veins. No fat. A cheetah.

Surgical scars running up and down both legs.

His face. Striking features. Almost pretty. Shades of the Thin White Duke.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)
Just for a moment...

SUPER OVER FREEZE FRAME:

"THE KILLER"

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)
And then it was gone.

FRAME UNFREEZES.

His eyes pop open: one green, one blue.

AN LP

spins on a turntable.

Needle lowered to grooves. Rises and falls on black vinyl. Billie Holiday sings *The Man I Love*.

KITCHEN

Architectural Digest impeccable.

Killer steaming milk on a La Pavoni stainless steel cappuccino machine.

Takes rose from vase with perfectly manicured fingers. Puts it in smaller, ancient-looking Japanese Tanba-style vase. Adds to breakfast tray.

IN THE BEDROOM

View of infinity pool through wall of glass. Beyond, lights of Palm Springs twinkling under brightening sky.

Woman in bed. Asleep. Hair a black waterfall on silk Ralph Lauren sheets.

Sheet over her. Glimpses: Small of her back. Side swell of breast. A calf.

Killer enters with breakfast. Sits lightly on bed. Smooths hair from her face. Kisses her.

Eye opens. Sits up. Full face. Sleepy-eyed. Insane beauty.

KILLER

Good morning.

BEDROOM LATER

Remains of breakfast scattered on the tray. They sit on the bed cross-legged, facing each other.

LILY

You *became* your soul?

KILLER

It's hard to explain.

LILY

So you left your body?

KILLER

Sort of. I was there...but this flesh...

He pinches his skin.

KILLER

...this meat...this...everything... became more than what it was.

She doesn't get it. He sighs. Thinks. Then...

KILLER

You know E equals MC squared?

She nods.

KILLER

Energy equals mass times the speed of light squared. That's just a way of saying that mass -- our bodies -- aren't just physical. They're energy.

He looks around. Pulls the rose from its vase.

KILLER

This rose has the potential energy
to become an atom bomb. So do our
bodies.

LILY

So you felt like an atom bomb?

KILLER

Yeah. I did. I felt like a
fucking atom bomb.

LILY

You want to test it?

She reaches into the front opening of his pajama bottoms.

Killer smiles. Killer smile.

Cell Phone RINGS. ENNIO MORRICONE RING TONE.

LILY

Let it go, baby.

KILLER

Can't, honey. Not this one.

Killer picks up phone. Listens.

KILLER

Okay. I'm on it.

OFFICE

FRAMED SILICON VALLEY MAGAZINE ARTICLE on wall: Photo of a
younger and nerdier Killer. Headline: **"SOFTWARE DEVELOPER
SELLS START UP FOR FIFTY MILLION."**

FIFTEEN ONE DOLLAR BILLS mounted and framed on the same wall.

Fax machine slowly spits out pages. Killer snatches first
page. Peruses it.

PRISON MUG SHOT PHOTO of Driver stares up at him from the
page. Something utterly haunting and frightening about the
photo.

Killer momentarily frozen. Lily's voice snaps him out of it.

LILY

You're leaving, aren't you?

KILLER

Yes.

LILY

Who is he?

Killer shrugs. Looks down at photo of Driver.

KILLER

That's not a question I ever ask.

Looks up at Lily.

KILLER

This shouldn't take long.

THE GARAGE

Lights flicker on. Coolest garage you've ever seen.

Killer enters.

Domenica Vacca suit and shirt. Sans tie. Hermes pocket square. Gucci loafers and Louis Vitton ostrich skin carry bag.

Everything picture perfect.

Three cars: Ferrari F430. Koenigsegg CCX. Porsche Carrera GT. All black. All late models. Couple of million. Easy.

Killer rifles through file drawer. Glimpses: driver's licenses, car registrations and license plates.

LICENSE PLATE

is screwed into place.

POLISHED STEEL CABINET OPENS

Inside: guns and knives. State-of-the-art collection.

He removes two knives: Busse Hell Razor combat knife and Safe Keeper II push dagger.

Straps knife to calf.

Push dagger to forearm.

Killer chooses three guns: Glock 20S 10mm, Baretta 9000S sub-compact and an XM107 sniper rifle with scope.

Muzzle suppressors for all pistols.

He slides the Glock into custom made holster beneath his jacket.

Other guns go into the Gucci bag. Along with boxes of ammo and silencers.

Bag goes into a hide in the trunk of the Carrera GT.

OUTSIDE HOUSE

Garage door opens. Killer backs out in the Carrera GT. Quietly.

She's there in the window. Wearing his robe. Waving.

Longing look. Makes him ache to leave her. He blows her a kiss. She catches it. Puts it to her lips.

He backs to the end of the driveway. Into road. Drives off. Red tail lights recede into dawn grey.

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE MORNING

Cop stumbles in. Pearl-buttoned cowboy shirt depicts mountain scene with buffaloes. All in lovely shades of brown. Blue jeans. Cowboy boots.

Cicero buried in work. File folders stacked around her. Up-all-night eyes.

Cop ambles over.

COP
Whata we got?

Withering look.

CICERO
You play fast and loose with that
"we" shit, don't you, cowboy?

Cop confused by the aggression.

CICERO
Did you not get my message last
night?

COP
I've been having trouble with my
service.

Cicero rolls eyes so hard you can hear them.

CICERO
We've got our shooter.

COP

We?

Whatever. Cicero shows Cop a PRISON MUG SHOT of Driver.

CICERO

I got a call from the warden at Corcoran. Recognized our perp on the news reports. I've been up all night getting to know him.

COP

How long has he been out?

She consults the prison paperwork.

CICERO

Released yesterday at three p.m.

Looks at TIME STAMP on still from surveillance camera.

CICERO

Capped our telemarketer forty minutes later.

COP

I guess we can assume he wasn't rehabilitated.

Cicero almost smiles.

OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT BUILDING DAY

Sprawling, circa 70's apartment building. GT passes the building.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

It's getting harder and harder to go on these jobs.

Killer cruises to end of street. Turns. Parks about a block away.

INSIDE GT

Killer on Bluetooth. Looks at a fax page with address which matches address of apartment building.

KILLER

I mean, when I had to leave her this morning, I almost had a panic attack.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

On the other end. Earth mother type. Red hair and peachy-creamy skin.

Surrounded by Ralph Lauren floral print furniture. Buddha on the bookshelf holding burning incense stick.

Seven figure view of San Francisco Bay through window behind her.

THERAPIST

Then maybe you shouldn't have left her.

PHONE CONVERSATION. BACK AND FORTH.

KILLER

But this is my job. I had to go. And it's important that I keep my edge. It's a competitive business.

Killer lines up shot with tiny digital camera as he talks.

THROUGH THE DISPLAY -- as the camera scans the street.

THERAPIST

In that you've never actually told me what that business is, it's hard to comment.

Killer frames shot of overhead wires and rooftops. Snaps photo.

KILLER

I told you. I'm an oncologist.

Killer distracted by something outside.

SUPER SPORT

parks down the block at the opposite end of apartment complex.

Killer takes out pair of titanium Nikon mini-binoculars.

THERAPIST

You know I don't believe that.

BINOCULAR POV

Driver behind wheel. Image shaky. Compressed.

Killer takes fax pages from case.

PHOTO OF DRIVER. Ten years older. Ten years harder. But this is the guy. Killer takes a good long look.

KILLER

Believe what you want. I'm a surgeon. I remove cancer.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver looks out at apartment complex. Sees an OLD GUY heading into apartment building with his TWELVE YEAR OLD GRANDDAUGHTER.

Driver consults file he got from Grone. Photo of Old Guy along with address and map. Address matches apartment's.

INSIDE A BANK TEN YEARS AGO

NO SOUND. FRENETIC.

THREE MASKED MEN brandish weapons. Wave PATRONS to floor. Chaos.

CICERO (V.O.)

Ten years ago. Bakersfield Federal. Robbers took down just shy of three hundred grand.

TELLERS stuff bricks of cash into bags.

COP (V.O.)

Our shooter was a bank robber?

Masked gunmen bolt for door.

CICERO (V.O.)

No.

A TIRE BURNING RUBBER

CICERO (V.O.)

He drove the getaway car.

Tire gains traction. Eats asphalt. Modified '68 Pontiac GTO rockets away.

INSIDE GTO

Driver at the wheel. Ten years younger. A kid. Screaming down main street. 80, 90, 100 miles an hour. Engine is deafening.

THREE SKI-MASKED COHORTS from bank in the car with him.

Barreling through intersections. Red lights mean go. Never once slowing down.

Cop cars appear.

CICERO (V.O.)

They estimated his top speed at 140 miles per hour.

(beat)

On surface streets.

Driver cool as the other side of the pillow.

Cohorts pull masks. The two in the back are scared shitless.

COHORT IN BACK

Slow down! You're gonna kill us!

Cohort in front seat next to Driver is calm as can be. He is THE DRIVER'S BROTHER.

DRIVER'S BROTHER

Calm down. He knows what he's doing.

Driver looks at Brother. Brother nods.

DRIVER'S BROTHER

Do your thing, little brother.

Pedal goes to floor.

Driver sees everything. 360 degrees. Narrow miss after narrow miss. Millimeters.

Cranks a left on two wheels. Cohorts hold on. Driver sees...

Police cars heading toward him.

Driver steps on brakes. Car shudders. Smokes. Skids. Stops. Slams car in reverse. Goes backwards. Direction he just came. 50, 60, 70 miles per.

Two chasing cops turning onto street.

Driver still in reverse, straight toward them. Accelerating.

Cops don't have the balls for it. Veer off at the last second. Driver splits them.

COP (V.O.)

How'd they stop him?

Brakes a 180. Shifts. Out of there. Driver looks over at brother. Brother smiles.

CICERO (V.O.)
They didn't.

Cop cars slow down.

CICERO (V.O.)
Called off the chase for public safety.

Cop cars stop. GTO disappears from view long before the whine of its engine.

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE PRESENT

Cop and Cicero drinking coffee.

CICERO
Made a clean getaway.

COP
So who collared him?

CICERO
This is where it gets interesting.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT

Old Guy and granddaughter sit on threadbare sofa together reading *Green Eggs and Ham*.

OLD GUY
Would you like them in a box?
Would you like them with a fox?

Old Guy puts on a good show. The girl smiles.

OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING

Top of Old Guy's head can be glimpsed through a window on the second floor.

INSIDE GT

Killer glasses the apartment with Nikons, then sweeps back over to Driver.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
When you sold your software company, you said you wanted to test yourself.

KILLER
And I have.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Has it become too easy?

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver pulls Ruger from hide under seat. Looks up at apartment.

KILLER (V.O.)
That's part of it.

INSIDE GT

Killer pulls Glock from holster.

KILLER
And then there's Lily. She's a distraction.
(beat)
You know, a good distraction. But distractions can be a problem in this business.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Did you talk to Lily about marriage? Having a family?

Killer watches Driver through Nikons.

KILLER
Not yet.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
What are you waiting for?

Driver emerges from Super Sport. Heads toward far end of apartment building.

KILLER
You know what? You're right. She's the woman I want to spend my life with.

Killer suddenly animated, borderline manic as he exits GT. Talking marriage, hunting his target.

KILLER
Yeah. That's what I'll do. I'll pop the question. This is great!

Killer strides towards closest end of apartment building (opposite end from where the Driver entered).

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Are you off your meds?

KILLER
Yes. I am. And I've never felt better. More in tune.

Killer pulls silenced Glock from custom holster. Ejects mag then reseats it.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
If that's your decision, I'll support it. I think it's a mistake, but I'll support it.
(beat)
But listen, don't hit her with this all at once. You have a tendency to go a little too full bore at things sometimes.

KILLER
Gotta go!

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE VIDEO ROOM

SHAKY VIDEO IMAGE ON A TELEVISION MONITOR (FROM TEN YEARS AGO). The image is extremely degraded:

A clapboard house in a remote canyon somewhere.

Image jump cuts to **THE TWO COHORTS FROM BACK SEAT OF GETAWAY CAR GUNNED DOWN EXECUTION STYLE BY UNSEEN ASSAILANTS.** Bang. Bang. They slump forward.

Jump cut to **DRIVER** and **BROTHER** staring straight ahead. Driver's eyes wide with fear.

COP (O.S.)
Where did you get this tape?

IMAGE FREEZES.

Cop and Cicero sit in front of monitor. Cicero palms the remote.

CICERO
Vice raided an illegal hard-core porn operation several years ago. This turned up on a hard drive. One of the investigators recognized our boy's face on the video.

COP
What is it?

CICERO
Snuff film basically.

Cop isn't following.

CICERO
It's like this: they made a clean
getaway on the bank job. Stashed
the money, then went back to their
safe house...

Cicero nods towards the monitor.

CICERO
They got ambushed by another crew.

She points the remote.

CICERO
One of the sick fucks taped it.

Image comes to life on monitor. Very little light. Muddy
image. Like it has been duped a hundred times. Terrible,
echoed sound. Borderline unintelligible.

