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DRIVE

Episode 101

"The Starting Line"

Written by

Tim Minear

And

Ben Queen

WHITE	1/02/07
FULL BLUE	1/06/07
PINK REVS.	1/09/07
FULL YELLOW	1/15/07
GREEN REVS.	1/17/07
GOLDENROD REVS.	1/25/07
SALMON REVS.	1/30/07

Twentieth Century Fox Television

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DRIVE

"101"

Revision History

WHITE 1/02/07

FULL BLUE 1/06/07

PINK REVS. 1/09/07

2, 3, 4, 8, 13, 13A, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 44, 44A, 45, 45A, 48, 49, 51, 51A, 52, 52A, 53

FULL YELLOW 1/15/07

GREEN REVS. 1/17/07

22, 49, 59, 61, 61A, 62, 62A, 63, 64

GOLDENROD REVS. 1/25/07

17, 17A, 18, 54

SALMON REVS. 1/30/07

61A, 61B

DRIVE

"101"
Full Yellow 1/15/07

CAST LIST

ALEX TULLY
CORINNA WILES
JOHN TRIMBLE
VIOLET TRIMBLE
WENDY PATRAKAS
ROB LAIRD

***ELLIE LAIRD**

(NAME CHANGE- Ellie Howe)

IVY CHITTY
SUSAN CHAMBLEE
LEIGH BARNTHOUSE
MR. BRIGHT
WINSTON SALAZAR
SEAN SALAZAR

ALLAN JAMES ("BILL")
BRAD ("FORTY-ISH MAN")
FERNANDO SALAZAR (VOICE ONLY)
DETECTIVE EHRLE
ON AIR REPORTER
BECCA (VOICE ONLY)
FEMALE DOCTOR
DOCTOR ROTH
HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
BOOKING OFFICER
FEMALE OFFICER
ANOTHER UNIFORM
PRISON GUARD
TRUCK DRIVER (VOICE ONLY)
PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE (VOICE ONLY)
911 OPERATOR (VOICE ONLY)

DRIVE

"101"
Green Revs. 1/17/07

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

BOURBON STREET JAZZ BAR

TULLY HOME - D/N

OHIO HOSPITAL

CORRIDOR - D
PRIVATE ROOM

PRISON

PAROLEE STATION - D
CORRIDOR

DOCTOR ROTH'S OFFICE

WAYFARER HOTEL - D

LOBBY - D
A CORRIDOR - D
PONCE DE LEON BALLROOM - D

ALEX'S PICK UP TRUCK - D

WENDY'S MINI-VAN

TRACKING STATION - D/N

FIREBIRD

IMPALA - D/N

TAURUS - D

MC-MANSION - D

DOWNSTAIRS - D

HIGHWAY PATROL SUB-STATION - D

GAS STATION - D

REST ROOM

LR3

EXTERIORS:

BOURBON STREET JAZZ BAR - D

TULLY HOME - D

BALTIMORE STREET - D

I-95 - D

DOWN THE ROAD - D
SIDE OF THE ROAD - D
FURTHER UP HIGHWAY - D

BUS DEPOT - N

PARKING LOT - N

ARKANSAS HOME - D

WAYFARER HOTEL - D

PARKING LOT - D

ALEX'S PICK UP TRUCK - D

WENDY'S MINI-VAN - D/N

FIREBIRD - D

IMPALA - D/N

TAURUS - D

GAS STATION - D

PRESTON'S GAS 'N DINE - D

MC-MANSION - D

FRONT WALK - D

FLORIDA BACK ROAD - D

JUPITER BACK ROAD - N

LR3 - D

SET LIST (CONT'D):

INTERIORS:

DODGE CHARGER

EXTERIORS:

DODGE CHARGER - N/D (Time Added)

CALIFORNIA HIGH SCHOOL - D

NEW ORLEANS HOSPITAL - D

FLORIDA BUSINESS DISTRICT - D

INTERNET CAFE - D

TEASER

1 IN BLACKNESS:

1

CORINNA (V.O.)
It has no name.

FADING UP TO SHIFTING COLORS AS:

CORINNA (V.O.)
It has been called many things. "The
Event." "The Competition." "The
Game." But just say, "The Race"...
and those who know, will understand...

More DETAILS. OUT OF FOCUS MOVEMENT... as IMAGES come into
RESOLVE, WE SENSE ACTIVITY, but SEE NO FACES...

CORINNA (V.O.)
Secret. Illegal. Hidden by shadow,
shrouded in myth, it is said to
attract competitors from all walks of
life. The average and the
extraordinary. The desperate and the
dreamers...

WE SEE THE BIG BOARD: GRAPHICS sift data, a country-wide WEB
OF HIGHWAYS. The GRAPHICS narrow to South Florida, finding
SEVERAL DOZEN MOVING DOTS, MAGNIFYING us to ONE DOT...

CORINNA (V.O.)
Only the select know where it begins.
None knows where it might end...

2 EXT. I-95 - DAY - "I-95, SOUTH FLORIDA. 24° 33' N, 81° 45' W" 2

We're ZOOMING up the highway. A FORD TAURUS SWERVES INTO
VIEW nearly colliding with A DODGE CHARGER that shoots past,
speeding off into the distance, as: CAMERA SWINGS around
onto the Taurus. CALIFORNIA LICENSE PLATE. WE MELT through
the windshield right into the face of the panicked, urgent
driver: JOHN TRIMBLE, 40's. John looks to his left as --

-- A MOTORCYCLE with two LEATHER CLAD RIDERS paces him. The
DRIVER GUNS IT, shoots off. John hits the gas, swerves the
wheel. VIOLET TRIMBLE, 17, sits up from the backseat, i-Pod
headphones on, alarmed as the TAURUS ZOOMS out of frame,
leaving us in ROARING TRAFFIC. SCREECH! --

-- A BLUE MINI-VAN is coming right at us. OHIO PLATES. We
PUSH UP to the face of: WENDY PATRAKAS, young suburban
housewife. A BABY SEAT is strapped in behind her. She's
tense, urgent, because coming up fast on her ass is:

A WHITE PONTIAC FIREBIRD. It drops right; Wendy blocks. The Firebird rolls up onto the shoulder, uses it as a passing lane. Wendy's about to rear-end a slow moving TRUCK. She tries to swerve around it -- and is nearly SIDESWIPE by a:

PIMPED-OUT IMPALA. MARYLAND PLATES. WINSTON SALAZAR, 25, gang-chic, drives. RAP MUSIC CRANKED UP. He grins at Wendy's predicament. Now he spots something up ahead. He looks to his right to see: JOHN'S TAURUS. Winston grins. GUNS it. The Impala passes the Taurus, taking us to a:

LAND ROVER SUV. LOUISIANA plates. THREE YOUNG WOMEN, two AFRICAN AMERICANS in the front; the sensible SUSAN and the beautiful LEIGH. Leaning forward from the back seat is a white chick: IVY. They react to, off the driver's side:

THE FIREBIRD. Passenger favors us: ELLIE LAIRD, beautiful, dark-haired. She smiles, confident. The Firebird slides behind the LR-3, then gains on the passenger side. WE SEE the driver: ROB LAIRD, military guy, winks at the ladies, then, VROOM!, leaves them in a burst of speed. We WHIP PAN to the ass of the Firebird, ARKANSAS PLATES and a "Just Married" bumper sticker, as --

The MOTORCYCLE swerves IN. Takes us to THE CHARGER. WE PUSH to the DRIVER... determined, icy. BILL. He's gaining on --

A SPEEDING RAMSHACKLE PICK-UP TRUCK. NEBRASKA PLATES. It rocks and rolls, threatening to fly apart. Painted on the side: "Tully Landscaping And Nursery." We fight our way to the driver's window, move INTO THE TRUCK and up to the FACE of ALEX TULLY, 30's, ruggedly handsome, blue-collar. There's a serious intensity in his eyes. As those eyes fill more and more of our frame, the SOUNDS DROP out. Then over his face:

DETECTIVE EHRLE (PRE-LAPPED V.O.)
Mr. Tully?

CUT TO:

CLOSE - ALEX, dazed, injured, looks up. AND WE ARE:

Evidence of violence. Overturned furniture. Alex is seated as DETECTIVE EHRLE questions him. An EMT tends to a gash on Alex's head. UNIFORMS and PLAINCLOTHES work the scene.
Legend: "**Hastings, Nebraska. 40° 59' N, 98° 39' W**"

DETECTIVE EHRLE
When was the last time you spoke to
your wife?

ALEX

Before I left the shop. I called to let her know I was on my way home.

Alex is only partially present, still absorbing what's happened. His world shattered in this moment.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Was there anything unusual in her tone? Did she sound frightened?

ALEX

Frightened? No. She sounded happy. It's our anniversary.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

So your attacker, whoever he was, must have gained entrance between the time you called and when you walked in... And you didn't see his face?

ALEX

He came at me from behind.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

There's no sign of forced entry. Possible she may have let him in?

ALEX

I don't know --

DETECTIVE EHRLE

And her car's not outside...

(then)

Mr. Tully, would you say you and your wife have been getting along?

This brings Alex fully into the moment. Alert.

ALEX

What? Why would you ask that?

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Just a question.

ALEX

You think I'm lying. You think I staged this?

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Mr. Tully --

ALEX

(building)

Husband's always the first suspect.
Okay. Hook me up to a lie detector.
Water board me. Do whatever you have
to do, but *find my wife*.
(then, plaintive)
She's in danger.

Ehrle is patient. Means it when he says:

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Mr. Tully, I wasn't accusing you of
anything. When I asked if you and --
Kathryn is it? -- have been getting
along, all I meant was, sometimes one
person in a relationship might think
things are good, but for the other
person, that's maybe not so.

ALEX

What are you talking about?

The EMT has finished patching Alex. Ehrle waits for him to
hoist his kit, move away before saying:

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Have you been up to the bedroom?

ALEX

No... why?

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Looks like she packed. Took
everything with her. Now if your
wife's anything like mine, that had to
take the better part of the day. So
by the time you called...

ALEX

What? No. I know my wife. She did
not leave with that man. He took her.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

And we are proceeding on that
assumption. But let me ask you this --
why?

ALEX

Why?

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Why would someone take your wife? You a wealthy man, Mr. Tully?

ALEX

No...

DETECTIVE EHRLE

And your wife. She have money? Come from money?

ALEX

She teaches the fifth grade.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

So again I ask -- why? Kidnapping generally happens for a purpose. To compromise those left behind. Now why would someone want to compromise you?

ALEX

I don't know.

Ehrle is hailed by a UNIFORM. He nods. Be right there.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

You think on that. 'scuse me.

