

BLINK

by

Hernany Perla

Original Artists:
Chris Sablan

Madhouse Entertainment:
Ryan Cunningham

NOTE TO READER: In addition to BLINKING, we'll be using two devices throughout. **IMAGINATION:** what Eddie imagines as things are told to him. **MEMORIES:** his recollection of things which actually occurred. Though they might look similar, one is imagined and one is recalled.

FADE IN:

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A CANTED POV, frozen on the ceiling- Seems to be focused on a square of fluorescent lights between the ceiling tiles. A TELEVISION hangs from the corner (currently shut off).

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
We check in on him every thirty
minutes, at night you'll be
swinging by every couple hours
between your rounds.

Periodically, the screen will go **BLACK**, for no more than a second- Often in succession.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The heart monitor helps keep
everything in check, but
periodically you gotta check the
vitals too.

CLACKING OF FOOTSTEPS approaching as-

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Remember, he can't cry for help if
he needs anything.

A NURSE (ROBIN) appears, stares down at camera. 40's, heavy, a crucifix dangles from her double chin like a sweat drop; as she straightens our POV to a more comfortable position.

NURSE ROBIN
How you doing this fine morning Mr.
Lockhart?
(to someone O.S.)
You have to be extra careful with
him. Especially when you're moving
him.

OUR ORDERLY-IN-TRAINING MOE (20's) comes into frame now, takes us in. Green scrubs don't hide white trash tell-all's: slightly crooked teeth, a frame raised on PB & J.

MOE
When do we move him?

NURSE ROBIN

Only when you're helping one of the other nurses give him a bath. We bathe him once a day.

(stares at the camera)

Isn't that right, Mr. Lockhart? We keep you nice and clean in here.

(then)

I'd like you to meet your new orderly. This is Moses Phillips.

MOE

Moe.

NURSE ROBIN

He'll be taking over the rounds for Alyssa while she's on maternity. She sends her love by the way. Baby's nice and healthy, cute as a pink jellybean. Oh! She wanted you to see this-

Nurse Robin digs into her apron for her cell, scrolls through and shows our POV a PHOTO OF A NEW MOTHER (NURSE ALYSSA) with her fat pink newborn. It does look like a pink jellybean.

NURSE

(to Moe)

We like to keep him linked to the outside world as much as possible.

Isn't that right Mr. Lockhart?

You're part of the family here, aren't you?

Said as she checks the levels on the IV bag, throws a cursory glance at the vital signs machines. We'll always note the faint beep-beep-beep of the heart monitor in the B.G.

NURSE ROBIN

We change his bags whenever they're full, usually every other day, but you gotta check them every day just to make sure.

As she bends down and comes back into frame with a colostomy bag which she carries into a waste bin. Moe continues staring at us, takes in our POV with a curious expression.

MOE

How long has he been here?

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.)

Eight years since the accident.

MOE

(surprised)

And he's been in this room the
entire time?

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.)

No point moving him anywhere else.
He's got his TV and his shows here,
and he's got us. Once a week a
priest comes out and spends time
with him. Sometimes he stops by on
weekends too.

MOE

And he can't move or say anything?

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.)

Sadly no. The injury resulted in
full body paralysis.

She enters frame again, bends down to replace the bag and emerges with a syringe; she fills it with a CLEAR VIAL (Nembutal). All this is done with utmost efficiency; Nurse Robin has clearly been doing this for years.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

He's got a resilient spirit though.
We do our best to keep him as
comfortable as possible in here.

MOE

He get any visitors?

NURSE ROBIN

Not a lot. But he's got all the
family he needs right here.

(injects syringe into the
IV bag)

Bed time is at 9 pm on the dot
every evening. Because of his
state, it's impossible to know if
he's actually sleeping or not, so
we gotta be extra vigilant with the
monitors. The Nembutal puts him to
sleep, the Versed can calm him if
he gets anxious. When he was first
brought in, we noticed that his
blood pressure kept rising and we
couldn't figure out why, until one
of the doctors realized that he
hadn't been sleeping at all at
night. We couldn't tell.

Almost upon contact with the sedative, VOICES BEGIN TO FADE.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

So we use this as a precaution to
make sure he's getting enough rest.

EDGES OF THE SCREEN ENSHROUD IN BLACK, VOICES AND FIGURES
GROW BLURRY. Moe still hasn't let go of our POV.

MOE

What happened in that bank robbery?

NURSE ROBIN

(quickly)

Hush now. We don't talk about that.

They exit and we can hear their FOOTSTEPS receding.

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Remember he can hear everything you
say, so you have to mind what you
talk about around him.

MOE

I hear he was hit by a stray bullet when
the guys were running out-

NURSE ROBIN

Hey. Enough of that. It was an accident.
Everything is God's will. It's His will that he's
still alive. Poor thing.

The screen goes

BLACK.

FADE IN ON: INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

POV: locked on the ceiling, just like yesterday. This time
however the television is ON; plays something innocuous like
a *Fresh Prince of Bel Air* rerun. CLACK OF FOOTSTEPS.

MOE (O.S.)

Mr. Lockhart.

Screen briefly goes BLACK again- We'll refer to this as
BLINKING (because it's what Mr. Lockhart is doing)-

- As Moe moves back and forth, comes in and out of frame-

MOE (CONT'D)

That what they call you around
here? "Mr. Lockhart."

(glances back at the TV)

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

They have a specific list of shows
I can play for you, you know that?

He connects a new bag to the IV drip, checks the vital signs-

MOE (CONT'D)

No news. No violent movies. Nothing
having to do with death and or the
afterlife. Pretty much anything
worth watching is off the list. How
many times have you seen this
goddamn show?

(checks the bags)

Shit.

He just got a view of the colostomy bag, grunts at having to
dump it-

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

(mimicking Nurse Robin)

Baby's nice and healthy, cute as a
pink jellybean!

(then)

I don't know how you do it, if I
can see so blunt. Stuck in that
bed, every day, staring at the same
damn shows, at the mercy of
everyone else.

Blink-blink-blink. We must be surprised by the way Moe is
speaking to us. Moe however doesn't seem to notice as he
replaces the bag-

MOE (CONT'D)

I guess you don't have much of a
choice though, do you? Given what
happened at that bank.

He grabs the TV REMOTE CONTROL and changes the channel to
something just as innocuous as what we were watching before.

MOE (CONT'D)

How much do you remember of that,
by the way?

We can't answer of course but Moe turns and HOLDS OUR STARE.

MOE (CONT'D)

I'd imagine police must'a been here
every day after it happened, trying
to figure out what you saw.

(then)

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

Given that they never really caught any of them robbers though, they must'a not had a lotta luck. You know what?

(clicks the TV off)

I'm not gonna subject you to this shit. Let me see if I can find you something else to watch. Just don't say a word, alright?

(then)

Sorry. Bad joke.

(then)

Sometimes I'm stupid that way.

He sets the remote down and exits. We blink and-

The remote seems to suddenly JUMP across the room. One moment, it's where Moe left it, and the very next it's on a stand under the TV. When Moe walks back in, we notice that he looks exhausted and that the sunlight peeking through the blinds has faded. It's the end of the day.

We just experienced a TIME CUT.

MOE (CONT'D)

I found something.

He inserts an unmarked DVD into the player beneath the TV, turns it on and we see-

ON TV- B&W CLOSED-CIRCUIT SECURITY FOOTAGE FROM A BANK LOBBY. DATE STAMP SAYS, "08-16-06" WITH A RUNNING TIME CODE AT 14:09:44 AND COUNTING.

We blink several times in surprise.

Moe glances around to make sure we're alone, as we watch-

THE TV- WHERE THREE MEN IN SKI MASKS AND SUBMACHINE GUNS SPILL INTO THE BANK LOBBY. BANK PATRONS REACT, FALL TO THE FLOOR AS THE MEN MOVE WITH COORDINATED PRECISION. TIME CODE IS NOW AT 14:10:01. ALL IN CHOPPY, SILENT SECURITY FOOTAGE.

Moe STUDIES us closely as we watch the TV: Just as ONE OF THE MASKED MEN YANKS A HOSTAGE UP BY HIS SCRUFF-

Moe SHUTS THE TV OFF.

MOE (CONT'D)

I got that from the bank security itself. Believe that? Friend of a friend knew one of the cleanup guys.

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

It was easier to get than it
should'a been for a bank...what
that says about our bank security I
don't even wanna know. But that's
the original footage right here.
It's unedited. Gives you a whole
new perspective on how it all
played out I think.

A NIGHT NURSE peers in-

NIGHT NURSE

Everything okay in here?

MOE

(whirls)

Everything's fine.

Night Nurse exits, none the wiser as Moe proceeds to change
our saline drip, lowers his voice now that he's next to us-

MOE (CONT'D)

Weird, the things you can piece
together from the stuff that's left
out. Know what I noticed, watching
it over and over again? I noticed
that one of the robbers was about
your height. Seems about your build
too. Experts all said it was a four
man job, but as you can see-
three's all that's on that tape.
Weird, huh?

Blink-blink-blink-blink. Not surprise anymore; shock. We now
note the faint beep...beep...beep of our HEART MONITOR
getting louder.

MOE (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is...I know who you
are Eddie. And I know you can
communicate. One blink means no.
Two means yes. The nurses told me.
I also know you didn't talk to
police, or you'd be in a prison
hospital right now.

First time he's called us "Eddie" instead of "Mr. Lockhart."

Our heart monitor: beep-beep-beep to beeb-BEEP-BEEPBEEPBEEP-

And Moe, cocking his head, looks back at us, realizes that
we're panicking- As Nurse Robin appears at the door-

NURSE ROBIN
What's going on?

Moe rises and turns, acts calm well-

MOE
Not sure. Suddenly, it just started
beeping like that.

Nurse Robin enters, checks our vitals. Our heart monitor:
BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP.

Moe is a statue, but there's a silent PLEA to us in his eyes-
As Nurse Robin digs through a nearby medicine box and injects
a syringe with a YELLOW SEDATIVE (Versed) into our IV.

Suddenly our heartbeat STEADIES OUT- Beep....beep....beep.
OUR ENTIRE WORLD PLAYS SLIGHTLY SLOWER (think 96 fps).

NURSE ROBIN
Sometimes he just gets excited with
new people and we have to calm him
down. How's he been today?

MOE
He seems to be doing fine.

NURSE ROBIN
(to us)
How you feeling this fine evening
Mr. Lockhart?

Long beat. As Moe stares at us, awaiting to see how we'll
respond. Finally: blink-blink-blink. Nurse Robin looks
confused.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)
Not exactly sure what that means.
I'll go grab the letter board-

But Moe's hand shoots out, clamps her by the wrist, hard-

MOE
What's a letter board?

Nurse Robin stares down at his hand around her wrist.

NURSE ROBIN
Mr. Phillips you're hurting me.

Finally Moe forces himself to let go as she EXITS FRAME, but
we can hear her call out-

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The letter board is just an alphabet tablet we use whenever we don't understand what he's saying! We use it mostly for emergencies!

For a moment we're left alone with Moe.

MOE

(to us, a whisper)

Look. It's up to you. Okay? But the second I'm gone, I'm gone for good, and any chance you had of connecting with the outside world, for whatever reason that may be, goes with me.

Nurse Robin ENTERS FRAME again with-

THE LETTER BOARD;

It's exactly as she described, a cardboard square about the size of a notebook with THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET [divided into FIVE ROWS - A-F, G-L, etc], and the way it works is:

NURSE ROBIN

We scroll through the rows, and when we get to the right one, he blinks. Then we find the letter he's looking for. It can be a bit time-consuming but Mr. Lockhart has become quite proficient at it.

(into camera)

Isn't that right? You wanna show Mr. Phillips what you can do with the letter board?

While she's staring at the camera, she doesn't notice-

Moe grabbing a nearby DESK CLOCK behind her; it's bulky and metallic and potentially lethal. Moe makes sure that we can see him turning it over in his hand. CAMERA BLINKS RAPIDLY, trying to warn the nurse.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

It's okay, it's alright. I got an extra hour, we'll figure out what you need.

Suddenly our POV FOCUSSES ON A CORNER OF THE WALL BEHIND NURSE ROBIN ("FOCUS" means Eddie Lockhart's eyes move), we're not sure why until Nurse Robin glances over her shoulder at whatever it is we're looking at, and it makes her spot-

Moe, standing behind her with the bulky clock. He's caught.

He sets the clock down, playing it off as if he was just looking at the time.

MOE

I should probably get going. I still gotta finish my rounds.

He throws us a final look and exits. When he's gone, Nurse Robin turns back to camera.

NURSE ROBIN

He's a strange one.

(makes sure she's alone)

He was working in Releasing for the past year, kept applying to work in the Perma Care unit till they finally got tired of telling him no. If you have any issues with him, you just let me know, okay? We can have someone else do your rounds while Alyssa's out.

Blink-blink.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

Okay then, let's start-

She holds the letter board up to us, points to the first row and we blink. She slides her finger from "A" to "B" to "C." Blink. She jots down "C." Starts at the first row again...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

FADE IN ON the familiar view of the hospital room ceiling yet again. Moe is staring down at us. How long he's been standing there, it's impossible to know.

MOE

You didn't say anything to her.

Long beat. Then:

Blink.

Moe still looks apprehensive.

MOE (CONT'D)

You willing to talk?

Long beat. Then:

Blink-blink.

Moe sucks a breath, and looks around...

MOE (CONT'D)

Okay. I trust you. But you're gonna have to trust me too. Okay? I'm putting myself out on a limb here even coming to you like this. I haven't talked to anyone, not even friends. No one knows what I know.

(then)

What really happened that day at the bank? Was I right? Was it you?

We blink twice. Moe walks OFF-SCREEN; when he returns he's holding the letter board.

MOE (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to bear with me a little here. I've never done this before so I might need a little help.

He starts with the rows but catches a glimpse of his watch.

MOE (CONT'D)

Shit. We're gonna have to do this a little later. I gotta finish my rounds.

Blink-blink.

MOE (CONT'D)

Don't go nowhere.

(but realizes)

Sorry. That was stupid. My bad. Sometimes I'm stupid that way.

He approaches the TV in the corner, checks a list and flips it on, changes channels until he finds an old *Saved by the Bell* episode. Turns to us, apologetic-

MOE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Gotta follow the rules. Just till tonight.

We can almost hear ourselves sigh as we close our eyes and

CUT TO BLACK.

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

Alright, that crazy Christian nurse is gone. Let's get to work.

FADE IN as we open our eyes. Moe stands before us with the letter board again; this time the TV is shut off. The moonlight tells us that the entire day has come and gone.

MOE (CONT'D)

(re: letter board)

So I start at the top, and then
just go down till you tell me to
stop? That's it?