A VOICE (FACE UNSEEN) FROM OFFSCREEN.

VOICE
Where's the money?

Driver and Brother stare straight ahead. Driver looks more
frightened than Brother.

GLIMPSES OF THE AMBUSHERS MOVING AROUND BEHIND THEM, only
their legs and feet in frame.

DRIVER'S BROTHER
Don't tell him, man.

VOICE
You want me to shoot him like the
others?

Brother's is prodded with the barrel of a .45 automatic.
Brother looks at Driver.

COHORT
Be strong.

Intense shaky telephoto of their faces. Back and forth. Auto
focus constantly readjusting.

DRIVER'S BROTHER
You kill us, you'll never get it.

APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY BACK TO PRESENT

Crummy lighting. Mile of brown water-stained carpet.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT

OLD GUY
I would not like them in a box.
I would not like them with a fox.

STAIRWELL

Driver makes his way up stairs.

BACK TO VIDEO MONITOR

Driver and Brother share screen. The voice softens.

VOICE
Just tell us where the money is...
I give you my word that I won't
shoot him.

Nothing.

VOICE
It's your choice...

BANG! Gun is fired next to Brother's ear.

Driver freaks. Hyperventilating. Eyes shoot over to Brother.

DRIVER'S BROTHER
Don't tell him. They're gonna kill
us anyway.

BANG! Another shot.

DRIVER'S BROTHER
Die like a fucking man.

APARTMENT HALLWAY BACK TO PRESENT

Driver emerges from far stairwell. Starts checking numbers.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT

Granddaughter enjoying story.

OLD GUY

I would not like them in the rain.
I would not like them on a train.

VIDEO MONITOR FOOTAGE FROM TEN YEARS AGO

BANG! Driver wavers.

DRIVER'S BROTHER

Don't you do it!

Driver looks at Brother.

DRIVER

I'm scared, man...

Driver looks up at voice. He's cracking. Near tears.

DRIVER

I'm scared...

VOICE

I gave you my word.

DRIVER

It's in the chicken coop.

VOICE

There you go...

Gun is removed from head.

DRIVER

I'm sorry...

Brother smiles.

DRIVER'S BROTHER

(comforting)

It's okay...

A KNIFE WIELDING HAND quickly slits Brother's throat. There is A BAPHOMET GOAT TATTOOED ON BACK OF KNIFE WIELDER'S HAND.

FROM OFFSCREEN, another voice is heard.

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

Oh Jesus. No.

COP and CICERO watching it play out. Cop closes eyes. Driver screams. Audio can't handle the volume. Scream breaks up. Otherworldly.

CICERO
That was his brother.

VOICE (O.S.)
I told you I wouldn't shoot him.

HALLWAY BACK TO PRESENT

Driver arrives at door. Pulls gun from waistband. Tries door. No good.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT

OLD GUY
I would not like them here or there. I would not like them anywhere!

VIDEO MONITOR

Driver watches Brother bleed and wheeze.

MOVE IN ON IMAGE of Driver on monitor. Tighter and tighter.

DEGRADED VIDEO IMAGE of Driver BECOMES...

SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

We are there. Driver staring down at Brother.

A HAND holds a palm-sized VIDEO CAM, surreptitiously taping the scene.

Brother stares up at Driver as the life bleeds out of him. Reaches out with his hand.

Driver takes hold of it. Driver's eyes die along with Brother. Reveal...

TELEMARKETER standing there with .45 in hand. He was the first voice we heard.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT BACK TO PRESENT

OLD GUY
I do not like green eggs and ham!

SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

Now a third voice chimes in.

THIRD VOICE
Hey.

Driver looks up at third voice.

OLD GUY (ten years younger) is SECRETLY TAPING the action with the small video cam.

OLD GUY
(whispers for Driver only)
Smile for the camera.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT BACK TO PRESENT

OLD GUY
I do not like them, Sam I Am!!

The girl giggles. Old Guy puts down book.

Hand goes to her knee. She stops laughing. She goes to protest but he clamps a hand over her mouth.

This definitely isn't his granddaughter. Whispers in her ear.

OLD GUY
Smile for the camera...

A tripod mounted video camera in the corner.

The door is suddenly kicked open by the Driver.

Old Guy sees Driver approaching. Same look of recognition that Telemarketer had.

Driver raises gun. Old Guy pulls girl close. Snatches pair of scissors from end table.

OLD GUY
I swear to god I'll--

BLAM. Hand and scissors shot to smithereens. Old Guy howls.

Driver unceremoniously shoots Old Guy in the head.

Girl freaks. ONE LONG UNINTERRUPTED SCREAM.

Driver looks down at dead Old Guy. Blank. Looks at girl screaming. Blank. Turns and walks away.

Stops. Looks back at girl like he wants to comfort her. Opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. He exits.

HALLWAY

Driver heads back the way he came.

Killer emerges from other stairwell behind him. Creeps forward. Raises gun. Calm. Cool. Easy shot.

Girl suddenly stumbles into hall between them, almost running into Killer. She starts screaming again when she sees Killer's gun.

Driver turns. Raises gun.

Girl right between them, neither one takes a shot, for fear of hitting her.

Killer grabs girl. Pulls her into stairwell, screening her.

KILLER

Run!

She runs down stairs.

STAIRWELL

Killer nuts it up. Enters hallway.

HALLWAY

Driver is at far end of hall. Hundred feet of hallway between them. Killer takes careful aim. Driver just starts squeezing off rounds. No hesitation.

Killer barely gets off a shot. Driver senses weakness. Walks forward.

Killer ducks into open doorway of Old Guy's apartment. Tries to return fire. Driver keeps coming. No cover. Relentless. Force of nature.

Dry wall and door frame explode all around Killer.

Killer seems spooked. Can't get another shot off. Retreats again. Hunter becomes hunted.

STAIRWELL

Killer backs up. Returns fire. Slips. Stumbles backwards. Gun clatters between steps.

KILLER

Shit.

Driver enters stairwell.

Killer is dead meat. He hustles down the remaining stairs. Retrieves gun. Looks up for sign of Driver.

Driver starts to pursue. DISTANT SIRENS. Driver heads back the way he came.

Killer shaken. Makes it to bottom of stairwell. Sees that Driver is gone. Deep breath. Heads back up.

HALLWAY

Killer enters again. NEIGHBOR opens door. Killer brings finger to lips. Signals for neighbor to go back inside. Neighbor happy to oblige.

APARTMENT

Killer enters. Sweeps with gun. Curtains flapping in breeze.

Killer goes to window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

Killer sees Driver heading towards Super Sport. Draws a bead. Long shot. Target moves through picket of palm trees.

Killer pulls trigger. Silenced Glock HISSES.

Bullet slams into tree behind Driver. Close. Driver looks back.

Brief eye contact. **It's on.** SIRENS CLOSER.

Driver piles into car and drives away.

Killer looks down at Old Guy. Takes out camera. Snaps a photo.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver completely cool. Collected. Catches reflection in rear view.

BACK TO DEGRADED VIDEO FROM TEN YEARS AGO

Driver looking at third voice with those same eyes. Door opens in background. OUT OF FOCUS FOURTH FIGURE enters.

Driver looks directly into camera as the figure looms behind him. All fear has drained from him. Eyes go dead.

DRIVER
(barely above a whisper)
I'm gonna kill you all...

Driver suddenly lurches violently as he is shot in the back of the head (by the UNSEEN FOURTH FIGURE). Followed by three to the back.

Tape goes black.

Cop looks at Cicero.

CICERO
They killed him.

COP
What do you mean they killed him?

CICERO
He was dead. For a little while anyway. Pronounced DOA at the hospital.

MORGUE TEN YEARS AGO

Driver lying on morgue table. Head a mass of bloody gore. Exit wounds on torso.

MEDICAL EXAMINER powers up bone saw. Leans over body. About to open up Driver's skull when...

Driver suddenly sits upright, gasping for air.

Medical examiner freaks. Bone saw clatters to floor, spinning and jumping.

Driver looks around. Picks up scalpel from instrument tray. Climbs down from table and walks away. ORDERLIES go after him.

BACK WITH COP AND CICERO

CICERO
Doctors said they've never seen anything like it. Body shut down from shock. No heart beat. Stopped breathing.

COP
No brain damage from the head shot?

CICERO
Bullet hit here...
(indicates back of head)
...ricocheted around the outside of his skull and came out through his cheekbone. Took him two months to recover from the wounds.

(MORE)

CICERO (cont'd)

He's got a metal plate keeping the
back of his head together.

Cicero flips through a stack of paperwork.

CICERO

At his sentence hearing for the
bank job, the judge asked him if he
wanted to say anything.

Cicero hands Cop the transcript.

COURTROOM TEN YEARS AGO

Judge and entire courtroom waiting for Driver to make a
statement.

Driver in wheelchair. Still recovering from wounds.

DRIVER

I'm gonna kill them all, your
honor.

BACK WITH COP AND CICERO

CICERO

Only words he spoke during the
whole trial. Judge maxed him out.

Cop digests it all.

COP

He's a man of his word. Took him
ten years, but he's killin' 'em all
right.

KERN RIVER RECREATION AREA DAYTIME

Super Sport parked under some trees.

Driver squats on bank of river, watching river flow.

Something in his hand.

COP (V.O.)

And he ain't gonna stop till he's
done.

He is holding the Old Guy's info page with photo and address.
He drops the page on the surface of the water.

Old Guy's image drifts away, slowly spinning and sinking.

INSIDE GT

Later. Killer driving through bad neighborhood. Little girl in passenger seat.

LITTLE GIRL
This is it.

Killer stops. Looks out at the house.

KILLER
You sure?

LITTLE GIRL
Yes.

KILLER
I don't want you ever to talk to strangers again. Okay?

She looks up at him with big brown eyes. Suddenly hugs him. Takes Killer by surprise.

Then she opens the door and quickly leaves the car. Runs to her house.

Killer snaps photo. Watches her long as he can. Then drives away.

Catches sight of his face in the rearview. A cut from the shootout.

KILLER
Damn it. That's gonna scar.

TRACT HOUSE

In one of those put-up-overnight neighborhoods. Ugly box crammed on top of ugly box.

All crammed on top of a butt ugly section of Interstate Five.

Dusty land. Sky a permanent brown smear.

Speaking of brown smears. Cop's Crown Vic pulls up outside the house.

He gets out. Starts for the front door. Never makes it.

Woman comes hustling out toward him. MARINA. Fifteen years younger than Cop. Fine, smoky-eyed Latina.

She's steaming. Speaks with a strong Mexican accent.

MARINA
Where the hell you been?!

COP
I caught a case. Homicide.

MARINA
You supposed to take Jorge to his
baseball game.

She shoots a look back in the doorway. JORGE stands there
sadly. Fat little body crammed into Little League uniform.

COP
I know. But this case--

MARINA
You want me to have full custody, I
take full custody.

COP
No...

MARINA
Then take him to his damn game!

She storms back in house past Jorge.

MARINA
Pendejo...

Poor little pudgy Jorge just looks at the ground.

INSIDE CROWN VIC

Jorge sitting in the passenger seat. Looking glum. Baseball
mitt in lap.

Cop shoots a look his way.

COP
How you been hittin' 'em, slugger?

JORGE
Not too good.

COP
What position they got you playing?

JORGE
Don't play too much.

COP
Aw, c'mon, you got an arm like a
cannon. How can they not play you?

He pushes the bill of Jorge's hat down. Jorge straightens it. Nary a smile. Or a look Cop's way.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD AFTERNOON

A game in progress.

Cop stumbles out of cinderblock bathroom. Toilet paper trailing from foot. Glassy-eyed. Smoking a butt. No pain. No doubt what he's been up to.

Jorge's team out in the field.

Cop leans over fence just past dugout. Cop looks into dugout.

Jorge and one other kid sitting on bench. Goofing. Not even watching the game.

COP

Pssst.

No response from Jorge.

COP

Pssst.

Jorge continues goofing. PHONE rings. Cop answers.

COP

Yeah.

(listens)

Shit. Okay.

(listens)

No. I'll be there right away.

He walks down to the dugout. Coach standing there.

COP

Hey, Randy...

Coach (RANDY) looks over.

COP

Listen man, could you give Jorge a ride home? I've got this case. Big one.

RANDY

Sure.

COP

You probably saw it on the news--

RANDY
I said sure.

COP
Okay. Thanks, man.

Cop starts away. Stops.

COP
Why don't you see if you can get
him in the game some time? Pinch
hit. Something. You know, man?

Randy just nods.

COP
You know?

RANDY
I'll see what I can do.

Cop walks away. Little stagger in his step. Still trailing
the t.p.

Randy watches him, shaking his head.

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT

Cop enters. Old Guy sprawled on shag carpet. Blood
everywhere.

Cicero with crime scene tech, looking at contents of
cardboard box filled with KIDDIE PORN.

Cop ambles over.

COP
Whata we--
(catches himself)
Whata **you** got?

Cicero smirks.

