

Barracuda

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THE FOLLOWING MOVIE PLAYS OUT IN REAL TIME.



tick-tick-tick-tick-tick--tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick

There's something you need to know. There's a BEAT to this movie.
A RHYTHM. It's like PERCUSSION. It's fucking JAZZ.

And that's the first thing we hear...

tick-tick-tick-tick-tick--tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick

It's part hands of a CLOCK, part TURN SIGNAL, part HAZARD LIGHTS
and part TIMER for the BOMB that's about to go off.

Here we go... so BUCKLE UP.

EXT. WAREHOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

The faded BRICK and STEEL of a rundown WAREHOUSE, filtered through the NEON LIGHTS of a rowdy NIGHT CLUB.

A large RED SIGN above the door reads --

'INFIERNO'

This is the rough part of a BAD NEWS town. JUNKIES and the cardboard cities of HOMELESS masses line the sidewalk, where STREET WALKERS ply their wares.

Throbbing bass POUNDS through an open door -- a line of already wasted REVELERS weaving its way around the block.

SUPER: SAN FERNANDO, MEXICO. 2.56am. 104 miles from US border.

You might not have heard of San Fernando -- but there are only two things you need to know about it right now...

1). The SUPER's accurate. It's 104 miles from the US, and...

2). It's very FUCKING DANGEROUS.

Forget the Mexico you think you know -- this is Tamaulipas on the Eastern side of the country. US State Department has a DO NOT TRAVEL advisory for the ENTIRE state.

This ISN'T dusty, dry desert heat and rolling tumbleweed -- this is HOT and HUMID, GREEN and SWAMPY.

More BAYOU than BAJA.

The air is thick -- a balmy night in the middle of summer.

You can feel the sweat running down the back of your neck.

We HEAR the throaty RUMBLE of a 3.0 Liter, 444bhp, V6 as a CAR pulls into frame -- stopping with precision in the shadows opposite the club.

It's a 1999 AUDI RS4 -- faded paint work on a heavily customized, reinforced body, riddled with bondo patches over what look suspiciously like BULLET HOLES.

CLUNK. Engine CUTS OUT as we CUT INSIDE to reveal --

INT. AUDI - CONTINUOUS

KARL CARTER(30s, American) -- set behind the wheel like it was built around him. This car fits Karl like a glove.

Granite jaw covered with stubble and the faint SCARS of a man who's been in one too many fights -- short cut hair, faded Levi's and an old tee.

He looks at the club, soaking in every little detail with keenly intelligent eyes.

On the passenger seat -- an ENVELOPE. Karl picks it up, slides it open with his thumb and pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH.

On the back, scrawled in sharpie it reads -- JODIE, ROOM 13.

Karl flips it -- it's a faded old vacation snap of an American GIRL -- sitting on a beach somewhere hot.

She looks about thirteen. Brown hair, green eyes.

Karl studies the photo for a beat -- folds it up and tucks it in his pocket --

Then he MOVES -- stepping out of the car -- as --

EXT. WAREHOUSE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

CLUNK -- Karl pops the trunk on the battered Audi, eyes flickering across --

A 9MM BERETTA STORM, a SCOPED RIFLE, an M16, TOOLS, KNIVES and a BAT --

Whoever Karl is -- he's NOT FUCKING AROUND.

He glances over at the entrance to the club -- where bull-sized BOUNCERS vet the rough looking crowd with full body PAT DOWNS and METAL DETECTORS.

Karl ruefully reaches past his lo-fi armory, pulls out a SMALL ZIP CASE, and tucks it into the inside of his Converse.

CLUNK -- he SLAMS the trunk shut -- and --

CLUB ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

BEEP BEEP -- Karl LOCKS his car as he trots across the street -- approaching the bouncers -- that omnipresent bass THUMPING through the club's decrepit walls --

A bad tempered bouncer tries to stop him cutting the line, but Karl slips him a 500 peso note and the guy opens the rope barrier -- suddenly all smiles --

Karl walks through as another bouncer approaches --

BOUNCER
Manos sobre tu cabeza.

Karl puts his hands above his head -- as the dude runs a metal detector WAND over him -- *all clear* --

Karl walks forward -- entering the club -- heading down a --

LONG ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

PACKED with sweating revelers. It's HOT in here, not called 'INFIERNO' for nothing.

At the end of the corridor, Karl pushes through large double doors, a WALL of SOUND hitting him as he emerges in --

CLUB - CONTINUOUS

HELL. At least that's the first impression, and it sticks like gum to a shoe.