Blink-blink.

MOE (CONT'D)

Okay...

As he slides his finger down the LETTER ROWS- We blink.

Moe reacts, amazed at the first step to communicating with us. He slides his finger across the row until he hits the "H" and- Blink. He grabs a nearby pen and paper and jots the letter down, but the joy is short-lived as he realizes that he has to start all over again from the top.

MOE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. I can see why this is
emergencies only.

TIME CUT

MOE (CONT'D)

(reads scrap of paper)

H.O.W. You wanna know how I know?
That what you're asking me?

Blink-blink.

Moe takes us in curiously, then glances back over his shoulder at the

TELEVISION (TURNED OFF)

And a realization dawns.

MOE (CONT'D)

You been here what, eight years
now?

(no answer)

And you ain't had any communication
with the outside world since?

(we blink once)

What exactly did you tell police?

We DON'T BLINK. HOLD his stare.

Moe holds the letter board to the CAMERA, and when we blink-TIME CUT

Suddenly he's reading from a sheet of paper. Looks up at us after digesting what we just dictated.

MOE (CONT'D)
About everything?
(blink blink)
Now...just as importantly: how much did they tell you about what's happened since?
(blink)
Jesus Christ. You have no idea, do you? You probably don't even know know how famous you are.

CUT TO:

A YOUTUBE SCREEN- OF A GRAINY NEWS SHOW SEGMENT (SOMETHING ALA "UNSOLVED CRIMES," THE TYPE OF SHOW YOU'D SEE ON THE HISTORY CHANNEL OR A&E AT FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.)

NEWS SHOW NARRATOR (O.S.)
-- August 12, 2006. A robbery erupts inside Los Angeles' Union Township Depository...and leaves more questions than answers in its violent wake.

NEWS FOOTAGE- Of flapping police tape (watermarked "Property of ABC7 *Eyewitness News*"), a nondescript DOWNTOWN DEPOSITORY (Union Township), the occasional close up of a bullet hole on a wall, spiderwebbed glass, etc. A PEDESTRIAN is interviewed:

PEDESTRIAN
I was standing in the lobby, right over here, when I heard these two cars pull up outside-
(points O.S.)
- there and over there, and a few seconds later three men in ski masks walked in and just started yelling at everyone to get down. They started firing at the roof and we all dropped to the ground. It felt like I was in a movie.

AN EDITED CLIP FROM THE SECURITY FOOTAGE WE SAW EARLIER

NEWS SHOW NARRATOR (O.S.)

There was one casualty and several left injured in the one-minute showdown that followed as the robbers traded fire with nearby security guards during a daring escape.

FOOTAGE OF A CHEAP REENACTMENT- TWO CARS SPEEDING OFF

NEWS SHOW NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The single biggest question posed by police and federal authorities after the Union Township Robbery, however, is an oddly simple one: what exactly was stolen?

(STOCK FOOTAGE OF A ROOM
OF SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES)

The single safety deposit box found missing had no claimants in the days following the Union Township Robbery, and calls to the offshore company to which it was registered went unanswered. A few days later, the company was shut down, leading authorities to speculate that it was a front for illegal activity. But a front for what, or who, exactly? And what is it that the thieves risked their lives to take that fateful day?

FOOTAGE OF AN INTERVIEW WITH A PUNDIT

PUNDIT

We'd be surprised if it was money, given the size of the safe deposit box, and diamonds-

Suddenly the video PAUSES, ENTIRE SCREEN SHIFTS AS-

WE REVEAL

Moe closing the bulky Macbook in front of us.

MOE

And that's just the internet. You guys are an urban legend now. They were even gonna make a TV movie about it a couple years back with the guy from "Dexter."

(then)

You remember Big Mack? Fat guy, drove one of the getaway cars?

We blink several times in surprise, shocked that he would know that name, as-

INSERT: AN OBESE TRUCKER-TYPE (BIG MACK): HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE, BALD- THROWS BACK A BEER-

BACK TO SCENE

We blink twice.

MOE (CONT'D)

Well. Couple years back, I meet 'im at a bar...

We CLOSE OUR EYES AND...

INSERT: BIG MACK SLAMS THE EMPTY BEER MUG DOWN [NOTE: THIS IS OUR *IMAGINATION*: explosions of thought bathed in the red hue of our closed eyelids.]

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

'Bout eight beers in, he's telling me his whole life story. Another couple rounds...and he tells me about you.

We OPEN OUR EYES again, takes us-

BACK TO SCENE

And Moe, staring at us.

MOE (CONT'D)

'Bout how he and some buddies pulled off the Union Township Robbery eight years back and got away with it too. Now I didn't believe 'im at first, you can't believe half the shit people say when they're drunk, 'specially guys like Mack. But when he started getting into the details...

Our eyes again close and we're back in our...

IMAGINATION: BIG MACK SLURS HIS WORDS AT THE BAR, WHERE WE SEE THAT HE'S SITTING BESIDES A YOUNGER MOE-

BIG MACK

*Eddie Locke led the entire thing.
But since we popped him, cops had
no idea he was actually with us.*

YOUNGER MOE

Wait. Did you just say...

BACK TO SCENE

MOE

The great Eddie Locke. I almost
shit my pants right there and then.
It sounded crazy but just a little
too crazy to be made up. And Big
Mack just ain't that bright. He
kept going on and on about it too.

IMAGINATION: AS BIG MACK KEEPS RAMBLING, A SLOPPY DRUNK-

BIG MACK

*We didn't steal money, like some
people think. We'd stole a list of
off-shore bank account numbers that
belonged to some dead arms dealer.
But when we got out, we realized
that sumbitch Eddie'd switched
lists on us. He managed to fuck us
even from the grave.*

BACK TO SCENE

As we blink several times in surprise.

Moe studies us.

MOE

(realizes)

He was telling the truth, wasn't
he? I can tell by the way your
heart's beating.

Indeed, our heart monitor is beeping just a tad louder than
before: going from beep ... beep ... beep to beep-beep-beep.

MOE (CONT'D)

Remember what we said about being
straight up with each other now. If
you want me to tell you everything
I know, I gotta know everything you
know. Was he telling me the truth?

After a long moment, we blink twice.

Moe lets that settle.

MOE (CONT'D)

I heard those accounts have ten
million dollars in 'em. That true?
(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

(we blink)

No? Did you just say no?

We blink once again; makes Moe's face scrunch in confusion.

MOE (CONT'D)

What do you mean no?

TIME CUT

As Moe works the letter board, lands on a "T," compares it to what he's written on a sheet of paper and looks back at us-

MOE (CONT'D)

A T?

(we blink twice, he looks
at what he's written)

F - O - R - T...

He trails off, unsure if he got that right.

MOE (CONT'D)

Forty? Are you trying to say forty?

(we blink twice)

... Forty what?

A wary Moe holds the letter board up one more time, and moves his fingers down the rows until we blink at row "M-R." He looks increasingly excited.

MOE (CONT'D)

Are you trying to spell "million?"

Don't play with me here now Eddie.

Remember what we just said about
being honest with each other.

We HOLD his stare. Finally we blink twice. Moe swallows, suddenly paces up and down, runs his hands through his hair.

MOE (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Holy mutherfucking shit.

Finally Moe stops and looks over at us.

MOE (CONT'D)

And you know where those lists are
now?

We blink twice.

TIME CUT

It's morning time now (sunlight bleeds through the blinds). We've been at this all night! Moe reads what we dictated over and over again.

Finally, he sets the paper down and looks at us.

MOE (CONT'D)

...You sure this is what you want?

Blink-blink.

Moe still doesn't respond; sucks a breath but finally nods, as if convincing himself:

MOE (CONT'D)

Okay. Alright. I mean, if that's what you want ... then you got it. It's a deal. I'll drug you, so that you won't feel anything-

Blink-blink.

Moe is still digesting what he just agreed to do.

MOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. For what it's worth. I don't care how much of an asshole you were, no one deserves this.

Moe rises and exits frame- Comes back with the sedative vial and syringe, injects the IV bag like we saw Nurse Robin do. Like before, SCREEN DARKENS UPON CONTACT, VOICES FADING.

MOE (CONT'D)

Sorry I have to do this, but I'm gonna have to move you before that crazy nurse gets here. Shift is about to start and she's gonna be riding my ass every minute of the day if she sees me. ...I'm trusting you here Eddie, so no bullshit now....

Before he's finished talking our world has already

FADED TO BLACK.

INT. A VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Our world jars. View coalesces. Sound of life support machines somehow louder than they were before.

MOE (O.S.)

No one said- I understand you. I heard you the first time- I just said-

(louder)

I said no one said-

For the first time, we don't see the hospital room ceiling.

We're staring at the CORRUGATED STEEL CEILING OF A MOVING AMBULANCE! HEAR THE SOUNDS OF PORTABLE LIFE SUPPORT EQUIPMENT AROUND US.

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

Goddamnit okay! I said OKAY how many times do you want me to repeat what I just said! I just wanted to take him out for a ride!

THROUGH THE WINDOW- GLIMPSES OF THE CITY BLUR PAST. If we listened closely, we might even notice the beep-beep-beep of the heart monitor growing louder- As realization of where we are sinks in.

WE BLINK FRANTICALLY, BUT NO ONE'S HERE TO NOTICE, because-

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

(from the driver's seat)

Okay, I'm turning back now. I'll have him back at the hospital shortly. I understand.

We can hear Moe HANGING UP HIS PHONE IN THE FRONT SEAT.

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

Goddamn bitch.

Our heart monitor: Beep-BEEP-BEEP!-BEEEP!!

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

Hey. You okay back there?!

BEEPBEEEEPBEEEEP! THE HEART MONITOR IS GOING CRAZY NOW.

Suddenly the van SWERVES, rocking our world- Through the window we see it pulling off to a shoulder of the road-

Hear the front door open and close- And moments later, see Moe rounding the van through a window- The back double doors swing open and flood us in SUNLIGHT (makes us have to squint) as Moe climbs into the back and stares down at us:

MOE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Moe fills a syringe with the yellowish sedative (Versed). He injects our IV and...

Beep....beep....beep. Our heart monitor steadies out, but our senses DIM. Everything moves SLOWER, Moe's voice- DEEPER:

MOE (CONT'D)

What's the matter? This is what you wanted, isn't it?

We blink rapidly.

MOE (CONT'D)

Look, I don't have time to use the letter board at this very moment. Taking you out is very much against the law, so we're gonna have to make a pit stop and get the tracker off this thing. I'd say we're already a little too far in to go back now. Just relax. This'll all be over before you know it.

Moe EXITS, ROUNDS THE VAN and disappears from view before we hear the van roar to life again, pull back out onto the road.

TIME CUT

The ambulance JERKS TO A STOP, kicking up dust outside and rattling our world. The Versed has worn off.

See the expanse of desert through our window [NOTE: Many times we'll only be able to see tips and edges of important things and it should be frustrating]. We seem to be in the middle of nowhere. Manage to make out the REFLECTION OF A RUSTY GARAGE on the window. Hear Moe's door open and close-

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

Yo! Armen!

Moe's voice FADING as he heads off to the garage- And...

We're left alone.

Beeping of machines fills the void.

We do our best to FOCUS on the faint reflection of the garage on the window- As a MECHANIC (ARMEN) emerges from the garage to chat with Moe. See Moe gesticulating, then Armen looking off at the ambulance. The mechanic runs his hand through his hair, as if to say, "What have you done now?"

See the two approaching now... their voices faint but AUDIBLE-

ARMEN

...better not have cops showing up
at my door with any of your ghetto
hustle bullshit...

Through the window, Armen glances over and spots us in the back. His reaction is immediate: he whirls to Moe-

ARMEN (CONT'D)

Who is that!

MOE

It's the guy I told you about-

ARMEN

-You didn't tell me he was dead!

MOE

He ain't dead, man-

Moe opens the back double doors- Sunlight and voices flood in, we can hear them clearly now-

MOE (CONT'D)

He's just paralyzed.

ARMEN

What do you mean paralyzed?

MOE

Like. Paralyzed! He can't move.

ARMEN

But...he can hear us? He knows
what's going on? Can he see me?

MOE

Everything. He's alive. There's a
pilot in the cockpit, he just can't
move or talk. He can blink though.

A hesitant Armen climbs in, can't help but stare down at us with pity. The scorching desert sun haloes his head, makes him look like some sort of angel. We have to SHUT OUR EYES FROM THE INTENSE SUNLIGHT until Moe closes the door.

ARMEN

Can he communicate?

MOE

Yeah, with his eyes. One blink
means no, two means yes.

(off Armen's look)

Don't worry, he wants to be here.
(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

(to us)

Right? We made a deal. Go ahead,
Eddie, tell him so he knows.

Blink-blink. Armen reacts.

ARMEN

If he wants to be here, then why am
I removing a tracker from this van?
Look I ain't stupid Moe. I ain't
signing up for any more of your
million dollar schemes-

MOE

-Cuz it's gonna take us a few hours
to get this thing done, okay? And I
can't have 'im out from the
hospital that long. But I didn't
kidnap the guy, he asked me to get
him out.

(stares at us)

Right Locke? Look, you can ask him
yourself. Go ahead.

Blink-blink.

MOE (CONT'D)

There you go.

Armen takes us in with something like awe. Suddenly, a realization dawns, and he looks over at Moe.

ARMEN

Wait. Did you just say his name
is...

MOE

(giant smile)

That's right mutherfucker. You're
looking at the great Eddie
mutherfucking Locke up in here!

Arme's face falls.

ARMEN

Bullshit.

MOE

Nope.

ARMEN

Eddie Locke is dead. They killed
him a few years back.

MOE

It's a long story. But he's not.
You're looking at him. Cops had no
idea who he was.

(suddenly worried)

You can't let anyone know though,
alright? It would mess things up
for me.

Beat.

ARMEN

Brother. As your friend, do you
know what you're getting yourself
into here, if this really is Eddie
Locke? Do you know who Eddie Locke
was?

MOE

You remember that Township Union
Depository that was robbed a few
years back?

ARMEN

-I don't wanna know. I don't want
anything to have to do with this.
This guy...he was a hitman for the
Armenian mob.

MOE

He can hear you.

ARMEN

(looks down at us)

Well then...he knows what I'm
talking about. I don't care if he
can hear me. He knows the stuff
he's done. Maybe he realizes he
deserves to be where he is.

Armen's look to us is accusing.

We don't blink. Not once. Hold his stare.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

One of them was a friend of mine's
uncle. I remember hearing they
found his head in a river. His
hands and feet had been burned off.
That was Eddie Locke's calling
card. You remember that?

MOE

Well, he clearly can't do that any more, can he?