CICERO
Perp did the world a favor on this
one.

Holds up handful of kiddie porn. Cop surveys scene. Sees
Old Guy kissing the shag.

COP
Telemarketer, pedophile. What's
next? A lawyer?

CICERO

Whole shebang just got weirder.
Witnesses put a second shooter on
the scene.

COP

Accomplice?

CICERO

No. Seems that after our perp
whacked Mr. Rogers here, he shot it
out with someone out in the hall.

COP

Armed neighbor?

CICERO

Uh-uh. No one recognized this
dude. They exchanged gunfire, then
disappeared. Both of them.

COP

Vehicle description? License plate
numbers?

Cicero shakes her head.

CICERO

I guess everyone was hiding under
their beds.

COP

Get a description of the second
shooter?

CICERO

The word beautiful came up.

COP

Beautiful?

CICERO

Like a movie star.

MOTEL NIGHTTIME

Crumbling crap hole. Tumbledown flop house to local migrant
population. Somewhere off Highway 58. Godforsaken stretch
of road.

MOTEL ROOM NIGHTTIME

Driver sits on edge of bed working television remote.

Fuzzy reception (no cable here). Snatches of channels: news, sports, human interest.

Driver continues. Nothing interests him, then...

GOOFY MUSIC. Driver sets remote down.

Tom and Jerry. Jerry is chasing Tom around the room walloping him on the head with a mallet.

Driver watches with gravitas.

Every time a huge bump appears on Tom's head, Jerry smashes it back down with the mallet.

UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

Colorized photo of Bakersfield, circa 1950.

KILLER (V.O.)
Podunk town. Ramshackle street.

PHOTOGRAPH of the overhead wires and rooftops that Killer took earlier.

MOVING SUPER CLOSE OVER TEXT as Killer reads from it.

KILLER (V.O.)
The Killer parked at the end of the street. Routine job. With any luck, he'd be home by dinner.

Killer hunkered over laptop in hotel room.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

Banner at the top: KILLERBLOG.

The story is framed by photos.

All of the photos have been photoshopped to make them look like stylized panels from a graphic novel.

Killer scrolls down. There is a photo OF DEAD OLD GUY, his features fuzzed over.

KILLER
You think we pixiled his face enough?

PALM SPRINGS HOUSE

Lily sits next to lighted pool. Quivering turquoise gem.
Lily looking at Killerblog on laptop.

LILY

I'll take a look at all the photos
before I update the page.

PHONE CALL. BACK AND FORTH:

KILLER

Anything else?

Lily bites her lip.

LILY

Are you sure about the end part?
I think you're being too hard on
yourself.

KILLER

Read it to me.

Lily reads from screen.

LILY

The Killer had been bested before
but he could always put it down to
technical glitches, unforeseen
events, something outside of his
control. This was new. Fear.
Unadulterated fear.

(beat)

I don't believe it.

KILLER

You don't believe what?

LILY

That you were afraid.

KILLER

It's true.

LILY

What about the girl?

KILLER

What about her?

PHOTO of GIRL IN SILHOUETTE, walking towards her house.

LILY
Your mind was on saving her.

KILLER
No, Lily. I was scared.
(beat)
Home boy bitched me up like I was a fish.

LILY
He's that good?

KILLER
Good's not the right word. Dude's completely artless. No sophistication whatsoever. But he's pure. No fear. No hesitation.

LILY
You'll get him.

KILLER
I don't know if I'll get another chance.

LILY
You will. You'll get him.

KILLER
How can you be so sure?

LILY
Because you always do.

ICONIC IMAGE YEARS EARLIER

The Killer stands in a room surrounded by DEAD ASIAN GANGSTERS. Complete silence. Could be a still photo except for ribbon of smoke curling from the end of his silenced HK USP45.

LILY (V.O.)
Because from the moment I first saw you...

A MOVEMENT from one of the gangsters heaped on the floor.

Killer's eyes go to movement. Gangster stirs. 45 goes up. Killer's eyes widen.

Lily's beautiful face appears from under gangster. Smudge of blood on face.

LILY (V.O.)
 ...you were my hero.

Lily tilts head. Smiles. Sweetest smile you've ever seen.
 Killer smitten. Love at first sight.

ARVIN CALIFORNIA EARLY MORNING

Dusty farm town south of Bakersfield.

NEIGHBORHOOD

Sixty year old ranch houses. Dry. Sun-baked. Yards gone to seed.

Driver sitting in SS. Watching.

RANCH HOUSE

A HUSBAND kisses WOMAN good-bye. Heads for SUV.

BOY appears in the doorway. Lunch pail in hand. Follows dad to car.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver watching it all.

Boy runs back to mom. She bends down. Kisses him. He turns and takes off.

The woman stands there in the doorway. Soft breeze blowing her hair. Then she turns and goes inside.

Driver emerges from car stuffing Ruger into back of pants.

INSIDE RANCH HOUSE

Moments later. Woman sitting in the kitchen. Feeding a BABY GIRL in high chair. Handsome woman. Raw boned Oakie stock.

Kitchen door opens. Driver standing there.

Blood drains from woman's face. She stands.

WOMAN

Oh my God.

He starts in. She tries to close the door. He forces his way in. Shuts the door behind him.

Shoots a look at the baby. Then walks past her. Into living room. She follows him.

He paces. Looks at the family photographs. Takes a framed one from the mantel.

DRIVER

Nice family.

She slaps his face hard. Snatches the photograph from him. Places it back on the mantel.

Emotions running wild. Her back to him. She can't look at him.

WOMAN

You can't do this. Show up out of the blue. After all these years...

DRIVER

I know.

She turns to him.

WOMAN

Why did you come?

He looks at the floor.

DRIVER

I'm not sure.

WOMAN

There's nothing here for you.

(beat)

You have to leave.

He slowly nods. Admonished child.

DRIVER

Okay.

Driver starts to go. She follows him into the kitchen. Blurts it out...

WOMAN

Why did you make me stop coming to see you in prison?

Driver stops. Baby COOS and GURGLES from high chair.

DRIVER

I didn't see any sense in three wasted lives.

WOMAN

Three?

DRIVER
Was that him? This morning?

She still isn't following.

DRIVER
The boy.

WOMAN
David?
(realizing)
Oh God. You didn't think--?

Driver silent.

WOMAN
David's nine years old. You did a
dime. Do the math.

Driver stands there. Baby babbles.

WOMAN
When you cut me off, I gave the
baby up.

DRIVER
You find a good family?

She looks at him like he's an idiot.

WOMAN
I had an abortion.

A flash. His eyes. Something human.

DRIVER
I see.

Driver stands there. Big. Dumb of mouth. Not of this
world.

WOMAN
I'm sorry.

DRIVER
Was it a boy or a--

WOMAN
They don't tell you that.

DRIVER
Is there a grave?

Flash of anger...

WOMAN
Are you serious?

He waits.

WOMAN
(pity more than anything)
There's no grave.

Baby starts crying. Wailing.

WOMAN
Please...

DRIVER
Okay. I'll go.

Driver leaves. Woman snatches baby from high chair. Goes to door. Hefts baby on hip.

WOMAN
I know what you're doing.

He keeps walking.

WOMAN
I saw on the t.v.

She watches him go. She shouts after him. Blood in her voice.

WOMAN
I hope you kill them all.

He drives away.

INSIDE CORCORAN ADMIN OFFICES

Cop and Cicero wait to be buzzed through a sally port.

WARDEN (V.O.)
He was what we call a walkalone.

WARDEN'S OFFICE

Warden sits across from Cop and Cicero. Cop looks a little out of it. Nose running.

CICERO
No gang affiliations?

WARDEN

You might say he was a gang of one.
Did his whole stretch with no
protection.

Cop sniffs. Heavy lids.

WARDEN

First day in coupla' BGFs mud
checked him in the chow line.

CAFETERIA TEN YEARS AGO

BLACK INMATE with insanely huge afro fills frame.

INSANE AFRO

You better be ready on the yard
tomorrow cuz we comin' heavy on yo'
ass, fish.

YARD TEN YEARS AGO

Various groups milling, exercising.

Driver walks alone on the periphery.

Pack of BGFs (Black Guerilla Family) walking the yard.
Insane Afro eyes lone Driver.

Insane Afro and TWO OTHERS peel off from pack.

Other inmates part as Insane Afro and his boys beeline for
Driver.

Driver sees them coming. Backs up. Falls to the ground.
Starts fumbling with his pants. Pulls them part of the way
down.

INSANE AFRO

I can't fuck you right here, punk.

Driver stands and pulls pants up as they surround him. He is
holding a nasty looking shank.

Flash of movement. Flash of blood. Inmates go down, one,
two, three.

Driver calmly walks away. Drops shank. BGFs squirm on the
ground.

BACK TO WARDEN'S OFFICE

WARDEN

First day on the inside and he was
suitcasin' a shank. Squeezed it
out of his ass right there on the
yard. Put all three of 'em in the
infirmary.

Warden smiles crookedly.

WARDEN

Every gang in the joint tried to
recruit him after that but he
wouldn't affiliate.

(beat)

Set up his own contraband trade.
Had nothing but enemies in here
from that day on.

DRIVER'S CELL YEARS AGO

Driver using a prison-made tattoo gun. Bricolage of parts:
battery operated fan motor, guitar string needle, Bic pen for
ink.

He is adding something to the BLACK LINE TATTOO.

WARDEN (V.O.)

They kept coming after him, he kept
knocking 'em down.

TRACKING OVER DRIVER'S SKIN. SUPER CLOSE...

Black line becomes series of TINY TATTOOS. Each one
represents a different prison gang: Aryan Brotherhood, BGF,
Mexican Mafia, Nazi Low Riders, Bahala Na, Hmong Nation, Sons
of Samoa.

WARDEN (V.O.)

He kept count. Like a fighter
pilot.

BACK TO WARDEN'S OFFICE

Cop distracted. Rocking a little in his seat.

WARDEN

Word went out. He became somewhat
of a legend. After a while all he
had to do was flash that tattoo and
nobody would mess with him.

CICERO
He ever mix it up with the guards?

WARDEN
Not a once. Model prisoner far as
that went.

Cop blows nose. Cicero shoots a look.

CICERO
Did he have visitors?

WARDEN
Little old gal used to come and see
him when he was first here, but she
stopped coming.

CICERO
Do you keep a log?

WARDEN
Not that far back we don't.

CICERO
One visitor in ten years?

WARDEN
Like I said, he walked alone.

Cicero starts to gather her things.

CICERO
His personality. How would you sum
him up?

Warden thinks for a second. Nods thoughtfully. Looks up at
Cicero.

WARDEN
Righteous.

INSIDE CROWN VIC NIGHTTIME

Cop and Cicero driving back to Bakersfield.

CICERO
Righteous?

She shakes her head.

CICERO
That was a waste of time.

COP

Maybe not.

Cicero looks over.

COP

We have a working theory for the second shooter.

CICERO

The guy at the apartment building?

COP

Our boy made a lot of enemies in prison. They couldn't touch him inside, maybe they hired someone to take him down on the outside.

Cicero nods grudgingly.

CICERO

It's worth checking out.

Cop shivers. Sniffs. Jones alarm. He reaches for heater control. Short sleeve pulls back, partially revealing a tattoo. Cicero stares.

CICERO

That what I think it is?

Cop looks down at arm. Lifts sleeve.

COP

This?

TATTOO

Grinning death's head. Cowboy hat. Framed by four playing cards. Aces and eights. Dead Man's Hand.

COP

I was with the CRASH unit in L.A. before I transferred up here.

CICERO

You mean the guns blazing, ass kicking cops with porno moustaches? That CRASH unit?

COP

That so hard to believe?

Cicero can't hide her surprise.

CICERO
Well, yeah.

COP
That's where I met Marina. She was
my C.I.

CICERO
You married your snitch?

COP
She was in bad shape. I got her
into rehab. We fell in love.

Cicero shakes her head.

CICERO
I'll be damned. You were CRASH.

Cop flashes a crooked smile.

COP
Back in the day, I could ball with
the best of 'em, baby.

He makes a gun out of his fingers. Points on down the road.

COP
Now? I just go with the flow.
(winks)
Know what I'm sayin'?

TEHACHAPI PASS DAYTIME

The foothills bristle with giant wind turbines. Moaning
wind. Dust devils swirl.

LILY (V.O.)
Where are you?

OBSERVATION POINT

The GT parked alone.

INSIDE GT

Cozy cocoon. The wind rages outside. Killer looking at laptop
screen.

KILLER
Tehachapi.

SCREEN

Google Earth. A view of Central California.

KILLER'S HOUSE

Lily's hands adroitly reassembling a broken-down AK-47 -- blindfolded.

LILY
What's it like?

Back and forth:

KILLER
Surprisingly cosmopolitan.

Killer looks up at billboard: WAL MART COMING!

KILLER
Apparently we're getting a Wal Mart soon.

LILY
Where you headed?

Lily seats a rod and spring into the bolt carrier.