Ehrle moves off. Alex rises, wanders in the dream-like environment of his home-turned-crime-scene. He spots a slightly crushed GIFT WRAPPED package. He picks it up -- a card says "happy anniversary." He puts it on the mantel.

He takes from his pocket a smaller wrapped gift. Sets it next to the other one. FRAMED PHOTOS there... Alex and his pretty wife, KATHRYN. Among the photos, and one we're not really focusing on, is one of Alex perched on the hood of a CLASSIC STOCK CAR. MATCH PUSH between Kathryn's smiling face and ALEX gazing at it, CUT ABRUPTLY BACK TO:

INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK/EXT. I-95 - DAY

FULL ROARING SOUND on the cut. Alex glances to his side-view mirror, sees THE DODGE CHARGER trying to get around him.

And now it's road games. Both weaving in and out of traffic, checker-boarding. Neck-and-neck, trading lethal looks.

They BLOW PAST CAMERA, as WE WHIP THROUGH CARS, past FACES as they react to the daredevil driving ahead. This *very fast* --

-- through the FIREBIRD, past Rob and Ellie; through the IMPALA, past Winston;

4 CONTINUED:

4

through the LR-3 past Susan, Leigh then Ivy; through the FORD TAURUS past John, Violet in the back; INTO the MINI-VAN and UP CLOSE to WENDY'S ALARMED FACE. Her mouth opens as we PRE-LAP A SCREAM and SMASH CUT TO:

5 INT. OHIO HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

5

We're MOVING FAST with WENDY who is being pushed down the corridor on a gurney. She's big and pregnant. In labor. Legend: "Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. 41°15'N, 81°50'W"

WENDY

AHHHHHH!

FEMALE DOCTOR

Delivery room two!

(leans down, on the move)

Looks like this is it, Mrs. Patrakas.

(to an intern)

Let's call her husband, get him down here.

Wendy reacts to that, sits bolt upright, as much as someone in her condition can --

WENDY

No!

Her vehemence spins the medical team. Wendy turns on a dime, covers, dropping the pain and the fear for:

WENDY

It's Monday. Richard has meetings all day on Mondays. Let's not bother him with this.

Wendy smiles. The medical team exchange looks. Then:

WENDY

AHHHHH!

Delivery room doors BANG OPEN and we CUT BACK TO:

6 OMITTED

6

7 INT. WENDY'S MINI-VAN/EXT. I-95 - DAY - FUZZY LITTLE BEARS 7

over the baby seat. We COME OFF that to Wendy's concerned face: through the back window WE SEE a HIGHWAY PATROL CAR moving in and out of TRAFFIC. WE CRANE UP past WENDY, out of her car, until we're looking down at the traffic behind her. SNAP ZOOM to the PATROL CAR. SNAP ZOOM back out. Our CRANE is further up the road, BOOMING BACK DOWN, this time into --

8 INT. FIREBIRD/EXT. I-95 - MOVING - ROB AND ELLIE 8

ELLIE

Rob...

ROB

I see it --

ELLIE

Rob...

ROB

I see it --

She's about to say "Rob!" again and WE MATCH CUT TO:

9 EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT - ELLIE CALLS HIS NAME: 9

ELLIE

Rob!

She's pushing through the crowd to meet ROB, arriving in digital camo. She runs to him. He drops his rucksack, takes her in his arms. **"Little Rock, Arkansas. 34° 73' N, 92° 34' W"**

10 EXT. BUS DEPOT - PARKING LOT - (MOMENTS) LATER 10

The WHITE FIREBIRD is parked in the lot. It's, um, moving.

11 INT. FIREBIRD - PARKED - CONTINUOUS 11

Rob and Ellie hungrily tearing at each other's clothing.

ROB

I love that you couldn't wait 'til we got home.

ELLIE

Let's not go home. Let's just drive straight to Vegas. Whaddya say?

He comes up for air. Doesn't want to disappoint, but:

ROB

Aww, Baby, I just got back from one desert. Not sure I wanna spend my time here driving to another one.

ELLIE

Your "time here?" What does that mean? You are here. You're back.

11 CONTINUED:

11

ROB
 (resumes the devouring)
 Yeah. I'm back --

ELLIE
 Rob. You've already been over there
twice. They're not gonna make you
 leave me again?!

ROB
 They might. They need specialists
 over there. There's only a handful of
 guys can do what I do.

ELLIE
 And there ain't no other guys here can
 do what you do for me.

ROB
 (grins, dives back in)
 Better not be.

ELLIE
 (laughing, it tickles)
 Rob!

12 INT./EXT. FIREBIRD - DAY - MOVING

12

From her laughing to her tense. COP CAR behind them.

ELLIE
 What are you doing? Don't speed up!

ROB
 Just wanna pace this guy. Who do you
 think that cop would pull over first?

The COP CAR slides OUT OF FRAME --

13 INT. IMPALA/EXT. I-95 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

13

-- COP CAR slides INTO FRAME. Winston clocks it. Turns down
 his RAP MUSIC, sweating it out as we PRE-LAP with A BUZZING
 and the SOUNDS of ELECTRONIC LOCKS and WE ARE:

13A INT. PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAY

13A

WINSTON, in prison jumper, escorted down a corridor by a
 GUARD. Legend: "**Brockbridge, Maryland. 39° 13' N, 76° 78' W.**"

13A CONTINUED:

13A

WINSTON

So it was my old man, right? Because my lawyer didn't say nothing about me making parole.

GUARD

They don't thrill me with the details, Salazar.

WINSTON

Yeah, it was him. And I know why. He's in Florida now, got his perfect new family with him there in Boca. Hear he's trying to break into politics. Probably thinks if he does me this one solid I'll be grateful, won't make no noise... Guess what? He shoulda kept my ass locked up.

14 INT. PRISON - PAROLEE STATION - DAY

14

Winston, now in street clothes, signs for his personal stuff. A CLERK slides the final item forward. A CELL PHONE. Sleek, simple, unassuming. Winston picks it up, turns it over, looks at it, doesn't register recognition.

GUARD

Something wrong? That not yours?

WINSTON

Naw. It's mine. Just checking it.

But he's clearly never seen it before. As he turns away:

GUARD

Keep your nose clean this time.

Winston gives a dismissive wave as WE CUT BACK TO:

15 INT./EXT. IMPALA - DAY - MOVING - WINSTON

15

relaxes slightly as behind him the PATROL CAR slides lanes, EXITING THIS FRAME and then ENTERING --

16 INT. LR3 - MOVING - SUSAN, LEIGH AND IVY

16

-- the PATROL CAR SLIDES INTO FRAME behind them.

LEIGH

What's that old saying -- there's never a cop around when you need one?

16 CONTINUED:

16

SUSAN

Ain't that the truth --

17 EXT. NEW ORLEANS HOSPITAL - DAY - HAND HELD VIDEO

17

RESCUE WORKERS evacuate a HOSPITAL in the b.g. Legend:
"New Orleans, Louisiana. 29° 98'N, 90° 25'W." JUMP CUTS:

SUSAN

-- police had their hands full with the looting. In some cases, literally. Rest of the staff cleared out before Katrina even made landfall. But I never blamed 'em. Most have families. But these patients, they are my family. I had to stay behind.

LEIGH

-- my Great Aunt is 80 this month. When none of the family could get in touch with her, I drove into the city.

IVY

-- I work over at the Black Kat Club. It's not what you think. It's a jazz bar. I always have to say that.

SUSAN

-- once we made it through the storm, I thought we'd be okay. But then the levees broke.

LEIGH

-- turned out she'd already been evacuated, thank God. Aunt Beverly's a pistol at 80. But some of these people, they couldn't travel. So of course I stayed to help.

IVY

-- right now I'm waitressing, but I played my demo for Big Al and he said he'd find me a spot on a Tuesday or something. 'course he's been saying that for like three months.

ON AIR REPORTER (OFF CAMERA)

How did you end up helping over here?

IVY

What?

SUSAN

-- power out, water rising, I knew I had to get the patients to higher ground. But I also knew I couldn't do it on my own, so I prayed.

LEIGH

-- disaster like this, oh it brings out the worst in people.

IVY

-- so I look over and I see these guys dragging stuff out. One guy had like food and adult diapers loaded into a wheelchair.

SUSAN

-- but then something spoke to me. Like a voice. Told me it was gonna be okay.

LEIGH

-- but it brings out the best, too.

IVY

-- I mean, looting a hospital? That's like stealing from a church!

SUSAN

-- and it was. God, he answered. Sent me these two. Helped me get every patient up three flights. They're angels, that's what they are.

WE SEE all THREE of them TOGETHER now as an ON AIR REPORTER turns toward us:

ON AIR REPORTER

In the midst of tragedy, a story of remarkable courage. Three strangers, brought together by disaster. Strangers no more. Friends forever.

In the midst of heated cross-talk argument.

LEIGH

I swear to god, Susan, you need to get the lead out your foot!

SUSAN

I'm going the flow of traffic!

18

CONTINUED:

18

LEIGH

Then why's that cop following us?

IVY

Because you're both black?

Dead silence. They both glare at her. Then Leigh notes:

LEIGH

Crap. Where is he? Where'd he go?

WE MOVE out of their car and into a PASSING CAR --

19

INT. TAURUS/EXT. I-95 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

19

Violet pulls off her i-Pod earphones. Is noticing her father's erratic driving. He's distracted -- as usual.

VIOLET

Hey, dad? Here's a thought. What if we don't die horribly in a fiery ball of twisted metal?

(then)

You're *driving like a crazy person*.

(adding)

Also? There's a cop behind you.

That as she puts her earphones back on, disappears again. John reacts to that as WE COME AROUND on him, see the HIGHWAY PATROL CAR a few car lengths back, now sliding into his lane. John reacts. Lifts a hand from the steering wheel. It's trembling... as he looks from that to the cop car:

JOHN (PRE-LAPPED V.O.)

Some people turn adversity into opportunity...

20

INT. DOCTOR ROTH'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON JOHN

20

JOHN (CONT'D)

They find some small spec of light and keep focused on it while they claw themselves out of their hole.

(then)

I am not one of those people.

WIDER: he's sitting on the edge of an examination table. White-coated DOCTOR ROTH stands before him. Legend:
"Pasadena, California. 33°49'N, 116°32'W"

DOCTOR

I'm so sorry, John. I wish I had better news for you.

JOHN

Me too. So. How long?

DOCTOR

A year. Maybe less.

JOHN

A lot can happen in a year. I was reading in *American Scientist* about a new drug course that latches onto the RNA receptors --

DOCTOR

Those treatments are experimental, still in the very early stages.

