

PURSUED

a screenplay by

Karl Alexander

based upon his novel

Registered, WGAw

FADE IN:

EXT - A HIGH SCHOOL GYM - PRESCOTT, ARIZONA - NIGHT

A lone figure emerges from the trees, a running machine, his stride, long and perfect. SEAN BENSON, 17, a "coffee-latté" boy with dreadlocks and bright-blue eyes.

INT - THE GYM - THE BOY'S LOCKER ROOM

Knocking on the glass. A Hispanic JANITOR opens the door, lets Sean in, grins at him.

JANITOR

You run forever, eh...?

He laughs, resumes cleaning.

Sean opens his locker, pulls jeans and jacket over his running slicks. The cell in his backpack BEEPS. As he throws on the backpack and hurries for the door, he checks voicemail.

SAMUEL BENSON (O.S.)

(stern, unforgiving)

Where the hell are you, boy? Your curfew was up half an hour ago. I can't believe you'd do this to us your first day back. Who do I call next? The Goddamn sheriff?

WILLIAMSON VALLEY ROAD

Sean, walking north, his breath coming in clouds.

Up ahead, a LOW RIDER—skull cap, gray ponytail, T-shirt and Wranglers—swings into the south lane and gooses it, his fat, nasty Harley tattooing the stillness.

As the bike roars past, the low rider laughs maniacally to the skies. Sean reacts, yet continues walking....

Sirens.

Sean frowns, wonders what's going on.

YAKASHBA ESTATES

Upscale, its homes hidden from its country lanes. Sean turns down the main road. More sirens. Dogs bark. Concerned, he takes a cross-country short-cut. He walks faster.

On the main road, a Coroner's van glides past.

Sean crests a hill, stops short, gapes....

EXT - THE BENSON COUNTRY HOME - WIDE SHOT

Sheriff's cars ring the front, light-bars flashing. A brown Hummer H3 is parked behind the family cars. The Coroner's van pulls up. We hear static and dispatch-speak from police radios.

INT - THE BENSON HOUSE

Lights blaze as LT. DARRYL HILGADO and Sheriff's DEPUTIES work the scene.

QUICK CUTS:

In the foyer, ECHO, a black Schnauzer, shot dead.

In his office, SAMUEL BENSON, a black man in well-worn Howard University sweats, shot between the eyes.

In the kitchen, ELIZABETH BENSON, blonde and blue-eyed, sprawled in a lake of blood. Then, 7-year-old MARCY, shot in the back.

BACK TO SEAN

Running down the hill, across a meadow toward the house. He stumbles, slows. He hears his name. Stops. He reacts with horror as he hears an indifferent female voice over speakers -

POLICE RADIO

Unit 5, proceed to the roadblock at Iron Springs Road. Unit 7, to the roadblock at Pioneer Parkway. Suspect is Sean Benson, 17 years old, 6'2", 160 lbs., last seen wearing blue jeans and lumberjack shirt in the vicinity of Prescott High School. Consider the suspect armed and dangerous....

ANGLE - SHERIFF RITCHIE OCOTILLO

A short, wiry 44-year-old in a military-pressed uniform and campaign hat. Light catches his diamond earring. With one foot up on the H3's bumper, he talks on his cell -

OCOTILLO

That'd be right, Bob, he shot his parents and his sister. .22 long-barrel is what it looks like....

ANGLE - SEAN

Sinking to the ground in horror and disbelief.

BACK TO OCOTILLO

OCOTILLO

Yep, the same kid who attacked that coach at Prescott High—who got off with probation when they should've sent him down to Tucson. Get his cell number from Qwest, triangulate, and we'll nail him.

ANGLE - SEAN

Running away from the house through the trees, then following an animal trail up a steep hill, his breath coming hard.

THE HILLTOP

Bathed in moonlight. Granite slabs, no trees. Sean bursts from the chaparral, bends over, works to catch his breath.

He finds water in his backpack, chugs the bottle. He gets out his cell, is about to make a call when he hears a helicopter, looks off.

A SHERIFF'S HELICOPTER

Coming toward him, low and fast, rotors deafening, its spotlight panning across the trees, probing.

BACK TO SEAN

He throws on his backpack, descends into the trees, the darkness. He starts sobbing, but doesn't stop running.

THE HELICOPTER

Circles the hilltop, its light, sweeping the chaparral.

SEAN

In the valley now, amidst pines and tall grass. He sprints across a dirt road past a house. A dog barks. A light goes on. He veers away, runs faster.

THE HELICOPTER

A mile north, zigzagging, its light panning mindlessly.

OCOTILLO

In his H3, pulling away from the house. Over radio -

PILOT (O.S.)
Mountain's blocking the signal.
I can't get a clean fix.

Ocotillo glares at the road, speeds up. Then, into his mike -

OCOTILLO
You hear that, Bob? Get another
Goddamn bird up there, will you?

VARIOUS ANGLES - SEAN

Cutting through a light industrial area, then a park.

On the edge of town, bent over, exhausted. Sleet starts coming down. Sean moves on.

Walking up an alley behind Sheldon Street, keeping in the shadows. He spots the glow of a green-and-white Bennett Oil sign and a Greyhound Bus Depot next door....

EXT - BENNETT OIL & THE BUS DEPOT

Inside the gas station, a teenaged GIRL sits behind the counter, mesmerized by a game on her laptop.

Around back, Sean vaults a wooden fence, skirts a dumpster, sprints for the Bennett Oil men's room.

INT - THE MEN'S ROOM

Filthy, smelly, littered with paper towels. Graffiti. Sean slams inside, locks the door, drinks long and deep from the tap in the sink. He pulls out his cell, speed dials....

SEAN

(sobbing)

Marlon, they think I killed Mom
and Pop and Marcy! I, I—.

MARLON (O.S.)

Dude! You're all over the TV!
They got this picture of you with
your fucking hair!

SEAN

I didn't do it! I didn't—.

MARLON (O.S.)

Get off the phone, dude! They're
gonna track your phone!

Sean stares at his phone, horrified,

MARLON (O.S.)

Oh, Christ! The cops are here!
They're coming to the door!

Marlon hangs up. Sean turns off his phone, drops it in the trash as if it were diseased.

Desperate, he stares in the mirror, then rummages in his backpack, finds a pair of art scissors. He starts hacking off his dreadlocks.

THE ALLEY - WIDE SHOT

Sheriff's cars seal off both ends. Deputies fan out, start searching, weapons at the ready. A helicopter circles overhead, spotlight on the alley. Dogs bark.

EXT - BENNETT OIL & THE BUS DEPOT

Now, a Greyhound bus is idling in front of the depot. A few PASSENGERS debark. The DRIVER unloads luggage.

A '97 Buick Regal pulls up to a Bennett Oil gas pump. REBECCA STAPLETON, a shapely 35-year-old brunette, gets out, glances curiously at the helicopter, then hurries inside.

EXT - BEHIND BENNETT OIL - THE MEN'S ROOM

Sean steps out, D-back's cap low over butchered hair, jacket turned inside out.

EXT - BENNETT OIL & THE BUS DEPOT

Sheriff's cars pull up, bracket the Greyhound bus. Deputies jump out, draw weapons, surround the bus.

INT - BENNETT OIL

Rebecca at the counter.

REBECCA

What's going on out there?

GIRL

I dunno. Looks like they found somebody bad on the bus.

REBECCA

Listen, I'm lost. I'm trying to get to the 40.

GIRL

You're way lost. Like ninety miles lost.

SHOT - SEAN

Inching around the side of the gas station.

BACK TO REBECCA & THE GIRL

REBECCA

Okay, so how do I get to the 40?

GIRL

You gotta go to Flag.

REBECCA

Flag?

GIRL

Flagstaff.

Rebecca turns to the window, watches the deputies pulling passengers off the bus.

REBECCA

Wow.

EXT - BENNETT OIL

Sean creeps around to the front, scans the area, then bolts for the Buick. He opens the door, starts to get behind the wheel, hesitates.

Deputies are on the street monitoring traffic.

INT - THE BUICK

Sean jumps in back, curls up on the floor next to a potted Guatemalan ponytail palm wrapped for travel.

BACK TO REBECCA & THE GIRL

Rebecca turns back to the girl.

REBECCA

So how do I get to Flagstaff?

GIRL

You take 89, 89A or 69 to the I-17 north. Sheldon Street turns into 89 once you're past Prescott.

REBECCA

Where's Prescott?

GIRL

You're in Prescott.

REBECCA

Oookay.

GIRL

I wouldn't take 89A, though, 'cause it's supposed to snow.

REBECCA

Thanks.

EXT - BENNETT OIL

Rebecca comes outside, hunched against the wet cold. She gets in her car, starts it, cranks the heater up, pulls away from the pump.

INT - THE BUICK

A deputy stops her at the street.

DEPUTY
Street's closed, ma'am.

REBECCA
What's going on?

DEPUTY
Turn around, go three blocks over
and use Gurley Street.

EXT - BENNETT OIL

As Rebecca does so, snow starts falling.

AN INTERSECTION - GURLEY & SOUTH MONTEZUMA STREETS

Road signs and arrows, blurred by falling snow. Rebecca turns on Montezuma, the Buick skidding in the slush.

INT/EXT - THE BUICK - TRAVELING

Rebecca channel-surfs on the radio, making a medley of country, classical, rock, static, NPR, and more static. She sings along with the music, makes static noises with the static.

A FREEWAY INTERCHANGE

Rebecca sees the ramp for Highway 69, hesitates, keeps going straight on 89 and 89A.

INT/EXT - THE BUICK - TRAVELING

The snow comes down harder. Rebecca flicks on her high beams, drives cautiously, now channel-surfing to keep her nerve up, singing along with The Beach Boys, then The Cars.

Her cell RINGS. She gropes for it, manages to answer without going off the road.

REBECCA
Hello...?

ALICE (O.S.)
Hey, girl, it's me!

REBECCA
Alice! I'm in Nowhereland, and
it's snowing bed sheets! You'd
love it!

Rebecca misses the "Y" for Highway 89, angles right onto 89A, a two-lane country road blanketed with snow.

ALICE (O.S.)
I can barely hear you!

REBECCA
 (shouts)
 How are my kitties?!

ALICE (O.S.)
 The cats're fine!

REBECCA
 I got a "sussie" for you in
 Tucson!

ALICE (O.S.)
 Turquoise?

REBECCA
 (laughs)
 No, but it's green.

ALICE (O.S.)
 Hey, I finally met a guy, can you
 believe it?

REBECCA
 Right on, girl! Take him to Vegas
 before you turn into a pumpkin.

ALICE (O.S.)
 He's the son of—.

Rebecca's cell goes dead. She frowns at it. The road segues into "S" curves. She grabs the wheel with both hands, overreacts. The car swerves, fishtails.

Oncoming headlights appear, loom closer and closer. A monster crew cab pickup shoots past, spraying the windshield with slush, blinding Rebecca. She screams.

The Buick waffles left and right, then tilts and tilts, slides into the ditch.

Still holding the wheel, Rebecca fumes. On the radio, loud and clear, Paul McCartney sings "Yesterday."

REBECCA
 Fuck you, Paul.

She punches off the radio.

EXT - THE BUICK - WIDE SHOT

Under black skies, an endless blanket of snow, the road delineated only by tracks from the pickup.

Rebecca fights her way out of the car, slogs up to the road as the pickup backs up, stops. A COWBOY—red-faced with whiskey—slides out, grins at Rebecca.

COWBOY

Well, well. What we got here?

REBECCA

You ran me off the road, you
Goddamn redneck!

COWBOY

Now hold on, just hold on. I'll
get you outa there.

He releases the pickup's winch, starts hooking it up to the Buick's axle. He chuckles as he works, gives her looks.

COWBOY

Name's Elgin.... Meet a lot of
girls with a winch. Ain't much you
can't do with a winch and a 350.

INT - THE BUICK

Sean hears the winch start, braces himself as the winch pulls it up from the ditch and back on the road.

EXT - THE BUICK

The cowboy unhooks his winch, presses a button, rolls it up.

REBECCA

(sarcastic)

Nice meeting you.

She opens the Buick's door, but the cowboy closes it, leans against it, smiles, nods at his truck.

COWBOY

Got whiskey and a seat that folds
down.... One for the road?

REBECCA

No, thanks.

COWBOY

I hear that when a girl says no,
she means yes.

REBECCA

Not in my vocabulary.

He grabs her, tries to force her to his truck. They struggle.

ANGLE INCLUDING SEAN

As he comes around the back of the car, his presence distracts the cowboy. Rebecca pulls free and kicks the cowboy in the groin. He goes down. She kicks him over and over.

The cowboy writhes, retches, covers up, crawls away, then hobbles towards his truck. Rebecca turns to Sean.

REBECCA
Where the hell did you come from?

SEAN
Hitchhiking. I was hitchhiking.

REBECCA
Out here?

SEAN
You do a lot of walking when you hitchhike.

REBECCA
Get in.

SEAN
For real?

REBECCA
C'mon, you know he's gonna follow me. People in this part of the country follow you.

They get in the car. Rebecca starts it. They drive off.

EXT/INT - THE BUICK - NIGHT

The snow has stopped. Rebecca drives through the mountains, a dot of headlights on a moonlit white landscape.

REBECCA
Hey, thanks for being in the right place at the right time.

Inside the car, Sean is curled against the door, desolate, fighting grief. He stares at a granola bar on the dash. Rebecca notices.

REBECCA
Go ahead.

He grabs the bar, wolfs it.

REBECCA
There's another one in the glove box or we can stop somewhere—.

SEAN
No, no.... No, I'm fine.

REBECCA

Not that there's any place to stop.... So, where you going?

SEAN

Unh, Flag. Then the coast. Yeah, the coast.

REBECCA

I'm Rebecca. Rebecca Stapleton.

SEAN

Sean.

REBECCA

(laughs)

Oookay.... You're one of those one-named people like Madonna or Prince, right?

SEAN

Sean Benson.

REBECCA

So what's out on the coast?

SEAN

I'm gonna stay...with my sister—.

The image is too painful to bear. He turns to the window, tries to hold back the tears, but they come anyway.

REBECCA

You okay over there?

SEAN

You mind if I lay down in the back? I'm really wiped out.

REBECCA

No, no, go ahead.

He climbs over the seat, arranges himself around the plant.

REBECCA

Oh, yeah, you don't mind sleeping with a plant, do you? I got it for Alice 'cause she feeds the cats when I'm gone. She's a Ted Nugent freak, and I thought it looked like him with green hair.... Hey, I'll find you some sounds.

Rebecca goes channel-surfing, singing and bouncing along with sound-bytes of the music. A news station fades in —

ANNOUNCER
 Prescott, Arizona, this just in—.

REBECCA
 And this just out.

She dials right past the station to Beethoven's 5th and sings along.

Curled around the palm, Sean shakes with sobs, his face buried in the back seat to muffle the sound.

EXT/INT - THE BUICK - DAY

The sun coming up hard over desert mountains. "BARSTOW. Next 6 Exits." Rebecca takes the first off-ramp.

In back, Sean sleeps the sleep of the dead as the car slows, turns, turns, turns again.... When the car stops—at Mildred's Pancake House—Sean bolts up, awake and terrified.

SEAN
 Huh?!

REBECCA
 We're in Barstow.... Paradise is still lost.

He slumps back on the seat. She puts on fresh lipstick, brushes her hair.

REBECCA
 C'mon, let's get some breakfast.

SEAN
 No, thanks, I'm not hungry. I'll wait here.

REBECCA
 Bullshit, you'll wait here. I'm not having some coffee-latté boy hot-wire my car.

EXT - MILDRED'S PANCAKE HOUSE

Wary, Sean gets out of the Buick, blinks in the sun.

SEAN
 Look, I really appreciate the ride, but—.

REBECCA
 I'll buy.

She links arms with him, pulls him toward the door.

INT - MILDRED'S PANCAKE HOUSE

Rebecca and Sean in a booth with mugs of coffee. Rebecca studies the map. Sean glances nervously at an overhead TV blaring a commercial.

REBECCA

I'm gonna take 58 over to Bakersfield and hook up with the 5.

(groans)

Somebody has to live in Oregon.

(beat)

But you're gonna want the 15 South to L.A., so I'll drop you at the exit. Okay?

The morning news comes back on the TV.

ANCHORWOMAN

Up next. A 17-year-old boy is wanted for killing his parents and sister and even the family dog. First, this....

