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STORY # E03306
PRODUCTION # 1AMP-03

DRIVE

Episode 103

"LET THE GAMES BEGIN"

Written by

Ben Queen

&

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Directed by

Marita Grabiak

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------|----------------------|---------|
| WHITE | 2/27/07 | DOUBLE BLUE REVS. | 3/02/07 |
| BLUE REVS. | 2/27/07 | DOUBLE PINK REVS. | 3/05/07 |
| PINK REVS. | 2/28/07 | DOUBLE YELLOW REVS. | 3/06/07 |
| YELLOW REVS. | 2/28/07 | DOUBLE GREEN REVS. | 3/07/07 |
| GREEN REVS. | 3/01/07 | DOUBLE GOLDENROD REV | 3/08/07 |
| GOLDENROD REVS. | 3/01/07 | DOUBLE SALMON REVS. | 3/08/07 |
| SALMON REVS. | 3/02/07 | | |

Twentieth Century Fox Television

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DRIVE

REVISION HISTORY

WHITE 2/27/07

BLUE REVS. 2/27/07

12, 12A, 13, 15, 16, 26-27, 31, 32, 33, 40, 44, 45, 46, 52, 53

PINK REVS. 2/28/07

44, 44A, 45, 45A, 45B, 46, 47, 47A, 48

YELLOW REVS. 2/28/07

4B, 4C, 4D, 5-8, 18, 18A, 18B, 37, 37A, 37B, 45A, 45B

GREEN REVS. 3/01/07

2, 2A, 3, 3A, 4, 4A, 4B, 4C, 4D, 5-8, 19-20, 20A, 20B, 21-22, 37B, 37C, 37D, 38-39, 53, 53A, 54-55

GOLDENROD REVS. 3/01/07

2, 2A, 4, 4A, 4B, 4C, 4D, 5-8, 9, 26-27, 27A, 28, 54-55, 56, 57

SALMON REVS. 3/02/07

9, 9A, 10-12, 12A, 37C, 37D, 37E, 38-39

DOUBLE BLUE REVS. 3/02/07

9A

DOUBLE PINK REVS. 3/05/07

3, 3A, 3B, 3C, 3D, 3E, 3F, 4, 4A, 4B, 4C, 4D, 5-8, 8A, 8B, 9-24, 24A, 25-27, 27A, 27B, 28, 28A, 28B, 28C, 28D, 28E, 28F, 28G, 29-35, 35A, 36-37, 37A, 37B *(also replaces 37C-E)*, 38-41, 41A, 41B, 41C, 41D, 41E, 41F, 42, 48, 48A, 49, 49A, 49B, 50, 50A, 50B, 51, 52, 53, 53A, 53B, 54-55

DOUBLE YELLOW REVS. 3/06/07

4, 4A, 4B, 4C, 4D, 28B, 28C, 28D, 28E, 28F, 28G

DOUBLE GREEN REVS. 3/07/07

4A, 4B, 4C, 4D, 8A, 8B, 9-24, 24A, 24B, 27B, 28, 28A, 28B, 28C, 28D, 28E, 28F, 28G, 29-35, 35A, 38-41, 41A, 41B, 41C, 41D, 41E, 49A, 53, 53A, 53B

DOUBLE GOLDENROD REVS. 3/8/07

28, 35A, 35AA, 38-41, 41A, 41B, 41C, 41D, 41DA, 41DB, 41DC, 41E-F, 49, 49aA, 49aB, 49aC, 49A-B

DOUBLE SALMON REVS. 3/8/07

49, 49aaA, 49aA-49aB, 49aC

DRIVE

"103"

Double Salmon Revs. 3/8/07

CAST LIST

ALEX TULLY
CORINNA WILES
JOHN TRIMBLE
VIOLET TRIMBLE
WENDY PATRAKAS
ROB LAIRD
ELLIE LAIRD
IVY CHITTY
***MR. BRIGHT**
WINSTON SALAZAR
SEAN SALAZAR

(OMITTED)

DETECTIVE EHRLE
BECCA FREEMAN
DUPREE
OFFICER POOLE ("IMPOSTER")
AFRICAN AMERICAN OFFICER/OFFICER JARED POOLE
ESTEBAN MASFERRER
DOCTOR ROTH
DESK SERGEANT
SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
RECEPTIONIST (VOICE ONLY)
NEWSCASTER (VOICE ONLY)

DRIVE

"103"
Double Pink Revs. 3/05/07

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

TULLY HOME - D

FIREBIRD - D

IMPALA - D

TAURUS - D

MINI-VAN - D

POLICE STATION - D
INTERROGATION ROOM

PRESTON'S - D

WAREHOUSE

DODGE CHALLENGER - D

*(REAL) POLICE STATION (ADDED)

*DOCTOR ROTH'S OFFICE (ADDED)

EXTERIORS:

TULLY HOME - D
FRONT PORCH - D

FLORIDA HIGHWAY - D

FIREBIRD - D

IMPALA - D

TAURUS - D

MINI-VAN - D

SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - D

HIGHWAY - D

PRESTON'S - D

WAREHOUSE - D

ROADSIDE - D

I-75 - D

DRIVE-IN THEATER - SUNSET

WOODED AREA - N

B-ROLL WAR FOOTAGE

*(REAL) POLICE STATION - D

*TWO-LANE SECLUDED ROAD - D
(ADDED)

*GEORGIA HIGHWAY - D (ADDED)

*DODGE CHALLENGER - D (ADDED)

TEASER

1

EXT. TULLY HOME - DAY

1

BECCA, Alex Tully's older sister, is pulling some boxes out of her car trunk. She's parked by the rear entrance to Alex's house. DETECTIVE EHRLE is at her side, questioning her. **Legend: "Hastings, Nebraska. 40°59'N, 98°39'W"**

DETECTIVE EHRLE

So where did you say your brother's gone to, Ms. Tully?

BECCA

Freeman.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Freeman? Where's that?

BECCA

It's not a "where." It's a "me." Becca Freeman. My married name. I haven't been a "Tully" for a long time. And I didn't say where he went. Neither did he.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Then I don't suppose he said when he might be back either?

She drops the box into his hands. He can carry that.

BECCA

As I told you on the phone, Detective -- I spoke to my brother a few days ago, he asked me to look after things while he was away, I agreed. That's all I know.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

And you don't find that odd?

She's pulled another box, shuts the car with her hip. They move toward the back entrance of the house. **WE GO WITH THEM:**

BECCA

What's odd? I'm his sister. I manage his shop. Why wouldn't he ask me to look after things while he's away? I do it when he's here.

1 CONTINUED:

1

DETECTIVE EHRLE

You know that's not what I meant.

2 INT. TULLY HOME - CONTINUOUS

2

WE FOLLOW Becca and Ehrle, carrying the boxes.

BECCA

(continuing speech)

Yes. It's odd. This whole thing is odd, Detective. It's odd that someone broke into this house and took my sister-in-law. It's odd that you're here looking for Alex when who you should be looking for is Kathryn.

They have entered the LIVING AREA. A grass roots search operation. VOLUNTEERS MAN PHONES. KATHRYN TULLY MISSING FLYERS and POSTERS. Becca sets down her box.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

That's what I'm trying to do.

She pops the top: more flyers fresh from the printers.

BECCA

(thrusts a handful at him)

Good. We'd welcome the help.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

So would I.

Ehrle takes the handful of flyers, sets them down, ushers Becca away from interested ears. A quasi-private chat.

DETECTIVE EHRLE (CONT'D)

So help me, Mrs. Freeman. Help me understand why it is everyone here is looking for your brother's missing wife -- but he picks this time to leave town.

She looks at him, her defensiveness covering her own worry.

BECCA

You'd have to ask him.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

(with weight)

I intend to.

DRIVE - 103 - DOUBLE SALMON REVS. - 3/08/07
CONTINUED:

2A.

2

2

He's an amiable guy, but that was a threat.

BECCA
What are you saying?

2 CONTINUED:

2

DETECTIVE EHRLE
None of this smells right.

BECCA
How does it smell, Detective?

DETECTIVE EHRLE
Smells like he's runnin'...

Build the tension for a beat, then --

SMASH CUT TO:

3 EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY - ROARING TRAFFIC (ALSO CONTAINS 3
SCENE 12)

WE FIND ALEX'S PICK-UP TRUCK -- broken down on the side of
the road. Alex is under the open hood, fiddling in the
engine. CORINNA is in the truck, behind the wheel. Legend:
"Gainesville, Florida. 29°41'N, 82°16'W"

ALEX
(calls to her)
Try it again!