KILLER
That's just it. I don't know.

Killer looks at fax page. FOUR NAMES, FOUR PHOTOS and FOUR ADDRESSES. Killer has red x-ed the photos of TELEMARKETER and OLD GUY.

KILLER
His last two targets are hundreds of miles apart. One east, one west. I guess wrong, I'm screwed.

Killer looks at Google Earth page. Toggles back and forth between two locations.

LILY
Which one is closer to you?

Lily replaces the receiver cover on the AK.

KILLER
They're both a couple of hours away.
(keeps toggling)
I'm thinking of flipping a coin.

LILY

Why don't you just kick back. Let him kill the next guy, then you'll know who he's going after next.

She works the bolt.

KILLER

I can't believe I didn't think of that.

LILY

I told you I was more than just a pretty face.

Slams empty magazine home. Pulls trigger. Click. Removes blindfold. Smiles. Notices big Fed-Ex box on dining room table.

LILY

Hey. You got a package today.

KILLER

It's for you.

LILY

What is it?

KILLER

A surprise. Open it.

She rips it open. Another box inside. REEM ACRA logo.

LILY

Oh no you didn't.

KILLER

Yes I did.

Lily tears open box. Finds Reem Acra wedding gown inside. Stunning.

LILY

Oh. My. God.

KILLER

Marry me.

LILY

What?!

KILLER

Marry me.

LILY
When? Where?

KILLER
Today. At the church.

LILY
The church?

KILLER
Our church. Remember?

LILY
You're serious.

KILLER
Take the Koennigs. You can be
there in a couple of hours.

Google Earth map satellite image. Becomes...

TATTERED ROAD MAP

Flapping in the breeze.

RURAL ROAD DAYTIME

Driver studies map on hood of SS. Compares it against his
list of names. Marks one location, then the other. Checks
against his location.

Location is right in between.

Takes out a coin. Tosses it.

FROM ABOVE

Flipping coin fills screen as it apexes, then plummets down
to...

DRIVERS OPEN HAND

Fingers close like Venus Fly Trap. Slowly open. Heads.

Driver's eyes go to map.

MAP

Moving in on NEVADA.

DETECTIVE MALLORY (V.O.)
You got any leads on where he might
hit next?

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE BULLPEN DAYTIME

Cop sits at desk drinking coffee. Playing solitaire on computer.

SUPERVISING SERGEANT'S OFFICE DAYTIME

Cicero with MALLORY, the supervising sergeant. Mallory wears a fu and a crew.

Cop is visible at far end of bullpen. Looks like he is hard at work.

CICERO

Hell, we don't even know what he's driving. We've got his photo out there though. Just a matter of time.

DETECTIVE MALLORY

Any chance he's done?

CICERO

No. Not this guy. He spent ten years plotting his revenge.

DETECTIVE MALLORY

How 'bout the second shooter at the apartment?

CICERO

We're thinking it could be a hit ordered by one of the prison gangs.

DETECTIVE MALLORY

Let's get some detectives down to Corcoran. Interview all of his known enemies.

CICERO

It's a long list.

Mallory nods. Looks out at cop.

DETECTIVE MALLORY

How are you and the cowboy getting along?

Cicero cranes neck. Sees Cop spill coffee on tie.

CICERO

We're going with the flow, baby. Know what I'm sayin'?

Mallory chuckles.

DETECTIVE MALLORY
He grows on you.

CICERO
Like mold.

DETECTIVE MALLORY
You want to come over and give me a
blowjob later, detective?

CICERO
You want to take me to Disneyland,
asshole?

DETECTIVE MALLORY
I just don't see it happening.

CICERO
I am so done with you.

Cicero stands. Starts gathering her things. Sees Cop wiping
coffee stain from tie.

CICERO
I don't get it. Is this some sort
of sympathy fuck?

Mallory frowns. Cicero nods towards Cop.

CICERO
Flipping him this case. I don't
remember the last time he worked a
homicide.

DETECTIVE MALLORY
I didn't assign him to this case.
He asked me for it.

CICERO
That's not what he told me.

Mallory shrugs.

DETECTIVE MALLORY
Retirement can queer a man's mind.
(beat)
Dude was the real thing once.

Looks out at Cop.

DETECTIVE MALLORY

Probably just wants to relive his
glory days one last time before he
rides into the sunset.

WHITE CLAPBOARD CHURCH DAY

Tiny church surrounded by brown dormant grassland.

Jagged snow-crusted mountains loom.

GT parked in front of church. SINISTER SOUND OF HIGH
PERFORMANCE ENGINE APPROACHING.

Black Koenigsegg CCX pulls up. Eight hundred horses of
sexual energy. Koenigs glides to a stop.

Lily exits in heart-stopping Reem Acra wedding gown. Gathers
dress. Climbs steps.

INSIDE CHURCH

Deep shadows rent with shafts of dusty golden light. Killer
stands at altar with PREACHER.

PREACHER'S WIFE plays *The Wedding March* on ancient Hammond
organ.

Lily approaches.

Preacher sees Lily. Mouth slightly agape. Killer smiles.

KILLER

Yeah. I know.

Lily arrives. Smiles her smile.

KILLER

You ready?

TRACT HOUSE

Cop knocking on door.

INSIDE TRACT HOUSE

Marina looks through peephole. Sighs.

MARINA

You have to leave.

OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR

Cop leans head against door. Starts softly singing Los Lobos' *La Pistola y El Corazon*. *Eyes closed tight. Voice cracking. Really feeling it.*

MARINA (O.S.)

Stop it.

He keeps singing.

COP

(singing)

...esta triste cancion, esta triste cancion.

MARINA

On the other side of the door. She closes her eyes. Listens to the sad song.

COP

Still singing when door slowly cracks open.

Cop opens eyes expectantly.

MARINA

Oh Jesus. Tell me you're not crying.

Cop wipes tears. Sniffs. She opens the door wide.

MARINA

Hurry up. Before the dogs start howling.

MOUNTAINS LATE AFTERNOON

Super Sport negotiates mountain road. Comes around a sharp curve.

Coyote darts from brush into road.

Driver sees coyote. Too late. Slams on brakes. Coyote yelps and tumbles down embankment beside road.

Driver stops. Gets out. Heads to where coyote fell. Scrambles down steep embankment. Almost falls. Tree branch whips face.

He gets to coyote. Coyote unmoving. Bloody. Driver paces. Stops. Looks down at the dead animal. Driver closes eyes. Hand goes to face.

Coyote whimpers. It is alive.

Driver squats next to animal. Strokes its head. Coyote whimpers again. It's in bad shape.

Driver stands. Pulls Ruger. Points it at coyote's head.

Driver stares down at whimpering animal. Lowers gun.

INSIDE CLAPBOARD CHURCH

Preacher's wife pounds out *The Wedding March* fanfare.

OUTSIDE WHITE CLAPBOARD CHURCH

Killer and Lily emerge. As they kiss passionately, the Killer raises gun into the air and empties his clip.

They run to their cars Grand Prix style.

Preacher emerges onto steps. Watches them roar away, spitting rooster tails of gravel and dirt.

Preacher look over at wife with lustful gaze. She smiles shyly.

INSIDE TRACT HOUSE

Marina stands arms akimbo. Attitude of defiance.

MARINA

Why you here?

COP

You and the kids. You need protection. You need a man in the house.

MARINA

A man? Do you know where one is? Cuz all I see is a junkie.

COP

Baby, I'm clean.

MARINA

Prove it.

He rolls up his sleeves. No fresh marks.

MARINA

Take off your boots.

COP
Marina, please...

MARINA
I know your tricks.

Cop gets down on his knees.

MARINA
Ay. Cabron. Have some dignity.

COP
Marina, I'm begging you...

She slaps his face. Not hard.

MARINA
Gimme the dope.

COP
Please, Marina, take me back.

Another slap. Harder. Cop takes it. He's broken.

MARINA
Give me the dope.

He hands over the balloon. She eyes him with contempt.

MARINA
What happened to you? You used to
be so strong.

COP
It's the junk, baby. It's got me
all sideways. I'll go into re-hab.
I swear to God.

MARINA
Okay. Let's go. Right now.

COP
After this case. I gotta finish
this case.

Marina rolls her eyes. Cop grabs her hand.

COP
I just want to be here. Kiss the
kids good night. Just one night.

She pulls her hand away.

MARINA

One night. That's all.

MOUNTAIN ROAD

Driver carrying injured coyote to Super Sport. Opens door. Gingerly lays coyote on back seat. Coyote whimpers again. Driver gently pets it.

Coyote comes to! Vicious. Snarling. Takes snap at Driver. Teeth find flesh. Blood flies.

Driver grabs wound. Coyote springs through open window. Limp off. Turns back. One last fuck-you look for Driver. Then, he disappears into trees.

Driver, for first and only time, smiles.

DESOLATE HILLS DUSK

Lily in wedding dress plinking cans and bottles with Killer's Glock. Killer watches her shoot.

Lily squeezes off final three rounds -- POP, POP, POP.

Final shot sends a can flying.

Lily turns to Killer, smiling proudly.

KILLER

Let's start a family. Right away.

LILY

A family? Are you serious?

Killer becomes animated, manic.

KILLER

Why not? We'll sell the house in the desert. Buy a Craftsman in Pasadena...

LILY

But you love that house.

He paces.

KILLER

It's not right for a family. It's too ironic. I'm sick of irony. And we'll get rid of the art work. All of it. We'll buy landscapes. And we'll have four kids.

Lily giggles.

LILY
How 'bout five?

KILLER
Sure. Why not?

LILY
Can we name one of them Steve?

KILLER
Steve? Absolutely.

LILY
What about your work?

KILLER
I'll quit.

LILY
Just like that?

Killer squeezes of three shots with Glock. Three bottles explode. Incredible marksmanship.

KILLER
Just like that.

MOUNTAINS ABOVE HENDERSON NEVADA NIGHT

Super Sport descends a mountain road. Spangle of lights below.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT NIGHT

Drive fiddles with knob on radio. Snatches of music, talk radio, then stopping on a SERMON. Voice from the ether. BLACK EVANGELIST. Faint signal, crackling with static.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
(on radio)
Brother, put down that bottle, put
down that cocaine, that
methamphetamine. Put down that
concupiscence, that lust of flesh.

HENDERSON STRIP CLUB

Motorcycles and pickup trucks dominate parking lot.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 Put down that .45. That .38. That
 .357 Magnum. Put it down, brother.

Super Sport pulls to a stop. Headlight FILLS FRAME. Dying
 moth quivers on glass. Driver cuts engine. Headlight
 filament cools and fades.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver looks at strip club.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 Put down those wicked ways and say
 his name. Jesus Christ. Say his
 name.
 (beat, softer)
 Can you hear me out there?

STRIP CLUB ENTRANCE

TWO BOUNCERS pat down PATRONS as they enter. Big bouncer,
 huge bouncer.

Huge bouncer pats down cowboy.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
 (almost whispering)
 Forgive them that trespassed
 against you...

CLOSE ON HUGE BOUNCER'S HAND. BAPHOMET GOAT tattooed on back
 of hand. THE HAND THAT SLIT DRIVER'S BROTHER'S THROAT.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
 ...forgive them and it will set you
 free.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver turns off radio. Hides Ruger under seat.

STRIP CLUB ENTRANCE

Baphomet finishes up with cowboy. Turns to partner.

BAPHOMET
 Gotta piss.

He heads into club as Driver arrives.

OTHER BOUNCER

Arms up.

Driver complies. Watches Baphomet head towards restroom.

RESTROOM

ANCIENT BLACK BATHROOM ATTENDANT stands next to sink counter tidying after shave bottles. Baphomet enters.

STRIP CLUB

Driver enters. Blaze of strobes, wall of sound. Strippers popping booty to ear-shattering hip-hop.

Driver's eyes probe darkness, looking for a weapon:

Ball point pen scribbling.

Knife and fork cutting meat.

Ice pick stabbing at clump of ice.

BARTENDER lays down ice pick. Walks away.

Driver passes bar.

RESTROOM

Baphomet finishes peeing inside stall. Zips up.

Baphomet exits stall.

Driver standing there.

Baphomet washes hands. Driver remains. Staring. Baphomet looks over at him.

BAPHOMET

What?

DRIVER

Bakersfield. '96.

Realizes who is standing before him.

BAPHOMET

Okay...
(nods)

Okay.

Baphomet dries hands.

BAPHOMET
You've grown some.

Understatement of the year.

Baphomet sees ice pick in Driver's hand. Reaches to back of belt. Pulls Bowie knife. Ten inch blade.

Baphomet looks over at ancient BATHROOM ATTENDANT, who hasn't noticed what is happening.

BAPHOMET
Joe.

He's half deaf.

BAPHOMET
Joe!

The attendant looks up. Sees the weapons. Shits a brick.

ATTENDANT
Oh shitty!

BAPHOMET
I want you to go outside and dead bolt this door. Only one of us is gonna come out of here. No matter who it is, you didn't see a damn thing. Right?