As the TV cuts to commercials, a nervous and pale Sean slides out from the booth.

SEAN

I gotta go to the bathroom.

REBECCA

Don't forget to wash your hands.

He hurries toward the restrooms, passing the WAITRESS bringing their food.

EXT - MILDRED'S - THE BACK

Sean bursts out a screen door and takes off running.

A FRONTAGE ROAD

Dotted with litter, paralleling the Interstate. Running blind, Sean passes ramshackle houses, cars up on blocks, angry dogs behind chain link. The road dead-ends at the Interstate.

Sean slows to a walk, hears a car, turns....

The Buick speeds toward him, dust rooster-tailing behind. It stops beside him. Rebecca leans out the window, curious, fascinated.

REBECCA

Where did they get that terrible picture of you...?

SEAN
 (defeated)
 I didn't do it.... No matter
 what they say, no matter what
 you think, I didn't do it.

REBECCA
 Then why don't you get back in
 the car, and we'll fix it?

SEAN
 How?

REBECCA
 I don't know how.

He continues walking. The car matches his pace.

REBECCA
 Where you gonna go, Sean? When
 God and everybody has seen you on
 TV?

SEAN
 Maybe I'll just turn myself in.

REBECCA
 Now there's a concept. The boys
 in the big house will be lining up
 for your cute, little ass.

SEAN
 Okay, but why? I could be another
 Ted Bundy or Richard Ramirez or,
 or—.

REBECCA
 DiCaprio. You look more like Di-
 Caprio....

He slumps against the car, puts his face in his hands.

SEAN
 I'm...so...screwed.

REBECCA
 (soft)
 Come on. I get vibes about people,
 serious vibes. You're not a bad
 kid, and you need help.

SEAN
 (defiant)
 I'm not one of your cats from the
 pound.

REBECCA
 (stung)
 You should be so lucky.

He stops, looks off, considers his options. Zero.

REBECCA
 I guess I'm wasting my time.

She turns the car around, stops one last time.... He scrambles inside.

INT - THE BUICK

Sean breaks down, sobs uncontrollably. Rebecca puts her arms around him, comforts him, a beatific smile on her face.

EXT - THE BUICK - HIGH, WIDE ANGLE

Rebecca starts back toward the Interstate.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 Your breakfast is in that doggy bag in back. Why don't you eat it before it freezes?

EXT - THE FBI FIELD OFFICE - PHOENIX, ARIZONA - DAY

Special Agent Wade Flores, a casual, but neat and trim 43, hurrying into his office cubicle.

INT - FLORES' OFFICE

At his desk, he picks up the phone, answers in a fluid, intoxicating voice -

FLORES
 Special Agent Flores, how can I help you...?

EXT - THE HASSAYAMPA COUNTRY CLUB

Ocotillo leans against his Hummer. He wears an expensive suit. A VALET ATTENDANT takes his keys, and Ocotillo starts inside. INTERCUT the conversation.

OCOTILLO
 Ritchie Ocotillo, returning your call.

FLORES
 Well, thanks for calling me back, sir. It's a pleasure to hear your voice. Haven't seen you since the ASU days.

OCOTILLO

Long time, Flores. So, what's up?

FLORES

Looks like you got a semi-righteous flap going on up there.

OCOTILLO

Don't you worry about me, Wade.
I got my county locked down tight.
I'm fine and dandy.

FLORES

Amen, Sheriff, but if we get word
the kid's crossed the state line,
we're going to jump in and coord-
inate, okay? Just so you know.

OCOTILLO

Gracias, pero no gracias.

He rings off.

INT - THE BUICK - DAY

Speeding up the I-5. In BG, we hear static-shredded news on
the radio, the name, "Sean Benson" a few times.

REBECCA

Oh, yeah, they found your dreads
at the gas station in Prescott.

(laughs)

I was gonna ask if your stylist
did you with a weedeater.

SEAN

Why are you helping me? Really?

REBECCA

'Cause I'm nuts.

(smiles)

Kinda bitchin', though. Like being
a coyote or—. You ever read about
the "Underground Railroad"?

He looks off, shakes his head in disgust. She shrugs -

REBECCA

Okay, so you're just another
fugitive. At least you're not
a flat person.

SEAN

What's a flat person?

REBECCA

Everybody else. Somebody with no imagination, no elán. Somebody who would've dropped you off at the nearest police station.

EXT - A CHEVRON GAS STATION - DAY

Just off the Interstate. Across the street, another gas station and a Jack-in-the-Box.

A Jeep Cherokee is at a pump. The DRIVER finishes filling up, goes inside the station.

The Buick pulls in, goes to the furthest-away pump. Rebecca gets out, starts filling up. Suddenly, Sean climbs out. Her eyes widen in surprise.

SEAN

Bathroom.

He hurries around the back of the station.

EXT/INT - THE MEN'S ROOM

Sean comes inside, locks the door, unzips.

BACK TO REBECCA

Pumping gas. A Chevy Tahoe, pulls up behind the Buick, doors opening as PEOPLE get out. Rebecca frowns, clicks her pump off, caps the gas.

INT/EXT - THE MEN'S ROOM

Sean finishes washing his face and hands, opens the door, revealing a short, fat 9-year-old BOY about to come inside.

Jolted, they stare at each other.

Sean averts his face, steps out. The boy goes inside, locks the door. Sean presses his ear against the door, hears the kid dialing on his cell....

Panicked, he starts to run for the field behind the Chevron when the Buick roars around back, Rebecca tapping the horn, her face etched with anger and fear.

He dives in back, and she guns it across the street behind the Jack-in-the-Box.

REBECCA

Next time, tell me, and I'll find you a tree!

EXT - THE CHEVRON - WIDE SHOT

Just as the Jeep Cherokee pulls away from the station and heads for the I-5 South, the fat kid runs back to the Tahoe yelling, waving his arms. He points at the Jeep Cherokee.

KID

That's him! That's him!

INT - THE BUICK

Screaming away, up the I-5 North, Rebecca, delighted.

REBECCA

We make a pretty good team, don't you think?

INT - THE FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Agent Flores studies a print-out, leans against a bank of office machines, grins with admiration.

FLORES

I'll be Goddamned....

Curious, Agent GOODWIN comes up behind him.

FLORES

Looks like our boy made it out to California.

GOODWIN

What kind of car did he steal?

FLORES

Maybe a Jeep Cherokee...or maybe not.

EXT/INT - THE BUICK - DAY

They're still on the I-5 and well into northern California. Sean is rambling, trying to explain, the words coming hard from a boy not used to talking much.

SEAN

I was never mad at anybody—I could never do anything right—Pop on my case—I didn't want to be another him—he was blind to that—I liked running but I didn't care if I was first or last, and that pissed him off, too—I just liked doing it—nobody in your face except God and the trees. And, and—.

REBECCA

I've heard guys say that running is better than sex.

SEAN

(blushes)

That's not all I did. I mean, I did other stuff.... I, I'd take Marcy to town for ice cream, red and green sprinkles on top with whip cream at Christmas—she'd smile like sky and sunshine—and we'd play ball with Echo on the hill—his barks always bringing the old man to the window—hey, boy, you finished those books I gave you yet...? And Momma like dancing between us—an angel in blue—keeping everything normal when he was in his office 24/7, buried in some hush-hush story that turned his skin gray.

REBECCA

He was a journalist, right?

Sean nods.

REBECCA

You ever read his stuff?

SEAN

I was afraid to.

REBECCA

So, basically, you grew up with your parents, you lived in the same house with them, except you had no clue what was going on.

SEAN

I was just trying to make sense of it, okay? Forget it.

REBECCA

You remember anything especially weird happening?

SEAN

Yeah, like when I was on my way home, I saw this biker leaving Yakashba.... Low riders don't live in Yakashba.

REBECCA

That doesn't prove anything.

SEAN

Hey, the cops aren't looking for the real killer—they're looking for me!

REBECCA

Who else you think they're gonna look for? I mean, come on! You hated your dad, you thought your mom was Princess Diana, and you had a thing for your little sister. Don't you think the cops've figured that all out? I mean, they may be rednecks, but stupid, they're not.

That shuts him up.

REBECCA

I can't believe somebody would shoot your dog, though. That's one cold bastard....

She eyes him critically.

REBECCA

Y'know, we have to get you some decent clothes. You look like a teenage axe murderer.

INT - A PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Ocotillo—flanked by Hilgado, two DEPUTIES, and the MAYOR of Prescott—addresses a room packed with the media.

OCOTILLO

—we've got patrols out, we've got choppers up, we've got roadblocks, we've got assistance from the local police.... We're doing everything in our power to find the suspect and bring him to justice.

He nods to a REPORTER.

OCOTILLO

Yes?

REPORTER I

Is true that you found his cell phone?

OCOTILLO

I'm sorry, I can't comment on the evidence in an ongoing investigation.

REPORTER II

Can you tell us how he managed to escape when you had the bus depot surrounded.

OCOTILLO

All I can tell you is we're looking into that.

(grins)

Would somebody please ask me a question I can answer?

Laughter. Then:

REPORTER I

Is it true that you're planning to run for governor?

Still grinning, Ocotillo throws up his hands, shakes his head.

OCOTILLO

I don't believe it. I just went "0" for three.

More laughter. Ocotillo nods at a question from Reporter II.

REPORTER II

Do you think Benson is still in Yavapai County?

OCOTILLO

We've gotten so many calls, we have a sightings board up in the office. Somebody swears they saw him coming out of a WalMart in South Dakota. Somebody else says they saw him in Nogales, Mexico. A kid says he ran into him at a gas station outside Sacramento, California. If I didn't firmly believe the suspect was still in this county, I'd send everybody home and toss the ball to the FBI.... Thanks for coming, folks.

He nods to his deputies, waves to the media, starts out.

THE CALIFORNIA-OREGON BORDER - HIGH, WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

Light traffic on the I-5 curving through the Cascade Range. Rain and fog. We TRACK with the Buick speeding across the border.

INT - THE BUICK

Its windshield wipers squeaking like nails on a chalkboard. Rebecca is glued to the wheel, bright-eyed, yet curiously pale. Sean is asleep.

They pass a billboard: "DON'T CALIFORNICATE OREGON."

REBECCA

We're in Oregon....

SEAN

Huh?

REBECCA

We'll dress you like the Sears catalog, and you'll fit right in. You won't even recognize yourself.

EXT - A McDONALD'S - NIGHT

At the junction of I-5 and Highway 42. The Buick pulls around back, parks away from the other cars. Rebecca gets out and runs for the doors, hunched against the rain.

INT - THE BUICK

Alone, Sean starts crying. He hugs himself, then stares out at the blackness, wipes his face, but can't stop.

Rebecca jumps back in the car with a bag of food, slams the door, sets the bag between them. She notices his tears and frowns darkly -

REBECCA

Oh, for Christ's sake! Chill out with the grief, will you?

He looks at her, astonished.

REBECCA

I mean, let's face it. What's done is done. Crying every five seconds isn't going to bring them back.

Still shocked, he takes in her edginess, memorizes it. She softens -

REBECCA

Hey, I'm sorry.... I'm just tired, that's all. But we all have to get on with our lives 'cause we have no clue what's on the other side.

SEAN

Life doesn't go on for me till I
find out who killed them and why.

REBECCA

Then act like a grownup.

EXT/INT - THE BUICK - NIGHT

Speeding toward the Oregon coast, nearing the merge of High-
ways 42 and 101, the rain, heavier now. We hear Rebecca
channel-surfing through static and stations. Then -

DR. LAURA (V.O.)

Do you want to go back to him? Do
you think you deserve him, Carol?

CAROL (V.O.)

(sobbing)

No, probably not. Not after what
I did.

DR. LAURA (V.O.)

All right, but do you love him?
Do you really love him? Do you?

CAROL (V.O.)

Oh, yes. More than life, itself.

Rebecca shakes Sean awake.

REBECCA

Listen! Listen to this dumb bitch!

Startled, Sean sits up, blinks at the radio.

DR. LAURA (O.S.)

Is he a good man? A good provider?

CAROL (O.S.)

Absolutely. I mean, the affair was
totally meaningless.

REBECCA

Baloney!

DR. LAURA (O.S.)

Then swear to him you'll never cheat
again. Ask him—no, beg him to take
you back.... If he's honestly and
truly the best thing that's ever
happened to you, go back to him on
his terms, not yours, Carol. Crawl
back to him on your hands and knees.

REBECCA
 (shouting)
 No! Don't go back to him! Never,
 never, never!

As the radio drones on, Rebecca glares at Sean, her face white, hard and set.

REBECCA
 My husband left me, y'know? He
 just grabbed his shit and bailed!
 One day he was there, the next day
 he was gone! Gonzo!

SEAN
 (nervous)
 I'm sorry.

REBECCA
 Y'know if I saw him and I had a
 gun, I'd shoot him in a New York
 minute!
 (waves her finger)
 I mean, you don't say, 'til death
 do us part' to this girl and then
 just walk away 'cause you bit off
 more than you can chew, and you
 can't handle the inconvenience!

SEAN
 Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't know.

REBECCA
 You can't buy your way out of a
 commitment to me just 'cause your
 family's got more money than God!

She punches the Buick up to eighty-five. It wallows on the curves. A sign: "COOS BAY, 4 miles." Rebecca is glowering at Sean—not watching the road.

SEAN
 (fearful)
 Okay, okay, but maybe if you
 like tried again or—.

REBECCA
 Don't patronize me, you little
 fucking murderer!

SEAN
 What?!

The car veers toward the guard rail. Sean grabs the wheel, steers back on the road.

REBECCA

Get your hands off the wheel!
Get 'em off!

HIGH, WIDE ANGLE - THE "Y"

Highway 42 merging with the 101. The Buick swerves into the merge—into the path of an eighteen-wheeler.

Airhorn. Jake brake.

At the last second, Rebecca jerks out of the way. Then she catches and passes the truck, leaning on her own horn.

EXT/INT - THE BUICK

Back in the right lane. Rebecca rockets by an Oregon State police car half-hidden in a turnout, doesn't notice.

The truck flips on its high beams. Rebecca squints in the rearview mirror, doesn't see a KID in a red pickup coming up the on-ramp. Sean braces himself, screams -

SEAN

Look out!

She slams on her brakes. The Buick fishtails. The kid pulls out of the way at the last second. Rebecca fights the wheel, then—furious—goes after the pickup.

She pulls alongside, toots her horn to get the kid's attention, then rams his right rear panel. She laughs raucously.

SEAN

What the hell're you doing?!

Astounded, the kid tries to out-run Rebecca, but she rams him again, smashing her headlight, ripping his bumper loose. She lowers the window, yells -

REBECCA

How d'you like them apples, huh?

She angles for another hit. The kid veers away from her onto the center divider, emergency lights flashing. The Buick zips past.

Sirens.

SEAN

The cops! Rebecca, the cops! For
Christ's sake, let me outa this car!

Rebecca snaps back to sanity.

She jacks the Buick across three lanes, vaults down the next off-ramp, pumping the brakes.

AN ALLEYWAY - HIGH ANGLE

Beyond the off-ramp and its intersection. The Buick roars down the off-ramp, runs a light, screeches into the alley, stops. Steam and smoke billow up from engine and tires.

More sirens.

INT - THE BUICK

Sean flicks off his seat belt, is halfway out the door when she puts her hand on his arm. He turns, is shocked. Now she's all soft and radiant, the Rebecca from before. She smiles sweetly.

REBECCA

D'you need any money?

Bewildered, he shakes his head, no, jumps out of the car. She leans across the seat -

REBECCA

Call me.

The sirens scream closer. He hesitates, turns back to the car.

SEAN

I'm not a murderer.

REBECCA

Of course, you're not.

Astonished, he backs away, turns, sees police cars coming from three directions. He runs. Rebecca shouts after him -

REBECCA

Call me! I'm in the book.

THE ALLEYWAY & INTERSECTION - HIGH, WIDE ANGLE

Four state police cars converge on the Buick. POLICE pull Rebecca from the car. She struggles. They handcuff her, push her into a patrol car.

REBECCA

There's a Guatemalan pony tail palm in my back seat! If it dies, I'm gonna sue the Goddamn city!

INT - A JAIL CELL - TIME LAPSE

Rebecca, curled up on a bunk, staring off. A GUARD unlocks the cell for DR. ALBERT MALTZ, 37, a thin, bearded and weary psychologist. Rebecca glares at him, gets up.

REBECCA

Do you know how long I've been
in here?