She does. A SICKLY GRINDING. He waves at her to --

ALEX (CONT'D)
(yells over noise)
Okay, okay! Stop! STOP!

She does, gets out of the truck, moves to him at the engine.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I didn't say get out of the truck.
I said "stop." I need you back in
there.

CORINNA
We're never gonna get out of
Florida, are we?

ALEX
I don't know. Does the secret
cabal that runs this race have
roadside assistance?

CORINNA
Tully, this next checkpoint is four
hundred miles into the next state.

ALEX

I'm aware of that.

CORINNA

He said we had to make it before dark, which either means an elimination round, or a penalty I don't even want to think about.

ALEX

You're the one who said getting there fast wasn't enough.

CORINNA

No. But getting there at all is helpful.

ALEX

Shouldn't you be trying to figure out the clue?

CORINNA

Um. He gave us a ticket with an address. I think I figured it out. Go to this address --

ALEX

Yeah. I need you back in the truck.

CORINNA

(starts to move off)
You want me to try it again?

ALEX

(head back under hood)
No.

Corinna does a take. Oh, he just wants her to go away. He returns to the engine; she turns and starts back to the driver's door. Reacts as she sees --

A FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

is rolling up onto the shoulder behind the truck. As the UNIFORMED OFFICER, OFFICE POOLE by name, emerges from his cruiser:

CORINNA

(off to Alex)
You wanted roadside assistance? I think we just got it --

OFFICER POOLE
(approaching)
Hey, folks. Having a little
trouble, are you?

ALEX
Yes, officer. We are.

Alex emerges from the engine. Happy to see this guy? Maybe not happy exactly, but he'll take it.

OFFICER POOLE
If you like I can radio for a
mechanic.

Alex wipes his hands on a rag, moves toward the officer.

ALEX
We sure would appreciate --

But as Alex and Poole get nearer to each other, Poole reacts. Registers something -- recognition? Suddenly his small town friendliness evaporates -- he's pulled his gun from his holster --

OFFICER POOLE
(to Alex)
DOWN ON THE GROUND!

Alex and Corinna react, stunned --

ALEX
What?

OFFICER POOLE
ON THE GROUND! NOW!

Alex looks to Corinna, then back to the serious-as-a-heart-attack Poole. Keeps his hands in sight as he complies --

ALEX
What, uh... what's the problem?

OFFICER POOLE
(to Corinna, motioning)
Ma'am -- stay right there. Do not
move.

She does as she's told as Poole moves in, pulls Alex's arms behind his back, slaps cuffs on, and yanks him to his feet.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

Get up.

CORINNA

Wait! What are you doing? You're arresting him?

OFFICER POOLE

I'll have a unit come pick you up ma'am. I'd advise you to just stay in the truck.

ALEX

Aren't you going to read me my rights?

As Poole roughly pushes Alex into the back of the cruiser:

OFFICER POOLE

You don't have any rights.

ALEX

What?

OFFICER POOLE

Shut up.

In a flash has the butt end of his nightstick up and -- CRACK -- right in the face.

BLACKNESS.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3A EXT. PRESTON'S - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 12A)

3A

Where Rob is pumping gas as Ellie washes the windshield -- the picture of a coordinated team making a fast pit stop.

ELLIE

You really think we're in the lead?

ROB

Can't say for sure. But the only racers I've seen were in our rearview half an hour ago. With the time we're making, a car would have to be jet-fueled to beat us.

He finishes pumping, puts the nozzle back, starts to cross to her.

ELLIE

First place. So what should we buy with all our millions?

ROB

(picking her up)
Anything you want.

They kiss.

ELLIE

A house. On its own private island.

ROB

An island?

ELLIE

Doesn't have to be a big island. Just enough room for you and me. And the half-dozen people we're gonna have waiting on us hand and foot.

ROB

I like the way you think.
(he drops her)
But, before we call the realtor, we gotta hit the road. Protect this lead.

3A

CONTINUED:

3A

ELLIE

All the way to the final finish line. How far away do you think that's gonna be?

ROB

Got me. Feels like the Army. They don't give you any details. Just point you at somethin' and tell you to run like hell for it.

(a nod toward the restaurant)

I'm gonna get something to drink. Want anything?

ELLIE

Just you back here in a hurry. The earlier we get there, the more time we'll have to celebrate.

He starts to jog toward the restaurant as she opens the passenger door and gets inside the car.

3B

INT. PRESTON'S - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 12B)

3B

Establish a TELEVISION hanging somewhere in the vicinity of the cash register. A CABLE NEWS SHOW is on the screen, running a REPORT ON THE WAR IN IRAQ -- generic b-roll, no anchors or reporters on camera. Faintly we hear a NEWSCASTER narrating the footage.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In Anbar province fighting picked up as Shiite insurgents launched an overnight attack on a police station ...

The V.O. continues, albeit somewhat lower, as we PAN DOWN and pick up ROB coming into the restaurant. He heads for the FREEZER, grabs a QUART CARTON OF ORANGE JUICE, opens it and takes a drink. Then heads for the cash register to pay. A WAITRESS stands behind the counter. As he approaches the register the newscaster PICKS UP AGAIN. Rob LOOKS UP AT THE TV SCREEN as he digs into his POCKET for CASH with his FREE HAND. On the TV screen, more B-roll.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... and though by morning Army sources declared the fighting had died down, initial casualty reports indicate sixteen American wounded and three killed.

3B CONTINUED:

3B

Rob lays some cash down, eyes still on the screen, and shakes his head at the news. Dammit. He WATCHES THE SCREEN as he TAKES ANOTHER DRINK OF JUICE. The waitress takes his money and starts to make change.

3C CLOSE ON: THE TV SCREEN. (FORMERLY SCENE 12C)

3C

Where we see B-ROLL of AMERICAN SOLDIERS MILLING AROUND.

NEWSCASTER

As part of our ongoing series AMERICA'S WAR, today we profile one of the soldiers killed in last night's action: Specialist Mike Bakka.

The TV image changes to a FORMAL PORTRAIT of a BLACK SOLDIER in UNIFORM.

3D CLOSE ON: ROB as his eyes OPEN WIDE. He's stunned by the news. (Formerly 12D) 3D

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Mike Bakka was born on August 19, 1984 in Holland, Michigan ...

CLOSE ON: The QUART of ORANGE JUICE Rob's holding at his side. It FALLS FROM HIS FINGERS. Rob doesn't notice.

CLOSE ON: ROB, watching, stunned.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

A star baseball player in high school, Mike enlisted in June 2004...

Off Rob, not believing what he's seeing ...

3E EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY - CORINNA

3E

alone in the stranded pick up truck. She fidgets. Looks at her watch. Looks at the traffic coming up and passing her -- no sign of a patrol car. She gets out of the truck, slings her bag over her shoulder -- and starts hitchhiking. Here comes a car -- it BLARES ITS HORN. WE JUMP INTO IT:

4 OMITTED 4
4A INT./EXT. IMPALA - DAY - MOVING 4A

WINSTON leaning on the horn; SEAN disapproving.

WINSTON

Ha! You see who that was?!
They're done. I knew that piece of
crap they're driving wouldn't make
it out of the state.

SEAN

(re: the Impala)

I'm surprised this one made it into
the state --

WINSTON

What? What are you talking about?
This car is primo.

SEAN

In a vintage car show, maybe. But
a cross country road race? It's
not exactly what you'd call fuel
efficient. Not the sturdiest thing
either. And the upholstery's a
little ... anyway, I'm thinking we
get something a little faster,
stronger, more contemporary. Maybe
something with a working CD player.

(off Winston's look)

I can have it waiting for us at the
next stop...

WINSTON

How'd you manage that? "Daddy's"
money?

SEAN

Let's just say we have options.

Beat.

WINSTON

Lemme tell you somethin' about this
car, Homes. I won it off Tommy
Guerrero. Who was the toughest,
meanest hombre on my block.

SEAN

(quick interjection)

Hombre?

WINSTON

He got it from Eddie Ortiz. Who was even tougher than Tommy. It was left to Eddie by Rafe Castro. Who was one of the original Latin Kings. You hear what I'm saying?

SEAN

The car's had multiple criminal owners?

WINSTON

This car is royalty. It belonged to kings and princes. It's got a history. You think I'm gonna give that up, you can forget about it.

(but the truth is)

Plus I'd rather walk across country than drive some piece 'a crap "daddy" paid for. I don't need nothin' from that man.

SEAN

That why you were robbing our house?

During the next exchange, Winston's eyes drift to his side-view mirror. Something there taking his attention --

WINSTON

Shows what you know. That wasn't robbery. That was burglary.