Long beat. Armen hasn't let go of our stare.

MOE (CONT'D)

So. You gonna help me get the tracker out or not?

Finally Armen rises with a sigh.

ARMEN

I'll get the tracker out for you. But you never come near my door again, understood? You and I are over after this.

MOE

Fine. Just help me out with this last thing.

We CLOSE OUR EYES, our eyelids blanket the screen and transport us back to our-

IMAGINATION: AS MACK SWAYS ON HIS STOOL, BLINDLY PADS THE BARTOP FOR HIS EMPTY MUG; IT PROMPTS BARTENDER TO APPROACH-

BARTENDER

I think we're done for tonight.

MOE HOWEVER SLIDES A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL OVER-

MOE

Let's do one more. I'm driving him home.

BARTENDER HESITATES, BUT TAKES THE HUNDRED AND COMES BACK WITH ANOTHER ROUND

MOE (CONT'D)

You remember how it all went down?

BIG MACK

Psht. Remember? Boy I was riding the storm.

MOE

You were a getaway driver.

BIG MACK

(defensive)

So? Without me, whole damn thing falls apart.

MOE

Sorry. I didn't mean it like that.

BIG MACK

*Boy I was THERE. You think you seen
it play out in movies, you ain't
seen heat till you been in the
fire. Whole thing took about
ninety, a hunnert seconds, but the
stickup was hot boy. Bruno, Ron and
Marlon went inside, Eddie was
already in there. Next thing I
know, the three come out running
and shootin' all over the place.*

MOE

*You knew they were planning on
popping Eddie all along?*

BIG MACK

*Hell yeah, I knew. We all knew.
'Cept Marlon, who was Eddie's
friend. Poor sumbitch had no idea,
till he saw it go down in front of
him.*

Suddenly our world shakes and our eyelids open, washing away
the red hue of our *IMAGINATION* and we see that we're back in

THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE.

The familiar sight of the van's roof again. A light jostling
of the vehicle over what must be some GRAVELLY ROAD. Hear the
beep of the heart monitor, the hiss of the ventilator unit.
We can also make out some COUNTRY SONG on the radio up front.

MOE (O.S.)

Hey, you like music!

Moe turns the RADIO UP; a moment later turns it back down.

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

*Guess I oughta ask you first! Ain't
nothin worse than bein' stuck in a
ride with tunes you don't like.*

*(realizes who he's talking
to)*

*Shit. Sorry 'bout that! I didn't
mean it that way! You know what I
mean!*

Through the window, we see glimpses of desolate desert sky
outside: we've left the city behind.

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

According to your address we should
be almost there!

(then)

Ah, shit.

(a moment later)

Hello?

We can only assume that Moe is ON THE PHONE.

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

Hey-

(listens)

She knows I'm headed over, I just
hit some traffic-

(then)

Cuz I got lost on the way-

(long beat)

Wait. You're saying...you think I
took out the tracking unit in this
thing? Gimme a break.

(then)

Maybe I hit a pothole or something,
and it fell out, I don't know. A
hundred things could'a happened!

(then)

Look. I gotta go. I'll have him
back soon.

Moe hangs up. For a moment, rare silence from him.

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

Cops are on their way Eddie! I hope
you're right about this guy!

(then)

I ain't going to jail again! Tell
you that! I don't do well in there.
They're gonna have to take me back
dead! You hear that! We gotta make
this thing work now more'n ever,
you and me! My life is in your
hands now, you hear!

Suddenly the vehicle JOSTLES- The sudden appearance of trees
out the window tells us that we've entered a

WOODED AREA

and are bouncing on an UNPAVED ROAD. In seconds the wooded
area grows dense; tops of pines block out the sun and only
the occasional pinprick of light twinkles through.

A moment later the vehicle BREAKS to a stop.

Silence from the front.

MOE (CONT'D)

...Shit.

Moe must be lost.

TIME CUT

Moe stands before us now, looking around what must be faded forest roads (all we can see however is the same top of the trees as before).

MOE (CONT'D)

They must've changed some of the roads since you were here last.

Half of these roads aren't even on a map.

Moe thinks. Then, he rounds our bed, a moment later OUR ENTIRE POV SHIFTS, as he ADJUSTS OUR BED- And we find ourselves staring out the panel window at:

THE FOREST AROUND US. Indeed, the roads are faint, nearly concealed by all the foliage.

It's a relief, being suddenly able to see our surroundings instead of merely the ceiling.

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

This place look familiar to you?

We FOCUS on a SPEC in the distance. Moe rounds the bed and stands before us.

We blink twice.

He looks relieved.

TIME CUT

We're now staring at A COPE-STYLE HUNTING CABIN-

-Engulfed by forest, sitting silently atop an unpaved dirt road. Only the lopsided satellite dish and the new chicken wire fencing tells us that it's occupied.

Having just turned the bed, Moe rounds our vantage and stares at us again.

MOE (CONT'D)

You sure this is the place?

Blink-blink.

MOE (CONT'D)
Marlon lives there?

Blink-blink.

MOE (CONT'D)
No wonder they couldn't find him.
He'll know what I'm talking about
when I bring up your name, right?

Blink-blink. Moe adjusts the bed so that we're again looking at the ceiling; we hear him get out.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

Left alone once again, our gaze stuck on the same ceiling, we CLOSE OUR EYES...

BLACK. Our world is endless darkness, the faint ambient sounds of the woods surrounding us.

Until we hear A GIRL'S VOICE arguing with Moe outside and OUR EYES SNAP OPEN...

We try to explore the edges of our stagnant periphery but it's tough; we can HEAR the CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS approaching.

A mixed girl (HAYLEY, 20's) enters our frame through the window.

The moment she spots us - her hand goes to her mouth, tears well and she looks over at Moe who nods. Moe opens the back door to let Hayley climbs inside.

She takes us in up close.

HAYLEY
...Uncle Eddie?

Blink-blink.

MOE
That means yes. He just said yes to you.
(off her look)
It's how he talks. One blink, no, two, yes. It's the only way he can communicate.

Hayley turns back to us.

HAYLEY

How long has he been like this? Why
didn't anyone tell us he was alive?

MOE

It's a long story...

HAYLEY

I need to know.

Beat. Moe sighs.

MOE

Cops needed him for questioning. He
was the only person to see the
robbers up close, and I'm sure the
police didn't want anyone coming by
the hospital to finish him off. He
was a protected witness. The
robbers had no idea that Eddie
didn't die when they shot him.

HAYLEY

And? Did they catch the robbers?

MOE

I have a feeling you already know
the answer to that. He wants to
talk to your dad.

Hayley takes a moment to digest all that.

MOE (CONT'D)

Is he here?

She shakes her head through her tears, looks down at us.

HAYLEY

I always knew they'd done something
terrible...

MOE

He'd love to talk to your dad. It's
important.

Suddenly she POUNDS ON OUR CHEST in anger-

HAYLEY

Do you know what you did to him! He
thought you were dead! He thought
they'd killed you!

We can hear our HEART RATE RISE via the heart monitor- Moe
has to pry her away-

MOE

What the hell is wrong with you!
You're gonna kill 'im!

She breaks down, weeping, glares at us:

HAYLEY

They made our life hell after you
were gone. They kept coming around
here asking dad questions.

MOE

Who kept coming around?

HAYLEY

I don't know. Some people they'd
worked with.

MOE

Who?

HAYLEY

Their names were Bruno. And Ron. I
didn't know that...that they had...

MOE

So where's your dad now?

She wipes at tear as she turns back to us:

HAYLEY

Dad was loyal to you. Cuz he
thought they'd killed you. He
thought you were dead.

MOE

Hayley. Where's your dad now?

Long beat.

HAYLEY

They came one day, took him away
and he never came back.

Heart monitor: Beepbeepbeepbeepbeepbeep.

MOE

Wait? Is he dead?

HAYLEY

(weeping, nods)

They killed him cuz they thought
he'd taken whatever you guys stole.

The sudden beating of Eddie's heart tells us that this is the first time he's finding out about this.

MOE

Did he?

HAYLEY

What?

MOE

Take what they stole? Hayley, I need you to tell me everything you know right now. It's important.

HAYLEY

I don't know! He never talked to me about that stuff! I don't want to have anything to do with this!

Heart monitor: BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP!

Moe and Hayley turn back to us.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Is he okay?

MOE

He's just freaking out a bit.

Moe digs into the box of vials and prepares a syringe with Nembutal.

HAYLEY

What are you doing?

But it's too late, he's already INJECTING US. Our world goes-BLACK.

We wake. See that our chair and portable life support equipment now sit in the middle of the cabin's living room.

OUR POV

Staring at a HUMBLE LIVING SPACE. FOCUS on a DUSTY MANTLE OF PHOTOGRAPHS: a visual timeline of Hayley, a black man (Marlon) and white woman throughout the years.

We'll notice one of the photos in particular- Marlon posing with a HUNTING BUDDY. Hunting Buddy is very good-looking, a silver fox type. Think: Richard Gere. He looks familiar...

Hunting Buddy is the "hostage" from the security footage. It makes a realization dawn: the hunting buddy (and the "hostage" who was taken during the robbery) is us!

MOE (O.S.)

-And he never left any note, or some type of message? Even for you?

AS MOE-

-comes in and out of frame now, pacing up and down the living room. Hayley sits sunken in a ratty couch nearby, keeps an eye on us. She notices that our eyes are now open.

HAYLEY

I think he's awake.

Moe glances dismissively at us, continues pacing.

MOE

That's somehow difficult for me to believe.

HAYLEY

I've told you everything I know already.

MOE

You've either told me everything you know, or everything you're willing to tell me.

Hayley looks insulted.

HAYLEY

Who are you again?

MOE

I'm his nurse.

HAYLEY

How do I know that?

MOE

Cuz I'm with him.

Hayley rises and approaches us, takes us in before she reaches out (and we have to assume she's brushing our hair).

HAYLEY

I'm sorry, uncle Eddie. I'm so sorry. You have no idea how happy he would've been to see you.

(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(then)

I'm happy to see you.

Behind her, Moe holds our stare, then heads out-

MOE

I'm gonna go make a phone call.

HAYLEY

You won't get any reception out here. Not for five miles. There's a landline in the room if you wanna use that.

Moe exits anyway.

We blink several times in confusion, CLOSE OUR EYES as-

A MEMORY FLASHES. Unlike our *IMAGINATION*- Our **MEMORIES** are firmer, less fluid than our thoughts, but they move with that same ethereal flow, as if they could at any time fade (and at times they will). Again, *IMAGINATION* and **MEMORIES** should have two distinct looks. **MEMORIES** will be differentiated in **BOLD**.

MOE DRIVES THE AMBULANCE. WE'RE STARING AT THE CEILING, LISTENING TO HIM, EXACTLY AS WE REMEMBER IT-

MOE (O.S.)

Hey-

(listens)

She knows I'm headed over, I just hit some traffic-

(then)

Cuz I got lost on the way-

(long beat)

Wait. You're saying...you think I took out the tracking unit in this thing? Gimme a break.

BACK TO SCENE

As we continue to blink away our confusion and concern, close our eyes again, and now see the scene via our-

IMAGINATION: MOE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT TALKING OUT LOUD ("HEY-SHE KNOWS I'M HEADED OVER-") TO ABSOLUTELY NOBODY, FOR ONLY OUR BENEFIT!

BACK TO SCENE

Hayley notices that our heart monitor is rising.
Beepbeepbeep.

HAYLEY
(concerned)
You okay?

We blink rapidly, but she clearly can't understand what we're trying to say.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Uncle Eddie? What's wrong? ...Are you trying to tell me something?

Beat. Then:

Blink-blink.

She reacts. Looks off in the direction of the van outside, then back to us.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Is it about the nurse?
(blink blink)
...Is he your nurse?

Blink.

She reacts. No? Hayley looks afraid now too, lowers her voice-

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Should I call the police?

Blink blink. She nods, turns to leave when-

She reveals Moe standing behind her. How long he's been there is impossible to know, but he seems suddenly STONY.

MOE
Where you going?

HAYLEY
To the bathroom.

Moe BLOCKS HER with his arm.

MOE
We're not finished yet. Please sit down. We'll be out of your hair pretty soon.

Long beat. Hayley sits, does her best to hide her fear.

MOE (CONT'D)
(to us)
Is there something you're trying to say, Eddie?

Long beat. Then: Blink. Moe however continues to HOLD OUR STARE, kneels before us.

MOE (CONT'D)

Then why's your heart beating so fast?

(to Hayley)

Sometimes he just gets excited.
That's all.

For the first time, we notice that every mirror and reflective surface in the room has been turned over or covered with a blanket [we'll FOCUS on the various covered surfaces around the room].

Moe sees what he's looking at.

MOE (CONT'D)

Sorry Eddie. That's for your own good.

HAYLEY

(realizing)

He's never seen himself?

Moe rises and grabs a photograph from the mantle. The one with the hunting buddy in the woods.

MOE

No. And it's better that way.

Better you remember yourself like this anyway.

We continue to blink rapidly.

Moe realizes what we're asking. Comes to a decision:

MOE (CONT'D)

Okay. That what you want?

(we blink twice)

You gotta promise me though you won't freak out if I show you, okay? It's not that big a deal.

Blink-blink. Hayley watches curiously as Moe approaches a covered mirror nearby and PULLS THE BLANKET ASIDE, gives us our first view of ourselves:

We're a skeletal shell of sallow skin pulled tightly over thinning tufts of grey hair. Cranial reconstruction has left our features lopsided, our mouth frozen in a half-open rictus. We are hideous.

Heart monitor: BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP!

MOE (CONT'D)

Ah, shit. You promised me Eddie.

Moe pulls a vial of Versed out of a nearby medical bag and begins prepping the syringe.

MOE (CONT'D)

You promised me you wouldn't panick
and now what are you doing?
Panicking.

HAYLEY

What are you giving him?

MOE

A sedative. Calms him down. We
can't risk having him have a heart
attack right now. I need him lucid.

We might notice that Moe's "country bumpkin" twang has completely vanished by now.

As he kneels to administer the Versed, however, we BLINK RAPIDLY.

MOE (CONT'D)

You're not leaving me much of a
choice unfortunately.

But our blinking grows so rapid that he can't help but hesitate despite himself.

MOE (CONT'D)

We don't have time for that right
now.

But our blinking grows even more frantic. Moe gauges us, then rises with a grunt.

MOE (CONT'D)

One sentence Eddie. That's all I
can give you. Make it count.

Moe exits. We're left alone with Hayley. The moment she's alone, she RUSHES out of the living room and we hear rustling coming her bedroom, pacing, something being overturned...