MALTZ

I had patients all day.

He notices that she has emptied her breakfast and lunch trays
in the toilet and left them sticking up from the bowl like
ears. He almost laughs.

REBECCA

They tried to poison me.

Maltz shakes two beige pills from an envelope, holds them out
for her. The guards hands her a bottle of water.

REBECCA

I'm allergic to lithium.

MALTZ

No, you're not.

REBECCA

I'm not taking it.

MALTZ

Then I'm not bailing you out.

A beat. Fuming, she takes the pills, chases them with water,
shoots him a hateful look.

REBECCA

Can we go now?

INT - MALTZ'S LATE-MODEL ACURA - TWILIGHT

Maltz drives toward the northwest side of Coos Bay into a
beautiful deep-purple sky.

MALTZ

Felony reckless driving and
assault with a deadly weapon.
I dunno, Rebecca.

REBECCA

What deadly weapon?

MALTZ

Your car.

She folds her arms, takes this in, stares off defiantly. He
turns into her neighborhood.

REBECCA

Go left on Cleveland Court. First house on the right.

MALTZ

I called in a new prescription. You can pick it up in the morning.

REBECCA

I don't have a car.

MALTZ

They deliver.

He pulls onto a long gravel driveway, stops before a tall, gray house with blue trim surrounded by spruce and fir. She starts to get out.

MALTZ

Anything I should know? About why you went berserk on the freeway?

REBECCA

I'd been up for three straight days, and I was tired. Rebecca gets grumpy when she's tired.

MALTZ

Where'd you go this time?

REBECCA

(sweetly)

Tucson. Didn't I tell you?

MALTZ

No, you didn't.... Did they move the Mardi Gras there or something?

She can't think of a comeback. He checks his Blackberry.

MALTZ

I've got five o'clock open tomorrow. Don't be late.

REBECCA

(wicked smile)

I'd invite you in, Bertie, but I'm not supposed to have sex with my shrink.

She gets out, gives him a little flutter wave with her fingers, then swings toward the house. Two enormous cats—one orange, one black—jump off the porch and rush to greet her.

INT - SPECIAL AGENT FLORES' OFFICE - NIGHT

He's leaning back in his chair, watching Sheriff Ocotillo's latest press conference on his computer.

REPORTER I (V.O.)

If Sean Benson still is in Yavapai County, how do you think he's surviving?

OCOTILLO (V.O.)

Well, he could have an accomplice, but I don't think so. The kid's a loner, a psychopath. The few places he could go, we've got under surveillance.

(beat)

So I think he's in the mountains around here, living off the land.

A buzz of interest from the reporters.

OCOTILLO (V.O.)

Trust me, it ain't hard. You're looking at a Yavapai Indian here, and we've been living off the land for centuries. Still are.

Laughter from the TV.

Agent Goodwin enters Flores' office with coffee and sandwiches.

FLORES

Hey, thanks.

GOODWIN

What you watching?

FLORES

Could be the first Native American governor in our state's history.

On the TV, Ocotillo answers a reporter's mumbled question.

OCOTILLO (V.O.)

Yes, it's possible that the boy's left the county, maybe even the state, and if the FBI wants to jump in, that's fine. I was just trying to save the taxpayer's dime on this.

Flores and Goodwin exchange looks. Flores reaches for the phone.

EXT - JOHNNY'S LIQUOR - COOS BAY, OREGON - DAY

The store sits amidst boarded-up buildings, vacant lots, a profusion of litter and graffiti against beautiful, puffy-blue skies. In front, HOMELESS PEOPLE watch life pass them by.

A compact car with an "Enterprise" bumper sticker cruises past the liquor store, Rebecca driving. She slows down, taps her horn. A figure in a blanket runs to the car, jumps in back.

INT - THE COMPACT

Rebecca speeds away with Sean curled up on the back seat.

SEAN

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

REBECCA

Us round people gotta stick together.

(waves her hand)

Phew! You stink!

INT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - A BATHROOM - DAY

Sean is in the shower. A towel and clothes have been laid out for him.

Sean, drying off. He wipes steam off the mirror, looks at his haggard reflection, does a double-take.

His hair is turning white.

Sean leaves the bathroom, dressed in clothes too big for him. On eggshells, he heads for the living room. The floor creaks.

INT - THE LIVING ROOM

In a window seat, Rebecca watches the late-afternoon fog rise up from Coos Bay and spill over the cliffs. She sips vodka, turns when she hears him, chuckles.

REBECCA

Sorry about the outfit. Steve had no style, but I did get the house.

As he crosses the room, she nods at the soft drone of the TV, the newspaper on the sofa.

REBECCA

They're talking about oil prices again, and you only made page three of the Oregonian. Old news is good news, huh?

Thump. Thump. Sean spins around. The two giant cats have jumped down from floor-to-ceiling bookcases in the foyer and trot toward him.

REBECCA

Those're my Halloween cats.

Meowing, they rub against Sean, do circles between his legs. He pets them.

REBECCA

They like you...! I can't believe they like you! Usually, they hate men.

A picture of Sean comes on the TV, startling them. Rebecca turns up the sound.

NEWS ANCHOR

...earlier today. FBI spokesmen have said that for right now their manhunt will focus in Arizona and California.... Next up—.

She clicks off the TV, frowns, hugs herself.

REBECCA

We gotta figure this out, you know?

She crosses toward the kitchen, drawing curtains on her way.

REBECCA

I've never done fugitive mode before.

Following her, Sean notices a pile of turquoise jewelry on the dining room table and balled-up credit card receipts.

SEAN

I can leave if you want.

REBECCA

We're thinking about it.

INT - THE KITCHEN

They come inside. Rebecca pulls the shades, pours herself more vodka. She catches him staring at her, assumes that it's the booze.

REBECCA

Yeah, I drink. If I wasn't allergic to smoke, I'd do cigarettes, too.

He doesn't know what to say.

REBECCA

I've got an appointment with Bertie and then I'll be back. There's food in the fridge.

She grabs her purse, starts out.

INT - DR. MALTZ'S OFFICE - MAGIC HOUR

Maltz prowls the area around his desk. Buzzed from the vodka, Rebecca lolls in a wing chair, looks out at the darkening sky.

MALTZ

You seem better.

REBECCA

(forced)

Oh, I'm good, Bertie. I'm great.

MALTZ

I faxed your medical history to the prosecutor. He's going to drop charges.

REBECCA

(sincere)

That's so nice.... Thank you.

MALTZ

The lithium must be working.

REBECCA

(frowns)

It makes me gain weight and I pee all the time.

MALTZ

Ever think about starting an exercise program? If you're worried about weight.

REBECCA

(caustic)

Oh, that's a good idea—get even more endorphins running around in my brain.

MALTZ

The good kind—the kind that keep you from crashing.

(abrupt)

Okay, so tell me about Tucson,

REBECCA

What's to tell?

MALTZ

How many men did you sleep with?

REBECCA

None of your prurient business.

MALTZ

You must've gone shopping then.
What's in Tucson...? Turquoise?
How much jewelry did you buy?

Nailed, she blushes crimson, grows defensive. He presses -

MALTZ

You're aware that you're rapid-
cycling again.

REBECCA

Tell me something I don't know.

MALTZ

Okay.... The next time you crash,
you'll probably try to kill your-
self.

She shoots him a fearful look, then tries to cover -

REBECCA

I went to Tucson to pick up Sean!
My little brother. I don't need
lithium!

MALTZ

What little brother?

REBECCA

I never told you about Sean?

MALTZ

Come on, Rebecca.

REBECCA

(glib)

My mom had an affair with a black
man. Sean was raised by his father,
but last week his dad and new mom
were killed in a horrible car crash.
He'll be staying with me for awhile.

MALTZ

For real?

REBECCA

For real.

MALTZ

Then that's even more reason for you to stay on your meds.

REBECCA

I'm thinking about going the homeopathic route.

MALTZ

That won't cut it, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Why are you people always so damned narrow-minded?

MALTZ

Hold it. Hold it right there.
(his hand shoots out)
How are you feeling? Right now?

REBECCA

I was feeling spectacular when I came in.

MALTZ

Spectacular when you came in.

REBECCA

Right.

MALTZ

And now you're annoyed. You don't like being reminded of a condition that makes you feel good. You don't want to accept that just as spectacular as you felt five minutes ago, a few minutes from now, you could feel spectacularly horrible. Correct?

She nods impatiently, fixes her stare on the window.

MALTZ

But we shut out reality, don't we? We ignore it because that Bipolar chemical imbalance in our brain has given us wings, not to mention, rocket fuel.

(knowing smile)

That little hyper-drive going again, Rebecca? With no direction home...?

She blushes crimson again, then bursts out crying. He hands her a box of tissues, sits close to her, says gently -

MALTZ

Look, why don't we try something else?

She gazes at him, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. He goes to his desk, writes a prescription, rips it off the pad.

MALTZ

Valproate. The side effects are less invasive. 600 mg. in the morning, 600 at night.

She takes the prescription, looks at it. Another drug. Another fucking drug.... Her hope fades.

MALTZ

Did you want me to see Sean?

REBECCA

I dunno. I'll ask.

MALTZ

If he just lost his parents, he should talk to someone.

REBECCA

(wicked smile)

Maybe you can give me a referral.

INT - REBECCA'S LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

On the sofa, Sean is wolfing cold chicken and channel-surfing for news on the TV. He drops bits of meat to the cats who eat and purr happily at his feet.

Something bangs against the bay window from outside.

Sean jumps up, stares at the drapes. Something is out there. He hurries toward the door.

EXT - THE HOUSE

He comes outside, vaults the porch railing, creeps along the path toward the back.

THE BACK YARD

An overgrown lawn and profusion of wildflowers, a shed and rusty gardening tools—all surrounded by tall trees.

Sean peers around the corner, spots a FIGURE—with a small video camera and a flashlight—scuttling away from the window.

SEAN

Hey!

He chases the figure, catches him at the trees, tackles him. Camera and flashlight go flying. A scuffle.

A CLOSER ANGLE

Sean straddles the figure, shines the flashlight in his face, revealing FRANK JEFFRIES, 18, a short, squat anvil-headed kid with beady, myopic eyes.

SEAN

What the hell you doing?!

JEFFRIES

Fuck you!

Sean presses the flashlight against his windpipe. Jeffries bucks and twists, then rasps -

JEFFRIES

Okay, okay!

Sean relaxes his pressure, lets Jeffries sit up. He explains -

JEFFRIES

She drew the fucking drapes.

SEAN

What?

Like a blindman, Jeffries searches the grass and leaves.

JEFFRIES

Help me find my glasses, will you?

Sean pans the light on the ground. Jeffries finds his Mason-jar glasses, puts them on.

JEFFRIES

Can I have my flashlight?

Sean gives it to him without thinking. Jeffries finds his camera, then shines his light on Sean.

SEAN

That a video camera?

JEFFRIES

Yeah. Panasonic HD. I like hot chicks. So what?

(beat)

Where'd you come from, anyway?
You know her or something?

Sean shields his face, starts to walk away, but too late.

JEFFRIES

Wait a sec! You're that dude!
The dude on TV and everything!

SEAN

That's it. I'm outa here.

He hurries toward the street. Jeffries goes after him, catches him between the house and the trees.

JEFFRIES

You know they're offering a fifty-
K reward for you, don't you?

SEAN

I didn't do it!

Jeffries spreads his hands, grins shrewdly.

JEFFRIES

Hey, bro', we've all thought about
offing our parents.

SEAN

Yeah, well if you say anything
to anybody, I'll find you and
I'll kill you!

Jeffries holds up his hands, backpedals.

JEFFRIES

I'm not gonna say nothin', not
me. No way. All I meant was,
maybe we can work something out.

SEAN

(suspicious)
Like what?

JEFFRIES

If you really didn't do it, that
means somebody's out there who
did. And that motherfucker's
worth fifty K.

Headlights on the street turning into the driveway. Sean and Jeffries shrink into the shadows.

JEFFRIES

We'll talk tomorrow.

He gestures over his shoulder at a house beyond the trees, then cackles in a high-pitched falsetto -

JEFFRIES

We're neighbors.

INT - THE KITCHEN & DINING AREA - NIGHT

Rebecca has pushed the turquoise aside and opens an assortment of vitamin supplements. Stephanie Marohn's book on Bipolar disorder is on the table. Sean paces.

SEAN

I'm gonna go home.

REBECCA

(deadpan)

You leaving now? Or do you want some pizza first?

She grins impishly, soon is laughing hysterically. He blushes, looks down helplessly.

REBECCA

Oh, Sean, you poor baby, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry for laughing.

She pulls him to her, comforts him, strokes his head.

REBECCA

Like how are you gonna get there?
How are you not gonna be seen?
What are you gonna wear? A mask?

A smoke alarm goes off in the kitchen. She pushes away.

REBECCA

Shit! The pizza!

INT - THE DINING AREA - TIME LAPSE

Classical music plays. Rebecca has cleared the table, lit candles. They're eating half-burnt pizza on her best china. She pours them both more wine.

REBECCA

I wish I had a clue about all this. I wish I knew what to do with you.... I mean, you have to come along and inadvertently fall into my life as if it weren't fucked up enough.

She drinks, grows more and more agitated, much darker than before. "Rogue Rebecca."

SEAN

I'm sorry.

REBECCA

So am I.... Everybody's sorry.
It's the way of the world.

She turns off the music, then goes in the kitchen, comes back with the vodka bottle and vitamin supplements, arranges them all on her plate, stares at them hatefully.

REBECCA

Well, I don't suppose you're going anywhere tonight.

SEAN

If it's okay.

REBECCA

I'll make up the cot on the sun porch.

(glares at him)

But just so you know, I sleep with a butcher knife by my side.

INT - THE SUN PORCH - NIGHT

A screened-in porch. Table, wicker chair and sofa, cat tree and cot. Sean sleeps fitfully under a pile of blankets.

A soft rain falls, hissing on the screens, dripping through the leaky roof.

EXT - THE HOUSE - THE SUN PORCH

Thunder. The skies open up, and the rain sluices down.

INT - THE SUN PORCH - TIME LAPSE

The rain continues, drenches the room. Sean's blankets are soaking-wet. Awake now, he huddles beneath them, shivering.

Finally, he gets up, pulls one blanket around him, goes in the house. A dim glow from the living room. Afraid, he tip-toes for the laundry room, looking for some place dry.

The floor creaks. He freezes.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Sean...?

SEAN

Yeah, it's me.

REBECCA (O.S.)

What's wrong?

INT - THE LIVING ROOM

She's on the sofa, reading, drinking wine—relaxed in a short nightgown and housecoat, loose at the waist. She seems happy, soft, radiant. "Good Rebecca."

Sean comes inside wrapped in the blanket, leaving a wet trail. He shakes with cold. She glances up, laughs with surprise.

SEAN

Can I get another blanket? The roof in the sun porch leaks.

REBECCA

Sean, I'm sorry!

She jumps up, runs off to a closet, comes back with a quilt, holds it open for him.

REBECCA

I'm not looking.

He drops the blanket, wraps the quilt around himself. Rebecca goes back to the sofa, reaches for her book.

REBECCA

Why don't you use the guest room upstairs? I'm okay with that.

SEAN

Thanks.

He stops shivering, turns to go, but hesitates. He can't stop staring at her. She feels his eyes, yet keeps reading.

REBECCA

What?

SEAN

The guest room...?

REBECCA

Unhuh. Top of the stairs.

He can't move. Finally, she looks up, sees that his erection has made a tent out of the quilt. Her eyes widen.

REBECCA

Sean!

SEAN

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

He starts for the stairs.

REBECCA

Wait.

She comes up behind him, embraces him, says low -

REBECCA

C'mere, puppy.

She leads him back to the sofa.

REBECCA

I should've known what you needed,
I should've known.

She turns off the light, whispers -

REBECCA

You've done this before, right?

He shakes his head, no. She giggles with delight.

REBECCA

No...? Then I will be your first,
my sweet, and you will take this
moment to your grave....

EXT - THE CHEVRON GAS STATION - DAY

Moderate traffic on the I-5. Parked by the office door, a plain-wrap sedan.

INT - THE CHEVRON STATION

Special Agent Goodwin interviews the manager, PARVEEZ AMIRI, an Iranian in his 30s. A duplicate credit-card receipt comes off the machine. Amiri reads it as he hands it over -

AMIRI

March 2nd, 3:27 PM.... Jeep
Cherokee.