PULLING EVEN on the driver's side is A MUSTANG, behind the wheel, a WOMAN of eye-catching beauty who we will come to know as "DUPREE." She looks at Winston and gives him a dazzling smile.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Robbery's when you jack somebody, like with a gun. Burglary's all about the property. You do way less time for burglary.

SEAN

Is that what you did time for?

4A CONTINUED:

4A

Next to him, DUPREE GUNS her Mustang, leaving them in the dust. Winston reacts. A chase!

WINSTON

No, man. Speeding --

He PUNCHES IT, and now --

4B EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

4B

THE MUSTANG and THE IMPALA race each other up the highway, zooming around other slower moving cars, breaking apart, then coming back together again --

Winston and Dupree eye-fucking each other. Not in the Bill/Alex way, but in the fun, sexy way. They're neck-and-neck coming into a stretch. They BREAK APART, ZOOMING around -- THE FORD TAURUS. They pass us as we PULL IN THROUGH the BACK WINDOW of the TAURUS and WE ARE

4C INT./EXT. TAURUS - MOVING - DAY

4C

-- CONTINUE OUR PULL BACK INTO THE TAURUS as JOHN sits up INTO FRAME. His hair tousled, he's been sleeping. STILL PULLING BACK, REVEAL VIOLET is driving.

VIOLET

Hey, Dad. How are you feeling?

JOHN

Better ... I think.
(looking around, groggy)
Where are we?

VIOLET

About fifty miles south of the Georgia border.
(eyeing him)
Are you sure you're okay? You kinda freaked me out back at the Cape, what with the fainting and all.

JOHN

I'm fine. I just need to pace myself a little better.
(eyes wide at the speedometer)
Violet, you're doing eighty-five?

VIOLET

I know. Isn't it pathetic? Sean and Winston just basically blew our doors in. But when I try to push this thing to ninety, it shakes worse than you do when I talk about birth control.

JOHN

You're going too fast, Vi. Slow down.

VIOLET

Dad, it's almost four hundred miles to Rome. Sunset's at 6:02. I can't slow down if we want to make it.

JOHN

(outflanked)

Well ... hands at two and ten, then.

VIOLET

(cheerily complying)

Did you know that Rome has a statue of Romulus and Remus given to the city by Benito Mussolini? I read it in the guidebook.

JOHN

(pleased)

Oh. It's good to hear you're taking an interest in... you read this while you were driving?

VIOLET

And -- get this -- it was burned to the ground.

JOHN

Recently?

VIOLET

General Sherman, Dad. When he got all cranky on his march to the sea. I think that's why we're going there.

JOHN

Because of General Sherman.

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

VIOLET

Because of the burning. They're sending us to these places for reasons. I mean, Cape Canaveral? The launch? That's symbolism a ninth grader would get. So maybe when we get to Rome, they'll want us to, I don't know, burn something down. Or blow something up. Wouldn't that be cool?

JOHN

(oy)
...Great.

VIOLET

You're sure you're okay?

JOHN

Never better.

Off which ...

5-10 OMITTED 5-10

11 INT. MINIVAN - MOVING - DAY 11

Wendy drives; Ivy finally gets a front seat. Wendy tries to make small talk with her new partner.

WENDY

So do you think your friends are going to be very angry?

IVY

I wouldn't really call them "friends."

WENDY

Especially now that you shot out their tires.

IVY

(laughs)

Right? No, I barely knew those guys. We only met once before, back during Katrina.

WENDY

Oh. Yes. I noticed the Louisiana plates.

IVY

There were these patients at this hospital where Susan worked. And they had to be carried to higher ground after the levees broke. I helped out. That's how we met.

WENDY

That's very dramatic.

IVY

Yeah. We were on the news. "Local heroes," yada yada. That's probably why we were asked to compete in this thing. How about you?

WENDY

Me? No. I've never been on the news.

Ivy reacts -- huh? Non-sequitor much?

11A EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

11A

To establish this small-ish precinct. Some PATROL CARS come and go. AN SUV with a VACATIONING FAMILY rolls up, double-parks as Corinna emerges.

CORINNA

Thanks!

The SUV pulls away, Corinna makes her way to the station --

11B INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS (FORMERLY SCENE 13)

11B

Corinna moves through the moderate BUSTLE to a DESK SERGEANT.

CORINNA

Excuse me, I'm looking for someone who was just brought in. Alex Tully. He was arrested on the side of I-75 about 40 minutes ago. *Assaulted*, actually. I was a witness.

DESK SERGEANT

You want to report an assault?

CORINNA

I want to get my friend. He was brutally attacked by one of your officers while being taken into custody, and now I just want him released.

DESK SERGEANT

What was the officer's name?

CORINNA

I don't know. I wasn't really looking at his name tag. Um. Powell or something.

DESK SERGEANT

Could it have been "Poole"?

CORINNA

Yes. Poole. I think so.

The Desk Sergeant doesn't seem surprised.

DESK SERGEANT

And the name of your friend?

11B

CONTINUED:

11B

CORINNA

Tully. Alex Tully.

Desk Sergeant swivels around, calls back to:

DESK SERGEANT

Stephanie? See if we got a Tully
back there in holding. And find
out where Officer Poole is.

Corinna glances up to the institutional clock -- TICK. The
second hand moves. Off Corinna, anxious --

12-19 OMITTED 12-19
20 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 20

Alex's head lolls forward. He's coming around now. He raises his head and WE SEE the evidence of the assault: big welt/bruise from the left temple to his eye, which is also swelling up. Now he sees it, too, because across from him is a large rectangular mirrored window. He takes in his surroundings -- standard issue cracker-box police interrogation room. Metal table, metal chairs --

-- the DOOR to the interrogation room opens. But not all the way. OFFICER POOLE can be glimpsed speaking to a couple of other UNIFORMS. WHISPERS. WE CAN'T SEE the FACES of the OTHERS. Might not see them at all, only get the quick impression that he's finishing whispered conversation. We can't make out what they're saying. Now Poole enters, by himself. Pulls the door shut. He's holding Alex's wallet, looking at the ID.

OFFICER POOLE
Alex Tully... So I finally got a
name to go with the face.

ALEX
What?

OFFICER POOLE
Alex Tully. Of Hastings, Nebraska.
That a nice place, Alex?

ALEX
It's okay...

OFFICER POOLE
Live there with the little woman,
do ya? Or did ya? Up until this,
I guess?

Poole holds up a Kathryn Tully "missing" flyer (fold creases, presumably taken off Alex's person.)

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)
So what're you doing so far away
from home, Alex? You and that
blonde out putting these up on
telephone poles?

He tosses the flyer onto the table.

ALEX

Okay. Look, Officer...
(noting the name tag)
...Poole. I don't know who you
think I am --

OFFICER POOLE

Oh, I know who you are. You're
Alex Tully of Hastings, Nebraska.
We've established that. And before
we talk about what you're doing
here in Gainesville -- I want to
focus on what you were doing in
Ashland, Kentucky on July, 12th,
2003.

ALEX

I've never even been to Kentucky.

Poole leans forward, puts his hand on Alex's head, fingers
above the temple, but thumb digging into the swelling welt
left by the nightstick.

OFFICER POOLE

This is not a good way to begin,
Alex Tully, of Hastings, Nebraska.
This is not a way to build trust.
Not when we both know that you were
in Ashland, Kentucky on July 12th
of 2003. We know this, because I
was there, too. And I saw you.

Poole picks up a manila folder.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

Maybe this will help refresh your
memory.

Poole starts tossing out CRIME SCENE PHOTOS onto the table in
front of Alex. Clinical, but grisly. THREE DEAD BODIES,
laying where they fell.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

Recognize them, Alex Tully, of
Hastings, Nebraska?

ALEX

No.

OFFICER POOLE

You should. Those are the people
you killed.

CONTINUED:

Alex lifts his look to Poole. Both men are poker-faced. Off that --

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. TULLY HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

21

Detective Ehrle studies the framed photos on the mantel. In the background, Becca is saying goodbye to the volunteers. Ehrle picks up a FRAMED PHOTO of Alex in a racing jumpsuit, standing next to a sleek black Dodge Challenger.

BECCA (V.O.)

That one was his first love.
Before Kathryn. '72 Dodge
Challenger.

Becca stands next Ehrle. The room is quiet now.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

He raced professionally?

BECCA

Semi. But that was a lifetime ago.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

A man doesn't keep photos of his
first love on his mantel 'less
there's still something there.

BECCA

There's not, trust me.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

His wife make him give it up?