Attendant nods.

BAPHOMET
Go on now.

Attendant starts to go.

BAPHOMET
Joe.

Attendant hovers.

BAPHOMET
If I don't make it, you tell my old lady there's eight hundred dollars under the mattress.

ATTENDANT
Okey-dokey.

BAPHOMET
And tell her not to fuck the landlord.

ATTENDANT

Don't fuck the landlord. Got it.

Attendant leaves, muttering Baphomet's instructions to himself. SOUND OF DOOR LOCKING from other side.

Driver and Baphomet size one another up. Baphomet dwarfs Driver.

BAPHOMET

All right then...

They do a slow circle.

And...

then...

They go at it. Raw. Brutal. Fast.

Baphomet goes for big strike. Misses. Driver pig sticks him three times in succession. Perfect strikes. Heart. Kidney. Liver.

Blink you miss it. Just like that.

Driver steps back.

BAPHOMET

Fuck!

Three flowers of blood blossom on Baphomet's shirt. Knees go wobbly. Holds onto wall. Looks up at Driver. Disbelieving.

BAPHOMET

It's over?

Driver nods. Baphomet's knife clatters to the floor.

BAPHOMET

God damn!

Drops to knees. Stares at floor and does the math.

BAPHOMET

(whisper)

I'm dying...in a fucking
bathroom...

Driver watches Baphomet go through the five stages of grief in record time.

Only sound is Baphomet's labored breathing. Distant BASS THUMP from dance floor.

They look at one another, awkward as two teens on their first date.

BAPHOMET

Would you do something for me?

Baphomet takes cell phone out of pocket. Labored breathing.

BAPHOMET

I got a son...in Bullhead City.

(catches breath)

Would you call him?

Baphomet slides the phone across floor. Driver stares at it.

BAPHOMET

Tell him his old man is sorry.

Driver doesn't move. Baphomet pale as a shroud.

BAPHOMET

Come on, man. He didn't do nothin'
to nobody.

(beat)

Just tell him I'm sorry.

Driver picks up phone.

DRIVER

I've never used one of these.

BAPHOMET

He's on speed dial...number
three...just press it down and hold
it.

Driver pockets phone. Baphomet closes eyes. Slumps to floor. Sputters blood, airbrushing white tile. Groans. Chest heaves up and down.

PHONE RINGING. TEEN PICKS UP ON OTHER END.

TEEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hello.

Long pause.

TEEN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

DRIVER (V.O.)

Your father is sorry.

Baphomet's breathing slows.

TEEN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Who is this?

DRIVER (V.O.)
He said he was sorry.

Baphomet stops breathing.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT NIGHT

Driver illuminated by dash light. Holds phone to ear as he negotiates mountain road.

TEEN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Is he okay?

Long pause.

TEEN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Did something happen?

DRIVER
Yeah.
(beat)
Something happened.

Driver hangs up.

CABIN MOTELS NIGHT

Several rustic cabins overlook a gurgling stream.

INSIDE CABIN

Lily sleeping alone.

Weapons, ammo, cleaning patches, gun oil spread out on table. Killer sits there looking at Killerblog on computer.

Killer scrolls through past entries. Graphic, stylized images: past killings, anonymous locations, weapons, ammunition, a one dollar bill changing hands.

Killer clicks on a menu selection, "IN THE BEGINNING."

A PHOTO of a **SKINNY UNDERSIZED KID**. Sickly runt on metal crutches. Clunky braces on legs.

Killer smiles at sight of photo. Killer in shorts. Surgical scars visible on legs. Killer's hand runs the length of big scar on thigh.

LILY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Killer turns. Sees Lily sitting up in bed.

KILLER
Getting ready.

Killer starts cleaning Glock with bore brush and cleaning patch.

Lily comes over to the table.

LILY
You said you were quitting.

KILLER
I am.
(beat)
After this one.

Killer goes back to cleaning gun.

LILY
You don't have to do this.

Lily sits down opposite Killer. Looks at photo of Driver. Driver's dead eyes staring at her from prison mug shot.

LILY
I've had a bad feeling about this
job from the moment I saw this.

Lily pushes the photograph away from her.

LILY
Just let it go, baby.

KILLER
I can't.

LILY
For me?

Killer catches sight of photo of himself as a child.

KILLER
I can't.

LILY
Then do it for Steve.

Echo of their conversation earlier.

LILY
You said you wanted to start a
family.

KILLER
And I meant it.

LILY
Then don't do this.

KILLER
I have to finish it, Lily. I have
to know.
(beat)
Or I could never look Steve in the
eye.

Long pause, then Lily picks up Glock mag and starts
methodically loading it. Killer continues cleaning gun.

Killer as child smiles awkwardly from screen. MOVE DOWN to
prison mug photo of Driver. Mismatch is an understatement.

INSIDE TRACT HOUSE TERESA'S ROOM NIGHTTIME

Cop kisses seven year old TERESA'S head.

JORGE'S ROOM

Cop creeps into Jorge's room. Kisses him good night.
Smooths his hair back. Starts to leave.

JORGE
(sleepy)
Daddy?

Cop turns.

JORGE
Do you wear diapers?

COP
What?

JORGE
Jason Walker said he saw you buying
a pack of diapers at Albertson's.

COP
No, son. I don't wear diapers.

JORGE
Do you promise?

COP
Yeah. I promise.

HALLWAY

Cop exits Jorge's room. A THUMP, then a CRASH from the bathroom. Cop goes to bathroom door.

COP
Marina?

BATHROOM

Cop enters. Marina sprawled on the tile. Broken glass and makeup containers scattered around her.

Cop sees heroin balloon and rolled up dollar on counter. Remnants of a line of dope.

COP
Oh Jesus. Marina.

Cop goes to her. Marina mumbles.

COP
Why? Why did you do this?

She touches his face. Looks up at him through the drug haze.

MARINA
I'm afraid...I'm so afraid...

She starts to cry. He holds her.

COP
What are you afraid of?

MARINA
I'm wicked...

COP
Don't say that.

MARINA
I'm a wicked woman and I'm going to hell.

Mascara tears roll down her face.

MARINA
Do you know what hell is? It ain't fire and devils and all that stuff they taught you when you was little.

She pauses, head lolling, eyes unfocused. Then the words come tumbling out in a dope-fueled slur.

MARINA

We make our heaven and hell while
we're alive...every time you cause
pain...every time you cause
suffering...it doesn't just go
away...this web you spin...it waits
for you...and when you die...that
grief you caused to others...it
tangles you up and eats your soul
for the rest of time.

COP

But what about the love? From me.
From the kids. Won't that be there
for you too?

She smiles. Slowly shakes her head.

MARINA

It's not enough...it's not
enough...

She passes out.

MARINA'S BEDROOM

Cop carries her to bed. Smooths down her nightgown. Gently covers her.

BATHROOM

Cop cleans up.

Scoops up remains of heroin and flushes it down toilet.

Picks up broken glass.

Neatly places makeup on sink counter shelf.

Snatches up heroin balloon.

KITCHEN

Cop throws heroin balloon in trash.

MARINA'S BEDROOM

Cop spooning next to her on top of comforter. He leans in and smells her hair. Closes eyes. He's home.

MOUNTAINS ABOVE HENDERSON SUNRISE

Quickening sky silhouettes mountains.

MOUNTAIN RIVER SUNRISE

Super Sport parked off the road. Mountain river cascades over boulders.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
(on radio)
A river of blood?

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver's eyes snap open. Reaches for gun. Realizes where he is. Relaxes grip.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
(on radio)
Would that be enough to slake your
thirst?

QUICK SHOTS:

Driver washes face in freezing river.

Swallows handful of Folgers crystals. Chased by Mountain Dew.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
(on radio)
An ocean?

Driver snapping off pushups.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
(on radio)
Where will it end?

CABIN MORNING

Killer stripped down to shorts.

Quick shots. Series of yoga poses:

Cobra. Archer. Crow. Firefly. Crane. Combination of incredible strength and flexibility. He ends with...

Peacock. Effortlessly holds weight of body off of floor with arms. Seems to float in the air. Breathing measured and calm.

INSIDE TRACT HOUSE BATHROOM MORNING

Naked Cop looking at reflection in steamed mirror. After all of the abuse, he's still got some muscle. Sucks gut in. Flexes. Not bad. Not bad at all.

CABIN

Killer emerges from bathroom dressed to kill.

He looks at Lily. Serene sleeping beauty.

Killer removes top from a tube of lipstick.

Draws a vertical line on the wall opposite the bed, up to the ceiling.

TRACT HOUSE INSIDE

Cop dressed for work. Whistling. Bounce to his step. Pours cup of coffee.

TRACT HOUSE OUTSIDE

Cop drives away.

INSIDE CROWN VIC

Cop eases up to stop sign. Stays there idling. Thinking. Fingers nervously tap steering wheel. Puts car in reverse.

OUTSIDE TRACT HOUSE

Turdmobile backs up driveway. Cop exits. Leaves engine running.

OUTSIDE TRASH PEN

Cop rummages through trash can, looking for something. Finds it...

The heroin balloon.

CABIN

Lily's eyes open. Sees empty bed next to her. Sits up. Sees...

Red line on the opposite wall. Follow red line up to CEILING. Ends in arrow pointing at TINY HANDWRITING inside RED HEART.

Lily squints. Can't make out what it says. Stands on the bed.

CAMERA IN TIGHT. TRACKING THESE WORDS:

"Anyone who looks at you and does not fall completely silent or laugh out loud or explode into pieces is nothing more than the stone of their own prison."

INSIDE CROWN VIC

Cop is on the phone. Cicero picks up on other end.

COP

It's me. You hear about the
stabbing in Henderson?

CICERO'S BEDROOM

Cicero still in bed. Half-empty bottle of Don Julio tequila.
Overflowing ashtray.

CICERO

What about it?

INTERCUT:

COP

I've got a hunch it's our guy.

CICERO

Doesn't fit the m.o. Our guy's a
shooter, not a stabber.

COP

Like I said, I've got a hunch.

CICERO

So did Quasimoto. Look where it
got him.

COP

I'm just gonna go ask a few
questions.

CICERO

It's out of our jurisdiction.

COP

I already cleared it with the
Henderson I.C. I'm heading over
right now.

CICERO

You go, cowboy.

Cicero hangs up. Mallory is in bed next to her.

DETECTIVE MALLORY

What got into him?

CICERO

Beats me.

Cicero gets out of bed.

DETECTIVE MALLORY
Come back here. He wants to
snuggle.

Mallory points down at the huge bulge in the sheets.

CICERO
You better get on the phone to
Disneyland, buddy.

She heads to the bathroom.

CICERO
And I want to stay at the Grand
Californian.

DETECTIVE MALLORY
I never said anything about staying
overnight!

MOUNTAIN RIVER

Driver oils Ruger barrel with a rag and motor oil from the
Super Sport's dipstick.

DRIVER
Stay in school.

Holds Ruger up to the light.

DRIVER
Don't do drugs.

Sees his own reflection on the barrel -- warped and weird
like a funhouse mirror.

DRIVER
Don't kill people.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver heads down mountain, away from Henderson. RADIO PLAYS
in b.g.

DRIVER
Just stay out of trouble...

Driver looks down at cell phone on seat.

DRIVER
I'm sorry I had to kill him.

Picks up cell phone and speed dials number three. PHONE RINGS.

DRIVER
I'm sorry he had to die.

NEWS REPORT ON THE RADIO:

REPORTER
A Henderson man is fighting for his life this morning after being stabbed several times last night.

Driver listens to report. Teen picks up on other end.

TEEN'S VOICE (O.S)
Hello.

REPORTER
The man is listed in critical condition at Clark County Medical Center. Doctors say he's lucky to be alive.

On Driver. Disbelieving. He's still alive. Driver closes eyes.

FLASH

Ten years ago. Baphomet's hand slices across brother's throat. Driver screams SILENT SCREAM.

TEEN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Is somebody there?

Nope. Driver hangs up.

Driver picks up gun.

HIGH SHOT

Super Sport makes U-turn. Heads back towards Henderson.

Autumn sun flickers through denuded trees.

OUTSIDE CLARK COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER DUSK

Medium-sized hospital surrounded by desert. Purple mountains beyond.

OPERATING ROOM NIGHT

A team of DOCTORS and NURSES works feverishly to save Baphomet's life.

HENDERSON DETECTIVE (V.O.)
He's been in and out of surgery all day.

CLARK COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER CAFETERIA

Cop and a HENDERSON DETECTIVE drinking coffee. Mug shot of Driver on table.

HENDERSON DETECTIVE
Might be days before you can talk to him.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver comes down the same mountain road. Henderson visible below.

CLARK COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER CAFETERIA

Henderson detective stands up. Shake hands.

COP
I appreciate your cooperation, detective.

HENDERSON DETECTIVE
I'll walk you out.

COP
You go ahead. I need to use the bathroom.