GOODWIN

Anybody else at the station
then?

AMIRI

I remember woman. She pay cash
because her credit card no good.
(grins)
Nice looking. Tits like melons.

GOODWIN

Anyone with her?

AMIRI

(shrugs)
Hard to tell. She leave in a big
hurry.

GOODWIN

What kind of car?

AMIRI

(shakes his head)

I don't know. Maybe Jap car,
maybe GM. For sure nothing cool.
I think Oregon plates, though.

GOODWIN

Thanks for your time.

He gives Amiri his card, turns to go.

AMIRI

Wait! Now I remember! It was
Buick! Green Buick!

INT - REBECCA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A white-on-white room except for a framed Buddhist character
on the wall. French doors lead to a small balcony.

Sean is asleep in bed. Noise from the bathroom wakes him.
He bolts up, looks around.

Rebecca comes out looking very chic in tight jeans, sweater
and blazer. She opens the French doors, and the Halloween
cats trot into the room, meowing.

REBECCA

Morning, kitties...hungry?
(to Sean)

Morning, puppy. Would you make
sure they have food...? There's
coffee in the kitchen. I'm going
shopping.

SEAN

Okay, but—.

REBECCA

No, you can't come. Pretty soon
they'll have your face on a milk
carton.

She comes over, gives him a kiss goodbye. He tries to pull
her down on the bed, but she slips away, chuckles —

REBECCA

Hold that thought....

The cats jump on the bed, tails switching. They look at Sean,
nuzzle his hand. Rebecca observes, smiles thoughtfully.

REBECCA

Maybe you're not going back.

SEAN

What?

REBECCA

Maybe Rebecca is your new family.
Rebecca and the Halloween cats.

She starts to leave, then turns back to him.

REBECCA

But if we're going to do this, we
have to be upfront with each other.
We can't just fuck our way into the
sunset.

He bursts out with embarrassed laughter.

REBECCA

Seriously. If you haven't figured
it out by now, I'm manic-depressive.
The little-engine-that-could lives
inside my head.

He cocks his head, listens intently.

REBECCA

I get high on my brain chemistry—
I feel fantastic for maybe an hour,
maybe a day, maybe even a week or
two. Sometimes I just take off,
and it's Katy, bar the door....
But—if you remember the other
night in the car—what goes up
...must come down.

SEAN

Can't you—. Can't you take pills
or something?

REBECCA

Do you like me the way I am? Or
do you want some boring, inhibited
hag?

Bewildered, he doesn't know what to say.

REBECCA

We can end this right now.

SEAN

No, no! I don't want to end this!

Smiling, she comes over to the bed, gives him a lingering
kiss, whispers —

REBECCA

Nor do I.

She starts out, turns in the doorway.

REBECCA
I can be good most of the time,
puppy. I really can....

CLEVELAND COURT - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

Shrouded in a wet fog. The CAMERA MOVES from Rebecca's place down the street to the Jeffries' two-story Tudor.

EXT - THE JEFFRIES' HOUSE - THE BACK

Steps lead down to a basement door.

SEAN (V.O.)
Don't you go to school?

JEFFRIES (V.O.)
What for? When I got the world
by its cyber shorthairs?

INT - THE BASEMENT

Jeffries is showing Sean his lair: a long, dark space, the walls posterred with heavy-metal bands. At the near end, a worn leather couch and chair, a bed and cable-reel table.

SEAN
What about your folks?

JEFFRIES
Hear no evil, see no evil,
dude.

At the deep end, six flat-screen monitors on built-in shelves, all glowing with information, a waterfall of black cable going to components underneath.

As they walk over, the big 24-inch monitor kicks in with a video screen-saver.

A CLOSER ANGLE

On the screen: framed by window panes and curtains, a nude Rebecca cleans her living room, suddenly answers the phone, sprawls on the chair, talks animatedly.

Sean gapes open-mouthed, doesn't know what to do.

JEFFRIES
Cool, huh? I'm trying to get one
of her dancing.
(admiringly)
I mean, wouldn't you like to do
that? I'd kill t'do that....

Sean turns away, blushes crimson.

Jeffries sits down, reluctantly hits the mouse, bringing back the file on screen.

JEFFRIES

Check it out.

SEAN

That's the police report!

JEFFRIES

Cop files are easy to crack. I have a harder time stealing new music.

He pages down as he reads -

JEFFRIES

They think they got a slam-dunk. Shooter picked up his brass...no forced entry...nothing stolen... no bloody footprints...no signs of assault or struggle.... And your prints are all over the house.

SEAN

I lived there!

JEFFRIES

So like maybe you were set up.

(back to screen)

Huh.... Nobody called 911. How weird is that? The fucking cops show up and nobody's called 911?

SEAN

That's gotta be a mistake.

JEFFRIES

I dunno.... Your old man was an investigative reporter, right?

Sean nods.

JEFFRIES

What was he working on?

SEAN

Okay, okay, I see where you're going, but why would they kill my family, too?

JEFFRIES

Witnesses.... You're lucky you weren't home.

A beep and a flash on a nearby screen. Jeffries rolls over in his chair, works the mouse. Sean follows, sees a picture of himself. Jeffries cackles in falsetto —

JEFFRIES

You just made the FBI's top twenty-five! Your manhunt's gone nationwide!

(points at screen)

Look at you, man! You're a half-black, anger-management drop-out with dyed dreads—you're everything that's wrong with America. You're a poster boy for the decline of western civilization gone postal! You're my hero!

Riveted to the screen, Sean is both furious and scared.

SEAN

Yeah? Well, I'm gonna prove them wrong.

JEFFRIES

Beautiful, dude, that's beautiful, but don't forget about the reward, you know what I'm saying?

He's back at big monitor's keyboard, fingers a blur.

JEFFRIES

Arizona Republic, right?

SEAN

(nodding)

That's who Pop worked for.

As Jeffries continues typing, he brings up page after page from the newspaper's website and archives, finally stops.

JEFFRIES

His stuff is encrypted. We need his fucking password.

SEAN

He barely talked to me. I don't have a clue. How am I supposed to know that?

JEFFRIES

Ninety-five percent of computer users choose passwords that're familiar so they won't forget.

He leans back, spreads his hands.

JEFFRIES
Did he like anything at all?

SEAN
He loved Mom.

JEFFRIES
That's too obvious.

SEAN
Marcy.

JEFFRIES
So is your sister.

SEAN
Truth.

Jeffries types it in, then makes a buzzing sound as in wrong answer.

SEAN
Howard University.

More typing, another buzzing sound.

SEAN
Aristotle.

More typing, another buzzing sound.

SEAN
He still has his VW bug from grad school. In the garage. Totally restored.

Jeffries hovers over the keyboard, thinks.

SEAN
Wait a sec.... Wait....

Sean paces, wracks his brain, paces, suddenly stops.

SEAN
The dog. I think he loved the dog more than anything.... Our dog's name was Echo.

Jeffries types it in, and the portals open. He grins, touches fists with Sean.

JEFFRIES
Voilà. You're a genius.

He turns back to the screen, types furiously.... His face falls.

JEFFRIES

Dude. Somebody erased his files.

INT - REBECCA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire in the fireplace. Classical music. Rebecca has draped new outfits for Sean on sofa and chairs. Shopping bags litter the room.

He enters reluctantly, wearing a tight-knit Italian sweater, boot-cut jeans and tasseled loafers. She frowns, purses her lips, takes off his D-backs cap, drops it on the table.

She puts a navy-blue surf cap on his head, steps back, smiles.

REBECCA

You—look—so—cool!

She grabs her camera. He flinches.

REBECCA

Re-lax...! Nobody's gonna see it.

(focusing)

Careful. If you smile, you might break your face.

He forces a smile, and she takes the picture. Then he looks at the clothes—he's both touched and guilt-ridden.

SEAN

You shouldn't have done this. I mean, I don't know how to thank you. You shouldn't have.

REBECCA

"Shouldn't" is my middle name.

He goes to the window, shoves his hands in his pockets, stares out, gathers his courage.

REBECCA

What's wrong with you, anyway? The FBI's not outside yet, are they?

SEAN

(turns to her)

I'm gonna go back.

She stares at him, realizes that he's serious.

REBECCA

Didn't we already talk about this?

SEAN

I met this kid, Frank. We went online and found out some stuff. We—.

REBECCA

We can't wait till this whole thing blows over and they find the real killer.

SEAN

That's not what's happening.

REBECCA

So we run off with some kid as if we were in some fucking internet game.

She turns and strides off into the kitchen. STAY WITH Sean.

SEAN

You're pissed.

She comes back with the vodka bottle, masks her feeling by acting upbeat and blasé.

SEAN

Aren't you?

REBECCA

Nope. I'm a big girl. I know that the world doesn't revolve around Rebecca.

SEAN

(sheepish)

It kinda does.

REBECCA

Ah, that's sweet, puppy, that's so sweet.

She embraces him, nuzzles him, then pushes away.

REBECCA

Hey, at least you got some new outfits. You'll look cool when you get arrested.

That jolts him.

SEAN

Come on, Rebecca! I have to do this!

REBECCA
 (saccharine)
 I know, I know, honey, and when
 you leave, you're gonna be gone.

He's at a total loss. She smiles seductively, comes on to him.

REBECCA
 Wanna go upstairs...? Do one
 for the road?

He nods gratefully, putty in her hands. Vodka bottle in one
 hand, him in the other, she leads him upstairs.

EXT - THE BEDROOM

She turns in the doorway.

REBECCA
 Y'know what...? I don't feel
 like it anymore.

She stands on her tip-toes, pecks him on the lips.

REBECCA
 Nighty-night, puppy.

She closes the door in his face.

INT - THE SUN PORCH

Sean comes inside with his quilt. Suddenly he hears Rebecca
 howl with rage and the vodka bottle smashing in her bathroom.

Fearful, he sits on the bed, watches the door.

INT - THE FOYER - DAY

Sean waits. His new clothes are packed in bags by the door.
 He hears a car in the driveway, peers out the window, then
 glances up the stairs.

INT - THE BEDROOM

Rebecca is curled up under the duvet, staring off at nothing.
 We hear the car pull up outside, the engine turn off.

The door opens. Sean appears in the doorway, hesitates.

SEAN
 I'll call you.

No response. He crosses to the bed.

SEAN
 I'll be back as soon as I can.

No response.

SEAN
Rebecca...?

No response. He starts crying, says hoarsely —

SEAN
Rebecca, I love you.

REBECCA
So what? You're gonna die.

Jolted, he backpedals, turns, rushes from the room.

STAY WITH Rebecca. Tears stream down her face.

EXT - THE HOUSE

Sean throws his clothes in Jeffries' shit-brown, body-rotted '95 Caprice station wagon, gets in, and they drive off.

INT - THE BEDROOM

Rebecca bolts up in bed, pauses. She sniffs the air.

REBECCA
Smoke.... Smoke!

She jumps up, starts downstairs, the duvet wrapped around her.

REBECCA
He burned the cats! He burned—.

She hears their meows, turns, sees them at the patio door. Relieved, she lets them inside, and they "S" curve between her legs.

REBECCA
Goddamn smoke....

She sniffs herself, stops, looks around the room, sniffs herself again, runs in the bathroom.

INT - THE BATHROOM

Glass all over the counter and floor from the smashed vodka bottle. Ignoring it, Rebecca peers at her ravaged face in the mirror.

REBECCA
It's okay, it's okay, I'm not burning, okay? Bertie says that when we get really depressed, our neurotransmitters get confused, and we—.

HER POV - HER REFLECTION

She hallucinates. She sees herself burning and charred, skin peeling off, her hair in flames.

BACK TO SCENE

She screams in disbelief and horror, slaps at herself, then turns on the shower and gets in, duvet and all—"putting out the fire."

Moments later, she steps out, shaking with cold, leaves the shower running.

REBECCA

I can't...do this...any—.

Sobbing, she rummages through the medicine cabinet, bottles and tubes flying, finds her Ambien, takes them all, chases them with water.

INT - THE BEDROOM

Still sobbing, she comes to the bed, her feet bloody from shards of glass. She curls up, then has second thoughts. Panicked, she reaches for the phone....

INT - THE FBI FIELD OFFICE - PHOENIX - DAY

Agent Flores is reading an email on his monitor. We see "Oregon State Police" in the sender line. He whips around in his chair, grabs his phone, speed-dials, waits....

GOODWIN (O.S.)

This is Goodwin.

FLORES

Where are you, Mark?

GOODWIN (O.S.)

Still in Sacramento.

FLORES

Can you get up to Coos Bay? We got lucky. They found a green Buick in an impound yard there. The dates match.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

I'm on my way.

EXT/INT - JEFFRIES' CAPRICE - DAY

They're headed east on Highway 89, curving through the Cascade Range in northern California.

Jeffries channel-surfs. Music, static, sports, more static, religion, Spanish stations. He settles on a news station. Nothing about Sean.

SEAN

No news is good news.

JEFFRIES

You wish.

Jeffries eyes him.

JEFFRIES

So what's up with your hair, dude? That some weird Afro bleach, or what?

Sean laughs quietly, self-consciously.

JEFFRIES

Nice rags, too. Rebecca spring for those...?

Sean stiffens, turns away. Jeffries grins knowingly -

JEFFRIES

Oh, okay.... I get it. I get what happened.

SEAN

(low)

Rebecca's off-limits. Totally off-limits.

JEFFRIES

(cackles)

You did her, didn't you?

Sean shoots him a murderous glare that cuts to the bone. Jeffries gets the message. His iphone RINGS. He answers -

JEFFRIES

Yeah?

(his tone softens)

Oh, hi, Mom, what's up...? I'm on my way to a computer convention. In Phoenix.

MOM (O.S.)

You took two-thousand dollars out of my savings account!

JEFFRIES

Hey, no worries, the convention's Christian.... Baby Jesus loves you, Mom.

He hangs up, throws the phone on the dash.

JEFFRIES

Yada-yada-yada-yada.... You know, having parents that're dead ain't necessarily a bad thing.

SEAN

Don't go there. Don't talk about what you don't know.

Sean snaps off the radio, stares furiously out the window. The iphone RINGS again. Jeffries frowns at it, hits the red button, suddenly pulls off the road and stops.

From his backpack, he takes out a mini toolkit, opens up the iphone.

SEAN

What're you doing?

JEFFRIES

Disabling the GPS so their fucking satellites can't find us.

SEAN

What about the cell towers?

JEFFRIES

We keep the phone turned off, we're under the radar, dude.

He pulls back on the road, stands on the gas. A calculating, lopsided grin spreads across his face.

JEFFRIES

We're gonna see some action, you and me. Some righteous action. We got my laptop...my .357...and a clean cell phone.

EXT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

An emergency vehicle is parked in the driveway. PARAMEDICS have strapped Rebecca to a stretcher and carry her outside....

INT - JEFFRIES' CAPRICE - TIME LAPSE

Now they're on Highway 395, heading south. Fast-food wrappers litter the back seat. Sean is rambling -

SEAN

...a new pair of ASICs, but they cost a hundred and fifty dollars.

JEFFRIES

When was this?

SEAN

A year after I started running. I was fifteen. Anyway, I asked Pop, and he said, sure, but I had to earn it. So he gave me a reading list and thirty days. Plato, Proust, Giordano Bruno, Descartes, Camus, Kierkegaard, you name it. I read day and night, I didn't do anything else, and I finally got finished with an hour to spare. I gave him back the list, all checked off, and he said, what about Aristotle?

JEFFRIES

Oh, man.

SEAN

I said, he's not on the list. So Pop took my pen and wrote on the bottom, and said, he is now.

JEFFRIES

What a dick.

SEAN

So I ran to the library in his office—I couldn't stop crying—and I found The Complete Works of Aristotle and I opened it up.... It was one of those fake, hollowed-out books. He'd put three fifty-dollar bills inside.... I was amazed, and he was laughing his ass off. He said, you can run all you want, boy, but—dammit—you gotta learn something along the way.

EXT - LANE COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MAGIC HOUR

An Acura pulls into physician's parking. Dr. Maltz gets out, hurries toward the entrance.

INT - A HOSPITAL ROOM

In a sedative-haze, Rebecca gazes at a pointillist print on the light-blue wall. She is in bed, held down by restraints.

Maltz enters. She smiles sweetly.

REBECCA

Hi, Bertie. Did Sean call you?

MALTZ

You called me.

REBECCA

I did?