BECCA

No. Alex had left that life behind
long before he met Kathryn.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

What life?

BECCA

His racing life. His life in the
South. He'd gone down there with
big dreams. But when he came back,
he was different.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

What happened?

BECCA

I never asked. We'd lost touch.
When he came home, I was just
grateful. And then he met Kathryn,
and it didn't matter.

Ehrle's PHONE RINGS.

DETECTIVE EHRLE (INTO PHONE)

Ehrle.

Ehrle listens. Becca waits, nervous. This could be any
manner of news.

DETECTIVE EHRLE (CONT'D)

I can be on a plane in an hour.
Appreciate the call. Thanks.

He clicks off, looks at a curious Becca.

DETECTIVE EHRLE (CONT'D)

I want to thank you for your time.

BECCA

What was that?

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Just business. Thanks again.

He starts to go -- she stops him.

BECCA

Detective -- ?

Ehrle turns back.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I know how this looks to you. It's
your job to be suspicious. But
he's out there looking for her
right now. I know it. Alex could
never do anything to hurt Kathryn.
She's the one who put him back
together. She made him Alex again.

Ehrle looks at this woman's faith. Weighs it, then:

DETECTIVE EHRLE

So when your brother isn't 'Alex',
Mrs. Freeman, who is he really?

Off that --

21A OMITTED

21A

22

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM

22

GRAINY SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of a BANK ROBBERY are laid out in front of Alex. Frightened PEOPLE, MASKED GUNMEN, etc.

OFFICER POOLE
July 12th, 2003. Ashland,
Kentucky. The First National
Credit Union was held up by four
armed men --

ALEX
-- I've never been to Kentucky --

OFFICER POOLE
-- I was with the Ashland P.D. at
the time. My partner and I were
first responders. There was a
shoot out. All four men escaped.
Three bodies were left behind --

ALEX
-- I didn't kill those people --

OFFICER POOLE
-- Gloria Starns; there to cash her
husband's disability check --

ALEX
-- I run a landscaping business in
Nebraska --

OFFICER POOLE
-- Scott Hemple; 24 year old bank
employee --

ALEX
-- I've never killed anyone --

OFFICER POOLE
And Robert Cruz. My partner.

ALEX
I didn't shoot your partner.

That rapid-fire back-and-forth ends now as Poole seems to have heard at least that much from Alex. Looks at him:

OFFICER POOLE
I didn't say you pulled the
trigger. You weren't in the bank.
See, wheel man doesn't wear a mask.
(MORE)

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

He just sits outside while the job goes down. And according to the law? He's just as guilty as the guy who does pull the trigger. That was you in that car. That was you.

ALEX

No. You've got the wrong man.

Poole smiles at that.

OFFICER POOLE

A different man, maybe. But not the wrong one. Were you even called "Alex Tully" back then? Or did you change your name when you moved to Nebraska to start your new life?

(re: the flyer)

When'd you meet her?

ALEX

We've been married for two years.

OFFICER POOLE

And the Ashland job happened four years ago. Where were you four years ago, Alex?

ALEX

Not Kentucky.

OFFICER POOLE

And not Nebraska, probably.

Alex doesn't answer that. Poole measures him, figures he pegged that much right. Then:

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

You got any kids, Alex? You and...

(slides flyer to himself
to read:)

...Kathryn here? Kiddies?

ALEX

Not yet.

OFFICER POOLE

Bobby had three. Only one of them was old enough to understand what happened to her daddy. The other two...

(MORE)

22

CONTINUED:

22

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

...they won't even have a memory of their father.

(then)

But I'll always have a memory. Of Bobby lying there. Spitting up blood. Scared. Knowing he was done. And another face...

Poole grabs Alex by the back of the hair, pulls his head back and points to the reflection in the one-way mirror to the observation room --

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

That face. Alex Tully, of Hastings, Nebraska. The wheel man.

ALEX

You're wrong.

OFFICER POOLE

I'm not wrong. We both know it. And how long this day goes is up to you. Because we're gonna be here until you come clean. Until you admit who you really are.

SEAN (V.O.)

"Admit one."

22A

INT./EXT. IMPALA - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 4A)

22A

Winston cruising along, checking his rear-view. Sean looking at the ticket Mr. Bright gave them.

SEAN

What do you think this ticket's for, anyway?

WINSTON

(pre-occupied)

Who knows? Could be anything. You see where the chick in the 'stang went, man?

Sean notes Winston looking in his side and rear-views.

SEAN

Maybe she got off.

WINSTON

(if one can swagger while sitting in a car:)

Yeah. Just by lookin' at me.

SEAN

(back to ticket:)

You think it's another riddle?
"Admit one." Maybe when we get to
where we're going, we'll have to
admit something.

(fishing)

Like you might have to say what you
were in prison for.

Winston glances at him. Smiles. This is obviously Sean's
hamfisted way of asking. He's curious. Winston clocks that.

WINSTON

Oh, I think they already know,
Homes. Pretty sure they're the
ones got me out.

SEAN

(impressed)

Seriously?

WINSTON

They musta wanted me in this pretty
bad. Someone recognized talent.
Pulled some strings, bro.

SEAN

Someone? Who someone?

WINSTON

No clue. I got handed that race
phone when they kicked me loose.
It was with my stuff.

SEAN

So what talent? What were you
locked up for?

WINSTON

Would you believe me if I said I
killed a guy?

SEAN

No.

WINSTON

Would you believe me if I said I
was innocent?

SEAN

No.

WINSTON

Yeah, state of Maryland didn't think so, either.

SEAN

Maryland. That where you grew up?

WINSTON

No. Miami.

Sean reacts to that. This he wasn't expecting.

SEAN

What? You're kidding?

WINSTON

No.

SEAN

We were that close this whole time? And we never knew about each other?

WINSTON

Bro, I've known about you since the day you were born.

SEAN

What?

WINSTON

I was seven. I remember my moms coming home and telling me I had a little brother. Then she told me I was never gonna meet him.

SEAN

Then why'd she tell you?

WINSTON

Because -- she wanted us to go to church and pray for you, man. Guess that worked out okay, huh?

SEAN

Pray for me? Why?

WINSTON

(shrugs)
She was like that.

SEAN

Was?

22A

CONTINUED:

22A

WINSTON

She died when I was 13. Cancer.

SEAN

Oh. Sorry.

But Winston's looking in his rear-view again. Already well past the subject.

WINSTON

I think I see that chick back there. Should I let her catch up?

Sean's just looking at him. Seeing him.

SEAN

(absently)

We're in a race...

WINSTON

Right. Right. Way to stay focused.

And he gives it a little gas, ROARING forward, while --

22B

INT./EXT. FIREBIRD - MOVING - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 17)

22B

Rob driving, agitated. Ellie is trying to calm him down.

ELLIE

I don't understand, baby. It doesn't sound like you were even friends with this -- what's his name?

ROB

Mike Bakka. We weren't friends. But I knew him. His unit and mine did dry-terrain survival training in the Mojave together.

ELLIE

Well, I'm sorry he got killed, really I am. But you told me you already knew a couple dozen guys that got hurt over there. Why are you so upset now?

ROB

Ellie, my outfit spent two weeks with Bakka's unit in hundred-degree heat eatin' dust and bugs.

(MORE)

22B

CONTINUED:

22B

ROB (CONT'D)

I know all those guys. And yesterday they had sixteen hurt and three waxed.

ELLIE

So... ?

ROB

So why haven't I heard anything? A unit gets hit like that, people get on the horn. I haven't heard word one. It's weird. Something's screwed up.

Ellie is doing her best, very best, to look innocent.

ELLIE

I don't know. Isn't it nice not to have to think about it?

ROB

No. No, it's not. I gotta make some calls. Gimme the phone, okay?

ELLIE

No.

ROB

Come on --

ELLIE

Not when you're doin' ninety-two miles an hour, no sir.

ROB

I can drive and talk on the phone.

ELLIE

That's what everybody says. Next thing they're hamburger. No. Let's wait till we get to Rome.

ROB

Ellie, I'm not kidding.

ELLIE

Look, we are in the lead. We're winning this thing. Because we're focused. Let's stay that way, okay? Don't let anything else distract us. Please?

ROB

I'm not gonna get distracted, I'm
just gonna make some calls. Now
gimme the damn phone.

(beat)

I'm not asking, Ellie.

ELLIE

(getting angry)

So, what, you're ordering me?

ROB

That's right.

ELLIE

Well guess what? I'm not in the
gosh darn army!

She pulls the phone out, quickly ROLLS DOWN HER WINDOW and
TOSSES THE PHONE OUT.