JOHN

And what I've got... isn't.

(then)

I should have studied medicine. My father wanted me to study medicine. I chose astrophysics. I had this dream that one day I'd get to...

(gesture to the heavens)

...I've never really been comfortable in this world. But now... I'm not ready to leave it.

21 INT./EXT. TAURUS - DAY - MOVING

21

John wincing as he eyes the PATROL CAR, mutters to himself --

JOHN

Why me? Why me? Why always me?
Heck. What not that guy?

CAMERA ROCKETTS AWAY from John, until we're back in --

22 INT./EXT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

22

CLOSE ON Alex as he BLASTS down the road, neck-and-neck with the CHARGER. Alex and Bill eye-fuck each other, as --

Up ahead: all lanes of traffic going *significantly* slower... one free spot in the midst of it. The spot is closing as a TANKER TRUCK merges next to a BUS. The Pick-Up and the Charger race for it. The tension mounts, as -- Alex PUNCHES the GAS! ROARS forward. The gap is closing still further. And just at what would be the moment of impact or release we:

SLAM TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A TITLE CARD: "36 hours ago." A MUFFLED RINGING OVER:

22A EXT. TULLY HOME - DAY - TO ESTABLISH 22A

Alex's PICK-UP TRUCK parked in front of this picturesque setting. Legend: "**Hastings, Nebraska. 40°59'N, 98°39'W**"

23 INT. TULLY HOME - DAY 23

The living area has become a work station, scattered with homemade MISSING PERSON FLYERS. Pizza boxes. The kitchen with dirty dishes. We find Alex asleep in his clothes on the couch. He wakes at the RINGING. Sweeps some debris off the coffee table, finds the wireless phone. Puts it to his ear:

ALEX

Yeah? Hello -- ?

-- but the RINGING continues. He follows it to the mantel. It's coming from the still-unopened anniversary gift... he tears it open. Takes out the RINGING CELL PHONE...

24 INT. OHIO HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY 24

CARDS and SMALL GIFTS adorn the room. Wendy up and about, packing. Check-out day. "**Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. 41°15'N, 81°50'W**" A NURSE appears in the doorway with THE BABY. Wendy smiles. Takes the baby.

WENDY

Oh, Sammy. Come here. You ready to meet the world?

(to exiting Nurse)

Thank you.

FEMALE DOCTOR

(entering)

Well, it's the big day. Looking forward to going home?

WENDY

Hmmm? Oh, yes. I mean -- unless it's too soon... if it is I can probably catch Richard before he leaves, tell him...

FEMALE DOCTOR

It's not too soon. You and your baby are both strong and ready to travel.

WENDY

(covers disappointment)

Oh. Good. Just want to be safe.

FEMALE DOCTOR

(senses an opening)

Mrs. Patrakas... is there some reason going home doesn't feel safe to you?

Wendy gently bounces her baby. Lies.

WENDY

I don't know what you mean.

FEMALE DOCTOR

The bruising, Mrs. Patrakas. On your left thigh. Back of your shoulders. You want to tell me about that before your husband gets here?

WENDY

I'm just... clumsy. Clumsy, clumsy.

Wendy is saved from being pressed on this point as A CANDY STRIPER enters with a huge gift basket and balloons.

WENDY

Oh, wow! Look! That must be the premium basket, huh? Wonder who it's from? There's no card --

FEMALE DOCTOR

Mrs. Patrakas...

Wendy looks to her concerned Doctor.

WENDY

I'll be more careful from now on. I promise.

The moment is broken by A FAMILIAR RINGING. It's coming from the giant GIFT BASKET.

WENDY

My fruit basket's ringing. I should probably take it.

The Doctor relents, nods. Exits. Wendy moves to the basket. Looks. Removes the SLEEK CELL PHONE from under goodies. Regards it with curiosity...

25 EXT. ARKANSAS HOUSE - DAY 25

Rob can be seen in the background in wife-beater, washing his Firebird. DOGS play. Ellie is walking out to pick up the mail. LEGEND: "**Little Rock, Arkansas. 34°73'N, 92°34'W.**" A BULKY PACKAGE, junk, etc. But she reacts to: an official looking letter with an ARMY SEAL prominent and "URGENT."

ROB
Anything good?

ELLIE
No. Just bills.

She folds it in half, stuffs it in her pocket. Reacts as the BULKY PACKAGE starts RINGING. That RINGING merges with someone LISTENING TO RINGING on a PHONE and WE ARE:

26 OMITTED 26

26A EXT. A BALTIMORE STREET - DAY 26A

Winston perched on the hood of his Impala, the SLEEK CELL PHONE in one hand and his personal CELL PHONE to his ear. Legend: "**Baltimore, Maryland. 39°11'N, 76°40'W.**"

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
Mr. Salazar's office.

WINSTON
Yeah. Mr. Salazar there?

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
May I ask who's calling?

WINSTON
Tell him... it's his son.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
Oh! Sean. Hi. I didn't recognize your voice! Your father's just --

WINSTON
No. Not Sean. His other son.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
Oh. One moment please.

As Winston waits. Conflicted for all his earlier bluster.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
I'm sorry. Mr. Salazar's not available. May I take a message?

26A CONTINUED:

26A

Winston's hurt, but not surprised.

WINSTON

Sure. Tell him... tell him thanks.
Say I got the phone. I guess he'll
call me on it when he wants?

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE

Alright. Anything else?

WINSTON

(anger rising)

Yeah, you know what? Tell him he
coulda put some cash with it, too.
That woulda been okay.

Winston clicks off. Fuck it. He's about to chuck the sleek
phone when it STARTS RINGING. He looks at it.

27 OMITTED

27

27A EXT. BOURBON STREET JAZZ BAR - DAY

27A

Susan, a little dressed up, walks up, looks at a piece of
paper, checks the address, looks a bit lost. LEGEND: "**New
Orleans, Louisiana. 29°98'N, 90°25'W.**" A CAB pulls up and
LEIGH alights. As they approach each other, embrace:

SUSAN

Thought maybe I got the address wrong!

LEIGH

Look at you, girl! You have some work
done? How many of those FEMA credit
cards you get a hold of, anyway?

SUSAN

Oh, it's so good to see you. Can't
believe it's been more than a year!

LEIGH

Me either. I was so happy to get your
call.

This stops Susan --

SUSAN

My call? I didn't call. I thought
the message I got was from you...

LEIGH

Not me.

27A

CONTINUED:

27A

They both look toward the bar where WE HEAR JAZZ.

SUSAN

So you didn't pick this place?

LEIGH

Never been here before in my life.

CUT TO:

28

OMITTED

28

28A

INT. BOURBON STREET JAZZ BAR - DAY

28A

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND (not too Disney) on the small stage. A slight time-cut to a MOVING POV ONTO:

28A

CONTINUED:

28A

IVY in WAITRESS OUTFIT SERVING DRINKS. She senses us, turns, lights up with recognition.

IVY
Hey you guys!

REVERSE: SUSAN AND LEIGH

Now understanding who must have initiated this reunion:

SUSAN Ivy! **LEIGH** Ivy! *
*

IVY
Hi!

They all smile at each other for a beat that becomes awkward when:

IVY
What are you two doing here?

Before they can respond to that, a RINGING from Susan's bag. Susan removes a SLEEK CELL PHONE. Reacts with confusion.

29

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

29

Legend: "Pasadena, California. 33°49'N, 116°32'W" John in his Taurus in line of waiting cars. He scans the EXITING STUDENTS. A RINGING. He realizes it's coming from his glove box. He pops it open, removes the unfamiliar (to him) SLEEK CELL PHONE. Curious, he answers it:

JOHN
Hello?

30

INT. TULLY HOME - DAY - ALEX

30

has the cell phone to his ear, is moving around the house, pulling back the shades, looking outside --

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
I gotta hand it to you, Alex. You've got willpower. Others would've ripped that box open first chance they got.

ALEX
Who is this? Where's Kathryn?

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
So many questions. And I do have answers. Not all. But what you need for now. So pay attention --

31 INT. OHIO HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY 31

Wendy on her phone... holding her baby, listening...

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
-- your husband's pulling into the
parking lot now. He's coming for you,
Wendy. But do exactly as I tell you,
and you can save yourself. And the
baby...

32 EXT. ARKANSAS HOUSE - DAY 32

Ellie watches Rob washing the car as she listens to:

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
...you don't want him to be killed.
That's understandable. But erasing
his messages won't be enough. They'll
find him, Ellie. It's only a matter
of time. You need to act --

33 OMITTED 33

33A EXT. A BALTIMORE STREET - DAY 33A

Winston looks around -- is this a sting? Listening...

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
Does that mean you'll have to cross
state lines and violate your parole?
Why, yes it does. But without risk
there is no reward --

34 OMITTED 34

34A INT. BOURBON STREET JAZZ BAR - DAY 34A

Susan, Leigh and Ivy crowd close to the cell phone.

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
-- and the reward here is substantial.
But it requires a leap of faith.

35 EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 35

John in his car. Listening to the cell. He spots VIOLET
emerging from the school, laughing with friends.

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
-- and you never make a move without
testing the data first. But you don't
have the luxury now, John.

(MORE)

DRIVE - "101" - SALMON REVS. - 01/30/07 20.

35 CONTINUED: 35

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.) (cont'd)
You're a mathematician whose number's
come up. All logic is out the
window...

36 INT. TULLY HOME - DAY - ALEX 36

Already shoving clothes into a duffel, moving about the
house, while --

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
Within the next 15 minutes, you need
to be in your car and on the road.
You will drive to Key West, Florida.
It's essential that you drive...

37 INT. OHIO HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY - WENDY 37

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
...you may not fly, you may not take a
train. You must arrive in a vehicle.

38 EXT. ARKANSAS HOUSE - DAY 38

Rob looks at Ellie on the cell phone. Who's she talking to?

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
...you're going to the Wayfarer Hotel.
All expenses have been pre-paid for
this weekend. But only for this
weekend.

39 OMITTED 39

39A EXT. A BALTIMORE STREET - DAY - WINSTON 39A

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
-- Give your name at the desk --

40 OMITTED 40

40A INT. BOURBON STREET JAZZ BAR - DAY 40A

Susan, Leigh and Ivy...

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
-- you'll be told where to go --

41 EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 41

John absorbed in what he's hearing. Violet sees him, waves.

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)
Do something irrational for once.
It's the only thing that makes sense.

42 OMITTED 42

42A EXT. TULLY HOME - DAY - ALEX 42A

moves down the walk to his truck. Tosses the duffel in the back, climbs into the cab, during --

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)

If you go to the police, we'll know.
If you contact anyone, we'll know. If
you're not on the road in the next
fifteen minutes, we'll know and you'll
never hear from us again. You get all
that?