Place is a huge converted warehouse -- windows painted BLACK - lit by STROBE LIGHTS and little else. Air's thick with cigarette and weed smoke, volume all the way up to ELEVEN.

People are GOING OFF -- a sea of bodies rubbing against one another -- SKIN on SKIN -- a rippling wave of pulsating flesh, moving in unison to abrasive techno --

Karl walks unnoticed through the throng -- drops shoulders past a couple on the dance floor -- making out like it's their last night on earth...

Karl scans the room -- taking in every detail -- quickly clocking --

SECURITY -- everywhere -- BIG dudes in black suits with earpieces and GUNS swinging in underarm holsters --

Karl spies a door marked 'PRIVADO' -- right next to the busy bar -- close by a fleet of BARTENDERS who flit around getting drinks. There's a SECURITY CARD READER by the door.

Karl watches as one of the security team push a KEY CARD against the reader -- and -- GREEN LIGHT -- it OPENS --

Karl looks back across the dance floor -- turning his attention to one of the bouncers from outside -- heading in the direction of the --

LARGE NIGHTCLUB RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Numerous stalls and urinals. Air's pungent -- walls caked in decades of GRAFFITI.

The BOUNCER bends over the sink -- out of view -- we HEAR a SNORT.

He rises back up to look in the dirty mirror -- and --

WHUMP -- Karl is standing behind him --

Before the dude can react -- Karl SLAMS him FACE FIRST into the MIRROR --- CRUNCH -- it spiderwebs -- --

CRACK -- Karl stamps on the back of the bouncer's KNEE, dropping him roughly to the ground --

Karl wraps an arm around the hulking guy's neck so tight he can't scream -- drags him backwards into a --

STALL - CONTINUOUS

-- kicks the door closed -- keeps squeezing --

The Bouncer's rubber soles draw black lines on the linoleum 'til he chokes out.

Karl sits him on the toilet -- all motion -- takes the bouncer's GUN and waistbands it -- also takes a SECURITY CARD on a lanyard --

He locks the stall door, and then VAULTS up and over the top of it -- lands back in the --

RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- just as the restroom door opens -- a couple of PUNTERS walk in -- heading to the urinals as Karl walks out --

Like nothing ever happened --

CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Karl steps out of the restroom -- bad techno POUNDING.

He watches the bar that dominates one wall, his eyes locked on that door marked 'PRIVADO'.

The BARTENDER closest to the door gets an order, turns to grab a beer from a cooler -- and --

Karl moves -- FAST -- up to the door -- makes sure no one is looking -- and --

SWIPES the SECURITY CARD -- GREEN LIGHT -- Karl pushes through -- into a --

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dark in here. That MUFFLED BASS thumps through the walls --

Spray painted BARE BULBS turn everything a DEEP RED.

Numbered doorways line the corridors.

A TV crackles nearby -- commentary on a ballgame.

Karl moves down the corridor, glancing LEFT and RIGHT when -- a door pops -- ballgame gets louder as a giant TATTED GOON steps out of a BREAK ROOM --

He gets one startled look at Karl -- MOVES -- GRABS Karl and drives him back across the corridor -- CRUNCH -- the goon SLAMS Karl into the wall, BUSTING plaster --

An angry VOICE yells from the other side of the wall --

VOICE (O.S.)
(American)
Hey, what the hell?!

BAM! -- Karl HEADBUTTS the goon -- breaking his nose in an explosion of blood.

The two men GRAPPLE -- the goon's strong -- stronger than KARL -- his hands reaching up -- thumbs pressing HARD into Karl' EYES -- when --

CRUNCH-CRUNCH-CRUNCH -- Karl PISTOL WHIPS the goon on the side of the head -- dropping him with three FAST BLOWS from the handle of the gun --

We should clarify here; there's no balletic choreography in this movie. Karl isn't some military trained badass...

This isn't Jackie Chan... It's STREET VIOLENCE.

As the GOON hits the ground -- the nearby door pops open and an obese JOHN appears, wearing only his undies. American tourist.

JOHN
You mind...

The JOHN takes one look at Karl -- the gun in his hand dripping blood -- backs the HELL UP and SLAMS the door --

FAST.

Karl keeps moving -- reaches stairs -- winds his way UP --

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Even darker up here, almost pitch black. That bass keeps POUNDING. More numbered doors --

10 - 11 - 12 -

BINGO.

