

"crashingMTN"

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"Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich."

Proverbs 28:6

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

A garage man-cave.

Tatted sleeves, SILAS STURGILL (mid-twenties) dozes at a poker table.

A handgun knocks his skull.

In full police uniform, CADEN (thirties) is at Sturgill's side.

CADEN
Why's the girl alive?

Sturgill groans.

CADEN (CONT'D)
Get up.

STURGILL
I need my stuff...

TWO MINUTES LATER

Sturgill jams a duffle with Caden's gun and badge, water bottles, a deck of cards, a coat.

Caden is out cold on the floor.

PRESENT

CADEN
Why on earth is that girl alive I said?

STURGILL
You're gonna throw me out?

Caden whips his phone out.

CADEN
Lucky I don't arrest you myself.
(dials 911)

STURGILL
Give me a head start, Caden.

CADEN
The gun's already gone off,
Cousin...

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)
911, what's your emergency?

CADEN
(into phone)
I'd like to report a home invasion
in progress.

STURGILL
Before I go. I need to tell you...

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Ok, where is the intruder now?

STURGILL
I slept with Emma.

Hesitation.

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Sir?

Sturgill lunges.

They wrestle to the ground, hands tied up.

Sturgill frees the gun and kicks it away.

They struggle for positioning.

Sturgill rolls onto Caden's back and locks a sleeper hold.

...Lights-out.

INT. CADEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sturgill ransacks the nightstand.

He finds his counterfeit passport and swipes handcuffs, ammo,
cash.

Sturgill stumbles over a greeting card.

CLOSE UP - Inside, an Ultrasound Photo.

Sturgill pockets it and dashes out.

INT. CONSTRUCTION YARD - DAY

SUPER: PAST

Sturgill struts across the closeout yard and enters a trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Sturgill heads to the desk.

The SUPERINTENDENT (forties) is on the phone.

SUPERINTENDENT

(nods to sit)

(into phone)

Send the lien to Lee and if we have to, I'll make the call myself...

(turns his back)

...I heard you. That's why I said I'll do it myself if I need to.

Sturgill's eyes wander to the blinds, the light.

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

(into phone)

It ain't nothin new. It's business...

KELLY (PRE-LAP)

It's not a coincidence.

INT. LOW-INCOME APARTMENT - NIGHT

KELLY (mid-twenties), Sturgill's girlfriend, is pregnant, about to pop.

STURGILL

Sue him how?

KELLY

It's called a breach of contract.

STURGILL

But is a verbal a breach?

KELLY

Where's my phone?

Sturgill stares off toward the blinds, the streetlight.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Silas, we're three months behind
 and one month away...

INT./EXT. STURGILL'S TRUCK/OUTSIDE BANK (RAINING) - DAY

Sturgill cases the entrance.

KELLY (V.O.)
 ...Did you hear what I said?

STURGILL (V.O.)
 Don't...

KELLY (V.O.)
 Silas?

STURGILL (V.O.)
 Don't worry.

KELLY (V.O.)
 We're gonna need help...

A Loomis armored truck pulls to the entrance.

Silas looks at his sports watch.

KELLY (V.O.)
 Silas?

STURGILL (V.O.)
 I said I'm thinking...

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY ENTRANCE - DAY

Sturgill holds the door open for an elderly lady.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

In the b.g., with an oversized, vagrant fur coat, BEN "YURI"
 MILLER from "goldlovers" is at a computer station.

Sturgill chicken-pecks the keyboard, quick.

MONITOR

-Webpage. Subject: City Painting Job \$26/hr

-Be prepared to work with standard painting uniform: jeans,
 white shirt and cap, lime-green vest and face mask.

The last two sentences appear with typos as STURGILL types.

-A small investment for potentially recurring work. Please contact for further details.

Sturgill posts the gig.

EXT. WELLS FARGO (ENTRANCE) - MORNING

Eleven men in identical painter outfits stand waiting.

A twelfth Painter approaches.

Some chitchat.

Others pace, impatient, checking their phones.

One leans against a pillar, sour-faced.

EXT. DUMPSTER ENCLOSURE - MORNING

Sturgill, retrieves a grocery tote and a garden sprayer from behind the dumpster.

Sturgill opens the bag and dons a white cap, green vest and mask.

EXT. WELLS FARGO (ENTRANCE) - MORNING

Sturgill approaches.

He sets down the sprayer and pumps it.

He begins to spray the flowered planters.

A few Painters take notice.

Sturgill checks his sports watch.

A Loomis armored truck pulls up curbside.

An Armored Guard hops down and tends to the back of the truck.

Sturgill edges forward, sprays.

Sturgill notices the color of the lime green mums match his vest.

A bee appears on his vest.

Long moment.

CLOSE UP - The Bee Crawls Up

The Armored Guard finally secures two deposit bags, then shuts the back doors of the truck.

The Armored Guard carries the deposit bags toward the bank's entrance.

Sturgill sets down the insecticide and shadows the Armored Guard, closing the gap.

Sturgill pulls a canister of bear mace from his waistband and sprays the Armored Guard's face and side.

The Armored Guard drops the deposit and goes for his face and gun.

Sturgill snatches the bags and jogs away, as the other Painters scatter.

EXT. CROSSWALK - MORNING

Sturgill crosses the street and avoids getting smacked by a Jeep.

HONKS.

EXT. SCENIC PATH - MORNING

Sturgill darts down a path.

He cuts into some undergrowth and giant reed.

EXT. CREEKSIDE - MORNING

Sturgill loads the loot then himself onto an air mattress.

EXT. ON AIR MATTRESS - MORNING

Sturgill tosses his mask, cap, and vest into the creek.

LATER

Sturgill stumbles off the air mattress, knifes it, then treads up the bank.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING

Sturgill hurries past pedestrians and storefronts.

EXT. CURBSIDE - MORNING

An Uber driver, the KIND-FACED MAN (late-twenties) from "human²" pulls up.

KIND-FACED MAN
Are you Paul?

STURGILL
Yeah.

Sturgill enters the backseat with the duffles.

His work boots track in mud.

INT. UBER CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

KIND-FACED MAN
How's your day going?

STURGILL
It's going...

GRAY-HAIRED JUDGE (PRE-LAP)
And if your truck had not been
repo'd, and if that young Uber
driver hadn't been as attentive as
he was, you might not be standing
here today. At any rate...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Sentencing hearing.

Sturgill, his Defense Attorney and a Bailiff stand before an elevated GRAY-HAIRED JUDGE (late-fifties).

GRAY-HAIRED JUDGE
It was a brazen and reckless attack
and scheme. Not to mention all the
other lives you endangered, those
who you had set up as decoys... So
I do believe that the maximum
sentence on the underlying, most
severe charge in this case is
warranted...

INT. UBER CAR (PARKED) - MORNING

Sturgill exits.

The Kind-Faced Man notices the backseat in the rearview.

He turns around for a better look.

The seat is damp with creek water.

KIND-FACED MAN
Did you just piss in my car?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

GRAY-HAIRED JUDGE
...So the court is going to
sentence you to an aggregate total
of thirty years in federal prison
for the first-degree felony of
aggravated robbery.

GAVEL.

PRE-LAP: KNOCK.

EXT. ANNE'S FRONT DOOR - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

Sturgill KNOCKS again.

Honey-haired, ANNE GORRELL (mid-twenties), dually snotty yet warmhearted, answers.

ANNE
Paul?

STURGILL
We needa talk.

ANNE
I've got work soon.

STURGILL
I just need a minute.

ANNE
Look, I don't like how things ended
up happening, but they happened.

STURGILL
Let me in and we'll talk.

ANNE
You know what, no. I don't feel
like I owe you anything.

STURGILL
Your hair's wet.

ANNE
(puzzled, pause)
And... Let me dress...

Anne closes the door.

Sturgill turns to Caden's Mustang parked at the curb, sun on his face.

INT. PRISON BUS (MOVING) - DAY

SUPER: PAST

Sun on his face, Sturgill gazes out of the window at a herd of brown cows at pasture.

Two dozen prisoners in bright orange jumpsuits.

Sturgill and an OLDHEAD (seventies) sit handcuffed together.

OLDHEAD (O.S.)
Ah—daydreaming or reminiscing?
Lookin forward or lookin back?

Sturgill shoots the Oldhead an icy glare.

OLDHEAD (CONT'D)
Well, you ain't star gazin!

Sturgill turns back to the window.

OLDHEAD (CONT'D)
An old flame, ain't it? Lord knows
I've had too many and plenty.
(beat)
Or were you runnin the "What ifs."
"If" is a part of life—right smack
in the middle! But if my auntie had
a mustache she'd be my uncle.
(chuckles)
It's not good to deal in ifs... You
know, the Choctaw have a name it.
(MORE)

OLDHEAD (CONT'D)

Forget what they call it, but it's like a tsunami if you will. Intense longing for something that's... *faded away*. Always get it when I visit my hometown. With the Natives it's like a nostalgic lovesickness. Is that what I've noticed on ya, huh?... Not my monkey, not my circus.

(sniffs, clears throat)

You know, that's smart. Shutting your mouth'll help ya, especially where we're headed.

Sturgill turns to the Oldhead.

STURGILL

You've been?

OLDHEAD

Yessir, I've been. And it's a pleasant place when you think on it hard. Get fed, some silence. Time. Time to read. Time to eat. Time to watch all the water fall finally down, down, down. Down... Time to sleep.

STURGILL

You sure you're on the right bus?

OLDHEAD

Me? Nooooo... No. I'm not worried.

STURGILL

Good for you.

OLDHEAD

Yessir, dead men often aren't!
(crackles)

Sturgill turns back to the window and sighs.

The dashing landscape is bright.

EXT. STATE CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION, CLOVERLEAF/SALLY PORT -
DAY

The transport rounds the corner.

INT. HOLDING TANK - DAY

Sturgill waits, canned between inmates.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Sturgill, Silas!

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Sturgill carries his fish kit.

CHATTER bounces off the concrete walls.

PRE-LAP: DISHES CLASH.

INT. ANNE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

At the sink, Anne washes a cup.

STURGILL
It's clean already.

Anne stops.

ANNE
I guarantee you, you're not gonna
change anything.

STURGILL
I just want to tell you how I feel.

ANNE
Why are you sweating?

STURGILL
(wipes forehead)
So he's got a clean past and image?

ANNE
That's some of it, yes.

STURGILL
The tats.

ANNE
It's prison.

STURGILL
And?

ANNE

I want someone who's going to treat me with respect.

STURGILL

And I respect that.

ANNE

I don't...

STURGILL

Don't...

ANNE

I don't want to get...

STURGILL

Don't worry about hurting my feelings.

ANNE

I don't want to be harsh!

STURGILL

Go ahead. Be harsh.

ANNE

I don't owe you anything. Not even an answer as to why. You're... counterfeit. You seem real nice and real and genuine and good, but deep down I know you're...

(inhales, exhales)

It doesn't take a genius to spot the goat in the sheep's flock.

STURGILL

Like I'm fake?

ANNE

Maybe that's not the best word, but you don't seem... emotionally intelligent. It's possible to fall in love with someone and have them not be infatuated themselves.

STURGILL

So you're a psychologist and an engineer?

ANNE

I know people.

STURGILL
Which makes you a professional.

ANNE
I need to get ready... Can you
please leave?

STURGILL
Just one more thing...

ANNE
What?

STURGILL
...Kent's bank's been robbed.

INT. BANK LOBBY - MORNING

Taking cover, Sturgill shoots it out with a wounded Security
Guard.

STURGILL (V.O.)
This morning.

ANNE (V.O.)
How is that possible?

STURGILL (V.O.)
I don't know if he's been injured
or not, but—

INT. ANNE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

ANNE
How?

STURGILL
I went over to talk to him and
there were cops everywhere. That's
all I know. You want to go over
there or not?

EXT. OUTSIDE ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sturgill and Anne head to Caden's Mustang at the curb across
the street.

Anne rounds the rear, then stops.

STURGILL
Come on.

Sturgill enters the Mustang.

Covertly, Anne retrieves her phone from her purse and snaps a photo of the license plate, then rounds to the passenger side.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

A cross hangs from the rearview.

ANNE
Why didn't you tell me this from
the beginning?

STURGILL
You didn't ask.

Anne begins to pray.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
(beat)
What're you doing?

ANNE
I'm praying Kent isn't hurt.

Anne's phone rings.

CLOSE UP - ID Reads: 703

Pause.

ANNE (CONT'D)
It's my brother. Can I?

STURGILL
Go 'head.

They stop at a redlight.

ANNE
...Brother?

CLOSE UP - Redlight

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

SUPER: PAST

CLOSE UP - Redlight

Caden, in his police cruiser, pulls adjacent to Anne's Toyota.

Anne glances over at Caden.

Their eyes connect.

Anne accelerates on green.

Caden flips his siren lights and pulls Anne over.

INT. ANNE'S TOYOTA - NIGHT

ANNE
(sighs)
Great.

EXT. STREET-SIDE - NIGHT

Caden slicks up to the Anne's window.

CADEN
How's it going?

ANNE
(squints into the
flashlight)
I'm doing ok.