Moe walks back in with the letter board, completely calm. A moment later, a sheet-white Hayley edges back into the living room, looks terrified ... and we realize why:

MOE (CONT'D)

I disconnected the phone line when
I got here.

Hayley's entire body has gone tense. Scared stiff. Moe's making no pretenses about who he is anymore.

MOE (CONT'D)

Sit down where I can see you, and this time, you leave without my permission...

Moe reaches into the back hem of his pants, removes a REVOLVER, and sets it down on the coffee table beside him with an audible clang.

MOE (CONT'D)

You might end up reuniting with your dad a little sooner than I had hoped.

Hayley's entire body begins to quake, but she takes a seat (out of frame). We can hear her sniveling in fear. Moe now turns to us.

MOE (CONT'D)

I think I've put all my cards out on the table now. Now it's time for you to flip over yours. Your buddy Marlon's dead. Clearly this is a bump in the road, or maybe you just lied to me. I don't know. I hope you have better information for me this time around. Cuz if I don't get to those lists, she dies.

When we blink this time-

TIME CUT

Moe is suddenly on the other side of the room, reading from a sheet of paper we just dictated. He looks up at us.

MOE (CONT'D)

How do I know this is true? That you're not lying to me right now?

Clearly we can't answer, so he turns to Hayley, who's sitting meekly on the couch like a chastised schoolgirl.

MOE (CONT'D)

Joshua Tree National Park. That ring a bell to you?

Hayley is frozen, unsure what to say. Briefly darts us a look-

MOE (CONT'D)

Hey! Look at me.
(she does)
Joshua Tree National Park. What's
that mean to you?

HAYLEY

Dad used to take me camping there
as a kid. He said it was the only
place in the world that made him
feel at peace.

MOE

So would you say that it sounds
reasonable that your dad might have
hidden the lists there?

Beat.

HAYLEY

It's possible, I guess. Yeah. It's
as good a place as any, I think.

MOE

So would you also say that it's
reasonable that, given how many
times you've been there with your
father, you'll be able to point out
the whereabouts of the hiding spot
when you see it?

HAYLEY

I-I'll try. I haven't been there
since he died.
(off Moe's silence)
I'll do my best.

MOE

Your best won't be good enough if
it doesn't get me what I need. So
let's hope your memory kicks in
when it needs to.

(then)

I'm gonna need your help getting
him in the van.

Moe exits frame to move the wheelchair, as Hayley's gaze
brushes ours and she nods subtly. *She understands whatever we
were trying to relay.*

TIME CUT

Our gaze frozen on the ambulance ceiling yet again. The shifting DESERT SKY through the window tells us that we're moving fast. Our EYES CLOSE-

A MEMORY: OF WOODS, AND THE SOUNDS OF TWIGS, DRIED LEAVES CRUNCHING, UNTIL WE REALIZE THAT WE'RE SLINKING THROUGH THE BRAMBLE- HOLDING A HUNTING RIFLE. WE GLANCE LEFT-

AND SEE MARLON AS HE WAS IN LIFE- SHARP, COILED, PERPETUALLY WIRED- AND RIGHT NOW- HE'S DONNING AN ORANGE HUNTER'S VEST WHICH MAKES US REALIZE THAT WE'RE ON THE HUNT. UNTIL-

YOUNG HAYLEY (O.S.)

DADDY!

A FLUTTER OF MOVEMENT BEHIND US- AND THE BUCK WE WERE TRACKING BOLTS. MARLON LOWERS HIS RIFLE, ANNOYED AT-

MARLON

Hayley! You gotta be shittin' me here!

AS YOUNG HAYLEY (ONLY 12 YEARS OLD HERE) APPROACHES THROUGH THE THICKETS, REALIZING SHE MESSED UP OUR HUNT.

MARLON (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to be out here, you know that. And certainly not without a vest. Who's watching the camp?

HAYLEY SHAKES HER HEAD, FEELS BAD. IT MAKES MARLON SIGH; HE HANDS HER A VEST FROM A BAG-

MARLON (CONT'D)

Put this on, and stay behind your uncle Eddie at all times, understood?

HAYLEY

I found three rabbits in a hole by the camp. They were in the ground next to our tent. What do you wanna do with them?

MARLON

That's a rabbit trap. Hunters set them up a few years back to catch strays. Guess we might've ended up catching dinner after all.

HAYLEY'S FACE SHOOTS UP, HORRIFIED-

HAYLEY
Dinner?

MARLON CAN'T HELP BUT LAUGH, UNTIL HAYLEY BOLTS BACK TO CAMP.

MARLON
Hayley! Do NOT let them go! You
hear me!
(no answer)
HAYLEY!

BUT SHE'S ALREADY DISAPPEARED- AND MARLON KNOWS...

MARLON (CONT'D)
Damnit. She's gonna let them go.

BEFORE MARLON CAN REACT-

We hear the ambulance doors open and close. It snaps us from our memory; we open our eyes to see that we're-

BACK IN THE AMBULANCE

It's parked now. Hear footsteps- Before the back doors open to reveal Moe and Hayley. He's now holding a shovel. She appears even more petrified than she did before. She's going have to execute the plan without us now.

MOE
We're here. She says she doesn't know where it could be. Any ideas?

HAYLEY
I'm sorry, uncle Eddie. I haven't been here since he died.

But the wide-eyed look Hayley shoots us tells us that she's looking for a lifeline here.

Suddenly Moe climbs into the hold with a grunt and-

OUT POV SHIFTS as Moe turns our bed on its swivel.

We're now staring into the same woods we saw in our memories. They haven't changed much in eight years. Moe climbs back out and stands before us again.

MOE
Hope your memory's working better than hers. What do you see?

Moe lifts the letter board, and when we blink it's a-

TIME CUT

MOE (CONT'D)
(reading paper)
R-A-B-B... Rabbit?

Hayley reacts; she knows what we're trying to relay.

HAYLEY

There's a rock that looks like a
rabbit near where we used to camp.
It's as good a place as any to bury
something there.

Moe gauges this, then turns back to us.

MOE
That what you're trying to say?
It's under a rock that looks like a
rabbit?
(we blink twice)
We'll be back soon. I hope you're
right about this one Eddie. So that
we can finally be done with this
and I can let her go.

Before he heads off, however, Moe turns back to us-

MOE (CONT'D)
We done good Eddie. We done real
good. Can't no one tell us a dumb
orderly and a cripple don't get
nothin' done when they put their
minds together.

He's putting on his country bumpkin persona again, perhaps to
mock us-

MOE (CONT'D)
And don't worry I haven't forgotten
what we talked about. The second I
got that list, I'll do what we
said.

HAYLEY

What?

Moe hesitates.

MOE
He wants me to put him to sleep
after I get that money. His choice.
It's the deal we made, and if
that's what he wants...I'm a man of
my word.

Hayley looks back at us with new eyes, saddened. We HOLD HER STARE before she exits frame and Moe CLOSES THE DOOR in our face. Leaves us staring through the window as they vanish into the woods.

TIME RAMP

AS THE SUN BEGINS TO DESCEND, and the elongating SHADOW on the window's glass slowly erases sun's glare, clarifying

OUR CURRENT REFLECTION

On the window, staring back at ourselves. We're a skeletal mess of atrophied limbs and tangled wires trapped in the back of an ambulance.

This time, however, we hold the stare of our own reflection. We do not blink. Our heartbeat remains steady throughout.

For the first time in the film, we see our own EYES. Not just the POV through our eyes, but the actual shape of our eyes: the only part of us that lets us know there's still life in this shell. They harden into a stony, determined gaze before-

A SCREAM (O.S.)!

- AS THE DOUBLE DOORS OF THE AMBULANCE FLY OPEN AND SLAM SHUT IN FRONT OF US- A TERRIFIED HAYLEY STRUGGLES TO LOCK THE DOORS WITH TREMBLING HANDS BEFORE-

BAM! MOE'S HANDS SLAP AGAINST THE DOOR. HE SCREAMS AT HAYLEY FROM OUTSIDE. WE SEE A BLOODY GASH ON HIS FOREHEAD!

MOE (CONT'D)

(muffled)

I'm gonna kill you, do you understand me bitch?! I'm gonna fucking murder you!

He SLAMS his fist into the window over and over, but it holds. Hayley shrieks every time he punches the window.

MOE (CONT'D)

You're dead you hear me bitch?!

All this accompanied by- BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP!

Hayley looks around now crying- As Moe KICKS at the window; it starts to spiderweb. Finally Haley finds what she's looking for: A CELL PHONE. Quaking fingers dial 9-1-1.

The moment Eddie sees this he stops kicking- eyes go wide-

MOE (CONT'D)

Fucking BITCH! You think they'll get here on time, huh? It'll take them a half hour to get here and by then you'll be DEAD!

Hayley however lights up when a 9-1-1 OPERATOR picks up-

HAYLEY

Hello? Hello?! Someone's trying to kill me.

Behind the window, Eddie looks concerned despite himself. He suddenly WALKS AWAY, disappears from frame.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(looking around)

I'm out in the Joshua Tree National Park- about, uh, a half mile north of the Pinto Basin Road. I'm in an ambulance- I think it's stolen- I- I don't have time to explain but you guys gotta get someone out here NOW.

(looking around, spotting the-)

There's a rock formation, it uh- it looks like a giraffe-

CRACK! THE SHOVEL HEAD EXPLODES THROUGH THE WINDOW- HAYLEY SHRIEKS AS MOE CONTINUES TO SPEAR THE WINDOW AND GLASS RAINS DOWN- AS HE REACHES IN FOR THE PHONE, FACE A MASK OF RAGE-

But Hayley manages to KICK AT HIM ONCE, TWICE, buys her a few seconds- Until we hear Moe rounding the car and- KE-RACK. He BREAKS THE PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

(crying, into phone)

He's gonna get in. Can you trace this phone? He's gonna kill me.

BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP! By the sounds of it- We're on the verge of cardiac arrest.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Please... His name is Moe something...

Hear the front door open. Rustling as Moe climbs into the back. Approaches. BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP. It's terrifying.

Finally Moe steps into frame, wrenches the phone from her hand, drops it on the floor and STOMPS IT REPEATEDLY.

MOE

My name ain't Moe.

Now Moe SWINGS THE SHOVEL HEAD AND SNAPS HAYLEY'S HEAD BACK-SHE COLLAPSES OUT OF FRAME.

BEEPBEEPBEEP. He can tell we're terrified as he TURNS TO US:

MOE (CONT'D)

Looks like this isn't gonna be
easy. I really hoped it would be...
I really fucking hoped you wouldn't
try to play any games Eddie...

Said as he digs a vial of Nembutal, fills a syringe. He's going to put us under.

Blinkblinkblinkblinkblinkblink.

He notices the blinking, and it gives him pause.

MOE (CONT'D)

No?

Blink.

Long beat.

MOE (CONT'D)

Then calm. The fuck. Down. I can't have you dying on me right now.

Our heartbeat slowly but surely STEADIES. It takes time, but before we know it- It's beating at a safe rate.

MOE (CONT'D)

...You fucked me back there. A rabbit rock? You led me to a trap and my dumbass literally fell right into it. I almost broke my leg back there.

Moe stares down at Hayley's body off frame.

MOE (CONT'D)

And you just cost this girl her life.

Blink blink blink.

MOE (CONT'D)

What?

We FOCUS on something off-screen (meaning our eyes move, but whatever we're trying to focus on is outside our periphery of vision because we don't see anything specific).

Nonetheless, Moe seems to understand what we're relaying because he bends down and rises with the letter board.

MOE (CONT'D)
One sentence. That's all she gets.

Blink-blink.

Moe slides the letter board down the rows of letters...

TIME CUT

Moe is incredulous as he reads what he just dictated.

MOE (CONT'D)
"Kill her I won't tell secret I
hid." Are you threatening me? You
trying to negotiate with me Eddie?

Moe actually LAUGHS. Suddenly slides out the revolver from a holster in the back hem of his pants and points it down, presumably at an unconscious Hayley.

MOE (CONT'D)
Don't try to negotiate with me.

We FOCUS on the letter board again.

MOE (CONT'D)
I said one sentence. Time's up.

But we continue to FOCUS on the letter board.

MOE (CONT'D)
You trying to play a game with me?

Blink. Our Focus still hasn't left the letter board.

Moe gives us a cock-headed look.

MOE (CONT'D)
What exactly did you hide?

Blink-blink.

Curiosity gets the better of him; he lifts the board again.

MOE (CONT'D)
Finish the sentence.

TIME CUT

Moe reads what he just wrote. Looks up, simultaneously suspicious and surprised.

MOE (CONT'D)

For some reason I think you're playing with me again. This sounds a little too good to be true.

Hear a GROAN (O.S.) Moe looks down. Hayley is coming to! Moe darkens.

MOE (CONT'D)

And I already told you, I don't liked being played with.

OUR HEARTBEAT BEGINS TO RISE, because we know what is going to happen next:

He points his gun down and- **BAM! BAM! BAM!**

OUR EARDRUMS EXPLODE- AURAL SENSES DROWNED BY A PANOPTIC RINGING. WE CAN'T EVEN HEAR AS MOE YELLS DOWN AT US-

SO WE SHUT OUR EYES, CAN ACTUALLY FEEL THE FURIOUS JACKHAMMERING OF OUR OWN HEART (THINK THE REVERBERATIONS OF SUB 20 HZ BASS. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP).

FEEL THE CAR RUMBLING TO A START, IT STARTS TO MOVE.

TIME CUT

As our world JARS: the ambulance brakes to a jolting stop. We find ourselves BACK BY THE CABIN from the back of the van.

See driver side door open and shut, a moment later- Moe marches away. WE CLOSE OUR EYES and in our-

IMAGINATION: WE SEE MOE BURSTING BACK INTO THE CABIN'S LIVING ROOM, BEELINING TOWARD THAT PICTURE FRAME OF US WITH MARLON AND A YOUNG HAYLEY IN THE CAMPGROUND. MOE SHATTERS THE GLASS AND PULLS OUT THE CARDBOARD BACK TO SEE INSIDE- A SHEAF OF PAPERS THAT HAD BEEN HIDDEN THERE!

We OPEN OUR EYES AGAIN to see Moe emerging from the cabin, marching back toward the ambulance waving the sheaf of papers with a smile-

MOE (CONT'D)

You sonofabitch.

(we hold his stare)

When did you hide these?

We don't respond, simply hold his stare.

MOE (CONT'D)

You're not talking now? Hm. You must be sore about Hayley still. You screwed me back at that campsite Eddie. You tried to pull a fast one on me so I had to get you back. ...But no. I'm not an idiot. I wouldn't burn my only leverage with a guy who's got nothing else to lose.

He leans down and yanks an unconscious Hayley up into frame! She's beaten and bruised but breathing! She begins to come to, groans as he lets her fall back out of frame.