(giggles)

Well, hey, thanks for coming.

INT - JEFFRIES' CAPRICE - NIGHT

In Nevada, heading south on a lonely stretch of Highway Alt. 95. High winds buffet the car.

Jeffries seesaws on the wheel. His face lights up—a neon billboard of sexy women: "THE COTTONTAIL RANCH. Next Exit. 27 miles east. Open 24/7. www.doacottontail.com."

JEFFRIES

An honest-to-God, all-American
whorehouse. Want to? Twenty-
seven miles to paradise, man.

SEAN

No.

JEFFRIES

Come on...nobody's gonna recognize
you out here.

SEAN

We're not gonna stop.

JEFFRIES

You gotta be gay.

SEAN

I'm not gonna hide in the Goddamn
car while you come in some whore's
hand before she even takes her
clothes off!

JEFFRIES

Yeah? Is that what happened
with you and Rebecca?

SEAN

Shutup!

Cackling, Jeffries shakes whites from an Rx vial, chases them with Red Bull.

SEAN

What's that stuff?

JEFFRIES

I got a headache. A headache from
your bullshit.

Sean shakes his head, disgusted.

JEFFRIES

They're whites, dude! They keep
the road from becoming a pillow-
top mattress! Couple of these, I
can drive non-stop to New Orleans.

SEAN

We're not going to New Orleans.

JEFFRIES

You fag.

The wind gets worse. Tumbleweeds blow across the road. Sand
and dirt peppers the windshield. Jeffries fights the wheel.

A road sign: "WALKER LAKE, 4 miles." Jeffries punches the gas
up to ninety, grins -

JEFFRIES

We're gonna be like across Nevada
in fifteen minutes.

The car shudders. Sean white-knuckles his seat. Jeffries is
all over the road, Sean applying body-English.

SEAN

Slow down, okay?

JEFFRIES

Rebecca, huh...? I can hear
her now.

SEAN

Jesus Christ, man, don't, okay?

JEFFRIES

(falsetto)

Oh, baby, ride me hard, ride me
hard, ride me harder, ride me—!

SEAN

Shutup!

JEFFRIES

You shutup!

Driving one-handed, he swings at Sean, clips him in the head.

JEFFRIES

I'm tired of your self-righteous
fugitive bullshit!

He goes on swinging wildly. Sean deflects most of the blows, then lunges at him, grabs him by the throat.

EXT - THE CAPRICE

Swerving, teetering all over the road, going off one shoulder, then the other. Miraculously, the car doesn't roll.

INT - THE CAPRICE

Sean throttles Jeffries.

SEAN
Slow down!

JEFFRIES
(gasping)
Okay, okay, okay!

He does so. Sean releases him. Jeffries massages his neck, glances fearfully at Sean.

JEFFRIES
You're as fucking crazy as she
is, you're—.

High beams in the back window. A siren. Jeffries looks in the mirror.

JEFFRIES
Fuck.

EXT - THE CAPRICE - WIDE SHOT

Jeffries pulls off on the left shoulder. A Nevada state TROOPER pulls in behind, lights blazing.

INT - THE CAPRICE

Sean slumps down in the seat, hides his face.

The trooper raps on the driver's-side window. Jeffries rolls it down. Static and cop-speak from the police radio.

TROOPER
You're on the wrong side of the
road, son.

JEFFRIES
Sorry, sir.

TROOPER
Know why I stopped you?

Jeffries shakes his head, no.

TROOPER
You were doing ninety-three in
a fifty-five zone.

JEFFRIES
Wind must've blown the sign down.

TROOPER
License and registration, please.

Jeffries hands them over. The trooper studies them.

TROOPER
You been drinking...?

JEFFRIES
No, sir.

TROOPER
You're a long way from Oregon,
son. Where you headed?

JEFFRIES
My Grandma lives in Phoenix.

TROOPER
Little out of the way if you're
going to Phoenix, huh, boy?
(salacious grin)
Just so you know, you gotta be
eighteen to visit the cathouses.
Hate to think you'd come all this
way for nothing.

As Sean and Jeffries sit frozen, the trooper starts back to his cruiser, then stops and—slowly, agonizingly—pans his flashlight across the car interior. The light stops.

CLOSE - THE BACK FLOOR

Sticking out from under the driver's seat, the snout of Jeffries' .357 Magnum.

BACK TO SCENE

TROOPER
Get out of the car.

JEFFRIES
Huh?

TROOPER
Get out of the car! Now!

EXT - THE CAPRICE

Jeffries stares straight ahead, then swings his door open with all his strength—slamming it into the trooper, knocking him over backwards.

The trooper sprawls down the incline. Jeffries leaps from the car, jumps on the trooper, starts strangling him.

The trooper bucks and twists, but Jeffries rides him, a death-grip on his throat. The trooper manages to unsnap his holster.

Sean gets out, runs around the car.

As Jeffries slams the trooper's head into a rock, the trooper brings his gun up.

Sean kicks the gun from his hand just as he fires.

Jeffries goes on slamming the trooper's head into the rock—long after he has gone limp.

SEAN

For Christ's sake!

Sean pulls Jeffries off the trooper. Jeffries is wide-eyed, breathing heavily, all jacked up from the violence.

SEAN

You're gonna kill him!

JEFFRIES

So what? I mean, so what...?
Ain't you ever thought about
doing somebody?

SEAN

No.

JEFFRIES

Well, think again, dude. When he
wakes up, he's gonna call us in—
and the car—and then we're toast.

SEAN

We're not killing anybody.

Sean half-carries the trooper into a grove of stunted pines, handcuffs his arms around a tree. Jeffries nods and grins.

JEFFRIES

Genius, man. Pure genius.

But Sean has gone to the car. He runs back with a bottle of water and places it between the trooper's hands.

SEAN

Let's go.

He hurries back to the car, but Jeffries stops to pick up the trooper's gun, swaggers over to the police cruiser.

SEAN

What the hell you doing?

JEFFRIES

Editing the cop's video.

He fires two rounds into the cruiser's computer, puts two more through the engine, cowboys back toward the Caprice, grinning.

EXT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

A plain-wrap sedan and a Coos Bay police car, parked in the driveway. Agent Goodwin peers in the windows. His fingers a blur, he makes notes on his Blackberry.

A uniformed police OFFICER questions a NEIGHBOR in BG. The neighbor shakes her head, no. A DETECTIVE comes around the side of the house, says to Goodwin -

DETECTIVE

Nothing. Nobody home.

The orange cat jumps up on the porch, startling the detective, disappears in a flash when the officer turns.

DETECTIVE

Jesus! You see the size of that cat?!

GOODWIN

Can we go inside?

DETECTIVE

I'll talk to the lieutenant about a warrant.

The officer joins them from across the street.

OFFICER

Nobody's seen anybody that looks like Benson. But the paramedics was here yesterday. They took the lady away.

INT - THE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - A TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Rebecca is on a table, hooked up to an IV, heart and blood-pressure monitors. She is sleeping.

TECHNICIANS finish attaching electrodes from an ECT machine to her head for electroconvulsive therapy. They stand back, and one pushes the button....

The machine hums. Rebecca's chest heaves, her fists clench, her toes twitch. Then she goes limp.

EXT - A HOLIDAY INN - PHOENIX, ARIZONA - DAY

The Caprice parks in front of an annex room. Jeffries gets out, unlocks the door to a room. He wipes sweat from his face, scans the area.

Seeing no one, he raps on the hood of the Caprice. Sean jumps out, closes the door, runs hunched over into the room, closes that door, too.

Jeffries gets back in the Caprice, drives off.

INT - THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC BUILDING - THE ROTUNDA - DAY

At the desk, a pasty-faced, sweaty Jeffries is talking to the RECEPTIONIST. She laughs and smiles -

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, I went to Chandler High, too.

JEFFRIES

All right! Go Wolves...! Anyway, I'm on the school paper, and we're doing a story on Sean Benson. I understand his father worked here.

RECEPTIONIST

You want to talk to Beatrice Fuller....

EXT - EDITORIAL CUBICLES - A CORRIDOR

Jeffries is at Samuel Benson's office. Wreathes and flowers are arranged by the door. Jeffries looks in all directions, sees nobody, takes a deep breath.

He picks the lock and slips inside, accidentally kicking over a wreath as he goes.

INT - SAMUEL BENSON'S OFFICE

Jeffries searches for flash-drives, finds none.

From his backpack, he takes out the mini toolkit, then pulls Benson's desktop tower out from under the desk.

Through the wall, he hears -

BEATRICE (O.S.)
 Janice? Did you send that kid
 up...? Okay... I'm still here.

Jeffries works faster. Sweating, his hands shaking, he takes the cover off the tower, starts removing the hard drive.

EXT - THE CORRIDOR

BEATRICE FULLER, a thin, pretty redhead with lipstick-stained teeth, comes out of the office next to Benson's, starts down the corridor, looking.

She notices the wreath, sets it upright, turns the corner.

Moments later, Jeffries comes out of Benson's office, closes the door. As he turns, Beatrice reappears. She stops, frowns.

BEATRICE
 Where did you come from?

JEFFRIES
 Nowhere. I mean, I'm lost. I'm
 looking for Beatrice Fuller.

BEATRICE
 I wondered what had happened to
 you. C'mon in.

She leads him into her office.

INT - BEATRICE'S OFFICE

She sits behind her desk, Jeffries on the other side. The longer she appraises Jeffries, the more curious and uneasy she becomes—and the more nervous he becomes.

BEATRICE
 So you want to know about Sam
 Benson?

JEFFRIES
 Yeah.

He fishes a micro-recorder from his backpack, places it on the desk.

BEATRICE
 No tape. I'm not comfortable
 with it.

JEFFRIES
 Yeah. That's uncool, huh?

He puts it away.

BEATRICE

You know, there's going to be a memorial service on Saturday.

As she turns to her computer for the address, Jeffries takes out his iphone, puts it on silent and auto-answer modes, slips it beneath her land line.

BEATRICE

St. Andrew's Episcopal in Scottsdale. There'll be people there who knew him a lot better than I did.

JEFFRIES

Thanks for your time.

He gets up, takes her card, heads out.

JEFFRIES

I'll email you my story.

She's astonished—he hasn't asked her any questions!

EXT - THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC BUILDING

Jeffries bursts outside, runs down to its adjacent parking structure.

INT - THE PARKING STRUCTURE - A PHONE BOOTH

In the phone booth, Jeffries dials his own number. The iphone automatically answers, and he hears -

BEATRICE (O.S.)

—some kid show up and wanna ask me about Sam Benson?

OCOTILLO (O.S.)

I don't know. You're the reporter.

BEATRICE (O.S.)

(impatient)

That really doesn't help, Ritchie.

OCOTILLO (O.S.)

Don't read something into it that isn't there, okay? Benson's front-page news. So why can't this kid be just another reporter working for his high school paper?

BEATRICE (O.S.)

Because he didn't ask me anything!

EXT - THE EDITORIAL OFFICES CORRIDOR - TIME LAPSE

Upset, Beatrice comes out of her office, slams the door, heads for the elevators.

When the coast is clear, Jeffries scuttles to her office, goes inside.... Moments later, he comes out with his iphone.

INT - REBECCA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Fully-dressed, Rebecca sits in a chair by the window. She looks great, appears happy and normal. She studies 8 x 10 photos of Sean laid out on the table by Agent Goodwin.

REBECCA

Nope. Sorry. Good-looking boy, though, huh?

GOODWIN

But you did stop for gas at that Chevron station last Tuesday. On March 2nd.

REBECCA

Wow. Was that when it was?

GOODWIN

Where were you coming from?

REBECCA

I dunno.

Goodwin frowns, lifts his eyebrows. Rebecca smiles sweetly.

REBECCA

Agent Goodwin, in case you hadn't noticed, you're in a psychiatric facility, and I'm a total nutcase. I have no clue where I've been....

(whispers)

And I have absolutely no idea where I'm going.

INT - A COMPUTER LAB - PHOENIX, ARIZONA - DAY

Two Pakistani NERDS who speak with heavy accents. Jeffries hands a jewel case to the one at the counter.

JEFFRIES

Can you restore hard drives?

NERD I

Sure.

JEFFRIES

Its been zero-filled.

Nerd I turns to NERD II who sits before racks of high-tech machines, mesmerized, as if stoned by digital data.

NERD I

Can you do zero-filled hard drive...?

NERD II

Bring it on.

INT - THE HOLIDAY INN ANNEX MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sean is on the phone with Rebecca. In BG, the TV on mute.

SEAN

(anxious)

You didn't say anything.

INT - REBECCA'S HOSPITAL ROOM

REBECCA

No, puppy, he has no clue, none whatsoever.... I can be sooo sociopathic when I have to be.

INTERCUT their conversation.

SEAN

(relieved)

I miss the cats.

REBECCA

Don't worry, I called Alice. She takes better care of them than we do.

SEAN

I miss you.

REBECCA

I miss you, too.... Guess what? One more ECT, and I can go home.

SEAN

What's that?

REBECCA

Shock treatments.

SEAN

What?!

REBECCA

Hey, they're not medieval at all.
It's like Merlin waved his magic
wand, and "Rogue-Becca" disappeared.

SEAN

I should've been there for you.

REBECCA

I'm absolutely fine, puppy. I'm
taking my meds twice a day, and
Bertie's sending me to the gym,
can you believe that? Princess
Rebecca on a treadmill.

SEAN

I, I don't ever want to be away
from you again.

REBECCA

Oh, puppy, are you crying? Do
you love me that much?

SEAN

Yes.

REBECCA

Guess what...? I love you too.

(whispers)

Write me a poem, my sweet, write
me a poem and come home and make
beautiful love to me.

EXT - A STRIP MALL - DAY

Jeffries parks at the far end near a side street, gets out
with his backpack, looks in all directions, then hurries
across the street to the motel annex.

EXT - THE MOTEL ANNEX

Jeffries unlocks the door to their room, goes inside.

INT - FLORES' OFFICE - DAY

Feet up on his desk, Flores reads a profile of Sean Benson.
His phone RINGS. He hits speaker phone.

FLORES

Special Agent Flores.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

Wade, it's Mark.

FLORES

How'd you do?

GOODWIN (O.S.)

She didn't recognize him. She drew a total blank.

FLORES

Damn.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

We've got nothing to go on, Wade. The whole thing just doesn't fit. She's in a mental hospital. I'm not certain he was at that gas station in the first place.

FLORES

Well, I've been wrong before.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

FLORES

Doesn't surprise me, I guess. I'm looking at the boy's profile. He doesn't read like a killer. So if he's not, he's gonna try to clear himself.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

You think?

FLORES

I think the kid might never have left the state. He might be a lot closer than we think.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

Maybe that's why Sheriff Ocotillo keeps having news conferences.

FLORES

Ritchie Ocotillo is no fool.

INT - THE ANNEX MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jeffries is sprawled on a bed, asleep.

The room is dark—lit only by the glow from the laptop as Sean reads his father's files.

We hear Samuel Benson's voice -

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

"Identity Theft: How Sheriff Ritchie Ocotillo Stole Himself." Seven years ago, when he was an honest cop, Ocotillo met entrepreneur Robbie Earl Leigh. They shared their dreams. Ocotillo wanted a lifestyle of the rich and famous. Robbie Leigh wanted to build an Indian casino rivaling the Crystal Cathedral except he didn't know any Indians. But if Ritchie Ocotillo could re-invent himself as a full-blooded Yavapai, Robbie would get his friend elected sheriff—maybe even governor someday. Then they'd both get their cash-cow casino.

Sean pages down, drinks cold coffee, continues reading.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

Unfortunately, the ideal location for their casino was on national forest land. By now a sheriff and a Yavapai tribal council member, Ocotillo petitioned the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and they promptly gave the tribe fifty acres of said land on I-17 as a new "reservation," thanks to a large donation to an undersecretary in the BIA....

Sean furiously writes notes, then continues reading....

THE SAME SCENE - THE NEXT MORNING

A hollow-eyed Sean, still at the laptop. Jeffries wakes up, sits up, rubs his eyes, stares at Sean.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

In conclusion, dear reader, Ritchie Juan Ocotillo was not born on August 13, 1962 to Native-American parents in Prescott, Arizona.

JEFFRIES

What's up...?

No response from Sean.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

In fact, a security guard was shot to death in the county registrar's archives the week before Ritchie Ocotillo declared his candidacy for sheriff. Was the murderer planting false birth records?