Karl stops by 13 -- tries the handle -- LOCKED --

A voice from the other side of the door --

VOICE (O.S.)
(*Spanish, subtitled*)
Get your own room...

A beat and -- SMASH -- Karl KICKS the door down and moves into a --

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shithole. Yellow stained walls and chipped tile floors.

ALBERTO NAVARRO(50s) stands by an old mattress on the floor, shirtless -- sweating like a pig in a sauna.

Cowering on the mattress is the young girl from the photograph.

This is Jodie. Now 18. Night-dress. Eyes dilated. Brown hair, green eyes.

Alberto stares at Karl for a moment, weighing him up --

ALBERTO
(*Spanish, subtitled*)
What? You want a turn?

He suddenly lurches for his gun -- resting in a holster beside his shirt on the floor -- but --

CRUNCH -- Karl knocks him to the ground with the butt of his gun -- kicks Alberto's piece away --

Alberto looks up at him -- SNEERS through bloodied teeth --

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
(*Spanish, subtitled*)
You got a death wish, asshole?

Karl CRACKS him again across the head with the butt of his gun -- Alberto slumps -- moaning -- barely conscious --

Karl looks over at the girl --

KARL
Jodie?

Jodie stares at Karl, her mouth hanging open, feeling like she's dreaming -- nothing seems real --

On instinct -- she suddenly heads for the door -- walking briskly past Karl -- not even looking at him -- just wanting to escape, to get the fuck out of here...

Karl GRABS her --

KARL (CONT'D)
Wait...

Jodie ERUPTS -- THRASHING -- wailing on him -- SCREAMING and SCRATCHING at his face -- HITTING him --

JODIE
Get off me, get OFF me!

Karl raises a hand to block the flailing blows --

KARL
I'm here to help you.
(*beat*)
HEY!

He SLAMS her up against the wall -- HARD -- silencing her --

KARL (CONT'D)
(*firm*)
I'm here to help you.

She cracks -- sobbing -- head dipping until --

Karl -- all business -- grips her chin and tilts her head up, examining her saucer-wide eyes --

KARL (CONT'D)
When'd they last shoot you up?

Jodie shrugs -- her voice CRACKED and HOARSE --

JODIE
Couple hours?

Quickly, Karl reaches down -- pulls the ZIP CASE from his shoe.

He opens it, revealing a SYRINGE and SMALL VIAL of NALOXONE.

JODIE (CONT'D)
(out of it)
What's that?

Karl preps the syringe, sucking the OPIOID RECEPTOR out of the small vial.

Jodie looks at it, everything moving so fast she's struggling to keep up.

JODIE (CONT'D)
What are you...

KARL
See that?

He gestures out the window -- Jodie turns that way -- and --

THUNK -- he JABS the syringe into a vein -- pumping the contents into Jodie's arm.

She looks back at him, defiant -- hardly the first time she's been forcibly injected with something...

KARL (CONT'D)
It'll straighten you out.

He looks at her eyes -- and something MOVES IN THEM --

Alberto's REFLECTION -- staggering up off the floor as --

Karl reacts -- grabs Jodie and swivels as BANG -- a GUNSHOT THUDS into the tattered wallpaper an inch from JODIE'S head --

Karl pulls his gun and BANG -- the bullet hits Alberto just below the eye -- his brains decorate the wall.

The sound of the SHOTS were brutally loud. Karl looks down at Alberto's dead body -- *knows what this means* --

KARL (CONT'D)
We need to go. NOW.

Karl heads for the door -- listening intently -- someone might have heard the gunshots --

JODIE
Who are you?

Karl looks back at her --

KARL
(quietly)
I'm your ride.

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Karl cautiously steps out -- practically holding Jodie up -- deeply unsteady on her feet.

All quiet. Coast clear.

They head towards the stairs -- walking down them -- the music THUMPING -- walls shaking as Karl tucks the gun away and pushes back through the doors and into the --

CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Lights strobe, bass pummels -- people are EVERYWHERE.

Jodie looks around -- DISORIENTED and AFRAID -- her world swimming.

Karl scopes the joint -- sees activity by the restroom, security rushing in -- that gigantic BOUNCER being carried out -- nose broken -- security mobilizing --

Karl grabs Jodie's hand -- pulling her roughly through the hordes, back towards the main entrance -- when --

Heavily ARMED GUARDS swarm through INTO THE CLUB -- BLOCKING the exit --

One locks eyes with Karl -- recognizing him -- POINTING -- SHOUTING now as he sees Jodie --

Multiple guns are drawn in unison -- as --

Karl moves back into the heaving, oblivious crowd -- and --

BANG-BANG-BANG!