As he puts the key in the ignition --

ALEX

Yeah. I got it.

MR. BRIGHT (V.O.)

Great. Start your engine.

He was just about to, but the direction to do so makes him pause. Then he does. He fires it up, tears out of there --

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

43 OMITTED 43

44 EXT. WAYFARER HOTEL - DAY 44

-- ALEX'S TRUCK. It pulls up to this high tone hotel. Looks wildly out of place. So does Alex as he emerges, having driven all night. He's got that SLEEK CELL PHONE clutched in one hand, with the other he tosses his keys to the VALET. He moves to the hotel entrance where he is slowed by a SHUFFLING SENIOR COUPLE reading brochures. They don't seem to notice the congestion they're causing. Alex squeezes by them --

45 INT. WAYFARER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 45

Alex at the front desk, speaking to a DESK CLERK. The Clerk points with directions. Alex turns to head off -- finds himself blocked again by the OLD COUPLE. He pushes past them, glancing back to them with:

ALEX

Excuse me.

And as he turns forward again he collides with A COOL BLONDE who's rushing through the lobby. We've never seen her; we'd remember.

ALEX

Sorry.

She looks at him -- they lock eyes. Is that fear in hers? It's not because of him. She keeps going, in a serious rush. Alex's look back to her draws his attention to the OLD COUPLE watching and WHISPERING. It's not un-creepy. He moves off.

46 INT. WAYFARER HOTEL - A CORRIDOR - DAY 46

Alex approaches the "Ponce de Leon Ballroom." A marquee outside says "BRIGHT PROPERTIES: REAL ESTATE SEMINAR IN PROGRESS." Alex eyes it. This can't be right. He glances around. It's quiet and empty in this corridor. He looks back to the ballroom door. Reaches for the handle when --

-- THE DOUBLE DOORS are pushed open. A CROWD of PEOPLE, an ECLECTIC MIX, spills into the corridor. Alex notices they're all carrying the SAME SLEEK PHONE. (Among those exiting: Rob and Ellie; Winston; Wendy with her baby sling close to her body; Ivy, Susan and Leigh.) Alex pushes against the human tide and into --

47 INT. WAYFARER HOTEL - PONCE DE LEON BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

Set up for a seminar of some kind. Alex dodges more exiting CROWD. Fifty to seventy people had been attending whatever was going on in here.

And up at the podium: MR. BRIGHT. Unassuming, middle-management, sport coat. He's packing up his presentation materials, stowing them into a leather satchel. A troubled looking John Trimble is bending his ear about something. Bright catches Alex's eye. Registers detached recognition.

MR. BRIGHT
(to John)
I'm sorry. Those are the rules.

A frustrated John moves off past Alex. Bright turns away from Alex, gathering up papers, etc., sliding them into his satchel (in movement throughout so that Alex has to pursue).

MR. BRIGHT
Mr. Tully. You're late. Not a good way to start.

ALEX
Late for what? What is this?

MR. BRIGHT
This was the orientation. Which you have now missed. You're feeling disoriented. That's only natural.

ALEX
Where's Kathryn?

MR. BRIGHT
Kathryn?

ALEX
My wife.

MR. BRIGHT
Yes. Of course. Your wife.
(turns away)
Couldn't tell you.

ALEX
(spins him toward him)
No. You're *going* to tell me --

MR. BRIGHT
No. Actually I'm not. I don't know anything about your wife, Mr. Tully.
(MORE)

MR. BRIGHT (cont'd)
Other than she's missing. Which is fairly public.

ALEX
That was you on the phone. I recognize the voice.

MR. BRIGHT
Yes.

ALEX
I did everything I was told to do. I'm here. I want answers. Now. Or we go straight to the cops.

MR. BRIGHT
I wouldn't recommend it. Involving the police would be grounds for immediate disqualification.

ALEX
What?

MR. BRIGHT
(impatient sigh)
Mr. Tully. The power-point's been put away, the P.A. system's turned off. I've snapped shut my satchel. Do you really expect me to go through it all again solely for your benefit?

ALEX
I expect you to tell me what's going on before I beat you to death.

MR. BRIGHT
Beating me to death would also be grounds for disqualification.

Bright starts to turn away again. Bad idea. In one nearly fluid move, Alex has Bright spun around and slammed down on a table, pinned. Bright looks up at Alex looming there. Even in this position Bright manages nonchalance.

MR. BRIGHT
Fine. But it won't be nearly as impressive without the visual aids.
(then)
What is going on -- is a race. A secret, exclusive and illegal cross country road race. That is why you have been invited here. To participate. To compete.

(MORE)

MR. BRIGHT (cont'd)
And if you can, to win. First prize
is thirty-two million dollars --

ALEX
What?

MR. BRIGHT
Tax free.

ALEX
No...

MR. BRIGHT
Yes. Those people you passed?
They're your competition. And don't
let appearances fool you. They have
each been chosen for a reason. Just
as you have been chosen for a reason.

ALEX
Am I supposed to believe any of that?

MR. BRIGHT
Well. I admit, without the power-
point it does seem a little far-
fetched. But if it is true and you
refuse to compete... You'll never
know what else you might find at the
finish line...

This as he manages to hold up an envelope. Alex releases
Bright, takes the envelope, tears it open: a "Missing" flyer.
Over the photo of his wife, someone has SCRAWLED the word
"WIN" in BIG RED LETTERS. Bright gets back to a vertical
position. Clocks Alex's reaction. Hollow, motionless shock.

MR. BRIGHT
That phone you hold is going to ring.
When it does --

Ironically, it RINGS NOW. Bright takes a small beat, then:

MR. BRIGHT
-- it means the race has started. My
advice? Get on the road, Mr. Tully.
Try like hell to win this thing.
Someone's got a lot riding on you.

Alex doesn't stop Bright as he walks away. Alex looks to the
phone. A TEXT MESSAGE: "Mainland. Go."

48 INT. WAYFARER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

48

Much movement. PEOPLE WITH PHONES scurry about the regular holiday folk. (Among them WE WILL GLIMPSE BILL, the cold-eyed driver from the TEASER. He seems to be looking for someone.) Something's happening. We find ROB AND ELLIE:

ELLIE

"Mainland go." That's all it says.

ROB

What more does it need to say?

ELLIE

Can't be that simple, can it?

ROB

Don't over-think it, baby. There's only one way to the mainland. Anything else and we're swimming to Guantanamo.

They push through the crowd, past Susan, Leigh and Ivy. Ellie bumping into Ivy as they go --

ELLIE

'scuse us.

IVY

'kay. He's hot. I hate her.

They pass John, who's ushering Violet, who is dressed for the pool, dragging a towel and pool items.

JOHN

Change of plans. Can't stay here. Too expensive. I should have planned this trip better, I'm sorry honey.

VIOLET

Dad, you were giving me a ride home from school and we ended up on the exact opposite coast from where we live. What part was ever *planned*?

They EXIT FRAME and WE LAND on WINSTON at the concierge station, offering some bling to a dubious BELLMAN.

WINSTON

That's real gold. I let you have it for fiddy bucks. I gotta do some driving and I'm kinda on fumes --

48

CONTINUED:

48

Wendy Patrakas, baby-bundle held close, passes, drags a suitcase, past:

ALEX stands in the midst. Everyone around him is on the move. The only inert object in the midst of movement. We PUSH ONTO him... decision time. And just when you'd think we'd land into a big CLOSE UP... he EXITS FRAME.

49

EXT. WAYFARER HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

49

Alex moves through the now-buzzing parking lot. ENGINES firing, cars backing out (constantly -- fifteen or twenty needed here, one thinks.) During the following, we will lose Alex and find him again as he passes or we pick up:

-- Wendy strapping her baby seat into the back of her van.

-- Rob and Ellie passing to their Firebird.

-- Susan, Leigh and Ivy piling into the LR-3.

-- Violet trailing her father, reacting to the commotion --

VIOLET

What is this, a fire drill?

-- Winston in his IMPALA. He cranks the ignition switch -- and it's like waking up a monster... HEAVY BASS from the stereo. The HYDRAULICS start pumping the car up, then down.

ALEX'S PICK UP TRUCK. He maneuvers around a tangle of frustrated motorists, bounces out of the parking lot, spinning us onto --

BILL, HE OF THE STEELY GAZE

Watching Alex go. Bill jumps into his CHARGER, fires it up:

SMASH CUT TO:

50

OMITTED

50

51

INT. TRACKING STATION - DAY - THE BIG BOARD

51

GRAPHICS sift through data... narrowing to South Florida... GRAPHICS getting us closer to ONE DOT... it moves faster than the rest, weaving in between them. WE ARE:

52

EXT. I-95 - DAY - MOVING

52

WE'RE BACK WHERE WE LEFT OFF. Bill and Alex trading lethal stares across lanes of traffic.

52

CONTINUED:

52

Neck-and-neck, both racing for the same spot ahead of them, where the TANKER TRUCK merges next to a BUS. Alex PUNCHES the GAS! ROARS forward --

-- and THE PICK-UP threads the needle between a TRUCK and the BUS. THE CHARGER is stuck behind. CAMERA drops down a series of FLASHING BRAKE lights, until we're BACK IN:

53

INT./EXT. WENDY'S MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

53

Wendy reacting to the near pile-up. BEEEWWOOP! The HIGHWAY PATROL CAR is behind her. She's being pulled over.

WENDY

Oh, you gotta be kidding me!

54

EXT. I-95 - SIDE OF THE ROAD - WENDY'S MINIVAN - LATER

54

Stopped dead, Florida Highway Patrol car parked behind it. WENDY sits there, nervously watching the rearview as the HIGHWAY PATROLMAN swaggers up. She mutters to herself:

WENDY

It's gonna be okay, it's gonna be okay, it's gonna be okay...

The square-jawed patrolman leans down into her passenger window. Eyes hidden behind dark glasses.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

License and registration please.

WENDY

Was I speeding, officer?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Actually, ma'am, this vehicle has been reported stolen.

WENDY

What? That's crazy!

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Keep your hands on the steering wheel.

She does. He goes back to his patrol car.

WENDY

Richard you *bastard*.

55

INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY - ALEX

55

zooming down the highway, satisfied that he's lost the Charger for now. He eyes the highway, road signs, etc.

55

CONTINUED:

55

ALEX

Okay. Mainland. I'm here. Now what?

A RINGING. It's his personal cell phone. He digs it out of his breast pocket, sees the caller I.D., winces. Answers.

ALEX

Hey, sis. How's everything?

BECCA (V.O.)

Where the hell are you?