Jeffries cracks open a Red Bull, chugs it, goes to the window, peers through the drapes.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

Ritchie Juan Ocotillo was actually born on August 13, 1960 in Chihuahua, Mexico. I know. I tracked down the original birth certificate.

JEFFRIES

Fuck.

SEAN

What?

JEFFRIES

I think they found that state trooper.

Sean rushes to the window, looks over Jeffries' shoulder.

THEIR POV - THE CAPRICE IN THE STRIP MALL

Boxed in by Phoenix PD squad cars. The Caprice's trunk and doors yawn open. COPS search the car. Other COPS interview people in the strip mall.

BACK TO SCENE

Sean and Jeffries frantically pack up their stuff.

EXT - THE ANNEX MOTEL ROOM

They come out, head off, trying to walk and act normally.

The CAMERA PANS across the street to a COP in mirror shades who notices them. He double-takes, reaches for his radio....

EXT - THE HOLIDAY INN ENTRANCE - WIDE SHOT

An empty hotel shuttle bus sits in the circular drive.

Sean and Jeffries leap the wrought iron fence around the main building, zigzag through trees, cacti and bushes. Panicked, they hesitate, then see the shuttle bus. They sprint for it.

INT - THE SHUTTLE BUS

They jump on board, Sean hiding his face as he goes down the aisle. Jeffries sits next to him, his backpack between them. The DRIVER turns and grins at them.

DRIVER

Morning, guys. We don't leave for another twenty, so if you're jammin' to make a flight, the concierge will call you a cab.

Jeffries has his .357 halfway out of his backpack when Sean stops him, rubs his fingers together as in money. Jeffries gets it, leans toward the driver.

JEFFRIES

Dude. Is there a men's room around here?

DRIVER

Yes, sir. In the lobby past the desk, take a left.

JEFFRIES

Why don't you go use it?

DRIVER

(startled)

What?

Jeffries waves three hundred-dollar bills at the driver.

JEFFRIES

I said, why don't you go use it?

DRIVER

Oookay.

JEFFRIES

Take a dump and read the sports page, you know what I'm saying?

The driver takes the money. As he leaves -

DRIVER

Have a nice day.

EXT - THE HOLIDAY INN - WIDE SHOT

Sean drives the bus away from the hotel. As he turns on a side street, Phoenix PD squad cars pull in the hotel drive.

INT - THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

A late-model "starter" Mercedes pulls into a parking space on the second level. Beatrice Fuller gets out, beeps her car locked.

COCKBURN (O.S.)

Mornin', Beatrice.

She turns. The CAMERA INCLUDES the low rider from the first scene. EUSTACE COCKBURN. He shoots her in the head with a .22 pistol. She sprawls dead against her car.

Cockburn picks up his brass, moves off. STAY WITH Beatrice. We hear Cockburn's Harley start, roar off.

EXT/INT - THE SHUTTLE BUS - DAY

Sean drives aimlessly through the littered, weedy streets of a deserted industrial area.

JEFFRIES

So you're saying that Beatrice Fuller told Sheriff Ocotillo your old man was gonna expose him.

SEAN

That's why they killed him.

JEFFRIES

We can't prove it.

SEAN

We got Pop's stuff. If we had Ocotillo's birth certificate, he'd be toast.

JEFFRIES

The motherfucker probably lit up a Havana with it.

SEAN

What if he didn't?

JEFFRIES

(disgusted)

Dream on, dude.

They pass a strip mall. Sean turns into a rundown Hispanic neighborhood. He notices a piebald Toyota Corolla parked in a driveway wearing a "For Sale" sign.

JEFFRIES

What're we gonna do? Drive around till we run outa gas?

SEAN

We're gonna go to Prescott.

JEFFRIES

Are you high? We're in a shuttle bus that might as well have a fucking bull's-eye on the roof, and you want to get on the Interstate?

They hear helicopters.... Jeffries shoots Sean a look of utter panic. Ignoring him, Sean U-turns back to the Toyota, stops, opens the door. Jeffries has no clue.

SEAN

Buy it!

JEFFRIES

What?

SEAN

Buy the damned car! I'll be at
the corner!

A SIDE STREET NEAR THE STRIP MALL

The side street intersects with a main street. In BG, the shuttle bus is parked behind a Mickey D's in the strip mall.

The CAMERA FINDS Sean hiding under desert pines. The Toyota pulls up. Sean jumps in, and Jeffries takes off.

As they drive away, a police helicopter circles over the shuttle bus. Sirens coming closer....

INT - COOS BAY FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Wearing trendy sweats, Rebecca works out on a thigh machine under the "x-ray" blue eyes of KEVIN WHITMAN, 35, a personal trainer.

WHITMAN

(impressed)

Pret-ty darn good.

He writes on a clipboard. Pleased, she smiles.

WHITMAN

Okay...! Let's go do some free weights.

As she follows him -

WHITMAN

You've been on the fitness bus before, huh?

REBECCA

Not really.

WHITMAN

Hey, I'm not buying that. Not when you come in here looking better than Salma Hayek.

Rebecca blushes and laughs, but his eyes won't let her go.

EXT/INT - THE TOYOTA - DAY

Sean and Jeffries Heading north on the I-17. They hear the last of the news -

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...Sheriff Ritchie Ocotillo saying
it's only a matter of time before
they find murder suspect, Sean
Benson.... In other news—.

Jeffries channel-surfs, finds heavy metal.

JEFFRIES

We oughta just shoot him and be
done with it.

SEAN

No way.

JEFFRIES

(sarcastic)

Okay, Gandhi. We'll shave our
heads and lay down in his driveway.

He shakes whites from his vial, chases them with water.

JEFFRIES

If I go down, I'm gonna go down
pumped, bro'.

He cranks the volume on the radio, grins.

JEFFRIES

Sweet.

Annoyed, Sean snaps off the radio. Jeffries looks at him is
disbelief, spreads his hands.

JEFFRIES

What the fuck, man?

SEAN

How come you're always angry?
Your music is angry, your drugs
are angry, your ideas are angry,
your—.

JEFFRIES

I got reasons to be angry!

SEAN

You didn't have to come on this
trip!

JEFFRIES

I came to help you, motherfucker!

SEAN

No. You came to kill somebody.
Anybody.

JEFFRIES
SO WHAT IF I DID?!

SEAN
(low, hard)
One last time, Frank. We do this
my way.... You cool with that?

Jeffries nods slowly, then pulls his .357 from under the seat,
brandishes it.

JEFFRIES
But I hereby reserve the right to
shoot some motherfucker before he
shoots me.

Sean considers this, stares out the side window. Suddenly, he
bolts upright.

SEAN
Stop the car.

JEFFRIES
What?

SEAN
Stop the car!

EXT - THE TOYOTA - WIDE SHOT

Jeffries pulls onto the shoulder. Sean gets out, gazes off.

HIS POV - THE CASINO SITE

An enormous raw wound of dirt carved out of the national
forest. A sign: "Yavapai-Prescott Native-American Casino.
Opening Early Next Year."

SEAN (O.S.)
Not if I can help it.

INT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - THE BATHROOM - DAY

A half-dressed Rebecca at the vanity applying makeup. She
looks gorgeous and knows it. Music in BG. On a hypo-high,
she talks to herself -

REBECCA
I mean, why shouldn't I? How long
has it been since Princess Rebecca's
been on a real date? Years? More
like light-years.... God, I look
good. Sooo good. Sean should see
me like this. Sean, oh, Sean, oh,
Sean, I miss my round-person Sean,
(more)

REBECCA (cont'd)

I want to, to pet you, puppy, but
you're not on my mini-trip-ship....
And I can't even call you. You
don't have a phone.

(whispers)

But I can think you, puppy. I can
think you inside me and, and—
Mmmm.

(abruptly)

Love the one you're with? Nooo!

She bursts out laughing. She finishes with a flourish, primps
her hair, turns to go, but spies the Rx vial of Valproate, one
pill atop a timer that is counting down.

She picks up the pill, admires it, whispers to it —

REBECCA

Hey, little guy.... You're so
cute and deceitfully round...my
entree into the flat world. I'd
gobble you up right now, but I
don't wanna be beige like you—
not now—and tomorrow's only a
day away.

(sings)

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow's a
day a-way!

Impulsive, she drops the pill in the toilet, realizes what's
she's done, puts her hand to her mouth.

REBECCA

Oops!

She leaves the bathroom, giggling.

THE HASSAYAMPA ESTATES - PRESCOTT, ARIZONA - MAGIC HOUR

Multi-million-dollar houses on three-acre lots sit on a world-
class golf course.

EXT - THE OCOTILLO MANSION

A two-story faux Santa Fe complex atop a hill surrounded by
a wall. Stately trees, in BG. In brass script on the heavy
wooden gates to the driveway: "Ocotillo."

The CAMERA PANS up the road....

A CONSTRUCTION SITE

For a new mansion. Behind the Andy Gumps, the CAMERA FINDS
the piebald Toyota Corolla.

INT - THE TOYOTA

Sean and Jeffries are huddled over his laptop. He works the keyboard, then sits back, frustrated.

SEAN

What's wrong?

JEFFRIES

He's encrypted. He's got some kind of world-class, cop encryption. I can't get past it. If I was home, no prob, but this laptop doesn't have the tools.

SEAN

Is it the spyware killer?

JEFFRIES

No, dude. I reconfigured myself as part of his Internet browser so I'd be a friendly face. That's what took so long.

(sighs)

Fuck it, we'll do it the old-fashioned way.

SEAN

I gotta find his birth certificate, anyway.

JEFFRIES

You'll never find it.

He goes back to the keyboard, his fingers a blur.

SEAN

What's up?

JEFFRIES

If we're gonna break in, I might as well turn off his security system.

Sean takes a granola bar from his pocket, starts eating. Jeffries stops working, eyes him.

JEFFRIES

Let's go get some pizza.

SEAN

I can't go anywhere.

JEFFRIES

Then wait in the Andy Gump, dude. I'm fucking starving.

Sean shrugs, starts to get out of the car. Jeffries cackles -

JEFFRIES

Can't smell any worse than this
car, huh?

SEAN

Bring me back a smoothy.

EXT - THE TOYOTA - WIDE SHOT

Sean disappears behind the Andy Gumps. Jeffries pulls out and drives off too fast.

A private security patrol car passes Jeffries. The SECURITY OFFICER frowns at him suspiciously, stops and eyes the construction site, finally cruises off.

INT - A BAR - COOS BAY - NIGHT

An upscale place full of PATRONS, loud with happy-hour talk and laughter. COCKTAIL WAITRESSES and WAITERS serve drinks nonstop.

The CAMERA FINDS Rebecca and Kevin in a dark, wood-paneled booth. She's wearing a burgundy décolleté dress. He pulls on a designer beer, can't help but stare at her body.

Already half-buzzed, she sips a vodka martini, smiling and listening -

WHITMAN

...so I'm not your typical trainer.
I'm in it for the duration, and one
of these days, I'm gonna own my own
gym.

His cell buzzes. He glances at the display, turns it off.

WHITMAN

Work.

REBECCA

Are you married?

WHITMAN

(grins)
Not right now.

REBECCA

You've been married.

WHITMAN

Everybody's been married.

The waiter shows up, with a flourish gives Rebecca another martini, Kevin, another beer. She giggles.

REBECCA
Hey, I don't really need this.

WHITMAN
Quindi, non bere.

REBECCA
(amused)
Italian?

WHITMAN
*A volte, con la persona giusta,
che è la lingua d'amore.*

REBECCA
I'm not even gonna ask.

She drinks. He leans closer.

WHITMAN
Anybody special in your life?

Surprised, she laughs, then smiles coyly.

REBECCA
I've got a friend, if that's
what you're asking.

WHITMAN
Where's this friend?

REBECCA
Prescott, Arizona.

WHITMAN
(relieved)
Never been there.

REBECCA
Want to see a picture?

She gets the picture of Sean from her purse, hands it to Kevin.

REBECCA
He's eye candy. Truly gorgeous.

Kevin tries to hide his shock—in that Sean is young, black and beautiful.

WHITMAN
He's a singer? An actor?

Her alcohol showing, she blurts out —

REBECCA

Actually, he's a murderer.

She guffaws with laughter, collapses in the booth. Kevin is shocked, then grins slowly and figures she's joking. He plays along, says glibly -

WHITMAN

Well, thank the Lord he's not here, then.

REBECCA

Hey, I'm kidding, I'm kidding!

She places her hand on his. He leans forward, does a bad imitation of Arnold Schwarzenegger -

WHITMAN

I'll be back.

He heads for the men's room.

STAY WITH Rebecca, smiling, feeling great. She swirls her martini, drinks, savors it, then hugs herself. "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" comes over the speakers. She hums along.

ANGLE FAVORING WHITMAN

Coming out of the men's room. A grin splits his features. His movements are brisk, jerky. He crosses the room, slides in the booth, immediately starts talking.

WHITMAN

Speaking of Arnold, that's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna start my own gym.

REBECCA

You already told me.

WHITMAN

But it's not gonna be any gym, no, I don't just want any gym. A franchise gym ain't nothing to be proud of—all you're doing is buying a name like Gold's or 24-Hour or Powerhouse, or, or—.

He wipes his nose, keeps going -

WHITMAN

The bosses said they'd be happy to sell, but they wanted two hundred grand up front. Do you know how much two hundred grand is? I said time out. I mean, I want my place
(more)

WHITMAN (cont'd)
to be the signature gym in the
northwest. I want people coming
up here to have already heard of
"Kevin's Iron House."

(chuckles)
How's that for a name? "Kevin's
Iron House." Cool, huh?

REBECCA
Very cool.

WHITMAN
Wanna go to Vegas?

REBECCA
Sure.

She titters, then touches his hand.

REBECCA
Hey, you got any more of that
stuff?

WHITMAN
What stuff?

REBECCA
C'mon, Kev.... Or did you go to
the bathroom for a donut and get
powdered sugar on your mustache?

INT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - TIME LAPSE

A very drunk Rebecca comes in, laughing hysterically. Whitman
follows, feeling no pain, himself.

REBECCA
I used to have a mother-of-pearl
coke mirror.

She starts upstairs, but he grabs her, fondles her, tries to
kiss her.

REBECCA
Nope, nope, no, no, no, no.
Got Sean on the brain.

WHITMAN
What about Vegas?

REBECCA
We'll take separate cars.

She laughs again, then staggers upstairs, singing -

REBECCA

With tangerine trees and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes....

STAY WITH Whitman. Annoyed and frustrated. He heads in the living room and looks around. He parks himself on the sofa, clicks on the TV. He takes out his cocaine stash....

The cats watch him coldly, then run and hide.

INT - THE BATHROOM

Rebecca, rummaging through drawers. She finds the mirror way in the back, smiles and giggles triumphantly.

EXT - THE HALLWAY & STAIRS

As she traipses toward the landing, she pulls the mirror from its velvet bag, admires it.

Not looking where she is going, she misses the step on the landing, trips and sprawls halfway down the stairs.

ANGLE FAVORING WHITMAN

He reacts, looks up, hesitates. She's not moving. He goes to her slowly, fearing the worst.

She snores.

Chuckling ironically, he picks her up as if doing a clean-and-jerk, takes her back up the stairs.

INT - THE BEDROOM

He carries her in, pitches her on the bed, stares slack-jawed at her. She moans. He puts his hand on her leg. She starts snoring again.

He glances out the window, checks his watch, looks back at her. He steps out of his loafers, unbuckles his belt....

INT - THE LIVING ROOM

"America's Most Wanted" blares from the TV. The Halloween cats prowl the room in figure-eights, yowling mournfully.

They hear Whitman coming downstairs, run away and hide again.

Whitman enters, tucking in his shirt and straightening his sweater. As he picks up his stash, he hears JOHN WALSH on the TV, stops and listens.

CLOSE - THE TV

WALSH

...the reward has been increased to \$150,000.... If you have any information on the whereabouts of Sean Matthew Benson, please call the Yavapai County, Arizona Sheriff's Department at 1-800-496-7000....

A still photo of Sean fills the screen.

BACK TO KEVIN

He gapes open-mouthed at the screen, grins slowly....

EXT - THE OCOTILLO MANSION - NIGHT

The gates open. A Hummer H3 drives out, turns left up the road, recedes in the distance, high beams clicking on.

INT - THE TOYOTA

Behind the Andy Gumps.

SEAN

He's leaving! C'mon, let's go.

JEFFRIES

What if that's his wife?