CADEN
Where are you headed?

ANNE
Oh, I'm just coming back from work.
I'm on my way home. I'm literally
just a few blocks away.

CADEN
Do you know why I pulled you over?

ANNE
No...

CADEN
You didn't do anything wrong. I
just like your car.

ANNE
Oh.

CADEN

If you're ever interested in selling it, I would definitely like to buy it from you.

ANNE

It's not for sale.

CADEN

You look good in it.

ANNE

...Uh.

CADEN

I'll tell you what, you give me your number and when I have some time—

ANNE

No. I-I'm not giving you my number.

CADEN

Why not?

ANNE

I don't feel that you're actually interested in the car.

CADEN

Well, to be honest—

ANNE

Please, officer, if you don't mind I'd like to make my way home now. I've had a very long day.

CADEN

(straightens up)

License, registration, and proof of insurance.

Anne hesitates, then goes to the glovebox.

ANNE

I thought you said I did nothing wrong?

CADEN

Just noticed your taillight is busted. Gotta get that fixed...

FIVE MINUTES LATER

Caden finishes up the ticket.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Just a minor infraction... Anne Gorrell... You know, I've got a guy who can repair it for free, if you'd like. You give me your number and I can set that up for you.

ANNE

I'm not giving you my number.

CADEN

Suit yourself.

Caden hands Anne the ticket.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

POV - DASH CAM

Caden walks to the back of the car and finds the crack.

He wedges his finger in.

CADEN

See what I mean.

He pries and rips the plastic further apart.

ANNE (O.S.)

Hey!

LOUD GUARD (PRE-LAP)

Hey!

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

LOUD GUARD

Stand clear, idiot!

Sturgill backs up.

With slow and deliberate effort, Sturgill surveys the sparse, dusty surroundings:

A chain-link, double-fenced enclosure, and its double-coiled razor wire.

The outer patrol on horseback, rifles balanced across their laps.

Two guard towers with their rifled snipers.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

APPEALS ATTORNEY (thirties) joins the table.

APPEALS ATTORNEY
Sorry I'm late... I've got some bad news, my friend.

STURGILL
What?

APPEALS ATTORNEY
I'm going to have to step away from your appeal.

STURGILL
Why?

APPEALS ATTORNEY
I'm, well, I'm changing transitioning...

Sturgill stares.

APPEALS ATTORNEY (CONT'D)
I'm changing careers actually. About to pivot into real estate. So you'll be getting someone new.

STURGILL
What does this mean?

APPEALS ATTORNEY
Well, you know, the new appeals attorney will have to start some of the process over again.

STURGILL
How much more is that gonna take?

APPEALS ATTORNEY
Not long. Don't worry, you're not gonna get lost in the system or anything... I'm sorry, It's not personal.

STURGILL
You can't have it wait?

APPEALS ATTORNEY

I have other cases too, you know. I just only now took you on. It's not personal.

STURGILL

...It's business.

APPEALS ATTORNEY

It's life. You'll just have to wait a little longer.

Sturgill raises his head back.

DEERLING (PRE-LAP)

Definitely one of the better jobs.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Sturgill and DEERLING (late-thirties) pack mesh laundry-bags along the industrial washers.

DEERLING

Gotta wake up early though. My name's Deerling.

STURGILL

That a nickname?

DEERLING

Native. My ancestors rattled around for days in their tent of council meetings before picking out a name. Now our generation's subjugated and we settle on Jims, Johns, Jacks, and Matthews. But my dad said, Nope, he's gotta be Deerling! 'Cause my limbs were long.

STURGILL

What are you in for, Deerling?

DEERLING

I raped a woman... Then I strangled her.

STURGILL

To death?

DEERLING

Yes, to death! And I'm doin all day and a night for it, too, ok... What about you?

STURGILL
Aggravated robbery. Thirty years.
Was outta work at the time, if
that's any excuse.

DEERLING
It's hard to be poor and do right,
but that's too much—thirty years.

STURGILL
But I'm getting outta here.

DEERLING
Not a month in and you've got a
plan?
(beat)
Well, what's is it?

Sturgill observes a Guard and inmates at the far end of the
room.

STURGILL
I'm not saying...

DEERLING
Well, everyone in here already
knows the way out.

STURGILL
And what's that?

DEERLING
Through a vent in the boiler room.

STURGILL
Where does the vent lead to?

DEERLING
Nobody knows.

STURGILL
How does that help?

DEERLING
If the vent doesn't lead to
anywhere we know, it's gotta lead
to CO side.

STURGILL
Then what?

DEERLING
You'd have to wing it I guess.

STURGILL
Doesn't sound like much of a plan.

DEERLING
Maybe, but all the lights are
controlled in the boiler room.
Could kill the generators and...

STURGILL
Wing it.

DEERLING
Something like that.

STURGILL
What's holding the vent?

DEERLING
About ten or so screws, I've heard.

STURGILL
Why's nobody tried?

DEERLING
It's just talk. They only let the
best from the honor block to man
the boiler room. So good luck
trying to get a tour.

STURGILL
Do me a favor, ask around for a
Phillips head.

Sturgill stares across at the Guards and inmates at the far
end of the room.

DEERLING
If I ask around, it won't be any
secret.

Silence.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE UP - NO TALKING ZONE Sign

STURGILL (O.S.)
(low)
It'd probably be smart if we
carried blankets through.

Sturgill, Deerling, and CURTIS JOHNSTON (thirties) from
"Gooma & the Misfits" sit at a table.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

'Cause once we're on CO side and we make it out, we'll still have to climb the razor-wire.

DEERLING

With the lights out, a riot'll break loose.

STURGILL

But how do we get in? You've gotta point someone out to me.

CURTIS

Excuse me... I'm trying to read.

STURGILL

How about you just roll up your window, huh?

CURTIS

How about I smash through the window, then use the glass to cut your throat?

STURGILL

Shhh, no talking.

CURTIS

Keep talking and I'll give you an extra mouth to smile with. One just below that big one of yours.

LIBRARY GUARD

(approaches)

Silencio! You've got five more minutes!

INT. VISITATION BOOTH - DAY

Kelly sits behind a glass panel.

She cradles their nine month old daughter with a single arm.

Sturgill enters and sits.

STURGILL

Why haven't you written back?

KELLY

Wasn't exactly looking forward to this.

STURGILL
How's my baby girl doing?

KELLY
Her bottom two teeth are just now
coming in.

STURGILL
Lemme see.

Kelly shows the baby's mouth.

Sturgill is pleased.

KELLY
I'm still not happy, Silas.

STURGILL
And I am? I never intended to hurt
anybody, Kelly.

KELLY
You hurt me. And you hurt your
daughter by depriving her of a
father.

STURGILL
What did I say, I'm going to get it
reduced. I'm waiting for the new
appeals lawyer.

KELLY
What's taking so long?

STURGILL
Everyone in here says the sentence
was too harsh. Judge had a hard-on
for bank jobs.

KELLY
Everyone in here?

STURGILL
That's what I said. No serious
priors, no gun specification. He
threw down a sledgehammer, not a
gavel.

KELLY
Why did you have to keep me in the
dark. I'm not nobody. You could
have told me.

STURGILL

And have you finesse me out of it?
(beat)
How's everything? Are you living
ok?

KELLY

I moved in with my Mama.

STURGILL

In McArthur?

KELLY

No, she moved.

STURGILL

Where to?

KELLY

She thinks it's best I don't tell
you.

Silas feigns an amazed chuckle.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Silas, I still haven't forgiven you
for what you did.

STURGILL

Which one?

KELLY

Both!

STURGILL

I was trying to keep us off the
streets.

KELLY

And congratulations, you gave up
your life for it. We're worse off
now than before.

STURGILL

You know, you've always had a
problem forgiving me. Always.

KELLY

You. Haven't. Changed.

STURGILL

Where're you staying?

KELLY
I done with this. I mean it. I'm
done...

STURGILL
Where're you staying!

KELLY
No!

STURGILL
Where're you staying!

Kelly rises.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Kelly, you can't keep her from me.

KELLY
She's not gonna have anything to do
with you. I'm making sure of it.

Kelly and the baby exit.

STURGILL
Kelly.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

CLOSE UP - ID Reads: 703

ANNE
(into phone)
Brother...

DIPLOMATIC OFFICE - MORNING

HAIR PARTED RIGHT (late-forties) from "human²" sits at a desk
with coffee.

Anne is on speaker.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
Hello, Sister. I didn't know this
was a bad time for you.

MUSTANG (MOVING)

ANNE

(into phone)

No, we can talk. Something came up
and I'm a little stressed out.
What's up?

OFFICE

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

Well, I was just setting up my
morning routine and happened about
the gift you were meaning to send
me.

MUSTANG (MOVING)

ANNE (O.S.)

(into phone)

And?

OFFICE

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

And nobody was able to find the
package this morning... Relatives
always stick together until things
get hairy... And my boy hasn't gone
to school this quarter.

MUSTANG (MOVING)

Sturgill takes a toothpick from the center console.

ANNE

(into phone)

Ok, is Grandpa going to be there?

OFFICE

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

No, Grandpa's busy. But I'll tell
Dad. He'll be there. Just keep in
touch.

MUSTANG (MOVING)

ANNE
 (into phone)
 Ok, I'll see if I can make it. Bye.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT (O.S.)
 Take c—

Anne hangs-up.

Beat.

STURGILL
 ...What's your brother's name
 again?

ANNE
 Tim.

STURGILL
 Let me see your phone.

ANNE
 Why?

Long SILENCE.

Sturgill pulls over.

STURGILL
 Just give me your phone.

Anne hands it over.

Sturgill taps to recent calls.

CLOSE UP - ID Reads: 703

Sturgill taps to contacts, scrolls Down.

CLOSE UP - Timmi (Heart Emoji)

Sturgill thinks.

He pulls out handcuffs, reaches over and handcuffs Anne's
 wrist to the passenger side door.

Sturgill drops Anne's phone out onto the road.

ANNE
 Paul, what's going on?

Sturgill accelerates.

EXT. WESTERN UNION'S PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Mustang pulls in.

INT. MUSTANG (MOVING)/BANK'S PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sturgill parks.

Anne notices the absence of cops.

ANNE

Please don't hurt him...

Sturgill grinds the toothpick.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Please, Paul...

Sturgill exits the car.

EXT. WESTERN UNION'S PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sturgill rolls up a light duffel bag and stuffs it inside his waistband.

He holsters Caden's handgun, puts on his coat, and closes the trunk.

INT. WESTERN UNION'S LOBBY - MORNING

Sturgill enters, turns to a trashcan.

CLOSE UP - Sturgill Tosses the Toothpick into the Trashcan

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CADEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE UP - A Stainless Steel Trashcan Opens

SUPER: PAST

Caden's hearing letter sits on top.

Caden's wife EMMA (mid-twenties) looms above.

INT. CADEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Caden writes on a postcard at his desk.

Emma enters.

EMMA

What's this about?

(approaches)

"A special case hearing for allegations of misconduct." What misconduct?

Caden snatches the letter.

CADEN

Alleged misconduct. Emma, baby, I'm to relax right now, ok?

EMMA

This is serious, Caden.

CADEN

It sounds serious, but it's not. All it is is a minor formality and a major headache. If it were something, I would have told you.

Emma stares on.

CADEN (CONT'D)

What?

EMMA

How can this be nothing?

CADEN

This woman is complaining about how I did my job. That's it. I didn't do anything wrong. I'm surprised it made it this far.

EMMA

You're not gonna lose your job, are you?

CADEN

I sure hope not.

EMMA

You *hope* not?

CADEN

Look, you're asking me if I'm in the wrong and I'm telling you I'm not. In the wrong. If I truly did something wrong I would tell you...

(MORE)

CADEN (CONT'D)

If you had done something wrong,
wouldn't you tell me if I asked
you?

SMASH CUT TO:

DARK ROOM

Two darkened figures in a dark room, one presumably Emma.

Both are in a heated embrace against a window strung with
lights.

END OF FLASHBACK

EMMA

...Of course.

CADEN

The woman is hellbent on tearing me
down. But the rocks she's throwing
aren't gonna touch me. Now I gotta
finish this letter, ok?

EMMA

Letter to who?

CADEN

Silas.

EMMA

Well, I hope you're not joining him
anytime soon.
(exits)

CLOSE UP - Postcard

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP - Postcard

Sturgill reads.

Deerling stares into a hotrod magazine.

STURGILL

We gotta iron out the plan more.

DEERLING

What if the warden's gotten a
whiff?

STURGILL
Whatdaya mean?

DEERLING
Everyone and their mother is
already talking out what we're up
to.

Curtis and a swole DUMP TRUCK inmate eyeball Sturgill and
Deerling from across the room.

DEERLING (CONT'D)
And we're running blind on top of
that... Even if we manage to get
out, there's no way of knowing our
lefts from our rights.

STURGILL
I overheard two of COs saying
there's a seven mile perimeter
protocol once someone escapes.

DEERLING
That's fine, but we're still blind
after the wire.

LOUD ARGUING in the b.g..

Sturgill and Deerling turn their attention back to their
conversation.