OUTSIDE CLARK COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER NIGHT

Henderson Detective exits the hospital and heads to his car.

UPPER WINDOW OUTSIDE

Cop watches from window as detective drives away.

INSIDE LOUNGE

Cop watching from lounge window. Looks out into the night.

COP
Where are you?

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Hospital comes into view up ahead. Driver circles hospital, surveilling. Shark in the water.

HOSPITAL BATHROOM

Cop snorts heroin from corner of credit card. Looks at reflection.

COP

You can do this, man.

Cop's hand goes to belt. Unbuttons holster strap.

HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Driver approaches hospital. Breath clouds in front of him in cold desert air.

FAMILY emerges from hospital. MOM in wheelchair holding NEWBORN.

Driver eyes baby as they pass.

Mom eyes Driver. Holds baby closer.

HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM

Baphomet on operating table surrounded by DOCTORS and NURSES. Heart monitor goes flatline.

NURSE

We're losing him.

STAIRWELL

Driver trudges up stairwell.

OPERATING ROOM

Doctor applies defibrillator to Baphomet.

THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Driver peeks through door. Hall is clear. Driver follows signs towards operating room.

LOUNGE

Cop reading Cosmopolitan article -- *Five Steps to Rekindling the Passion*. Cop looks around. Rips article out of magazine.

OPERATING ROOM

Baphomet jerks as charge is applied. Nurse suddenly looks up.

NURSE

Doctor...

Doctor follows Nurse's gaze. Driver stands there watching.

DRIVER

Move away.

DOCTOR

Somebody get him out of here!

Driver raises Ruger.

SOUND DROPS OUT.

Doctor and nurses scramble for cover.

Driver fires Ruger at Baphomet. NO SOUND. Huge muzzle flame leaps from barrel.

Suddenly...

PANDEMONIUM. Nurses and Doctors SCREAM and scatter. Baphomet's monitoring equipment SHRIEKS.

Driver raises gun again.

LOUNGE

Cop bursts from lounge, yanking gun from holster.

OPERATING ROOM

Cop enters and sees the mayhem and panic. Runs back out.

NURSES' STATION

Flurry of activity. More panic. Cop catches sight of Driver heading into stairwell at far end of hall.

Cop is already winded. Sees open elevator. Runs for it.

LOBBY

Driver bursts through stair exit door. Sees TWO SECURITY GUARDS with unholstered weapons. He could kill them easily but heads back to the stairs.

Security guards turn and see Driver as he enters stairwell.

GUARD
Stop right there!

Elevator doors open. Cop rushes out. Sees guards. Sees Driver enter stairwell again.

COP
What's below us?

GUARD
Basement. Radiology. Blood lab.
It's all closed down for the night.

COP
Wait here.

Cop heads for the stairs.

COP
And call for backup!

BASEMENT

Long, dimly lit hallway. Driver exits stairwell and heads down hall towards another exit at the far end.

STAIRWELL

Cop runs down stairs. Stops at door. Catches his breath. Hears A METALLIC RATTLING SOUND. Looks down.

His gun hand trembling, gun rattling against the stair rail. Cop takes deep breath.

BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Tentatively enters hallway. Sees Driver at far end of hall. Cop opens up without any warning.

Bullets slam into wall behind Driver. He turns and fires at Cop from opposite end of hall. Hundred feet away.

Cop scrambles around corner. Returns fire. Driver steps forward. Keeps firing. Bullets rip into circuit breaker on wall.

Circuit breaker sparks. Lights flicker and go out in hall. Pitch black.

Lights flicker. Strobe effect.

Driver speed loading six-shot Ruger. Cop sees Driver reloading. Emerges, firing wildly. Lights go out.

PITCH BLACK.

Cop and Driver continue firing. Muzzle flashes light them up as they fire and zig-zag down hall toward one another.

Silence.

STILL PITCH BLACK.

Nothing...

Then...

LIGHTS FLICKER BRIEFLY.

Cop is staring right down Driver's gun barrel. Point blank. Dead man. Cop closes eyes. Driver pulls trigger. CLICK. Gun is empty. Driver kicks Cop in chest, knocking him to floor.

HALL GOES BLACK AGAIN.

Cop fires. Muzzle flashes reveal Cop on his back firing his weapon. Crawling backwards.

LIGHTS FLICKER ON. No sign of Driver. Door at other end of hall closes with a soft click.

OUTSIDE PARKING LOT

Driver runs through lot. FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS in the distance.

Cop emerges from hospital. Runs after Driver.

Driver piles into car. Cop keeps running. Opens fire as Driver cranks engine.

Cop in all out sprint. Faster.

Driver rips away in Super Sport.

Cop keeps running and shooting until he is empty. Continues on until he can't run another step. Staggered. Stops. Gasping for air. Doubles over. Looks down at gun hand.

Hand is no longer shaking.

BINOCULAR POV

Cop seen from a great distance.

INSIDE GT

Killer watching it all go down from vantage point in hills above hospital. Scans away from cop with binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV

Binoculars pan the streets. Find the Super Sport tearing away from the hospital.

INSIDE GT

Killer fires the engine. Heads out in pursuit.

MOUNTAIN ROAD NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Driver doing 100 per on the TWO LANE ROAD. Passes some slow moving cars. Traffic approaches. Driver takes Super Sport back to proper lane. Something catches his attention in rear view.

REAR VIEW

GT is coming on fast, passing cars ten at a time.

INSIDE GT

Killer determined. Sees Super Sport about a quarter mile ahead.

Super Sport pulls back into oncoming lane, passing line of cars.

Killer guns it. Closing distance. Right on Driver's bumper. Killer grips Glock. Starts to aim and shoot at Driver.

Killer sees eighteen wheeler approaching half mile ahead. Takes GT over to paved left shoulder. Pulls even with Super Sport.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver sees Killer on his left. Slow line of traffic to his right. Eighteen wheeler coming head-on. Completely trapped. Not a problem.

Driver punches brakes and goes into outrageous controlled spin, ending up in opposite direction.

Eighteen wheeler about to flatten him. HORN DOPPLERING.

Driver shifts and punches it. Back down the mountain just ahead of eighteen wheeler. Driver checks rear view.

REAR VIEW

Killer stuck on left shoulder, still heading up mountain.

HIGHWAY 147

Instead of heading back into Henderson, Driver takes 147 into the bleakest part of the godforsaken mountains. Driver turns off headlights.

CLARK COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER NIGHT

Awash in flickering red and blue of cop cars, EMS vehicles.

TECHNICIANS circle spent casings with chalk and mark them with little flags.

TWO DETECTIVES examine Cop's gun.

Cop with Henderson Detective.

COP

I thought I'd get another cup of coffee and a bite to eat before I hit the road. Next thing I know, all hell broke loose.

HENDERSON DETECTIVE

We're gonna have to do a full investigation but all in all I'd say if you hadn't been here, a lot more people might have gotten killed tonight.

HIGHWAY 147

You couldn't imagine a more desolate stretch of road. SOUND OF SUPER SPORT approaching.

It passes, lights still out. Ghost car.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver motors along. CELL PHONE RINGS. Driver picks it up.

TEEN'S VOICE

Why do you have my dad's phone?

DRIVER

He asked me to call you.

TEEN'S VOICE

Are you the one who killed him?

Long pause.

DRIVER

Yes.

TEEN'S VOICE

Why?

No response. The kid's voice breaks.

TEEN'S VOICE

I'm gonna kill you. Do you hear me, motherfucker?

DRIVER

You do what you need to do.

Driver closes phone.

WINDOW SUDDENLY SHATTERS. Bullet creases Driver's neck. Blood pumps.

It's the Killer. Headlights out just like the Driver's.

Killer opens up with silenced Glock. Pop, pop, pop.

Bullets slam into Super Sport.

Driver returns fire. Killer remains calm.

They come to the top of a rise.

The LIGHTS OF VEGAS shimmer.

SMASH INTO.

LAS VEGAS STRIP

Crazy traffic. As always. But it's fixing to get a lot crazier. Super Sport and a Porsche Carrera GT suddenly appear.

Impossible speeds. Insane video-game lane changes. Traffic lights don't exist.

They will traverse the entire strip in less than a minute. Then they're gone. Like they were never there.

DESERT ROAD

Vegas now shimmering behind them. The chase continues. Driver doing 110, 120, 130...

Killer doing 140, 150, gaining, then...

BAM! Tire explodes. Car careens out of control. Killer can't keep it on the road. GT jumps shoulder, rolls into culvert.

INSIDE GT

Air bags deploy. Car fills with smoke and dirt. Tumbles to a stop. Upright. Killer catches breath. Kicks dashboard.

KILLER

Fuck!

Kicks dash over and over again. Stops.

Looks suddenly anxious. Catches his breath. Reaches for glove compartment. Pulls pill bottle from glove compartment. PAXIL.

Pops top. Shakes out a pill. Starts to take it. Stops. Throws it, and bottle, out window.

OUTSIDE GT

Totalled. Killer crawls out through window. Goes to trunk. Grabs weapons bag. Limpes away.

MOJAVE DESERT EARLY HOURS

Full moon glowing. Gaudy bauble limns parched landscape.

Route 66 cuts meandering swath through Martian desert. Middle of fucking nowhere.

Super Sport appears. Turns onto dirt road. Negotiates rutted washboard.

DESERT RAT HOUSE MOJAVE EARLY HOURS

Super Sport eases up in front of desert rat house a mile off the road.

Jumble of mechanical detritus litters front of house: old washing machines, car chassis, fifty gallon drums, stacks of rusted sheet metal.

INSIDE DESERT RAT HOUSE EARLY HOURS

Driver enters quietly. Shirt covered with blood from neck wound. Treads through living "room." Enough moonlight to illuminate Old Granddad bottles. Lots of them.

Heads down hallway to bedroom. Door open. He peers in.

Two figures in bed. MAN and WOMAN. Fan blasting hot desert air.

Driver pulls gun. Creeps over to bed. Puts gun to woman's head. Watery blue eyes slowly open. Driver puts index finger to lips.

They speak in whispers:

DRIVER
Who's that?

WOMAN
Friend.

DRIVER
Where's the old man?

WOMAN
Dead.

DRIVER
How long?

WOMAN
I don't know. Three, four years.
Didn't you read my letters?

DRIVER
No.

Driver turns on light. Man stirs. Young dude. Rough trade. Sees Driver all bloody. The chrome-plated cannon. Hands go up. He ain't that tough.

DRIVER
Get out.

YOUNG DUDE
I didn't know she had a boyfriend.

WOMAN
He's my son, stupid.

DESERT RAT HOUSE LIVING ROOM

The living room is a jumble of junk. Lifetime of bric-a-brac, old newspapers, faded photographs.

Mother almost finished sewing Driver's neck wound closed with needle and thread.

Mother's hair is pulled back, revealing fading beauty laid siege by desert sun.

He flinches as mother jabs a little too hard with needle.

MOTHER

Be still.

She clips off end of thread with her teeth.

MOTHER

I'm done.

Driver picks up photo album. Flips through the photos.

Glimpses of Driver and older brother Gary in various photos. Driver lingers on one photo: Gary confident, smiling; Driver withdrawn, shy.

MOTHER

How long you been out?

Driver keeps thumbing through photos. Stops on one...

Driver and Gary. Little boys. Standing high on a cliff. A river down below. They hold a stringer of fish between them. Big smiles.

DRIVER

Couple of days.

MOTHER

Why you here?

DRIVER

Came here to kill the old man.

She eyes him.

MOTHER

Why?

DRIVER

He set us up.

MOTHER

What makes you think that?

DRIVER

Gary went to him for advice on the bank job. He wanted a full share. Gary wouldn't give it to him.

MOTHER

You think your father was capable
of murdering his own sons?

DRIVER

Yes.

Driver looks down at photo: Driver's father flanked by Driver
and Gary. They all hold hunting rifles. Gary and Father
smiling, Driver looking away uncomfortably.

MOTHER

No. He couldn't have.

DRIVER

Why not?

MOTHER

Because he loved your brother too
much.

There it is: He loved your brother, not you.

MOTHER

I'm sorry but it's true.

DRIVER

I know.

MOTHER

It wasn't your fault...I couldn't
pretend you were his...You never
stood a chance with him.

She looks at him.

MOTHER

I know what he did to you. The
beatings. I'm sorry I couldn't
protect you.

DRIVER

Gary was the only one who ever
tried.

Driver looks down at photo of himself and Gary as smiling
kids.

DRIVER

He tried to look out for me till
the very end. I was weak and it
got him killed.

She reaches out to touch his hand. He pulls away. All business again.

DRIVER

If it wasn't the old man, then who set us up?

He flips to final page of album. Photo: DRIVER AND BROTHER ALONG WITH CREW AND GIRLFRIENDS.

MOTHER

I don't know. But he wasn't the only one knew about that bank job.

She nods towards photograph in Driver's lap. Driver looks at it...

The TWO COHORTS with GIRLFRIENDS, THE DRIVER with his girlfriend. Driver's brother, GARY, his arm around a BEAUTIFUL LATINA. MOVE CLOSER. We know this woman.