MOE (CONT'D)

You're going to answer my question now. Or this time, no smoke and mirrors, I don't have to kill her to make her feel pain.

(lets that settle)

Is the money in these accounts?

Long beat.

We blink twice.

MOE (CONT'D)

You sure about that?

(we blink twice)

Anything else I need to know, that might impede me from transferring this money to another off-shore account?

We blink once. Moe gauges us, still suspicious but...

MOE (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm gonna choose to believe you. But you can't blame me if I have to take precautions given your reputation.

Moe exits, and a moment later we hear the van RUMBLE TO A START. Feel it move as we leave the cabin and woods behind.

Hear a faint SOBBING (O.S.).

Our eyes SHIFT ALL OVER THE PLACE - frantically trying to locate Hayley in our scope of vision, until her face rises into frame. She looks around at the moving van. Confused.

She looks back at us, and we see the terror in her eyes at the realization that this ordeal isn't over.

TIME CUT

We're now parked in the middle of nowhere. All we can see through the cracked windows is ENDLESS DESERT in every direction. It's NIGHT TIME and we hear a coyote's HOWL.

Hear Moe get out, see him cross the shattered windows and round the vehicle, before proceeding to LOCK EVERY DOOR FROM OUTSIDE. He sees that Hayley's awake but it doesn't seem to bother him, as he flashes the lists for her to see.

MOE (CONT'D)

These were hidden in your house the entire time. Don't worry. I know you didn't know, or you would've cashed them out yourself.

Hayley reacts, genuinely surprised.

MOE (CONT'D)

But now, I gotta make sure there's no more surprises left before I let you go.

Hayley looks around. From her bleak reaction, we can tell that there's nothing for miles.

MOE (CONT'D)

Thirty miles to the nearest house in any direction. You can risk the walk, but chances are the coyotes'll get you before you reach any one of them. And with the temperature at night, he'll be dead before the sun comes up.

HAYLEY

(sobbing)

Why are you doing this?!

MOE

Because I don't trust him. Because he's Eddie Locke. And if you don't know what that means, walk into any gambling hall or stashhouse east of the 710 and throw out his name. You'll know what it means.

(flashes list)

But if the money is in these accounts and I get them over with no problems, I'll come let you go.

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

I get if that doesn't mean much to you, but you're just gonna have to take my word for it. You don't really have another choice.

He throws us a final look before exiting frame. A moment later we hear an ATV roar to life then fade away.

We're now alone with Hayley for the first time. She shivers, unconsciously rubs her shoulders in the frigid air. Takes in the landscape. Her face tells us that were indeed stranded.

HAYLEY

(to us)

Are you okay?

Blink-blink.

She looks around. The sky is PITCH BLACK now. To add insult to injury, the COYOTE HOWLS grow louder.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

He's not gonna let me go. Even if he gets that money, he's gonna kill me. He's not gonna let me go.

We blink once, but it doesn't appease her. She breaks down.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I messed up. When he fell into the rabbit trap I should've kept hitting him with the shovel but I got scared and ran. I'm so sorry uncle Eddie... I messed it all up...

Our only response is the beeping of our heart monitor.

Hayley scours off-frame for something, we hear rummaging, she curses desperately under her breath. Then: a SCRATCHING sound. More SCRATCHING. We're not sure what it is until-

A moment later she enters frame again with a HOME-MADE LETTER BOARD! Rows of letters drawn in pencil on a sheet of paper. She holds it up, fingers quake as she tries to imitate what she saw Moe do earlier.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Am I doing this right?

She moves a finger down the rows until we blink. She reacts.

TIME CUTS as we blink on an "R," then the "U" and the "N." Hayley lowers the board.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna leave you here. He's right. You'll be dead in a few hours if I don't keep you warm. And besides where would I run to? We're in the middle of nowhere.

She ruminates in the silence.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Is it true, what he said? That you want him to end your life?

She looks to us. Long beat. We blink twice.

Her eyes well.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You're not alone any more. You know that right?

Long beat. We blink twice.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I wish... I wish I'd known earlier. I would've never let this happen. I wouldn't have let you be alone.

The only response is the steady beating of our heart monitor.

She scans our surroundings again. Her expression confirms that there's nothing out there. Long beat.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

What was that list doing in our house? Did you really hide it?

She looks down at us. We hold her stare.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I need to know, uncle Eddie. I wanna know why my dad had to die.

We blink twice. She holds the letter board back up, and her finger begins to move down the rows.

TIME CUT

As Hayley reads over what she just wrote. WORDS COVERS THE ENTIRE SHEET. We've clearly been at it for a while. In fact, the sun is starting to rise through the cracked window.

Finally, she looks up. Whatever we just dictated has made her go sheet-white.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You lied to him.

A ROAR in the distance. It's the growl of the ATV approaching again; makes Hayley look over in fear and quietly sob.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

He's gonna come back and take it out on me. He's gonna shoot me in the head when he finds out that you lied.

We hear the engine cut out just outside. Hayley does her best to stifle her fear by the time Moe opens the back door. His face is unreadable.

MOE

Where are the passwords, Eddie.

No answer. We just HOLD HIS STARE.

MOE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if you just failed to mention it or didn't know they were missing from those lists, but I'm gonna go on the supposition that you're NOT STUPID ENOUGH TO KEEP PLAYING WITH HER LIFE!

Moe points his gun at Hayley who SCREAMS.

His eyes however now fall on the SHEET OF PAPER we dictated.

Before Hayley realizes her mistake, he LUNGES FOR IT; she tries to fight him off but he wrenches it away.

Hayley's face - frozen in a look of dread: she messed up. He's going to find everything out now.

Moe's face however remains a mask as he reads the entire thing then finally looks up at us.

MOE (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you something. How many people you think look at you in that bed, twisted up like a pretzel. No. A pretzel is too nice. People actually like pretzels. Like a mummy, a hunchback, like one of nature's mistakes-

As he talks, he prepares a syringe with Nembutal. This time, however, it's not for us- He GRABS HAYLEY, WRENCHES her head to expose a vein on her neck as she screams and struggles.

MOE (CONT'D)

- and assume you're some poor victim who got screwed over by life. Doesn't matter that they don't know who you really are-

Our HEARTBEAT RISES as we're forced to watch him inject her. In moments Hayley's out, collapses out of frame.

MOE (CONT'D)

- how many families you've destroyed, how many lives you ended - they prolly figure, a guy like you...poor guy. Can't even wipe his own ass. I look at you though and I see stripes. Like the ones on a tiger, looking to maul whatever poor sap thinks you're just some cripple in a bed. And you keep proving it to me over and over and over again. ...If dying wasn't what you wanted, I'd actually enjoy snuffing the life out of you you deformed piece of shit. But now...now you've slipped up Eddie, and you're gonna feel what helpless is really like.

With that, Moe shuts the door- BAM! Rounds the van, gets in and moments later WE'RE ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

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

(calling from driver seat)

Did they know they weren't stealing account numbers when they busted into that bank! That you had them all along! And you were using them to get the passwords you clever piece of shit!

WE CLOSE OUR EYES...

A MEMORY: OF THE ROBBERY AFTER WE'VE BEEN TAKEN "HOSTAGE," AS SKI MASK SHOVES US INTO-

THE VAULT, LINED WALL TO WALL WITH TITANIUM SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. WE SEE ANOTHER SKI MASK (SKI MASK 2) SLAP C4 ONTO A SPECIFIC DEPOSIT BOX AND YELL OUT-

SKI MASK 2

Everybody get down.

EVERYONE INCLUDING US CURLS INTO A BALL BEFORE- BOOOOM! THE EXPLOSIVE SNAPS A LOCK!

SKI MASK 2 PULLS THE SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX OUT WHILE SKI MASK MOVES IN WITH A KERSHAW AXE AND- THWACK, THWACK, THWACK! HE SNAPS THE INTERIOR LOCK, PULLS OUT SOME PAPERS STORED INSIDE.

SKI MASK

Tell Mack to pull the car up-

SKI MASK 2 GETS ON HIS CELL- AS SKI MASK BURIES THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE TO OUR BACK AND SHOVES US OUT, REMINDING US TO-

SKI MASK (CONT'D)

Play along.

BUT WE GLANCE OVER OUR SHOULDER AND SEE THAT-

THE THIRD SKI MASK (SKI MASK 3) HAS STAYED BEHIND. THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE SKI MASK WE CAN TELL THAT HE'S BLACK. IT'S MARLON. AS WE TURN TO FACE FORWARD AGAIN OUR MEMORY TURNS INTO OUR-

IMAGINATION: MARLON KNEELS AND OPENS A FALSE BOTTOM ON THE SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX TO REVEAL A SECOND SET OF PAPERS UNDERNEATH! THE OTHERS HAD NO IDEA!

MARLON GOES TO A NEARBY DEPOSIT BOX AND SLIDES A KEYCARD AND SECURITY KEY FROM A NECKLACE, SWIPES THE CARD THROUGH A MAGNETIZED LOCK (IT FLASHES GREEN) THEN UNLOCKS THE SECOND BOX ... AND SLIDES THE PAPERS INSIDE!!! A QUICK GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER TO MAKE SURE NO ONE SAW HIM-

- BEFORE HE LOCKS THE SECOND SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX, SLIDES IT BACK INTO ITS CUBBY AND MOVES TO EXIT. WE HEAR RIFLE FIRE FROM OUTSIDE AND IT MAKES US-

Open our eyes again, to see that we're-

BACK IN THE AMBULANCE

Hear Moe yelling from the front seat-

MOE

It was a clever plan, I'll give you that! Giving them fake documents and leaving the real ones behind to go grab later! They screw you, they got nothin'! And it worked! Good for you!

(then)

So I guess we go back to where it all started now huh Eddie! You'll end up dying where you should'a gone out the first time around!

Something makes him stop talking.

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

... You have got to be fucking
kidding me.

We soon see what it is: POLICE SIRENS growing in pitch until
the RED AND BLUE GLARE OF POLICE LIGHTBARS reflect off the
back window.

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

...Fuck.

Is the last thing Moe says before he SWERVES and pulls over
to the side of the road.

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

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

We can hear the panic in his voice- As we hear the police
cruiser's doors OPEN and CLOSE- Moe moves to get out-

MALE POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Sir stay in the vehicle!

We hear their voices (MALE OFFICER and FEMALE OFFICER) before
we actually see them- They only now enter our frame of vision
as they cross the shattered panel side window: both rest
their hands on their holsters.

MOE (O.S.)

I'm a paramedic!

Moe enters frame, hands in the air; plays meek well:

MOE (CONT'D)

I'm driving a patient to Desert
Regional!

MALE POLICE OFFICER

I said stay in the vehicle till we
tell you to come out!

MOE

What seems to be the problem?

Said as he reaches into the back of his pants-

MALE POLICE OFFICER

I said KEEP THEM UP!

MOE

It's an EMERGENCY. Here's my ID.

Okay? ...Alright?

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

Call the hospital if you need to but we don't have time. I need to keep him moving. As you can see he's on life support.

That gives Male Officer pause. Female Officer has hung back, takes in the vehicle's SHATTERED WINDOWS. The ambulance looks like it's been through hell. Meanwhile, our heart monitor GROWS LOUDER. It catches Female Officer's attention.

MALE POLICE OFFICER

MOE

What happened to the vehicle? If I don't get him to a hospital he'll die!

Male Officer checks Moe's credentials-

MOE (CONT'D)

Vandals- I left it parked for ten minutes and they must've seen something in the back-

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

(suspicious)

With the patient in the vehicle?

Heart monitor: BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP!

MOE

No, before I loaded him-

MALE POLICE OFFICER

What's wrong with him?

The heart monitor continues to draw Female Officer closer to the hold. If she looks in, she'll see an unconscious bound Hayley on the floor.

Moe must know this because he grows a shade more pale as Female Officer approaches- Suddenly Moe breaks away-

MALE POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Moe takes a brave step between the Female Officer and the ambulance, opens the back door and BLOCKS HER VIEW OF THE INSIDE with his back-

Heart monitor: BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP!!!

MOE

He's a quadriplegic. He's got hypertension.

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

It can be fatal in patients like
him - I gotta administer a sedative
if you're not gonna let me get him
outta here-

Moe half-closes the door behind him, makes sure to stand
between Female Officer's view of Hayley as he preps, quickly
injects a DOUBLE DOSE of Versed into our IV.

BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP!!!

The two officers exchange a look; this is clearly one of the
strangest scenarios they've come across.

MOE (CONT'D)

There's a specialty unit at Desert
Regional for cases like this, which
is why I need to get him there. We
have about a half hour before he
falls into an anoxic coma, and when
that happens it's over-

MALE POLICE OFFICER

(hands credentials back)

It's okay, just go. Do you need an
escort?

MOE

I'll be fine.

The Versed begins to take effect. Our HEARTBEAT STEADIES OUT.
Their voices grow withdrawn. Lips move slower.

We see everything in SLO-MO as Male Officer hands the
credentials back to Moe- Their voices are DEEP ECHOES like-

MALE POLICE OFFICER

Haaaaaaaaaaaaave aaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaafe triiiiiiiip.

The officers turn and start back to their vehicles, but when
they move it appears as if they're moving underwater...

SUDDENLY HAYLEY SITS UP, AWAKE- LETS OUT A MUFFLED SCREAM
(AGAIN, WE SEE ALL THIS IN SLO-MO:)

OFFICER WHIRL- EYES GO WIDE- HANDS GO TO HOLSTERS

MOE WHIPS HIS GUN OUT- **POP!** A BURST OF MUZZLE FIRE- AND WE
CAN SEE THE BULLET TRAVELING SLOWLY THROUGH MID AIR AS-

POP POP POP POP - THE OFFICERS' GUNS SPIT LEAD - BULLETS FLOAT ACROSS FRAME AS FEMALE OFFICER'S HEAD SNAPS BACK AND WE SEE A GEYSER OF BLOOD BLOOMING FROM HER HEAD LIKE AN EXPANDING ROSE

HAYLEY'S SHOULDER IS BLOWN BACK- HER SCREAM SOUNDS LIKE AN ECHO AS MOE FIRES AT MALE OFFICER- WHO TRIES TO DIVE AWAY- A LOOK OF TERROR SEEMS LITERALLY FROZEN ON HIS FACE AS-

BACK DOORS SLOOOOOOWLY CLOSE IN ON US- MAKES US REALIZE THAT IT'S MOE SHUTTING THEM, BEFORE FLOATING OUT OF FRAME AND-

A MOMENT LATER, OUR WORLD RUMBLES. SAME FEELING YOU OR I MIGHT EXPERIENCE DURING AN EARTHQUAKE, BUT IN THIS CASE IT'S JUST THE AMBULANCE COUGHING TO LIFE...BEFORE THE SKY ABOVE US BEGINS TO SHIFT. IT MEANS WE'RE ON THE MOVE AGAIN, BUT UNDER THE EFFECTS OF THE VERSED IT'S DIZZYING SO WE HAVE TO...