ROB

Hey!

ELLIE

Get it yourself.

Rob stares at her, furious. Then he TWISTS THE WHEEL to get
the car into the breakdown lane and SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. The
CAR SQUEALS AND SKIDS TO A SMOKING, SCREAMING STOP. A beat.
Rob throws opens his door and gets out, stalking back to
where Ellie tossed the phone. Off Ellie, shit --

23-25 OMITTED 23-25
26 OMITTED 26
26A INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 26A

Corinna still at the front desk, arguing with the Desk Sergeant.

CORINNA
That's impossible.

DESK SERGEANT
I'm telling you, ma'am, there is nothing in the system. No reports of anyone by the name of Alex Tully being taken into custody today.

CORINNA
Well, he was. Where's Officer Poole?

DESK SERGEANT
We're still looking.

CORINNA
He assaulted Mr. Tully very seriously. Could he have taken him to a hospital?

DESK SERGEANT
Checking on that, too. But we woulda heard.

CORINNA
Look. I need to find my friend. We need to be on the road. It is absolutely vital that we make it to Rome, Georgia before dark.

DESK SERGEANT
(glances at clock)
You'd pretty well have to break the speed limit to make that deadline. Sure that's really something you want to be telling me?

Ha ha. Corinna is about to pace, frustrated, when the Desk Sergeant is approached by another UNI. Hands him a report. They share a WHISPERED exchange, Uni walks off, glancing at Corinna as he goes.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

You certain about where you say
your truck got stranded?

CORINNA

Yes. I'm certain.

DESK SERGEANT

There's no truck.

CORINNA

What do you mean there's no truck?

DESK SERGEANT

I mean, we've sent a unit, and
there's no truck stranded where you
claim you left it.

CORINNA

Then it was towed -- it wasn't
running.

DESK SERGEANT

Well. Not towed by us.

Now Desk Sergeant notices something behind Corinna --

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Maybe we get this all sorted out
now. Here's Officer Poole --

(as she turns toward:)

Jared. You pick up a motorist
called "Alex Tully" today?

CORINNA'S POV: of AN AFRICAN AMERICAN PATROL OFFICER who is
just entering the station. His name tag says "Poole."

AFRICAN AMERICAN OFFICER

No.

POOLE'S BODY moves past frame, revealing a more on edge
looking Alex. More bruises added to the collection there
since last we saw him. Alex is repeating his mantra of:

ALEX

(for the tenth time)

I've never been to Kentucky. I'm
not a getaway driver. I run a
landscaping business in Nebraska...

OFFICER POOLE

Yeah, you keep saying that. And I'm getting a little tired of hearing it. I want the truth.

The second hand on the industrial CLOCK TICKS forward -- like a cannon shot to Alex's head.

ALEX

And I want a lawyer. It's obvious you don't have any proof to back up your accusations. You can't just keep me here.

OFFICER POOLE

Oh, but I'm not.

ALEX

What?

OFFICER POOLE

I'm not keeping you here, Alex. How can I? You're not here. Just like you weren't in Ashland, Kentucky in July of 2003. You haven't been arrested. You haven't been booked. No one saw you come in through the front door. So, like I said -- you're not here.

BANG. Another sweep of that cannon second hand.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

Now. If it turns out you were in Ashland, Kentucky in July of 2003 -- then maybe you are here. And you'd be entitled to a lawyer. Otherwise... Well I just don't know what might happen.

Off that threat... another inevitable sweep of the SECOND HAND AND BANG --

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT./EXT. TAURUS - MOVING - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 16) 28

John's in the FRONT SEAT now. Violet drives. John's offering a historical narrative.

JOHN

Mind you, the earliest people in this part of Georgia were natives known as Mound Builders. But they disappeared around 1560, probably killed off by diseases the Spanish settlers carried. Then the Cherokee moved in. Of course they were relocated to Oklahoma by the government in what became known as The Trail of Tears.

VIOLET

Dad, are you trying to bore me to death, or just get me so depressed I kill myself?

JOHN

I'm trying to teach you some history, Pumpkin. If we're going to cross the country, you should know what you're passing through.

A CELL PHONE (not the RACE PHONE) rings. John pulls it from his pocket, checks the incoming number, and frowns.

VIOLET

Who is it?

JOHN

Your mother. You're supposed to be with her next weekend. She probably wants to know when you're arriving.
(He sends the call to voicemail)
I'll deal with it later.

VIOLET

I wouldn't worry. She doesn't really want me to come. Probably calling with some bogus reason why I shouldn't.

JOHN

Violet, that's not true. Your mother loves her time with you.

VIOLET

Dad, she's so happy in San Jose with Herbert and the Nanobot twins. D'you really think she enjoys being reminded two weekends a month about the family she left behind?

JOHN

Yes. I mean, no. That's not how she thinks about it. About you, anyway.

VIOLET

Well, unless the finish line is in Northern California, I can't go.

JOHN

What am I supposed to say?
"Barbara, Violet can't visit because we're in a secret, illegal road race? Don't worry, it's perfectly safe. The car only does eighty-five."

VIOLET

I don't think so.

JOHN

I know. But I can't lie.

VIOLET

You're right about that.

JOHN

I'm glad you see it that way, Violet. It would be a terrible example to set for you.

VIOLET

No, Dad, you can't lie because she'll see right through you. You're the worst liar in the world.
(An idea takes hold.)
But you could be taught.

JOHN

What do you mean?

VIOLET

You're going to have to talk to Mom sooner or later. I'm going to teach you how to lie to her.

JOHN

That's ridiculous.

VIOLET

You think you're the only one in
the car with something to teach?
It's perfect. I've been lying to
Mom my whole life.

(off John's dubious look)

Or you can tell her the truth ...

JOHN

(no way out)

Maybe a suggestion as to how to ...
gently mislead her.

VIOLET

(jazzed)

Great. Now get out a pen. You're
gonna want to take some notes.

Off which...

28A-33 OMITTED

28A-33

33A OMITTED

33A

33B EXT. PRESTON'S - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 24)

33B

THE IMPALA, RAP MUSIC BLARING, pulls up to the gas pumps.
Winston and Sean alight.

SEAN

(re: the restaurant)

I'm gonna get something to eat.
You want anything?

WINSTON

I'm good.

(calls after him)

Pre-packaged only! Don't order
nothing they have to cook. We're
in, we're out.

Sean gives a back-hand waves as he goes, heads in. Winston
grabs the gas nozzle, pops the gas cap. And pauses...

...nearby HE SEES the MUSTANG driven by the BRUNETTE pulling
up. It LURCHES to a STOP. Looks like car trouble. She gets
out, pops her hood, stares down at the engine, clearly at a
loss.

Winston watches this. Glances over at the mini-market, where
Sean has disappeared. Then back to the woman in distress.
He hangs up the nozzle.

THE MUSTANG - where the woman we will come to know as DUPREE
gazes cluelessly into the mass of works.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Hey. Hi.

She looks over, sees him, smiles a smile of recognition.

DUPREE

Well, hello Yellow Bird.

(off his curious smile)

That's what I've been calling you
out there on the road. To myself.
In my mind. 'Cause of the way you
kinda glide along in that big car
of yours.

WINSTON

Really? Alright. I'm Winston.

DUPREE

Dupree.

WINSTON

Dupree. I like that. Nice ride. Looks like you could use a little help, though.

DUPREE

Yeah. Something's wrong with her.

Winston has taken the male spot center engine. She falls into an observer posture at his side. And close.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

Credit that to me forcing her to keep up with a certain yellow bird.

WINSTON

You were trying to keep up, huh?

DUPREE

Well, it's a long drive to where I'm going. Scenery gets a little dull. I like to have something pretty to look at.

He gives her a side-glance. She smiles. Boing. He plays it cool, looks back to the engine.

WINSTON

Well, Dupree, let's see what we got here.

(looking the engine over)

Your coolant level looks okay. When's the last time you checked the oil?

DUPREE

Never. How would I do that?

Winston steadies himself with one hand, leans over the engine...

WINSTON

Well, you gotta find the --

DUPREE

Dipstick?

A suspicious-sounding click pulls Winston back up and he whirls around to find a HANDCUFF on one wrist and the business-end of a 9 MM AUTOMATIC in his belly.

DUPREE (CONT'D)

Think I just did.

WINSTON

What the -- ?

DUPREE

Winston Salazar, I'm apprehending you for failure to observe the terms of your parole in the state of Maryland. Do not resist or I'll be forced to, you know, hurt you.

WINSTON

You're a bounty hunter?