SEAN

According to Pop, his wife's an opera singer, and she drives a BMW. Can you see an opera singer in a Hummer?

JEFFRIES

(skeptical)

I dunno.

SEAN

You're scared, aren't you?

JEFFRIES

Fuck you, I'm scared! I just don't want to do nothing stupid.

SEAN

Okay, call his house. See if anybody's home.

Jeffries gets the number off his laptop, calls on his cell, finger paused over the "end" button. Over speaker phone, they hear Ocotillo's generic message -

ELECTRONIC VOICE

No one is available to take your call—.

Jeffries turns off his phone.

SEAN

Let's go.

JEFFRIES

What if he's screening his calls?

SEAN

Look, I'm going in there no matter what you do. I'll grab his whole Goddamn laptop and be out in three minutes, tops.

He gets out, starts down the street.

ANGLE FAVORING JEFFRIES

He takes two more whites, then gets out of the car and throws on his backpack. He reaches back inside for his .357, shoves it in his pants, goes after Sean.

OCOTILLO'S SIDE GATE

Where the wall faces the golf course. Jeffries gives Sean a boost, and he goes over the wall.

ANGLE FAVORING SEAN

On the other side. Two very large DOBERMANS come out of the shadows, corner him against the wall, growling. Sean holds out his hand, lets them sniff him.

Then—slowly, deliberately—he takes out a granola bar, breaks off pieces, feeds the dogs.

JEFFRIES (O.S.)

(loud whisper)

Sean? What's going on?

SEAN

Shhh!

Sean bends to the dogs, feeds them, whispers dog-talk to them, pets them, then straightens up and unlocks the gate.

The dogs rush outside, surround Jeffries, nuzzle him for food. Terrified, he backs against the wall.

JEFFRIES

Get 'em away from me! Get 'em away!

SEAN

It's okay, they're friendly!

Grinning, Sean pulls Jeffries inside the compound and locks the dogs out.

EXT - THE HOUSE - WIDE SHOT

Sean and Jeffries move toward the back, staying behind the trees and landscaping, keeping in the shadows.

EXT - THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

They pass a spa and pool, then a patio, blending with the foliage and shadows. We can barely see them.

A SERVICE DOOR

Sean gestures at it, nods at their good fortune—the bottom half is a dog door.

Sean crawls through it, then Jeffries.

INT - A UTILITY ROOM

They straighten up inside, stop and listen to the silence. Sean starts off. Jeffries follows.

INT - THE KITCHEN

As they pass through, the sub-zero refrigerator kicks on, startling Jeffries. He sweats heavily, breathes heavily. Sean frowns, cautions him.

INT - THE FOYER

A large, saltillo-tiled space with antique Native-American rugs. On one side, an archway leads to a living room. On the other, a circular staircase and a wide hallway.

Sean and Jeffries creep inside, pause, listen. Sean nods at a heavy oak door down the hallway. They start for it.

INT - OCOTILLO'S OFFICE

A hexagon-shaped room, bookcases with leather-bound books never opened and Native-American art. Against the window, a bronze of a wind-blown Apache and horse.

On one wall, a red-leather sofa. Next to it, a massive teak-wood desk and heavy chair. More antique rugs on a thick carpet.

They push the door partially closed. Jeffries dons a small LED headlight. Sean moves the desk chair out of the way.

Jeffries gets his toolkit from his backpack, crawls underneath the desk and starts dismantling the computer tower.

A small maglite held between his teeth, Sean buzzes through the files in the desk drawers, but finds them all neat and organized. Sanitized.

Then he discovers a drawer full to the top with photographs. He starts looking through them, lifts one up from the bottom.

CLOSE - THE PHOTO

Ritchie Ocotillo on a houseboat, his arm around a topless redhead, both holding beers.

BACK TO SCENE

SEAN

Look at this.

JEFFRIES

Beatrice Fuller.

(cackles)

I didn't realize her tits were so big.

(beat)

While you're there, dude....

Grinning triumphantly, he hands Sean a jewel case containing Ocotillo's hard drive.

JEFFRIES

Thirty seconds and we're outa here.

He starts reassembling the computer tower. Sean puts the hard drive and the photo in the backpack.

The Dobermans bark.

Sean and Jeffries freeze, exchange looks.

The dogs bark again—friendly, insistent barks asking to be let back inside the compound.

SEAN

(urgent)

C'mon, let's go!

JEFFRIES

One fucking second!

In the cramped space, Jeffries has the tower tilted on his leg, tries to slip the cover over it, but his speed-addled hands are shaking.

He bangs the cover against the desk. It reverberates like a tuning fork.

He tries again.

SEAN

Forget it! Let's go!

EXT - THE OCOTILLO GATES

The security patrol cruises into the scene. In the headlights, the security officer sees the dogs barking and scratching to get in their yard. He stops.

INT - OCOTILLO'S OFFICE

Sean is at the door and Jeffries, putting on his backpack when they see a flashlight panning across the foyer.

Sean dives between the sofa and the desk.

Jeffries drops his backpack, is pulling out his .357 when the door opens, and he's caught in the flashlight beam.

A Colt .44 fires. The round hits him in the chest, slams him into the bookcases. He slides to the floor and twitches.

Sheriff Ocotillo shoots Jeffries again, making sure he's dead, then stares at him, flashlight playing on his body.

Suddenly, Ocotillo turns—as if someone is behind him, his gun following the flashlight beam.

In that moment, Sean grabs and lifts the desk chair high. The Sheriff turns again, but not fast enough.

With all his strength, Sean brings the chair down on Ocotillo's head, crushing him.

EXT - THE OCOTILLO GATES

Freaked by the gunshots, the dogs are barking and throwing themselves at the gates. In his car, the security officer talks urgently on the radio....

INT - OCOTILLO'S OFFICE & FOYER

Sean stuffs Jeffries' tools and weapon in the backpack, runs into the foyer....

EXT - THE OCOTILLO HOUSE

Sean comes out the front door, scans the grounds. He hears the sirens, sprints for the back wall.

As he runs, he sees another brown Hummer H3 in the driveway behind the house, the license plate reading "HIS."

He vaults the back wall, is gone.

INT - THE YAVAPAI COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

In his office, Lt. Hilgado is on the phone, writing notes furiously.

LT. HILGADO

You say you recognized him from
"America's Most Wanted"?

WHITMAN (O.S.)

Yes, sir, sure did. I can tell
you where he's been staying.
There's a reward, right?

LT. HILGADO

Yes, sir, but let me get the
particulars. Where are you now,
Mr. Whitman?

WHITMAN (O.S.)

I'm at work. Coos Bay Fitness
Center.

LT. HILGADO

And Benson is staying at this
address on Cleveland Court?

WHITMAN (O.S.)

No, he left. He went back to
Prescott, Arizona.

LT. HILGADO

How long ago?

WHITMAN (O.S.)

I dunno. Couple of days?

LT. HILGADO

Do you know where he is in
Prescott, Mr. Whitman?

WHITMAN (O.S.)

No clue.

DEPUTY STILES runs in the doorway, putting on his gunbelt.
Hilgado points at the phone and waves him off, but Stiles
shouts -

STILES

There's been a shooting at the
Sheriff's place!

DARK HILLS

Edged from the glow of downtown Prescott.

Sean zigzags through chaparral sprints up a rise and down the other side, cuts into the trees, disappears.

THE HASSAYAMPA GOLF COURSE - HIGH, WIDE ANGLE

Sheriff's cars race up the road, lights flashing. Sirens.

SEAN

Emerges from the trees, running hard, in his old rhythm. He follows a ridgeline, skirts houses and barking dogs. In the distance, city lights.

IRON SPRINGS ROAD

Sean comes down a hill, pauses at the road, looks both ways, then dashes across and descends into a dark residential area.

EXT - THE OCOTILLO MANSION - NIGHT

Sheriff's cars and vans in front. PARAMEDICS wheel Ocotillo toward an ambulance.

EXT - THE BENSON COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT

Lit by an intermittent moon. The house is as it was in the beginning—except now it's wreathed in homicide tape.

A sheriff's car cruises past, turns at the cul-de-sac, pauses. A police radio splits the night. The car slowly pulls away.

Sean materializes from the shadows, runs across the road, goes behind the house.

INT - THE STORAGE SHED

Sean steps inside, finds the extra key hanging next to his momma's gardening tools.

EXT - THE HOUSE - THE BACK DOOR

A coroner's tag on the door cautions against unauthorized entry. Sean unlocks the door, steps inside.

INT - THE HOUSE - THE KITCHEN

Sean drops the backpack, comes in slowly. He sees a lake of dried blood where his mother was shot, a smaller pool where Marcy died.

Horrified, he rushes to the sink and throws up. He heaves and heaves and heaves, then stops and gasps for breath. He wipes his face with a towel....

Then, with more towels and a spray bottle, he starts cleaning the dried blood from the floor, his body convulsing with sobs.

INT - MARCY'S ROOM - TIME LAPSE

Sean, by her bed. From her stuffed animals, he picks up a small toy dog, squeezes it. The dog barks. Sean smiles. His eyes fill up with tears.

INT - SEAN'S ROOM

He looks from a photo of him and Marcy on the dresser to himself in the mirror. He is centuries older. Dirty, unkempt, holes for eyes, his hair gone totally white.

INT - HIS BATHROOM

Stripped down, he takes a sponge bath in the moonlight—quick and efficient, but a rebirth nonetheless.

INT - SAMUEL BENSON'S HOME OFFICE

The office, ransacked in the name of a homicide investigation. Computer, gone, only speakers and monitor left.

Now in a clean shirt, jeans and D-backs cap, Sean is in the desk chair, staring off pensively, wondering what to do.

His father's voice comes to him -

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

You can take the VW, but whatever you do, don't wreck it.

Sean bolts up, thinks, then starts going through the desk drawers.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

Keys are in the ashtray.

Sean stops, gets up, starts out.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)

Hey, boy, wait, just hold on.... Remember when I gave you that reading list? Added Aristotle at the eleventh hour? That was funnier'n hell, wasn't it?

Sean frowns, shakes his head.

SAMUEL BENSON (V.O.)
 You really ought to read him
 someday, though I must admit,
 Aristotle wrote for insomniacs.

The notion of Aristotle jolts Sean. Something clicks. At the bookcase, he pulls out The Complete Works of Aristotle....

CLOSE - THE BOOK

In the hollowed-out space is Ritchie Ocotillo's original birth certificate.

BACK TO SEAN

Amazed, triumphant, happy. He hurries out.

INT - THE GARAGE - QUICK CUTS:

Sean pulling the car cover off Pop's restored 1970 red VW bug, finding the keys in the ashtray.

Installing the battery under the back seat.

Topping off the gas tank.

Loading food, water and backpack.

EXT - THE BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The garage door opens. The VW starts, pulls out. As the garage door closes, Sean drives away.

INT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - DAY

Rebecca is sprawled on the bed, her dress bunched up to her waist. She stirs, groans, rolls over, finds herself staring at her panties

She sits up, looks between her legs, realizes that she has been raped. Horrified, furious, she runs for the bathroom, ripping off her dress. An agonized wail from the bathroom.

INT - THE DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN - TIME LAPSE

Rebecca comes downstairs in jeans and tank top, her face, ravaged, lipstick smeared, hair frizzed out.

She stops abruptly at the pile of turquoise on the table, picks out an expensive, exotic necklace, puts it on. She pirouettes, smiling insanely.

In the kitchen, she finds a razor-sharp knife, tests the blade by drawing it across her belly. A thin line of blood.

REBECCA

Yes.

INT - COOS BAY FITNESS CENTER - DAY

BRANDY is at the desk checking people in. A jittery Rebecca enters, barely able to contain herself. Brandy notices her necklace.

BRANDY

Wow, is that ever beautiful!

REBECCA

Unh, thanks.... Is Kevin in?

BRANDY

Nope. Not yet.

Rebecca is taken aback—she hadn't expected this. She glances at the clock.

REBECCA

He has to be here! I had an appointment! At eight-thirty!

BRANDY

Sorry.

REBECCA

Maybe—. Maybe I was supposed to meet him at his place.

BRANDY

Really? He doesn't usually do that. You sure?

REBECCA

What's his address?

BRANDY

I can't give you his address!

Rebecca almost loses it, then suddenly gets an idea. She takes off her necklace, fastens it around Brandy's neck.

REBECCA

It—was—made—for—you!

Brandy is beside herself, doesn't know what to do. Rebecca whispers urgently -

REBECCA

Where does he live?!

EXT - WHITMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A small bungalow with bedsheet curtains, weeds in the yard. Two middle-aged cars are parked in the dirt driveway, facing in opposite directions.

Rebecca parks behind the cars, gets out, slips the knife in her belt, goes to the door.

A CLOSER ANGLE

Rebecca knocks, waits. Finally, the door opens. A tired, once-pretty WOMAN with stringy hair stands in the doorway.

REBECCA

Is Kevin home?

WOMAN

He worked late. He's sleeping.

REBECCA

Oh. Of course. You must be the cleaning lady.

The woman glares at her.

REBECCA

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know he had a sister.

WOMAN

I'm not his sister. I'm his wife.

REBECCA

Why am I not surprised?

WOMAN

Who the hell are you?

REBECCA

The one he was with last night.

A little girl with blue eyes and ribbons in her hair comes up behind the woman, peeks out at Rebecca. Rebecca bends to her.

REBECCA

Did you know that your daddy is a rapist?

The woman recoils, tries to close the door, but Rebecca blocks it with her foot. She pulls her knife, grabs it by the blade—slicing open her hand—gives it to the woman handle first.

REBECCA

You need this more than I do.

Calm and dignified, she walks away, clutching her hand.

INT - A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Ocotillo is immobilized, on an IV, his head encased in gauze. Lt. Hilgado is at his bed side.

LT. HILGADO

Benson was holed up in Coos Bay, Oregon, but he came back to Prescott a few days ago. We found his prints at your house.

OCOTILLO

(painful, hoarse)

So he was the one with the punk I shot?

LT. HILGADO

Yes, sir. That was Frank Jeffries, also from Coos Bay.

OCOTILLO

He had a backpack and a gun.

LT. HILGADO

We didn't find anything at the scene.

OCOTILLO

Anything else missing?

LT. HILGADO

Yes, sir. Your hard drive.

Ocotillo stiffens, clenches his one good fist.

LT. HILGADO

We did a drive-by of the Benson residence. The cars are still there.

OCOTILLO

What about the VW in the garage?

A NURSE appears in the doorway, says to Ocotillo -

NURSE

The surgeon you requested just landed at Sky Harbor. They're bringing him up by helicopter.

A TWO-LANE COUNTRY ROAD - SKULL VALLEY, ARIZONA - DAY

Under a stand of oaks, the CAMERA FINDS Sean asleep in the red VW. A truck roars past. He wakes up, looks around. He picks up the iphone, turns it on.... No reception. He turns it off.

He starts the car, drives off.

INT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rebecca in the window seat, knees drawn up to her chest. Her hand is bandaged. She stares out at the trees disappearing in a thick fog.

On a table within reach, chilled vodka and a vial of Ambien.

KIRKLAND, ARIZONA - WIDE SHOT - DAY

A tavern, post office and cafe. A road sign: "Highway 89, 6 Miles."

EXT/INT - THE RED VW

Sean drives through town, rattles over a cattle guard and goes past the sign, parks under oaks and cottonwoods. He turns on the iphone, now has reception. He takes a breath, dials....

INT - FLORES' OFFICE

He's at his desk. A buzzer SOUNDS.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Sean Benson on line one.

Flores comes out of his chair, grabs the phone. INTERCUT the conversation.

FLORES
This is Wade Flores. How you
doing today, son?

No response. Flores chuckles.

FLORES
Not so good, huh?

SEAN
I'm fine.

INT - THE SITUATION ROOM

A backlit map on the wall automatically zooms to a cell tower and its radius in central Arizona....

Flores walks in, phone to his ear, looking at the map.

FLORES
You're fine. Okay. I'll go with
that.

SEAN

Look, I know what you're trying to do.

FLORES

Okay, so we're on the same page, then.

SEAN

We're not on the same page! You're trying to keep me talking so you can triangulate my position!

FLORES

You're absolutely correct, Sean, except the nearest cell tower we can get a read on is forty miles from you. That's a radius of 80 miles which means you're way out there in nowhere land. The only person who has a clue where you are is you.... But sooner or later your luck's gonna expire. More than likely, the wrong folks are gonna find you, and then for the lack of a better term, your life expectancy becomes zero.