Her name is **MARINA**. The wife of the Cop.

INSIDE VEGAS PORSCHE DEALERSHIP

A brand new black Carrera GT on display. Carbon copy of Killer's car.

A black American Express card is slapped down on a table.

PORSCHE SALESMAN looks up from paperwork. Sees Killer.

KILLER

I'll take that one.

PIONEER CEMETERY

Derelict necropolis smack dab in middle of desert. Dust and tumbleweed blowing in hot wind.

Seen from behind. Driver standing at a small grave marker recessed in the ground. Marker reads, "...HUSBAND AND FATHER..."

An emotional moment? No. Maybe. In a manner of speaking...

He unzips pants. Pisses on father's grave.

OUTSIDE VEGAS PORSCHE DEALERSHIP

Killer drives GT off of lot.

PIONEER CEMETERY MORNING

Driver attacking different grave with a pick-axe.

NAMEPLATE: "BELOVED SON AND BROTHER."

Driver hits concrete with pick. Goes to knees. Digs with hands. Pulls up concrete slab. Reaches into ground and pulls out urn.

ROAD OUTSIDE OF VEGAS

GT pulls up to red light alongside jacked up F-150 pickup. THREE BIG-ASS DESERT RATS eyeball the Killer.

INSIDE GT

Killer looks over at pickup. Sees the rats staring. One of them mouths something to him.

Killer rolls down window.

KILLER
You say something?

RAT ONE
You want to suck my what?

They laugh. Killer rolls his eyes.

RAT TWO
He just got out of jail, man.
Don't pay him no mind.

Killer lets it go.

RAT TWO
Nice car.

KILLER
Thanks.

RAT TWO
How much cock do you have to suck
to afford a car like that?

They howl. Killer stares. Pissed. Rat One stares back.

RAT ONE
Come on, faggot, let's go.

Light turns green.

Killer grudgingly backs down. Eases away from light. Truck keeps pace.

RAT ONE
I didn't think so.

Killer pulls away. The truck turns into the parking lot of a run-down bar.

INSIDE GT

Killer wants to follow them into parking lot. Slows.

The rats taunt him from parking lot, waving him back.

Killer thinks better of it. Continues on.

Rats enter bar.

Killer notices MUG SHOT OF DRIVER on the seat next to him. Goading him.

FROM ABOVE

Killer makes a slow U-turn.

ICONIC IMAGE CLIFF OVERLOOKING RIVER

The cliff where he and his brother stood with the fish. The river snakes below.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O)
(on radio)
For he that sows the wind, reaps
the whirlwind.

Driver stands on the cliff. Holding urn with brother's ashes. He empties urn.

Thick white ribbon ascends on wind. Genie of ash scattering, then descending like snow toward the river below.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driving away from lake.

THE EVANGELIST (O.S.)
(on radio)
He hath no standing grain. The
stalk will yield no meal. If it
does yield, strangers will swallow
it up.

OUTSIDE RUN-DOWN BAR

GT parked outside next to the desert rat pickup truck.

Bar door opens. Killer steps out. Blood on shirt, fists, face. Blank expression. Breath clouds the air in rapid bursts.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

What's wrong?

KILLER (V.O.)

I'm crashing. Big time.

INSIDE GT

Killer driving away from bar. Wipes blood from face.

KILLER

I'm blue, you know? I'm blue and I'm pissed off and I did something bad. Something I am not very proud of.

PSYCHIATRIST

What did you do?

KILLER

I can't tell you.

INSIDE RUN-DOWN BAR EARLIER

The three desert rats sit at the bar chatting with BARTENDER. Front door flies open. Killer enters.

Rats immediately spring to their feet.

Killer snatches wet bar towel from bar. Twirls it into a tight rat-tail. Dips the tip into a glass of beer.

First guy attacks. Killer snaps towel like a whip. Towel POPS like a firecracker, exploding dude's eyeball. Guy flops on floor clutching face.

Second opponent throws straight right hand. Killer catches opponent by whipping towel around his wrist. Straightens his arm. Three rapid punches. Shoulder. Elbow. Wrist. Shattered. Two down.

Biggest desert rat snatches Killer in choke hold from behind. Bartender grabs axe handle. Leaps over bar. Swings axe-handle. Hits Killer with glancing blow.

Killer wraps towel around his own hand. Breaks beer glass on bar with towel-wrapped hand. Snatches shard of glass. Slices Bartender's wrist down to the bone. Arterial blood pumps.

Biggest rat still has death grip around Killer's throat. Killer thrashes and kicks, but can't dislodge him. Killer staggers across room, losing consciousness.

Killer manages to whip towel back over his head and around rat's throat. Killer chokes back. Problem is, rat has a big head start.

Killer speeds things along. Loosens towel, then snaps the ends violently in opposite directions. Rat's vertebrae and trachea POP. Desert rat falls to knees, gasping and choking.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

I went too far.

BACK INSIDE GT

Killer driving. Still talking to psychiatrist on Bluetooth.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

And why do you think that is?

KILLER

I'm very good at what I do. You know? I take a lot of pride in my work. But there's this new guy...a rival...

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

Business competition?

KILLER

In a manner of speaking.

INSIDE RUN-DOWN BAR

Killer standing over biggest desert rat. Still on his knees.

PSYCHIATRIST

And he's gotten under your skin?

Killer picks up bar stool.

KILLER (V.O.)

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

And you took it out on someone else?

Rat looks up at Killer. His hands in attitude of supplication.

KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Yes.

Killer smashes rat's face with bar stool.

BACK INSIDE GT

Killer leaves bar in rear view mirror.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

You need to stop what you're doing and go back on your meds.

KILLER

No. It's too late for that. I'm too far down the road.

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE DAY

Cop enters. Warm welcome and applause from co-workers. Handshakes and congrats all 'round. Cicero claps him on the back.

CICERO

I hear you almost got him.

Cop shrugs.

COP

Or he almost got me. Depends on how you look at it.

Cicero leads Cop away.

CICERO

I want you to take a look at something. We might have caught a break.

COP

We?

CICERO

Yeah. We. You and me.

BAKERSFIELD ROBBERY/HOMICIDE LATER

Mug shots of Telemarketer, Old Guy and Baphomet strewn on a desk along with other, unfamiliar mug shots.

CICERO

They've all got records. Armed robbery, rape, assault. None of them did any serious time though.

COP

Why is that?

CICERO

They were all informants at one time or another.

COP

Informants? All three of them?

CICERO

That's right. Snitched their way out of the joint over and over again.

COP

What do you make of it?

CICERO

I don't know. Could be a coincidence. But what are the odds of that?

Cop sifts through unfamiliar mug shots.

COP

Who are these guys?

CICERO

Known former accomplices of the first three victims. I figured we could split them up and check 'em out.

RURAL ROAD EASTERN SIERRAS DAYTIME

Super Sport traveling lone ribbon of road toward MONO LAKE. Sierras a stunning backdrop.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver listening intently.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)

(on the radio))

And he said to his disciples,
 "Verily I say unto you, that ye
 shall weep and lament, but the
 world shall rejoice: and ye shall
 be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall
 be turned away..."

Driver looks down at list on seat beside him. Sees the last name. One more and he's done.

HIGHWAY 395

Turdmobile on the move.

INSIDE TURDMOBILE

Mug shots scattered on seat beside cop.

MONO LAKE DAYTIME

Mono Lake's stark stunning beauty. Ancient tufa towers rise like something from a Dali painting. Snow-capped peaks loom beyond. Wind howls.

OUTSIDE YOUTH MINISTRIES REVIVAL TENT

Big white revival tent surrounded by pre-fabricated steel buildings. Wind whips tent walls.

Radio antenna towers over compound.

INSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Poor congregation. Mostly minorities. Many teenage boys in white shirts.

THE EVANGELIST in the pulpit. Linebacker big. White shirt drenched with perspiration. He speaks into a radio microphone, sending out a live broadcast.

THE EVANGELIST

Jesus told them of how a woman has
 sorrow and pain in the throes of
 child birth but as soon as she has
 delivered, there is no more
 anguish. There is only joy that a
 child has been born into the world.

The Evangelist looks up. About to speak. Stops short. Something has caught his attention.

THE EVANGELIST

I...um...

The Evangelist pauses. Sees him.

The Driver. Standing at the back entrance.

The Evangelist nods almost imperceptibly.

He regains his composure. Looks at his notes. Smiles at his flock. Deep breath.

The Evangelist's voice gathers strength.

THE EVANGELIST

Behold, my hour is cometh...

Evangelist closes his eyes. Feeling it. Whipping up his flock.

THE EVANGELIST

In the world yea shall have
tribulation: but be of good
cheer...

His voice thunders.

THE EVANGELIST

Because I have overcome the world.
Amen!

CONGREGATION

Amen!

THE EVANGELIST

Sing me a song!

THE CHOIR rises in whoosh of white robes and bursts into
SONG.

OUTSIDE YOUTH MINISTRY REVIVAL TENT LATER

Some members loiter and visit. Cars exit the parking lot.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)

I was wondering when you would show
up.

INSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Evangelist and Driver sit together in the empty tent.

THE EVANGELIST

You've been the subject of many a sermon these past few days.

DRIVER

I heard.

THE EVANGELIST

You heard but did you listen?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Everything okay, baby?

Driver looks up. Evangelist's WIFE and YOUNG SON stand at entrance.

THE EVANGELIST

Everything's fine, honey. I'm just catching up with an old acquaintance.

She lingers.

THE EVANGELIST

You go on home now.

DRIVER

Let's take a walk.

OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Driver and Evangelist walk towards the lake.

DRIVER

Was that your son?

THE EVANGELIST

One of twelve. Or is it thirteen? I've lost count. They're adopted. Wayward boys. Not unlike you or me at that age.

DRIVER

You turned your life around. Doesn't change what you did.

THE EVANGELIST

I wouldn't want it to. I know that sounds cold, but every good thing I've done hinged on what happened that day.

They near a cluster of Tufa towers near the shoreline.

THE EVANGELIST
 I got a call. Easy money they
 said. All you got to do is guard
 the door. Be the lookout.

FLASH SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

Driver's cohorts are gunned down with shotgun by
 Telemarketer. Reveal...

The Evangelist. Watching from the door. Ten years younger.
 Corn rows.

THE EVANGELIST (V.O.)
 I was in a place of darkness in my
 life. Numb to the chaos around me.

TUFA TOWERS PRESENT

Driver and Evangelist enter jagged cluster of tufa towers.
 Strange cathedral. Seagulls cry and wheel overhead.

DRIVER
 Right here.

The Evangelist stops. Faces Driver.

THE EVANGELIST
 But when they cut that boy's
 throat...

His voice trails off.

FLASH SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

Baphomet's knife comes to Gary's throat.

Evangelist watches in horror.

THE EVANGELIST
 (he was the Second Voice)
 Oh Jesus. No!

Evangelist closes his eyes.

TUFA TOWERS PRESENT

Evangelist's eyes are closed.

THE EVANGELIST
 I still took my cut. Blew it on
 drugs and women. Ended up in
 prison.

(MORE)

THE EVANGELIST(cont'd)

It was there in the void of
desperation that I gave my life to
the Lord.

DRIVER

Enough sermons.

Driver pulls Ruger from pants. Paces.

THE EVANGELIST

It was there I found my calling.
Realized I had been put here to
save boys who wallowed in the chaos
like me. Like you.

DRIVER

You don't know me.

THE EVANGELIST

If it wasn't for the evil that I
committed, I wonder if I would have
ever been saved. It's fragile,
isn't it, the moment that sets us
on our path? Our road to Damascus.

Driver continues pacing. The Evangelist looks at him with
compassion.

THE EVANGELIST

Whether you kill me or not...let
this be your moment...

Evangelist falls to knees. Claps hands in slow cadence and
starts singing "**JOHN THE REVELATOR**," in the style of Son
House. Eyes closed. Head rocking.

THE EVANGELIST

"Well who's that writin'? John the
Revelator. Tell me who's that
writin'? John the Revelator..."

Driver stops pacing. Raises gun. Evangelist sings louder.

Driver fires. Evangelist falls face forward into dirt.

Lake birds freak. Swarm like locusts. Shrieking crazily.

OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT MINUTES LATER

TELESCOPIC VIEW of revival tent. Watching Driver as he walks
toward revival tent.

Killer watching driver through telescopic sight on the XM107
sniper rifle. His car concealed behind bushes.

He's got Driver in his cross hairs.

Killer doesn't pull trigger. Lowers rifle.

INSIDE TURDMOBILE

Cop passes sign for the town of Lee Vining, Mono Lake. He picks up a mug shot from the seat next to him....

A prison photo of the **EVANGELIST** from ten years ago. He flips it over. Sees the Youth Ministries address on the back.

INSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Wind howls outside. Driver sitting. Front pew. Blankly considering Christ's agony on the cross.

Ruger sitting beside him.