She grabs his other arm -- she's strong -- pulls it behind his back and finishes cuffing him.

DUPREE

(flashes her ID)

Fugitive Recovery Agent, thanks.

Prey well in hand, she slams down the car hood.

SEAN (O.S.)

Hey. What's going on?

Reveal Sean standing nearby, a bag of GOODIES in one hand. Dupree easily swings the gun toward Sean.

DUPREE

Sir, this is official business. Do not interfere.

WINSTON

Chick's a bounty hunter, bro.

DUPREE

Fugitive Recovery Agent.

WINSTON

She's saying I jumped parole.

DUPREE

Not me saying it. It's the state of Maryland.

33B

CONTINUED:

33B

Dupree is moving Winston around the car. Sean takes an instinctive step forward --

SEAN

(takes a step)

Wait --

DUPREE

(up comes the gun)

Sir -- step back.

WINSTON

Do what she says.

(then)

I'm okay. No sweat.

Sean steps back. Dupree walks Winston to the passenger door. Dupree opens the passenger-side door, pushes Winston down into the passenger seat. As she does:

WINSTON (CONT'D)

(to Sean)

Keys are in the car, bro. Get in it and drive. You got till sundown, remember?

Sean just blinks, can't believe this is happening. As Dupree starts her car, Winston looks back, catches Sean's eye --

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Hey. Sean?

Sean looks at him.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

For what it's worth? I didn't do it.

Dupree tears out of there as:

SEAN

Do what?!

33C

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

33C

Alex and Poole.

OFFICER POOLE

The truth, Alex. Just tell the truth, and this can all be over.

ALEX

You want me to confess to a felony.
How does that make anything "over"?

OFFICER POOLE

The running can be over. The
running from who you really are.

ALEX

I told you who I really am.

Poole looks at him. Impasse reaches ages ago. Fine.

OFFICER POOLE

Alright. Maybe what you need is a
little time of quiet reflection.

He points to the literal reflection on the one-way glass to
the observation room.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

So I want you to look at that man.
Really look at him. You figure out
who he is.

(he starts to go)

And maybe by the time I get back --

BANG! That second hand moves again --

ALEX

Wait. Okay.

Poole stops at the door. Turns.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You want the truth? I'll tell you.
I'll tell you everything.

Poole moves to the table, sits. Alex looks at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The truth is... I can't stop
running. I've got to keep going.
If I don't get out of this room and
make it to Rome, Georgia before
dark, there's every chance my wife
will be killed.

Poole studies him. Alex knows this is a gambit. Knows how
it probably sounds, but has to say it --

ALEX (CONT'D)

I can't tell you why. I can't tell you who has her, because I'm not sure myself. But that's the truth. That's the only truth. And if I thought confessing to these crimes would help save her -- I'd do it. I'd confess to *anything*. But you've got to let me go.

Alex looks at Poole expectantly. He's shown as much of his hand as he dare. Poole looks back, poker-faced. Beat. Then... he smiles.

OFFICER POOLE

Well it's about time.

ALEX

What?

OFFICER POOLE

The only way you're going to save your wife -- is to win the race.

Holy fuck.

ALEX

Who are you?

OFFICER POOLE

No. That's. Not. The. QUESTION. The question is *who are you?*

ALEX

What's going on?

OFFICER POOLE

This panty-waist landscaper from Nebraska? You really think he's got a shot? No, Alex. No. This guy --

(taps the crime photos)

-- this is the guy we want. This is the guy you need to be again. The road gets longer. The road gets harder. There are things that are going to be required of you. Things that this landscaper never dreamed of.

Poole picks up the other metal chair by the back --

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

-- and just driving fast? Is the
least of it.

And Poole does something quite surprising -- he swings the chair at the one-way mirror. It SHATTERS! On the other side is not an observation room -- but a WAREHOUSE. And sitting there: the 1972 DODGE CHALLENGER we saw Alex pictured with earlier. It sits there like a come-on, lit from above, the rest of the vast warehouse-like space falling off into black.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

Though you are gonna have to do
that, too --

33D REVERSE: LOOKING BACK AT:

33D

the "interrogation room" isn't in any police precinct at all. It's a cracker-box set built inside this warehouse. All that consists of the illusion is the room itself. Off that --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT. PRESTON'S - DAY 35

Wendy's minivan pulls to a stop at a pump. We can hear the loud, thrash-metal music even from outside the car. Wendy shuts off the engine and both girls spill out.

WENDY

Well. Nice to be able to stretch
our legs, huh?

Wendy's clearly relieved to be free of the din for the
moment. Moves to the gas pump. Ivy intercepts her.

IVY

Let me. You been doing all the
driving.

WENDY

Oh. Thanks.

IVY

Why don't you run in and grab us
some munchies?

WENDY

Okay.

Wendy starts to go; Ivy stops her with --

IVY

(holding nozzle, re: pump)
Uh, credit card?

WENDY

Oh. Sorry.

Wendy moves in, swipes a card through the slot. Ivy smiles,
pops the gas tank cover. As Wendy starts to head off again:

WENDY (CONT'D)

There anything special you want?

IVY

Just get a variety.

WENDY

Okay...

Wendy goes off. Guess she's paying for that, too. As Ivy
starts to pump gas, she hears A DISTANT WHIRRING, growing
LOUDER --

As the NOISE grows into the ROAR of a CHOPPER LANDING nearby.
It will get very loud. It attracts the attention of the other
PATRONS, the WAITRESSES. The only person not reacting to the
SOUND is SEAN SALAZAR, who sits in a booth, sipping coffee.

36A EXT. PRESTON'S - SAME

36A

Ivy holds the gas nozzle as she watches a CORPORATE HELICOPTER settle down on a patch of unoccupied land nearby. A SHARP LOOKING 30ish MAN gets out and heads for the front door of the Preston's. Tall, handsome, quietly charismatic, he's a lawyer and political fixer of the first order and his name is ESTEBAN MASFERRER. He's not a whole lot older than Winston.

36B INT. PRESTON'S - CONTINUOUS

36B

Masferrer enters the diner and looks around, sees Sean, and calmly heads for his table.

MASFERRER

(as he sits)

Preston's. "Your home on the highway." You know I actually worked in one of these when I first came to this country? Have you tried the pecan log? They're surprisingly good.

Sean regards the slick, well-put-together man sitting across from him. A man who could be his older brother in some ways.

SEAN

Boy, he is nothing like you.

MASFERRER

I'm sorry?

SEAN

Just thinking about how Dad always calls you his "other" son. And here it turns out he actually has another son. My real brother.

MASFERRER

Your half-brother.

SEAN

How long have you known?

(then)

What am I saying? You've been cleaning up Dad's crap for him ever since he put you through law school.

36B

CONTINUED:

36B

MASFERRER

Your father's a very generous man,
Sean. No one knows that better
than your half-brother.

SEAN

My half-brother has a name. It's Winston.

MASFERRER

Sean. Let's go home. Your father would very much like to sit down with you. And your mother's frantic. She thought you'd been abducted.

SEAN

I wasn't abducted. But my brother was. Right outside these doors. He was taken away in handcuffs about an hour ago.

MASFERRER

Ah, the parole situation in Maryland, I suspect.

Sean smiles, admires the slickness.

SEAN

No. You don't suspect. You know. Because the reason that bounty hunter found us on a Georgia highway is that you tipped her off.

MASFERRER

(a skillful non-denial)

The situation your half-brother finds himself in is one of his own making. Neither I nor your father have put him there.

SEAN

No. I did. This is my fault. It was the credit cards, right? That's why Dad didn't have you cancel them. You were using them to track us.

Masferrer's silence affirms this. Now the flat demand:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I want him released, Esteban.

MASFERRER

That's impossible. It's a criminal matter. There's nothing I can do.

SEAN

There's a phrase I know you've never used with my father.

(then, leans forward)

Bounty hunters aren't cops. Until she turns him over, he's still in play. But if that happens -- Dad's lost a son. And I don't mean Winston. I'm serious.

MASFERRER

(takes in the meaning)

You'd cut off your own father for the sake of this half-brother you met just two days ago? He must have worked quite a spell.

SEAN

This isn't about Winston. It's about my father.

(beat)

When's Dad's election, Esteban? Six weeks? Seven?

MASFERRER

Five. Why?

SEAN

You've worked so hard to make him a good candidate. Made him look like a good man, an upstanding citizen. What if I told the papers a few things they don't know about my father? About his business. Things the voters wouldn't like ...

MASFERRER

What are you offering?

SEAN

Get that bounty hunter to release my brother before they reach the border, and on election day I'll come home and toast my father's victory. If not -- I'm on the phone to the papers today.