CLOSE OUR EYES

For the first time, the darkness itself seems to move- a whirlpool of inky black that reflects our dizziness, and the sensation of trying to think under the effects of Versed.

IMAGES...

Gradually coalesce. Much more slowly than they formed before. It's clearly difficult to remember anything under sedation, but eventually our thoughts begin to harden into something distinguishable as we finally find ourselves entrenched in a-

MEMORY: WE'RE STARING OFF AT THE WOODS. GLANCE TO OUR LEFT, SEE MARLON SITTING BESIDE US ON THE CABIN'S PORCH, TAKING A PULL OF A CIGARETTE. HE HANDS IT TO US.

MARLON

If you don't trust them, then why
you going through with it?

LONG BEAT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE FILM, WE HEAR OUR OWN VOICE (AS IT ONCE WAS AND WILL NEVER BE AGAIN). IT'S GRAVELLY, FIRM, NO LACK OF CONFIDENCE WHEN WE TALK- IT LEAVES NO DOUBT WHY MEN WOULD FOLLOW US INTO FIRE.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

We can't do this job without a full
unit, and like it or not I gotta
admit...they're good. Probably the
best we can get in the time we got.

WE HAND THE CIGARETTE BACK.

MARLON

What I mean is, why do it at all?

WE TAKE A MOMENT TO PONDER THIS.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

If you know I don't trust them,
then why are you doing it?

MARLON STOMPS HIS CIGARETTE, WATCHES HIS HOUND TROT PAST.

MARLON

Cuz I'm an idiot. Cuz you asked.
(off our look)

Cuz maybe I figure...Hell, you've
saved my ass more than once and I
don't wanna leave you stranded with
a bunch of guys you don't feel good
about-

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

Cuz that account's got forty
million dollars sitting in it, and
we ain't ever gonna see that type
of cash ever again. You're doing it
for the same reason I am. Bullshit
the world brother, just never
yourself.

WE UNFOLD A SHEET OF PAPER FROM OUR POCKET, UNCAP A PEN AND
WRITE THE LINE "B-4-4-F."

MARLON

I got a daughter to watch out for.
Same reason I'm doing it, is prolly
why I shouldn't.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

Hayley'll be fine. She'll have a
much better life after this.

MARLON NOTICES WHAT WE'RE SCRIBBLING.

MARLON

Heck are you doing?

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

You forgot to ask yourself the most
obvious question. Why should they
trust us?

MARLON TAKES US IN, SURPRISED.

MARLON

What are you suggesting here?

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
I'm suggesting we back ourselves up
in case something goes wrong-

Suddenly our memory SHATTERS-

Think a picture exploding into a million pieces, like glass shifting everywhere, until we realize THAT OUR EYES ARE OPEN:

And we're being JOSTLED VIOLENTLY in the ambulance where a FAINT RINGING still fills our ears-

Because the Versed has worn off and is gradually giving way to a new terror- THROUGH THE WINDOW, A SPIRALLING CONCRETE CEILING FILLS OUR VIEW; WE'RE BEING DRIVEN UP:

INT. A MULTI-STORY PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ambulance parks. We see that we're one of the only vehicles in the half-built garage. Hear Hayley's panicked sobbing somewhere beneath us- She must know we can hear her because:

HAYLEY (O.S.)
I'm s-s-s-s-sorry uncle Eddie, I'm
s-s-s-so sorry...

Moe's door OPENS and SLAMS- A moment later the bullet-pocked back door opens and he climbs in- grabs gauze, alcohol, surgical scissors, kneels over her as she SHRIEKS-

MOE
Hey. I'm doing you a favor here!

As he bends down O.S. we hear Hayley cry harder, suddenly HOWL in pain- We can only assume that Moe is treating her wound. The faint ringing we heard earlier grows louder now, until we realize that it's not ringing in our ears- It's the FAINT HOWL OF MULTIPLE POLICE SIRENS in the streets!

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm gonna have to sedate you again-

HAYLEY (O.S.)
No!

MOE (O.S.)
You got lucky it didn't hit bone.
Real lucky. You'd a been gone.

O.S. Moe does something which makes Hayley SHRIEK IN PAIN-

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You'll be okay, relax. You got what
you deserve... you God damn...
Those cops' blood is on your hands.
I hope you know that. All you had
to do was stay put, keep your mouth
shut and everything would've been
okay. But you had to get up and get
that woman killed.

(O.S.) Sirens multiply. More cruisers have joined the search
for Moe. Hear Moe's cell phone chirp- He picks up, and-

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm on the fifth floor. Hurry up.

Hangs up. Hayley's fallen conspicuously silent; the sedative
must be taking hold.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've called a friend up here, to
keep watch on your girl.

Hear Moe rip two strands of surgical tape, before rising
(into frame) and turning his attention to us:

MOE (CONT'D)
Help rub out any itch you might
have to play any more games when
we're inside.

We HOLD Moe's stare. Don't let go. A silent "fuck you."

MOE (CONT'D)
You recognize this place? Garage is
new, but...

Moe exits frame- And a second later we feel our entire
stretcher shift, pivoting our POV to a view of-

THE UNION TOWNSHIP DEPOSITORY ACROSS THE STREET! The gleaming
block of marble glints, seems to wink at us.

Beep-BEEPBEEP- Our HEART RATE rises at the sight.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bad memories, huh? I can't blame
you. Only you're registered to open
that safety deposit box inside. I'm
registered as your legal caretaker
at Saint Jude's, so your okay will
give me transference rights to your
box. You get those papers in my
hand, this is all over.

(MORE)

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

The girl goes free, you find peace
in the afterlife. But that's the
only way she's getting out of this
alive. You have my word.

Suddenly- We hear the soft squeal of brakes: a car parks
beside the van, a door opens and closes.

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

There's the insurance now.

A moment later- the back doors open, revealing a mid-30's,
overweight bald guy (let's call him CAPTOR)- He reacts at the
bizarre scene before him: bullet pocked windows, a
quadriplegic man, and an unconscious girl on the floor.

CAPTOR

Police is everywhere man. They got
footage from that cop car all over
the news. They've blocked out half
the streets in the city looking for
you.

Hear HELICOPTER ROTORS in the distance.

CAPTOR (CONT'D)

That her?

MOE

You do not touch her unless you
don't get a call from me,
understand? I mean it.

Captor takes Hayley in for just a moment too long.

MOE (CONT'D)

What did I just say.

CAPTOR

I got it.

Moe exits frame and we hear a ZIPPER, CLOTHES RUSTLE.

MOE (O.S.)

I don't call him in fifteen minutes
to tell him I got those papers in
my hand, my buddy here has the time
of his life with our girl.

When Moe enters frame again we see that he's CHANGED CLOTHES-
A peacoat, skull cap, thick-rimmed glasses. They completely
alter his appearance. He turns to us, and holds up our ST.
JUDE'S IDENTIFICATION CARD - a stabbing reminder of what we
looked like once.

MOE (CONT'D)

You're Mr. Lockhart again. I'll do
the selling, you just verify the
story I tell them, understood?
(we hold his stare)
I just asked you a question.

Long beat. We blink twice.

MOE (CONT'D)

Good. I think we understand each
other then.

Moe now reaches over and... UNPLUGS THE MONITOR. For the
first time in the film, we will no longer hear our heartbeat.

MOE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to unplug your
vitals to move you.

CAPTOR

Wait. You're taking him outside?
Did you not hear what I just said?
This place is crawling with cops
looking for a male nurse!

MOE

I don't have a choice. I need him
to get into that depository. Hand
me a blanket. I'll just look like a
guy walking his old man.

Hesitantly, Captor exits frame. Moe turns to us.

MOE (CONT'D)

When's the last time you were in a
mobile chair?

TIME CUT

EXT. UNION TOWNSHIP - DAY

People look over at US- Then quickly look away, as we realize
that we're-

BEING PUSHED DOWN A SIDEWALK IN AN ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR. Two
howling police sirens streak by, our POV JARS as Moe stutter
steps (nervous?) - until the sirens fade away. We continue
forward, glide past a car's tinted window-

Where we catch a glimpse of our REFLECTION: a blanket covers
us feet to chin. Only our deformed face peers out. Most every
pedestrian who moves past can't help but steal a look.

For us, however, it should feel liberating. For the first time in the entire film: motion. Breeze (heard). Sun (flares). The sights of the ever-changing BUILDINGS at the edge of our field of vision coupled with the constantly shifting scenery is unlike anything we've experienced in the film thus far.

We BLINK several times, but not to communicate, simply to ease the glare of the sun. ANOTHER CRUISER BLASTS PAST.

MOE (O.S.)
(voice comes from behind
us)

My friend back there was in jail on three counts of statutory. He swears he didn't do it, but I'm pretty sure he did. Trust me, you don't want him alone with Hayley in that van for too longe. So the quicker we get this done, the better.

Clearly we can't respond, but the way we're EXPLORING THE EDGES OF OUR PERIPHERY tells us that we're taking everything in like a starving man chews.

Suddenly a CHILD'S SHRIEK draws our attention, our POV stutters as Moe stops- Our FOCUS MOVES DOWN to the TODDLER who's broken away from his mother and RUN UP TO US. He's laying his tiny hands on our withered hand and stands on his tippy-toes, pointing up at us and SHRIEKING happily-

Drawing his APOLOGETIC MOTHER up; she wrenches her kid away and the boy immediately starts bawling.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's okay. He loves children.

APOLOGETIC MOTHER
I'm so SO sorry!

The kid keeps CRYING as his mother pulls him away- And we HOLD THE BOY'S STARE as Moe continues to push us forward (O.S.) HELICOPTER ROTORS. POLICE ARE LOOKING EVERYWHERE.

MOE (O.S.)
Listen. When I get that money, I'll make sure your buddy's girl is taken care of. I know that's important to you. I'll make sure she's set for life. You may not believe it, but I'm a man of some principle.

(MORE)

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

There's forty million dollars just sitting in some account that belonged to a dead arms dealer. And it wouldn't do you any good any more anyway. No one in their right mind could blame me for what I'm doing, and I believe that deep down inside neither do you.

We've reached THE DEPOSITORY'S DOUBLE DOORS. Hear Moe SUCK a long deep breath: we're standing at a precipice of sorts.

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

You ready? Let's make it quick. I want this to be over as bad as you do.

Moe wheels us into:

INT. UNION TOWNSHIP - CONTINUOUS

The shiny marble lobby is exactly as it was in our memories. In fact, as our eyes explore our surroundings we FLASH-

A MEMORY: OF US FLATTENED ON THE EXACT SAME FLOOR ALONGSIDE TERRIFIED BANK CUSTOMERS EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Today. We're rolled past the PLEXIGLAS TELLER STATIONS, tellers smiling, attending to a line of customers, FLASH-

A MEMORY: OF A SKI MASKED MAN SHOVING US AT GUNPOINT PAST THAT SAME TELLER STATION WHERE A TELLER COWERS UNDERNEATH.

Today. We move past an armed SECURITY GUARD who glances curiously at us being wheeled past, FLASH-

A MEMORY: OF A TERRIFIED SECURITY GUARD EIGHT YEARS AGO TOSSING HIS WEAPON TO THE FLOOR, QUAKING KNEES BEND TO THE FLOOR AS SKI MASK SPRAYS THE CEILING AND RATATAT BRINGS US-

BACK TO PRESENT

We see an ARMED GUARD lounging by his post- Immediately our POV pivots: Moe just angled his back to the guard.

CLACKING OF SHOES ON MARBLE (O.S.) behind us as-

GREETER (O.S.)

Sir, may I help you?

- a GREETER approaches. We only hear, don't actually see him because he's standing behind us.

MOE (O.S.)

Yes. I have a bit of an unusual
situation.

TIME CUT

INT. BANKER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

THREE MEN IN SUITS stand before us, taking us in. One is clearly the greeter- We can tell by his voice-

GREETER

(to his supervisors)

- Mr. Phillips here is his ward, he
works at Saint Jude's and-

(to someone behind us)

Um. He's here to facilitate for Mr.
Lockhart who owns the box.

Moe rounds our chair, finally enters our frame of vision. He shakes their hands with unbridled confidence. If he wasn't a criminal, he would make one heck of an actor.

MOE

Great to meet you. Since Mr.
Lockhart has no next of kin or
living relatives, the State assumed
his care after the accident. He's
been in the Permanent Care unit at
Saint Jude's for the last several
years, but recently he expressed
his desire to retrieve some papers
he stores in that box.

Moe freezes, just a split second's hesitation, we're not sure why until we spot-

THE TELEVISION SET

hanging from a corner in the bank lobby outside. His mugshot is on the news!

Moe however does a good job of sliding back into his groove-

MOE (CONT'D)

I can go ahead and tell you,
they're legal documents necessary
for his last will and testament. He
wants to go ahead and legalize his
post-life wishes at this juncture
in his life.

One of the men (WHITE-HAIRED, clearly in charge) nods sympathetically.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

That's understandable. We'll be happy to help.

Moe hands him a folded set of credentials, but if we look closely we'll notice that Moe's hands are clammy. It might be because the TV behind the bankers is showing crime scene footage captured from the police cruiser's dash cam.

MOE

I already showed these to your colleague, but that's his ID, my ID, signed paperwork from Saint Jude's and a notarized writ of consent. Should be everything you need, but feel free to double-check with whoever you need to. Mr. Lockhart can actually tell you all this himself.

The three men exchange looks at that revelation- As Moe turns and kneels before us, throws us a warning look before smiling-

MOE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Mr. Lockhart.

Moe moves out of the way, and we blink several times for the bankers.

The three men stare at us, confused.

MOE (CONT'D)

He communicates by blinking. One means no, two means yes. You can ask him anything you want.

One of the bankers starts to turn his head, toward the lobby- Suddenly Moe rounds our wheelchair and quickly reemerges with the letter board, capturing the banker's attention.

MOE (CONT'D)

For longer conversations, you can lead him through individual letters with this, but that can take a bit of time. I've found that it's better to simply lead him through yes or no questions. Make sense?

The bankers take us in, digest the unusual situation.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

(to Moe)

Can you give us a moment? I just
need to verify protocol with our
legal department for something like
this.

MOE

Of course. I doubt it's every day a
couple guys like us walk in-

Moe's laughter prompts their polite chuckles, but-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

Feel free to wait here. Would you
like any water or anything?