DEERLING (CONT'D)
How did your visit go?

STURGILL
Don't...

DEERLING
If we do escape, are you gonna make
it back with your girl?

STURGILL
Said I don't wanna talk about that.

DEERLING
Wouldn't risk it. Cutthroat, but
necessary.

STURGILL
I don't want to even know what my
own next steps are.

DEERLING

...I have some relatives in a remote village in Copper Canyon.

STURGILL

Mexico?

DEERLING

(nods)

The Tarahumara are an indigenous group there. They work for the cartel. Wouldn't mind it for a hideaway. The fresh mountain air.

(inhales)

STURGILL

I had a dream my first night in.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - Spider in a Fireplace

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

I saw a spider in a corner near a fire. And it was almost dancing. Right above the flames.

DEERLING (O.S.)

A bad omen.

PRESENT

STURGILL

I'm not superstitious.

There's COMMOTION in the b.g..

The Guards react to the QUARREL.

Curtis and Dump Truck approach from behind.

Sturgill senses and rises.

Dump Truck grabs Sturgill's arms from behind.

Curtis pulls out a shank and stabs Sturgill in the abdomen.

Once then twice, firmly.

Curtis and Dump Truck push Sturgill back onto the table's bench and walk off.

Deerling tends to Sturgill.

DEERLING
You want me to call the deuces?

STURGILL
No... I'm alright.

DEERLING
You sure? Lemme see it... Ahh...
Don't worry, I've got a guy.

INT. OLDHEAD'S CELL - DAY

CLOSE UP - Live Pinned Wasp, Paperclip End, Tweezers

Oldhead dissects.

Sturgill hunches at the cell entrance.

Oldhead looks up with his jeweler's monocular on.

OLDHEAD
Didn't take you long, did it?

LATER

Oldhead stitches Sturgill's second wound.

OLDHEAD (CONT'D)
I had a feeling they'd get you
three knee deep.

STURGILL
What?

OLDHEAD
This here's a warning tap. You
know, you're gonna earn a lot of
respect from the others 'cause you
can hold your mud.

STURGILL
Ain't much of a comfort... I never
got your name?

LUCKY
Lucky. And you're one lucky son of
a—

INT. WESTERN UNION/LOBBY - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

TELLER LADY (O.S.)

—Next!

Sturgill finishes writing on a card.

TELLER STATION - MINUTES LATER

Sturgill slips the TELLER LADY the card.

Teller Lady examines the card.

STURGILL

I'd like to speak with Mr. Trudel.

TELLER LADY

Did you make an appointment?

STURGILL

He wrote it down there. Said to come by at this time... You can tell him it's Paul from church.

TELLER LADY

One moment, please.
(leaves)

CHAPLAIN (PRE-LAP)

So, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

INT. PRISON CHURCH ROOM - DAY

SUPER: PAST

The bearded CHAPLAIN (forties) wraps up his sermon.

Sturgill sits in the back.

CHAPLAIN

Effectual, fervent, intense, continually, perpetually. That prayer should become a lifestyle, not an emergency button you only push when you're in trouble. As routine as breathing.

LAX GUARD

Time, Pastor.

CHAPLAIN

Ok. Eyes closed, heads bowed...
Dear Heavenly Father forgive us of
our sins... And may we abide in You
always... Even when we don't feel
You near. Because Your Word says
You will never leave us, nor
forsake us. In Jesus holy name we
pray. Amen.

The inmates, Amen.

Sturgill stays seated as the group disbands.

The Chaplain approaches.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

This is the first time I've seen
you here.

STURGILL

Yessir.

CHAPLAIN

What your name?

STURGILL

Silas.

CHAPLAIN

Something on your mind, Silas?

STURGILL

(nods)
Locked up here for thirty more
years, you can say, is kind of
what's on my mind.

CHAPLAIN

Do you really believe life would be
any different if you weren't here?

STURGILL

I'd be able to see my daughter.

CHAPLAIN

Your daughter is good reason to
want to get out.

STURGILL

I mean, if God could get me outta
here... I'd live right.

CHAPLAIN

Usually, the inmates think that their problems are gonna change once their situation changes. What they don't understand is that their problem is on the inside.

Sturgill nods.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

It's possible for a man to be outside of these walls and still not be free. Whether you'd be looking over your shoulder constantly or just going back to your old ways.

Sturgill grunts.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

But it's also possible for a man in prison to be free. Because John 3:18 says, who the Son sets free, is free indeed.

STURGILL

Free of my sinful ways.

CHAPLAIN

Everyone who commits sin is a slave to sin, yes. Freedom doesn't exist outside of a person. Freedom grows from within. And that freedom was purchased for you at the cross. Repent and let Jesus break those strongholds and you'll not only be free... but free indeed.

LAX GUARD

Time, Pastor.

CHAPLAIN

One minute. We've gotta pray.

LAX GUARD

He's gotta go.

STURGILL

Next week.
(starts to exit)

CHAPLAIN

And son...

Sturgill stops and turns.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

God has His way of finding who He
wants to find, and God has His way
of calling who He wants to call.

Sturgill turns and notices a church brochure on the table.

Pockets it and exits.

INT. STURGILL'S CELL - DAY

Sturgill looks toward the entrance.

He examines the back of the brochure—a minimalist map of the
surrounding area.

Thinks.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Deerling smokes an e-cigarette near the pull-up bars.

Sturgill approaches.

STURGILL

We're not running blind anymore!
I've got us a map of the highways.
(leans in)

All we have to do is cross Highway
58. When we pass that road, we
break their perimeter. That's the
seven mile marker. Then we head
toward the cell tower.

DEERLING

Beautiful.

STURGILL

That means we gotta start training,
so we'll be able to cover the
distance. That means...

Sturgill rips the e-cigarette from Deerling's mouth, snaps
it, then stamps it underfoot.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

No smoking.

DEERLING

(scoffs)

I got some news, too. I asked around and the guy who could get you that Phillips is right on that bench there.

Deerling nods to the back of MATHIAS (forties) reading a magazine.

STURGILL

(daps Deerling)

Good work.

Sturgill heads to the bench.

THE BENCH

Sturgill sits.

MATHIAS

(looks up, slips glasses down)

What're you looking for, Young Blood?

STURGILL

I need to get my hands on a Phillips head.

MATHIAS

I ain't a Ace Hardware, my guy.

STURGILL

What do you want for it?

MATHIAS

Remember, that's no small feat.

STURGILL

I can get you any hair product from the commissary. And unlimited detergent.

MATHIAS

What am I gonna do with *detergent*? But I do like that African Pride. And that coconut oil conditioner... How-ever, the offer's only good until one of you bust out. Or get caught or killed.

STURGILL

I'd appreciate it if you didn't
tell the world.

MATHIAS

If you can make it out of here, you
best believe that's exactly what
I'll do.

STURGILL

Then we're good?

MATHIAS

I think I can get it to you in a
few weeks.

STURGILL

I don't need the handle.

MATHIAS

And I don't need you specifying.

STURGILL

How are we gonna pass it?

MATHIAS

I've seen you come by collecting
laundry, right?

STURGILL

Sometimes.

MATHIAS

There you go.

STURGILL

Ok... I'm gonna go for a run.

MATHIAS

(slips glasses back up)
You go on and do that.

Sturgill jogs around the enclosure, smiling.

NO MONTAGE

Long uncut sequence of Sturgill running hard in the heat,
happy.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Sturgill pushes the hamper cart down the cellblock.

Mathias' cell nears.

STURGILL

Laundry.

Mathias hands Sturgill his bag.

Sturgill piles on the mesh bag on and pushes on.

MATHIAS (O.S.)

Run like all hell, my guy.

INT. PRISON/LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Sturgill enters with the hamper.

LATER

Sturgill unwraps TP around the Phillips head.

LATER

DEERLING

Pass it and I'll fasten a handle to it.

Sturgill passes it over the counter as they fold towels.

DEERLING (CONT'D)

It's happening.

STURGILL

We still need to get to the generators?

DEERLING

I heard some guy from the honor block got fired from the boiler room a while back. Some hillbilly named Major.

STURGILL (PRE-LAP)

Major?

INT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Sturgill approaches the leather-faced MAJOR (forties).

MAJOR

Flesh n blood.

STURGILL

You got fired from the boiler room
awhile back?

MAJOR

Should've took my smoke outside.

STURGILL

Have a question. All the prison's
electricity is run through there?

MAJOR

Yup. The backup generator, too.

STURGILL

You wouldn't want to help me get in
there one night, would you?

MAJOR

Depends...

STURGILL

What do you want for it?

MAJOR

That's not what I mean... Depends
if half of gen pop already knows
what you're up to...

STURGILL

Who told you?

MAJOR

You know what the beautiful thing
about prison is... everybody thinks
they can escape.
(toothless chuckle)

STURGILL

Forget I asked.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

Sturgill sits.

STURGILL

It's a no-go with Major Gums.

Deerling's unresponsive.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

What's up?

DEERLING

...What do you think happens when
you die?

STURGILL

Not sure. Haven't been thinking
like that.

DEERLING

In a poem I read, a monk who'd
perfected his detachment from the
things of the world remembered, on
his deathbed, a deer he used to
feed at the park. He wondered who
might care for it. And it was at
that instant he was reborn into the
last loved object of his attention,
the stunned flesh of a fawn.

STURGILL

Like some butterfly flapping its
wings or something?

DEERLING

You're thinking of chaos.

STURGILL

I'll make sure to think of a lion.

DEERLING

What if we live our lives over and
over and over again?

STURGILL

Sounds awful.

DEERLING

But should it?

STURGILL

I'm just focused on getting outta
here.

DEERLING

That's only half the battle.

STURGILL

Let me rephrase that. I'm getting
out and I'm staying out.

DEERLING

Still only half the battle.

STURGILL

Ok, now you're getting a little too deep for me.

(rises to leave)

Maybe you'll be more optimistic once it happens.

DEERLING

Relax, I'll change the subject...

Sturgill stays standing.

DEERLING (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

TELLER LADY (PRE-LAP)

Have a seat.

INT. BANK'S BACKROOM - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

TELLER LADY

Mr. Trudel will see you in a bit.

STURGILL

Thank you.

Sturgill spots and picks up a framed picture of Trudel and Anne at a National Park.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (PARKED) - MORNING

Anne tries the car door.

No good.

She tries to roll the window down.

Spins.

ANNE

(pounds on the window)

Hey!... HELP! HELP!

Anne gives up, then notices the glovebox.

Opens it.

Expressionless, Anne stares at a revolver.

INT. BANK'S BACKROOM - MORNING

A clean-cut bookworm who's happily dork-ish, KENT TRUDEL (mid-twenties) from "humaN²" enters.

TRUDEL

Did not expect to see you here.
Have a seat.

Sturgill FLOPS the frame down and sits in Trudel's chair.

TRUDEL (CONT'D)

Sure, why not.

Trudel sits.

STURGILL

How's your first day?

TRUDEL

For a first day? Going quite
swimmingly actually.

(beat)

How's your day going?

STURGILL

...Rode hard and put up wet.

TRUDEL

I imagine you wanted to talk to me
about Anne?

STURGILL

How could you tell.

TRUDEL

I just figured you weren't asking
for advice on your portfolio.
That's if you have one... Anne
clued me in on the little date you
guys had right before I came back
to SoCal.

STURGILL

And?

TRUDEL

And nothing.

STURGILL

Did she tell you we're in love?

TRUDEL

...I don't think you're in a position to change what Anne and I have.

STURGILL

I disagree.

TRUDEL

Look, if you don't have anything else to say, say it, if not, I think it's best you should do like you did yesterday and leave. Abruptly.

STURGILL

Not until you do me a favor.

TRUDEL

Open an account?

STURGILL

More like make a withdraw.

Sturgill pulls out the duffle and tosses it on the desk.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

You're gonna go out there and fill the bag with as much cash as you can. And then you're gonna bring it back here discretely. No frills, no chills... no kills. Understood?

TRUDEL

Is this a joke?

STURGILL

It's no joke. And no alarms and no dye packs and no trackers. I'm sure you can figure it out.

Stare down.

TRUDEL

You have no idea how incredibly stupid you are.

STURGILL

Just bring the cash.

Trudel exits with the duffle.

Sturgill watches Trudel through the glass panels until he passes from view.

Sturgill rises.

Long moment.

Sturgill goes to the door.

Locked.

Double cylinder deadbolt.

Sturgill pulls out his gun and SHOOTs through the glass and unlocks it.

INT. BANK'S LOBBY - DAY

People SCREAM and scatter.

Sturgill begins a SHOOTOUT with the Security Guard.

Sturgill wounds the Security Guard.

People try to escape or duck for cover.

Sturgill goes to the bank drawer and finds his duffle.

He stuffs as much cash as he can.

He spots Trudel close by, cowering under a desk.

Sturgill ear-grabs Trudel from out under the desk and pulls him toward the backroom vault.

STURGILL

Giddy up.

BEEPING DIGIT ENTRY.

The vault UNLOCKS.

Sturgill pushes Trudel in.