MASFERRER

When what's "all over?"

Sean is already rising. Pulls out his wallet.

SEAN

You have twenty minutes to decide.
I'll be heading North, waiting for
your call.

Sean has removed the credit cards from his wallet. Five or
six of them. Tosses them on the table in front of Esteban.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Guess you'll have to pick up the
check.

MASFERRER

(off the credit cards)
A declaration of independence,
Sean?

SEAN

Twenty minutes.

36B

CONTINUED:

36B

And Sean exits. Mansferrer watches him go. Considers. A WAITRESS appears, sticks Esteban with the bill. He pulls a cell phone out, starts to dial, watching with curiosity as --

MASFERRER'S POV - of Sean getting into the Impala. He fires it up -- and it's like waking up a beast. RAP MUSIC, the HYDRAULICS PUMPING up and down.

37 EXT. PRESTON'S - CONTINUOUS

37

An amused Masferrer watches from his booth window. Sean gets the car under control. Pulls away. WE PAN HIM, and FIND --

-- WENDY exiting the mini-market, she's carrying bags from the store, half looking at them as she walks up to the van.

WENDY

I didn't know if you liked nuts in your chocolate, so I got a selection. Some people are allergic to nuts. We should probably write down what we're allergic to in case of --

-- Wendy stops in her tracks as she sees Ivy. Ivy has the side door of the van open and Sam's baby seat is strewn on the ground. It's been dismantled. Ivy is in the process of tossing the pieces in the back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

IVY

Making some room to stretch out. This thing was taking up a lot of space.

WENDY

Put it back.

IVY

What?

WENDY

That's Sam's car seat. Put it back.

IVY

Yeah -- "Sam" ain't here.

Ivy begins to toss another piece in the back when her wrist is GRABBED. She looks down. Wendy's hand is tight around it. And this is Wendy as we've never seen her: chin down, eyes cast up, a cauldron of something tight and bubbling and angry.

WENDY

You need to put it back. You really, really need to put it back.

(MORE)

37

CONTINUED:

37

WENDY (CONT'D)

And then you need to never touch it
again. Ever. 'kay?

Ivy stares at her. Had this Wendy been on the side of the road with that gun, there's no question she would have been dead meat. Ivy senses a potentially very explosive situation. We see some fear there.

IVY

Yeah. Okay. No problem.

And the cold passes from Wendy's features and the sun comes out again. Whew.

WENDY

Great!

Wendy moves off. Hold on Ivy --

WENDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I hope you like caramel.

Off Ivy --

38 OMITTED 38
38A INT./EXT. TAURUS - MOVING - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 28) 38A

John driving now, while Violet, in the seat next to him, plays Henry Higgins to John's Eliza.

VIOLET

A first-rate lie is detailed without being too detailed; close enough to the truth that you can remember it, and simple.

JOHN

I'm very concerned that you've given this so much thought, dear.

VIOLET

Let's try an exercise. Imagine you're a sixteen-year-old girl.

JOHN

Okay.

VIOLET

There's a concert you're dying to go to. But it's a school night. What would you say to your dad to get him to let you go?

JOHN

Well, I'd start out by explaining how important the concert is to me, how much I ...

VIOLET

No, no, no! Truth is death! He's never gonna let you go with that. You have to lie. Lie like your life depends on it.

(beat)

Pretend I'm him. You say -- Dad ...

JOHN

Dad.

(beat)

I, um. I have to ... study ... tonight... at the library. For a test?

VIOLET

That would work. If this was 1950.
And I had just had a lobotomy. Try
again.

JOHN

Violet, I'm just no good at this.

VIOLET

Maybe if I gave you an example.
(beat)
Remember last year when I told you
Sophie Kramer had just found out
the boyfriend who dumped her had
also given her an STD, so she and I
were going to check out a meeting
of a support group called Teen
Girls Considering Celibacy in Eagle
Rock?

JOHN

(beat; astonished)
That was a lie?

VIOLET

You didn't think so at the time.

JOHN

You brought home literature from
that meeting.

VIOLET

It's all in the details.

JOHN

I can't believe -- what did you do
that night?

VIOLET

Dad, you're missing the point.
Examine the technique and make it
your own. Go ahead now. You try
one.

39

INT. WAREHOUSE - ALEX

39

hands cuffed behind him, is walked forward by Poole toward the parked Dodge Challenger.

ALEX

So this whole thing was a lie.

OFFICER POOLE

Getting to a deeper truth -- who you really are.

ALEX

I don't understand. If someone's telling me to go faster, this is a pretty strange way to do it. Pulling me off the road.

OFFICER POOLE

You were already off the road. You were on the side of it.

ALEX

So if this was about giving me the car, why not just give me the car? Why go to all this? I needed to make this checkpoint before dark.

OFFICER POOLE

You still can. The old Alex Tully, the real Alex Tully, he'd be there already.

Poole starts to unlock Alex's handcuffs.

OFFICER POOLE (CONT'D)

Time to stop running from your past, Alex. Time to start running to something -- the finish line.

Alex's hands are free now. He turns toward Poole. Poole holds up the keys to the car. Alex looks at them, gleaming there. He starts to reach for them --

ALEX

Where's the girl? Where's Corinna?

OFFICER POOLE

Forget her. She's only holding you back. Save one damsel at a time. Save your wife. Leave the other one to us.

Alex considers that. A beat. He takes the keys. Turns and starts for the Challenger.

ALEX

Rome before dark -- a police escort
wouldn't hurt.

OFFICER POOLE

I ain't the police.

ALEX

I noticed.

He pulls open the driver's door, sits in the car, doesn't shut the door, not yet committing to pulling his legs in and taking full possession -- he runs his hand along the dash....

ALEX (CONT'D)
(smiles)
And this ain't my car.

OFFICER POOLE
What?

ALEX
You've done a nice job -- but it's not the same car. It's not mine.

OFFICER POOLE
(approaching)
It's the same car.

Poole puts a hand on the top of the car, leans forward as Alex inspects it, now runs his hand under the dash --

ALEX
Nope. If it were...

-- CLICK. A custom DROP DRAWER pops down. In it is a KNIFE. Alex has it in his hand and Poole pulled down into it, the tip dimpling his throat just that fast --

ALEX (CONT'D)
Huh. Guess it is mine.
(then)
Where's Corinna?

OFFICER POOLE

Did you learn anything? Would the
real Alex Tully waste time asking
that question?

ALEX

The real Alex Tully never left his
partners behind. And you don't
want to meet the real Alex Tully.
Promise. Now where is she?

Off which ...

39A INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - CORINNA

39A

frustrated, unsure what to do next, exits the police station. She starts walking. She reaches into her bag, pulls out a cell phone. She doesn't notice THE MAN walking up fast behind her. Now a DARK SEDAN PULLS UP FAST on the street. The Man just about on her, when --

-- SCREECH! THE CHALLENGER zooms in front of the sedan, blocking it. Corinna reacts to that, then sees --

-- ALEX leans over, opens the passenger door.

ALEX

Get in.

She looks to the man behind her, the sedan. Realizes exactly what was just about to happen. Gets in the car with Alex.

CORINNA

What's going on?

ALEX

Buckle up.

And he PUNCHES IT!

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

40 OMITTED 40

40A EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - DAY - THE FIREBIRD (FORMERLY SCENE 28A) 40A

By the side of a HIGHWAY. CARS whizzing past. Rob angrily looks through the GRASS by the side of the road, searching for the tossed cell phone. Ellie stands nearby.

ELLIE

Rob, I'm sorry, alright? Really, I am. Now come on.

ROB

Not till I find that phone.

ELLIE

Forget about the phone. We'll get another one.

ROB

Not goin' anywhere till I got it in my hands.

ELLIE

We have to get back in the car.

(beat)

Rob. We're gonna lose our lead.

He wheels on her, gloves off.

ROB

Lose our lead? You think that's all that matters?

ELLIE

We worked hard to get in front. I don't think we should just throw that away.

ROB

(shaking his head)

Is that really all you care about? The "race"?

ELLIE

(stung)

No. I care about us. More than you, I guess.

ROB

What does that mean?

ELLIE

You married me, but you love the Army. Your buddies in Iraq. Your buddies on the base. They're all you talk about, all you care about.

ROB

(low, serious)

Ellie, those men are my brothers. Right now they're in a place you can't even imagine getting shot at and blown up. So I do think about them, and I ain't gonna apologize for that. And I do love them, and I ain't gonna apologize for that, either.