He grabs his gun and FIRES directly into the air --

Even with the pounding music the sound is deafeningly LOUD.

Revelers FREAK -- a mass STAMPEDE -- RUSHING the security and FORCING their way towards the exits.

RATATATAT -- the SCREAM of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE -- bullets cut through the crowd -- murder on the dance floor as the goons open fire on Karl --

Karl DRAGS Jodie to a nearby door, LOCKED UP TIGHT --

The entire SECURITY contingent are now honing in on him, BULLETS raining down -- multiple casualties -- the bouncers heavily ARMED and moving FAST through the terrified crowd.

BANG -- Karl SHOOTS the lock off the door -- KICKS it open, pulls Jodie through into a --

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Moving fast now -- Jodie struggling to keep up, wilting like a flower in the heat and intensity --

Karl has to prop her with one arm while he pushes through a door into a --

COKE CUTTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

MEN and WOMEN -- all in their UNDERWEAR so they can't steal the merch -- cutting kilos of COKE with BABY POWDER -- all wearing N95 masks --

They look rattled as Karl and Jodie move through, frantically searching for an exit when --

BAD MEN push in from the other side -- four GOONS with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS -- BADABADABADA --

They open fire -- cutting down some of the workers -- sending coke clouds billowing up into the air --

GOON #1
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
Woah woah woah... watch the
merchandise!

Karl drops below a counter -- DRAGGING Jodie with him.

A beat -- then he leans out and opens fire -- BANG -- clips one goon -- sends him spiraling -- and --

RATATATAT -- the dying goon sprays lead as he falls, shredding the guy next to him --

Two down -- two to go.

They stalk through the room as the under-dressed and masked employees RUN for their lives --

Two goons with AKs -- closing in on Karl and Jodie --

Karl reaches up -- grabs a weighty BAG OF COKE -- and --

He slides it along the floor -- aims and BANG! -- it explodes in a billowing cloud of class A narcotics --

The goons -- getting showered in it -- STAGGERING back, COUGHING and CHOKING -- as --

Karl stands and BANG!BANG!BANG! -- he cuts them down.

Jodie's on the floor, still shaking -- deafened by the gunfire.

Karl GRABS her hand -- pulls her towards a --

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Karl looks LEFT and RIGHT -- sees a FIRE EXIT ahead --

BAM -- they push through it -- ALARMS immediately start SCREAMING OUT -- as they move into a --

PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The back of the club -- a chainlink fence topped with razorwire, and a large GATE sealed with a CHAIN and LOCK. There's a bunch of cars parked back here.

Karl RUSHES to the fence -- looks through onto the street where he sees --

GUARDS swarming all over his AUDI --

Fuck.

They've forced open the trunk and are visibly reacting to the sight of the GUNS and OTHER WEAPONS that lie within --

Karl moves back towards Jodie -- standing by the door --

Guards are SPRINTING down the corridor in their direction --

No way back.

Karl scans the lot -- all those cars lined up -- takes Jodie's hand and pulls her towards them.

Most are old beaters, but one in particular catches his eye.

We see it from the rear --

On the left side -- PLYMOUTH -- on the right -- BARRACUDA --

Because this is a 1973 Plymouth Barracuda, and if you don't know what that is, Google it, we'll wait...

Pretty sexy right?

This one's in mint condition -- someone's pride and joy -- a deep ORANGE with BLACK accents.

Karl rushes to the driver's side -- pulls his KEYCHAIN --

On it -- a retractable wire like an old radio antenna -- he extends it, wedges it down between the metal and glass --

CLUNK - jimmies the door expertly

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS

Karl climbs in -- scans the interior -- BRIGHT and BRASH, two SOLID GOLD SKULLS dangling from the rear view mirror --

He reaches under the wheel -- pulls out a handful of colored wires -- *starts working them* --

Jodie gets in the passenger side -- as --

VROOM -- the ROAR of a 7.0 Liter, 425bhp, V8 HEMI.

The headlights come on -- lighting up a swarm of goons with assault rifles BURSTING out of the building --

The goons fan out -- but as they see the 'Cuda they get NERVOUS to approach or open fire --

Without a word, Karl reaches over and pulls Jodie's seatbelt across her -- buckles her in.

He checks his mirror -- those guards moving up on the car, in formation --

JODIE

What are they doing?