(looking at us)

Or...for him...?

MOE

It's alright. We're fine. The IV
keeps him hydrated and I've been
running around drinking water all
day. As a matter of fact, do you
guys have a restroom?

BALD BANKER

Outside, end of the hall.

Moe hurries out, and we're left alone with the bankers for
the first time. They stare. Unsure what to say. Awkward.

SHORT BANKER

So. Your caretaker, right?

Long beat. We blink twice. Bankers react, the same way
everyone reacts when they first communicate with us. They
exchange looks.

BALD BANKER

Everything okay, Mr. Lockhart?

Behind the glass wall, the TV in the lobby CHANGES CHANNELS.
Clearly Moe's doing. We blink twice for the bankers. A moment
later, Moe huffs back into the room.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

We'll be right back.

The three men EXIT, leaving us once again alone with Moe. Who
waits until the door behind the men shuts to scan the room-
He spots a camera in a corner. Pointed down at us, recording
everything. Makes him purse a smile at us, as he's forced to
stay in character:

MOE

You okay Mr. Lockhart, you need anything?

We don't blink.

MOE (CONT'D)

(loud enough for the
camera to hear)

You sure? Well. Please let me know
if you need anything. I'm here for
anything you need.

Moe can't help but throw a glance down at his watch. We note the BEADS OF SWEAT in his brow, the tense look he darts the door. His fist opens and closes. He tosses another look back at the TV. We've never seen him so nervous.

Casually, he taps his watch, briefly looks up and HOLDS OUR STARE - reminding us of Hayley in the van. FLASH OUR-

IMAGINATION: HAYLEY'S CHEEK KISSING THE CLUTTERED AMBULANCE FLOOR AS SHE BREATHES IN AND OUT THROUGH A GAG. HER CAPTOR'S HAND REACHES DOWN AND CARESSES HER BRUISED CHEEK AS

We're BACK TO SCENE as we open our eyes. See Moe studying us.

MOE (CONT'D)

(sotto, but loud enough
for us to hear)

Ten minutes.

TIME CUT

Moe on a chair, FEET tap-tap-tap the floor nervously. When the door opens he leaps to his feet.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (O.S.)

Sorry for the delay.

The bankers enter our frame of vision- As White-Haired sets several legal documents on the desk in front of Moe.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to sign some
paperwork before we can proceed.

MOE

What type of paperwork?

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

Take the time to review it and come
back another day if you'd like-

MOE

No no, it's alright. Mr. Lockhart's actually on a bit of a tight schedule. That's all you need, a signature?

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

That's all we need from you.

Moe looks like the weight of the world has been lifted.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

To verify you were here. That you acknowledge this conversation. We can't release the contents of the box to you or the State however.

Moe's relief dissolves.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

This is a private institution, and unfortunately the original contract was made with only Mr. Lockhart. And given that he's both present, and more importantly, cognizant, any transference of ownership to the State is going to have to be authorized by him.

Beat.

MOE

Mr. Lockhart asked that I be here. He asked me to bring him. He'll tell you himself. Isn't that right, Mr. Lockhart?

Moe looks to us for a response, but-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

We understand. And I'm sure it'll be no issue, but legally, Mr. Lockhart and only Mr. Lockhart himself can make that statement.

Moe isn't quite sure what White Hair is saying, until he adds-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

Mr. Phillips, are you able to leave us alone with Mr. Lockhart for a moment? It's the only way we feel comfortable having this conversation take place.

Long beat. Moe wasn't expecting this.

MOE

Of course. Absolutely. You guys wanna talk to him alone?

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

Legally, we have to get his approval, yes. And we'd prefer to do it in private. If that's okay with you.

Long beat.

MOE

Right. Of course. Yeah. It is. He'll be fine without me for a few minutes. Like I said, we're on a bit of a time crunch. I need to get him back to the hospital-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

We'll make it quick.

Beat. Hesitantly, Moe turns to us.

MOE

That okay with you, Mr. Lockhart?

Moe HOLDS OUR STARE... Until we blink twice. We can see his jawline go taut. *We just betrayed him.*

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

Feel free to wait in the lobby. Elliott will escort you out and let you know when we're ready. I'm sorry for all the red tape, otherwise that box has to stay where it is.

MOE

Don't worry. Completely understand. He's all yours.

As Greeter moves to escort Moe out, Moe THROWS US A FLEETING IF-LOOKS-COULD-KILL LOOK which no one else catches and RUNS HIS FINGERS OVER THE EDGE OF HIS WATCH before exiting.

Finally we hear the door shut, leaving us alone with-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

Mr. Lockhart, are you cognizant?

We blink twice. His partner grabs a pen and takes a seat beside the desk.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

Mr. Riojas will serve as a witness to this conversation. He's a registered notary, and your responses to this conversation will be admissible in court.

(points to)

The above camera is recording everything. Please know that you can be honest with your answers right now. There is no one in the room but us.

(lets that settle, we
don't blink, so...)

Do you understand and acknowledge everything I just said?

We blink twice.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

Are you James Edward Lockhart, owner of a safety deposit box here at Township Union Depository in Los Angeles, California?

(we blink twice)

Do you mind if we take your thumb print?

(we blink once, they press
our thumb to an ink pad)

Are you here under any sort of duress, administered by circumstance or someone else, which might have influence on the answers you provide us here today?

INSERT OUR-

IMAGINATION: HAYLEY, BOUND, GAGGED AND WHIMPERING ON THE AMBULANCE FLOOR AS HER CAPTOR HOVERS OVER HER.

Back to scene. We hesitate, then blink once.

White Hair however has noticed the slight hesitation because he throws a quick look at Riojas, turns back to us-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

Let me ask one more time. And please, know that we are completely alone right now. We we can contact the authorities on your behalf.

(long beat)
(MORE)

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

Are you here under any sort of
duress, administered by
circumstance or someone else, which
might have influence on the answers
you provide us here today?

We blink once.

White Hair sucks a breath, and we can tell that he's still not fully convinced. He hands the thumbprint blot to Riojas.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)

Get this to security to have it
checked.

(then, to us)

Okay. We need to do one more thing
to verify everything.

TIME CUT

As we're rolled pushed down a FAMILIAR WHITE HALLWAY- Stop before a REINFORCED STEEL VAULT. Even here, in the bowels of the depository, we can make out the distinct pitch of SIRENS and HELICOPTER rotors outside.

White-Haired Banker inserts a code in a dial-lock, presses his forefinger to a scanner- A small rectangular LED light turns green. It's all very high-tech, and we're sure we've never seen it before until the bolts disengage. It takes both bankers to OPEN THE DOOR, revealing that we're in the-

I/E. DEPOSITORY VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The moment we see it, FLASH-

**A MEMORY: SMOKE DISSIPATING, REVEALING THE EXACT SAME
DEPOSITORY ROOM EIGHT YEARS AGO AS SKI MASK KNOCKS OUT A
MANGLED STEEL LOCK. IT'S AN ANTIQUATED MECHANICAL VERSION OF
THE ELECTRONIC DIAL-LOCK WE JUST SAW AND-**

BACK TO SCENE

As we get rolled into the same depository today; it's now clean and gleaming and everything in its place.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER

Do you remember which box is yours?

The final test. And we know it. INSERT-

**MEMORY: OF MARLON EIGHT YEARS AGO, CLAD IN HIS SKI MASK,
STAYING BEHIND TO TAKE THE LIST FROM BENEATH THE FAKE PANEL
OF THE FIRST SAFE DEPOSIT BOX THEN SLIDING IT INTO A SECOND
DEPOSIT BOX-**

Which we now FOCUS on. Marlon's image FADES like a ghost,
replaced by-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)
This one?

We blink twice and the men trade looks. We chose right.

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER (CONT'D)
The contents of this box are
legally yours Mr. Lockhart. Would
you like me to open it and turn it
over to your guardian?

Long, long beat.

Finally we blink twice.

TIME CUT

As we're wheeled out to the LOBBY, Moe rises at the sight of us. We can see him emit a sigh of relief when he spots THE PAPERS in White Hair's hand-

Which White Hair now hands over to him. Moe does a terrible job hiding the elation as he takes them.

MOE
You got what you needed?

White Hair purses a smile, because-

WHITE-HAIRED BANKER
He gave us what we required. Yes.
We closed his account, and that's
now legally property of the State.
Good luck.

TIME CUT

EXT. UNION TOWNSHIP - MOMENTS LATER

As we're wheeled toward a handicap-enabled curb, where-

A BLUE CONVERSION VAN PEELS UP- Captor at the wheel.

CAPTOR
Did you get it?

Through a reflection on a window, we see Moe lifts the papers up with a smile.

TIME CUT

We're now in the back of the van, once again strapped to a bed and staring at a ceiling. On the edge of our periphery we can make out Hayley bound/gagged on a back seat, whimpering.

MOE (O.S.)

D'you do anything to the girl?

CAPTOR (O.S.)

You said not to.

MOE (O.S.)

I know what I said, but did you do anything to the girl?

CAPTOR (O.S.)

No.

MOE (O.S.)

We'll wait till the money hits my account, then do what you want with her.

Hayley whimpers harder. Suddenly Moe lets out a roaring LAUGH; relief, happiness, elation all in one- He sounds like a giddy child.

CAPTOR (O.S.)

What the hell is wrong with you? Cops are everywhere man! They've put up checkpoints from here to the border looking for you! This ain't over, not by a long shot-

We hear Moe DIALING A CELL PHONE-

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

Hell are you doing?

MOE (O.S.)

They have a local accountant running the account. He gets the code, the transfers the money.

Beat.

CAPTOR (O.S.)

B-4-4-F? How do you know all this?

MOE (O.S.)

He told the girl everything and she
wrote it down on a sheet of paper,
didn't think it was gonna make its
way to me.

We blink several times as we listen to all this. Hayley sobs.

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

Hello? Who's this?
(beat)
Well then maybe you'll understand
this: B-4-4-F.

Long beat. For a moment, even Hayley stops whimpering,
attempts to listen.

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

Where at?
(then)
You got a pen? I need a pen. Gimme
a pen, now-now-now.
(then)
Make sure the notary's with you.
We're not staying long. Five
minutes tops, understood?

Hear Moe hang up.

CAPTOR (O.S.)

What? What'd he say?

MOE (O.S.)

We need to notarize the transfer.
Amounts that big can't be done over
the phone.

CAPTOR (O.S.)

And then what?

MOE (O.S.)

Then he makes the transfer.

CAPTOR (O.S.)

Just like that?

MOE (O.S.)

Just like that.

Captor suddenly begins laughing, whooping and celebrating
just like Moe.

CAPTOR

Woo-HOOO! Mutherfucking
SONOFABITCH! We're gonna be fucking
rich!

MOE (O.S.)

He said he'd been waiting for that
call for eight years. Believe that?
Eight years the money's just been
stuck sitting in that account.

(calling back)

Gotta hand it to you Eddie! Good
job setting up that bait and switch
on your guys! Wish it would'a paid
off for you!

A HOWLING CRUISER STREAKS PAST- Makes Moe and Captor fall
silent until the sirens fade.

CAPTOR (O.S.)

What about the girl?

MOE (O.S.)

What about her? You need to make
sure to kill her when you're done.

(then)

She's a witness. We ain't got a
choice.

Hayley's sobs turn to muffled SHRIEKS now and we CLOSE OUR
EYES, see only-

**A MEMORY: OF A REFLECTION GLIDING PAST GLASS- IT'S OUR OWN
REFLECTION, MOVING PAST A CAR WINDOW AND HAULING THE CANVAS
DUFFLE WITH THE WEAPONS TOWARD THE TRUNK OF THE SECOND WHITE
GETAWAY CAR-**

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

We're gonna be fucking rich.

**FOLLOWED BY MARLON, WHO LAUGHS, AND CAN'T HELP BUT SHAKE HIS
HEAD AS HE POPS OPEN THE TRUNK.**

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's so funny? How many times I
ever lead you astray, huh? That's
right. Not a one, and this ain't
gonna be the first.

A moment later we OPEN OUR EYES AGAIN and-

We're staring at the same ceiling, listening to Hayley's
weeping beside us. We close our eyes again and-

A MEMORY: WE'RE HOVERING OVER THE OPEN TRUNK WHERE WE LEFT OFF, TOSS THE DUFFLE IN AND SLAM IT SHUT- LOOK OVER AT MARLON BEFORE WE TOSS HIM A SKI MASK.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Remember. I'm just a customer at the bank. You don't look at me, you don't know my name. We never met.

MARLON (O.S.)

That'll be my pleasure.

EDDIE LOCKE

I know you're not used to seeing me play the victim, but sometimes ... the victim is the most dangerous guy in the room.

AS MARLON MEETS OUR GAZE FOR WHAT WILL BE ONE OF THE LAST TIMES, A CURT NOD BEFORE WE-

TIME CUT

Van jars to a halt- briefly rocking our view of the ceiling.

MOE (O.S.)

He wanted to meet across the bridge. That's about ten miles up the road from the turnpike we passed ten minutes back.

We close our eyes and again INSERT-

A MEMORY: DRIVING TOWARD THE BANK THAT FATEFUL DAY. MARLON CAN'T HIDE HIS NERVES ON THE PASSENGER SEAT.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

Relax.

MARLON

Tell me this is gonna end up okay Eddie. Bullshit aside. I got a little girl and I'll be damned if she grows up with a stepfather instead of me.

WE SLIDE THE SHEET OF PAPER THAT SAYS "B-4-4-F" ACROSS THE DASH TO MARLON.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

When we're out, put that in the second box. When we're long gone I'll tell Bruno where to look. He'll know exactly what it means.

(MORE)

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(off Marlon's questioning
look)

When we were in the army, both of us went after the same girl at a hotel bar. End of the night, girl writes her room number down on a sheet of paper, slides it right between the both of us.

MARLON
Seriously?

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
We were in the Appalachians.

MARLON
(laughs)
Why didn't you both go?
(off our look)
Right. Nevermind.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
Bruno and I decided to play a game for it. We weren't friends then, we ain't friends now, this might be why.

(then)
We call a bartender up. Hand her three mugs, ask her to put the paper inside one; whoever chooses right goes up to her room. Whoever doesn't, is shit outta luck. We flipped for who went first. I won. I chose wrong.

MARLON
Shiiit....

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
Don't worry, I ain't finished. He chooses next, and there's the sheet of paper sitting right there. B-4-4-F. You should'a seen his eyes light up, you'd think Salma Hayek was waiting up in that room for him. I swear this girl was missing a tooth.

MARLON CAN'T HELP BUT LAUGH.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Moonshine.