Eyes grow heavy. Tries to blink the sleep away. But it comes. Eyes close.

Glock comes into frame. Presses against his temple. Eyes open.

KILLER

That's one helluva varmint killer
you got there.

Driver eyes the Ruger on the bench next to him.

KILLER

What kind of load does it take?

DRIVER

.454 Cassul.

KILLER

How's the recoil?

DRIVER

On the stiff side.

OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Cop approaches in car.

INSIDE TURDMOBILE

Cop sees the Super Sport, the GT. Pulls over at a distance. Unholsters weapon. CELL PHONE rings. Making him jump almost out of his skin. He answers. It's Cicero.

CICERO
Where the hell are you?

COP
Mono Lake. They're here. Both of
'em.

CICERO
Did you call for backup?

COP
No time for that.

CICERO
You cannot do this alone. Wait for
help.

COP
I don't come out of here alive, you
tell my boy his daddy went out like
a man.

CICERO
Why are you doing this?

COP
I'm just goin' with the flow, baby.
Goin' with the flow.

Cop clicks off phone. Then powers it down. Deep breath.
He exits car. Creeps towards tent.

INSIDE REVIVAL TENT

KILLER
I'm waiting.

DRIVER
For what?

KILLER
Aren't you gonna reach for it?

DRIVER
I got nothin' against you.

OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Cop pulling open narrow crack in tent. Looking through
crack.

HIS P.O.V. Scanning. Stopping on Driver and Killer.

Cop's throat bone dry. Heart pounding in ears.

INSIDE REVIVAL TENT

Driver folds hands in lap. Stares calmly.

KILLER

I've been trying to kill you for the last three days and you've got nothing against me? I get the feeling that you don't take me seriously, my friend.

DRIVER

What do you want from me?

KILLER

How 'bout a little respect? A little professional courtesy from a peer. Some acknowledgement of my skills.

DRIVER

You've got issues.

Killer is incredulous. Grabs the Ruger from the bench and cocks it.

KILLER

Fuck you. I win.

IN BACKGROUND. Behind them, Cop slipping towards them. Ducking behind a church pew.

Killer puts Ruger to the Driver's head.

DRIVER

Wrong. Game's over. I won.

Driver holds up the list. All the names have been crossed off. Killer looks confused.

KILLER

You've got to be kidding. You think you're done?

(beat)

You mean you don't know?

Now the Driver is confused.

KILLER

I've got news for you, bro'...

SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

The door opens. A pair of combat boots enters and walks across the floor.

REVIVAL TENT

Killer leans in. Whispers...

KILLER
There's one more.

SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

The combat boots walk over to Driver, who is on his knees, staring up at the video camera.

DRIVER
I'm gonna kill you.

REVIVAL TENT

KILLER
The one who hired me. The one who set you up ten years ago.

SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

Pair of boots raises gun to back of Driver's head.

REVIVAL TENT

KILLER
The one who put the bullet in your head.

Driver is dumbfounded.

DRIVER
Then I don't die yet.

KILLER
Wrong...

Killer about to pull trigger.

COP (O.S.)
Put the gun down.

Cop is standing a couple of pews back. Gun on Killer.

COP
Put it down.

KILLER

No.

COP

Down. Now.

KILLER

No! This is my job! I finish my job!

COP

You pull that trigger and you're dead.

Cop steps closer. Keeping gun on Killer.

Killer knows Cop has drop on him. If he fires, Cop kills him.

Slowly. Reluctantly. He drops Ruger.

Cop immediately turns gun on Driver and...

Shoots Driver in the back of the head.

SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

Driver is shot in back of head. Reveal **COP** standing over Driver. Tight black T-shirt and jeans. Lean, mean bad ass CRASH unit motherfucker.

Cop surveys carnage.

COP

Jesus...

REVIVAL TENT

Cop looks down at Driver crumpled between the pews.

KILLER

You shouldn't have done that.

COP

I needed to do it myself. Put an end what I started all those years ago.

KILLER

Then why did you hire me?

COP

I didn't think I was up to it.

Cop toes Driver's head like a hunter with fresh kill.

COP

But when you missed him at the apartment building, I figured I better get involved before he came gunning for me.

KILLER

He didn't even know about you.

Cop looks surprised. Killer hands cop the list. Cop sees the four names crossed out.

COP

I'll be damned. I though he'd figure it out.

KILLER

Figure what out?

COP

His brother's girlfriend was my informant down in L.A. She told me about the bank job.

Cop holds up list.

COP

I recruited some of my other snitches to help me take 'em down.

Cop pockets the list.

KILLER

What now?

COP

Now?

Cop twirls and holsters gun. Cowboy style.

COP

I ride off into the sunset.

OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT LATE AFTERNOON

Killer heads towards car.

COP

Hey!

Killer turns.

COP
I forgot to pay you.

Cop ambles over. Pulls wallet. Takes something out and hands it to Killer.

ONE DOLLAR.

COP
I don't get it. You put yourself through all this shit for one lousy buck?

Killer shrugs.

KILLER
That's my price.

Killer puts the dollar in his wallet.

KILLER
Call it a hobby.

Killer heads for car.

COP
Can I call you if I ever need you again?

KILLER
No.
(beat)
I'm done.

Killer gets in car. Drives away.

OUTSIDE SAFE HOUSE TEN YEARS AGO

Cop emerges, carrying paper bag filled with cash. Blank expression. He heads over to his car.

INSIDE COP'S CAR TEN YEARS AGO

Cop enters car. Marina is sitting in passenger seat, an empty hypodermic on the seat next to her. She's high.

Cop grips wheel.

COP
Things got a little out of control.

She sees the blood on his hands.

MARINA
 (sotto)
 We're wicked.

She looks back at the house. Face pressed against cool glass.

MARINA
 We're wicked...and we're going to hell for this.

Cop looks down at hypodermic.

COP
 Fix me one.

MARINA
 You sure?

COP
 I want to try it.

Cop looks at Marina. Eyes empty.

COP
 I need something. You know?

LAKE SHORE SUNSET

The mirrored lake gives back a stunning sunset.

COP (O.S.)
 Marina. It's me, baby. I closed the case. I killed the son of a bitch.
 (beat)
 I told you I would protect you, didn't I?

Cop stands on shore talking on cell phone. Watching the dying sun. He fishes something out of his pocket.

COP
 I'm fine. Never better in fact.
 (listening)
 No I'm not high. I'm done with that shit.

Cop looks down at whatever he pulled from his pocket.

COP
 I'll be home in a few hours.

Cop unfolds the Cosmopolitan article about recapturing the passion.

COP
I'm a new man, Marina. I want us
to start over.

KABOOM! Bullet hits top of spine. Cop drops. Reveals Driver standing twenty yards behind him.

INSIDE GT

Killer hears gun shot. Slows down.

LAKE SHORE

Cop on his back. Looks down at his gun but he is paralyzed.

Shadow falls across him. Driver standing above him. Back of Driver's head is a shattered, bloody mess. Cop looks up at him with confused look.

COP
How...?

Driver holds a pancaked bullet in his palm. Cop hacks up a wry chuckle.

COP
Fucking metal plate in the back of
your head...

Cop tries to move. Can't.

COP
Can't feel nothin' below my neck.

No reaction from Driver. Other than leveling the Ruger at Cop's head.

COP
Marina was right...I created my own
hell...

Cop looks away. Sees the magazine page floating in the wind, over the lake.

COP
And you're the goddamn demon who
crawled up out of it.

The page glides on the wind. THE RUGER BOOMS AND ECHOES.

INSIDE GT SUNSET

Killer hears the second report of gunfire.

OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT SUNSET

Super Sport eases away.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT SUNSET

Driver heads away from tent on two lane black top which leads to highway. Hair matted with blood. Eyes dead. No relief. No joy. No closure. Then...

The GT crests a rise in the road.

Driver brakes Super Sport.

INSIDE GT

Killer looking down at rival.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver methodically starts loading Ruger.

INSIDE GT

Killer ejects mag. Loads till its full.

FROM ABOVE

Two hundred yards separate them. Engines rev. Then...

It's on.

Burning, smoking tires pollute the air.

Tires gain purchase, laying it down. Black rubber on black asphalt.

They punch and shift, punch and shift. Just enough distance to get into third.

Driver holds Ruger in left hand. Fires at approaching GT.

Killer likewise firing lefty.

Bullets ripping into hoods. Smashing into glass.

They pass at 100 miles per, each firing at blur of passing metal.

FROM ABOVE

Cars jerk into smoking 180's. Engines rev again.

Repeat the joust in opposite directions.

Punctured metal. Spiderwebbed glass.

They pass again. Engines scream. Pistols crack. Bullets shriek. No blood.

Downshift. Jack their cars around. Squeal of brakes. Protest of rubber.

INSIDE GT

Killer ejects mag. Seats another with slap of palm.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver speed loads Ruger.

OUTSIDE ROAD

GT rockets.

Super Sport wobbles and smokes. Lurches off like a striped-
assed ape.

They open up.

Killer hits Driver's windshield, crazing glass.

Driver can't see.

Super Sport collides with GT. Both cars pinwheel out of control, flying off road, front ends badly damaged.

INSIDE GT

Killer exhales. This is it. What he wanted. What he thought he wanted.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Just another day at the office.

OUTSIDE

Drivers debouch. Thirty yards away. They walk rapidly towards one another, firing.

Sun is down. Jaundiced yellow light hovers in sky. Full moon hangs over Mono Lake in background. Beautiful place to die.

Glock cracks. Ruger booms. Staccato rhythm. Crack. Boom. Crack. Boom. Crack. Boom.

Killer lands on his ass with a thump. Looks down at smoking hole in shirt.

Game over.

Johnny Cash's cover of Trent Reznor's "Hurt" begins:

*I hurt myself today to see if I
still feel. I focus on the pain
the only thing that's real.*

Driver stands above him.

Killer looks up at Driver. Resignation. Sadness. Fear. Respect.

Driver slowly holds hand out to Killer. Killer takes it. Holds on. White knuckled soul shake.

DRIVER

I'm sorry you didn't kill me. I
think I'm cursed that way.

INSIDE REVIVAL TENT SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE

Whoosh of white robes as choir stands.

The Evangelist steps to the pulpit.

THE EVANGELIST

I want to talk to you today about
forgiveness.

FLASHBACK MONO LAKE

Seen from different angle. Driver fires over Evangelist's head. Bullet hits lake. Evangelist pitches forward. Driver stands there.

Evangelist opens eyes. Feels around. No bullet wound. Driver walks away.

DRIVER

Go back to your family.

UNDERWATER

The bullet sinks to the bottom of the lake.

CEMETERY MORNING

The cop's funeral. Going out like a hero. Bagpipes. American flag. Twenty-one guns.

Marina sits with the kids. Cicero stands with Mallory, watching as the casket is lowered into the grave.

Song continues:

*What have I become? My sweetest
friend. Everyone I know goes away
in the end.*

Cicero makes a gun with her finger and winks in tribute to the Cop. Mallory is with her. His hand finds hers.

MONO LAKE

Killer near death. Holding Driver's hand.

KILLER
Would you stay with me?

INSIDE FUNERAL HOME

Killer laid out in suit. Beautiful even in death.

Song:

*You could have it all, my empire of
dirt. I will let you down.
I will make you hurt.*

Lily gently places Glock in casket. Kisses her man on the lips. Walks away.

MONO LAKE

Killer's grip weakens. Breath shallow. Driver puts other hand to back of Killer's head. Gently lowers him to the ground, cradling him in his lap.

DRIVER
You did good.

Killer smiles through tears.

SALT FLAT DAYTIME

Super Sport races across crusty salt flat.

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL MEXICAN RESTAURANT

Business as usual.

BATHROOM

Vaquero holds out heroin-filled balloon. Marina looks at the dope.

Song:

*I wear my crown of thorns on my
liar's chair. Full of broken
thoughts I cannot repair.*

INSIDE SUPER SPORT DAYTIME

Cursed to live, he drives on.

DESERT HOUSE

Lily finishing up latest post on Killerblog. She walks away.

COMPUTER SCREEN. Photo of Mono Lake. Photo of Killer in casket. At the bottom, the words, "To be continued..."

DESERT DAYTIME

Helicoptering in on tiny figure. CLOSER AND CLOSER until you can see that it's Lily. Firing her pistol over and over again. Move all the way in until you are CLOSE ON HER EYES: cold and determined.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT DAYTIME

Driver looks in rear view.

Song:

*Beneath the stain of time, the
feeling disappears. You are
someone else. I am still right
here.*

DISNEYLAND

Cicero enters with a big smile. Looks over at Mallory. He smiles back. Genuinely happy for her.

SALT FLAT DAYTIME

Driver is being chased by flotilla of police cars. Twenty squad cars in V formation, lights strobing, dust flying.

INSIDE SUPER SPORT

Driver reaches for Ruger. Starts loading it.

Song:

*If I could start again a million
miles away. I would keep myself
I would find a way.*

FADE TO BLACK.