INSIDE VAULT

Sturgill loads more stacks, turns to a red, heavy-duty monster box on a back shelf.

STURGILL

What's in the case?

TRUDEL

Gold coins.

STURGILL
How much?

TRUDEL
500 ounces.

STURGILL
How much!

TRUDEL
Over a million.

STURGILL
Open it.

Trudel takes off the cover, then removes a second red shell.

Twenty-five container rolls.

Sturgill pops a roll lid.

He spreads them in his palm, fat American Gold Eagles.

Sturgill snaps the roll shut then closes the monster box.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Here, straighten up.

Sturgill picks up the thirty-five pound monster box and thrusts it into Trudel's chest.

Trudel winces.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Lightweight, string bean,
lightweight.

Sturgill leads Trudel out of the vault.

BANK'S LOBBY

The wounded Security Guard has hobbled to.

Sturgill SHOOTs his way out of the bank, Trudel at his hip.

EXT. WESTERN UNION'S PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sturgill pulls his hostage across the lot.

They get to the Mustang and Sturgill loads the duffle of cash and the box into the trunk.

Trudel steps back.

Trudel and Anne lock eyes.

Sturgill hops into the Mustang and BURNS-OUT.

Distant SIRENS.

Trudel lowers himself Indian-style on the asphalt.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

SILENCE.

STURGILL (PRE-LAP)
One... Two... Three... Four..
Five... Six...
(strained)
Seven... Eight...

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Sturgill's doing barbell lunges.

STURGILL
Nine... Ten...

Curtis approaches.

CURTIS
Yo, amigo!

STURGILL
(stands the bar up)
Whatdaya want?

CURTIS
I ain't lookin for nothin I can't
quite figure out for myself.

STURGILL
Where's your Dump Truck?

CURTIS
You failed to mention you were
famous.

STURGILL
If you say so.

CURTIS

It was a clever job. And sometimes
clever cuts it.

STURGILL

I said whatdaya want?

CURTIS

I want to spring out of course.
Whadaya say, for an old friend?

STURGILL

You're not my friend, buddy.

CURTIS

Maybe the COs would like to hear
what you've been up to? I'd hate to
have to... But, I do, I do happen
to know the guys over in the boiler
room.

STURGILL

Keep goin...

CURTIS

Yeah, I'm friendly with them boy
scouts. I can get you in there.

STURGILL

And you're willing to work with
Deerling?

CURTIS

I'm willing to kill if I have to...
if I want to.

STURGILL

I don't like surprises. So, you'll
have to take orders.

CURTIS

I'm willing to listen.

STURGILL

I said take orders.

CURTIS

I'm willing to take orders.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

You're in... How much time do we
have?

CURTIS (CONT'D)
About fifteen left.

Sturgill stands the bar next to Curtis.

STURGILL
Go ahead and put this back. I'm
gonna go for a run.

Sturgill jogs off.

Curtis nods, impressed.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

Sturgill, Deerling and Curtis sit at a table.

Dominos.

STURGILL
Next week, Christmas Eve, is our
day. That way the warden'll be at
home and the cowboys left here will
have their collective guard down.
Everyone knows what they're doing?
(to Curtis)
What are you gonna do to the
operator?

CURTIS
(sets a bone)
Chitchat, then choke him out.

DEERLING
Are we sticking together?

STURGILL
And have the hounds chase after one
trail?

DEERLING
What are you doin once we break the
58?

STURGILL
I've gotta general idea.

CURTIS
Stealin a car or stealin a plane?

STURGILL
It all comes down to creating
distance.

(MORE)

STURGILL (CONT'D)

(sets a bone)

As much of it between us and the law and these monkey-mouthed guards.

CURTIS

Badgers'll bite their own leg off when they're caught in a trap.

DEERLING

What's your point?

CURTIS

I seenct it. Set the Duke #2 coil spring myself. Starved the mean bugger with a salt block... Takes a whole lotta time, a whole lotta thirst, and a whole lotta hunger.
(chuckles)

DEERLING

That's a bit cruel, don't you think?

CURTIS

It's the strangest thing. People find me funny when I'm being funny. And serious when I'm serious.

DEERLING

It's 'cause you're a psycho.

ANNE (PRE-LAP)

You're a psychopath.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

STURGILL

You're the psychologist, remember.

ANNE

Please tell me you didn't kill anybody.

SILENCE.

ANNE (CONT'D)

...Where are we going?

STURGILL

I've gotta general idea...

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - NIGHT

Dominos.

Curtis is absent.

DEERLING

...Do you have any idea why we're here?

STURGILL

(sets bone)

I think so.

DEERLING

They say No good deed goes unpunished. But I haven't done enough of them to know if that's the truth. But I can say, No sin goes unpunished...

(sets bone)

Do you trust Curtis?

STURGILL

As much as I do you.

DEERLING

I thought we could trust each other.

STURGILL

(sets bone)

I guess we'll have to find out.

DEERLING

So, can you tell me why we are here?

STURGILL

To get out of here.

DEERLING

Self-deceit is the worst kind of lie.

STURGILL

What are you getting at?

DEERLING

I guess I'm...

(sets bone)

Just talking.

STURGILL
No, go 'head. You've been circling
this all day... What is it?

DEERLING
Nothing.

STURGILL
That's what I'm talking about. You
have something to tell me, tell it
to my face.

DEERLING
It's not about you.

STURGILL
Then spill it.

DEERLING
The...
(inhales, exhales)
The...

STURGILL
Say it.

DEERLING
That...

STURGILL
Bullshit.

DEERLING
That lady I strangled...

STURGILL
...What?

DEERLING
She was...

STURGILL
What?

DEERLING
She... She...

STURGILL
What?

DEERLING
She...

STURGILL

Come on...

(pause)

If you can't tell me, who can you tell?

DEERLING

She...

(shakes head)

She didn't deserve it.

STURGILL

(scoffs, long pause)

Are you going to tell me or what?

DEERLING

(teary-eyed)

...Are you gonna... try to visit your girl and baby when we get out?

Sturgill glares, rises and leaves.

INT. STURGILL'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - Caden's Address on the Postcard

Sturgill tears away the address and chews it.

He shreds the rest of the postcard up and FLUSHES it.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Sturgill loads the washer.

DEERLING

(approaches)

You still mad.

STURGILL

No... You're secrets are your secrets.

DEERLING

So we're good?

STURGILL

Yeah, just leave me alone right now.

Deerling nods and heads to another counter.

Sturgill continues to load.

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER

Sturgill loiters around the washer.

Sturgill eyes the Guard and some Inmates at the far end of the room.

Sturgill climbs into an empty wash.

CLOSE UP - Gritty POV from Out of the Wash

MINUTES LATER

CLOSE UP - Gritty POV from the Wash, Guards and Inmate Walk By

MINUTES LATER

Sturgill crabs out of the wash and heads across the room to the gangway.

Sturgill climbs into one of two large service hampers.

He piles the sheets, blankets and towels over his body and head.

ONE HOUR LATER

A SERVICE HAND wheels a hamper toward and through a gated door.

The Service Hand retrieves Sturgill's hamper.

INT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

The Service Hand loads both hampers, one at a time, up the ramp into a white service van.

CLOSE UP - Black, Within the Pile

Doors SHUT.

INT. SERVICE VAN (MOVING) - DAY

CLOSE UP - Pitch Black

Driving.

HALF HOUR LATER

DOORS OPEN.

WHEELED MOVEMENT.

LATER

SOME CHATTER.

LATER

SILENCE.

INT. LAUNDRY FACILITY - DAY

Sturgill noses upward.

Commercaill laundry plant.

Clear.

Sturgill climbs out.

All clear.

Sturgill changes into a shirt and jeans.

He scopes around, then comes to garage gate, lifts, and exits.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Sturgill walks.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

Sturgill stalks an OLDTIMER (seventies).

Oldtimer enters the store.

MINUTES LATER

Oldtimer exits the store and gets to the front of his beat-up pickup.

Sturgill approaches from against the wall, picks up a skull-sized stone.

Sturgill pounces, striking Oldtimer across his head.

Oldtimer drops.

Sturgill takes his keys and wallet and gets into the pickup.

Sturgill backs up.

Oldtimer turns onto his back and pulls out a cannon—a Magnum Apocalyptic Desert Eagle.

Oldtimer unloads.

Hits sky.

Sturgill back up further.

Oldtimer blasts.

Sky.

Sturgill speed off.

Oldhead rolls unto his belly and blasts.

Dirt.

INT. STOLEN TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Sturgill drives.

LATER - LATE NIGHT

Sturgill begins to doze at the wheel.

Sturgill jerks the wheel from oncoming traffic.

HONKS.

LATER

Sturgill drives through an industrial part of town and parks.

INT. STOLEN PICKUP (PARKED) - EARLY MORNING

A CRISP DOUBLE TAP on glass.

AGAIN.

Sturgill wakes with a CHUNKY COP at the window.

Sturgill rolls the window down.

CHUNKY COP
What are you doin here—sleepin?

STURGILL
Didn't want to spend on a motel.

CHUNKY COP
Where're you headed?

STURGILL
St. Augustine. Visiting my
sister's.

CHUNKY COP
Well, it's better than being on the
road, but you can't sleep here. You
gotta move your truck.

STURGILL
Yessir, will do.

Chunky Cop dawdles back to his patrol car.

Sturgill tries to fire up the engine.

Stalled.

The Chunky Cop passes by in his car.

Sturgill salutes.

Sturgill retries the ignition.

No good.

Sturgill pops the hood.

He goes and examines the engine.

Thinks.

Sturgill begins to head on foot.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - EARLY MORNING

Sturgill walks.

Chunky Cop pulls alongside.

CHUNKY COP
(from the patrol car
window)
She stalled on ya?

STURGILL
Yuuup.

CHUNKY COP
(from the patrol car
window)
What's wrong with her?

STURGILL
Spark plugs. I'ma have ta come back
and take care of it.

CHUNKY COP
So where're headed?

STURGILL
St. Augustine.

CHUNKY COP
No, I mean I can take you to go get
the spark plugs if you want.

STURGILL
Yeah, ok.

Sturgill starts to head around the front of the patrol car.

Chunky Cop gets out.

CHUNKY COP
You can hop in the back.

STURGILL
Uh...

Chunky Cop goes and opens the backdoor.

CHUNKY COP
C'mon, over here.

STURGILL
I'd rather walk if i'm getting in
the back.
(feigns a chuckle)

Chunky Cop smiles.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
I'm not getting in the back.

CHUNKY COP
 (nods)
 ...Hop in.

Chunky Cop closes the backdoor.

Sturgill gets in the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - EARLY MORNING

Chunky Cop drives the fast lane.

CHUNKY COP
 Are you ready for the big game?

STURGILL
 Football?

CHUNKY COP
 Yeah, football.

STURGILL
 I don't watch football... What're
 they doing for me, you know?

SILENCE.

Uncomfortable.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
 I should say, I don't watch
 anymore.

CHUNKY COP
 We're gonna stop by the station.
 Hope you don't mind, it's on the
 way.

STURGILL
 ...Sure...

Uncomfortable SILENCE.

Radio CRACKS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 45-32 this morning in Yulia and
 Auburn county and surrounding
 counties. Convict escaped from
 Cloverleaf Correctional yesterday
 afternoon.

SILENCE.

Radio CRACKS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

45-32 fugitive fits description of a nearby carjacking in Yulia. Chevy pickup, license 310M96T. Fugitive is a white male, 5'10, 170 pounds, clean shaven, crew cut, with tattooed sleeves.

SILENCE.

Both stare forward.

The patrol car continues to accelerate.

Long moment.

Both men's eyes are fixed on the road.

Still speeding.

Slight bump.

Chunky Cop goes for his gun.

Sturgill jumps the wheel and the gun.

The patrol car skids off into brush and an embankment.

The patrol car careens into shrubs and vegetation and CRASHES to a stop.

Airbags DEPLOY.

The men wrestle for the gun.

A ROUND goes off into the driver's airbag.

Chunky Cop opens the driver's side door.

Sturgill relents and moves back and grabs the middle-racked orange shotgun.

From his back, Chunky Cop tries to squeeze out.

Sturgill BLASTS the Chunky Cop in the torso.

Sturgill notices it was a bean bag round.

The Chunky Cop is out and Sturgill exits.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Sturgill cuts through.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - LATE MORNING

Sturgill jogs the tracks.

INT. OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Sturgill traverses.

In the distance, a greyhound station.

INT. GREYHOUND (MOVING) - DAY

Sturgill nods off.

The sun's warmth crawls over his face.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

ANNE

You don't need Spanish to navigate
the country. And I don't have my
passport.

STURGILL

You can enter by land without one.

ANNE

What's the point? I can't do
anything for you.

STURGILL

Haven't decided exactly.

ANNE

On what?

SILENCE...

With her free hand, Anne pulls the revolver out on Sturgill.

The barrel presses against his temple.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Please don't make any sudden movements.

STURGILL

You really think I haven't thought about that?

Anne doesn't respond.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

You think I'd leave something like that up to chance, huh?

ANNE

I mean it... I want you to pull over. Very. Slowly.

STURGILL

I can't do that... You didn't even check, did you?

The realization dawns on Anne.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

You didn't check to see if it's loaded... You wouldn't know how to check... It's the first time you've touched a gun.

Sturgill accelerates.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

What're you gonna do, shoot me with your good intentions?

ANNE

You're lying...

Sturgill continues to accelerate.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And you're scared...

Sturgill glances.

The cross dangles from the rearview.

STURGILL

Go ahead... I'd like to see you try...

ANNE

Pull. Over!

Sturgill slams the BRAKES, hard.

Anne FIRES a round into the driver's side window, as Sturgill takes control of the revolver.

Sturgill composes himself, then examines the compromised window.

He pounds the window.

More.

It SHATTERS.

PRE-LAP: GLASS SHATTERS

EXT. THE SIDE OF CADEN'S GARAGE (BACKYARD) - DAY

SUPER: PAST

Sturgill removes the glass to the garage side-door.

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE - DAY

Sturgill enters, fumbles then finds and flips the florescent lights.

He scoffs in disbelief.

Sturgill goes to the mini fridge and grabs a beer.

He throws himself into a recliner.

He flips on the football game on the flat-screen and cracks the pull-tab.

EXT. THE SIDE OF CADEN'S GARAGE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT

Taking out the garbage, Caden spots the broken glass.

He unholsters his handgun.

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE (SIDE DOOR) - NIGHT

Pistol drawn, Caden steps in.

Sturgill is crashed in the recliner.

Caden knocks the barrel against Sturgill's skull.

CADEN
Knock, knock, Goldilocks!

Sturgill comes to.

CADEN (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding me...

Caden holsters.

CADEN (CONT'D)
How the hell did you make it here?

STURGILL
(stands)
Got out on good behavior.

CADEN
Never been a better bullshitter.

They dap and hug.

CADEN (CONT'D)
How did you find our new place?

STURGILL
The postcard... And no one else
wrote. Not your Auntie. Not no one.

CADEN
So you think crashing here is a
good idea?

STURGILL
Thought you'd understand, Cousin?

CADEN
How did you figure that?

STURGILL
A week's all I need. Then I'll make
my way to Mexico.

Goes to the foosball.

CADEN
What about Kelly and the baby?

STURGILL
I don't know. I don't know... where
she's at. Seems impossible.

CADEN

So what am I gonna tell Emma? Hey Babe, stay out of the garage for a week?

STURGILL

I was thinking a spare room, but I wouldn't mind this.

CADEN

Probably gonna get a call or surveillance-d soon. How long have you been out?

STURGILL

Two days.

CADEN

Let me think.

Emma enters from the house.

EMMA

You missed... the funniest thing. Hey, Silas.

STURGILL

Emma.

EMMA

What are you two doing? Wait, what're you doing here?

STURGILL

They let me out on good behavior.

EMMA

Is that true? Are you...?

STURGILL

A free man!

EMMA

What is this, Caden? So what, are you staying here?

CADEN

I dunno, haven't decided.

STURGILL

I just need a little time.

EMMA

Yeah, at our expense!

STURGILL
What's blood for then?

EMMA
...Come on inside. I'll get you a
plate—

CADEN
He stays in the garage!
(points at Sturgill)
You've got seven days, you hear?
Any longer and we run the risk of
all of us getting caught. Emma,
honey, give us a moment, please.

Emma exits.

STURGILL
You picked a good one.

CADEN
No, there's a reason why you are
staying. I'm gonna put you to good
use.

Sturgill walks toward the poker table.

STURGILL
I can be useful.

CADEN
I need you to kill someone for me.

STURGILL
Emma?

CADEN
No, you ass. Some girl. If you can
do this for me, I'll help you
escape—counterfeit passport, gun,
cash, resources.

STURGILL
Killing's not the same as stealing.
I'm gonna need to know why.

CADEN
Remember what the King said,
Measure a man for what he is today.
Leave everything else in the past.

STURGILL
Never been big on Elvis.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Wrong King, dumbass.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Well, I was told never to hit a girl. And seeing as I'm gonna put a hit on the girl, I'm gonna need to know why.

CADEN
No, the real question is, How bad do I want my freedom?

Sturgill ponders.

CADEN (CONT'D)
...We both gain.

STURGILL
Just when I thought I was out.

CADEN
How 'bout it?

STURGILL
Can I kill someone I don't know, for reasons I don't know, to save my ass from time I don't want?... Yeah, I'm game.

CADEN
That's why you don't ever bet against self-preservation!

Caden embraces Sturgill.

CADEN (CONT'D)
You're a godsend, Cousin.

STURGILL
I don't think God's got anything to do with this.

CADEN
I'll give you this girl's address in the morning. Need you to follow her around for the day, come up with how you'll do it and we'll go from there. Can you handle that?

STURGILL
I can handle.

CADEN

Oh, and she's hotter than a honeymoon hotel, so don't go falling for her.

STURGILL

Ain't no thing.

CADEN

I'll have have to cancel poker night with the boys... Emma'll send in some food. And I'll get you some clothes.

Caden exits.

LATER

Sturgill wolfs down the food.

EMMA

Goodness, chew!

STURGILL

(muffled)

Thanks for letting me stay... You know, I was gonna use it against you. If he didn't let me stay.

EMMA

Well, now you don't have to. So just keep your mouth shut, please.

STURGILL

Did you like the DVDs?

EMMA

What?

STURGILL

Your wedding gift before I was sent away.

EMMA

They were ok, as bootleg as they were.

Emma starts to leave.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (at the doorway)
 Feel free to break in and do the
 dishes anytime.
 (scoffs)

Emma SHUTS the door.

INT. CADEN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

CADEN
 (presents his laptop)
 That's her.

CLOSE UP - Anne's Face

STURGILL
 Cute...

CADEN
 Time to meet Sherri.

STURGILL
 Who?

CADEN
 Sherri's your accomplice.

EXT. CADEN'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Sturgill and Caden enter next to a covered vehicle.

CADEN
 Shame I hardly drive her. Had Shiny
 New Metal Syndrome.

Caden uncovers a pristine, restored and modified Mustang.

CADEN (CONT'D)
 1968 Mustang Shelby—

STURGILL
 GT 350. A shot of *d-bol!*

CADEN
 6-speed, modified 650 rear wheel
 horsepower. With 450 pounds of
 torque... The steering's mediocre
 and vague and the brakes overheat
 when driven hard. But she's
 definitely a looker. Still get
 smiles.

(MORE)

CADEN (CONT'D)

And it's got none of those nanny
controls of the current gen, too...
Do you know stick?

STURGILL

Do you know any good jokes?

CADEN

Only 55,000 miles on her.

Caden remains at the hood.

Sturgill runs his fingertips the length of the Mustang toward
the rear.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Sunlit gold. Classy, huh?
(pauses)
Ready to fly?

Caden tosses the keys.

As Sturgill snatches the keys midair—

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

Sturgill HOWLS as he tests the Mustang's limit.

EXT./INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (IDLE)/BORDER CHECKPOINT - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT

In line at the U.S.-Mexico Border Crossing.

Sturgill's jacket is over Anne's handcuffed wrist.

LATER - BORDER CHECKPOINT

Sturgill hands BORDER OFFICER #1 his counterfeit passport and
Anne's driver's license.

STURGILL

She doesn't have hers.

BORDER OFFICER #1

That's fine. How far are you going?

STURGILL

Just to TJ.

BORDER OFFICER #1
And how long are you staying?

STURGILL
About three days.

Sturgill notices Border Officer #2 circling the Mustang.

BORDER OFFICER #1
One moment.

Border Officer #1 goes to his computer.

Sturgill watches Border Officer #2 approach.

Sturgill notices a piece of glass sticking up from the empty driver's side window.

He places his left arm over the piece of glass, smiles and nods to Border Officer #2.

MOMENTS LATER

BORDER OFFICER #1
Alright, go on ahead.

Border Officer #1 hands back the passport and license.

Sturgill drives through.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (PARKED) - MORNING

SUPER: PAST

Radio MUSIC.

Sturgill waits for Anne to exit her small, one-story home.

He's parked across the street a little ways from the house.

STURGILL
C'mon, where ya at?

Anne's finally enters on point with the SONG.

Sturgill's mouth is agape.

Anne empties the trash, then drags the trash bins to the curb.

Cupid's arrow has stung Sturgill stupid.

Anne waters the rosemary bushes.

Something's off.

Anne looks around.

Sturgill quickly MUTES the radio and waits.

She goes back to watering.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

The song restarts, HARD.

Sturgill follows Anne's Toyota down the freeway.

LATER

Sturgill watches Anne pull into the Naval Surface Warfare Center.

Sturgill notices the guard-shack.

He parks and waits.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (PARKED) - NIGHT

Anne's Toyota exits the Naval Center.

Sturgill fires up the Mustang.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sturgill follows Anne to a grocery store's parking lot.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Sturgill moves his cart into position next to Anne picking out oranges.

Anne is oblivious.

Sturgill moves closer.

STURGILL

I haven't eaten an orange in like a year.

Anne looks up.

ANNE
That's not good.

STURGILL
I love oranges. Or I should say
orange juice. Can drink it all day.

Anne smiles and moves her cart along.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Stop...

ANNE
Excuse me?

STURGILL
Why did the orange stop?

ANNE
What?

STURGILL
It's a joke. Why did the orange
stop?

ANNE
I don't know, why?

STURGILL
Because it ran out of juice.

ANNE
I see...

STURGILL
What, that's a good one.

Anne smiles.

ANNE
(leaving)
If you say so...

Sturgill is left standing.

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Towel around his waist and a towel around his neck, Sturgill
enters from the house with Caden.

STURGILL
Did like you said.

Sturgill begins to dress.

CADEN

And what did she do?

STURGILL

She went to work, then after work she went to the grocery store. And that's it.

CADEN

Any idea on how?

STURGILL

She works at the Naval Surface Warfare Center.

CADEN

And?

STURGILL

That's big time. Like military weapons and warships big time.

CADEN

I don't care who she works for. Now how are you gonna do it?

STURGILL

Before work...

CADEN

Seems obvious.

STURGILL

Are you gonna tell me what she did?

CADEN

I'll tell you what, follow her around again this weekend and see if there isn't a better opening. Then we'll follow through the start of next week.

STURGILL

You're the boss.

CADEN

Oh, and I got you a gun and some cash. It's loaded.

Caden hands Sturgill a revolver and a wad of cash.

STURGILL
A bit old-school, ain't it?

CADEN
But it's untraceable, so use it
when it's time.

STURGILL
I'm gonna need more ammo.

CADEN
You have enough.
(beat)
So what did you think of the her?

STURGILL
Nothing. Detached.

INT. TACO SPOT - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT

Texas Rangers Flint (fifties) & Chop (thirties) both from
"Kick. Like. All. Heck." wait for their food.

Flint's phone vibrates.

CLOSE UP - ID Reads: 703

DIPLOMATIC OFFICE

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
Flint.

TACO SPOT

FLINT
Let me guess.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT (O.S.)
No, let me guess... El Paso. Del
Norte BBQ. Fish Tacos... and no
extra salsa.

A tube of antacids on the table.

COOK (O.S.)
Veintiséis!

Chop scoots out and goes to retrieve the tacos.

FLINT
What can I do you for?

PHONE CALL - OFFICE/TACO SPOT

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
I have a fugitive from Cloverleaf.

FLINT
Which one, there's three now?

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
The Flash Mob Bandit. He's hit
another bank, too. FBI's on it.
Chances are he's made a bee-line
and crossed over.

Chop brings the tacos and sits.

FLINT
More than likely.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
Would it be too difficult to ask if
you can intercept? There aren't
many gold Mustangs running about.
Poke around and maybe you can
resolve this faster than your acid
reflux? I'll send you the info.

Chop waits to eat.

FLINT
How's work on the other side?

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
The grass has never been greener.
Look Flint, no promises, but the
girl's connected, so you'd be in my
good graces. And that's not to be
overlooked.

FLINT
I'll see what I can do.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
Musto gusto, Compadre.

Hangs up.

Flint rises.

FLINT

Chop-chop, we're headed to the circus.

Flint exits.

Chop rises, takes a hurried bite and heads out.

EXT./INT. HIGHWAY/CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MEX - DAY

Sturgill speeds down a highway at a breakneck clip.

LATER - DUSK

Sturgill and Anne are SILENT.

Sturgill slows down and passes a seaside restaurant.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING)/MOTEL PARKING LOT - MEX - DUSK

Sturgill parks.

STURGILL

...I'ma get us a room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MEX - NIGHT

Anne is handcuffed to the metal headboard.

Sturgill unpacks at the dresser.

He reloads his pistol and revolver.

Sturgill comes to the ultrasound photo.

Sturgill continues to gaze at it.

ANNE

Can you loosen these, please?

Sturgill is mesmerized.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Please, they're on too tight...

Sturgill goes to the bed and begins to loosen the cuffs.

He glances at Anne's forehead.

STURGILL

You're sweating.

ANNE
It's boiling in here.

Sturgill goes back to the dresser.

Anne sees the photo Sturgill has set on the nightstand.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Who's the baby?

STURGILL
My daughter.

ANNE
I didn't know...

STURGILL
You don't know a lot.

ANNE
You're right, I don't.

STURGILL
The more I tried to hold onto
everything, the more I lost hold of
it... What good does it do me to be
out of prison, when it cost me
everything to escape?

ANNE
You can always go to Christ.

STURGILL
I'm caught in the current, Anne.
But I'm fighting it. I really am.

ANNE
What do you plan to do with me?

STURGILL
I haven't thought that far ahead.

ANNE
I'd say you're lost. To say the
least.

STURGILL
Then say least.

ANNE
I'd like to have these handcuffs
off, please.

Sturgill ignores her.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm thirsty, too... Excuse me, I said, I'm thirsty.

Sturgill grabs a plastic water bottle from off the dresser.

Sturgill approaches and dumps water over Anne's head.

She SHRIEKS.

STURGILL

Here.

Sturgill gives her the rest.

ANNE

I hate you.

STURGILL

You're welcome.

Anne drinks.

Sturgill goes and grabs a deck of cards from his bag.

Anne keeps her head down.

Sturgill breaks the seal, slides the cards out and begins to shuffle the deck.

ANNE

...I just want to go home.

STURGILL

I've decided to let you go in the morning.

ANNE

So, what? You're just gonna babysit me until then?

STURGILL

(overhand shuffle)

I can think of a few things...

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

SUPER: PAST

Sturgill follows Anne on the freeway.

Sturgill watches Anne pull into an affluent Baptist Church parking lot and follows.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sturgill shadows Anne.

She enters the church.

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - MORNING

Sturgill enters, greets the Greeter.

He finds Anne chatting with several Ladies.

He circles the lobby like a shark, then sits in a chair.

Sturgill locks eyes with a very elderly man who sits across from him.

Mask, oxygen tank.

Anne heads upstairs.

Sturgill follows.

INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - MORNING

Sturgill sees Anne enter a room.

He goes to the door's vision panel and peers in.

LUCAS

Excuse us.

Two twins, LUCAS and ODIS (twenties) pass by and enter the room.

Sturgill hesitates, then enters.

INT. CHURCH ROOM (NO. 208) - MORNING

Sturgill ignores the pastries on the table and takes a seat next to Anne.

Filling out the rest of the semi-circle of folding chairs are OLIVE and JOANNA (twenties).

Everyone's in their Sunday best, except Sturgill who's sporting a casual T-shirt and jeans.

No one's talking.

STURGILL

(to Anne)

Hi.

OLIVE

Ok, it's time. And we have somebody new! I'll do the introductions. There we have the twins Lucas and Odis. There's Joanna. Sitting next to you is Anne. And my name is Olive. I'm the Life Group coordinator. How about you give us your name and where you're from and a little testimony on how you were saved? Ok?

STURGILL

My name is Paul... And well, I'm from a few places. And as far as my testimony, it's a complicated one. I wasn't raised in a good Christian home like many of you, I'm guessing.

OLIVE

How can you tell?

STURGILL

Just a feeling.

OLIVE

I'm sorry, go on.

STURGILL

But I came to Christ years ago, when, when I was visiting a friend. Heard the pastor preach and had a talk with him after. Something just clicked and I found Jesus.

OLIVE

Jesus found you, you mean. Jesus was never lost. He didn't need saving. No, Jesus found you, honey.

STURGILL

Right, well, you know what I mean.

OLIVE

I do, I do. It just cracks me up when people say they found Jesus. What do you do now?

STURGILL

I own my own business. And it's going pretty good.

LUCAS

In what?

STURGILL

What?

ODIS

Your company. What's it in?

STURGILL

(notices Lucas's Bible)
...Books. I own a publishing company.

LUCAS

Really? Publishing is that lucrative?

STURGILL

We're literally printing money.

ODIS

What's it called?

STURGILL

...Deerling Publishing... House.

OLIVE

Well, let's not get sidetracked, you guys. Paul, did you bring your Bible?

STURGILL

No, I forgot my Bible... It's on my iPhone, and I forgot my phone.

OLIVE

That's ok, you can share with Anne.

STURGILL

Haven't we met before?

Anne is unsure.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

At the grocery store. I'm the guy who doesn't eat oranges.

ANNE

Oh, yes, I remember. But you like orange juice.

OLIVE

Well, ain't that something! Now you're both sharing a Bible! Hm.

JOANNA

That's kind of wild...

OLIVE

It is! Now, who wants to start us off and read out loud today's passage... Odis, how about you? He's the quite twin. Never like to speak much, do you Odis? Go ahead.

ODIS

I don't know which passage it is.

OLIVE

It's written on the board like it is every Sunday.

The whiteboard reads: Song of Solomon 8:4-7

Odis flips to the passage.

ODIS

...“I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, do not stir up or awaken love until it is ready! Who is that coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? Under the apple tree I awakened you. There your mother was in labor with you; there she who bore you was in labor.

Sturgill sneaks a peek at everyone following along.

ODIS (CONT'D)

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm; for love
is strong as death, passion as
fierce as the grave. Its flashes
are flashes of fire, a raging
flame. Many waters cannot quench
love, neither can floods drown it.
If one offered for love all the
wealth of his house, it would be
utterly scorned.”

OLIVE

What a *beautiful* passage! I just want to take a second and address the warning in the beginning. Rather, I consider it a warning. I don't know how you guys take it. "Do not stir up or awaken love until it is ready!" I believe we're all single here. Paul, are you single?

STURGILL

I'm single.

OLIVE

That's all of us then. The Life Group's not a single's club but that's the way it goes sometimes. So it's good advice for us not to start up anything until we know for a fact that we are ready. Because, as we read further, love is a very powerful thing.

(beat)

Paul, what did you pick up on? What stood out or how would you apply the passage to your life, hm?

STURGILL

Well...

OLIVE

I'm putting you on the spot.

STURGILL

Seems to me love is a powerful thing like you said. That's why it hits so hard when you first fall in love. But it says if one offered the entire wealth of his house for love, that it would be utterly scorned. I dunno about that. How much money are we talking about?

OLIVE

I hope you're not serious?

ANNE

Would you trade it for all the money in the world?

STURGILL

No, I was teasing. Of course, I'd give all the money in the world and the rest of my heartbeats for it.

OLIVE

See now, you haven't been here long enough for us to know when you're just joshing around.

ANNE

What comes out the mouth proceeds from the heart.

STURGILL

What's that mean?

ANNE

It's a Proverb. I'm teasing, too.

OLIVE

There goes Anne! We're a sarcastic bunch today!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MEX - NIGHT

Sturgill deals.

Outside, a group of Revelers LAUGH and SING.

Sturgill goes to the window and peers through the curtain.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOTEL ROOM - MEX - NIGHT

The Revelers stroll closer to the Mustang.

Sturgill goes to the driver's side of the Mustang, unlocks the door from through the missing window and POPS the trunk.

Sturgill grabs the black duffel and stuffs it underneath the driver's seat through the backseat.

Sturgill picks up the monster box and SHUTS the trunk.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MEX - NIGHT

Sturgill carries the box to the bathroom.

THE BATHROOM

Sturgill draws the shower curtain and sets the box in the bathtub.

He opens the box and the second shell and takes out two container rolls.

THE BEDROOM

Sturgill heads to the bed.

STURGILL
We can play with these.

ON THE BED - LATER

STURGILL
(RAISES)
...Do you know why men are better
poker players than women?

ANNE
...No.

STURGILL
The X factor is not intelligence...
Or reading tells of faces... Not in
a game of seemingly random chance.
Can you guess?

ANNE
What men better at poker?

Sturgill nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)
...What?

STURGILL
Risk. Men take bigger risks...

Sturgill leans in.

They kiss and embrace.

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

SUPER: PAST

Sturgill discovers a box of Caden's cigars on a rack.

LATER

Sturgill smokes a cigar in the darkness.

An orange drag-flare reflected in the black TV screen.

A moment of SILENCE.

Caden enters, turns on the lights.

Caden's in uniform.

CADEN
Found my stash.

STURGILL
(exhales smoke)
Not bad.

CADEN
Emma hates them. Keep'em for poker
nights.

STURGILL
Yessir.

CADEN
You're worried, huh?

STURGILL
Do you have a Bible? I need to look
something up.

CADEN
Emma's got one... Don't go getting
baptized until the job is done,
alright?
(beat)
How did it go?

STURGILL
She went to church.

CADEN
Aaaaaah.
(beat)
You didn't go in, did you?

STURGILL
Are you calling me an idiot?
(beat)
What do you have against her?
Wouldn't be surprised if she hands
out socks to the homeless.

CADEN

I pulled her over on patrol one night. Thought she was attractive and whatnot...

STURGILL

And?

CADEN

And I may have propositioned her a bit. You know, her number instead of me writing her up for a chickenshit ticket. Tried it before, but it usually works on the more desperate and weak. I'm not proud of it. But now I might lose my job if you don't do something quick.

STURGILL

Actin like an animal.

CADEN

Said it was a mistake. Don't you have the gun I gave you?

STURGILL

Yessir.

CADEN

Well, use it and use it soon.

(beat)

You know, I use to worship this thing.

Caden unpins his badge and examines it.

CADEN (CONT'D)

When it was all shiny and new. I used to take my badge off at night, put it on the nightstand... and I'd stare at it in the dark 'til I fell asleep... I was so proud starting off. Held to heart the honor. Man's gotta have a code, something to live by, no matter the job... I'd cleaned this sucker everyday. But somewhere down the line, workin that beat, I just flat out gave up. I couldn't care less now.

CLOSE UP - Grimy Badge

CADEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Look at it, it's all lined with
 grime... What does it mean? I don't
 even know what it means.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - MEX - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

CLOSE UP - Shiny Badge on Dresser

Chop is in bed, comforter over his head.

BANGING on door.

CONTINUES.

CUT TO:

Chop opens the door.

FLINT
 Giddy up. We've got our lead.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MEX - MORNING

At the mirror, Sturgill writes on the back of the ultrasound.

LIGHT KNOCK.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)
 ¿Limpieza interna?

STURGILL
 Not now.

A moment.

ANNE
 ...I'm hungry.

STURGILL
 We're gonna get some breakfast.

Handcuffs off, Anne looks up, brushes her hair from her face.

Her eyes are dark and wet.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
 You think you can handle that?

Anne doesn't respond.

The Housekeeper begins to enter.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
I said, Not now. Tell her no
housekeeping today.

ANNE
Sin servicio de limpieza, por
favor.

Sturgill shuts the door.

STURGILL
Come on, let's go.

Sturgill grabs the comforter and carries it to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Sturgill tosses the comforter over the monster box in the
tub.

EXT. SEASIDE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL - MEX - DAY

A smug Sturgill and a quiet Anne overlook the surf.

ANNE
Quit gloating.

STURGILL
(smiles)
If you don't talk, I'm gonna run
your ear off.

Anne doesn't respond.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me? I've already
decided, I'm gonna let you go.

ANNE
...When?

STURGILL
After the oysters... I'll take you
to the motel room and we'll both be
on our separate ways.

ANNE
I don't trust anything you say.

Sturgill takes out and lights a cigar.

SEAGULLS.

STURGILL

...Why do you think cigars are more socially acceptable than cigarettes?... A celebratory thing, I guess.

ANNE

The FBI extradites criminals everyday.

STURGILL

There's still all of Latin America to exhaust, Columbia, Uruguay, Guatemala...

ANNE

Cowards hide.

Long moment.

STURGILL

Don't worry...
 (blows smoke on Anne's face)
 I'll be coming back for my daughter.

The distant SOUND OF SURF.

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - MORNING

SUPER: PAST

Sturgill scopes the lobby for Anne.

Anne sports a sundress, chats with an Older Woman.

Sturgill starts his approach, but Joanna intercepts.

JOANNA

How did you like the service?

STURGILL

Good, I guess.

JOANNA

You guess? Or are you blessed?

STURGILL

Blessed.

JOANNA

Are you going to Group today?

STURGILL

I'll be there.

JOANNA

You know, you remind me of a friend I have. A co-worker. I do plant bio research. Kinda tedious, but you know, it pays well, so there're no complaints. You seem a little distracted.

STURGILL

(looks over Joanna at Anne)

Me, yeah, a little.

JOANNA

Brain fog?

STURGILL

Sure.

JOANNA

You know what's good for that morning brain fog? Mushrooms! I take three capsules each morning. An assorted mix of four organic, medicinal mushrooms.

STURGILL

No, I don't wanna trip.

JOANNA

You're thinking of psilocybin, silly! The mushrooms I'm talking about are non-psychoactive and nootropic.

STURGILL

Ah.

JOANNA

It's optimizing and min-maxing cognitive functions. It's got Lion's Mane for memory and focus.

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

And also cordyceps, reishi, and turkey tail—you know, I had a project for a company I worked for once, they were manufacturing fungus protein chips, to help fortify plant-based products, it's actually quite interesting—

STURGILL

I'm gonna go get some coffee.

JOANNA

I'll go with—

STURGILL

I actually need to make a quick phone call, too, so...

JOANNA

Oh, ok, so I'll see you at Group then.

STURGILL

(altered voice)

You betcha.

COFFEE STAND

Sturgill dispenses the liquid creamer.

Anne arrives.

STURGILL

Good morning. Can I get you a coffee?

ANNE

Sure... I don't drink it all the time... like...

STURGILL

Like most?

ANNE

Right.

STURGILL

Where are you from?

ANNE

Roseville.

STURGILL
The Rose from Roseville. Very
quaint. Do you have a boyfriend?

ANNE
Uh... No?...

STURGILL
Ok... Dinner or coffee?

ANNE
Coffee, thank you.

Sturgill hands over the coffee.

STURGILL
I meant in the future.

ANNE
I know what you meant. Coffee.
We can go to that bookstore off
Stageline after Group.

STURGILL
It's a date.

ANNE
No, it's not a date. More like
hanging out.

STURGILL
Alright, then we don't have to go.

ANNE
No, we can meet. But it's not a
date.

STURGILL
I'm not going unless it's a date.

ANNE
Fine. No hanging out. No coffee.

Anne sets her coffee down.

ANNE (CONT'D)
And no date.

Anne turns to leaves.

STURGILL
(altered voice, sotto)
You betcha.

INT. CHURCH ROOM (208) - MORNING

Sturgill is nose-deep in the Emma's Bible.

Anne glances over.

Sturgill eyes are glued.

INT. BOOKSTORE CAFÉ - LATE MORNING

Sturgill roams the aisles.

He picks up a book, flips.

MOMENTS LATER

Anne walks in.

She begins to peruses the books.

They tag one another with glances.

Sturgill approaches, grins.

CAFÉ REGISTER - LATER

STURGILL

I'll have an Al Pacino.

BARISTA

A what?

Sturgill glances back.

Anne's busy about the trinkets.

STURGILL

I'll have a Cappuccino.

ALONG THE BOOK AISLES - LATER

ANNE

Where are some of the books your company's published? I'm guessing that's why you wanted to meet up here, to show off all the books you've published.

STURGILL

You picked the place, remember?

ANNE

I can point one out.

STURGILL

Sure... Let's find the section...

ANNE

What do they fall under?

STURGILL

Fiction, non-fiction. Memoir.

Sturgill and Anne stroll.

ANNE

I always liked the idea of reading a bunch. It seems to be the most well-known habit of the super successful.

STURGILL

I've read tons. About a book a week, on top of what I've gotta read for work. That's over fifty-two books a year.

ANNE

I can do maths... I wish I had that kind of discipline.

STURGILL

Nothing to it. We're counting audiobooks, right?

Anne smiles.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

Gotta start small, then work your way up. Like anything else.

ANNE

Like kaizen.

STURGILL

Craze-what?

ANNE

It's Toyota's credo. Kaizen's the Japanese method of continuous improvement. It's the idea of taking incremental, seemingly insignificant steps toward a goal.

STURGILL
Very good. Textbook definition.

ANNE
You haven't heard of that
philosophy with all your reading?

STURGILL
I'm more into fortune cookie
philosophy.

ANNE
And what's that?

STURGILL
They're 100% true 100% of the
time... What about your work?

ANNE
I really can't talk about that.

STURGILL
You don't work for the CIA, do you?

ANNE
There's a lot of confidential
things involved.

STURGILL
Like what?

ANNE
If I told you, I'd have to kill
you, sadly.

STURGILL
You can give me a general idea.

ANNE
I work for the Navy as an engineer.
That's as much as I can say.

STURGILL
Like on battleships and things.

ANNE
Kind of.

STURGILL
Like littorals.

ANNE
Yes. The team next to mine works on
them.

STURGILL
Are you hungry?

EXT. BOOKSTORE PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING

Sturgill and Anne walk toward Caden's Mustang.

ANNE
Oh, you've gotta fast car.

STURGILL
This ain't your grandma's Beetle.

ANNE
I see why you parked so far.

STURGILL
You like?

ANNE
I'm not a car...

STURGILL
Person.

ANNE
Enthusiast.

INT. CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - LATE MORNING

STURGILL
Sherri's a beast.

ANNE
She's nice, but I think she's
missing something...

Anne pulls out a cross from her purse and loops it around the rearview mirror.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I have an extra one.

STURGILL
Thank you.

ANNE
(looks out the window)
You know, I always wanted to drive
across the States. Have an
adventure.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

Free to live out of a suitcase,
state to state. Visit all the
sites.

STURGILL

Maybe you and I can do that one
day?

ANNE

(looks down)

I just realized, it's not
automatic.

STURGILL

Naw. You don't saddle a mustang.
(beat)
What's your favorite animal?

ANNE

My favorite animal?

STURGILL

What?

ANNE

Nothing, it's just that you were
doing so well.

STURGILL

I asked you for a reason. You don't
know what a setup is? What's your
favorite animal?

ANNE

A white tiger.

STURGILL

...Pegged you as a horse girl. Ask
me mine.

ANNE

What's your favorite animal?

STURGILL

A cheetah. You wanna know why?

ANNE

Because they're elegant?

STURGILL

No.

ANNE

Because of their tear-stained eyes?

STURGILL

No.

ANNE

(eye-roll)

...Because they're fast.

STURGILL

THERE YOU GO!

Sturgill shifts gears and accelerates down the street.

The Mustang weaves in and out of traffic.

ANNE

Please, STOP!

Sturgill stops on a dime.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Please, don't ever do that again!

CLOSE UP - Redlight

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm serious. You could hurt somebody.

STURGILL

It got you goin though, didn't it?

ANNE

Where are we going?

INT. MCDONALD'S - NOON

Sturgill and Anne eat at a booth.

STURGILL

You know, I wouldn't mind flying to Brazil or something. Retire real early. Heard it's a paradise of freedoms there.

ANNE

You know, I speak Spanish. I'm completely fluent.

STURGILL

Are you now?

ANNE

Surprise you?

STURGILL

You know what, let me kinda cut through everything. Why aren't you taken?

ANNE

(shrugs)

I just haven't found the right person yet.

STURGILL

Sure, why not.

Anne ponders.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

I think I already know what you want.

ANNE

That's a bit presumptuous... and awkward of you.

STURGILL

You're not willing to admit to anyone... But you've rehearsed the same dream since childhood. To have a more than golden upbringing for your offspring. Leisure and pleasure found within... strict self-discipline.

(searches for the right image)

And like... cat-eyes, a future alone now finally stares you down.

Sturgill switches to Anne's side of the booth.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

...How you'd like nothing more than to raise a little girl just like yourself, seeing her play. Her taking a hammer to a pinecone like a miniature scientist. Your own little play-doll inside your own little playhouse. The neighborhood kids darting like goldfishes in the dreamscape of your high-class, suburban, fairytale-d, nest-egged, picket-fenced, all-vanilla, hardly passionate and completely mediocre, super successful life.

ANNE

It's the American Dream, no matter how banal you describe it as.

STURGILL

Typical.

ANNE

Well, what do you want, because I definitely can't put a finger on it, judging from all your...

STURGILL

Tattoos?

ANNE

Attitude.

STURGILL

You know what I want, more than anything? I want a woman who...

ANNE

What?

STURGILL

Who...

ANNE

Yes?

STURGILL

We all have secrets. Aren't I allowed mine?

ANNE

So what kind of secrets are you keeping?

STURGILL

For one, I didn't come to Christ from a friend. It was in jail... Does that bother you?

ANNE

Jail or prison? They're two different things.

STURGILL

You caught me... Does it bother you?

ANNE

Not if you've sincerely changed.

STURGILL
I've changed.

ANNE
Let's not talk about the past.

STURGILL
You know, on three separate occasions I read somewhere that this is the place couples have found their soulmate. Three separate times. I didn't bring you here because I'm cheap... You've got a good smile.

ANNE
...I had work done on my front teeth when I was a kid. Slipped on ice and chipped them on a car door when I was like ten...

STURGILL
Lemme see.

Sturgill leans in.

Sturgill looks to kiss.

Anne rejects.

Pause.

STURGILL (CONT'D)
Let's walk the mall.

EXT. SIDEWALK (NEAR MALL ENTRANCE) - AFTERNOON

Sturgill and Anne walk through a stranger's cloud of cigarette smoke.

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

ANNE
(enters)
I can't stand cigarette smoke!

STURGILL
You ever try one?

ANNE
Me? No...

STURGILL

Would you admit it, if you have?

ANNE

If I did... I... Let's get the
smell out of my nose.

INT. FRAGRANCE SHOP - MALL - AFTERNOON

Sturgill and Anne sample perfumes.

Pleasant smiles.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Men disperse after after a presentation.

Anne approaches where Hair Parted Right sits.

ANNE

Can I talk with with you?

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

About what?

ANNE

I'm going out with this guy
tomorrow...

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

Again?

ANNE

No, it's just I really can't find
anything. Nothing. No name. Nothing
of his publishing company. Nothing.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

You know, it's not going to be
good.

ANNE

I can't help it.

HAIR PARTED RIGHT

(beat)

Text me. License, too, if you can.

ANNE

Thank you so much... To who?

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
How about... "This is my Last
Boyfriend Favor."

ANNE
How about, "T.-I.-M.-L.-B.-F."

HAIR PARTED RIGHT
Knock yourself out.

ANNE
(hops)
You're the best!

Anne exits.

EXT. POND DOCK - DAY

Sturgill leads Anne by the hand into the rowboat rental.

EXT. ROWBOAT ON POND - DAY

Facing each other, Sturgill and Anne are quiet.

Anne leans over the side, her fingers skim the pond.

Sturgill stops rowing.

He leans over the other side and scoops a handful of pond
water.

While Anne is looking downward, he sprinkles the water on her
head.

ANNE
Hey! Not cool!

Sturgills laughs.

Anne smiles, then laughs.

Anne attempts to splash back.

Sturgill leans in and share a long kiss.

In the distance, a brace of duck burst off the pond's
surface.

PRE-LAP: Seagulls SHRIEK.

EXT. SEASIDE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

Seagulls SHRIEK.

CLOSE UP - Ultrasound Photo

Sturgill stares at the photo.

STURGILL

I-I have an idea. I'm still going to let you go. I'll even let you go right now.

Sturgill turns over the photo, takes out a pen and writes.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

I'm writing my email and my daughter's last known address... I'll bury the gold. If you're able to find her and tell me where she's staying. I will give you the exact place where I buried it. It's yours.

ANNE

You want me to be your little detective?

STURGILL

You can have someone else do it. I don't care. You give me a proper address and the million in gold is yours.

Anne considers.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

I need to get back to her. I'll get up from this table right now and walk away.

Sturgill extends the photo.

With his other hand he extends for a handshake.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

Do we have a deal?

ANNE

What makes you think I would want to help you?

Anne gets up from her chair and begins to walk away.

STURGILL

Anne!

Sturgill rises.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

Anne!

He jogs up to Anne and spins her around.

Sturgill places the photo in her palm.

STURGILL (CONT'D)

I need you to do this... please.

Sturgill lays a fat one on her lips.

Long.

Sturgill starts to walk off.

Anne stands, the photo in her hand at her side.

As Sturgill walks past the table, he tosses a wad of bills on it.

EXT. NEAR MOTEL ROOM - MEX - LATE MORNING

Chop joins Flint.

CHOP

She said they left about a half hour ago. Wanna call it in and set up?

FLINT

We oughta take a look.

CHOP

I think she'd be screaming.

FLINT

Not necessarily. But let's hope.

CHOP

What about the loot? Wouldn't mind a few myself.

FLINT

Only takes one...

CHOP

One coin?

FLINT

Only takes one apple, rotten and foolish.

CHOP

You wouldn't smile half as much without me...

Flint's stone.

FLINT

Or zero times any number.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Let's make it quick.

They move.

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE - MORNING

SUPER: PAST

Caden paces.

CADEN

I'm not cancelling another poker night!

STURGILL

I hear you.

CADEN

Do you?

STURGILL

I'll settle it. Settle down.

Caden gets into Sturgill's face.

CADEN

(points index)

Do what you gotta do, but just do it.

Sturgill nods.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Cousin or no cousin, I've reached my end... I gotta get to work.

Caden exits.

INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anne scans.

Sturgill waves her in.

Anne joins Sturgill at a booth, across.

ANNE

Hi...

STURGILL

Hey...

ANNE

Paul.

STURGILL

Yeah?

ANNE

This is not a date.

STURGILL

What's wrong?

ANNE

Something came up and I'm just here to tell it you to like it is, to your face... A friend, a longtime friend of mine, he's decided to come down from the east coast to stay out here and well, we both decided that... and we've been talking a lot, you know, long distance and well, I'm going to be dating him. Exclusively.

STURGILL

He's your boyfriend?

ANNE

Yes. I mean, no. Not until now. We dated in the past when he was here in SoCal.

STURGILL

I thought you said you didn't have a boyfriend?

ANNE

That was kind of true, at the moment. It's kind of been a sudden a thing.

STURGILL

That's it?

ANNE

I never meant to lead you on, it's just that I was a bit conflicted and I... I didn't want to lead you on. I hope you can understand. That's all I have to say.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Are you guys ready to order?