MARLON

I been there, brother. You don't have to explain.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

So he goes up to his room to take a shower. I can only imagine him scrubbing up, lotioning himself, spraying cologne, excited as a kid in a candystore-

MARLON

You switched the notes.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

I switched the notes.

MARLON

You, my friend, are an asshole.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

Assholes get laid. B-4-4-F was my room. He shows up, it's empty cuz I'm in the girl's room giving it to her-

MARLON

The one with the missing tooth?

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

(hey now)

You ever tried homemade moonshine?

MARLON

(laughs)

Understood.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)

There's a note waiting in my room that I'd left for him. "Sorry bud, love you but you should'a been more careful. Meet me at the buffet tomorrow, I'll buy you breakfast and make up for it." - I fucked him then, I'm fucking him now. When we're long gone, I'll send him back to that depository, and he'll know exactly what I'm telling him.

MARLON

You sure you wanna do this?

LONG BEAT.

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
If we didn't do it to him he'd do
it to us.

CAPTOR (O.S.)
That him?

CAPTOR'S VOICE SHATTERS OUR MEMORY- BRINGS US
BACK TO SCENE

And the boring van ceiling again, which suddenly jars as
Captor slams the brakes. He just parked.

CAPTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What do you think?

MOE (O.S.)
I have no idea what this guy looks
like.

CAPTOR (O.S.)
There's two of them. That right?

MOE (O.S.)
...One of them's the notary. One's
the accountant. Your strap. Keep it
under the dash.

CAPTOR (O.S.)
Jesus Christ man...what've you
gotten us into..

MOE (O.S.)
Without them, we don't get the
money.

Hear a METALLIC CLICK, which we can only assume is Captor's
gun. Hayley's sobs are heartbreaking. The men approaching are
her last remaining hope and she knows it.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get out. Remember, Eddie
left me that note in his will and
testament.

(Hayley begins to sob)
You need to keep that girl back
there calm and quiet.

CAPTOR (O.S.)
Hell do you expect me to do that?

Long beat.

MOE (O.S.)
Cut her loose.

Hayley's sobs briefly dissipate; she's as surprised as-

CAPTOR (O.S.)
What?

MOE (O.S.)
Hayley, princess! You hear that?
We're gonna cut you free but you
make a sound there's a bullet going
through your head! No alarms this
time! You saw what happened last
time! Do that again and you're
gonna cost these innocent men their
lives!

Hayley's sobs steady, but we can tell it takes everything she
has to keep her composure.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do it now. They see a girl tied up
in the back, it'll make things very
tough for us.
(calls back)
Not a sound Hayley! I mean it!

Hear RUSTLING, then see through the edges of our periphery
Captor climbing to the back and hover over Hayley.

CAPTOR
You heard what he said. You gonna
shut up?

Beat. Hayley shakes her head. Captor undoes her binds and
gag. Hayley whimpers but does her best to look composed.

MOE (O.S.)
Which one a you's the guy I talked
to?

Hear Moe's DOOR OPEN AND SHUT as he gets out.

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
That was me.

MOE (O.S.)
We gonna do this? Who's got the
paperwork?

BRUNO (O.S.)
Where's Eddie?
(no answer)
(MORE)

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

We're not trying to threaten you
son-

Sudden silence- Then:

MOE (O.S.)

I think there's been some sort of
misunderstanding here-

BRUNO (O.S.)

- I don't think there has. Someone
told you to call me, and I wanna
know who that was, where they are,
and how the hell you got that note.

Through our periphery, we see Captor watching everything from
the back seat- Clearly we can't see what's going on outside,
but judging by his REACTION, things between Moe and Bruno are
going quickly south.

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

Put your fucking gun down, son.
Trust me, you don't wanna go where
that'll take you.

In the van, Captor looks horrified, whiteknuckles his gun- His
entire hand is trembling uncontrollably-

MOE (O.S.)

Who the fuck are you- What the hell
is going on-

BRUNO (O.S.)

Put the gun down, we just want an
explanation of how you got that
note. Who told you to call me?

MOE (O.S.)

They're account codes.

Bruno's silence tells Moe that he's been duped.

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

You're not an accountant, you lying
piece of shit...

BRUNO (O.S.)

How did you get that note? Only
gonna ask but one last time here,
son.

In the van, we see Captor's entire body QUAKING- Clearly he
doesn't want a shootout but-

BRUNO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's two of us.

MOE (O.S.)
I'm not alone!

Beat. Captor goes SHEET WHITE- Attention must have just turned to him, because he mutters...

CAPTOR
Fuck.

We know exactly what's coming- as we FLASH-

A MEMORY: WHICH CONTINUES EDDIE AND MARLON'S CONVERSATION WHERE WE LEFT IT OFF IN THE CAR- BUT NOW, WE'LL NOTICE THE UNION TOWNSHIP DEPOSITORY THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD COMING INTO VIEW- IT'S MOMENTS BEFORE THE ROBBERY-

MARLON
What's gonna happen when they get that?

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
You know Bruno. They'll know they were fucked, and they'll come after us with hell's fury.

MARLON
And that doesn't worry you?

EDDIE LOCKE (O.S.)
You and I, my friend, will be in paradise by then.

FROM THE PASSENGER SEAT MARLON LOOKS OVER AND SMILES WIDE AT US BEFORE HIS IMAGE FADES...

BACK TO SCENE

We're not sure who fires the FIRST SHOT, but FIVE GUNSHOTS rattle off a moment later- It sounds like fireworks erupting as Captor's eyes go wide-

CAPTOR
NO!

And-

(O.S.) POP-POP-POP-POP! Glass shatters, Hayley SCREAMS and through the edge of our field of vision we catch just a fleeting glimpse of Captor's body flying back- Hayley flattening herself on the floor as bullets fly above her-

BRUNO (O.S.)

Check the van- There's someone else
there.

But Hayley- terrified, blood-specked and trapped- STARES AT US in catatonic fear. We hear FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING THE VAN.

Suddenly, HALF THE SCREEN GOES BLACK for about two seconds.

We just WINKED at her.

We're not sure how or why, but it seems to snap her from her state, gives her the strength she needs to exit frame-

RON (O.S.)

Hey- HEY!

A moment later we feel the van RUMBLE TO LIFE, MORE GUNSHOTS RATTLE AND THEN HEAR HAYLEY SHRIEK. Is she dead? No- Because-

THE VAN STARTS TO REVERSE- Hayley is driving away!

BRUNO (O.S.)

Get in the car- !

Bruno's voice fading as we LEAVE THEM BEHIND. The sky outside starts to blur- tells us that she's putting the pedal to the metal and SPEEDING AWAY FROM THEM!

We can still hear her WEEPING from the front seat as she drives. Will to live fighting fear right now and winning.

"Everything's gonna be okay. Don't stop. Just keep going. Everything's gonna be fine."

But of course, no words come out of our mouth - we're stuck staring at the ceiling as the scenery zips past outside.

Suddenly- The ENTIRE VAN SHAKES. SOME SORT OF BLUNT IMPACT. HAYLEY SHRIEKS AND THE VAN CAREENS VIOLENTLY. WE REALIZE: BRUNO IS SLAMMING HIS CAR INTO OURS ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE!

IMPACT AGAIN- AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN! Each time it does, our entire field of vision jars; it's dizzying, nauseous, so we have CLOSE OUR EYES-

BLACK.

A cacophony of chaotic sounds: HAYLEY'S SCREAMS, SHRIEKING WHEELS, HONKING OF CARS ZIPPING PAST (IN THE DISTANCE, WE CAN ALSO MAKE OUT THE SOUND OF FAINT SIRENS) AND SUDDENLY-

CRASH. RUMBLE. We manage to open our eyes for a moment and get only a GLIMPSE (one second) of-

The van overturning, glass flying, back seats rending from their hinges- CLOSE OUR EYES AGAIN AND-

Sounds of METAL CRUSHING- HAYLEY'S SCREAMS ABRUPLY CEASE- We open our eyes again and see another a split second of-

Our bed flying across the back hull as we SLAM INTO A DITCH-

CUT TO:

BLACK.

For what seems like an eternity. We don't open our eyes.

Because we can't.

Are we dead?

We might just be, because we see nothing, hear nothing... it's like being in utero... Until sounds gradually, almost painfully creep back into our world. They're so faint we have to strain to make them out. Realize that they're VOICES, and they get louder and louder until we can make out:

A PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
...responsive?

ANOTHER PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
No. BT's still sub ninety-five.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
Two more milligrams of Atropine,
gimme another IV push.

OTHER PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
I did. It should've hit him by now-

Long beat. Then-

(O.S.) A faint beep.....beep.....beep.

For a moment, no one says a word. The paramedics are clearly surprised to hear what they're hearing.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
...His heart's beating, but it's at
50 BPM.

OTHER PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
Is he responsive?

THIRD PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
No.

OTHER PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
Breathing?

THIRD PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
Unsteady, ten BPM. Where's that IV
push goddamnit!

When VISION starts to coalesce again we see-

INT. AN EMT AMBULANCE - MOVING

THREE PARAMEDICS working on us; it's hectic but efficient.
One glances down at us and notices that-

PARAMEDIC
He's opened his eyes.

All three paramedics stare down at us now. We blink several times, not to communicate, simply to gather our bearings. We explore our surroundings as best we can, but our vision has not fully amalgamated yet.

OTHER PARAMEDIC
Heart rate 60 BPM now.

O.S. we hear a heart monitor again.

ANOTHER PARAMEDIC
Can you hear us?

HAYLEY (O.S.)
...doesn't...talk...

It's Hayley's voice! And it's...next to us. Paramedics glance at her off-screen. We try to see her but she's outside our field of vision.

PARAMEDIC
Relax. You're not in good shape either. That was a helluva stunt back there.

HAYLEY (O.S.)
...Wanna...see...him...

THIRD PARAMEDIC
(looking at a vital signs
monitor)
Respiration rate, 12 BPM. He's steady.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

...can you... please turns his
head...

(they look confused)
...please. He can't...turn it...

Above us, the paramedics eye each other. One nods; gently the third reaches forward, turns our head so that we can now see-

HAYLEY- bruised, battered and strapped to a gurney beside us; her neck is clamped in a neck brace, but she manages to hold our stare.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

We made it.

She breaks down. A paramedic takes her hand.

OTHER PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

It's okay. You guys are gonna be
okay.

We HOLD HER STARE, and don't let go. We do not blink.

TIME CUT

INT. SAINT JUDE'S - ROOM IN PERMA CARE UNIT - DAY

Our gaze is frozen on the familiar hospital room ceiling again, exactly where we started the film. Sounds of vital signs monitors are once again our sole companion in the lonely room.

The TV is on, this time however- it plays something different (ala *Modern Family* or the *Big Bang Theory*); show goes to a commercial break, we don't pay attention until we hear-

NEWSCASTER (T.V.)

-- on eyewitness news at six, the
alleged culprits of the high speed
chase involving a quadriplegic man
were arraigned today on four counts
of evading arrest --

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.)

Oh dear.

A clacking of footsteps, before Nurse Robin enters and changes the station, glances over at us, apologetic-

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about that. The new nurse doesn't know the rules yet, but we'll make sure she gets up to speed with your shows.

(walks up to us)

You doing okay today Mr. Lockhart?

Long beat, and finally we blink twice. To our surprise, Nurse Robin's eyes grow moist.

NURSE ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're so happy to have you back safe. I...

(contains her emotion)

I prayed every single night that God would bring you back to us. Because I can't help but think...

She wipes a tear, forces a smile-

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

I've always been a worry wart but I should've been more careful with that evil man. I had a bad feeling about him from the moment I saw him walk in here. I should've acted on my instinct. Gosh. I can't help but think I'm partly to blame.

We blink once. She reaches forward, and her hand goes off-screen. We assume she's squeezing our atrophied fingers.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

I know your life isn't easy, Mr. Lockhart, but I didn't realize how big a part of the family you'd become here till you were gone. If something had happened to you, I wouldn't have forgiven myself. It would've never been the same here.

We CONTINUE TO HOLD HER STARE as she wipes another tear but finally composes herself.

NURSE ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'll leave you to it, then. I'll make sure Nurse Emily comes by between rounds. We all chipped in and got you some new DVDs. I can only imagine how terrible it is having to watch those same shows over and over again.

She EXITS, leaving us alone again, so we SHUT OUR EYES and recede into a final-

MEMORY: WE'RE IN THE SAME BED, STARING AT THE SAME CEILING. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, WE HEAR AN UNEXPECTED VOICE-

HAYLEY (O.S.)
Uncle Eddie?

AS HAYLEY HOBBLES INTO FRAME WITH THE AID OF CRUTCHES. HER CUTS HAVE SCABBED, BRUISES FADING AND THERE'S A FRESH SET OF STITCHES RUNNING A QUARTER LENGTH OF HER CHIN. SHE'S ON HER WAY TO RECOVERY. FOR A MOMENT, WE SIMPLY HOLD HER STARE.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
...I gotta ask. Did you use me to screw Moe over?

LONG BEAT. FINALLY, WE BLINK TWICE. A SMILE ESCAPES HER.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You're an asshole. A smart one...but still an asshole.

SHE LOOKS AROUND, MAKING SURE WE'RE ALONE- REACHES INTO HER POCKET AND SETS THE FOLDED SHEET OF LISTS BESIDE US.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I kept those. No one knows what they are. It's what got dad killed. I wanted to burn them but...I didn't think it'd be fair of me. If you wanted it that bad, I figure they should be yours.

(then)
You lied to him about those passwords, so I'm assuming someone else must have it if there really is one.

(we blink twice)
My first guess would be...you?

LONG BEAT. WE BLINK TWICE. HAYLEY CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
He was right, though. You are a clever old man.

WE HOLD HER STARE.

FINALLY, WE BLINK SEVERAL TIMES, AND SHE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WE WANT.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I'll grab the letter board.

TIME CUT

We HEAR NURSE ROBIN'S SUDDEN SCREAM (O.S.) from the hallway-

NURSE (O.S.)
Somebody get a doctor! I think she
fainted!

Sound of various FEET SCRAMBLING UP-

ANOTHER NURSE (O.S.) MALE NURSE (O.S.)
What happened? Is she alright?

Then a DOCTOR'S VOICE, as she marches up-

DOCTOR (O.S.)
What happened here?

NURSE (O.S.)
She fainted. She got this letter in
the mail.

Silence. And we assume they're reading whatever letter Nurse Robin got.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Thirty five million dollars? Is
this some sort of joke?

NURSE (O.S.)
I-I don't know. Somebody must've
pulled a prank cuz it says that
they left the hospital thirty five
million dollars in her name.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Who's this from?

Gaze locked on the ceiling, as we continue listen-

NURSE (O.S.)
You're kidding me.

We blink-

BLACK.