SEAN

I can prove that I didn't do it! I have evidence! Hard evidence!

FLORES

What kind of evidence?

SEAN

Stuff that says Sheriff Ocotillo is a fraud and a murderer! I'm gonna bring it in and hand it to you, personally, Agent Flores.

FLORES

(urgent)

Tell me where you are, son. Tell me where you are, and I'll come to you, okay?

Sean hears rotors pounding the air.

HIS POV - A SHERIFF'S HELICOPTER

Less than a mile away, east of Kirkland, heading north toward Skull Valley and Prescott.

FLORES (O.S.)

Okay, son?

BACK TO SEAN

Panicked—maybe betrayed—Sean ends the call, but forgets to turn off the phone. He starts the car, follows a dirt road that eventually curves up to the ruins of a homestead.

THE HOMESTEAD

Sean parks behind a crumbling stone wall, drapes the car cover over the VW, gathers chaparral to camouflage the bug.

INT - A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

ATTENDANTS wheel Ocotillo toward the elevators. Hilgado hurries into scene, waving a phone.

OCOTILLO
(to attendants)
Give us a minute, gentlemen.

They step away.

LT. HILGADO
It's Wade Flores.

Hilgado puts the phone on speaker so Ocotillo can talk, places it on his chest.

OCOTILLO
How's it going, Wade?

FLORES (O.S.)
Sorry to bother you, Sheriff, but we just heard from Sean Benson. We tracked his cell to a tower at Cortes Junction. We think he may still be in Yavapai County.

(beat)
So I went ahead and scrambled all available state police units to look in northern Maricopa county, but I wanted to check with you before we sent them into Yavapai.

OCOTILLO
Stay out of my county, Wade.

FLORES (O.S.)
No worries, Ritchie, that why I'm calling. But just in case Benson's left your jurisdiction, I could get some birds up to help out.

OCOTILLO
Already got my own birds up.

FLORES (O.S.)
 (shrewd)
 So you know what he's driving,
 then.

OCOTILLO
 If I knew what he was driving,
 I'd have him in custody, Wade.

He pushes the off button. Lt. Hilgado glares at the sheriff.

LT. HILGADO
 We know what he's driving.

OCOTILLO
 Yes, we do, and you're gonna be up
 for Captain soon, right, Darryl?

INT - THE SITUATION ROOM

Flores stares at the map. Goodwin enters.

GOODWIN
 We got the records on the number
 Benson called from, but there's
 no GPS on the phone. He must've
 disabled it.

FLORES
 Then we better pray that he gets
 out of Yavapai County alive.

EXT - AN ADOBE HOME - CHIMAYO, NEW MEXICO - DAY

A rambling complex draped in trees, surrounded by walls. A
 phone RINGS.

INT - THE HOUSE - THE KITCHEN

A perky, voluptuous 16-year-old LATINA answers -

LATINA
¿Diga...? Momentíco....

She hurries off, going past a great room where two more young
 LATINAS watch Spanish TV.

INT - A POTTING STUDIO

Eustace Cockburn is concentrating hard, shaping a pot that
 tilts right, then left.

On shelves in BG are hundreds of pots and vases, splashed in
 bright, meth-addled colors. Some—with jagged openings—have
 faces painted on them.

LATINA

Señor Eustace, es alguien en el teléfono para usted.

He grunts, takes the phone from her, lights a cigarette, sits in a plush, paint-stained wicker chair.

COCKBURN

This is him.

OCOTILLO (O.S.)

Remember Sean Benson?

COCKBURN

(chuckles)

The one we missed. He's been all over the news like Jesse James.

OCOTILLO (O.S.)

The one you missed, Eustace.

COCKBURN

Shit happens, Ritchie.

OCOTILLO (O.S.)

He's driving a 1970 red VW bug, Arizona plate PGR 753. He's headed for Coos Bay, Oregon.

COCKBURN

Beautiful place, Oregon. Ain't been there in years. Lemme get something to write on.

He goes to the workbench for a pad and pencil.

THE HOMESTEAD & THE RED VW - DAY

An absolute silence, broken by a warm breeze, then the sound of cicadas, then silence again. Sean is trying to sleep in the front seat, but can't. He hears a car, sits up.

He goes to the crumbling wall, peers off.

HIS POV - KIRKLAND & THE CONNECTING ROAD

A brown and white sheriff's car glides past, a metallic predator. It waffles in the distance, is gone. For the moment.

BACK TO SEAN

Sweating now, worried. The iphone RINGS. Startled, he stares at the display, then answers -

SEAN

Rebecca?

REBECCA

(singing)

I remember youuu...I remember you
who whoo....

He sags at the sound of her voice, says in a rush -

SEAN

I've been afraid to call—I love
you—I miss you—are you okay?

REBECCA

(singing)

I love you, tomorrow, I love you,
sweet puppy, you're only a dream
away....

SEAN

Listen, I know what I'm gonna do.
When it gets dark, I'm driving to
Phoenix and I'm gonna turn myself
in and prove that I'm innocent,
just so you—.

She laughs hysterically. He stops, cocks his head.

SEAN

Rebecca...? Rebecca, what have
you taken?

REBECCA

Oh, just my little beige pills
prescribed by Bertie Maltz.
(giggles)

Not.

INT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM

On the sofa, bracketed by the Halloween cats, she refills her
martini glass with vodka, shakes in a few Ambien.

INTERCUT the conversation.

REBECCA

Tell me you love me again, tell me
a thousand times, my sweet, sweet
puppy, 'cause I'm all burned and
charred, and your voice wraps me
in a cool breeze. Okay?

SEAN

I love you, you know I love you,
but—.

She starts crying, whispers through her tears —

REBECCA

Then I'm just fine, baby, I'm
totally fine.... I'm swimming
in life's afterglow, the fruit
of my womb, decadence.

SEAN

Rebecca, you're messed up. Please
don't mess yourself up anymore,
okay?

REBECCA

(singing)

It's too late, baby, it's too
late, but we really did try to
make it.

(giggles)

I'm having a martini, honey, my
own special mix martini. I've
special-mixed the morning away,
and the Halloween cats and me are
watching the fog swallow up the
world. We love you, too—we love
you three, four, five, six, seven
and—.

SEAN

Rebecca!

REBECCA

And now I'm falling off the flat
world, puppy. They've driven me
to the edge, and I'm falling, I'm
falling off.

SEAN

(frantic)

For Christ's sake, Rebecca!

REBECCA

Bye bye, my darling. Remember me
in your dreams...your sweet, sweet
dreams.

She hangs up.

STAY WITH Sean. He tries redial, gets a busy signal, then
punches in 411.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Verizon wireless 411 direct. For
Spanish, press one. For English,
please stay on the line.

OPERATOR
City and state, please.

SEAN
Coos Bay, Oregon. For a Dr.
Albert Maltz....

INTERSTATE 40 - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Near Gallup, New Mexico, Eustace Cockburn on his Harley, heading west through a vast open land. He wears leathers and a faux-Nazi helmet with a bug shield.

EXT/INT - THE RED VW - DAY

Near Bagdad, Arizona. Sean races along a two-lane dirt road through desert mountains. He passes a bullet-scarred road sign: "ENTERING MOHAVE COUNTY."

U.S. HIGHWAY 93 - HIGH, WIDE ANGLE - MAGIC HOUR

South of Kingman, Arizona. A rooster tail billows up from the VW as it converges on the Highway.

INTERSTATE 15 SOUTH - NIGHT

In California where it intersects with Highway 58. Cockburn merges onto Highway 58 west....

EXT - A GAS STATION - ELKO, NEVADA - NIGHT

After filling up, Sean gets in the VW, studies a map....

EXT - THE RED VW - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

Speeding up Nevada Highway 225 near Wild Horse Reservoir.

EXT - LANE COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Maltz gets out of his car, strides toward the entrance.

INTERSTATE 5 NORTH - THE CASCADE RANGE - DAY

Cockburn crosses the California-Oregon border.

EXT - THE RED VW - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Near Lakeview, Oregon, climbing into the mountains.

INT - REBECCA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

She's sitting up in bed, a smile frozen on her face. Maltz leans casually against the wall, and she is astonished by his resigned, non-professional litany.

MALTZ

I'm tired of saving you, Rebecca.
So this is the last time, the very
last time unless you stop fighting
your therapy.

REBECCA

You're dumping me....

MALTZ

(grins, shrugs)

I'm sorry. I'm not even sure who
I could refer you to.

REBECCA

I can't believe you're dumping me.

MALTZ

If I were you, I'd stay here for a
week, but there's no lock-down or
72-hour hold. Since rules don't
work with you, hey—no more rules.

He starts for the door.

MALTZ

Its been nice.

Tears well up in her eyes. She holds her arms out to him -

REBECCA

Bertie, no...!

He stops, turns. He sighs.

REBECCA

Please....

MALTZ

I dunno, Rebecca. I mean, if you
really want to get well, I can
prescribe some ECTs and lithium
injections. If you want to talk,
fine. If not, that's cool, too.
But you'll take your meds and no
more booze. Deal?

It sinks in, and she's filled with misgivings.

REBECCA

I'm not sure I can handle non-alcoholic beer during happy hour.

MALTZ

Your choice.

REBECCA

I'm not sure I can handle existential questions, either.

EXT - A TRACT HOME - PRESCOTT VALLEY, ARIZONA - DAY

In the driveway, a FATHER and SON are washing and waxing a faded, yet pristine red VW bug.

A sheriff's helicopter flies overhead, begins circling. The father looks up, shields his eyes.

SON

Dad...!

The father glances at the street, is amazed. Four sheriff's cars pull up in front of the house, and deputies get out, guns drawn.

INT - THE FBI SITUATION ROOM - DAY

A frustrated Flores stares at an empty situation map, then works the keyboard, brings up the file on Sean Benson. He pages down, reads...stops. He calls out -

FLORES

Hey, Mark...?

Goodwin comes in.

FLORES

The lady's house you checked out in Coos Bay. You recall what kind of baseball cap was on that table?

GOODWIN

D-backs.

FLORES

A pile of turquoise jewelry and a D-backs cap. What's that say to you?

GOODWIN

Somebody's been to Arizona.

He presses the speaker phone.

FLORES

Hey, Roz? Can you get me that
detective in Coos Bay?

INT - REBECCA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

She's half-dressed and slowly getting her things together.
She pauses, ponders a print of Van Gogh's "Wheat Field with
Crows" on the wall.

The phone RINGS.

REBECCA

Hello...?

SEAN (O.S.)

I'm in the parking structure.

Her face lights up.

REBECCA

Sean?!

SEAN (O.S.)

Third level, by the elevator.
In Pop's car.

REBECCA

My God, how did you find me?

INT - THE HOSPITAL PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Rebecca comes out of the elevator on the third level, looks
around anxiously, finally spots the car.

EXT - THE RED VW

Half-hidden by a pillar. Rebecca rushes to the car, jumps in,
embraces Sean. They kiss passionately.

SEAN

I love you, I miss you, I—.

REBECCA

Me too, me too, me too, me
too.

She breaks the kiss, looks at him.

REBECCA

Oh, puppy, your poor hair. You
look like an over-exposure.

He buries his face in her breasts. She whispers —

REBECCA
No, no, not here. Rebecca's not
a contortionist.

SEAN
Want to go home?

REBECCA
My God, yes.

INT - THE RED VW - DAY

On Interstate 5, speeding south toward Roseburg and Coos Bay.
Rebecca hangs onto Sean's right arm for dear life.

AIRPORT HEIGHTS PARK - COOS BAY - DAY

A small park atop a hill that overlooks the bay and Rebecca's
neighborhood. Thick fog billows up from the bay.

Cockburn's Harley is parked at the far end of the park.

The CAMERA ZOOMS to Cockburn in the trees. He sits on a rock
and smokes. From his perch, he can make out Rebecca's house
through the fog below.

He flicks away his cigarette, digs out and eats a dirty-purple
tab of meth. Then he pulls his .22 pistol, locks and loads.

EXT - REBECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

The VW pulls up, parks. Sean and Rebecca get out, start for
the house, arm-in-arm.

INT - THE HOUSE - THE FOYER

The Halloween cats meow and figure-eight between Sean and
Rebecca's legs.

REBECCA
Oh, my kitties, my poor neglected
kitties!

SEAN
They must be hungry.

She embraces and kisses him, whispers -

REBECCA
Like me for you.

Then she abruptly pushes away and starts upstairs.

REBECCA

I'm gonna take a shower and wash
the hospital off me and you can
feed the kitties and then....

She giggles, blows him a kiss. He starts for the kitchen.

REBECCA

Would you make me a drink, puppy?

INT - THE BATHROOM

Rebecca moans with pleasure in a hot, steamy shower, finally
turns it off, steps out, starts drying. Sean comes in with her
drink, hands it to her.

REBECCA

Thank you, my sweet.

She drinks, gives him a startled look.

REBECCA

This is water.

Smiling expectantly, he holds out one of her pills, waits for
her to take it from him. They lock eyes.

REBECCA

You know, if I take this, I'll
become a flat person. I'll want
a normal life.

SEAN

You'll never be a flat person.

REBECCA

Maybe.... But I might think that
you're too young for me, puppy.

SEAN

Or you too old.

REBECCA

That, too.

SEAN

Or we could grow young together.

She gazes at him. Tears well up in her eyes. She takes the
pill, swallows, then throws her arms around him. They kiss
passionately. She starts undressing him.

REBECCA

C'mon. Let's have crazy sex
before the pill kicks in.

SEAN
I gotta call Flores first.

REBECCA
(impatient)
Oh, puppy.

From outside on the street, the roar of a Harley, muted by the fog. It stops. Sean reacts.

REBECCA
What?

SEAN
That's the bike!

REBECCA
Sean! Bikes all sound alike,
they're—.

But he's left the room.

INT - THE GUEST ROOM

Across the hall. Sean peers out the window, can't see anyone through the trees.

But he does hear boots on the gravel driveway.

ANGLE - THE HALLOWEEN CATS

In the foyer. The orange cat is on top of the bookcase over the door. The black cat jumps up in the window seat, stares outside, tail switching.

INT - REBECCA'S BEDROOM

Frantic, his hands shaking, Sean pulls the .357 out of the backpack, chambers a round.

REBECCA
Jesus, Sean!

SEAN
Stay here.

REBECCA
No way, I'm staying here!

She follows him out.

INT - THE STAIRS & THE FOYER

Sean runs across the landing, is halfway down the stairs. He hesitates.

Boots on the porch, the door opening.

Sean turns to warn Rebecca, but she's beside him.

He turns back, the .357 coming up, but too late. Cockburn is in the foyer, his pistol aimed at Sean's chest.

COCKBURN

You lose, boy.... You lose big time.

Just then, the orange cat drops on Cockburn's head and digs in his claws. Cockburn yells, jerks his shot.

It hits Rebecca in the leg. She crumples, writhes on the stairs.

Cockburn flails at the orange cat with his gun hand.

The black cat springs off the window seat onto Cockburn's face, one claw hooking his eye. Cockburn screams and backs into the bookcase. An avalanche of books.

Shrieking, Cockburn drops his gun, staggers in circles, tries to pull the black cat off his face.

Now at the bottom of the stairs, Sean swings up the .357 and fires, hitting Cockburn point-black in the chest.

Cockburn windmills back in the doorway, is dead before he hits the porch.

The cats spring off him, take off running, disappear in the bushes.

Sean drops the .357, rushes back to Rebecca.

SEAN & REBECCA

On the stairs. He makes a tourniquet with his belt, pulls it tight on her leg, stops the bleeding, covers her with the towel. He holds her, comforts her.

EXT - REBECCA'S HOUSE

A Coos Bay police car pulls in the driveway behind the VW. The detective and a uniform get out. The detective sees the open door and Cockburn's body. To his partner -

DETECTIVE

Get some backup....

He draws his weapon, starts for the house.

INT - THE FOYER

Stepping over Cockburn's body, the detective comes inside, all tense and ready. In BG, we hear his partner on the police radio.

ANGLE FAVORING SEAN & REBECCA

Sean holds Rebecca tight, weeps at her pain. His weapon at the ready, the detective takes it all in.

SEAN

Can you get us an ambulance?

DETECTIVE

Sean Benson...?

REBECCA

Please don't shoot him till he talks to the FBI.

FADE OUT.

THE END