ALEX

Um. I'm... driving.

BECCA (V.O.)

Driving? Driving where?

Suddenly A DISTINCTIVE RING. This time it's the RACE PHONE. He reaches for it, now driving and juggling two phones, as --

56

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER - DAY - SUSAN, LEIGH AND IVY

56

Scramble for their ringing RACE PHONE.

SUSAN/LEIGH/IVY

Getitgetitgetit!

57

INT. THE TAURUS - DAY - JOHN

57

The SOUND of the RACE PHONE ringing. John reaches under his seat. Can't find it. His blind search becomes frantic. He starts -- VIOLET'S in the rearview. She's got the phone.

VIOLET

Okay. Spill it.

58

INT. THE FIREBIRD - ROB AND ELLIE

58

She's leaning from the front seat, digging into the backseat. Rob gazes at her ass. The RINGING is MUFFLED in here.

ELLIE

Sorry! Can't believe I packed it!

ROB

(entranced by the view)

That's okay. I don't mind. Really.

ELLIE

(sees him looking)

Awww. You were in that desert for a long time, huh?

58

CONTINUED:

58

ROB

Yeah...

(snaps out of it)

Get the phone, baby.

59

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - CONTINUOUS - WINSTON

59

his personal cell to his ear, waiting. Looks at the RACE PHONE in his other hand. Now gives his attention to:

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE

Mr. Salazar's office.

WINSTON

(flat whitebread voice)

Yes, may I please speak to Mr. Salazar, please?

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE

May I tell him who's calling?

WINSTON

Tell him it's his son. Sean.

He anxiously taps his gas gauge. The needle is at "empty."

60

EXT. I-95 - SIDE OF THE ROAD - WENDY'S MINI-VAN - DAY

60

RINGING coming from Wendy's dashboard... the RACE PHONE there. She wants desperately to reach for it. She glances to her rearview. Sees the patrolman talking on his two-way. She takes her hand off the wheel, chickens out.

WENDY

Shoot!

61

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

61

Susan and Leigh in anticipation. Ivy looking at the phone.

SUSAN

Well?! What's it say?

62

EXT. I-95 - DAY - THE MOTORCYCLE - THE PASSENGER

62

holds the phone message up to leather-clad DRIVER so he can see it. He nods. They ACCELERATE out of FRAME.

63

INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

63

Alex looks at the Race Phone, sees a text message (that we don't see). Splits his focus between that and the road.

63

CONTINUED:

63

ALEX

Becca, I have to run --

BECCA (V.O.)

From what? Alex, you're being weird.

ALEX

Do me a favor. Watch the store for me while I'm gone -- will you do that?

BECCA (V.O.)

What is going on?

64

INT. THE TAURUS - DAY - JOHN AND VIOLET

64

She holds the Race Phone. Won't give it to him.

JOHN

Violet, give me that phone. Now.

VIOLET

Not until you tell me what's going on. Are you running from the law?

JOHN

What?

VIOLET

(climbs into the front)

Does this have anything to do with those classified documents you work with?

JOHN

Vi! I'm losing patience! Give me the damn phone!

She starts rolling down the window, threateningly --

VIOLET

No. Tell me what's going on. Tell me now or I toss it!

JOHN

It's a race! We're in a race.

Off Violet, spun by that --

65

INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY - ALEX

65

Driving and phone juggling.

BECCA (V.O.)

Alex, your wife is missing, you leave
without saying a word to anyone --

ALEX

I promise to explain as soon as --

WHAM! He's slammed from behind by THE CHARGER. It's baaack!

ALEX

Gotta go! Kisses!

He clicks off as he's RAMMED again, by --

EXT. I-95 - DOWN THE ROAD - DAY - THE PICK-UP AND CHARGER 66

WHAM! The CHARGER crashes into Alex's Pick-Up Truck again. Starts pushing it over to the shoulder on the fast lane, his truck throwing sparks as it's shoved against the guard rail.

Alex slams the brakes; the Charger breaks free. Alex's truck comes to a screeching stop on the shoulder... and STALLS OUT.

ALEX IN HIS STALLED TRUCK watches as Bill gets out of the Charger and starts stalking down the shoulder toward him. Alex reacts as he sees... A GUN in Bill's hand. Alex tries starting his truck. It COUGHS. Bill's getting closer. SUDDENLY, in his rearview mirror Alex sees --

-- the canvass tarp stretched over his truck THROWN AWAY... a WOMAN EMERGES from it. It's the COOL BLONDE he bumped into in the hotel lobby. Her name is CORINNA. She hoists an over-sized bag, scrambles out of the truck bed.

Bill spots Corinna. Now he's running down the shoulder. Corinna wrenches open Alex's passenger door, jumps in with:

CORINNA

Drive.

Alex finally starts it up, laying rubber as he tears out into traffic, leaving a stranded Bill behind. Off that ---

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

67 INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY - MOVING - CORINNA 67

looks over her shoulder, scanning the road behind them.

CORINNA

I don't see him back there. Maybe we should get off the highway. No, that's what he'd expect. Let's not lose any more time than we already have. Just keep going. Is this the next clue?

She grabs the Race Phone; he snatches it back. Glares.

CORINNA

Sorry. Corinna. Wiles. And you are?

ALEX

Angry. What the hell was that back there?!

CORINNA

That... was me breaking up with my boyfriend.

ALEX

(dubious)

Your boyfriend? He was trying to kill you.

CORINNA

Yeah. That's why I'm pretty sure it's over. Bill's a little crazy, but I don't think he'd actually kill me. Doing this race together was supposed to bring us closer. Funny, huh?

ALEX

My sides are splitting. You're getting out at the next stop. I've got enough problems already.

CORINNA

Yeah. I'm sensing that. Come on, you need me as much as I need you.

ALEX

What?

CORINNA

Trying to do this race alone is almost as dumb as trying to do it with someone you're sleeping with.

ALEX

Not interested.

CORINNA

Great! I'm not interested in you. We'd make a perfect team.

ALEX

I'm not looking for a partner.

CORINNA

No. Are you looking for her?

Now she's holding up a fresh MISSING PERSON flyer. Alex swerves in traffic. HORNS BLARE. He snatches it from her.

ALEX

Where'd you get this?!

CORINNA

There's a box of them in the back.

ALEX

Okay. You're getting out now.

CORINNA

Fine. Pull over, lose more time. And good luck figuring out that text message on your own.

He looks at the phone. Grabs it, shoves it at her.

ALEX

You got five seconds.

SUSAN (PRE-LAP V.O.)

Read it again.

Ivy wrinkling her brow at the phone. Reads:

IVY

'Fly to Jupiter find the red eye.'

SUSAN

Okay. Still doesn't make any sense.

LEIGH
It's a riddle.

IVY
But it doesn't even rhyme.

Leigh and Susan exchange a look. Huh? Leigh grabs the phone from Ivy. Looks at it.

LEIGH
Okay. Let's take it a piece at a time. "Fly to Jupiter." First word, "fly." Alright. The word "fly" could mean a lotta things. Like "hip" or "go fast!" Or "zipper."

SUSAN
(supremely unimpressed)
You got no idea, do you?

LEIGH
Not really, no.

Ivy perks up at something -- has she figured it out?

IVY
Oh, oh! It's them again!

Nope. She's referring to the FIREBIRD on their left.

IVY
Do the thing, do the thing!

They all make "loser" signs on their foreheads.

SUSAN/LEIGH/IVY
LOSERS!

We PULL OFF that and into --

-- Ellie, now holding the Race Phone, reacts to the taunting.

ELLIE
God I am so sick of them!

ROB
Relax, baby. They're just trying to get a rise out of you. It's like psi-ops.

ELLIE

Right. They're master terrorists, Rob. Is that what Al-Qaeda did in Iraq? Make little loser signs in Arabic on their foreheads?

ROB

Whoa. Hey. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

ELLIE

What?!

ROB

Baby, we talked about this. We said we'd do this for fun. You don't look like you're having fun.

ELLIE

For funds, Rob. We said we'd do it for funds. Thirty-two million dollars.

(off his look)

Okay. And fun.

(re: the phone message)

Be more fun if I knew what this meant.

ROB

Maybe we should pull off. Try to figure it out.

ELLIE

What? No! Then those awful women will be ahead of us!

He thinks. Grabs a mobile antenna, reaches outside and secures it to the top of the car with:

ROB

I'll take care of it --

The RACE PHONE still ringing on her dash. Wendy's about to explode with frustration. She glances to her rearview at the PATROLMAN, still in his car. Wendy winces, snatches the phone, hides it in her lap. Looks at it. Is confused.

Wind whistles. Violet stares in silent disbelief at John.

JOHN

Honey, say something. You're staring.
You've been staring for 2.8 Miles.

But she just continues to stare -- then, still processing:

VIOLET

A secret illegal cross country road
race... and you're just now telling
me. You didn't think I'd notice?

JOHN

I don't know. I don't know. It all
came up very suddenly. Alright, I'm a
terrible father! I've pulled you out
of school in the middle of one of your
most formative years, jeopardized your
entire academic future... I've
involved my minor daughter in
something illegal and probably
dangerous.

VIOLET

How much did you say the winners get?

JOHN

Thirty-two million.

VIOLET

We are so gonna win this thing.

She's absolute controlled determination. John regards her, a
little frightened.

Winston's still on hold. As he waits, he picks up the Race
Phone again. Reads the message. But now:

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Sean, I hope this is important. I was
in a meeting.

WINSTON

It ain't Sean. It's your other son.

A bit of dead air. Then, coolly:

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Winston.

72 CONTINUED:

72

WINSTON

You remember. I'm impressed. Been a long time, eh pops?

73 EXT. I-95 - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY - WENDY

73

is freaking out. Eyeballs the Patrolman. He's taking forever. She slowly drops her hand to the ignition switch...

WENDY

You had no choice, you had no choice.

She starts the car. Then TEARS out of there, back onto the road and the flow of traffic. The Highway Patrolman takes off his dark glasses, blinks as he watches her go. Stunned.

74 INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

74

Corinna has the phone, is studying the text message. Alex splits his attention between the road and her, impatient.

ALEX

Well? Five seconds are up.

CORINNA

You're doing fine. Just keep going the way you're going. Don't worry, I'll let you know when to turn.

ALEX

You really think being a wise-ass is going to keep you in this truck?

CORINNA

It might. Come on. Just get me to the first checkpoint. I need to stay in this race as much as you do.

ALEX

(nearly to himself)
I seriously doubt that.

He looks forward. She studies him. Senses the weight.

75 INT. THE TAURUS - DAY - JOHN AND VIOLET

75

John drives; Violet has a map spread open before her. Is making notes, working feverishly.