ELLIE

(exploding)

You think I don't know that? We've been married four years, Rob, you know how much time we've actually spent together? A hundred and fifty-five days. That's not even half a year. So don't tell me how much the Army means to you. Cause I know better than anybody.

Rob sees something on the ground, bends down, and picks up the CELL PHONE. It's clearly BUSTED. He looks up at her. She's about ready to cry. He softens, shakes his head.

ROB

This thing, this ... race. It's just money, Ellie.

ELLIE

I know. But I got it in my head that if we won ...

ROB

What?

She's crying now. Rubs her eyes.

ELLIE

That you wouldn't have to go back. I know it's unrealistic.

(MORE)

40A

CONTINUED:

40A

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You'd never turn your back on the guys in your unit. It's why you're such a good man and why I love you. I just love you so much and I don't ... I don't want you to die.

She's totally lost it now. Blubbering and terribly vulnerable. Rob puts his arms around her, pulls her close.

ROB

Shhhhh. It's okay. I'm sorry, baby. It's hard for you, too. I know. Everything's gonna be okay, I promise.

ELLIE

(through sniffing)

We should... find a pay phone. So you can call.

ROB

We'll find one in Rome. We're not that far. Come on. Let's take that lead back.

As they head for the car, Rob's arm around Ellie's shoulder, Ellie leaning her head on his chest...

41 OMITTED 41
42 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY 42

As Sean pulls off the road in the Impala: REVEAL DUPREE AND WINSTON WAITING THERE next to Dupree's car. Winston is STILL CUFFED. As Dupree sees Sean pulling up, she reaches for her keys and reaches down to Winston's cuffs, which she starts to unlock. Sean is getting out of the car and hurrying toward them -- the approach of sundown accelerating his steps.

DUPREE

(to SEAN)

I don't know who you got to, but he's big. First time I had to throw one back.

(the cuffs are off)

One thing you should know -- I'm not the only out there looking for you. Keep your eyes on the rearview.

(to both)

Good luck guys.

She gets in her car and takes off.

SEAN

You can thank me later, we gotta go. I figure we got two hours to make it Rome. You mind if I drive? I'm startin' to like this car.

Sean has already started for the driver's side door. Winston hasn't moved.

WINSTON

Keys.

SEAN

C'mon, gimme an hour.

WINSTON

(low)

The keys, or I'll take 'em from
you.

Which is a real and unmistakable threat. Sean looks at Winston, takes in his anger, the dark intensity of his stillness. It's clear "Thank You" isn't going to be part of their conversation anytime soon. Sean stops, awkward.

SEAN

Okay. I mean. Whatever.

He tosses Winston the keys. Winston takes them, strides to the driver's side door, and gets. Sean gets in too. Winston won't look at Sean or acknowledge his presence. He PEELS THE CAR OUT, burning rubber as the Impala takes off down the road.

48-49 OMITTED

48-49

50 INT./EXT. TAURUS - MOVING - LATE DAY

50

John's CELL PHONE RINGS. John pulls the phone out and checks the incoming number. Violet reads his wrinkled brow.

VIOLET

Mom?

John looks at her, nods.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You can do it, dad.

John takes a deep breath, puts the phone up to his ear, and adopts an only slightly too cheerful tone.

JOHN

Barbara, how are you?

(beat)

Sorry about keeping you in the dark. I got a, er, last minute invitation to a conference in Seattle and decided to bring Vi with me.

(beat)

We're driving past the Puget Sound now, you should see it, it's beautiful.

(whispered, to Violet)

Good detail, huh?

She gives him thumbs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was wondering if she could stay here with me next weekend, instead of coming up to San Jose. We'll make it up next month, I promise.

(beat)

Really? That's wonderful Barbara. Thanks so much.

INTERCUT WITH:

50A INT. DR. ROTH'S MEDICAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

50A

Where WE SEE John is NOT talking to his ex-wife, but the doctor who gave him the fatal diagnosis, DOCTOR ROTH.

ROTH

John, I don't understand what you're saying.

JOHN

Mm-hmm.

ROTH

I called because your work said you'd left town, and I wanted to make sure you had enough meds while you were travelling.

JOHN

Oh, yeah, the Space Needle, for sure.

ROTH

They're the only thing buying you time now. You have to keep up with them. You understand? John?

JOHN

Right. Okay. No problem, Barbara. Call anytime.

John hangs up. Violet is impressed. She bought it totally.

VIOLET

Dad, that was great. Even I couldn't tell you were making it up.

JOHN

Well I... had a great teacher.

They look at each other and smile. Violet looks back at the road. John sneaks a second look at Violet. Thinking of how much he loves her, he can't quite keep the sadness out of his eyes. Off which...

Alex drives, all focus. Corinna looks at him. He's pretty beat up. Determined. Oh, there's this new car.

CORINNA

What happened back there? What did they do to you?

50B CONTINUED:

50B

ALEX

They didn't do it to me. They did
it to some other guy... hang on.

And now it's a ride --

MUSIC MONTAGE, AS:

50C EXT. GEORGIA HIGHWAY - DAY

50C

The Challenger as it whips through traffic. And not just going faster than everyone else... doing things. Daredevil moves. We're covering a lot of ground and elipsing much time as Alex passes generic cars on the highway, finally catching up to the pack, over-taking it, he will pass --

-- THE IMPALA. Winston and Sean reacting to it...

-- THE MINI-VAN. Ivy and Wendy impressed.

-- THE TAURUS. John a little rattled as the Challenger overtakes them.

And the...

FIREBIRD. Rob and Ellie trying to maintain their lead. This other car making that a near impossibility. This becomes a two-car race as we roll onto --

50D EXT. TWO-LANE SECLUDED ROAD - DAY

50D

THE CHALLENGER and THE FIREBIRD neck-and-neck. The Firebird pulling ahead, but Alex maneuvering like we've not yet seen him. The LIGHTED RACE PYLON is ahead. The two cars blaze toward it --

-- it's the Challenger. Pulling up now to...

A TICKET BOOTH. Alex rolls the car up, hands the ticket he got from Mr. Bright back at Canaveral to the TICKET TAKER, then pulls in. The Firebird comes up behind, and beyond that, WE SEE OTHER CARS APPROACHING...

51 EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATER - ROME, GEORGIA - SUNSET 51

But we don't know it's a drive-in theater just yet. THE CHALLENGER rolls into a spot. Not far away, THE FIREBIRD does the same...

TIME-LAPSE as our MUSIC CUE winds down... other cars pulling into spaces. It could just be a big parking lot for all we can tell. We find EACH OF OUR PRINCIPALS in turn... All of them reflecting the emotion their own stories have generated in them... some with simple curiosity. What's next? And finally WE POP WIDE TO SEE:

AN ICONIC IMAGE of a DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER, all our cars pointed toward the big screen.

The SUN SETS behind the screen, then something comes up on the screen.

ACADEMY LEADER: THREE, TWO, ONE, BLIP! And on the "blip!" where we would expect an IMAGE to be, we CUT AWAY TO:

52 EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT 52

A crime scene in progress. We see a BLACK SEDAN arrive. DETECTIVE EHRLE steps out. Moves toward the scene. A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY sees him, approaches, offers his hand.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
Detective Ehrle?

They shakes hands.

DETECTIVE EHRLE
That's right.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
Deputy Wallace.

DETECTIVE EHRLE
I appreciate you calling me.

"Ashland, Kentucky - 22°23'N, 78°04'W" Ehrle and the Deputy move toward the activity at the crime scene.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

We found it this morning. An officer responded to a call from a few hikers. We've got an APB out for your suspect.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

(correcting him)

Person of interest.

They approach...

Alex's PICK-UP TRUCK. There are forensic detectives throughout. FBI, local Sheriff's Department.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Looks like someone tried to scrub it clean. But you can never get it all...

(nods to CSI guy)

Jack?

A CSI GUY with one of those BLACK LIGHT THINGS scans the interior of the cab to show the WHITE GLOWING SPOTS indicating BLOOD -- demonstrating over:

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Blood in the seats, blood on the dash, blood on the carpets -- blood on the header. Looks like whatever happened, happened right here in this truck.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

(craning to see the splatter patterns)

Yes, it sure does.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Found this in the back -- Jimmy?

And other UNIFORM (with crime gloves) hoists a box. It's full of those Kathryn Tully missing flyers.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Guess he didn't figure he'd be needing these anymore.

DETECTIVE EHRLE

Guess not.

DRIVE - 103 - DOUBLE SALMON REVS. - 3/08/07
52 CONTINUED:

57.
52

As Ehrle takes it in --

SLAM TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE