

KIN

B A G M A N

By

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Based on the short film by  
Jonathan & Josh Baker

**OVER BLACK:**

                                YOUNG VOICE (V.O.)  
You don't get to choose family.  
                                (beat)  
You don't. And just cause someone's  
family, it doesn't mean they can't  
hurt you. Doesn't mean they won't.

**EXT. DETROIT CITYSCAPE - DAY**

**ANGLE:** straight down and moving. An infinite patchwork of  
blasted cityscape in cubes and rectangles.

                                YOUNG VOICE (V.O.)  
All you can do when it comes to the  
people you love is brace yourself.  
                                (beat)  
That's just how it is.

The tops of buildings from way far up. Rolling out before us  
like a gargantuan concrete blanket spattered in greenery.

**INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - UNSPEC - DAY**

**ANGLE:** we come in on a set of youthful shoulders. A KID,  
seated, facing away from us. Beyond, behind a desk, is an  
AGING WOMAN, dressed in conservative attire.

This boy is ELI (12), black, handsome. Quiet.

                                GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
How would you say the year has  
been, overall?

Still facing away from us, Eli shrugs.

                                GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Good? Bad?

                                ELI  
Normal. I think.

                                GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Normal for you, or for a regular  
school year?

                                ELI  
For a school year.

                                GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
How was *your* year?

Eli is quiet for a moment. Doesn't answer that question. And as he holds this silence -- we BEGIN TO TRACK around him --

ELI

Fine.

The Guidance Counselor doesn't push any harder on this.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

And things at home? How's your dad?  
How's he doing?

Another shrug.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

What about plans for the summer,  
any vacations in the works?

Eli shakes his head. And now we've gotten our first good look at him. Handsome for sure. *Wise-beyond-his-years...*

... the Guidance Counselor takes in his face and smiles, pleasant. But there's something preoccupied lingering.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

It's okay to talk to me, Elijah.

(beat)

It is. Sitting across from me I see a  
young man who's creative, and smart --

(then)

-- but who doesn't want to be seen.

The Guidance Counselor waits another beat for Eli to take this in. When he stays quiet, she lets him go --

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Be good out there. We'll see you in  
September.

ELI

Okay.

And over this -- we HEAR THE SOUND OF A SCHOOL BELL -- the FERVOR of EXCITED STUDENT VOICES transitioning us into --

**EXT. ST. FLORIAN'S - PARKING LOT - DAY**

ON ELI as he moves. Apart from his CLASSMATES, celebrating and WHOOPING as the school year ends --

SOME race for BASKETBALL COURTS, GIRLS Eli's age flutter in and out of GOSSIPY CIRCLES, OTHER KIDS opt for TRICKS on SKATEBOARDS -- CUTTING past Eli -- who moves on his own.

Wading through all this. We see it clear as day. Eli doesn't gel with his peers. He's not one of them. Setting out instead for the neighborhoods beyond. Determined.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

A rusty garage door is YANKED open. Eli, with a backpack over his shoulder, enters and crosses for --

-- a weathered BMX bike.

**EXT. HAMTRAMCK - CITY STREETS - DAY**

PEDALING. Sunshine. Wanderlust. Spokes WHIP past, as does a --

-- hodge-podge of low-rent signage in this heart of DETROIT's former industrial corridor. Polish, Bangladeshi, Arabic and more. Eli WEAVES westward up Caniff -- skids to a STOP at --

**EXT. PRELLA METALWORKS - SCRAPYARD - CONTINUOUS**

HASAN, a tattooed Arabic teen with a cigarette lit, sees Eli coming, sweeping out front --

HASAN

You got another haul for us or what?

ELI

Almost there. What's copper at?

HASAN

Copper and aluminum radiators.  
Seventy cents a pound this week.

ELI

(re: up the street)  
L & J says they'll do 80.

Hasan looks at Eli. Beat. Then drags and smiles.

HASAN

That's what they said?  
(Eli nods)  
I'll talk to my uncle. Bring what  
you got here first, okay?  
(in Arabic)  
*Little thief.*

**EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - DETROIT - DAY**

Eli makes his way across the 1-75 OVERPASS now. Into wide swaths of DERELICT CITY which follow. Open expanses of VACANT LOTS, ABANDONED HOMES and FACTORIES. Remnants of a different era. Epic. Dystopic. Eli a SPECK in this wild.

**EXT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - DAY**

Interconnected shells of buildings TOWER past barb-wire gates. Abandoned. Busted glass, scorched pavement and litter.

Eli SWOOPS PAST into view, stashes his bike near an overpass, peels back a section of perimeter fencing --

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - MAIN BUILDING - DAY**

Almost cathedral-like. Eli enters. Ahead, a wide section of the roof has collapsed under decades of heavy snow.

Vines and greenery swallow fossilized machinery guts now in the hot and humid months. Dancing across ruin.

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - SECOND BUILDING - DAY**

*ECHOES.* Eli uses a CROWBAR from his bag to CHIP away at walls. He slows -- peers into the hole he's just burrowed.

He knew it. Begins TUGGING out dirty COPPER WIRE. Begins excavating ALUMINUM PIPING next. Piece by piece. An expert.

**ANGLES:** stuffing his backpack. Searching. Hacking. REPEATING the process. AGAIN. AGAIN. AGAIN. His haul growing...

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - THIRD BUILDING - DAY**

SHIMMYING beneath a half-collapsed door. Further inside now. Eli sets his nearly-full backpack down for a beat --

-- and reaches into his pocket to grab an INHALER. A PUFFER we recognize as the type carried for asthma. Eli uses it.

Takes a deep BREATH reaches for his CROWBAR --

*Then stops.* Beat. *His breath is visible.* It's cold in here.

Eli turns. Spots a DARKENED CORRIDOR ahead. A small frozen wind brushes past. Eli removes a MAGLIGHT from his backpack.

**INT. DARKENED CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

MOVING through total blackness. Eli clicks on the flashlight as -- *KKAA-RRUUNG*. A NOISE faraway -- dust shakes loose above.

-- Eli LOOKS. Listens a beat. Nothing follows.

His breath FOGGING the air thicker. *It's summer outside. It should be an oven in here.*

Eli shines his light -- *crystalline formations of ice are visible along the floor at his feet and along walls*. He moves around a final bend, frost crunching underfoot, into --

**INT. MASSIVE FROZEN CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

A MASSIVE DERELICT CHAMBER. Enters. Cautious --

Eli sees something that takes him -- *and us* -- a moment to process. This cavernous space like all the others except:

Whispers of light snow levitate past --

Adding an ethereal aura to what looks like DAMAGE done by some kind of WEAPONS FIRE. Slits of natural light cut through BLAST HOLES EVERYWHERE.

*Not done by bullets. Something else.*

Eli, heart beginning to thunder -- steps forward. And sees --

BODIES. A half-odd dozen of them or more --

All in ADVANCED, MENACING, OTHERWORLDLY ARMOR -- lying strewn about the space in varying configurations of carnage.

*Eli has somehow wandered into the aftermath of an O.K. Corral scenario. Only we can't be sure the players are from Earth.*

*HOLY. FUCKING. SHIT.*

This was an ugly fight too. Eli turns. Half expecting sirens or some adult to burst into the room and take charge...

*Only silence and frozen wind call back.* Eli hesitates. Wades even closer...

... from the look of these ARMORED BODIES, there were TWO DISTINCT SIDES. ONE has sleeker-looking ARMOR, the SECOND is rough-etched. Utilitarian beneath bits of battered garb.

Both sides WEAR MECHANIZED HELMETS. Concealing their features.

Eli sloooowly approaches the closest MOTIONLESS BODY, splayed out across a pile of RUBBLE -- he stares at the helmet and carefully wipes away a thin layer of frost from the visor --

-- and slows. At Eli's feet: **IS SOME KIND OF METALLIC DEVICE.**

*One of theirs.* Its contours sleek and other-worldly. Eli leans down... grips it. Cautious. Lifts it to INSPECT --

-- and the gesture ACTIVATES something. The device **CHIMES.** *Some kind of PROMPT, as though it's POWERING UP.* As it does --

-- the device OPENS. Or rather, the OUTER LAYER DOES. A self-retracting SHIELD. Revealing the CONTOURS of what's clearly a SHOTGUN-SIZED ALIEN WEAPON beneath --

-- then the MOTIONLESS BODY he was just examining **MOVES.** *Its helmet turns, looks right at Eli --*

-- and the **ARMORED FIGURE THRUSTS A DYING HAND TOWARDS ELI.**

Eli RECOILS. SLIPS on ice. FALLS. DROPS everything -- MAGLIGHT gone. THE WEAPON-SHAPED DEVICE TOO. It goes SLIDING away from Eli and -- DOWN INTO an open ELEVATOR SHAFT --

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - THIRD BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Eli SCRAMBLES. Slip-sliding. FUMBLES for his BACKPACK.

**EXT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - DARKENED CORRIDOR - DAY**

PIECES of piping clang and roll down the street as Eli PEDALS away. Backpack not zipped up. RACING like FUCKING HELL --

PANTING. HYPERVENTILATING. PANIC. EYES WIDE -- only once he's cleared a good few blocks does Eli skid to a stop --

**GASPING.** Sheer. Utter. Absolute. Disbelief. He reaches once more for his INHALER, and as he does, USES it -- BREATHES --

*Staring back at the ABANDONED COMPLEX -- we CUT TO:*

**B A G M A N**

**EXT. HAMTRAMCK - CITY STREETS - LATE DAY**

Eli pedals, ghostly pale, *scanning* every passing face. Folks concerned with daily commutes, deliveries -- the mundane...

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - DAY**

Eli ushers his BMX up the drive of a tiny, sturdy home. Built originally for auto-workers in the 1920s. Stashes his bike.

**EXT. BACK OF THE GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

And moves for the back of the garage to an overturned WHEEL-BARROW. Lifts it to reveal a BOX FILLED with SCRAP metal. Eli deposits what's left in his backpack and --

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Eli. *Quiet*. Motionless. Mind still churning. Replaying events in his head atop a sofa in this working man's living room.

HEADLIGHTS of an early nineties PICKUP TRUCK pull into the driveway outside. Booted FOOTSTEPS approach --

HAROLD HROBSKY, or HAL (late 50s), white, enters. A battered old Polack. Face and hands like granite. Hard lines. Wearing a well-used Red Wings jacket.

HAL

Finish your homework?

ELI

Summer break started.

HAL

(recollects, looks around)

And now you've, what? Forgotten how to read?

Hal points to a NOTE. Hand-scrawled in bossy all-caps: *DO YOUR CHORES!*

HAL

Get your shoes on, I need help with something.

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - DRIVEWAY/GARAGE - DUSK**

Eli straining, helping Hal move a shitload of cut lumber from his truck to the garage in the dark. This sucks.

HAL

-- that rush gig in Corktown. They change their minds every day last minute, had to -- pick all this up for tomorrow --



They set down the last piece. Eli realizes --

ELI  
We gotta load all this back *in*?

HAL  
At six thirty a.m. That is correct.  
(off Eli's *look*)  
Somebody'll steal it.

Hal passes en route for the garage. Eli silently protesting --

ELI  
Who's gonna steal a buncha wood?

HAL  
(sends him a look)  
You seen my maglight?

*That would be the flashlight Eli abandoned earlier. Oops.*

ELI  
Not lately...

Hal CURSES in Polish, scans the place one more time in vein and crosses back to the truck for invoice slips.

Sits on the lift-gate. Squints and scribbles. Eli quiet. Clearly annoyed and looking to slip back inside --

HAL  
What's with you today? Huh? You forget your chores, I can see you giving me lip --

Hal looks at Eli. Regards him. Motions him over.

HAL  
You know if I'm hard on you, it's cause the world's hard. I've seen that.  
(beat)  
And a good man? Accounts for himself. He shoulders responsibility, even when he doesn't want to.

Eli nods, but it's to get Hal off his back. Hal holds on that a moment. Shifts. Preoccupied with something unsaid...

HAL  
We need a third place for dinner.  
(beat)  
Your brother's on his way.

Hal HOLDS on Eli. Says this next part with significance.

HAL  
Be careful around him.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - VARIOUS - NIGHT**

Sizzling frying pans and simmering pots fog the air as Hal COOKS. Eli removes a new plate and utensils from a cupboard --

The DOORBELL RINGS. Eli turns to Hal, who nods. *Get it.* Eli goes. Opens the front door to get our first look at --

JIMMY HROBSKY (20s), white, handsome with a dash of scumbag. Stands on the stoop, lean, tattooed and cool with a bag slung over his shoulder.

Jimmy bears a familial resemblance to Hal -- genetic *only*.

JIMMY  
Eli.

ELI  
Hey.

JIMMY  
*Man.* Six years didn't seem like  
such a long time until just now --

Jimmy brushes past. Rustles Eli's hair as he goes -- Eli wincing. Jimmy enters the living room, looks around as though sizing it up, and slows. Then.

Jimmy sees, crosses toward Hal in the kitchen.

JIMMY  
Pops.

Hal looks up, eyes his son standing in the doorway. Wary --

JIMMY  
This is just for a week or two.

HAL  
I know.

An unspoken sentiment hangs thick between these two. Hal cautiously nods.

HAL  
Eli can set you up in the office.

JIMMY  
Office?

HAL  
Upstairs.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

**ANGLE:** a completely empty bedroom with a desk in it. Barren.

Jimmy shakes his head. Tosses his bag onto a dusty futon and turns to Eli. Looks him over.

JIMMY  
So. What's your deal these days?

Eli shrugs. Beat. Jimmy does the gesture right back.

JIMMY  
That? That's your deal? You remember me at all?

ELI  
A little.

JIMMY  
How old were you when I left?

ELI  
Which time?

Jimmy snickers. Looks Eli over and grins. A mischievous glint flashing. Jimmy then pushes past Eli into --

JIMMY  
Let's see what you did, huh? To my digs.

ELI'S ROOM. Enters without permission. Jimmy scans walls of space charts, original artwork and drawings, sketches of other planets and maps... *huh...*

JIMMY  
Wow, okay...

... he turns to Eli's CLOSET. Eli watches, cautious, as Jimmy spots a set of *NOTCHES*. HEIGHT MARKS with corresponding DATES scribbled to measure the growth of a child. Written atop is:

**ELI.**

Jimmy turns to a *second* set of NOTCHES on the opposite frame.

**JIMMY.** He regards them a moment, looks down -- then --

JIMMY

What the hell are those?

He's pointing at Eli's sneakers on the floor.

ELI

My shoes.

JIMMY

You wear those in public?

ELI

I'm saving up for new ones.

JIMMY

With what? Dad's five-dollar-a-week-allowance?

Jimmy slows. Notes the way Eli stays quiet --

JIMMY

Oh. You got a side thing going.  
Little lemonade stand?

(then)

Good for you. I can respect that.

Jimmy throws an honor-among-thieves smile at Eli.

JIMMY

Tell you what. I got some Chucks  
somewhere around here in a trunk.  
You can have em. They're *almost* new.  
Won't stink as much as those do.

(then)

Sound good?

Eli nods. There's an outlaw charm to Jimmy.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy, cleaned up -- takes in the space of the living room. Catholic and Polish decor. Sayings in the latter.

Jimmy turns, eyes a full roster of RED WINGS BOBBLE HEADS on a dusty shelf. Narrows in on an YZERMAN and BOB PROBERT.

Hal crosses out of the kitchen nearby. Bringing SERVING DISHES to the table. Corn, baked potatoes and Golabki --

JIMMY

(points)

Still got the bobble-heads, huh?

Hal looks up, regards the shelf a moment...

HAL

Your mother liked em. So.

Hal turns back into the kitchen. Leaving Jimmy to consider the shelf a moment longer. Just past them -- is a PICTURE of a YOUNGER HAL with his arms around JIMMY'S MOTHER.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Eating in silence. Routine for Hal and Eli, but -- Jimmy sips from his bowl -- *slows* -- revels in the moment.

JIMMY

Golabki. You guys got no idea, man. None. Don't even get me started.

(to Eli)

Think you could ever miss the taste of a baked potato? And I mean. *Not special*. Just made *right*, like this, with a little butter.

(then)

You get locked away you got no idea the kinda shit you'll miss. If somebody gave me a blue light right now and some ice cream, there'd be a high probability of me breaking into tears like a little bit-

Jimmy sees Hal's expression and stops just shy. Eli grins.

HAL

Glad you like.

JIMMY

I do. So, uh. How's business?

HAL

Fine.

Hal nods, sips. Jimmy waits for him to elaborate.

Doesn't happen. So Jimmy nods. Chews.

Looks to Eli. Who's watching both of them, eating. Beat.

JIMMY

You talk too much. Anyone ever tell  
you that? Huh?

Eli grins again. Hal watches the way Eli sparks to that --

HAL

-- *those are new*. On your hands.

Hal motions. Stern. To a pair of Jimmy's small prison tats.

JIMMY

Yeah? Like em?

(taps each)

This one wards off evil spirits,  
and this one wards off Mexicans.

Eli abruptly SNORTS into his stew.

HAL

You think that's funny?

JIMMY

Eli does.

HAL

He's twelve.

Hal turns his gaze on Eli. Face buried in his meal.

JIMMY

Sorry. It's not. Look --

(exhales)

I'm happy to be home, okay? I just  
wanna talk and laugh and catch up  
like a family. I don't mean anyt-

HAL

This isn't a reunion.

JIMMY

I *know* --

HAL

You were just released. You're here  
cause you gotta sort your life out.

JIMMY

And I'm gonna --

HAL

So you wanna talk, let's talk about  
that. What're your next steps?

JIMMY  
I'll get a job.

HAL  
Where? What kinda job?

Jimmy wavers. On the spot. Eli looks from Hal to Jimmy, then back to Hal...

JIMMY  
To be honest? I was thinking that,  
with coming back, putting in some  
time for --  
(here goes)  
Us to bond, show you I'm straight --  
Maybe you could put in a good word  
at whatever site you're working.

HAL  
I can't do that.

JIMMY  
Why not?

HAL  
Cause I can't clear an ex-con. It  
doesn't work like that.

JIMMY  
But I'm your son -- I mean, you  
just tell em --

Hal sends a look at Jimmy. This isn't gonna be discussed.

Jimmy wavers. Hal stares right back. Beat. So Jimmy grabs his fork. Fishing through his meal. STABBING carrots --

JIMMY  
Great. So. Six years gone, no word,  
no visit --

HAL  
I visited.

JIMMY  
Once. To let me know ma passed. Six  
years! I come home, no complaints,  
ask for one favor and it turns out  
you'd rather see me flipping  
burgers --

HAL  
It's a start.

JIMMY  
Flipping burgers?!

HAL  
Anything's better than being a  
thief. A low life.

Jimmy halts. That stung. Looks at Hal, staring back.

JIMMY  
I think I'm gonna step out. Got a  
few people to see.

Jimmy slides his chair back LOUD, brings his plate to the sink. Grabs his coat, a spare key, and he's gone. Eli, head still low, waits a moment... looks to Hal...

HAL  
(growls)  
Chores. Then bed.

**EXT. TATTERED HOUSE - WESTLAND - NIGHT**

WESTLAND. Just shy of Canton. Called *wasteland* by locals for a reason. A downriver sprawl transformed by River Rouge plant runoff into a hick meth paradise. A CAB pulls past us --

Jimmy gets out -- crosses the street. A group of TEENAGERS across the street is going at it -- a BRAWL on a LAWN --

Two dead-eyed CONS lean off a stoop ahead. Tattoos depicting valknots and the numbers 14 and 88. The SCARIER one eyes Jimmy's approach --

SCARY  
What you looking for, man?

JIMMY  
Just finished a bid out in Jackson.  
Uh. Taylor's expecting me to come  
through... he here?

**INT. TATTERED HOUSE - WESTLAND - NIGHT**

A SHIT HOLE topped off with a brand new PS4 and FLAT-SCREEN. Cigarette-burned furniture everywhere. JUNKIES loiter like zombies. Filthy. Swimming in drug paraphernalia. Cheery MUSIC plays loudly.

Jimmy's led by a YOUNG GRUBBY WOMAN. Either sleep-deprived or high -- through a gross KITCHEN, passing YOUNG TEENS counting CASH out on a folding table. To a STAIRWELL --



**INT. TATTERED HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmy, doing his best calm walk, descends into an unfinished cement dungeon. Oddly packed with SHIPPING CRATES and --

-- prying each one open with a crowbar is TAYLOR BOLEK (30s). a grimy Aryan con with a leaning gate and cleft lip.

TAYLOR  
(smiles)  
Hrobsky! Welcome home, man -- you  
remember my brother Dutch?

Jimmy nods to DUTCH (30s), seated atop a crate nearby -- the bigger, Cro-Magnon version of Taylor. Staring murder.

JIMMY  
Yeah. How's it goin, I uh --

Jimmy's spotted this basement's *THIRD OCCUPANT*. A SHIRTLESS GUY, beat to shit -- *FACING* the corner, bleeding from his ear.

TAYLOR  
Oh that's Renny. Don't worry about  
him, he's in time-out.

The guy wobbles. The recipient of a very recent beating --

RENNY  
*Tay* man, come on --

TAYLOR  
Hey! What'd I tell you??

RENNY  
-- my *ear's* bleeding, man...

TAYLOR  
PUT YOUR NOSE back in that corner  
right fuckin now, you hear me??  
Contemplate your shitty attitude.

Jimmy watches this exchange -- looks again to DUTCH -- who's GLARING at Jimmy. Taylor turns back to the shipping crate --

TAYLOR  
So Jimmy. You wanna toast a spliff  
or get right to it?

Taylor RIPS the top of the crate off -- pulls a MACHINE GUN out into open view. This crate is FULL of them. *Isreali-made*.

Jimmy chokes out a tense smile --

JIMMY

Not quite time to toast yet for me -  
- I know, I uh. I owe you guys  
money, which -- I'm taking real  
serious...

The temperature of the room seems to drop a few degrees.

TAYLOR

So you don't got the sixty?

JIMMY

No, but -- I want you to see, I'm  
not dodging you guys --

TAYLOR

Man. That's a real bummer.

Taylor begins loading machine guns into smaller boxes labeled  
SALSA -- where Dutch looks ready to take Jimmy's head off.

TAYLOR

See, Jimmy -- me and my brother --  
(lots and lots of guns)  
We don't, ah. Project illusions  
about who we are and what we do,  
you know? We made it clear from day  
one, post charges or what have you,  
how we operate on loans, cause  
there are guys who do business like  
you, and guys who do business like  
us --  
(turns)  
Jail can be a nasty place. You  
needed protection out in Jackson  
and we were there for you.

Taylor slows. Takes a mag. Fishes for a box of rounds, starts  
loading it. Smiling away.

TAYLOR

There some funny language about  
that you didn't understand? Some  
kinda fine print problem?

CLICK-CLACK. The MACHINE GUN in Taylor's hands is loaded now.  
He takes a step in toward Jimmy --

JIMMY

N. No man -- that, that's --

TAYLOR

We know you got that father, a  
colored little brother...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 (postures)  
 We could go collect from them?

Jimmy's scrambling. FAST for a lifeboat here and --

JIMMY  
 -- *Taylor*. Man.  
 (-- folds)  
 I said I didn't have it *here* -- not  
 that I don't have it.

Taylor holds. Stays put. Right in Jimmy's face. Smiling...

**INT. BOTTOM OF ELEVATOR SHAFT - DREAM - UNSPEC**

We're in what we can best make out at first as a dark space. LIGHTS, unearthly, glow in abstract -- HUMMING. Brighter. This glow gathers, PULSING upward along CONCRETE WALLS --

**INT. ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**ANGLE:** Eli wakes up. Lying in bed. The HUMMING still ringing lightly in his ears...

After a moment -- he sits up, unable to shake the dream...

**EXT. DETROIT - CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Eli PEDALS. A DUFFLE BAG slung over his shoulders. ADRENALINE spiking. A kid who shouldn't be out in a neighborhood this tough this late. Scary --

A TRIO of HOODS CALL OUT from a GAS STATION as he passes, faces lit only by the cherries of dragged cigarettes --

HOODS, ETC  
 Yo -- lil man! Hey! Come here real  
 quick -- YO!

**EXT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - NIGHT**

Eli skids to a stop. No one's visible in sight. Street lights don't work out here. VACANT STRUCTURES linger now like creaky monsters dozing in hunkered down silence. Haunting.

The MASSIVE ABANDONED COMPLEX is right where we left it.

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - MINUTES LATER**

Eli enters. Moving through the MASSIVE SPACE. Every step an ECHO in the black. Eli wades further --

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - O.K. CORRAL - NIGHT**

**ANGLE:** HAL'S MAGLIGHT. Right where it was dropped. Eli picks it up. CLICKS it on and TURNS, SCANS the open air and --

*The aftermath of what we witnessed earlier is 100% GONE.*

No ice formations. No strange, FALLEN ARMORED ALIEN SOLDIERS.

*Like no one was ever here.* Eli WHIRLS. Aims his flashlight at the walls, the ceiling, the floor -- SCORCH MARKS and HOLES left by the WEAPONS' FIRE remain, but if we're being honest -- *A naysayer could call those anything.*

Eli turns to *THE OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT*. Where THE WEAPON went SLIDING... he crosses -- leans over the edge --

*Three stories straight down into shadow.* Eli wavers... GRIPS his DUFFLE. CLIMBS down and in. SCALING.

**INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER**

Eli DROPS to a safe landing, into decades of dust and debris.

Pitch black. Eli fumbles. CLICKS on the MAGLIGHT. Lighting up the bottom of this space around him --

SEES **THE WEAPON DEVICE**. *Still down here.* Lying in the dirt.

Eli reaches for it -- but before he can touch it, LIGHTS illuminate across the DEVICE. Eli recoils, startled for a second, then -- slowly -- he reaches... picks it up.

Once again, it CHIMES. As though this thing has recognized him -- **THE WEAPON COMES TO LIFE.**

Lighting up the darkness down here with an OTHERWORLDLY GLOW. THE OUTER SHIELD OPENS.

**RECONFIGURING.** PIECES of its EXTERIOR **RETRACT AND FOLD BACK** on their own to REVEAL a TRIGGER, BARREL -- a 3D TARGETTING system flickers into view, glowing, summoned out of thin air.

*Impossibly cool. The weapon HUMMING. Talking to him.* Eli takes in the sight of what's now held in his hands...

**EXT. CITY STREETS - MOVING - NIGHT**

**ANGLE:** that DUFFLE BAG NOW FULL. Slung over Eli's shoulders as he PEDALS. THE WEAPON inside.

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - UP THE BLOCK - NIGHT**

Eli comes RACING up the street. SWERVES for cover behind bushes as -- a CAB pulls up to Hal's house ahead --

*Jimmy.* Eli watches Jimmy get out, his footsteps a tipsy march. Climbing the front stairs of the house...

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - NIGHT**

Jimmy enters. Sees HAL. Still up watching Red Wings highlights. Beat.

HAL  
Where'd you go?

JIMMY  
Ended up at the Polish Sea League,  
um. Knew the bartender from ham  
high, she --  
(drunk, smiles)  
Bought me some celebratory shots.

Another beat. Jimmy's fumbling a little with the sleeves of his coat. Hal, watches this -- and --

HAL  
You need anything?

Jimmy slows. Hal's looked up from the TV at him. Jimmy's unprepared for the civility. Cautious.

JIMMY  
Erm. Water? Tylenol?

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - CONTINUOUS**

**THE FOLLOWING IS ALL ONE SHOT:** Eli silently walks his bike up the driveway, DUCKS as Hal crosses past in the window above --

-- holds. Eli stashes the bike and crosses, climbs a nearby garden stoop. Up along the back of the house. Up. Up. Up. Eli reaches, grips the gutter above --

**AND FREEZES.** As Hal re-emerges in view. Slows to a STOP in the window above the sink. Goes. Once he's gone, Eli looks --

Scales the rest of the way up to his bedroom window --

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hal returns to Jimmy with the glass of water, offers it along with two tablets of store brand ibuprofen. Jimmy accepts...

JIMMY  
Gonna need, uh --

He fumbles. Smiles again. Stuffs the pills into his pocket.

JIMMY  
-- these bad boys in the morning.

And Hal watches *his own son*. Drunk. Making hangover jokes... something stirs deep down. Just trying to put it right.

HAL  
Jimmy. I wanna help you, okay? I do. But you got a decade's worth of bad decisions under your belt, and you gotta make up for that first. You gotta be ready to work jobs you don't like, earn experience, earn trust --

Jimmy nods. Bleary. Pounding the glass of water. Hal eyes this -- maybe now's not the time.

HAL  
But, uh. Let's talk in the morning.

Hal nods, moves for the stairs. And as he goes --

JIMMY  
No. We should talk now.

Hal slows. Something was *different* in Jimmy's voice right there -- he turns back...

**INT. ELI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Eli slides the DUFFLE BAG with THE WEAPON under his bed -- rises. Hearing VOICES in the living room below...

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy thumbs that empty water glass a moment -- shaky... and he looks back at Hal. For the first time in a while. Jimmy's eyes are *glassy*. With more than booze.

JIMMY

Sixty K. I need to borrow sixty K.  
Sorry but it's gotta be you.

Jimmy's eyes are glassy with *fear*. Hal's unsure how to react.

HAL

From me? Are you kidding? Jimmy I  
don't have that kind of --

JIMMY

It's a whole *thing*. It's the reason  
I'm alive right now. You gotta hear  
me out --

HAL

-- no. I don't.

Hal's interrupted Jimmy. He holds on his son.

HAL

Not in my own home. Whatever this  
is, I'm not interested. Not anymore.

Hal turns again. Moves determined up the stairs now --

JIMMY

What about the safe?  
(beat)  
The one you keep at work sites.

-- and Hal STOPS.

JIMMY

One time, cash goes missing. I'll  
never ask you for a thing again, I  
can even pay it back over time --

Hal MOVES decisively back down the stairs --

HAL

What exactly are you saying to me?  
You want me to do *what*, exactly?  
(approaching)  
Steal for you? Let you steal?

JIMMY

It's not *for* me, that's what I'm-

HAL

Who's it for then? Huh? Let's hear.  
Go ahead --

JIMMY

*Dangerous* people. Okay? For when I was inside.

(imploring)

The kind you don't *not* pay back. People who won't just stop with me, you -- you --

(dire)

Understand what I'm saying to you? I'm trying to protect you guys here!

**UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS:** Eli, now back in his pajamas, quietly approaches the top of the STAIRCASE -- there's silence, then:

HAL (O.S.)

Get the hell out. Now.

**DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS:** Hal's anger now barely controlled -- jabs his finger at the door. Jimmy, plea still ringing in his eyes, examines this -- and turns. Sets down the water glass --

JIMMY

It's funny. Cause I came in here -- marvelling at this place like the house time forgot, but you made changes, didn't you?

He grabs his jacket, moves for the door and slows. Motions.

JIMMY

(fumbles with his coat)

I don't see myself in any a these pictures -- *not a one*. My room? It's gone. You've got your replacement son up there in *my* bed.

**UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS:** Eli, hearing Jimmy refer to him like this, blinks -- and pauses. *Those words hurt*.

JIMMY (O.S.)

You erased every trace'a me. Didn't you? That how proud I make you? Would Mom've wanted that?

HAL (O.S.)

Your mother'd be disgusted right now. Get the fuck outta my house. I'm not telling you again.

**DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS:** Jimmy nods. *Some father*. SLAMS the door as he GOES. Leaves Hal to watch him trail away alone...

We HOLD on Hal here. His face. All of this familiar.



**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - PRE-DAWN**

Eli STRAINS again. Loading lumber back into Hal's truck. Hal slams a piece into place. Visibly grumpier than usual.

Hal hands Eli a piece of paper en route to closing up the garage. SLAMMING it shut.

HAL

Here. Things I need done today.  
Before I get home.

Eli looks. It's a LIST of chores like a million miles long.

ELI

Today? Ever since Jimmy --

HAL

-- Jimmy's got nothing to do with  
it. I'm keeping you out of trouble.

Hal climbs into his truck without another word, starts up and pulls away. Eli watches him go a moment. *What the hell?*

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - BEDROOM - MORNING**

**IN THE HALLWAY:** We HEAR THE WEAPON power to life behind Eli's closed bedroom door. PULSATING.

**ANGLE:** ELI in his room. Holding it up now. Its SIGHTING SYSTEM flickers into view. He grins, inspecting its contours up close...

And moves to a STANDING MIRROR ahead. MUGS at his reflection with THE WEAPON. MASSIVE in his hands. Eli poses with it a few times -- *and grins*. Begins QUICK-DRAWING with the SPACE WEAPON on his own reflection. *SHWIP! SHWIP! SHWIP!*

He stops. *Beat*. Listening for the sound of Hal's truck, and --

ELI

What'd you say?  
(DRAWS REAL FAST)  
Want summa this, huh?

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

One of those dumps along 8 mile near Woodward. Jimmy, hungover at the edge of a shoddy bed -- eyes the ibuprofen Hal gave him. Looking like death. Searching the air for options.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

The place is spotless. Eli's watching TV when Hal ENTERS --  
CROSSES and DROPS an arm-load of SCRAP METAL onto the CARPET.  
Eli JOLTS --

HAL

My maglight mysteriously reappears  
right where it's supposed to be --  
and I'm not gonna get curious? Took  
me all of five seconds to find that  
stash behind the garage. *Explain.*

Eli's trapped. Locks up -- debates denying it until he sees  
the look on Hal's face -- thinks better of it.

ELI

... there's a couple scrap yards  
that pay money for --

HAL

-- *scrapping?* You're *scrapping?*  
Where did all this come from?

ELI

A place off Grand River.

HAL

Did this *place, like my lot*, have a  
fence around it that said *stay out?*

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - DUSK**

Eli STOMPS down the stairs of the front stoop behind Hal.  
Both of them headed for Hal's truck --

HAL

I've got a directory of property  
developers at the site. You're  
gonna call every single one you've  
broken into, tell them what you did  
and pray to God they accept your  
apology --

And Eli STOPS. In disbelief of how bad Hal is freaking out --

ELI

WHY? It's just a bunch of old metal --

HAL

-- that wasn't yours, Elijah! None  
of it.

HAL (CONT'D)  
 Now get in the truck, or do I call  
 the police instead? Your decision.

**EXT/INT. HAL'S TRUCK - WOODWARD AVE - NIGHT**

Hal and Eli ride. Eli not speaking. Angry, humiliated. After a moment, he GRUMBLES something as we JOSTLE with potholes...

HAL  
 What'd you say?

Eli doesn't respond.

HAL  
 I catch you stealing but I'm the  
 bad guy? That's it?

ELI  
 I didn't *hurt* anybody -- it's stuff  
 that's been sitting there for years --

HAL  
 Everything that's ever been stolen  
 ever was something that was just  
 sitting there.

ELI  
 I don't even know why I listen to  
 you.

HAL  
 You don't have a choice, I'm your  
 father --

ELI  
 No you're not. Only reason I'm here  
 is cause you guys wanted some kinda  
 replacement kid --

*Hal looks at Eli.* HOLDS. Driving. Throws on his blinker.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CORKTOWN - NIGHT**

The epicenter of Detroit's more recent gentrification. Hal pulls up to a CONSTRUCTION SITE. A condo high-rise for rich kids moving in from the burbs. His TRUCK rumbles to a stop --

HAL  
 Where'd you hear that? Someone tell  
 you that?

Eli doesn't answer.

Hal puts it in park. Collects himself.

HAL

I'm gonna say this to you once, and I want you to hear me. You are nobody's replacement.

Hal goes quiet a moment. Chooses his words carefully, but with conviction.

HAL

You're not somebody's guilt trip.  
You're not some booby-prize.

(then)

You're *our* son. But your mother's gone now, so it's my job to pull you as far back from the ledge'a bad decisions as possible -- and I'm doing the best I can without her. This may not always make us best buddies, but hopefully it'll mean the difference between you turning out okay -- and you not. That's why we're here. That's why I'm hard on you.

Beat. Eli softens -- but only a little. Hal holds on him.

Silence passes. Eli's unmoving. Hal shakes his head. EXHALES.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CORKTOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Hal and Eli get out, crossing up the street towards a sign labeled SOUTH ENTRANCE. Hal pulls out HIS KEYS --

-- and sees the CHAIN around the GATE has been CUT. The PADLOCK dangles imperceptibly off to the side.

Hal slows. Grave. Intercepts Eli, directs him back to the truck. Hands him the keys.

HAL

Wait in the truck a minute.

ELI

Why?

HAL

Go. I'll be back.

Eli TSKS, complies. Hal closes the door behind him, reaches for a crowbar in the truck's bed, heads for the GATE.

**INT. HAL'S TRUCK - CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT**

Eli, alone now, locks the doors and begins FLIPPING through HIP HOP stations -- the street beyond quiet --

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS**

Hal moves cautiously. Towering steel columns lift up and away into darkness. He rounds a bend to see HIS WORK TRAILER.

The LIGHT is ON inside. Music can be heard. An ANCIENT RADIO scratching out Joni Mitchell's copacetic hymnal: *HELP ME*.

Hal moves for this, fast and --

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MANAGER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

-- opens the trailer door. It SWINGS open and Hal lays eyes on JIMMY and the SIX-ODD SHADY CRIMINALS in here with him.

A SAFE behind Hal's desk has been BROKEN OPEN. The last of the CASH that was in his safe is being stuffed into a BLACK GARBAGE BAG --

JIMMY

*Dad -- what the FUCK --*

Beat. Hal grips the crowbar TIGHT at his side -- Taylor, who's taken Hal's seat behind his desk, rises --

TAYLOR

This is dad? Hey *dad*.

HAL

(to Jimmy only)  
What are you doing in here?

TAYLOR

Taking money from this safe.

HAL

(points the crowbar)  
That's not yours.

JIMMY

*Dad I'm serious -- turn around and walk the fuck outta here NOW -- we'll talk about this later.*

Hal's not gonna do that. He zeroes in on Taylor. Nods to the black garbage bag --

HAL

I don't know what my kid promised you, but that's not his to give or yours to take.

TAYLOR

It isn't?

JIMMY

Please -- Dad --

TAYLOR

Shh. Jimmy. Your father's talking.

*And Taylor's no longer smiling. Sizing Hal up. A distant glaze settling over his expression.*

TAYLOR

You were saying?

HAL

I don't have a gripe with you.

TAYLOR

But we gotta put this money back.

Hal swallows a lump in his throat -- squeezes the crowbar --

HAL

-- Yeah.

TAYLOR

Huh.

**BLAM.** Taylor **DRAWS** his weapon and **FIRES** on Hal. Blood spatters. The round catches Hal in the chest --

JIMMY

NO --

Taylor's **AIMING** again. All instinct, **JIMMY RUSHES. DESPERATE. GRABS** for TAYLOR'S GUN as it **FIRES**. SENDS a ROUND through a window -- *and* --

**BLAM.** Taylor **SQUEEZES** the trigger again as he and Jimmy **STRUGGLE. BLAM.** A SHOT **EXPLODES** right through **DUTCH'S NECK.** Dutch goes gurgling **WIDE EYED BACKWARD. SCREAMS** of shock.

**EVERYONE DRAWS THEIR WEAPON.**

So Jimmy **BEGINS SQUEEZING** the TRIGGER of Taylor's gun. **BLAM.** Renny **SHRIEKS. SHOT** through the WRIST -- **BLAM.** RENNY SHOTS the GUY NEXT TO HIM through the foot who **BLASTS** the ceiling -- *all of this a whirling berzerko nightmare* --

Jimmy trying to DRAIN the CLIP -- FIRING -- WRESTLES --

**INT. HAL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

As Eli sits in Hal's truck, nodding along to BLASTING HIP HOP -- we can see what he doesn't: faint, distant MUZZLE FLASHES in the FARAWAY darkness behind him --

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MANAGER'S TRAILER - CITY STREETS**

Taylor manages to WRENCH Jimmy's hand DOWNWARD, trying to grab the gun and **BLAM**. A ROUND goes through Taylor's LEG.

Taylor SCREAMS -- Joni Mitchell's ballad CRESCENDOS --

**CRACK!** HEAD-BUTTS Jimmy. Sends him backward. Taylor collapses as well, grabbing his THIGH and SCREAMING --

And he SEES -- DUTCH. GURGLING in the corner ahead with blood bubbling out of the dime-sized HOLE in his neck --

TAYLOR  
(scrambles for him)  
N-nn-no -- nnn-no-no-no --

Panting, fumbling, Jimmy looks -- *sees Hal*. On the ground. Eyes open, motionless for good. And the world quiets.

JIMMY  
Dad? Dad --

Panic surges in Jimmy. The room drops into a spin. He JOLTS, scrambles over to shake Hal -- water rising up -- denial --

JIMMY  
DAD --

*Nothing*. Jimmy WHIRLS. Looking for help.

Nearby, Dutch is bleeding out. Taylor's RIPPED a piece of his shirt away to JAM it against his brother's neck. PLEADING as Dutch drowns in his own blood -- Taylor looks. Sees Jimmy.

*Beat*. Taylor fumbles for his GUN. Hands slick -- Jimmy blanches, spots the BLACK PLASTIC BAG -- GRABS IT and LEAPS --

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MANAGER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy BITES IT into gravel outside as **BULLETS SHATTER** the door frame behind him. CLAMORING. All sloppy foot-falls and hand scrambles -- RACING away through the CONSTRUCTION SITE --

**INT. HAL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

MUSIC PLAYS, drowning out the OUTSIDE -- Eli distracted --

**INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MANAGER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

Dutch's eyes don't close, but the last of his gurgling dwindles into silence. Still, Taylor tries to stem the bleeding -- holding -- mumbling --

TAYLOR

Dutch? Dutch?

Nothing. Taylor lets out a weird SOB -- brings his forehead forward into Dutch's...

TAYLOR

Dutch, Dutch, Dutch, Dutchy...

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CORKTOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy SKIDS through the entrance gate -- moves to tear across the street and hop a fence -- when he --

Sees HAL'S TRUCK. Parked up the block. *Eli*. Inside.

*FUCK. This can't be FUCKING HAPPENING --*

Jimmy turns back to the CONSTRUCTION YARD. The sound of FRANTIC VOICES can be heard. Taylor and his guys. They're coming this way. They're gonna spot Eli and they'll --

Unspeakable scenarios spin through Jimmy's head. He looks once more to his path of escape -- he could go, but he --

Turns back. Heads for the truck. Frantic. Trying to force back the overwhelming emotion drowning him --

**INT. HAL'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Eli JOLTS as Jimmy APPEARS at the driver's side door. Pale. But he sends Eli a big shaky smile. Eli unlocks the door.

Jimmy clamors in FAST --

JIMMY

Whattup kid, ahh...

Jimmy STARTS UP the truck without explanation, frantically shifts into drive and PEELS OUT -- SPEEDING AWAY --



ELI

W -- wait, what're you doing?

Jimmy looks at Eli. Racing. Everything spinning. Stammers. No clue what to say to this kid --

JIMMY

Ah. Didn't -- I mean --

Jimmy looks at Eli. Floundering. White as a sheet. Stuttering.

JIMMY

Dad didn't call you, ah. Too? To --  
(searching)  
To let you know about -- what  
happened?

ELI

Dad won't let me have a phone.

Jimmy proffers an *oh yeah smile* but he just looks weird. GUNNING it away. LOOKS to the rear view --

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CORKTOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor STAGGERS through the gate just in time to see HAL'S TRUCK speed away in the distance. His leg streaming blood, bleary with rage.

Renny, his arm gushing blood as well, is STRUGGLING to keep up, full blown panic --

RENNY

Tay, TAY man we gotta go! Cops'll  
be coming -- Tay -- we gotta get  
outta here we GOTTA --

**BLAM.** Taylor SHOOTS Renny in the face. Reaches for his cell. Dialing. Turns back into the site. Moving. Into the phone:

TAYLOR

Get the boys. Get the boys and get  
the guns.

JIMMY (PRE-LAP)

There was a, ah -- a break in...

**INT. HAL'S TRUCK - SPEEDING - CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

His attempts to appear normal are getting a little better -- but still, Eli's not vibing with it --

JIMMY

At the site, the south gate, right there...

(thinking)

You didn't see the chain cut?

ELI

No --

Jimmy's forming all of this in real time.

JIMMY

Somebody broke in -- stole a ton of gear, two trucks. And. Just trashed the place -- get this, they -- ah -- (got it!)

Dumped something like -- twenty thousand cubic yards of concrete at the base. Twenty *thousand* -- can you believe that?

Jimmy TAKES a HARD TURN, still gunning it --

ELI

And he called *you* to pick me up?

Jimmy eyes Eli's skepticism. Feigns indignance.

JIMMY

*Of course* he did, why wouldn't he?

ELI

I heard you two arguing last night --

Jimmy keeps it up. Dodges.

JIMMY

Yeah. We got into it --

(looks at Eli)

-- how much did you hear?

ELI

I saw you leave.

JIMMY

We can argue, but -- does that mean he can't call me when an emergency comes up? We're family, we can set little stuff aside when there's an emergency. I mean -- right?

Eli shrugs. Looks Jimmy over...

ELI  
Why are you all sweaty?

Jimmy stalls a second --

JIMMY  
-- cause I raced down there to get  
you, smart ass. You know none'a these  
neighborhoods are particularly great  
for leaving kids around unsupervised  
and shit.  
(beat)  
Am I right?

Eli holds a moment. True. But wary. Jimmy returns attention  
to the road ahead. PUTS the PEDAL to the floor --

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

*Silence.* Jimmy's tending to his injuries. Trying to. The  
facade is dropped in here. And Jimmy's reeling --

He looks to his expression in the mirror. Stems the tide.

His heart won't stop POUNDING. Jimmy chokes back on emotion.  
Tries to straighten. *Next moves. Next moves. Next moves...*

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmy steps out. Can see up the hallway into the KITCHEN.

Eli's there, drinking ORANGE JUICE from the carton.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmy enters, holding his phone to his ear. Play talking.

JIMMY  
No kidding. Yeah. Yeah. I mean -- I  
guess so. Okay.  
(nods to Eli)  
Yeah, he's here. Wanna talk to him?  
Oh. Yeah. Okay. Sounds good.

Jimmy fake hangs up. Clicks his tongue as though digesting.  
He's had some time to work on his aura of calm now, but the  
cracks are still slightly visible. He paces to the fridge --

JIMMY  
This is gonna blow your mind.

ELI

What?

JIMMY

It's fucked up down there. Like --  
*all hands on deck* bad. This spill?  
It's gonna take like four to six  
days to clean up. That's pulling  
round the clock shifts --

ELI

Did they catch the guys?

JIMMY

Who?

ELI

The guys who broke in.

JIMMY

Oh. Uh. No. I dunno. But listen.  
Dad's gonna be down there all night  
tonight and non-stop -- the next  
couple days working on this.

Eli takes this in. *Huh*. Considering what this means...

JIMMY

And he says. This is what he said  
to me -- he doesn't want you around  
here unsupervised causing a bunch  
of trouble. Won't have it.

ELI

Yeah, that sounds like Dad --

JIMMY

He was talking about doing some,  
ah. Asking me to look into some  
after-school type thing for you --  
like a daycare thing --

ELI

Daycare?? I'm twelve, I'm not --

Jimmy HOLDS up a finger --

JIMMY

*I talked to him*. It wasn't easy, as  
you know -- cause he's not exactly  
super happy with me either.

(then)

I tied it into our whole thing. Me,  
him and you. We're in a state.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And in terms of family now, it's just us. Like. I've been away, you've been working hard at school and --

(guessing)

-- it's been a minute since we did anything like -- you know. Bonding.

Eli's listening. Not disagreeing but waiting for the point --

JIMMY

So.

(then)

I said maybe it'd be good for us to all take a little... vacation.

Eli slows. Takes in this development. Jimmy's into his pitch now. It took him a second -- *but he's pretty convincing...*

ELI

Like. All of us?

JIMMY

Yeah, man! Me you and dad. Well. Just you and me at first -- since he's got his thing to deal with, but yeah -- a little road trip, you know? And then, dad'll --

Jimmy strains.

Holding together the lie becomes hard with this next part --

JIMMY

-- he'll meet us there.

ELI

Meet us where?

JIMMY

You remember that cottage we all used to go to near Lake Tahoe? The one we used to rent out on summers? It was a while ago.

ELI

A little.

JIMMY

You were pretty young. Perfect hideaway, I'm thinking.

**EXT. I-75 - CONTINUOUS**

A scary ass DELTA 88 and a CUTLASS CIERA cut past us. Flying. En route for the Caniff EXIT RAMP.

INSIDE the latter, packed in along a new group of PEERS, Taylor and his entire crew are loading bullets into clips.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

ELI  
Dad's cool with this?

-- and so Jimmy makes his final gambit...

JIMMY  
Yeah, man. You wanna call him -- ask him yourself? Go ahead.

... Jimmy offers Eli his cell phone. Eli takes it...

JIMMY  
Heads up, though -- I think I might just go either way. I've been locked inside too many small rooms for too damn long.  
(then)  
So you want adventure or chores? Your call.

Moment of truth. Eli eyes the phone in his hands...

... *and doesn't call.* Hands it back to Jimmy. Who CLAPS.

JIMMY  
Get your shit. Five minutes. Go.

ELI  
Now?

JIMMY  
Let's go!

Eli moves. Jimmy watches him go... the veil receding.

**INT. ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Eli sets to it. He stuffs a couple shirts, socks, tooth-brush into his backpack --

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Jimmy TUGS an OLD TRUNK free from storage. Pulls it open to find -- clothing. A little dated but whatever. Boots. Shades.

**INT. ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Eli drops down to peer beneath the bed. At the DUFFLE BAG. He considers. *Bring it or no...* Eli does. Begins to PACK over **THE WEAPON**.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Jimmy searches out a satchel. STUFFS the PISTOL in first. Then the BLACK GARBAGE BAG. Then clothing. Whatever fits --

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - NIGHT**

**ANGLE:** Eli's backpack and the DUFFLE BAG with THE WEAPON are tossed in the truck next to Jimmy's satchel -- he strains --

JIMMY

Damn, Eli. Brought your whole room --

**MOMENTS LATER:** Jimmy's gunning it away. HAL'S TRUCK a set of tail-lights just as -- the camera loiters -- PANS -- to the OTHER SIDE of the BLOCK. The opposite direction...

TWO SETS OF HEADLIGHTS come **TEARING** AROUND the far CORNER. The DELTA and CUTLASS come THUNDERING UP.

**INT. HROBSKY HOME - NIGHT**

The front door is KICKED OPEN. Taylor enters, still blood spattered, dragging his leg along now, with EIGHT MORE CRONIES at his side. *It's quiet.*

TAYLOR

Toss this shit.

SNICK (20s), a biker prospect looking type, STEPS forward --

**EXT. HROBSKY HOME - CONTINUOUS**

**ANGLE:** PULLING slowly off the porch as the sound of destruction begins. As everything in this well-loved home is SMASHED. LOUDER and --

**EXT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - NIGHT**

*Silence.* And we return to this MONSTROSITY of a structure.

The MASSIVE CHAMBER where Eli first stumbled across THE WEAPON. *And we're not alone.* TWO FIGURES move into frame. *Silent. Eerie.* Hard to make out in the darkness --

**ONE OF THEM** tosses a fistfull of what look like MARBLES into the air -- *where they stay. Mechanical.* HOVERING. Then. They FAN OUT. ILLUMINATING the darkness. And **WE REVEAL:**

The two FIGURES are wearing the same type of OTHER-WORLDLY ARMOR we saw on the ALIEN BODIES Eli discovered here earlier.

We'll call these figures **THE CLEANERS.** *And we can take a guess as to what they're looking for.*

They move through the space, each using SCANNING DEVICES as they go. One slows -- keys a command in and --

*FOOTSTEPS* in gravel and dust illuminate. *Eli's footsteps.*

SEVERAL of the marble-like devices SWOOP IN overhead, slow -- TRACING Eli's footpath forward. To the ELEVATOR SHAFT --

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT**

One of the Cleaners DROPS STRAIGHT down to the bottom. A WHIRRR sounds from his MECHANIZED BOOTS. SHOCK SUPPORT --

The Cleaner turns. No sign of THE WEAPON --

**INT. DERELICT SHIPPING SITE - EXIT - NIGHT**

The other Cleaner approaches a window. Looks out through broken glass. Over distant city lights and THE REST OF OUR WORLD...

**INT/EXT. HAL'S TRUCK - FREEWAY - IOWA - PRE-DAWN**

HAL'S TRUCK SAILS PAST us into wide horizons of midwest farmland. The distance beginning to glow. A new day on approach.

Jimmy's at the wheel, *looking like straight up death.*

A face that's clearly just driven through the night. His expression a void. His eyes lost. Alone with proverbial blood on his hands. Eli sleeps peacefully, riding shotgun.



**INT/EXT. HAL'S TRUCK - FREEWAY - IOWA - LATER**

The truck JOSTLES a moment and Eli stirs. Groggy. Lifts his head up off the hoodie he was using as a pillow --

JIMMY

Rise and shine. Welcome to Iowa...

Eli looks up. Sees infinite expanses of farmland. That's it.

JIMMY

... home of, ah -- fields? Lots of fields... the amish, maybe? I dunno.

(sees, up ahead)

And... *oh shit...*

**INT. SUPER TRUCK STOP - DAY**

Jimmy enters, smiles -- Eli following close behind --

JIMMY

All-in-one trucker paradise coves. These places are really weird but awesome. Need a shower? Nap? Fifty different types of jerky? They got you.

Jimmy pointing as he goes. Eli takes the strangeness of this place in... like a sprawling compound for crazies...

JIMMY

Most importantly though --

Jimmy halts at the SIGHT OF THIS PLACE'S ANCIENT ARCADE.

JIMMY

Fully functional *old school arcades*.

**INT. SUPER TRUCK STOP - ARCADE - DAY**

Jimmy and Eli are playing the TERMINATOR 2 ARCADE GAME. You remember it. Don't even lie. Jimmy's enthralled...

JIMMY

You gotta picture coming up to this thing in 94 at like a roller rink or something -- a game that had *machine guns* you could use to shoot *evil cyborgs* --

Eli doesn't really get it. And maybe he's got a point. In truth, it really hasn't aged well...

JIMMY  
 -- this thing gave me sooooo many  
 nightmares, I'm telling you.

ELI  
 Really?

Jimmy shoves a fist full of quarters into Eli's hand.

JIMMY  
 Here. Take over. I've gotta grab  
 something from the truck --

**EXT. SUPER TRUCK STOP - DAY**

Jimmy's HOISTED a clunky toolbox out of Hal's extended cab. Reaching for a SCREWDRIVER, he crosses the lot -- cautious. He moves for a CAR parked in silence around the side --

-- leans down fast and begins unscrewing its PLATES.

**INT. SUPER TRUCK STOP - CHECK-OUT - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Jimmy now grips a carton of smokes, energy drinks and a bag of chips on the counter. He turns as Eli walks up --

JIMMY  
 What'd you get?

-- Eli tosses in a bag of combos and a 20 oz coke. Jimmy pays hurriedly with a new hundred dollar bill --

Eli idles, meanwhile, looks into a nearby dining area --

Where A FAMILY OF FOUR, a MOTHER, FATHER and TWO SONS right around Eli's age, are eating together. Gabbing.

*Very likely also on vacation.* But in a way that tells us: *This is a happy, functional family.* The moment's INTERRUPTED as Jimmy slaps Eli's combos and soda into his hands --

JIMMY  
 C'mon -- the open road is calling.

**INT. TATTERED HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

**ANGLE:** we're moving up the short hallway en route toward's Taylor's gross and disgusting kitchen.

TAYLOR -- with his leg crudely bandaged, is seated atop his battered, cigarette burned table, facing away from us.

*The curtains are closed.* Light from outside fights its way in via JAGGED SLIVERS here and there --

What sounds at first like LOUD BREATHS coming from Taylor become SOBS. Weird whimpers GASPING out between --

**WE MOVE** around him now until we can see his face. Tears and hurt and loss swilling outward past bloodshot eyes and a tweaker's stare. Taylor STANDS, PACES -- movements erratic.

Growing moreso. Caged. Until he turns, EXPLODES -- FLIPS his TABLE -- as it CARTWHEELS we CUT TO --

**INT/EXT. HAL'S TRUCK - IOWA FREEWAYS - DAY**

Jimmy and Eli DRIVE. TRAVERSING the featureless endlessness that is this section of the country. MUSIC PLAYS. Eli wears a pair of what look like Hal's sunglasses. Eating combos.

The silence gnaws a little at Jimmy, checks the rear view again, and then --

JIMMY

So. You got a girlfriend?

Eli looks at him. Shrugs.

JIMMY

That's either the best or worst response that's ever been given to that question.

(beat)

Do you really not know?

Eli looks at Jimmy.

ELI

It's none of your business.

JIMMY

But I'm *family*. You can share that shit with me --

(Eli stays quiet)

Don't get me wrong -- I'd be up for telling you about *my* love life, but I just got out of prison. All my shit ranges from uncomfortable to downright terrifying. No?

(still nothing)

*Suit yourself* -- so there was this Spanish guy, right? Spanish-ish.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Named Rafi -- who kept sneaking me  
smokes all the time and I'm like,  
why's this guy being so nice to me?  
One day I'm in the shower, minding  
my own business and he comes up to  
me all like --

(sleezy)

Yo man, ay. Gimme a back rub, son.  
And I'm like --

ELI

(interrupts)

Ahh -- STOP. *Please*. Just stop --

Jimmy looks at Eli. Beat. Shit-eating grin flashing forward  
again. Eli, annoyed, goes back to his combos --

JIMMY

You don't wanna hear the rest a'my  
story? It's got a happy ending --

(beat, grinning)

-- get it? Are you old enough to  
get that?

Eli looks at Jimmy. Beat. After a moment, Eli shakes his head  
and grins. Outside, they pass a SIGN: **WELCOME TO NEBRASKA!**

**EXT. HOTEL - RURAL NEBRASKA - DUSK**

**ANGLE:** We're parked. Carefully around the side out of view  
from the road. Jimmy reaches into his satchel for the BLACK  
PLASTIC BAG filled with money --

He makes sure Eli's not watching, removes a couple hundreds.

JIMMY (PRE-LAP)

Go to town. Sky's the limit.

**INT. VENDING MACHINES - HOTEL - RURAL NEBRASKA - DUSK**

Jimmy and Eli are standing in front of a vending machine.

ELI

I had combos for lunch --

JIMMY

Heaven right? C'mon. Candy bars for  
dinner. Go nuts.

ELI

Yeah... uh. I'm not six.  
(nods to the machine)

ELI (CONT'D)

You know all this stuff is bad for you, right? Like. There's zero nutritional value here --

-- Jimmy's distracted. Listening to the sound of POLICE SIRENS in approach. Holding until they pass. Jimmy watches a HIGHWAY PATROL CAR RACE by the hotel -- and it's GONE.

*Jimmy sees that Eli noticed the whole thing. Offers a smile.*

JIMMY

Old habits.

(then, turns)

Alright. Fine. Kid wants a Kale salad apparently. Let's go, Jenny Craig.

Jimmy motions Eli along. Out into the lot.

JIMMY (PRE-LAP)

How many can you do? I'm serious --

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy and Eli in the hotel room. Dinner aftermath is everywhere. Jimmy's pulling from a fifth of whiskey. Drunk.

ELI

I dunno, as many as I want.

JIMMY

No, like -- I'm talking about in a row. All in a row.

Eli shrugs. Jimmy swigs, motions to the room in front of them.

JIMMY

Now's your chance, man. Go, go, go!

Eli smiles, beat.

ELI

Twenty bucks if I make it to six.

JIMMY

Pssh. Fifty.

Eli accepts. Crosses -- and BEGINS DOING CARTWHEELS across the room. SPECTACULARLY DROP KICKS a lamp in passing.

Jimmy SPIT TAKES as it hits a WALL, SMASHES --

Eli looks -- relieved to find that Jimmy thinks this is hilarious, then pauses -- sensing it. Eli crosses --

JIMMY  
 (reaches)  
 The hotel's gonna want their cut'a  
 this fifty -- be warned...

Jimmy watches Eli as he reaches for his coat pocket and the inhaler inside -- Eli uses it. Laughs. Takes a BREATH --

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

With the shower running, Eli's brought the DUFFLE BAG into the bathroom. THE WEAPON is out and TURNED ON. Eli's using the TARGETING SYSTEM to take aim at different objects --

-- Eli's hand grazes the trigger a moment. *Doesn't pull.* Curiosity growing. Eli eyeballs THE WEAPON in his hands.

*What are you?*

On the left side of the gun, along the lower barrel, Eli spots a blinking GREEN NODE. Not a trigger, something else --

-- cautiously, he runs his finger across it --

**KR-SHRRR-VRRRP.** The WEAPON JOLTS in his hands as he does. Two sleek appendages extend sideways like recoil dampeners --

-- the **BARREL SHORTENS.** Like a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN --

Eli holds a moment in awe of this thing's self-adjusting design. Tries it AGAIN -- and THE WEAPON takes on **YET ANOTHER CONFIGURATION.** Different MODES. Insane.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

Eli exits the bathroom, THE WEAPON inside the duffle again. Washed up, ready for bed. He looks --

Jimmy's passed out on his bed. The empty fifth now dangling from his fingertips. BUT -- left out on the table stand:

Is a pair of CHUCK TAYLORS maybe one size too big. Beat. Eli looks this gift over -- a note on hotel stationary reads:

**HOOKED YOU UP AS PROMISED. BIG BROTHER.**

Eli grins. Looks to Jimmy -- and spots his packed satchel at the base of nightstand. Poking into view is the corner of a framed PICTURE. Eli moves closer and pulls it into view...

... it's a familiar FRAMED PHOTO. The image of a YOUNGER HAL with his arms around Jimmy's MOTHER. *Jimmy must've swiped it from the living room before they left.*

Eli looks to Jimmy, passed out -- *why would he have this?*

**EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN**

**ANGLE:** Eli's feet, clad in those Chucks. Stepping out of the room, closing the door behind. They're a pretty good fit --

**EXT. HOTEL ROOMS - WANDERING - MOMENTS LATER**

Eli moves through the space in early morning light. Weaving through modest corridors of closed doors -- Eli slows --

-- finds himself on the SECOND FLOOR. Looking down into a courtyard where a battered ELDERLY GROUNDSKEEPER is skimming the hotel's tiny pool. The GROUNDSKEEPER looks up, sees Eli.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Morning. Up with the sunrise, huh?

Eli shrugs. The Groundskeeper eyes him a moment. Smiles.

GROUNDSKEEPER

There's never enough time in the day, am I right?

The Groundskeeper goes back to his work -- Eli watches him go, then sits, his legs dangling through the railing --

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE MORNING**

Piercing WHITE LIGHT stabs through windows even with the curtains drawn. Eli's shaking Jimmy to wake up.

ELI

Jimmy. Jimmy.

Jimmy stirs. Eyes puffy and red and hungover -- groggy --

JIMMY

Hmmmm? Wha?

ELI

We're supposed to check out twenty minutes ago.

*Dammit.* Jimmy mumbles, incoherent. Fumbles for the truck keys.

JIMMY  
Uh. Kay. Pull the truck around and  
I'll be right out.

ELI  
I can't drive.

JIMMY  
Sure you can.

ELI  
No. Like -- I don't know how.

Jimmy opens one eye at Eli, wiping away an eyelash booger.

**EXT. DIRT LOT BEHIND THE HOTEL - MORNING**

Jimmy, looking like death behind his sunglasses -- smokes and grips a black coffee like a lifeline. Satchel is at his feet --

JIMMY  
Now the trick to perfecting the  
neutral slam --

Eli's BEHIND THE WHEEL of Hal's truck just ahead. REVING it.

JIMMY  
Is not panicking when you drop it  
into gear! Crank the wheel to your  
left, and keep your foot on the gas  
no matter what! Don't be scared!  
(re: engine revving)  
No matter what happens! More!

Eli does. He's in NEUTRAL. Revs the engine into the red --

ELI  
Like this?? Are you serious?

JIMMY  
Just trust me, okay?! HOLD IT AND --

Eli looks to the dash. HAL'S TRUCK ENGINE like a snarling  
monster at the brink --

ELI  
NOW?

JIMMY  
NOW!

Eli throws it into **DRIVE**. HOLDS the WHEEL LEFT as the truck  
LUNGES FORWARD and SPRAYS GRAVEL -- FISHTAILING away --

Jimmy, behind him, dodging the CLOUD of dust that's kicked up  
in Eli's wake as he TEARS away behind the wheel.



*Doing 40 mph DOUGHNUTS. A CLOUD of DUST KICKING UP around the truck.*

**ANGLE:** Eli at the wheel of Hal's truck. *The world a whirling blur.* Slow motion. Eli hangs on, having the time of his life while gripping the wheel.

**EXT. WYOMING - RURAL FREEWAY - DAY**

Hal's truck, covered in dust now, SAILS past a SIGN: **WELCOME TO WYOMING!** We're on smaller roadways now. Discreet travel.

Eli, with his window rolled down, takes the sting of whipping air against his fingers in and sees --

**OUT THE WINDOW:** a CROP DUSTER matching pace with Eli and Jimmy in the air above -- spraying farmland dotted by WIND TURBINES which pass like looming giants -- an aerial dance --

-- and Eli watches, enthralled.

**EXT. BUSTED UP TRAILER - TRAILER PARK - ROCKIES - DAY**

We're most definitely not in Wyoming.

Overgrown reeds threaten to devour a half-collapsed and rusted out number tethered to the underbelly of a COLORADO ROCKY MOUNTAIN. Who knows which one --

-- KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK --

**INT. BUSTED UP TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

BONNIE (20s) a rough and rural-looking glam rock enthusiast with a big black eye is BANGING away on this unit's closed back bedroom door --

BONNIE

You still owe me rent, bitch!

The door JOSTLES and opens to reveal the face of MILLY (young 30s), beautiful. Even having just-crawled-out-of-bed. Beat.

BONNIE

Really? Who the hell sleeps in this late?

MILLY

Vampires.  
(then)  
What do you want?

BONNIE

Lee's on the phone and he says  
you're not picking up.

Milly anti-responds.

BONNIE

He says he needs you to come in and  
told me to remind you about what  
happened the last time you avoided  
him --

(off Milly's look)

Please don't put me between you and  
that psychopath again. He doesn't  
want to hear it --

In Bonnie's eyes now we see fear flashing. Milly takes this  
in -- specifically Bonnie's eye -- and holds...

**EXT. BUSTED UP TRAILER - TRAILER PARK - ROCKIES - DAY**

Milly, sporting MASSIVE SUNGLASSES, a short skirt and cowboy  
boots, exits the trailer with a GYM BAG over her shoulder --

-- heads for the ACCESS ROAD beyond as a FARMER'S TRUCK  
passes, then slows and reverses --

FARMER

Heading to work?

MILLY

Hey Memphis, yeah...

MEMPHIS

Well jump on in. Something mean's  
blowing in from the east we don't  
wanna get caught in it --

Milly climbs in and they're off.

**EXT. COLORADO - DENVER - DUSK**

DENVER in approach from the east is not unlike approaching an  
outpost at the edge of the world. HAL'S TRUCK BLOWS PAST US  
with Jimmy and Eli inside. Out ahead, the ROCKIES loom tall.

**EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - SIDE OF FREEWAY - NIGHT**

Eli and Jimmy have pulled over. Both brothers stand off to  
the side of the road, taking a leak.

JIMMY

I'm sacked. What do you think?  
Should we call it in the rockies?

Eli nods, zipping up. Moves for Hal's truck. A thought comes to Jimmy. He calls over his shoulder--

JIMMY

What do you think of performance  
art? You like that kinda thing?

**EXT. MINESHAFT - SIDE LOT - NIGHT**

Pulsing MUSIC echoes. Eli stands alone in a parking lot lit by neon SIGNS. Jimmy, standing across the lot at the side door of what's obviously a STRIP CLUB, is discretely COUNTING OUT a FEW HUNDREDS and handing it all over to a BOUNCER TYPE.

After a moment the guy nods. Opens the door wider for Jimmy, who WHISTLES to Eli and waves him over...

**INT. THE MINESHAFT - STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

This place is everything you'd expect a place named the MINESHAFT to be. Local digs and local dregs.

Mountain girls with curvy, freckled edges and smiles pass a wide-eyed ELI. NONE are wearing clothes.

ELI

Are you sure this is okay?

Jimmy, with the satchel at his side, takes a shot with a beer.

JIMMY

Definitely a million percent.

Eli looks around, there are maybe FIVE CUSTOMERS in here max. That and a BOOTH of COWBOY-TYPES in the faraway corner.

JIMMY

Here.

Jimmy's pulled out a large wad of singles. Winks. Hands them to Eli.

JIMMY

For the girls!

Eli accepts, confused, not sure what exactly he's supposed to do with this money but playing as though he does.

JIMMY

(grins)

You do know that's the whole point of this place, right? You give the money to the girls. Or your favorite girl --

A scantily clad redhead strolls up --

GIRL

You want a dance, honey?

JIMMY

Just getting settled, maybe in a minute?

She nods, departs, Eli sheepish as she passes, takes out his INHALER and PUFFS as he watches her to go -- Jimmy grins --

JIMMY

You okay there?

ELI

It's my asthma.

JIMMY

Your heart rate's up. It happens.

Jimmy maintains his grin, Eli defensively hides the INHALER. Aware of the fact that it doesn't help his street cred. He looks, pockets the cash Jimmy just gave him --

ELI

Dad would not be happy about this.  
(re: around)  
You talk to him today?

JIMMY

(watching the dancers)

We texted. He was crashing out, had -- two back-to-back all-nighters. He says hi and that we'd better be behaving. I told him we were...  
(smiles to a passing girl)  
... drink your coke, man. Watch the show, it's what we're here for.

Above, the lights dim for the next act. **MUSIC STARTS.**

**AHEAD:** the battered contours of this building give way to an antiquated stage. Perfect for what happens next -- as a **YOUNG WOMAN** steps into view -- *the kind that shuts you up.*

It's MILLY. From the earlier scene. A pistol in go-go shorts now, in costume, her eyes electric under stage-lights.

Moving under the sway of the music -- her clothing departs one article at a time. And so it goes. And she sees --

Eli and Jimmy. Watching her, stupefied. Jimmy -- finishes his beer, signals for another, watching -- he looks at Eli --

JIMMY  
(over the music)  
I like her! She seems nice!

**INT. PRIVATE BOOTH - IN BACK - LATER**

**CUT TO:** a private dance. Milly and Jimmy up close. Jimmy's buzzing, Milly's green cat eyes working their charm --

MILLY  
So who's that with you?

JIMMY  
My little brother.  
(she eyes this)  
Adopted. Obviously. But -- brother.

MILLY  
He's been out there himself a while --

JIMMY  
He's a twelve-year-old surrounded  
by an endless supply of pop and  
half naked women, he's just fine --  
(grins)  
-- what's your name?

She smiles back. Not even about to tell him that.

JIMMY  
No wait. I can guess. Sparkles.

Milly maintains that grin.

JIMMY  
Sparkles? I'm Jimmy.

MILLY  
Hi Jimmy.

JIMMY  
I'm gonna be direct with you,  
Sprinkles, I have a lot of money on  
me.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Tonight I'm gonna get really drunk  
and my brother's gonna get really  
caffeinated and it'd be awesome if  
you'd join us.

Milly maintains her smile. Doesn't say anything back, but...

**INT. THE MINESHAFT - NIGHT**

SHOTS. SHOTS. SHOTS. COCA-COLA for Eli. Milly's joined Jimmy  
and Eli in their booth. Jimmy's flying, toasts --

JIMMY

Cheers! To the Hrobsky brothers. On  
the road and making new friends!!

The commotion Jimmy's causing starting to draw attention.  
That group of COWBOY-TYPES in the faraway booth are getting a  
good look at him...

**WE HONE IN:** on one particular guy in their midst. Built. This  
is LEE (50s), rugged with deep-sunk eyes.

**CUT TO:** Jimmy doing another round. This time with nearly  
EVERY DANCER in here. A whole LINEUP of scantily clad women --

JIMMY

To the ladies of The Mineshaft!

**INT. THE MINESHAFT - JIMMY & ELI'S TABLE - LATER**

While Jimmy drinks and flirts with ANOTHER DANCER, Milly  
chats up Eli. She's thrown a shall across her shoulders. Both  
are now sipping cokes.

ELI

Seventh grade. Next year.

MILLY

That's a big year --

ELI

Where'd you go to school?

Milly looks Eli over. Likes this kid, *the old-soul quality*  
*about Eli*. Emerging now that he's gotten used to this place.

MILLY

Where I'm from.

ELI

Colorado?

Milly's accent is more Carolina-bent.

MILLY

Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe I'm passing through like you.

(beat)

Where you guys going?

ELI

A cottage. Near Tahoe. We used to go there before my mom died.

Milly regards that, nods. Looks. At Jimmy --

MILLY

And your dad let you get in a car with this crazy guy?

ELI

I guess --

JIMMY

(overheard that)

I will let you know this is only his *first* gentleman's club -- he's here to become a man. We're doing life lessons.

Jimmy throws that imperceptible wink at Eli again. Grins. The other dancer reels Jimmy back in -- Milly looks at Eli...

MILLY

Is it working? You feel manly now?

Eli smiles, but no. Milly nods. Approves of this kid now --

MILLY

I'll let you in on something.

(leans in close)

Walking into a strip club never made anybody a man, ever. Your brother's fun but he's just as much a boy as you are. Don't tell him I said that.

Eli looks to Jimmy. Laughing at some joke. Doing yet another shot -- a VOICE calls out to Milly. She's up again next song.

MILLY

(smiles at Eli)

Be good.

Eli blushes. Milly turns to go --

ELI

Oh. Hey!

Milly slows, looks back -- to see Eli's pulling the cash Jimmy gave him out of his pocket. All in a big tangled wad.

ELI

This is for you.

Eli gives Milly the clump of money -- in her hands -- and the transaction is exactly as awkward as you can expect.

MILLY

... thanks.

OTHER DANCER

(leaves as well)

I'll be back.

Jimmy nods. He and Eli alone again for a moment.

JIMMY

Having fun?

Eli nods. Watching Milly go. Jimmy lights up a cigarette and lets the music take hold of the scene a beat. A comfortable silence in the tradition of Vincent and Mia.

Then. Eli looks at Jimmy, curious about something.

ELI

How come you went to jail?

Jimmy looks at Eli mid-drag, considers. EXHALES and ashes.

JIMMY

Grand theft auto. It's got a ring to it, huh?

(Eli nods)

That and a few other things.

ELI

Like what?

JIMMY

Stuff you're too young to hear.

ELI

According to you, I'm old enough to be in here --

Jimmy grins. *Touche*. But still -- he's not saying. So. Eli -- after a moment... looks to Jimmy and...



ELI  
I don't got a girlfriend.

Beat. Jimmy perks up. Smiles. Breaking down barriers. Ashes.

ELI  
The girls at my school are. They're nice. But. Um.  
(beat)  
I don't know. I just don't talk to many kids in my grade.

JIMMY  
Lone wolf, huh?

Eli shrugs.

ELI  
I don't know. I just -- never felt like I fit in... anywhere.

Jimmy slows. Stews on the implication of that. Toasts small in his rapidly accelerating drunk state.

JIMMY  
Cheers to that.

Beat. He lets the topic go --

ELI  
What's with you and dad?

JIMMY  
With us?

ELI  
He never talks about you much. When he does he's always grumpy. And he never took me to visit you.

JIMMY  
Would you have wanted to?

Jimmy looks at Eli who shrugs. Jimmy adjusts in his seat. Picks at his coat as though searching for lint a moment...

JIMMY  
The trouble between me and him, you know, it goes back to before you were even in the picture...

Jimmy looks at Eli. Slows. Smiles a little more and shrugs...

JIMMY

I don't think he ever saw himself  
in me. He was on one level, I was  
on another --

(beat)

-- me having a thing for getting  
into trouble only made it worse.

Jimmy sends Eli a look. The liquor now shining in his eyes.

JIMMY

By the time I was in my teens we  
had our whole thing -- I mean the  
entirety of our relationship --  
down to a sad science. It was  
arguments and screaming and  
throwing shit with mom crying --

(Jimmy slows)

Telling him to go easy on me, then  
him throwing me out of the house,  
calling me a lost cause and whatnot.

His eyes suddenly searching inward now. He slows. Toasts.

JIMMY

... until one day I woke up a long  
way from home and I was one. We  
just couldn't've been --

(bumps fists)

-- more different.

Jimmy stops. Emotion rattles up in his gaze. Beat. He looks  
away. Silence. Forces a smile but -- *he's angry.*

JIMMY

What are we even talking about this  
shit for? We're on vacation -- why  
are we digging up a buncha depressing  
shit from back home? I'm --

**MUSIC STARTS...**

Jimmy's searching for distraction. Sees. Milly. Back on stage.

JIMMY

(pounds his drink)

*Perfect.* Sprinklers is up. I'm  
gonna go cut a fuckin rug with her.

Jimmy JOLTS up out of his chair -- Eli's perplexion over this  
response turning to worry as --

ELI

Jimmy --

**UP ON STAGE:** Milly looks, sees Jimmy staggering this way. Eyes dead set on joining her --

Jimmy moves to climb up the low seats to the stage when --

He's GRABBED. By TWO OF THE COWBOY TYPES from the booth. Pulling Jimmy down and whirling him right into the face of --

LEE. Who's giving Jimmy a perplexed but unnerving smile --  
Beat. Jimmy looks at him. Sloppy now. Smiles right back --

JIMMY

Fuck me, it's *Lyle Lovett* --

LEE

Lee, actually. I own this club.

JIMMY

Nice place, Lyle. Do you mind? I'm trying to join the lady on stage --

LEE

We don't allow Johns on the stage.

Beat. Jimmy eyes him a moment. Grins. Winks at Lee --

JIMMY

Ah. I get you --  
(reaches)  
Well how about --

Jimmy proffers a crumpled, gnarled HUNDRED. Drunk. Wands it around in Lee's face like an asshole --

JIMMY

You and your friends just look the other way. Go on. Buy yourselves a nice round of sarsaparillas --

Eli -- across the room, can't hear what's being said but can sense the energy turning bad -- cautiously getting up --

Milly, on stage, has approached to assert calm --

MILLY

Lee, I got it -- he'll siddown --

LEE

Shut your fuckin mouth, Milly.

And that's a scary order that's just come from Lee. He's dead-staring Jimmy now. All the cordiality gone. Danger visible...

LEE

Look at you. Making jokes like that  
in my bar. How big're your balls,  
son? Pretty large?

JIMMY

Let me on stage and I'll show you.

LEE

What if I just kicked your teeth in?

Okay. This is real. This is about to happen -- and Jimmy --  
it's scary to say, but in a way, *he wants this fight.*

JIMMY

You could. You really could...  
(thinking on it...)  
... won't help you with that sting  
above your nose, though.

Jimmy LURCHES FORWARD and **HEAD-BUTTS** Lee between the eyes.  
Lee SCREAMS and goes TOPPLING BACKWARDS and immediately --

-- the BEATING COMMENCES. FIVE COWBOY TYPES SWARM Jimmy and --

**BEGIN PUMPELLING HIM.** Eli's jaw DROPPING. Already cautiously  
approaching, Eli comes RUSHING up. Milly tries to intervene,  
gets KNOCKED DOWN as a result --

Jimmy's GANG STOMPED -- a total shitshow broken out --

ELI

STOP! STOP! Let him g --

Eli's grabbed. Hoisted into the air and carried. KICKING and  
SCREAMING for Jimmy -- Eli's able to watch as his brother  
vanishes behind a flurry of BOOTS and PUMPELLING --

ELI

Let me GO! Get OFF ME -- LEMME --

Eli's jettisoned from the bar. The door SHUTS. And we remain  
in here with Jimmy as he's brutalized -- CUSTOMERS WHOOP --

Dancers recoil -- Jimmy's hoisted up onto his KNEES -- Lee,  
blood streaming down his face from the headbutt, steps in and  
starts WORKING Jimmy over --

An ugly scene getting WORSE and WORSE until --

*The sound of THE WEAPON POWERING UP is heard over the music.*

Heads turn. Jimmy barely conscious -- looks up to see --

ELI. Having re-entered. THE WEAPON is in his hands. Powered up and HUMMING and MENACING.

*Silence.* Every face in the bar now taking in the sight of what looks like a kid with some kind of VIDEO GAME TOY --

ELI

Let him go. Right now.

Eli's shaking to pieces. Terrified. But holds his ground...

Lee spits, smiles. Turns -- a couple snickers follow. Eli takes this in, looks to Jimmy --

Swivels THE WEAPON toward a POOL TABLE AND ---

**BLAAAAAAMM!**

**LITERALLY EXPLODES THE FUCKING THING.** BLASTING its FIERY GUTS straight through a nearby wall -- AN ENERGY BLAST. SCREAMS ERUPT -- Everyone THROWN -- even Eli RECOILS --

*-- backward in flabbergasted shock. Flaming debris spews -- music STOPS --*

Eli's got their attention now -- gripping a WEAPON the likes of which these people have never seen -- and --

Jimmy is DROPPED. Collapses to the floor -- heaving, a mess --

MILLY springs forward. HELPING Jimmy up in shocked silence --

Lee watching angrily as the trio hobbles for the exit --

LEE

(to Milly)

Bitch, where the hell do you think you're going?

**EXT. MINESHAFT - MINUTES LATER**

HAL'S TRUCK STARTS UP, pulling out FAST -- Milly's at the wheel and Eli, still gripping the gun, watches as --

-- the OTHER DANCER who was sitting with them earlier races out into the lot. Gripping Milly's GYM BAG. She HURLS it into the back of HAL's truck as it ROARS PAST out of THE LOT --

OTHER DANCER

Hope you know what you're DOING,  
Mill!

**EXT. ROCKIES - BACK ROADS - NIGHT**

And HAL'S TRUCK RACES PAST --

JIMMY (PRE-LAP)  
Stop -- stop the truck -- now --

**EXT. BACK COUNTRY - GRAZING FIELD - COLORADO - NIGHT**

Headlights break the surreal silence of high-mountain cattle country -- Milly pulling over...

The extended cab door JOLTS open and Jimmy, looking like half-mashed shit, tumbles out. White as a sheet -- stumbles off a few steps. Stops. Milly following Jimmy out, Eli too --

MILLY  
Hey! Get back in, we gotta --

JIMMY  
No --

MILLY  
You need to get to a hospital --

Jimmy's staring at Eli -- points -- to THE WEAPON --

JIMMY  
What the fuck is that!?

ELI  
It's a gun.

JIMMY  
*That* is not a gun. Guns shoot  
bullets -- that thing just exploded  
a goddam pool table --  
(freaking out)  
What is it?? Where did you get it??

ELI  
I found it. In this old warehouse  
where I'd been going for scrap...

JIMMY  
You found that in a vacant?  
(nevermind, crosses)  
Let me see.

Jimmy grabs THE WEAPON and yanks it away before Eli can protest. Still wobbling. He begins fiddling with it --

MILLY

*Jimmy.* You're drunk and you might  
have a concussion -- I don't think --

JIMMY

I'm f-fine. Just wanna look --

Jimmy hoists THE WEAPON up. Aims sloppily at a nearby HAY  
ROLL used for cattle grazing -- pulls the trigger --  
instantly, the weapon seizes -- MAKES AN ALERT SOUND --

-- glows a BURNING RED and --

Jimmy SCREAMS. YELPS. Drops the weapon. Throws it down -- his  
hands singed -- waving them off fast, cursing --

JIMMY

The HELL --

Jimmy looks at Eli. Not understanding. Then to Milly --

MILLY

Maybe it doesn't like you.

JIMMY

You try then.

MILLY

I'm not touching that thing.

Beat. Jimmy's rubbing his hands. Eli crosses, slow and --  
picks it up again. Sotto. Looks at Jimmy. Unburned.

JIMMY

So it likes you just fine, huh?

ELI

I told you, I just found it. I  
didn't even know what it could do  
until back there.

JIMMY

Had a pretty good idea though, didn't  
you?

Beat. Jimmy holds there in stunned disbelief. Turns. Eyes the  
large HAY-ROLL...

JIMMY

Don't just stand there, let's see  
it again -- in action. Go on.

Eli blinks. Looks to Milly then back to Jimmy. Activates the weapon, aims -- and BLOWS the HAYROLL into a sky-born TUFT of EMBERS, some of the HAY on FIRE -- fucking awesome --

Jimmy recoils, and despite his injuries and state -- whoops.

JIMMY

(points to another)

Well don't stop there, man --

Eli takes in his older brother's floored but wowed expression and grins as well. Okay. Takes aim and BLASTS THE HELL out of another one -- Jimmy cackles -- looks at Eli, impressed --

JIMMY

I can't believe you just left that in the back of the truck --

ELI

What? You want me walking around with it?

*Beat.* And Jimmy HALTS mid-thought. Remembers -- WHIRLS, looking back down the road -- begins stumbling --

JIMMY

Oh no. Please, no, no, no, no, no --

MILLY

What? Jimmy! WHAT?

JIMMY

My bag. The satchel I was carrying. All my money's in it -- I left it at the table --

Everyone exchanging looks.

MILLY

How much are we talking?

JIMMY

I dunno -- 60? 70? Thousand...

Eli looks to Jimmy -- surprised --

MILLY

Thousand?? In a satchel?

**EXT. THE MINESHAFT - NIGHT**

Smoldering smoke still wafts out of this place now.



A CRIME SCENE. FIREMEN linger but appear to be wrapping up. STATE TROOPERS loiter, trying to look badass.

MORGAN HUNTER (40s), poised, dressed up as though for a night out on the town -- pulls up in an unmarked crown vic.

She gets out. High heels clicking. Badges an officer to get past police tape. *Her badge is FBI.* A MAN approaches -- JAKE (30s), her partner.

MORGAN

I was on a date, you know that?  
First one since New York.

JAKE

Was it going well?

Morgan eyes him. Scans the setting --

MORGAN

We cooking meth on the dance floor?

JAKE

Statements recount an argument with a disgruntled customer that led to a fight -- and ended with gunfire.

MORGAN

Okay?

JAKE

Of *some* kind.  
(points)  
The most consistent description of what was fired has been a bazooka. Perhaps a rocket launcher. Which is why we're here.

Morgan looks at him. Perplexed. *Rocket launcher?*

MORGAN

Any casualties?

JAKE

Just a pool table.

Jake nods to an AMBULANCE nearby. LEE, flanked by peers, his nose broken, is getting patched up by a PARAMEDIC.

JAKE

See him? That's Lee Jacobs. Owner of this place. Guys got a rep. Prostitution, gambling, suspected of worse.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This can be a scary place for a girl to work -- which is why I'm not surprised that none of their security cameras are hooked up.

(beat)

You're looking good in that dress by the way...

Morgan snickers. Asshole. And the two step forward into --

**INT. THE MINESHAFT - CONTINUOUS**

-- the aftermath of Eli's damage. The remains of the pool table are everywhere -- mostly visible through the scorched WALL behind the spot where it used to be.

Morgan taking in the scope of this. Steps up to the damage.

MORGAN

Wasn't a rocket launcher. Maybe something home-made, but --

(beat)

That's a scary thought. See these burns... the way they --

(points)

-- ebb like that, consistent stop and start patterns -- no clear projectile entry point, just --

(then)

Almost looks like a *chemical burn*, but -- no residue, noxious fumes --

Okay. This has its hooks in her. Morgan looks to Jake.

MORGAN

This is the part where I pray that a room full of people in a strip club with no working cameras -- were at least able to provide descriptions of the shooter.

JAKE

The shooter was a *boy. 12-ish*. If you can believe that. African American -- with --

(checks his notes)

An older male, late 20s, Caucasian. And apparently a dancer on staff, also 20s, left with them.

MORGAN

Hostage?

JAKE  
Seems she went willingly.

MORGAN  
That'll make em distinct as far as  
traveling companions go.

She turns. Eyes the damage one more time --

MORGAN  
See what you can dig up on the  
pair. The two males.

Both of them moving to leave --

MORGAN  
We'll need this area sealed off. No  
one. Not a soul allowed inside.

**EXT. FARAWAY INCLINE - ROCKIES - CONTINUOUS**

**ANGLE:** we're looking out over the CRIME SCENE that's cropped up outside THE MINESHAFT. On an adjacent incline. Looking out over this via some kind of TACTICAL EYE-PIECE --

-- Morgan and Jake exit the structure. Walk-and-talking. Their faces, bio-signatures and vital stats are LOGGED --

**REVEAL:** we're watching this through the POV of **THE CLEANERS**. Through their *HELMETS*. Surveying and scanning the scene...

**INT. HOTEL - COLORADO - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT**

A creepy hotel in the middle of nowhere. Eli sits nearby, uneasy in the shadowy lobby, while Jimmy and Milly stand at the front desk -- Jimmy's counting out all the cash he's got.

CASHIER  
It'll be 46.82.

Jimmy smiles through crusting cuts and swollen bruises as he digs through pockets. The Cashier regards him. Unimpressed.

JIMMY  
Forty... six... hang in there...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A dump of a room. Jimmy's in the nearby bathroom. Eli and Milly share the small table. Milly's eyeing THE WEAPON --

-- sitting out and open on the bed nearby, silent, until --

-- SHRK-CLACK! It JOLTS into STANDBY MODE. She JUMPS. The HARDENED SHIELD exterior snaps into place over it --

ELI

It does that. Here.

Milly looks up. Eli's offering her some more of the SPRITE they're splitting. She nods --

He pours. As he does -- she spots -- the ugly scar on Eli's forearm. Beat. Then she motions.

MILLY

Where'd you get that? On your arm.

Eli looks. Down to his forearm. Covers it, awkward.

ELI

From my parents. Original ones.

Milly's smile drifts a minute -- but maintains. Polite.

MILLY

Mom or dad?

ELI

I don't know. I was a baby --

MILLY

(re: Jimmy)

And that's how you wound up with --

ELI

(nods)

-- from a shelter. They got me when I was a couple months old.

Milly nods. Can sense the residual heartache in that. Shifts, tugs at the sleeve of the hoodie she's borrowed from Jimmy --

MILLY

(pulls it back)

My parents gave me these for crying... I was about three.

She's revealed a small set of dime-sized scars on the back of her hands. Cigarette burns. Beat.

MILLY

Sometimes people who aren't ready to have kids have em anyway.

ELI  
You're adopted too?

MILLY  
Just a regular old runaway. I left home when I was about... three years older than you? Been on the move ever since.  
(holds up two fingers)  
My whole life, I've had to say peace to pretty much everyone I meet. Sad, but. The way it goes.

Eli's quiet. Doesn't know what to say to the thought of that.

MILLY  
(shrugs, re: Jimmy)  
Is this step-dad of yours like him?

ELI  
No. No way. He's like -- always serious, but. He's okay.

Milly leans in closer, moves Eli's hand from blocking it --

MILLY  
Never hide a scar. It's proof you've been places. Done things.

Eli smiles. Small. Jimmy EXITS the bathroom. Showered and having made shoddy attempts to bandage his face --

JIMMY  
How do I look?

MILLY  
(grins, shakes her head)  
Bad. Should've let us take you to the hospital.

JIMMY  
No. No hospitals.

MILLY  
Well -- you look hideous.  
(rises)  
Let me have a go.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Milly's cleaning and re-dressing Jimmy's wounds. One above his eye-brow, another on the side of his face, a few more atop his head -- Jimmy sits still, letting her work --

JIMMY

So it's Milly, huh? Is that what  
your boss called you?

Milly stays quiet. Looks at him. Jimmy smiles. Nods. A  
thought comes to him -- looking Milly over...

JIMMY (PRE-LAP)

So what's your angle?

**EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy and Milly smoke outside on their room's shoddy stoop.  
Jimmy's blotting his face with a plastic bag of hotel ice.

Milly looks at him --

JIMMY

Don't get me wrong. You seem nice,  
you're nice to my brother... but  
you can't tell me you joined our  
little party here out of the  
kindness of your heart.

Milly grins. Still eyeing him. Shakes her head.

MILLY

You got me. The plan was to rip you  
off and bail in the middle of the  
night. Oh wait. You're broke.  
(obvious beat)  
All my evil plans were for nothing.

JIMMY

I'm just saying you wouldn't be the  
first girl to --

MILLY

That happens to you a lot?

JIMMY

No, just --  
(changes subjects, motions)  
-- we got wheels. You could be  
after that.

MILLY

Ah. That's right. Your Michigan  
truck with Nebraska plates on it.

Jimmy slows. Milly's pointing his tone right back at him.

MILLY

Remind me. Which of us should be worried about the other having an angle?

JIMMY

I'm just looking, okay -- for an honest answer as to what you're after so we can both be on the same page.

(then)

That's all.

Beat. Milly looks Jimmy over. A long moment. Considers...

... and she nods. Something in Milly quiets a moment.

MILLY

I was stuck there, alright? No car, no way out. Lee has ways of getting girls he likes to stay as long as he sees fit. Understand?

(pointed)

The two-a ya. Walking in and handing it to em was the first time I'd seen that happen and I figured I better not waste the opportunity.

JIMMY

Did he hurt you? I mean, ever --

Milly looks at him. Non-plussed. This is exactly what she didn't want to get into.

MILLY

You wanted an honest answer, and I gave you one. But I've got zero interest in being either saved or pitied by you. Hear me?

(then)

Plus I jumped in cause you're not scary. As in. If you did try anything funny I'm pretty sure even I could take you in a fist fight.

Jimmy takes in the sight of her. Can't help but admire it. Raises his hands in mock surrender -- reaches for the small cup of sprite he's brought out with him. Toasts.

JIMMY

To us bad apples.

Milly eyes him, but obliges.

MILLY

That thing in there, your brother has? You should be calling someone about it.

JIMMY

(shakes his head)

Look. We can't go calling people about it for the same reason I can't go to the hospital, which is the same reason there are Nebraska plates on our truck. Follow?

She looks Jimmy over a long moment --

MILLY

(re: Eli)

He's a smart kid. Whatever it is you've gotten him into -- he's gonna figure it out. Hope you're ready for that.

Silence. He knows she's right. Shifts in his footing. And for a moment, the weight he's holding is visible --

She spots it. Acquiesces. Scans the lot -- *a thought hangs in her eyes. An angle.* Quiet. Debating whether to say.

MILLY

What if I knew a way to get your money back?

She wavers a moment. Looks back to Jimmy...

MILLY

And maybe more.

(holds)

If I tell you though, and this is if you even *want* to do it, because it won't be easy -- I want a cut of everything you get over the money you need returned -- and you guys give me a ride west.

Milly holds. *She's serious.*

JIMMY

How far west?

MILLY

Until I tell you to stop and let me out. No questions asked. Whatever it is you're up to or running from?



MILLY (CONT'D)

I don't want to know, and I expect the same courtesy.

(he nods)

You ever robbed anybody?

JIMMY

A couple gas-stations and a three series -- the latter'a which I just finished a six year bid on.

MILLY

Comforting. What about card games? Lee runs one outside Leadville every other week. Next one's tomorrow and if he's got your money, it'll be there.

And now, Jimmy's digesting that. Very seriously so.

MILLY

Oh. And there's one other thing I'd need.

OFF Jimmy listening, we --

**EXT. HOTEL - COLORADO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Eli and Jimmy are unloading bags from the truck -- Milly is visible through windows ahead. Pacing, brushing her teeth.

JIMMY

I don't get the weirdness here -- I'm asking you to do the same thing you did earlier back at that club --

ELI

That's different --

Eli's very, very unsure. Jimmy sees this --

JIMMY

*No it's not.* This is getting *back* what they stole from *us* -- what they stole from us by beating me up which is what forced you to think fast, which forced us to run. How're we supposed to be okay with that?

Beat. Jimmy spun that good -- but Eli's still wary --

Eli is silent, debating.

ELI

I just don't wanna hurt anyone.

JIMMY

We won't. That's what I'm saying.  
Scout's honor. We scare em, but we  
don't hurt em. Promise. *Promise.*

-- and Eli HOLDS. Now weighing this. Considering. Nervous.

JIMMY

Hey. We've got a giant ray gun.  
They'll be pissing in their pants.

**INT. HOTEL - COLORADO - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAWN**

Eli wakes. He's on a roll-away cot. Able to see through slats in the blinds. The sun's not yet up. Eli sits, mind churning, looks -- Milly's on one bed, Jimmy's on the other.

Eli sees -- Jimmy's cell and keys on the bed-stand. He quietly reaches for them.

**EXT. HOTEL - COLORADO - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAWN**

Eli's in the driver's seat. Cell phone in hand. Through the windshield, MOUNTAINS roll away into forever. Eli dials Jimmy's cell. Waiting -- hoping for an answer.

HAL'S VOICEMAIL

This is Hal. Try the office or  
leave a message.

Eli's features droop a little, but he listens for the BEEP.

ELI

Uh. Hey dad. Jimmy says you're still  
busy. Hope everything's okay.  
(turns)  
We're in Colorado, so. There's  
mountains everywhere. Crazy. I  
guess, see you in Tahoe.

Eli pauses. A thought coming to him.

ELI

I'm sorry. About me stealing, if.  
You know, you're still mad, and you  
still want me to make those phone  
calls I will. Okay. Miss you.

Eli considers a bit longer. Hangs up. He looks down to the keys in his hand, up the road beyond. Then back to the hotel room. Wheels turning...

TAYLOR (PRE-LAP)  
My brother -- prided himself on  
being an *imperfect* man...

**INT. THE RIPWIRE - DIVE BAR - MORNING**

TAYLOR and his CREW, drinking in silence -- passing various forms of smokable and snortable contraband -- are gathered around DUTCH'S BODY. Laid out on a pool table like some kind of Viking funeral. Taylor's up front, giving a eulogy.

TAYLOR  
He had demons, bad habits... but he  
spent every day of his life doing  
exactly what he wanted to do. He put  
fear in his enemies, lived and worked  
alongside his family, and he never  
compromised. He stepped on the  
throats of those he felt deserved it.  
(emotion ringing)  
My brother Dutch lived his life --  
*pure*. Which is more than I can say  
for anyone else in this room.

Pure vitriol and rage are brimming up Taylor's gaze. So much so that even as he speaks -- the effect becomes *disquieting*.

**INT. TATTERED HOUSE - DAY**

TAYLOR cooks a skillet's worth of burnt lunch. Smoking over a filthy stove. Strung out -- and staring hate at a neighbor's mangy BARKING DOG...

YOUNG GRUBBY WOMAN (O.C.)  
Tay --

Taylor looks to his pistol nearby. Back to the barking dog --

YOUNG GRUBBY WOMAN  
Tay!

The young grubby Woman is behind him, holding a mobile phone.

YOUNG GRUBBY WOMAN  
The cell you took off the dead guy.  
It rang while you were out.

Taylor dismisses the pistol. Kills the oven heat and crosses. Walking now and from here forward with a visible LIMP --

-- Taylor takes Hal's CELL PHONE, looks at it, sees JIMMY in RECENT CALLS... sees that a NEW VOICEMAIL alert has come in.

TAYLOR

Tell Snick we need his phone guy.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

A countrified WALMART. Jimmy enters. Moves for the sporting section -- five-finger discounts gloves, balaclavas...

**INT. CUBICLE - FED REGIONAL OFFICES - DENVER - DAY**

Morgan sips coffee, sorting through ballistics briefs. Her desk a raging jungle of hard copies -- flicking through images on her desktop as well. A FOLDER is slapped down --

JAKE

*James Hrobsky* out of Michigan. 26. Suspect in the robbery and murder of Harold Hrobsky, his own father, site manager for a construction company.

MORGAN

Alright?

JAKE

Suspect is missing, along with his adopted twelve year old brother --  
(eyes her desk, sidebars)  
Your workspace is in a *state* --

Morgan FLIPS through the file, finds a Xeroxed image of Eli --

JAKE

-- description of the father's truck also matches the make and model of the one driven by our shooter suspects --

MORGAN

Any mention of heavy weaponry?

Jake shakes his head. Motions to her desk, a little worried.

JAKE

And uh -- what is... all this?

MORGAN

(re: the hardcopies)  
 Zero comps. At all. So. They leave  
 Michigan shooting off --  
 (checks the file)  
 -- *pistols*, and somewhere between  
 Chicago and Denver they get their  
 hands on -- something you can fire  
 in close quarters that has the  
 destructive capacity of a tank but  
 behaves like --  
 (searches)  
 -- a concentrated energy discharge.

Morgan looks at Jake, who nods. Morgan's clearly exhausted.

JAKE

So look. You're going home at a  
 regular hour today, yeah? We were  
 doing really well the other night.  
 You were out on a date --

Morgan's rising, searching for her coat --

MORGAN

We didn't do anything. You were the  
 reason it ended early --

JAKE

Where are you going?

MORGAN

Back out to the strip club.

JAKE

You got cash on you? I mean? I've  
 got change for a twenty -- listen.  
 (Morgan's grinning)  
 If you want to meet a good dude --

MORGAN

-- that's not what it's about.

She finds her keys --

JAKE

Companionship?

MORGAN

Honest truth?  
 (she holds)  
 I just want a *kid*.  
 (you heard me)

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Fella's welcome to hang out as long  
as he keeps himself useful.

JAKE  
Really? Wow. That is cold...

MORGAN  
(hands him the file)  
Circulate this, would you? Get it on  
TVs with a tipline. We need any and  
every bit of information we can get.

**INT/EXT. HAL'S TRUCK - LEADVILLE - MOVING - NIGHT**

**ANGLE:** on Eli, watching the darkened edifice of LEADVILLE  
pass outside the window. A mining town tried and true.

MILLY  
The back entrance'll take you through  
the main corridor -- hallway to the  
mess hall's on your left.

Jimmy and Milly ride upfront. Milly's at the wheel. Jimmy  
grips his pistol -- *Eli eyes this.*

JIMMY  
So I can look scary like you.

Reassuring. Jimmy offers Eli a balaclava and gloves. Puts a  
set on himself -- looks at Eli...

JIMMY  
*Boo.*

**INT/EXT. HAL'S TRUCK - LIVESTOCK CENTER - NIGHT**

A massive auction complex. Scuzzy. Huge. Hal's truck KILLS  
its running lights in faraway approach.

Slows then idles to a stop at the shipping gate.

**AHEAD:** lights across the place's exterior shimmer. Silent.

JIMMY  
Okay. We stay cool --  
(to Milly, Eli)  
-- and in fifteen minutes, we're  
gonna be back on the road with money  
in our pockets. Ready? You got this.

Jimmy smiles. Nods to Eli, pulse rising -- looks to Milly --

JIMMY  
Don't go nowhere --

She nods, and Eli and Jimmy race off into the night.

**EXT. LIVESTOCK CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Approaching. Balaclavas on. Eli gripping THE WEAPON. Slowing at the gates. Jimmy scales first, Eli slides the weapon underneath and climbs next --

Through the SHIPPING lot. TRUCKS with a company emblem loiter. Silent.

Skirting to a stop at the shipping doors, a BACK ENTRANCE. Jimmy moves for a nearby WINDOW --

**BREAKS** it. GLASS PANES fall inward to the floor. Jimmy and Eli HOLD -- waiting to see if there's a response --

Nothing. So Jimmy motions Eli to stay put, shimmies inside, vanishes. Eli alone, Heartbeat climbing --

**SHK-CLICK.** The hardbolt UNLATCHES on the nearby door. Jimmy appears, motions Eli in, PROPS the DOOR OPEN with a rock.

**INT. LOADING GARAGE - LIVESTOCK CENTER - NIGHT**

*It's dark.* The TARGETING SYSTEM on Eli's weapon the only thing illuminating -- we hear *mooing ahead...*

**INT. PROCESSING - LIVESTOCK CENTER - NIGHT**

ROWS and ROWS of bovine. Cows huddled in pens in the dead of night. Chewing, mooing and shitting.

Jimmy leads Eli forward... pulses climbing even higher...

MOVING through this massive corridor of fenced-off sections toward -- a SOURCE OF LIGHT ahead... a DOORWAY...

Jimmy, pistol out, inches the door OPEN. VOICES UP THE HALLWAY are audible. Gruff. Older...

Cigar and cigarette smoke wafts toward us. Just up ahead now. This is it. *Jimmy holds up fingers for a three count...*

3 -- 2 --

Jimmy CHARGES forward. Eli right after. Gripping THE WEAPON. TREMBLING but MOVING -- FASTER --

INT. AUCTION ROOM - LIVESTOCK CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Eli BREACH the doorway into a LARGE ROOM --

JIMMY

Alright -- hands up -- HANDS UP --  
 (gun out)  
 Up-up-up-up-up-UP!! NOBODY MOVES --  
 You know what THIS IS --

-- a room FILLED with four tables of HULKING, INTIMIDATING RURAL MEN. Each gripping HANDS OF CARDS, drinks and tobacco.

JIMMY

Everybody reach for it! REACH for the  
 tits'a god and hold em there or get  
 FUCKIN blasted by my little friend --

LEE, his nose visibly broken, is seated at the head of the farthest table. Glaring. Jimmy eyes him --

-- terrified, but holding ground and feigning calm --

JIMMY

Hey Lyle -- tell all your buddies  
 about what happened at the club?  
 You let us know if you need another  
 demonstration -- do ya?

Lee looks to Eli. Staring death. Eli, scared shitless but managing his gameface, stares right back... holds...

... Lee shakes his head no.

JIMMY

Clever. Here's how this goes -- me  
 and this guy are gonna walk to the  
 pot...

Jimmy looks to Eli. Both are breathing HEAVY. Jimmy sends Eli a shaky nod. *This is your part now. Be cool.*

JIMMY

And the rest of you are gonna play  
 the FUCKING STATUE GAME. Clear?  
 (then)  
 Lyle. I'd like my money back. On  
 your feet.

Jimmy MOVES. MOTIONS Lee up and forward. Keeps his distance. Lee begrudgingly leads the way into a small kitchen beyond...

Leaving Eli alone with TWENTY ODD SCARY LOOKING MEN --



**INT. KITCHEN - LIVESTOCK CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Lee leads the way. Hands out and visible at his sides.

JIMMY

Where we going? Tell me first  
before you do shit.

LEE

There's a safe. Under the sink.

Moving for an INDUSTRIAL SINK against a nearby wall. Slow. Lee has to crouch to get at the cabinet doors below, to reveal -- sure enough -- there's a SAFE. Lee moves --

-- and Jimmy inches the barrel up to the back of Lee's head. Takes a DEEP BREATH.

LEE

I'm just gonna open it.

JIMMY

Two things first. One. I told you tell me before you make any moves. Do that again I'll blow your head clean off. Two. My barrel's staying right here until I see my money coming outta that thing *only*. If. If -- from one thief to another -- you've done what I'd do if I were you -- and there's a pistol stashed in there for just this occasion? I want you to know: your life is right now, at very serious risk.

(beat)

Now. I can give you a way out of that scenario -- but you gotta let me know *before* you open it so we can work out a plan. So. Think real hard about your buddies in there, about any family you got -- and tell me:

(another beat, re: safe)

Is there a pistol waiting for you?

Lee's quiet for a long moment. We can see a world of thought churning in his expression...

**WITH ELI:** the pock-marked face of the room's SCARIEST PLAYER is GLARING at Eli now. *Clearly debating a MOVE for something at his waistline* -- the SILENCE BUILDING --

**WITH JIMMY & LEE:** Hovering over the safe...

LEE  
There's a 38.

JIMMY  
(nods, beat)  
Okay. Dial the combo -- unlock it,  
but don't pull back the door.

**WITH ELI:** The SCARIEST PLAYER'S hand FLINCHES. Eli sees it. *Looks at the player.* Who glares right back. *Without a word -- a mutiny is beginning to swell in this room...* OTHERS saw that gambit -- now contemplating moves of their own...

*... without a word, we know it. Eli's losing control.*

**WITH JIMMY:** The safe POPS open. Lee doesn't open it. He slowly stands and steps aside. Able to *see the pistol.* Lee's eyes waiting for Jimmy to make a false move so he can lunge --

But Jimmy doesn't take his eyes or aim off Lee. He maneuvers and reaches backward with his free hand for the safe until he's able to GRIP the PISTOL. Jimmy JAMS it into his coat POCKET --

JIMMY  
Take the bag behind you. Step back  
over here and fill it.

-- Lee's expression now GLARING.

**WITH ELI:** Someone's gonna reach for a WEAPON.

**WITH JIMMY:** watching Lee fill the bag with --

There's A LOT of money coming out of THAT SAFE. More than what was taken from Jimmy. A LOT MORE. Jimmy HOLDING ON --

-- *the sheer amount of money about to be his.* Lee FINISHES. OFFERS the TAKE OUT BAG to Jimmy. *Murderous.*

JIMMY  
(motions)  
I'll take that hat on your head  
too.

**WITH ELI:** unspoken messages are now being conveyed everywhere around him. Looks, then -- a nod from the SCARIEST PLAYER --

Eli nervously adjusts his aim -- from one heavy to another --

-- the SCARIEST PLAYER slowly and quietly easing a PISTOL out from his waistline --

Click. Jimmy reaches down. TAKES the pistol out of the Scariest Player's hands, turns to the room --

JIMMY

Nothing's changed, folks! Keep em  
UP! UP! UP!

-- Jimmy shakily nods to Eli. Sends Eli the *all-good wink* and nods. *Go first.* Eli begins BACKING AWAY. Toward the exit --

And HAULS it. A fast walk down the exit hallway as Jimmy ditches the Scariest Player's gun and PUSHES Lee forward toward Eli's former position at the door...

**WITH JIMMY:** Holding a pistol in each hand now. Jesse James inspired. Staring down the room of SCARY CARD PLAYERS.

JIMMY

Now, sorry for the interruption,  
fellas...

Jimmy keeps his gun aimed. Having given Eli enough of a head start. Every second more and more terrifying. Jimmy looks to Lee. Bracing to dart off after Eli --

JIMMY

One last thing, Lyle. Milly sends  
her love.

**WHACK.** Jimmy sends a SHARP KICK to Lee's nuts before he can think fast enough to flinch -- he SHRIEKS -- drops --

Jimmy quickly turns -- RACING AWAY --

**INT. PROCESSING - LIVESTOCK CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

-- RUNNING. FASTER. DIZZYING. Through the endless faces of COWS in PENS. A few MOO as the DISTRESSED HUMANS RACE PAST --

Eli SLIPS coming around a TURN -- goes sprawling across the dusty floor.

Jimmy, RACING UP, helps Eli to his feet. The two of them --

**INT. LOADING GARAGE - LIVESTOCK CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

TEARING forward. TOWARD the EXIT DOOR propped open ahead. ALMOST THERE as --

JIMMY

Go-go-go-GO!

**EXT. LIVESTOCK CENTER - NIGHT**

**BOLTING** into the SHIPPING LOT. MILLY comes SWERVING UP just past the FENCING AHEAD -- no time to CLIMB -- THE SOUNDS of ANGRY VOICES CALL OUT behind them.

JIMMY

The GATE -- shoot the GATE!

Eli, running, takes SLOPPY AIM with THE WEAPON and --

**BOOOOOM!** INCINERATES the gate in their path. CHUNKS go SLIDING away across asphalt in SPARKS -- Eli and Jimmy RACE UP TO HAL'S PICKUP and --

*Eli stops.* He turns. Looks back toward the sound of their PURSUERS -- Eli HOLDS --

JIMMY

Eli -- COME ON!

(clamoring in)

Let's GO MAN WE GOTTA GO!!

-- Lee and the men with him, GIVING CHASE, emerge into view on the other side of the parking lot. Seeing HAL'S TRUCK --

JIMMY

ELI GET IN THE CAR --

Here they come. Several men taking aim -- and this is exactly what Eli was waiting for. Weapon ready, he takes aim at a PARKED FARM TRUCK just adjacent to Lee's APPROACH and --

**BOOOOOOOM!** Eli LIGHTS the TRUCK up. Literally sends it airborne before CRASHING back down to Earth roof-side down.

Sending a crystalline message to Lee and the goons with him --

*Do not follow us.* And no one does. Eli makes a quick turn. JUMPS into HAL'S TRUCK alongside a WHOOPING JIMMY --

JIMMY

Eli! You big-balled motherfucker!

-- MILLY GOES TEARING AWAY into pitch black RURAL roads.

**INT/EXT. HAL'S TRUCK - PAVED ROAD - ROCKIES - NIGHT**

Milly TURNS ON the HEADLIGHTS as Hal's truck SWERVES back onto a paved roadway now. A glow exchanged between our heroes as Milly breaches the silence --

MILLY

Was I right? How much did you get??

Jimmy and Eli sweating bullets. Panting. Jimmy looks back, without a word, opens the bag -- slaps Lee's HAT onto his head -- and begins grabbing at BILLS, HOLDING them up -- smiling WIDE --

JIMMY

I dunno -- ah -- you tell me?

Jimmy looks at Eli, beat, breaking into a laugh, endorphin rushed -- and THROWS a FISTFUL of bills at Eli.

Eli smiles, PANTING -- until -- *he senses it.*

Goes fishing into his pockets for the INHALER --

MILLY

Did you do it? Give him the message?

*No inhaler.* Eli's now checking his other pockets. His breaths beginning to RASP -- re-checking his pocket again --

ELI

Jimmy --

JIMMY

(still talking to Milly)  
I fuckin did. Got him real good too, it was --

ELI

(wheezing)  
Jimmy --

That last rasp has gotten his attention. Jimmy turns around in his seat to see Eli. His eyes wide --

JIMMY

What, what's wrong?

ELI

My -- my -- haler --

Eli's gesturing at his chest. Having trouble talking now. What transpires next happens fast --

JIMMY

Inhaler? What's wrong with it?  
Where'd you put it --  
(off Eli)  
-- where'd you put it? You lose it?

Eli doesn't know. And now he's scared. Fighting to BREATHE.

Jimmy JUMPS. UP. SCRAMBLES. Over the seat and bails into the back next to Eli, searching for it --

MILLY

What's happening? What's wrong?

JIMMY

He's got asthma, he's got -- this inhaler, but I can't -- he must've dropped it --

MILLY

WELL -- is he okay??

Jimmy jolts. A MASSIVE WAVE of panic is JOLTING through him.

JIMMY

No HE'S NOT OKAY now just -- just --  
DRIVE cause we can't stop -- Eli?  
Eli? Help me out, man. Where do you  
keep it? Did you lose it?

Eli's breaths have now become very scary RATTLES. He gestures frantic to his pocket --

Jimmy FREAKING at the sight of Eli. He's starting to lose color. Jimmy trembling. Eli PANICKING -- Jimmy slows --

-- Eli could die.

MILLY

What're you gonna do?? What do we  
do? JIMMY --

JIMMY

(exhales, focuses)  
Calm down, we're all gonna CALM  
DOWN -- that's what we're gonna do.  
(searching)  
Okay. I know this, I've seen this,  
we're gonna --  
(gets in Eli's face)  
-- we're gonna be calm. Right?  
We're gonna calm down and we're  
gonna let this blow *right* over.

Eli can't. His eyes pleading. Very real fear. Jimmy nods, rallies, REACHES. Rolls down the WINDOW --

-- and he PULLS Eli in. Hangs on tight and takes Eli's hands. GRIPS them hard --

JIMMY

Look -- look. I know it's scary,  
but stay right here and breathe  
like me --  
(inhales, long)  
In through the nose -- just -- like  
I'm doing right here -- now you --

Eli can't. His eyes watering up. Forces himself to try.

JIMMY

Good -- out through the mouth.  
That's it. Keep going...  
(repeats it)  
Again -- again -- we're doing it  
like that. With rhythm. Right?  
(continues)  
Breathe *slow*, breathe in that  
outside air....

Eli's trying. Afraid, but copying the gesture --

JIMMY

Cause we're *all good*. We're off and  
away, all those guys?  
(breathes)  
They're behind us, they're gone  
now. We're gonna get you a new  
puffer, brand new, soon as we can.

-- and we see it. Jimmy's got his rhythm now with Eli. Eli's  
BREATHING begins to steady again, still RASPY, still scary --

JIMMY

(smiles, mimes)  
We're just gonna chill -- we're  
gonna take those long, vacation  
breaths --

-- Eli's *calming*. The outside air, Jimmy's words -- doing  
their thing. And as Jimmy sees the *progress* -- sees Eli  
coming back to him -- a surge of relief TEARS through Jimmy.

JIMMY

There he is. That's my brother --  
that's *my brother* right there --

Jimmy plays back the emotion. He has to, as though all of  
this was nothing. Up front, Milly's chancing glances --

JIMMY

Hang on to my hand, man. I got you.  
You just keep breathing. Like that.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 (after a moment)  
 You scared me for a second --

Eli's CHEST goes up and down. Up and down. Working on its own accord, fighting its way back one slow breath at a time.

**SHOOM.** Hal's TRUCK goes past LIKE A MISSILE. ONTO a FREEWAY ENTRY RAMP. A SIGN tells us we're en route for UTAH --

**INT. THE MINESHAFT - NIGHT**

We're BACK in the DECIMATED STRIP CLUB turned CRIME SCENE.

MARBLE-SIZED DEVICES float through the air. ACTIVATING and ILLUMINATING the scorched space. They SWIRL overhead.

THE CLEANERS are here. Stepping forward into this rubble.

The marble-sized devices flutter like mechanical bees. The two Cleaners fanning out, SCANNERS in hand --

Approaching the POOL TABLE wreckage --

-- and setting up THREE BATTERED NODES in formation around it. A CLEANER punches a command into his SCANNER --

**SHUNG.** And the THREE NODES activate. GLOWING with life --

Before our eyes -- the POOL TABLE and rubble are scanned and mapped. Waves of light fanning out, measuring...

Followed by the location where Eli stood when he pulled the trigger -- the height and angle of the weapon when fired, then...

**FOOM.** The open space before THE CLEANERS explodes with LIGHT. As though *LIT BY THE BLAST that came from THE WEAPON* at the exact moment when Eli pulled the trigger. A moment frozen.

We can see faint depictions of Milly, Jimmy, Lee, his cronies right where they were the moment THE WEAPON was shot --

-- but the clearest face we can see is ELI. Closest to THE WEAPON'S discharge. The contours of his face recognizable.

The CLEANERS wade closer to Eli. Passing right through the holographic image, leaning down to stare him in the face. Threatening. Taking in the image of Eli holding one of their POSSESSIONS. And --

**BOTH CLEANERS TURN FAST** -- on alert -- able to sense or hear something we can't.



Each reaches for back-mounted HOLSTERS. DRAWING WEAPONS similar to the one Eli took from them --

**EXT. MINESHAFT - IN APPROACH - NIGHT**

Morgan is pulling into the lot outside. In doing so, she spots the FAINT LIGHT coming from THE CLEANERS' GEAR.

Morgan pulls up, the light vanishes -- *someone's in there.*

**INT. MINESHAFT - MOMENTS LATER**

She enters. Gun and flashlight drawn. Cautious. Calls --

MORGAN  
FBI... anyone here better announce  
themselves --

*No one does.* Morgan moves further in. Eyes the BLAST DAMAGE in the dark. Flashlight illuminating this place in slivers.

A NOISE SOUNDS from the rear of the building. Morgan WHIRLS. Starts forward. Another NOISE. CONFIRMS it.

She CHARGES. STRAIGHT through shadow towards the back of the club. Through a super SHITTY KITCHEN -- towards a SERVICE ENTRANCE -- SWAYING OPEN in the breeze --

We hear the start of ENGINES -- MORGAN SHOULDER CHECKS the SCREEN DOOR, racing into the dirt lot out back as --

THE CLEANERS, TWO FIGURES atop STREET BIKES CUT PAST HER. A FLASH of their STRANGE, INHUMAN ARMOR catches her eye --

MORGAN  
Stop RIGHT --

VROOOOM. They TEAR out of view around the building. Morgan WHIRLS to give chase. RACING back through the club --

**EXT. THE MINESHAFT - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

EMERGING out the front only to catch sight of TWO RED TAIL LIGHTS on the way way faraway HORIZON. *Already gone.*

**EXT. NEBRASKA GAS STOP - NIGHT**

An IMPOSING VAN pulls into a 24-hour spot in the dead of night. TAYLOR, SNICK and SIX IMPOSING MEN get out. All are looking exhausted.

TAYLOR  
Gonna hit the head. Fill it up.

Taylor moves for a set of RESTROOM DOORS ahead -- leaving an obvious question trailing across the faces of his guys.

SNICK  
Tay, man -- we, uh.  
(Taylor slows)  
Planning on stopping to rest?

TAYLOR  
Kid said *Tahoe* in the message.  
Which means we're racing time.  
We'll sleep when they're dead.

**EXT. DRUG STORE - CLOSED - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - PRE-DAWN**

**ANGLE:** Milly sits behind the wheel of the truck at the edge of a cracked and weathered parking lot. Scanning the horizon. No movement. She looks. Over to Eli, seated next to her --

MILLY  
Holding up?

Eli nods. Low energy but better now. And we continue PULLING BACK TO REVEAL --

**AT THE OTHER END OF THE LOT BEHIND THEM:** is a countrified DRUG STORE with its front window SMASHED OUT. We can hear an ALARM ringing faintly in the B.G. --

Jimmy is RUSHING up, his arms full of small prescription boxes. Grinning, he gets in --

JIMMY  
Go! GO!

Milly THROWS the truck into gear. PEELING away. Jimmy smiles. Offers up the prescription BOXES to Eli. Inside each is a different type of INHALER -- DIGGING through.

JIMMY  
I didn't know which one to get --  
so I grabbed em all --

**INT/EXT. UTAH HIGHWAYS - MORNING**

Red dirt and swooping MESA now. Steadily traversing our way into the American West. Jimmy's at the wheel, wearing Lee's cowboy hat like a war trophy and humming to the radio --

Milly's counting cash riding shotgun, dividing it into three even piles -- and Eli's leaning over her shoulder, watching her count.

MILLY

Two hundred forty five k -- and --  
exactly *three hundred and sixty*  
*five* bucks extra.

(looks up, smiles)

A dollar for every day of the year.  
That's a good luck thing, right?

**INT. GAS STATION - UTAH - DAY**

**ANGLE:** Milly's patrolling STORE SHELVES. Picks out a LOUDLY-FASHIONED clutch purse, and nearby, a new PRE-PAID MOBILE.

**AHEAD:** Eli's at the register buying supplies.

ATTENDANT

Nine forty three.

Eli offers up a hundred dollar bill. The ATTENDANT regards this a moment -- and reluctantly accepts. Moves to dig change out of the drawer as Eli waits.

While digging, the ATTENDANT SEES IT:

**ON THE NEWS** playing directly over Eli's shoulder. IS A PHOTO OF ELI. Next to a clear mug-shot of Jimmy.

*Wanted for involvement in robbery/murder investigation.*

From where he is, Eli can see Jimmy outside, palling around with a group of small kids. He offers one the cowboy hat, retracts it --

Eli turns back to the Attendant. Offering his change without a word. Looking at Eli funny. Still, Eli accepts, nods a thank you and moves to go --

-- outside, Jimmy gives Lee's hat away to one of the kids. They wave and shout goodbye as HAL'S TRUCK PULLS AWAY.

JIMMY (PRE-LAP)

So we're in Nevada now... you guys  
know what's in Nevada, right?

**EXT. WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - NEVADA - AFTERNOON**

An all-in tourist trap. Casino on the ground floor, hotel above, flanked by a pair of bars, trinket shops and a pool.

**INT. WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - AFTERNOON**

A BELLHOP leads Jimmy, Milly and Eli to a set of elevators. The three stand silently in a line, Milly and Eli looking out towards the casino floor, while Jimmy looks at his feet.

**OUT BEYOND:** the CASINO FLOOR is alive with light and sounds, but Jimmy is in another place. He looks, over at Eli, as though suddenly realizing what he's putting this kid through.

*His eyes now debating as though whether he should maybe tell him the truth.*

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - WOODEN NICKEL - AFTERNOON**

Eli sits on the made bed in his own room. Deep in thought. Beside him. His DUFFLE with the WEAPON inside and a PILE OF MONEY sits out on the bed. He eyes the latter.

*Another beat. Doesn't feel right about it. Isn't so sure he actually wants it.*

**INT. HALLWAY/HOTEL ROOMS - AFTERNOON**

Eli exits his room. KNOCKS on the next door over and pushes it open to reveal Jimmy, cleaned up, finished shaving --

-- is seated at the edge of the bed. Off.

JIMMY

Glad you're here, buddy. I wanted to talk to you about something.

ELI

Okay?

JIMMY

Where do I start, ah --

Milly exits her room one door over. Strolls up --

And Jimmy halts upon seeing her. He looks from Milly -- back to Eli --

MILLY

What's up? You guys all settled in? How about we --

JIMMY

Yeah. You know what --  
(to Eli)

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 We'll talk later. I was thinking  
 about hitting the tables, anyway.

Jimmy turns and reaches for his bag. Pulls out what's clearly  
 a COUPLE GRAND and STUFFS it into his pockets --

Jimmy brushes past Milly and Eli, goes...

MILLY  
 Jimmy?  
 (he doesn't answer)  
 Jimmy?

He makes his way down the hall. Milly blinks, looks to Eli --  
 and there's something off. Eli's watching Jimmy go --  
 unsettled. Sensing something's wrong.

MILLY  
 Forget him. Pool or food?

**INT. DENVER MUNICIPAL BUILDING - BALLISTICS - AFTERNOON**

Jake weaves through LAB SPACES until Morgan comes into view  
 at a reference comp. Flicking through DIGITAL SLIDES --

JAKE  
 What're you looking at?

-- some kind of research data.

MORGAN  
 Nothing that wouldn't come across  
 as crazy.

JAKE  
 Something to talk about while you're  
 on the road --

MORGAN  
 Where'm I going?

He offers her a folder. Printed IMAGES from a SECURITY CAMERA.

JAKE  
 Forwarded out of Salt Lake. A gas  
 station on the fifteen, due south  
 toward Nevada. Three hours ago.

Morgan's looking at the photos. ELI, JIMMY & MILLY at the GAS  
 STATION earlier. She SCOOPS them up. Grabs her coat and keys --

MORGAN

Call our office in St. George,  
would you? Tell them I need a six  
man detail on standby...

**INT. WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - AFTERNOON**

Jimmy wades through the casino floor, drink in hand, smiling at PASSING WOMEN. Up ahead, he eyes a roulette table. Crosses and SLAPS down ten hundreds --

JIMMY

Ten blacks. Right here --

A few heads turn. The DEALER, a looker, smiles, doles hundred dollar chips out to Jimmy. Spins the wheel.

Jimmy eyes the ball ROLLING. Leans forward, Doles his chips out across the left and right columns. The Dealer waves to close bets. Smiles at Jimmy again -- as the ball LANDS on 35.

JIMMY

Ah.

Jimmy watches her take his money away. Beat. Finishes the rest of his drink -- and reaches back into his POCKET...

**EXT. OUTDOOR POOL - WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - AFTERNOON**

**ANGLE:** we're looking down bird's-eye-view, perfectly framing the rectangular pool from above as Eli treads water --

Silent. Eli considering the uneasy feeling growing. Watches as Milly exits the hot tub, crosses to the deck chairs --

Eli EXHALES -- sinks slowly under the water's surface --

**INT. WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - SPORTS BAR - AFTERNOON**

Eli and Milly, out of the pool now, eat at a SPORTS BAR-TYPE restaurant. TELEVISIONS line the walls -- most have ESPN on.

MILLY

(re: Eli's plate)

How's those tenders? Good?

Eli nods. Shrugs. Preoccupied still.

MILLY

Everything okay?

Eli lingers on that. Doesn't say. Instead --

ELI  
Can I use your phone?

MILLY  
Who you calling?

ELI  
My dad.

Milly eyes him. Eyes the look on his face.

MILLY  
He's coming to meet you guys,  
right? Everything okay?

ELI  
I just need to talk to him.

Milly eyes this. Silent a moment. Then she reaches into her clutch, hands Eli her cell -- something in her knows.

ELI  
Thank you.

MILLY  
No worries.

Eli begins dialing -- and stops. *He sees it.*

The news story he just missed in the gas station. On a TV just past Milly's SHOULDER above the BAR. Muted, but still.

*Eli sees his own photo. Right there. Followed by Jimmy's mugshot. A country-wide search. Involvement in a murder.*

*B-roll of Hal's JOB SITE. Of Eli's home. A picture of HAL. Eli's jaw goes slack.*

MILLY  
What's --

Milly TURNS to see what Eli's looking at --

Eli CLAMORS. Out of the booth, he collides with a WAITRESS, who drops DISHES. WAITSTAFFERS turn. Eli CROSSES the length of the floor for the nearest TELEVISION. Turns up the VOLUME.

BARTENDER  
Hey kid you can't --

Eli turns the volume up.

REPORTER

-- two individuals suspected of robbing and killing a site manager for a Michigan-based construction firm. The twist here being that a pair of suspects have been identified as the victim's *biological and adopted sons* --

Milly approaches. Taking this in -- holy shit. The reporter CONTINUES. Detailing the cross-country search taking place --

Eli staring at Hal's picture as it returns to screen. Emotion flooding up. The BARTENDER now spotting the eerie sight of a fugitive watching himself on TV.

MILLY

Eli -- Eli -- we should go --

Milly tugs at Eli's arm. Eli PULLS away and STARTS OFF --

**INT. WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - AFTERNOON**

-- racing for the ringing and flashing of the CASINO FLOOR ahead. GUARDS at the entrance spot Eli coming. He CUTS past them before they can step in to block --

GUARD

Young man -- YOUNG MAN --

Milly's right behind Eli. Placating --

MILLY

I'm so sorry -- I'll grab him, he's with me --

**UP AHEAD:** Eli's storming forward. Putting distance between himself and Milly. Anger and hurt and betrayal and panic brimming up fast. Searching for Jimmy.

MILLY

Eli -- ELI -- wait --

Eli DUCKS and WEAVES through GAME TABLES. Can hear MILLY call after him, but she's losing ground --

Further and FURTHER. Pasing rows and rows of SLOT MACHINES FLASHING. PLINKING. JANGLING.

Everything SPINNING -- Dizzying -- and he spots JIMMY. Half-leaning off a stool up ahead, WASTED at the ROULETTE TABLE.



JIMMY

Hey man! What're you doing out here?!

Eli LASHES OUT at Jimmy. Sends him STUMBLING back before he can react. Jimmy maintains balance, drunk, the drink in his hands SPLASHING away --

JIMMY

Whoa, whoa, WHOA --  
 (to the dealer)  
 -- it's okay. One sec --

Eli SWINGS on Jimmy. Tears in his eyes. The SWIPE shutting Jimmy up as the DEALER behind them presses her silent call button under the table.

ELI

He's *dead*?? He's DEAD --  
 (swings AGAIN)  
 Did you DO IT?!? HUH?! HUH?!

JIMMY

-- the fuck you talking about --

ELI

You lied -- you LIED -- he's dead  
 and you lied --

JIMMY

Hey! Hey! Wait WAIT! STOP!

Jimmy PUSHES Eli away. *Realizing what this is.*

Sees it on Eli's face --

Jimmy looks. Spots Milly off beyond. Her eyes wide -- *run* --

SECURITY'S on approach. The BARTENDER who spotted Eli in tow. POINTING right at them. An EIGHT MAN SECURITY DETAIL wading through tables this way.

Eli comes at Jimmy AGAIN. Tears now STREAMING. SWINGING.

ELI

Did you DO IT?! I wanna hear you  
 SAY IT --

Jimmy GRABS Eli's arms. HARD. Panicking. Emotion rising up. Pulls him in. Adrenaline now flooding his system soberish --

JIMMY

You wanna swing on me you can but  
 we GOTTA GO okay? RIGHT NOW --

Still GRIPPING Eli, Jimmy YANKS him. FOR the EXIT -- right into the PATH of an APPROACHING GUARD. *Here we go.*

Jimmy SWATS a standing TRAY of DRINKS -- upends the entire thing at the incoming GUARD --

Glass SHATTERS and Jimmy BREAKS left -- DRAGGING ELI -- TOPPLING CHAIRS as GUARDS BEGIN RUSHING --

JIMMY

Come on!!

Jimmy's PULLING Eli along. Any direction. Every. ANOTHER GUARD rushes up and -- Jimmy SLUGS HIM first. The guy CRASHES away. TWO MORE come sailing in, Jimmy REELS back, SWINGS --

MISSING. Eli's GRABBED by a THIRD GUARD that's come RUSHING up from behind. JIMMY IS HIT by a RETRACTABLE WAND -- CHIPS go scattering -- Jimmy tries to rally --

JIMMY

ELI!!

Eli's RIPPED away. Watching now as MORE GUARDS LEAP on JIMMY. He swings. Wild and futile. The gesture of it worth more than the damage -- CLUBBED DOWN -- Straight TO THE GROUND --

**FROM ABOVE:** Jimmy's limbs are pinned as he SCREAMS out and tries to wriggle free. Can't. Pinned. Clubbed.

**AND ON ELI:** As he watches -- pinned to the ground nearby, his face held down against dirty carpet --

-- Eli just stays put. Eyes swimming. Lets it happen.

#### **EXT. WOODEN NICKEL CASINO - DAY**

CAMERAS roll news footage. A CROWD of spectators has gathered to watch LOCAL POLICE handle the scene. POLICE CARS labeled BLUE FALLS POLICE loiter.

Eli sits cuffed in the back of the nearest one. Eyes churning. He looks. *Jimmy's a short ways away in the back of a different cruiser.* Beaten up bad. He doesn't look back.

Several OFFICERS exit the building, carting Eli, Jimmy and Milly's things toward a POLICE VAN ahead. Eli spots his DUFFLE BAG with THE WEAPON inside, now tagged...

And in the crowd just past this -- *Eli spots Milly.*

Her face among those who've gathered -- long -- unable to help him now -- apologetic --

Milly, her eyes ringing an apology -- raises a hand, two fingers -- into a *peace sign*. This is it. *Goodbye*.

Beat. Eli nods back. *Understands*. There's nothing she can do for them now anyway.

A POLICE OFFICER nears, shooing onlookers away -- and Milly is forced to leave. Vanishes into the crowd. *Gone*.

**EXT. RURAL NEVADA - LATE DAY**

**HIGH ABOVE:** The TWO SQUAD CARS carrying Eli and Jimmy chug by us. Tiny metal SPECS against an infinite landscape.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

**ON ELI** as he rides. Lost in silence.

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE LOCKUP - DUSK**

Eli's DUFFLE BAG is unzipped. THE WEAPON, protective casing in place, is removed and lifted up into the faces of a few GAWKING COPS. It's turned, placed on its end, ominous...

A PHOTOGRAPHER steps in.

Raises a CAMERA and SNAPS a photo with a FLASH --

**INT/EXT. IMPOSING VAN - RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - DUSK**

The IMPOSING VAN sails past --

**INSIDE:** True to his word, Taylor hasn't let the van stop. Everyone's faces look wracked. TAYLOR rides shotgun. SNICK wobbles forward and hands him a MOBILE PHONE --

SNICK

Tay -- look.

Taylor takes the phone. Looks at it. ON SCREEN -- a link to a NEWSCAST has been e-mailed to Snick.

SNICK

Aud's canvassing all the news shit  
back home --

Taylor WATCHES the link. Able to see the headline: *Fleeing suspects caught. In Nevada*.

The IMAGE of Jimmy in the back of that SQUAD CAR plays.

Taylor pauses the video. Eyeing the INSIGNIA on the door of the CRUISER Jimmy's inside...

TAYLOR  
 How far away are we from --  
 (squints, beat)  
 -- Blue Falls, Nevada?

**INT/EXT. MORGAN'S UNMARKED - UTAH - FREEWAY - DUSK**

Morgan's crown vic ROARING en route for the state line. Pushing it. On the seat next to her -- Morgan's phone CHIMES. A TEXT has come in. Careful with the wheel, Morgan reaches --

-- checks it. The EVIDENCE PHOTO of THE WEAPON we just saw taken pops into view. Morgan *holds on her first look*.

Takes in this thing's contours. With the protective shield on, it's hard to place exactly what it is -- the moment interrupted when HER PHONE RINGS. She accepts the call.

JAKE (O.S.)  
 Scary looking thing isn't it?

MORGAN  
 What is it?

JAKE (O.S.)  
 Apparently that's our mystery weapon.

Morgan looks once more to the image --

MORGAN  
 Told you. This one wasn't right.  
 (considers)  
 Tell them not to touch this thing and that the suspects go nowhere -- *nowhere* until I arrive. And let that tactical unit out of St. George know I'll definitely be needing them. Just in case...

ELI (PRE-LAP)  
 They started hitting him, so --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Eli sits in a chair flanking an OFFICER'S DESK. This station spacious, well lived in.

ELI

I ran and I yelled for them to stop, but they picked me up --

The YOUNG OFFICER (30s) seated at the desk takes notes.

YOUNG OFFICER

This was when you went to the truck to retrieve the -- item?

Eli nods, the Officer scribbles. Eli looks. From where he's seated, he can see HOLDING TANKS up a short hallway ahead --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - HOLDING - NIGHT**

Jimmy sits alone on a concrete slab in this claustrophobic space. Looks up as a folding chair is set down on the other side of bars. Eli emerges, sits...

... his jaw still clenched tight. Jimmy looks him over.

JIMMY

Are they treating you okay?

ELI

Yeah.

JIMMY

They haven't charged you with anything have they? Cause they don't got anything they can --

Eli looks down. Jimmy slows.

ELI

Jimmy, they only gave me ten minutes with you.

Jimmy doesn't respond. Wearing the guilt.

He rises, idle, moves to the back wall... eases his fists into place against it a moment -- *at the very bottom now.*

*Nothing is said.* Jimmy wavers there, fists balled. Eyes ringing. Stooped like a battered prizefighter out of rounds.

JIMMY

I didn't kill him, alright?

When Jimmy turns to face Eli, desperation is flashing.

JIMMY

You can think whatever you want 'a me, but it didn't happen like how they're saying on TV. Dad walked in on me and -- some dangerous guys raiding his safe for the money. That part's true cause it's money I owed em or I was dead -- we all were.

Water builds in Jimmy's expression. Rallying bravado --

JIMMY

*And I told him.* I pleaded with him, to turn around and walk away -- and he had to stand there and be fuckin righteous as usual --

-- but the truth is clear. *As clear as day in his eyes.* Desperately fighting its swell. Anger and HURT lashing out --

JIMMY

He had to make some point to god-knows-who and get himself shot. He wouldn't just let it go -- he had to --

(goes quiet, then)

I'm not a good guy, Eli... but I...

Eli, sits there, soul stirring -- staring back, defiant.

ELI

If he was hard on us -- it's cause the world is hard.

Jimmy knows where those words came from. *Who they came from.*

ELI

And a good man is -- he's -- he accounts for himself.

(beat)

Is *responsible*. Even when he doesn't wanna be.

Eli holds. Shakes his head. *Rises.* Leaves Jimmy in silence.

JIMMY

Eli. Eli, wait --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Eli exits away from the sound of Jimmy's voice. Back to where he was seated, his head lowered out of view --

-- and as he does, we hear that familiar HUMMING. The HUMMING OF THE WEAPON, getting louder and louder in his head...

**EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT**

An AGING BLUE COLLAR DRIVER in a WAGONEER pulls up to a red light. Waits. For a long moment, there's no one in sight --

-- until our Blue Collar Driver spots a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS in approach through the rear view. As they near --

We can make out that this isn't a vehicle. It's THE CLEANERS. Their ENGINES slowing into DULL GROWLS as they pull up --

-- both parties now waiting on the red. The Driver, after a moment, looks over at the motor cyclists -- and sees THEIR HELMETS. Then. The FUTURISTIC SIDEARM holstered on the closest rider's LEG --

-- and he stops. Looks up to see that he's been spotted. BOTH of THE CLEANERS are now STARING right back. The closest reaches, covers the FUTURISTIC GUN with his COAT --

And on this cue, both BIKES REV THEIR ENGINES. RIPPING away just as the light TURNS GREEN -- leaving the BLUE COLLAR DRIVER in thier wake to ponder what the hell he just saw...

**EXT. NEVADA FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

**AND WE FOLLOW** the two CLEANERS on the OPEN FREEWAY. WEAVING and DODGING through TRAFFIC at unprecedented speed.

INSANE. MOTORISTS are being passed with such frequency they might as well be standing still -- ENGINES GUNNING LOUDER --

**INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

**VARIOUS:** The lights of the station dimmed now. Eli sleeps on a small sofa in the Sheriff's OFFICE. Everything quiet.

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - VARIOUS - NIGHT**

OFFICERS linger. Still on duty in the dead of night. TWO in the bullpen. Two kick back in the kitchen. Another works the rustic DISPATCH ROOM -- lastly:

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The CLERK mans his post up front. CLICKS away on facebook --

-- until he spots HEADLIGHTS PULLING INTO the lot through dirty glass doors of the STATION'S MAIN ENTRANCE ahead.

CLERK OFFICER  
(calls out)  
Our friend from Denver just showed --

He yawns. Goes back to his comp as the outline of Morgan approaches from the lot outside. She enters --

VOICE (O.C.)  
Scuse me.

The Clerk looks at the sound of a male's voice. TAYLOR BOLEK.

CLERK OFFICER  
Help you?

TAYLOR  
I'm looking for a caucasian degenerate featured on the news earlier. Got a little black fella with him.

The Clerk Officer taking in the sight of this guy --

CLERK OFFICER  
And who're you?

TAYLOR  
They here?

Another beat. The Clerk matches Taylor's intimidation play. Dead-pan stares him.

CLERK OFFICER  
I couldn't give out that info even if they were.

TAYLOR  
Gotcha.

Taylor draws the pistol concealed at his waist and --

**AROUND THE STATION:** OFFICERS freeze at the **CLAP** of GUNFIRE. The icy realization of what that was up close and near --

**IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE:** Eli blinks out of his nap --

**JIMMY** also heard that --

**BACK WITH TAYLOR:** He moves -- SWINGS open the main entrance with his boot. Waving SNICK and the REST OF HIS CREW in.



TAYLOR  
Yeah -- they're here.

They ENTER, and hold a beat to begin divvying ear protection.

**DISPATCH ROOM:** Taylor **BLASTS** the lock and handle off. The OFFICER on DISPATCH already RADIOING for HELP --

DISPATCH OFFICER  
-- shots fired inside the station --  
shots fired INSIDE --

**BLAM.** Taylor **BLASTS** him off his chair as --

**BEYOND:** The TWO OFFICERS emerge from the mess room and aim --

**WITH ELI IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE: BRBRBRKAKAKAKAKAKAK** -- Eli can hear **BRUTAL GUNFIRE ERUPT** up and down the MAIN CORRIDOR beyond. The sound of it RAGING up the HALLWAY across the other side of the BULLPEN -- fear rising up --

Eli moves toward the office door to get a better look and -- **SLAM.** It FLINGS open and Eli is **GRABBED** -- by the YOUNG OFFICER he gave his statement to earlier.

ELI  
What's happening --

YOUNG OFFICER  
Get behind that desk now --  
(pushing Eli back)  
-- down. Stay here, DO NOT MOVE --

-- The Young Officer turns. PISTOL out. Showing fear. Shakes. The RATTLING of MORE GUNFIRE EXPLODING --

ELI  
But who's --

**SLAM.** The YOUNG OFFICER leaves again. Eli watches through office windows as he joins the other BULLPEN COP -- MOVING away out of sight. TOWARD the FIREFIGHT.

**WITH JIMMY IN THE TANK:** Jimmy's trying to see out into the BULLPEN beyond. From where he is, he's only got partial view --

JIMMY  
HEY! What's going on!?

**WITH ELI IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE:** No one's able to see what's happening. WE HOLD with Eli through the sounds of GUNFIRE as it RETURNS. Louder and Louder. **BRBRBRBRBRBRKAKAKAKAK** --

Eli's petrified -- watching -- now MUZZLE FLASHES CRACKLE --

-- nearer. And **NEARER**. And FINALLY --

The YOUNG OFFICER STAGGERS back into view. Having been HIT across his LEFT SIDE -- barely DODGING an **ARC OF GUNFIRE** as it WEAVES past, chasing him into view. A clumsy dodge that leaves him CLAMORING on the floor.

Eli, wide-eyed, watches the YOUNG OFFICER begin SCRAMBLING in Eli's direction -- **SLAM**. He COLLAPSES into the room. Color draining as blood flows freely --

YOUNG OFFICER  
(whispering)  
Get -- g-get back behind the desk --  
I'll hold them --

But this guy's not protecting anyone. *Eli looks* -- frantic for options. And he --

ELI  
My bag -- where is it?

The Young Officer holds. Knows what Eli's asking for.

**BRBRBAKAKAKAK** -- sounding out from nearby. Closest yet.

The YOUNG OFFICER acquiesces. Fateful. Motions. Fumbling for his keys --

YOUNG OFFICER  
(re: specific key)  
Through the service door -- back of  
the station. Ev -- evidence lockup.

**THE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER:** Eli exits the SHERIFF'S OFFICE and stays low en route to a SERVICE DOOR just as --

Taylor -- with blood trickling down the side of his face from a head wound, a bullet graze maybe -- emerges into view. Searching. Snick and remaining members of his crew, some of them WOUNDED -- are right behind Taylor.

**BACK CORRIDOR:** Eli SCRAMBLES through the innards of the STATION. Hard copy FILE ROOMS --

**IN THE BULLPEN:** the sheriff's office door is KICKED IN. The YOUNG OFFICER dragged out by SNICK -- into the bullpen --

SNICK  
Got a last man standing --

**IN HOLDING:** From his cell, Jimmy can see faint slivers of the YOUNG OFFICER. Mumbling plea after plea --

Jimmy sees **TAYLOR**. *Here*. Twenty feet away -- *oh no no no no* --

The YOUNG OFFICER is YANKED up to his knees. Jimmy watching as Taylor crosses over --

TAYLOR

Sorry. Witnesses are a no can do.

**BLAM** -- Taylor GUNS down the YOUNG OFFICER.

Jimmy RECOILS in horror. Crabbing backwards. Color draining from his face. Frozen as he slows. Quiet. Then.

HEARS footsteps. WHISTLING. A rendition of a familiar tune:

*Joni Mitchell's HELP ME*. And it's nearing. Louder...

Until Taylor limps slowly into view on the other side of the bars. Sees Jimmy backed into the rear of his cell. Smiles. Jimmy doesn't say a word -- stays where he is...

TAYLOR

Been lookin for you, Hrobsky.

Taylor saddles up close to the bars. Watching Jimmy. Caged in here... Taylor chews. Aims the shotgun in his hands through the bars. Taylor smiles...

TAYLOR

(to his guys)

Somebody grab me a set'a keys!

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - FRONT LOT - CONTINUOUS**

*At this moment, Morgan's arriving out front.* PULLING INTO the station's lot. Followed by an SUV, reading ST. GEORGE PD -- Morgan eases into an IDLE, sees -- through the windshield:

The IMPOSING VAN parked strangely in the lot ahead.

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

**ON JIMMY:** DRAGGED now. Right into the center of the BULLPEN. DROPPED to the ground -- right next to the body of the YOUNG OFFICER. YANKED upward to his knees.

Taylor eases the barrel of his SHOTGUN right into Jimmy's chin. Smiles.

TAYLOR

Your little brother around?  
(smiles)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna do something to you I  
want him to see...

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Morgan's out of her car now. Something's clearly not right. She looks to other OFFICERS with her -- the St. George TAC SQUAD, getting out of the van nearby, when --

**HIGH CALIBER ASSAULT RIFLE FIRE** hoses down the lot. Morgan and TAC SQUAD under fire from one of TAYLOR'S CREW inside the STATION ENTRANCE --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

The GUNFIRE is heard from in here as well. The VOICE of one of Taylor's men calls out from beyond --

VOICE (O.S.)  
Company!! More COPS!!

Taylor digs the barrel into Jimmy's neck. Jimmy making his peace in silence -- Taylor nods. Moves to pull back on the trigger, and --

TAYLOR  
Tell Dutch I say hi --

-- we hear *THE WEAPON* being *POWERED UP*.

Taylor looks -- to see Eli. Having re-entered. Taylor taking in the shape and form of *THE WEAPON* in Eli's hands, pointed right at him -- perplexed --

TAYLOR  
The hell is that thin-

**BLAAAAAAAAM!**

Taylor **EXPLODES**. Literally. BLASTED out of existence before his gun can go off -- into a blinding flash of ENERGY and viscera -- SNICK DRAWS on Eli --

JIMMY LUNGES. CLAMORS for SNICK'S GUN -- The SHOT SNICK FIRES goes SIDEWAYS. SNICK FLINGS JIMMY AWAY --

Turns to fire directly at Jimmy as he falls -- **BLAAAAAAAAM**.

Eli BLOWS Snick AWAY before he can shoot. Snick's ashy remains rain down. *TWO OF TAYLOR'S MEN REMAIN IN THE ROOM*.

One's FIRING at JIMMY as he MAD DASHES on his hands and knees. The OTHER DROPS for cover behind a nearby desk -- WHIRLING, MACHINE GUN in hand to -- **BRBRBRKAKAKAK** --

FIRES at ELI -- who recoils. Looks. *Idea*. Eli AIMS at the DESK the guy is HIDING BEHIND and --

**BLAAAAAAM**. Eli BLOWS it straight to hell -- SENDS the GUY behind it SAILING BACKWARD and AIRBORNE amidst tufts of printer paper -- THROUGH a nearby WALL into the next room --

**BRBRBRBRBRBAKAKAKAKAKAKAAKAK** -- The guy who was shooting at Jimmy WHIRLS on Eli, buckling in the weight of the moment, going RAMBO with his AMMO --

Eli hunkers down -- aims UPWARD and **BLAAAAAAM** -- FIRES OVER Rambo's head INTO THE CEILING --

CINDERBLOCK AND FOUNDATION EXPLODE AND RAIN DOWN on the guy --

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Morgan WHIRLS as Eli's BLAST THROUGH THE CEILING sends CHUNKS of the STATION'S ROOF SPEWING SKYWARD like a geyser --

*What. The. Fuck. Was. That.*

MORGAN

Tell me we've got backup coming --

NEARBY OFFICER

ETA's two/three minutes --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Eli, with the silence having spread -- chances a glance --

-- A HAND REACHES. GRABS HIM -- YANKS him down behind cover of a short cubicle WALL --

*It's Jimmy*. Who's pulled Eli into cover just as -- the GUNMAN who was covering the front entrance -- APPEARS at the END OF THE HALLWAY BEYOND -- FIRING --

-- what looks like an AR-15 -- **BRBRBRBRBKAKAKAKAKAKAKAAK** --

Both of them cover. Scared. As lead BURNS PAST. Jimmy takes stock of what Eli just did to save him...

JIMMY

You okay?

Eli manages a nod. Brave.

ELI  
Are you?

Jimmy... motions to the GUNMAN. Still a ways up that hall.

JIMMY  
I can. Uh. Give you some cover --

Eli nods again, and Jimmy drops low, scurries left. LEANS his HEAD INTO VIEW --

JIMMY  
Hey! Yo!

FIRE RETURNS on Jimmy, giving Eli the chance to drop RIGHT --

**BLAAAAAAAAAM!** Eli sends a BLAST down the corridor -- it EXPLODES into CHUNKY DEBRIS, but RETURN FIRE sounds back a second later -- he's still up there -- well covered --

Eli tries again --

**BLAAAAAAAAAM!** Still no good --

ELI  
I'm trying --

**BRBRBRBAKAKAKAKAKAKK** -- automatic FIRE POUNDS PAST overhead -- Eli and Jimmy COVER -- **BRBRBRBRKAKAKAKAK** --

JIMMY  
He's yours man -- take him out --

Then. Eli remembers The GREEN NODE. Lower left side of the barrel. Eli jostles the WEAPON, finds it --

**KR-SHRRR-VRRRP.** The WEAPON JOLTS in his hands and two sleek appendages extend sideways like recoil dampeners once again --

ELI  
Come on --

Eli, rallying -- RISES fast into view as down the hall, the LAST OF TAYLOR'S GUNMEN SWINGS INTO VIEW -- AIMS --

Eli FIRES FIRST. Pulls the TRIGGER and THE WEAPON EXPLODES with BLUE LIGHT. AMASSING in a SURGE before --

**VVVVVVSSSSHHHHH!**

EXPLODING forward in a tidal wave of BLUE ENERGY. Eli's THROWN BACKWARD by the recoil as --

The ENTIRE HALLWAY around the remaining shooter IGNITES. BLASTING A HOLE STRAIGHT THROUGH the SIDE OF THE STATION beyond --

-- and silence. Jimmy turns. Pulls Eli to his feet. They exchange glances --

JIMMY

Have I seen that one yet? That was new, right?? Shit, Eli --

Eli, with the wind knocked out of him a little, nods. The entire station now beyond them QUIET. *Taylor & Co. gone...*

JIMMY

Keep low, alright? I'll --  
 (looks up, around)  
 -- go first I guess, just --  
 (re: the weapon)  
 -- there could be more of em. Keep that thing handy -- maybe stick with the first mode, yeah?

ELI

Okay --

Eli taps the node until the WEAPON RETURNS to normal. Jimmy looks around again. The coast still clear, so. Jimmy moves, cautious, motions Eli along --

Making for the scorched hallway. Darkened now -- overhead lighting flickering inconsistently --

Eli sticks close at Jimmy's side, THE WEAPON ready -- the moment building -- *forward* --

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

BACKUP HAS ARRIVED. LOCAL PD now SWARMING into position around the station. OVER A DOZEN SQUAD CARS. Jumping in alongside Morgan and the TAC SQUAD. Armed and ready.

So many POLICE the building is surrounded on ALL SIDES --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy and Eli move in close formation through the aftermath of Taylor's gunfight. We see both fallen cops AND members of Taylor's crew. Motionless...

Closing in on the FINAL TURN. We see dust and ash fluttering through the air. The LOBBY and MAIN ENTRANCE just beyond --

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy chances a glance into the lobby now. And sees it. Blue and red lights. Flashing in through every window. Jimmy curses. Inches forward, low -- peaks a look out to see --

**A PARKING LOT FILLED WITH COPS.**

JIMMY

Ah man --

Jimmy turns. Sinks down along the wall. Face wracked. No clean exit. Beat. He looks to Eli. Face long --

**OUTSIDE:** and Jimmy can see them GEARING UP out there. Ready.

Morgan can be seen coordinating. Doling out ORDERS.

JIMMY

Looks like we'll have more company pretty shortly...

ELI

What're they gonna do?

A long silence follows. Jimmy's expression far off and away.

Then. He looks back at Eli and smiles, sad.

JIMMY

They're probably gonna come in here and take us away. Could be the last time we see each other for awhile --

Beat. Jimmy looks at Eli.

JIMMY

-- I'll go away for good. You'll be alone again. I'm sorry, I -- it was never meant to be like this. Dad was right. Be more like him, okay?

(then)

Less like me.

Eli looks up at Jimmy. Quiet. And there we have it.

Jimmy nods. Sober. Lays the pistol down. Like releasing some great weight. Slides it away. Looks at Eli. Silence lingers.

JIMMY

You and me'll always be brothers. Like it or not. And I'll always be there for you. Best as I can. Okay?



Jimmy strains. Gets to his knees, puts his hands atop his head -- ready to be arrested. Eli sets down THE WEAPON nearby... gets on his knees...

JIMMY

They like it when you link your fingers. Just like this.

(then)

They'll be everywhere real soon. I want you to do everything they tell you, okay?

Eli copies. Scared. Holding back tears.

JIMMY

Elijah. You'll be fine.

**AND WE HOLD:** on two brothers. Side by side. Listening to the sound of BOOTS like a gathering storm outside --

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Officers RACE up. From EVERY SIDE. GUNS DRAWN, SWARMING -- and that's when we hear it.

STREET BIKES. In BREAKNECK approach. Coming right this way --

Morgan, amidst the STORMING POLICE, turns --

NEARBY OFFICER

Ma'am?

OTHER POLICE look as well. Taking in the TWO HEADLIGHTS as they come SAILING IN. WAY TOO FAST AND --

It's THE CLEANERS. They DRAW WEAPONS. ONE PULLS and aims what looks like a HANDGUN version of Eli's WEAPON, FIRES --

BLASTING straight through BARRICADES. POLICE go LEAPING AWAY.

BULLETS BOUNCE OFF their ADVANCED ARMOR -- IGNORING incoming fire. Heading right for THE STATION --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy hears this -- looks -- Eli too --

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Morgan CHARGES. YELLS to POLICE --

MORGAN  
GO!! Hit the DOOR! Don't let them  
past you into the STATION!

Morgan and POLICE RUSH THE DOOR as OFFICERS BEHIND them  
attempt to SLOW the BIKES --

The SWAT BATTERING RAM SWINGS.

**FOOSH.** The SECOND CLEANER **FIRES** SOMETHING past Morgan. Into  
the POLICE STATION'S MAIN WINDOW. A CANNISTER or --

**INT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Eli and Jimmy watch as THE DOOR BUCKLES under the WEIGHT OF  
THE BATTERING RAM --

-- as the GRENADE-SHAPED INCENDIARY ricochettes off the wall  
beside Eli and --

**BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!**

**The PROJECTILE EXPLODES.**

Jimmy is HURLED straight backward by the BLAST -- The POLICE  
rushing in VANISH in BLINDING LIGHT --

As Eli's form is CONSUMED BY SHOCKWAVE -- he cries out --

*And halts.*

Nothing happens. *Beat.* His eyes still closed. Eli opens them.  
Chances a look around...

*Not dead.* The explosion didn't even scratch Eli. He turns  
FAST -- to JIMMY -- *and goes wide eyed.*

Jimmy's just a few feet away. *But he's suspended in mid-air.*  
The gravity that should be tethering him to the floor gone.

As though the blast has hurled Jimmy backward in super slow  
motion --

Eli turns. The same can be said for the POLICE who just  
kicked the door in -- there's Morgan -- also nearly frozen --

Dust and debris flung by the blast *hangs* --

*Time has frozen around Eli.* He looks. Down at the exploded  
grenade-like device at his feet. Spent. As though it's  
created some kind of force-field around just Eli.

Eli PANICS. He turns -- fast. Grabs THE WEAPON --

ELI

Hello?

-- out the FRONT DOOR of the STATION. All of the POLICE OFFICERS outside FROZEN too. No one to answer -- silence --

For a moment, the sight of all this comes with a bewildered but very real sensation of awe -- and then --

**MOVEMENT** sounds behind Eli. He WHIRLS, takes FAST AIM at --

**THE CLEANERS.**

Here in the station. Their WEAPONS drawn as they step into view. A *standoff*. Menacing --

Eli STAYS PUT -- terrified -- keeps his aim --

And here, as they approach -- we've got our best look at these two figures yet --

The FIRST CLEANER is TALLER and LEANER where the SECOND is STOCKIER with wide shoulders --

The TALLER CLEANER holds the silence. Takes stock of the small human boy in front of him. A David to Goliaths.

And the FIRST CLEANER steps forward. Weapon up.

Eli SWINGS the barrel of THE WEAPON at him. The TARGETING system LOCKS ON -- the weapon's power surging warning...

... the Cleaner raises his hand in response.

A *gesture of calm* -- wait -- we see the Taller Cleaner's hand has *five fingers*. Reaching slowly to tap a small console on his neck -- Eli watches --

**AS THE TALLER CLEANER'S MECHANIZED HELMET RETRACTS.**

*To reveal the face of a human.* A man. A transparent breathing apparatus wraps along his cheek into his nostrils -- aiding his breathing in our atmosphere.

TALL CLEANER

It's okay, son. Hang on, let's just talk a minute, alright?

Eli's *blanching* at the sight of what's behind that mask -- maintains his grip on the weapon -- fingers CLAMPED --

TALL CLEANER

Look. We're not here to hurt you.  
(then)

TALL CLEANER (CONT'D)  
 But *that* weapon -- we need it back.  
 It doesn't belong here --

Eli doesn't waver -- gun still up. Overwhelmed, trembling.  
 Taking stock of the TALL CLEANER --

ELI  
 And what -- what happens to me when  
 I give it to you?

TALL CLEANER  
 Look at your arm, Elijah.

Eli slows at the mention of *his name...*

Eli looks. *This guy's pointing at Eli's scar.*

TALL CLEANER  
 That's your activator. It's the  
 reason you're able to operate that  
 thing and no one else.  
 (then, cautiously)  
 Your parents made sure you got one  
 before you left, so that some day  
 you can return.

*And Eli stops.*

ELI  
 My parents?

The Cleaner sees the emotion he's gotten from this kid. The  
 panic and the hope all at once --

A lot to take in. The Cleaner sees this, crosses closer.

TALL CLEANER  
 Your family have enemies -- the  
 ones who located you here, who  
 tracked you to that warehouse where  
 you'd been salvaging --  
 (beat)  
 We reached them before they got to  
 you, but not quick enough apparently.

The Tall Cleaner extends his hand now for THE WEAPON.

TALL CLEANER  
 Time dispersals are only temporary,  
 and this one's about to collapse.  
 Sir. I'm gonna need you to hand it  
 over now. We don't have long --

SECOND CLEANER  
 (in perfect Chinese)  
*Thirty seconds.*

TALL CLEANER  
 (also in perfect Chinese)  
*This is important.*

The Tall Cleaner motions. Eli turns, sees Jimmy -- still suspended mid-air -- but we can now see the faint traces of MOVEMENT accelerating -- same with Morgan and the POLICE --

Eli looks from the frozen forms of storming police -- down. Studies THE WEAPON in his hand -- for the last time -- hands it over. His eyes still swimming --

ELI  
 But I don't understand -- am I human?

TALL CLEANER  
 100%. And from Earth. Just not this version.

The SECOND CLEANER steps forward -- takes the weapon, snaps it MAGNETICALLY onto his back --

SECOND CLEANER  
 We gotta move.

The Tall Cleaner nods. *Eyes Eli* -- he can't just leave him with that. So the Tall Cleaner acquiesces --

TALL CLEANER  
 We are at war, Elijah. An all too violent war that threatens more than you can imagine. And you're too important to be caught up in it right now.  
 (beat)  
 But just because you're lonely, it doesn't mean that you're alone. You will see your parents again. They're counting on it.

Then. Fateful.

SECOND CLEANER  
 And then you'll be giving us orders.

The Cleaner offers his hand. A soldier's hand.

Eli accepts. Head-spun. Shakes it. The Tall Cleaner grins, rises. Falls in with the SECOND --

-- who draws what looks like a MECHANIZED BATON -- ACTIVATES it. The BATON SURGES. CRACKLING with LIGHT --

Eli RECOILS, watches -- sees his BREATH BEGIN TO FOG, the TEMPERATURE here dropping. FROST -- just like before --

GROWS in crystalline formations across every surface, the ceiling and floor --

-- slivers of tiny snow, condensation in the air freezing -- begin to fall -- leading Eli's gaze to JIMMY. Still flying backwards in ultra slow-mo but now quickly ACCELERATING --

The SECOND CLEANER WEAVES the baton through the air as though TRACING A DOORWAY -- the TALL CLEANER locks eyes with Eli...

TALL CLEANER

Be seeing you.

And what can only be described as a HOLE TORN OUT OF THIN AIR ERUPTS INTO EXISTENCE. *Unreal*. A doorway to another world --

The Cleaners step through -- the DOORWAY COLLAPSES behind them. LIKE THAT -- they're gone. *And time rights itself*.

Jimmy SMACKS the floor, YELPS -- POLICE BREAK IN -- from EVERY ANGLE -- immediately and overwhelming --

YELLING ORDERS. Get down -- etc, etc --

Jimmy, on the floor, hands in the air -- yells back that he and Eli are UNARMED. Eli's knocked HARD to the ground. CUFFED.

**PULLING BACK.** From Eli's view -- *everything changed*.

Morgan stands in view. Takes in the insanity of this scene. The frost -- the carnage --

MORGAN

Clear the building! MOVE!

-- and Eli at the center. No Cleaners. No weapon. Gone.

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Eli sits in the back of an AMBULANCE. The scene of the shootout A FLURRY of ACTIVITY now --

-- every face betraying shock. Eli watches until --

MORGAN (O.C.)

I found the statement you were giving inside.

Eli looks up briefly to see Morgan standing nearby.

MORGAN

Your brother seems to be matching it blow for blow.

Morgan nods across the lot where Jimmy speaks to LOCAL COPS --

MORGAN

With the exception of a few things.

Eli remains silent. Still in shock --

MORGAN

I'd say he's covering for you.

Morgan looks to Eli. He looks up at her. Contemplates that.

MORGAN

Which... I might just advise you to let him do, given you're a minor and you've got your whole life ahead of you....

Eli slows. Digests that. Looks off to Jimmy --

ELI

What's gonna happen to my brother?

MORGAN

He's gonna go away for a while.  
(beat)

But if he keeps cooperating -- it might not be for as long as he thinks.

Morgan holds. Looks at Eli a little more dire now --

MORGAN

As an incident on public record, you've managed to raise some eye-brows. Crazy looking weapons and men in armored suits vanishing into thin air... there are people who're gonna want to talk to you.

Eli remains quiet.

MORGAN

But we can go over that later. For  
now, just sit tight --

Eli holds on this -- eyes Morgan as she rises, moves off. Eli watches her go. And then sees --

-- Jimmy, still cuffed, is HOISTED to his feet. Lead away by a detail of uniformed POLICE.

*Jimmy and Eli catch each other's eye. Jimmy nods. Juts his chin as he goes. Still Jimmy.*

As he's loaded into a CRUISER, Eli catches Jimmy's gaze, *standing there -- ELI offers up that now-familiar all good wink.* Jimmy, across the lot -- grins WIDE, sends it back...

ELI (V.O.)

You don't get to choose family.

**INT. BACK OF THE CRUISER - MOVING AWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy, with his wrists still cuffed -- raises them into a little wave -- watches his little brother's figure recede into the faraway distance behind him --

ELI (V.O.)

You don't. Just cause someone *is*,  
it doesn't mean they can't hurt  
you. Doesn't mean they won't.

**EXT. BLUE FALLS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Eli looks -- out through the crowded lot -- *just out.*

ELI (V.O.)

All you can do when it comes to the  
people you love is brace yourself.

Across the face of the world he can see beyond. Our world. Eyes traversing its contours as though feeling for what's beyond. For who. *A light wind picks up.*

ELI (V.O.)

That's just how it is.

*And Eli holds... and we CUT TO BLACK.*