JOHN

Alright. This is good. We can do this together. Like a family activity. So. Jupiter.

(MORE)

75

CONTINUED:

75

JOHN (cont'd)

Fifth planet from the sun. Roughly three hundred and eighteen times the mass of Earth. Double the mass of all the other planets combined. Of course, Jupiter could also be a reference to "Jove," or in the Greek, "Zeus." Zeus, of course, being the ruler of Olympus. Son of Chronos. But that's Saturn... What do you think, sweetheart?

VIOLET

I think we're going to Jupiter, Florida. And it's about four hours from here.

JOHN

Right.

76

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - DAY

76

The girls. Leigh is looking at a map.

LEIGH

Jupiter. It's near West Palm Beach.

SUSAN

There an airport there? "Find the red-eye," could mean we're supposed to take a flight someplace.

LEIGH

It's a road race, Susan.

The FIREBIRD pulls alongside. Ellie eyes them.

IVY

Oh! Oh! Don't let 'em pass! Do the thing! Do the thing!

They make the "loser" signs. Susan accelerates when a TRUCK CUTS IN FRONT OF THEM. Then ANOTHER TRUCK appears on their right. Then ANOTHER on the left. Big METAL SEMI FRONT END coming up fast on their ass -- the LR-3 is suddenly literally boxed in by four SEMI-TRUCKS.

LEIGH

The hell -- ?!

77

INT./EXT. FIREBIRD - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

77

Rob's got the handset to a C.B. RADIO to his mouth --

ROB

Appreciate that. You ever get down to Little Rock, T Town, give us a shout.

TRUCK DRIVER (OVER RADIO)

Will do, soldier.

Rob clicks off. Pulls the portable antennae back inside. Looks at Ellie. She smiles.

ELLIE

So now I'm having fun.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

You need money, fine. I can help you.

WINSTON

Good.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Give my assistant your current address...

WINSTON

No. Doesn't work like that. I'm right outside of Boca. I'ma just swing by real quick...

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Impossible. I have a very tight schedule.

WINSTON

Yeah, me too. Trust me.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

I can't today, Winston. It's simply not convenient.

WINSTON

Right. Well it wasn't "convenient" for me and my moms when you ran out on us when I was seven. I need cash now.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Give your current address to my assistant --

WINSTON

I DON'T GOT NO CURRENT ADDRESS!

78

CONTINUED:

78

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Then get back to me when you do.

CLICK. Winston gapes. Fucker. He tosses the phone.

WINSTON

But I got your address, *carapedo* --

He cranks the wheel hard, heading for an exit, as --

79

INT./EXT. TAURUS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

79

Violet with her maps and brochures. Thwarted.

VIOLET

There's nothing here says "red eye."
Tourist map's not gonna do it. We
have to pull off. I need net access.

He doesn't question her, nods, swerves toward an exit, as --

80

INT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

80

They drive in silence for a beat. Then she ventures:

CORINNA

Who is she? The woman on the flyer.

ALEX

(staring ahead, grim)
She's my wife.

CORINNA

I'm sorry. You thought you'd find her
here. You weren't expecting a race,
otherwise you wouldn't be driving
this. No offense.

He takes a breath, exhales, then:

ALEX

I got a call warning me not to talk to
anyone, come straight here. So I did.

CORINNA

I've heard the stories, rumors about
how they coerce people into playing.
Never actually believed it...

ALEX

Who are "they"?

CORINNA

Nobody knows. Nobody asks. They make it so you won't ask. I guess the real question is -- who are you? I mean, somebody sure went to an awful lot of trouble to make sure you'd be in this. You're not just a gardener, are you?

ALEX

Okay, you have a choice --

CORINNA

I know. Shut up or get tossed out.

ALEX

-- you can steer, or you can push.

Suddenly the TRUCK starts to SEIZE UP.

CORINNA

Ugh. You're joking, right?

FIVE HIGHWAY PATROL CARS descend on a BLUE MINI-VAN. ARMED PATROLMEN pour out, taking up positions. WENDY has her hands up behind the wheel of her stopped car.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

OUT OF THE CAR, HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM, LAY DOWN ON THE GROUND!

She complies with that. A PATROLMAN moves in, cuffs her.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (cont'd)

Ochoa, secure the infant.

A FEMALE OFFICER moves to the Mini-Van, reaches in for the baby seat and reacts, stunned. The others see her reaction. As she emerges with the inert infant in her arms:

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (cont'd)

What? Ohmygod... Is it alive?

Nope. It's PLASTIC. It goes "Ma-Ma." Off that --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

82 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

82

Alex pops the hood. Corinna hovers, anxious.

CORINNA

You think you can get it to run again,
or should I look for another ride?

ALEX

I think I can get it to run again and
you should look for another ride.

Alex moves to the truck bed, grabs a tool kit. She follows.

CORINNA

You don't mean that.

ALEX

Look. Until I can figure out exactly
what's going on, I'll play along. But
not with you. I don't know you, lady.
And I sure as hell don't trust you.

CORINNA

But you need me.

He shakes his head, bitter grunt. She doesn't quit. He puts
his focus where it's needed, on the engine.

CORINNA

Isn't it obvious? You'd still be
stuck on the highway if it wasn't for
me.

(then)

You can't do this race alone, Tully.
Nobody can.

Off Alex, looking at her --

83 INT. HIGHWAY PATROL SUB-STATION - DAY

83

Wendy holds a number as her mug shot is taken: FLASH!

WENDY

This is really just one gi-normous
misunderstanding. I thought the
officer who pulled me over was nodding
to me, telling me to go.

BOOKING OFFICER

Uh-huh. Wedding ring, please.

83 CONTINUED:

83

WENDY

If there's a fine I'll be happy to pay
it. I won't contest it or anything.
But I really need to get back on the
road...

83A EXT. MC-MANSION - DAY

83A

The IMPALA parked outside this expensive home, while --

84 INT. MC-MANSION - DAY - WINSTON

84

fills a pillow case with booty. As he does this, his
attention is drawn to framed FAMILY PHOTOS. Varying IMAGES
of a nice looking, middle class Latino family: FATHER,
MOTHER and SON (range of ages, to late teens). Winston ain't
impressed. Particularly with the goody-two-shoes looking
kid. He tosses a framed photo aside, hoists his sack-'o-
loot, turns to see: SEAN SALAZAR. He's holding a gun, trying
to look fearless, but looks like he might pee his pants.

SEAN

Don't move.

85 EXT. PRESTON'S GAS 'N DINE - DAY

85

Diner connected to gas pumps and mini-mart. Outside the
diner are parked EIGHTEEN WHEELERS. The LAND ROVER pulls up
to the gas pump island. The girls pile out, rattled.

SUSAN

Just huge walls of rolling metal. I
thought we'd never get out.
(spotting the ones there)
Trucks. I hate trucks.

IVY

'kay. You know what I hate more than
trucks? Them.

They look to: THE FIREBIRD parked next to the mini-market.

LEIGH

Ohmygod, they're like weeds!

IVY

Yeah. And it's time they got pulled.

Ivy walks with a purpose toward the diner. Off Susan and
Leigh, wondering what she's doing --

86 EXT. FLORIDA BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY - JOHN'S TAURUS 86

glides through the city section. He and Violet search.

VIOLET

Uh! This is ridiculous! We just need a library, a coffee house, anything with DSL. My father's a freaking rocket scientist and we don't have cell phones with internet access!

JOHN

Well, honey, that's a luxury. And I told you, just get those grades up --

VIOLET

What was that you said before about yanking me out of school in the middle one of my most formative years?

Off John, looking chastened --

87 OMITTED 87

87A INT. HIGHWAY PATROL SUB-STATION - DAY 87A

Wendy still being booked. Female Officer holds up a SNAPSHOT of Wendy in her hospital bed, holding her NEWBORN INFANT.

FEMALE OFFICER

Mrs. Patrakas, where's your baby?

WENDY

What? Oh, Sam's fine. Really.

FEMALE OFFICER

Is there some reason you were driving around with a plastic doll strapped into his baby seat?

WENDY

Um... no good reason.

BOOKING OFFICER

Put your thumb on the pad.

ANOTHER UNIFORM

(approaching)

Hang on. Don't book her.

WENDY

Oh, oh thank you!

ANOTHER UNIFORM

I guess brass is working a deal out with the husband. He's some kind of bigshot lawyer. He'll be here in about thirty minutes.

WENDY

What? No. That's impossible. Richard's in Ohio.

ANOTHER UNIFORM

He's been following your credit card receipts, Mrs. Patrakas. He's in Key Largo now, getting a car.

WENDY

I lied. I knew the officer wasn't nodding to me. You should book me and send me away. Far away.

88 INT. MC-MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

88

Sean holds the gun on Winston while he picks up the phone.

WINSTON

You hold that thing like a *pequeña muchacha*. Point it someplace else. No one never teach you nothing?

SEAN

Shut up. Don't move.

WINSTON

Seriously, man. Put down the gun, put down the phone. I'll just go. A'right? I got someplace I gotta be.

SEAN

Yeah. Prison.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

Sean's emergency changes suddenly as Winston disarms him. Has the gun under Sean's chin. Now it's really pants wetting time. Eyeball-to-eyeball.

WINSTON

Already been, homes.

(hangs up the phone)

And you don't really want to send your big brother back there, do you?

Sean is frozen. Winston slowly backs away --

SEAN

My what?

WINSTON

Your brother. Yeah, that's right.
You and me. *Hermanos*.

SEAN

That some kind of racial thing?

WINSTON

(amused)
He never told you. I'm not surprised.
Fernando Salazar, your father? Is my
father, too.

Winston starts re-gathering his booty, keeps Sean covered.

SEAN

What? No. You're lying...

WINSTON

Why would I lie? I got the gun.
(considering that)
Which, to tell you the truth, I don't
want. Can't have it in my car, man.

Winston snaps open the gun, starts emptying it of bullets.
Wipes it clean of his prints.

WINSTON

So I'm gonna leave it here. Maybe you
can have dad show you how to point it.

He tosses the gun, gathers the last of his loot. Quickly.

WINSTON

So, uh, don't take drugs. Stay in
school. See ya, bye.

SNAP. CLICK. Winston turns back. Sean's snapped the
chamber back and has the gun up again. Looks really upset.

SEAN

I don't have a brother!

WINSTON

(hands up)
Half-brother. It's no big deal.
Forget I said anything.

88

CONTINUED:

88

SEAN
 (mostly to himself)
 My father would have told me...