ANNE

I'm not eating. I mean, can you give us a few minutes?

The Waitress leaves.

STURGILL

What's his name?

ANNE

Kent. I've known him since university... I'm going to go now.

STURGILL

Are you still going to church?

ANNE

Yes, and you'll see him there, too.

STURGILL

Hm...

ANNE

I'm going to go now.

STURGILL

I'm not begging you. You choose who you choose.

ANNE

Thanks for understanding.

Anne slides out of the booth.

Sturgill bites his upper lip.

INT. CADEN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Caden and three GENTLEMEN are at the poker table.

Sturgill enters through the side door.

Caden immediately meets him off to the side.

CADEN
Is she done?

STURGILL
She's dead.

CADEN
How'd did it happen?

STURGILL
Dead is dead, Cousin.

CADEN
I hear no lie. What's wrong?

STURGILL
Nothing.

CADEN
She had it coming.

YOUNGER GENTLEMAN (O.S.)
C'mon and deal the river!

CADEN
One second!

OLDER GENTLEMAN
Who do ya got there?

CADEN
Just a friend!

OLDEST GENTLEMAN
Have him pull up a chair!

CADEN
He doesn't play!
(to Sturgill)
We good?

Sturgill nods.

CADEN (CONT'D)
Alright, go chill in my room. And
I've got your new passport...

Caden pats Sturgill's back.

CADEN (CONT'D)
It's over, Brother.

Sturgill nods and exits into the house.

INT. CADEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caden has a map sprawled on the bed.

CLOSE UP - Sturgill's Index Traces a Highway

Emma enters.

EMMA
Everything ok?

SILENCE.

EMMA (CONT'D)
At least you're not behind bars...
Is it Caden?

STURGILL
Just drop it.

EMMA
You know, you don't have to stay in
here. You can come out into the
living room if you want.

STURGILL
Why, you want to go to sleep?

EMMA
No, I'd just feel more comfortable
if you weren't in my bed.

STURGILL
I'm not *in* your bed, though, right?

EMMA
Not hardly. And that's the second
time you've brought that up while
you've been here.

STURGILL
Actually, you brought it up.

EMMA

Just leave it alone.

STURGILL

If he kicks me out before I'm ready, you best believe I'm gonna drop that bomb.

EMMA

I dare you. You couldn't even if you had a good reason to... What are you doing?

STURGILL

Planning the second half of my life! Any other dumb questions?

EMMA

Teh!
(exits, SLAMS door)

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - MORNING

Trudel stands alone, out of place.

Sturgill approaches.

STURGILL

Kent?

TRUDEL

Have we met?

STURGILL

Anne told me about you. I'm Paul.

Handshake.

TRUDEL

I wonder where she is. She's never been too late.

STURGILL

She never mentioned me?

TRUDEL

No...

STURGILL

You looked lost, so I figured it was you.

TRUDEL

I'm not lost. I've been here plenty of times. I use to come here a few years ago.

STURGILL

What do you do now?

TRUDEL

A friend got me a new banking job. Start work tomorrow actually. If you ever need any financial advice, don't hesitate.

Trudel hands Sturgill his business card.

TRUDEL (CONT'D)

Gonna be on three 10 hour shifts.

CLOSE UP - Card

TRUDEL (CONT'D)

While I get my Master's in rocket propulsion.

STURGILL

So that's your story, huh?

TRUDEL

What do you mean?

STURGILL

What's your testimony?

TRUDEL

Me, I came to Jesus when I was three. I'm serious, you can ask my mother. You know, I'm a genius. Certified and everything. Might have something to do with that. Was playing the piano at five. MIT courses by fourteen...

STURGILL

Well, if I were a genius I would rather have other people call me a genius, instead having to parade it around. You know what I mean?

TRUDEL

I guess you'll always be stuck using hypotheticals then.

STURGILL

If is in the middle of life. Give it enough time and that fact will smack you in the face.

TRUDEL

(smiles)

"Is your eye evil, because I am gene'ous?"

STURGILL

What's that?

TRUDEL

It's a pun on a Bible verse.

STURGILL

...I'm gonna go grab my seat.

INT. CHURCH ROOM (NO. 208) - MORNING

Same Life Group attendance, expect with Trudel there and Anne missing.

OLIVE

I guess we'll start without her. Welcome back, Kent. I'm so happy for you and Anne.

Anne enters.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh, there she is! We were just talking about you.

ANNE

Sorry I'm late.

Anne sits next to Trudel and they peck.

OLIVE

Ok, let's jump in. Did you all read the passage, be honest?

Everyone nods except Sturgill.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Paul, did you read it?

STURGILL

I did.

OLIVE

Ok, Odis, I'm gonna keep picking on you until you talk more during discussion. Would you read today's scripture please? Second Samuel, chapter six, verse ten through twelve.

ODIS

"So David was unwilling to take the ark of the LORD into his care in the city of David; instead David took it to the house of Obed-edom the Gittite. The ark of the LORD remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite for three months; and the LORD blessed Obed-edom and all his household. It was told David, 'The LORD has blessed the household of Obed-edom and all that belongs to him, because of the ark of God.' So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom to the city of David with rejoicing."

OLIVE

Oh, before I forget, Anne is having everyone over at her house for a luncheon this afternoon. So everyone's invited. That means you Paul. So make sure you bring a little something. Snacks or drinks or whatever. We'll be playing games and whatnot.

Anne is peeved.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Mr. Kent, since you're back, how about you give us your first impression on the text.

TRUDEL

Well, I have two observations. One is that most scholars agree that in the name "Obed-edom the Gittite," the term "Gittite" refers originally to a Philistine, and therefore a non-Israelite man...

STURGILL

What's your point?

TRUDEL

My point is that the blessing from the ark wasn't Obed's to begin with. Not lawfully anyways. My second observation is that the original Hebrew also stresses here that David was neither jealous nor had a wish to deprive his subject, Obed-edom, of a blessing. He was simply completing his original task, when his first fears proved groundless.

STURGILL

No, he was jealous. I didn't read the original Hebrew, but anyone can read and see that he was jealous of the fact that some backroad nobody was soaking up a blessing that was supposed to be his.

TRUDEL

Well, I'd have to disagree with you. It was more of a matter of simple formality. You can't have what isn't meant for you.

STURGILL

But David got the ark back. Don't forget that. He got it back.

TRUDEL

He sure did. No one is arguing that...

(to Anne)

Are you cold?

Anne nods.

Trudel takes off his jacket and spreads it over Anne's lap.

Sturgill seethes.

EXT. SERVICE COUNTER AT SEASIDE RESTAURANT - MORNING

SUPER: PRESENT

ANNE

¿Me puedes prestar tu telefono?

WAITRESS

Un momento.

Anne looks down at a trash bin.
She folds the photo and disposes it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MEX - LATE MORNING

Flint and Chop enter.

Flint pokes around.

Chop stays near the window, peeks through the curtain.

Flint continues to the bathroom.

THE BATHROOM

Flint stops.

Blankets bundled in the bathtub.

 CHOP (O.S.)
 Anything?

Flint steps forward, leans over...

 CHOP (CONT'D)
 Flint.

Flint pulls back the blanket slow, then all the way off.

Monster box.

Flint picks up a coin.

 CHOP (CONT'D)
 Flint, he's here!

Flint comes from the bathroom.

 FLINT
 Tackle him to the ground and we'll
 hogtie him.

 CHOP
 He's parked...

Flint and Chop wait at opposite sides of the door.

Chop crouches.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOTEL ROOM - MEX - LATE MORNING

Sturgill exits the Mustang.

He strolls up to the motel room door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MEX - LATE MORNING

The door opens and Sturgill enters.

Chop pounces.

Flint grabs Sturgill from the back and tries to disarm him.

A struggle for footing and leverage.

Flint is overpowered and tossed across the dresser.

Chop drives Sturgill into the dresser.

With a free leg, Sturgill presses Chops chest, thrusting him to the carpet.

Flint draws his gun while Sturgill flees.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOTEL ROOM - MEX - LATE MORNING

Sturgill gets into the Mustang.

Flint pursues then aims his gun through the glass.

Stare down...

Sturgill turns the key.

The ENGINE RUMBLES.

Chop exits and starts running toward the pickup.

Flint lowers.

CHOP

Come on!

Sturgill backs out and PEELS off.

CHOP (CONT'D)

Flint!

Flint stands, watches the Mustang drive away.

EXT./INT. ROAD/CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MEX - DAY

The Mustang ZIPS down a road.

Sturgill drives on, grinds his teeth...

Sturgill RIPS the rearview clean off.

INT. ANNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: PAST

The Life Group sit around a glass-top coffee table playing Apples to Apples.

JOANNA

I'll go with "ghosts." Ghosts are definitely "haunting."

OLIVE

Who's card was that?

LUCAS

Not mine.

OLIVE

Paul?

JOANNA

Paul?

STURGILL

(snaps out of it)
...Yeah?

OLIVE

Was that your card?

Sturgill nods.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You win!

STURGILL

Is this what you guys do for fun?

JOANNA

You're not having fun?

TRUDEL

We could play something else.

LUCAS

Hey Paul, I tried googling your
Deerling Publishing House for kicks
and I couldn't find it anywhere.

STURGILL

It's not spelled the usual way.

LUCAS

How do you spell it?

STURGILL

One second. Where's the restroom?

ANNE

It's right down there. To the left.

Sturgill leaves.

INT. ANNE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Sturgill washes his face at the sink.

He stares into the mirror.

INHALES.

EXT./INT. ROAD/CADEN'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - MEX - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT

The Mustang zips down the road.

Sturgill knuckles the wheel.

INT. ANNE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Sturgill stares into the mirror, dazed.

EXHALES.

EXT. SIDE OF A ROAD - MEX - DAY

Sturgill hunches over a map on the Mustang's hood.

INT. ANNE'S DINNING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: PAST

Sturgill reenters.

STURGILL

Something just came up and I'm
gonna have to leave early. Sorry.

OLIVE

Ah, we were just about to start a
different game.

STURGILL

It's an emergency.

OLIVE

Then you should go.

Everyone ad-libs their goodbyes.

Sturgill handshakes the males then hugs Olive and Joanna.

Last, Sturgill stiffes Anne with a handshake and exits.

EXT. COPPER CANYON SWITCHBACK - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT

Sturgill drives up.

Reaches a dusty mountain village.

A Borracho with an amber glass bottle sits on an oil drum.

An M-16 strapped to his back.

Sturgill drives on.

INT. KELLY'S MAMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT

Kelly retrieves a Tupperware from the freezer.

EXT. KELLY'S MAMA'S BACKYARD - DAY

In the bright, grassy, fenced space, stand three sheds and
three large almond trees in bloom.

Kelly places the Tupperware on the grass.

A yellow painted house in the b.g..

MAMA (mid-forties), Kelly's Mom, hands Kelly her one year old daughter.

EXT. SPANISH MISSION - MEX - DAY

Sturgill parks.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Sturgill enters, heads slowly to the front pew.

Kneels.

STURGILL

...Dear God... I-I'm a screw up.
I'm lost... Please find it in your
heart for me to see my daughter...
To hold her in my arms one time...
But if not, please protect her. I
don't care so much about me, about
going in or not going in. I just
want her to be safe and happy and
whole and have her avoid the hell
I've caused... In Jesus' holy name
I pray. Amen.

Sturgill pulls out Anne's cross and loops it around his neck.

He tucks it into his T-shirt.

EXT. SEASIDE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL - MEX - DAY

Anne sits.

The Waitress serves tacos.

Anne looks at the food.

Anne turns her head toward the trash bin in the distance.

CUT TO:

Anne stares down into the bin.

She retrieves the folded photo.

EXT. KELLY'S MAMA'S BACKYARD - DAY

Bees pollinate the white and pink blossoms.

With a shovel, Mama digs under a tree.

A BREEZE kicks as white petals pepper down.

Kelly entertains her daughter in her arms.

EXT. CANYON DESERT - MEX - DAY

A shovel CRUNCHES into the base of a black skeleton tree.

Sturgill's T-shirt-ed back is drenched.

The heat is extreme and the shovel needs help.

EXT. KELLY'S MAMA'S BACKYARD - DAY

Kelly kneels near the hole.

She touches the icy plastic and gives a slight shiver as a gust of wind passes.

Kelly cradles the Tupperware... then pops it open.

She turns it over the hole and gives a few good shakes.

The frozen placenta and umbilical cord plop into the hole...

Mama begins to shovel soil over.

EXT. CANYON DESERT - MEX - DAY

CLOSE UP - Caden's Badge in Sturgill's Palm

Sturgill INHALES, EXHALES.

He let's the badge drop.

Sturgill begins to shovel over.

MOMENTS LATER

Sturgill packs the dirt with the shovel, then his boot.

SILENCE.

Sturgill turns and walks away.

EXT. KELLY'S MAMA'S BACKYARD - DAY

CLOSE UP - Kelly's Hands on Top of the Dirt

Kelly packs the soil with both hands.

She rises.

Kelly, and Mama carrying the child, return home.

White petals flutter downward.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END