KARL

Not gonna stop to ask.

CLUNK -- Karl shifts into FIRST -- hits the gas -- and --

WHUMP -- we're off -- tires squealing as the 'cuda hurtles across the asphalt towards that LOCKED GATE --

Karl -- FOCUSED -- UNFLINCHING --

Jodie -- screwing her eyes closed -- as --

BAM -- the steel bumper makes light work of the lock -- and the 'cuda SMASHES through the GATE --

EXT. SAN FERNANDO - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

-- FISHTAILS out into traffic, SLIDING between a BUS and a TAXI -- then SWERVING and POWERING around them -- as --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl checks his rearview -- a beat --

He made it.

He glances over at Jodie, nestled in the seat --

Suddenly -- EEEEEEEEEEEK --

SIX SUVs SQUEAL out behind them --

Karl -- doesn't panic -- all focus -- all movement --

WHUMP -- he drops gears -- SWERVES out into traffic, hits the gas and rounds a truck, cutting back into lane -- just as the ONCOMING TRAFFIC hurtles past them with HORNS BLARING --

Jodie's watching Karl -- more impressed than scared --

KARL

Don't...

JODIE

What?

KARL

You're staring...

She faces the front -- as --

Karl JACKS the parking brake -- SPINS the wheel -- and DRIFTS RIGHT down an --

ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Karl's eyes constantly shift from the WINDSHIELD to the REAR VIEW and back again --

The SUVs make the turn behind him. Karl hits the gas but --

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP -- up ahead -- a GARBAGE TRUCK backs down the other end of the alley, completely BLOCKING it --

JODIE

Look out!

Karl shoots her a look then -- SLAMS on the BRAKES --

The 'cuda's tires leave thick black lines down the alleyway floor as it screeches to a halt an INCH from the truck.

CLUNK -- Karl shifts into REVERSE -- arm around the passenger seat -- looking back down the alley as he STOMPS the gas and starts REVERSING at HIGH SPEED --

STRAIGHT TOWARDS the oncoming SUVs --

The gap is closing RAPIDLY --

He GUNS the throttle -- driving BACKWARDS -- straight at the SUVs -- a game of chicken --

JODIE (CONT'D)

They're not moving...

Karl punches the gas -- HURTLING towards them.

JODIE (CONT'D)

(louder)

THEY'RE NOT MOVING...

JUST before they collide -- SCREECH -- Karl YANKS the parking brake and drifts LEFT into the back EXIT of an --

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

CRUNCH -- still going BACKWARDS -- the 'cuda SMASHES through the barrier --

He FLOORS the gas -- powering backward -- just as --

The PARKING ATTENDANT rushes out of his booth, watching the 'cuda tear off -- the WRONG WAY and BACKWARDS -- into his parking lot -- when --

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP -- those SIX SUVs shoot past him after it --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl is winding the 'cuda DOWN the SPIRALING RAMPS of this vast parking structure at HIGH VELOCITY --

ROUND and ROUND and STILL in REVERSE -- it's DIZZYING --

Jodie looks green -- but Karl maintains total control -- the back fender of the 'cuda never more than an INCH from the solid CONCRETE WALL --

Karl glances forward through the windshield -- sees those SUVs gaining fast, still in hot pursuit -- SHIT! --

He cuts out of the spiral onto one of the underground floors of the parking lot -- spins the car in a J-TURN like the ghost of Starsky --

CLUNK - 1st gear -- he quickly accelerates -- BLASTS across the underground lot doing 70mph --

Karl weaves IN and OUT of thick concrete pillars -- the SUV's in hot pursuit right behind him -- as suddenly --

RAT-A-TAT-TAT --

They unleash machine gun fire -- shattering parked car windshields in a hail of lead --

Karl pulls the BRAKE again -- drifts between two parked vehicles -- and cuts onto the ENTRANCE RAMP -- now going BACK UP -- INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC

He SCRAPES past a car that's making its way DOWN -- as he winds ever higher --

The SUVs that tried to follow are too big and get snarled up with the car coming down --

Karl checks his rear view -- jacked up traffic and blasting horns. *SUVs not getting through.*

Karl allows himself a smile as --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

SMASH -- he crashes through the parking lot entrance, and out onto the street --

Karl looks to Jodie --

KARL

You okay?

She's in shock -- manages to nod -- but her eyes SCREAM '*are you fucking serious?*'

CLUNK -- car shifts in to first -- pedal to the metal as the 'cuda ROCKETS down the street.