Off Sean's world shifting and Winston caught again --

89

EXT. PRESTON'S GAS 'N DINE - DAY - SUSAN AND LEIGH

89

Are looking toward the diner --

SUSAN
 What the hell is she doing?

LEIGH
 Working for tips?

SUSAN
 She does know we're in a race, right?

THEIR POV - IVY is in the diner, posing as a waitress, pouring coffee for a BOOTH of BURLY TRUCKERS. She seems to be upset. Bravely trying not to cry. The truckers, moved by the sight of a damsel in distress, engage her. She's telling them an MOS tale of woe. The TEARS come. The men start offering her napkins. She continues her animated sob story --

LEIGH AND SUSAN - watch, enraptured by the silent screen performance.

THEIR POV - Ivy points out the window. Now ALL THE TRUCKERS, faces full of righteous anger, turn as one to look out the window to who she's pointing out, presumably the source of her pain and sorrow...

Susan and Leigh turn to see what they're looking at:

ROB putting air in the Firebird's tires.

90

OMITTED

90

91

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - ALEX

91

works silently on the engine. Corinna hovers nearby. Pacing, agitated. Finally she lands. Makes a choice:

CORINNA
 It's a lighthouse.

He emerges from the engine. Looks at her.

CORINNA

The "red eye." It's a lighthouse in Jupiter. Just up the coast past West Palm. That's where we're going.

ALEX

Why'd you just give that up?

CORINNA

I didn't give it up. I'm trading it for a little trust.

They hold each other's gaze. He nods. Understanding:

ALEX

You have to pee, don't you?

CORINNA

Like a race horse. And I want you to be here when I get back.

She's already heading off to the rest rooms. Alex can't help but smile. Moves to the side of the truck, gets down on his back, slides under the truck. He doesn't notice as --

-- TIRES ROLL UP next to him. We catch the bottom edge of a car door opening. MEN'S SHOES emerge, the door shuts, the shoes walk away. Alex slides back out, moves back to the engine. Slams down the hood. His gaze almost absently going to the... DODGE CHARGER parked there. That can't be good...

SMASH! Corinna is thrown into the mirror. Bill clamps a hand on her throat, digs through her bag, tossing items.

BILL

Where is it? You better hope it's here 'cause I'm prepared to search everything.

ALEX (O.S.)

Hey.

Bill turns to see -- the business end of Alex's wrench. CRACK! He goes down. Corinna blinks, impressed.

CORINNA

You really are handy with a wrench. Not much of a fight, though, huh?

ALEX

Sorry if you weren't sufficiently entertained.

(kneels, checks Bill)

He's still alive.

CORINNA

(gathering up her stuff)

You may need to hit him again.

ALEX

You really have moved on, haven't you?

Alex now starts to search Bill. Comes up with his wallet --

CORINNA

What are you doing? He doesn't have any money. We need to go. Now.

Alex looks at Bill's I.D. Confirming one suspicion...

ALEX

His name's not "Bill." It's Allan. Allan James.

CORINNA

(not wicked convincing)

Ohmygod. He lied to me.

A GROAN from fallen Bill. She reacts, moves toward the door.

CORINNA

We should go --

ALEX

(blocking her)

Really? Because I think we should stay. I think we should wait for Allan James to wake up. We can ask him why he ran me off the road and brandished a firearm on a public highway in broad daylight. Because somehow -- I don't think I'm getting the full story from you.

Another GROAN from Bill. She's really scared.

CORINNA

Okay! He's not my boyfriend. He was never my partner. He's not even in the race. He works for them.

93 INT. HIGHWAY PATROL SUB-STATION - (LATE) DAY

93

The Female Officer sits with an exceedingly jittery Wendy.

FEMALE OFFICER

Mrs. Patrakas, if there's a reason you're trying to get away from your husband. If you're in some kind of trouble... maybe I can help.

Wendy looks to the sincere Officer. Is about to say something, but looks to the door as:

ANOTHER UNIFORM

Ma'am? Your husband's here.

A well-scrubbed FORTY-ISH MAN appears at Another Uniform's shoulder. He's got on the high-end sports jacket duds.

FORTY-ISH MAN

Wendy. You've had me worried sick.

Wendy stares, can't speak, manages a swallow. Female Officer takes in her discomfort, but there's nothing she can do.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

94 INT. GAS STATION - REST ROOM - DAY

94

WHAM! This time it's Alex who has Corinna against the wall:

ALEX

Are you seriously telling me the man I
just hit in the face with a wrench
works for the people who have my wife?

CORINNA

Yeah.

ALEX

That's going to make them angry. I'm
trying not to make these people angry.
Do you get that?

CORINNA

I'm sorry! I didn't know they had
your wife when I picked you.

ALEX

"Picked me?"

CORINNA

(admitting it finally)
I needed a partner. I had to find
someone else who needed a partner.
Someone who was there alone. It was
either you or that crazy lady with the
plastic baby.

ALEX

Great.

CORINNA

(re: Bill)
Look. He's nothing. He's a grunt.
Eyes on the ground for the people who
are really running the show.

ALEX

What's he want from you?

She holds up what she's been palming: a FLASH DRIVE.

CORINNA

This.

ALEX

What is it?

CORINNA

Everything we need to win. I stole it from him back at the hotel.

He grabs it from her, looks at it. At her.

ALEX

What'd you trade for his trust?
(then)
What's on it?

CORINNA

My guess? The finish line.

ALEX

Your "guess?!"

CORINNA

It's encrypted.

ALEX

So you really don't know?

CORINNA

Well I know he's been trying to kill me all day to get it back! That should tell you something!

ALEX

That might just say more about you than whatever's on this drive!

CORINNA

Tully. If I'm right -- we've already won.

ALEX

Really? Because feels to me like we're stuck in a bathroom and about to be disqualified for cheating!

CORINNA

How do you cheat at a game that has no rules?

ALEX

(glib)
I don't know. I missed the orientation.

CORINNA

Then let me orient you -- this isn't just a race of speed.

(MORE)

94

CONTINUED:

94

CORINNA (cont'd)

It's a game of strategy. Getting there fast is never going to be enough. You have to get there smart.

ALEX

And you think stealing this was smart? What happens when the people he works for find out you took it?

CORINNA

Who's going to tell them? Him? He knows what would happen.

ALEX

Then as long as we have it, he keeps coming after us.

CORINNA

(with dark meaning)

Well. We could fix that.

That hangs there for a beat as her meaning sinks in. Then:

ALEX

Who are you?

CORINNA

People die in this race, Tully. And sometimes... they die because of it...

95

EXT. FLORIDA BACK ROAD - (LATE) DAY - WENDY'S MINI-VAN

95

comes bumping toward us up a dirt road. It stops in the middle of nowhere, Forty-ish Man behind the wheel. Wendy, terrified, sits in the passenger seat, stares. Finally, because she can stand it no longer, she speaks:

WENDY

I didn't say anything. I swear. You have to believe me.

FORTY-ISH MAN

I believe you.

Only slight relief from that. Then, tentative:

WENDY

Can I ask a question?

FORTY-ISH MAN

Okay.

WENDY

Who are you?

FORTY-ISH MAN

Oh. My name's Brad.

WENDY

Thanks for getting me out of there,
Brad.

He smiles. And then, because she's been so alone:

WENDY

I'm not crazy. I know that doll isn't
really Sam. Sam's fine. I took the
doll with me when I was leaving...
well, escaping... in case Richard was
watching. Then I just... I didn't
want to put it down. It was like Sam
was still with me. Plus there was the
whole car pool lane thing. That's not
against the rules, is it?

FORTY-ISH MAN

I don't work for the race, Wendy.

WENDY

What?

FORTY-ISH MAN

I work for someone who has a special
interest in seeing that you stay in
it. At least for now.

WENDY

I don't understand --

FORTY-ISH MAN

That's okay. It's getting late. Try
not to be last. It's bad to be last.

WENDY

Wait!

(holds up text message)

Can you tell me what this means?

96

INT. MC-MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS - (LATE) DAY

96

Oddly quiet but tense. Sean with gun on Winston. They eye each other as a CALL RINGS THROUGH on SPEAKER. Then:

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
Mr. Salazar's office.

SEAN
Mary, let me speak to my father.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S VOICE
Sure, hon. One sec.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)
Yes, Sean. What is it?

Sean nods to Winston: you're on.

WINSTON
Sorry, Pops. It's Winston again.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)
Winston, I've really said all I have to say. I'm hanging up.

WINSTON
Wait! I wanna apologize. You were being real generous before, then I bring up how you bailed on us. That was wrong of me. Dad.

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)
Well, that's good to hear, son. Listen, I'd appreciate if you didn't contact me here again. I've talked to my business manager, and I think we can set up some kind of --

SEAN
You're a piece of crap --

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)
Sean?

SEAN
So it's true? This thug really is your son? Does mom know?

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)
Sean --

SEAN

You said those rumors were lies, dad.
That your political enemies were
making up stories to discredit you.
"Don't you think I'd tell you if I had
another family, Sean." That's what
you said --

FERNANDO SALAZAR (V.O.)

Sean. Listen to me.

SEAN

I'm done listening to you.

Sean pounds off the call. Lets the gun slip from his hand,
sits heavily into a chair. Winston watches him. Nothing
more to be said. He grabs his stuff, starts to go:

SEAN

And I thought I hated him before.

This turns Winston back. He regards his brother.

WINSTON

You got all this and you hate him?

SEAN

You don't really know him, do you?

WINSTON

Well. Enough to hate him.
(regards Sean, then:)
Hey? You wanna really piss him off?

ELLIE emerges from the mini-market, her arms full of goodies
and tourist brochures, makes her way to Rob at the car --

ELLIE

Rob, you're gonna be so proud of me!
Guess what I found?!

He looks at her, but suddenly she's not looking at him,
something has gained her attention, he follows her concerned
look to see: THE BURLY TRUCK DRIVERS stalk toward him, as --

-- IVY hurries over to Susan and Leigh.

IVY

Let's go!

THE BURLY TRUCKERS surrounding Rob. A brewing confrontation.

LEIGH

What'd you say to them?

IVY

Told them he robbed me of my virtue
and now he's leaving me and our three
kids for that slut and why'd he have
to come here and rub my face in it?

LEIGH

Your "virtue?"

IVY

What?

The girls laugh, running to the LR-3. WHAM! Burly lands a solid sucker punch on Rob in the b.g. Rob goes down. Ellie screams, runs to Rob's side. Susan and Leigh aren't enjoying what's happening there. Susan stops short opening her car door. Ivy is annoyed.

IVY

What's the problem? You wanna win or
don't you?

SUSAN

Not like this.

He's parallel parking at a metered space right out front.
He's not great at it. Violet sits impatiently.

VIOLET

Come on, Dad!

Violet hops out while he's still trying to park. She runs into the cafe. John finally manages to get the car into the space. It takes a moment. Once he finally puts the car in park, Violet reappears, hops back in with:

VIOLET

It's a lighthouse in Jupiter --

JOHN

What? How'd you do that?

VIOLET

I Googled it. Let's go!

98A INT. GAS STATION - REST ROOM - (LATE) DAY

98A

Alex tosses some water into the face of: Bill, now bound and gagged, propped on a toilet in a bathroom stall. Bill comes around. Struggles.

ALEX

Hi. Just one question.

Alex holds up the flash drive, wiggles it in Bill's face.

ALEX

This mean anything to you?

The sight of it sends Bill into spasms. He struggles all the harder. Alex looks back to Corinna who fidgets anxiously nearby. Her look says, "see?" Alex to Bill:

ALEX

Thanks. All I needed to know.

Alex cold-cocks him. Bill's out again.

99 EXT. MC-MANSION - FRONT WALK - (LATE) DAY

99

Winston and Sean moving down the walk. Sean's carrying a hastily filled duffle bag.

SEAN

Can't believe I'm doing this.

WINSTON

No, it's good. We'll, you know, bond. You said you had a gas card, right? Oh, hey, you ever been up to Jupiter before?

SEAN

That's where Bert Reynolds used to have that dinner theater, right? And where that old red lighthouse is?

Winston pauses in mid-step, looks to his brother. Smiles.

WINSTON

This is gonna work out great.

Winston moves off. Sean is just seeing something -- reacts.

SEAN

Yeah. Great...

99

CONTINUED:

99

SEAN'S POV - of the gaudy IMPALA. Winston is already in it, firing it up. The HYDRAULICS make it dance.

WINSTON

Let's go!

100

EXT. PRESTON'S GAS 'N DINE - (LATE) DAY

100

Susan marches up to the fight, she's carrying a tire iron --

SUSAN

HEY! I said -- HEY!

Rob writhes; Ellie is at his side, the three Burlies look up.

SUSAN

Now, I got no idea which of them big metal beasts y'all drive. But my plan is this -- I will go over there and start smashing windows on each and every one of those things -- and I will enjoy it -- until you take your hands off my boy here.

They stare for a beat, then back away. Rob gets to his feet. Wipes some blood from his mouth. Ellie steadies him.

SUSAN

I'm a certified nurse. I can look at that if you like.

ROB

We gotta get back on the road.

SUSAN

Well. So do we.

Ellie glances at Rob, then at Susan:

ELLIE

Hey.

A grateful Ellie holds up a BROCHURE which pictures the RED JUPITER LIGHTHOUSE.

ELLIE

I think this is where we're going.

Susan meets Ellie's look. Nods. They're square.

SUSAN

See you there.

100

CONTINUED:

100

ELLIE

See our dust.

As everyone bolts to their respective vehicles --

101

EXT. GAS STATION - (LATE) DAY - ALEX AND CORINNA

101

come out of the rest room, in a hurry. Corinna moves to the passenger door of the truck. Starts to open it. Alex grabs her wrist before she can.

ALEX

Nope.

CORINNA

Oh, come on! You saw his reaction. You know I'm telling the truth.

ALEX

The truth? I figure I got maybe a third of it. But we're not taking that.

(then)

You say this is a game of strategy? New strategy --

(filps Bill's keys in his hand, revealing them)

-- we win.

101A

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARGER - SECONDS LATER

101A

Alex and Corinna sit into Bill's Dodge, pulling the doors shut. Alex FIRES up the ENGINE -- VROOOM, VRM-VRM-VRM! He's got a gleam in his eye. Throws it into REVERSE -- SCREECH! Aims it like a bullet. A slight Han Solo-ish look to Corinna that says "hang on!" Then he throws it INTO DRIVE! And GRIND-CLUNK! It dies. Shit. SLAM CUT TO:

101B

INT./EXT. ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

101B

Alex gripping the wheel of the pick-up, Corinna next to him, pushing the rattle trap as hard as he can.

102

INT. TRACKING STATION - NIGHT

102

THE BIG BOARD. The DOTS are a bit scattered. There is ONE DOT that seems to be in the lead, moving fast. It becomes --

103

OMITTED

103

103A INT./EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

103A

Alex driving. Corinna looking anxious, straining to see into the night.

ALEX

You said back there people die in this race. How do you know? You been in it before?

CORINNA

No. First time.

ALEX

And yet you seem to know a lot about it...

CORINNA

Let's just say I knew someone else who was in it once.

She's gazing out the window, a memory, not looking at him.

ALEX

They didn't win, did they?

CORINNA

Not exactly.

She reacts now as she spots something --

CORINNA

Look! There it is!

THEIR POV: of the top of the JUPITER LIGHTHOUSE jutting out of the horizon. It flashes its signal.

ALEX AND CORINNA

He sees it, too now.

CORINNA

Like a beacon, drawing us close. We're gonna make it...

ALEX

Lighthouse isn't supposed to draw you close. Supposed to warn you away from the rocks. From danger.

She smiles ironically at that. If he only knew. Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS from another car ILLUMINATE the truck cab. Someone coming up on them from behind/the side.

104 EXT. JUPITER BACK ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

104

The PICK-UP blows through back roads. The HEADLIGHTS fall in beside it. It's THE IMPALA.

The two cars, racing now as -- Legend: **"Jupiter, Florida. 29° 93' N, 80° 10' W"** Both cars racing toward:

THE JUPITER LIGHTHOUSE flashes its signal over the inlet.

105 INT./EXT. IMPALA - MOVING 105

Winston, determined, focused, driving. And next to him...
Sean, hanging on for dear life. The RACE PHONE CHIRPS --

106 OMITTED 106

106A INT./EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOVING 106A

Their phone CHIRPING too. Corinna picks it up, looks at it --

ANGLE: THE PHONE -- the TEXT is TICKING DOWN the last mile.

107 OMITTED 107

107A EXT. JUPITER BACK ROAD/INT. PICK-UP TRUCK/INT. IMPALA - ~~NIGHT~~
- CONTINUOUS

We're INTERCUTTING between

-- the cars, neck-and-neck, battling it out

-- the faces. Tense. Focused. Determined. Oh, and in
Sean's case, frightened.

-- the TEXT on the PHONE, ticking down the last mile, yard by
yard. Our virtual finish line banner --

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, --

SCREECH! Both cars fishtail to a smoking stop. It's unclear
which one got there first. The night is inky blackness
around them. Their headlights steaming. No one there to
greet them, seemingly. They emerge from their vehicles.

WINSTON

Us! One hundred per cent, us!

CORINNA

Yeah, I don't think so, pal --

Sean's trying to get his sea legs. Alex is reacting to
something off screen, looking up toward a slight rise. The
others follow his gaze, look up to see --

At least someone got here before these two... THE MOTORCYCLE
from the opening sequence. We forgot about it. The LEATHER-
CLAD RIDERS have dismounted, pull off their helmets. WE
RECOGNIZE them as the OLDER SHUFFLING COUPLE from the hotel.

ALEX

Sonofabitch --

107A CONTINUED:

107A

CORINNA

Okay, so we're not first. We're --

The PHONE CHIRPS again. She looks at it. A number: 23.

CORINNA

Twenty-third...

Winston's PHONE CHIRPS: 24.

WINSTON

Oh, man!

Alex is walking toward the rise. Back-lit in the headlights of the two cars. Corinna joins him. As they mount the gentle slope, WE CRANE UP behind them, revealing...

THE OTHER TWENTY ONE CARS. The TEAMS milling. They take in just how far down the pecking order they seem to be.

ALEX

Guess there's something to be said for getting there fast, too.

CORINNA

We'll do better tomorrow.

He turns, leaves her on the rise. Alone.

A MONTAGE CUE, or even a SONG, to CARRY THE DISSOLVING IMAGES OF: NEXT UP THE ROAD is the FIREBIRD, dogged by the LAND ROVER. Rob and Ellie alight. They look at their status on the phones. As do Ivy, Susan and Leigh. Looks between them. Our MUSIC CUE underscoring the connection/rivalry.

...DISSOLVES of other VEHICLES and DRIVERS that we may have seen in the background of locations, on the road, arriving.

...THE FORD TAURUS comes up the road. John and Violent disembark, join the assembled, MUSIC still carrying IMAGES.

ALEX

at his truck. He looks to something in his hand -- a "MISSING" flyer. His wife's enigmatic smile. His RACE PHONE RINGS. Other PHONES going OFF -- people checking:

TEXT MESSAGE: "GET SOME REST."

CORINNA (V.O.)

It has no name...

MONTAGE of THE CROWD, checking the message, checking each other... highlighting our PRINCIPALS. Relationships old and new. Rivalries and alliances.

107A CONTINUED:

107A

CORINNA (V.O.)

It has been called many things. "The Event." "The Competition." "The Game." But just say, "The Race"... and those who know, will understand...

WE TIME LAPSE as people get into their cars, start them up. Drive away.

CORINNA (V.O.)

Secret. Illegal. Hidden by shadow, shrouded in myth, it is said to attract competitors from all walks of life. The average and the extraordinary... The desperate and the dreamers...

The CROWD THINNING...

CORINNA (V.O.)

Only the select know where it begins.

Until they are ALL GONE. The place is empty now, until... HEADLIGHTS BOUNCING up the road. A BLUE MINI-VAN.

108 INT./EXT. WENDY'S MINI-VAN - NIGHT - MOVING

108

Wendy strains into the darkness. She reacts to --
A LONE FIGURE in her HEADLIGHTS. Mr. Bright standing there.
Wendy rolls her van to a stop, emerges, looks around.

WENDY

Am I first?

MR. BRIGHT

No, Mrs. Patrakas. I'm afraid not.

CHIRP! Her phone: "LAST."

WENDY

Oh. Am I out?

MR. BRIGHT

Out? Oh, no. You're not out. Though you have earned a penalty.

WENDY

Penalty?

He hands her an envelope. She opens it. Removes... A GUN.

WENDY

It's... a gun.

MR. BRIGHT

Actually it's a loaded gun. So do be careful, Mrs. Patrakas.

He turns, starts walking off into the night --

MR. BRIGHT

Try to get some rest. Big day tomorrow.

WENDY

Big day? I don't understand --

MR. BRIGHT

Let's just call it... an elimination round.

And he's folded into the night. Wendy looks down to the envelope and something else there: A PHOTO OF IVY.

As we pull back on small, frightened Wendy --

CORINNA (V.O.)

None knows where it might end.

BLACK OUT.

DRIVE