Karl, still moving forward, clocks the rear view -- sees --

That garbage truck -- behind him -- smiles wryly --

Obstacle overcome.

Suddenly -- a SCREECH of tires -- and a CAR fishtails out of an alleyway in front of the truck, amidst plumes of burning rubber --

It's Karl's AUDI -- being driven by a WOMAN in a SKULL MASK -

The AUDI accelerates ALONGSIDE the 'cuda -- Karl glances across, Skull Mask GRINS back -- then -- holds up an Uzi.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT -- the driver's side window EXPLODES -- showers Karl and Jodie with broken glass --

Karl hits the brakes -- the Audi ROCKETS forward as another spray of bullets RIP out of the UZI and across the road --

Karl drops gears -- hits the gas -- tearing across multiple busy lanes of traffic -- the Audi in hot pursuit -- as they both cut onto a BELTWAY that wraps around the city --

Karl glances at Jodie -- looking ANNOYED -- a trace of FEAR in his eyes --

KARL (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Jodie -- unsure what he means --

KARL (CONT'D)

WHO ARE YOU?!

JODIE

I'm nobody...

KARL

Bullshit.

Karl -- talking while drifting expertly between traffic --

KARL (CONT'D)
I've done this before. Been paid to
ex-fil girls like you...

JODIE
(angry)
What does that mean.

The speedometer is pushing 100mph. He looks at the RS4 in
the rear view -- practically riding the 'Cuda's back bumper.

Karl's face -- *fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck* --

KARL
It means I've never seen a gang
send a sicario after a small bill
hooker... so who the hell are you?

JODIE
You know who Maxim Navarro is?

KARL
Yeah, I know who he is...

Karl drops gears and POWERS around an 18 wheeler with the RS4
in close pursuit --

JODIE
That man you shot back there... in
the room with me...
(beat)
That was his brother.

Karl's reaction -- *WHAT - THE - FUCK???*

KARL
I killed Maxim Navarro's brother?

But there's more...

JODIE
...and you just stole his car.

Jodie's haunted eyes bore into Karl as he looks around the
tricked out interior of the 'cuda -- REALIZATION dawning --

KARL
Shit!

BRRRRNG -- the muffled sound of a CELLPHONE chimes out,
breaking the moment.

Karl's eyes flicker around the car's interior -- looking for the source -- finally landing on the GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

Jodie pulls it open. Nestled alongside a GOLD PLATED GLOCK, is a ringing iPhone.

JODIE

Want me to take a message?

Karl snatches it from her -- considers -- then -- he hits ANSWER --

DINK - the screen FILLS with the FACE of Max Navarro - 60s, grizzled, one eye blue, one eye brown -- gold skull rings on gnarled fingers.

He glowers at Karl --

MAX

So you're the dead man who killed
my little brother and stole my
ride?

Karl glances in the rearview -- his battered old Audi still keeping pace --

KARL

I took your ride, you took mine.
Call it even?

Max smiles -- *like a shark* --

MAX

Your car's very nice. Lot of
modifications. But it's cheap.
There's a lot of cars out there
like that, belonging to low class
street racers like you.

KARL

Guess again...

MAX

(interesting)

The Barracuda on the other hand is
a classic. And that one in
particular is irreplaceable. So we
are even, only when I have it back,
and when you have lost something
you love, the way I loved my
brother.

VROOOM -- the RS4 rockets up alongside the 'cuda --

MAX (CONT'D)

She's going to kill you, cabron. A
tire over your head, set on fire,
burns slowly for days.

(beat)

You'll burn too.

KARL

You're right about the 'cuda. It is
a classic.

The RS4 is inches away from Karl -- the SKULL MASK leers in --
SWERVING closer, forcing Karl to swerve away, tires rumbling
across the gritty potholes at the side of the road.

Skull Mask brings up a DESERT EAGLE -- aims squarely at Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)

But you're also right about my car.
It has a lot of modifications...

Karl pulls his Audi KEYCHAIN from his pocket, Skull Mask
about to pull the trigger --

Max's face dropping as --

CLICK! -- Karl hits a button and looks over at the RS4,
locking eyes with SKULL MASK -- as --

CLUNK -- the Audi DIES -- engine CUT --

Skull Mask wrestles the wheel, losing control -- she hits the
brakes and the RS4 SPINS to a SCREECHING HALT.

MAX

(*in Spanish*)

You son of a bitch, I'll rip out
your eyes and...

CLICK -- Karl abruptly hangs up on Max --

Jodie excitedly looks back through the rear window at the
AUDI -- sitting in a cloud of burnt-rubber smoke --

JODIE

(*impressed*)

You're full of surprises...

Suddenly -- from behind them -- a SOUND -- BANG! --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Down low -- rushing along the ROAD SURFACE -- a BULLET slams into the 'Cuda's right rear tire...

The tire EXPLODES --

Karl -- at the wheel -- wrestles the car to keep it on the road -- rubber slaps asphalt -- the rim hits the road and SPARKS fly --

Jodie looks back over her shoulder -- sees Skull Mask standing in the road by the Audi, holding the DESERT EAGLE --

Thick smoke drifts from the barrel --

Skull Mask's waving slowly -- as Karl pulls the 'cuda off an EXIT RAMP and out of sight.

Jodie stares back anxiously for a beat -- no sign of any more pursuers --

JODIE

They're not following us.

KARL

They will.

JODIE

Can you out run them?

KARL

Not on three wheels...

Karl pulls out his own CELLPHONE -- speed dials a number, slots it into a gaudy leopard print phone holder mounted on the dash --

It rings -- and then --

The screen comes to life revealing a friendly face --

This is FRANCISCO, 40s -- sleepy, woken up by the call --

FRANCISCO

(in Spanish, subtitles)

Hey, it's late, everything okay?

(eyes coming online)

Wait, where's the Audi?

KARL

(in Spanish)

Long story. Need a rear right tire for a '73 Barracuda.

FRANCISCO
(*in Spanish*)
You run a nail?

KARL
(*in Spanish*)
Something like that...

FRANCISCO
(*in Spanish*)
Bring her in, we'll get you set.

KARL
(*in Spanish*)
On my way. And Francisco... Flying
visit, pit-crew speed...

Francisco -- clearly knows the drill and realizes something's rotten in San Fernando -- hauling his ass out of bed --

FRANCISCO
Oh, dios mio...

CLICK. Karl hangs up -- can feel Jodie's eyes on him.

He glances at her -- annoyed she's staring again --

JODIE
You said you'd done this before?

Karl nods in the affirmative.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Why?

Karl clearly doesn't want to talk about anything personal.

KARL
No questions.

A beat as they ride in silence -- just the sound of that busted tire getting torn up by the asphalt.

Jodie GLARES at him -- wants answers -- finally he relents, reaches for his phone -- dials another number --

It rings and then -- a FACE fills the screen -- sitting in an OFFICE BOARDROOM --

This is MEREDITH PALMER (late 60s, *ball busting business woman*). She looks tired and wired.

PALMER
Tell me you got her?

Karl -- doesn't much like Palmer -- angles the phone holder to reveal Jodie --

PALMER (CONT'D)

Jodie?

Jodie squirms -- scared of new faces --

Karl points the camera back at himself.

KARL

There's a problem...

PALMER

What happened?

Karl grimaces -- *not ready to confess his fuck up* --

KARL

Stirred up a hornet's nest.

PALMER

I believe in you Karl.

He rolls his eyes --

PALMER (CONT'D)

How far are you from the border?

KARL

Hundred miles and change. I'm stuck in the city with a flat.

Palmer struggles to conceal her concern -- leans in --

PALMER

Jodie, I'm Meredith Palmer, I know you must be scared and have a lot of questions about what just happened...

(beat)

I run a boutique operation, specializing in reuniting missing persons like you with their families.

(beat)

Are you okay?

Jodie just stares at the screen --

PALMER (CONT'D)

Karl is gonna bring you back across the border.

(MORE)

PALMER (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're coming home.

Palmer stands up, picking up the iPad --

PALMER (CONT'D)

There's some people here who'd like
to see you...

She moves into an adjacent room and sets the iPad down in
front of --

Jodie's PARENTS -- MOM and DAD -- well dressed, neatly
pressed.

Beside them is family friend DREW RICHARDS (50s, sharp suit)
and his daughter LIA (18).

Jodie's DAD is in shock -- MOM in tears -- looking at their
daughter for the first time in FOUR LONG YEARS.

MOM

Jodie, baby?

Tears now FLOW like running water --

DAD

Jodie, we love you, we never
stopped looking...

Dad's voice starts to crack with emotion. Jodie just stares
at them blankly -- feeling numb --

MOM

Jodie, Jodie are you okay?

(to Palmer)

Why won't she talk to us? Jodie?

Lia steps forward, her young eyes shimmering with tears --

LIA

I knew we'd find you. We never
stopped...

Lia's voice trails off -- Jodie doesn't respond -- looks at
her friend coldly...

LIA (CONT'D)

Jodie?

Tears break their banks and start rolling down her cheeks as
her dad starts to comfort her.

DREW

It's okay, honey, she's just...

Jodie reaches out -- abruptly HANGS UP the call -- the screen CUTTING OUT.

Karl says nothing -- drives in silence -- just the rhythmic - slap-slap-slap of that blow-out hitting the road --

His cellphone starts to ring again -- that same number Karl dialed flashing on the screen --

He reaches to answer it -- but --

JODIE

Don't. Please.

Karl pulls his hand away -- lets the phone ring out.

They drive in silence for a moment -- then --

JODIE (CONT'D)

How much do they pay you?

Another long beat.

KARL

Thirty grand.

JODIE

Is that all I'm worth?

Karl side eyes her -- a slight dent in his armor showing --

KARL

It's all I'm worth.

Another beat -- the car rumbling through the city -- his turn to ask a question --

KARL (CONT'D)

Who was the girl?

Jodie sighs.

JODIE

My best friend. Her dad, Drew... he was my father's business partner.

KARL

They must've missed you.

JODIE

I'm not the kid they remember.

She turns and looks out the window, watching with sad eyes as the city slowly passes by outside --

Karl pulls off the road and into --

EXT. FRANCISCO'S MECHANICS - CONTINUOUS

San Fernando's industrial district -- broken down old warehouses, junkyards, faceless factories and chop shops --

We're looking FRONT ON a MECHANICS called FRANCISCO's --

A homeless man sits out front -- huddled in soiled blankets --

He hears a distant sound -- looks up at the road to see --

The wounded Barracuda -- lurching towards him --

SCREECH -- the 'cuda comes to a HALT.

CLUNK -- Karl hits REVERSE -- and swoops backwards -- headed for the ENTRANCE to the workshop -- BUMPS through an open metal shuttered door -- into --

WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Karl reverses expertly onto a HYDRAULIC CAR LIFTER -- cuts the engine as the workshop's front shutter closes --

KARL
(to Jodie)
Wait here...

But instead she pops the door -- stepping out -- rushing for a side door to the workshop that leads to a small patch of dirt --

Karl hops out fast -- ready to give chase when --

Jodie stops -- standing in the doorway -- just BREATHING in the air from outside.

Karl watches her -- she takes a few steps and sits on a low wall --

WHIRRRRR -- the car starts to rise up on the lift --

Karl turns to meet -- FRANCISCO -- holding the lifter controls.

CLUNK -- Francisco stops the lifter with the car about a foot off the floor.

Francisco eyes the 'Cuda with suspicion --

FRANCISCO
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Where'd you get this?

KARL
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Was just lyin' around.

FRANCISCO
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Does this belong to who I think it
does?

Karl ignores him -- grabs a POWER-WRENCH off a counter --

VRUMP -- starts undoing the lugs on the shredded tire.

KARL
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Need a key for the ignition...

Francisco runs his hands over the 'Cuda's pristine bodywork,
touching the buckled metalwork of a BULLETHOLE --

FRANCISCO
(*Spanish, subtitled*)
Must have misplaced yours...

Karl smiles at that one --

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)
(*in English, pointed*)
There is probably not a worse car
in the world you could steal, than
this one.

Francisco picks up a DEVICE -- reaches into the 'cuda and
attaches it to the KEY SLOT behind the wheel --

Francisco hits a switch on the device and it starts WHIRRING
and CLICKING --

VRUMP -- another lug removed -- Karl hefts the shredded tire
off the car -- as Francisco moves over to a KEY CUTTING
MACHINE, attached to the DEVICE by a long wire --

He looks back out the door to Jodie -- still sitting on that
wall -- quiet, alone, quivering in the cold night air --

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Who is she?

KARL
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 I get a photo and a room number...

Karl rolls the new tire over to the 'cuda -- lifts it on --

FRANCISCO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 Where you takin' her?

Karl looks through that open door at Jodie --

KARL
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 Home.

BEEP -- greenlight on the key-cutting device -- Francisco jams a BLANK KEY in the cutter and it starts to WHIR and GRIND --

Karl -- still watching Jodie through the door. Francisco clocks his concern --

FRANCISCO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 I'll finish up here...

Karl nods -- gets his meaning --

EXT. FRANCISCO'S MECHANICS - NIGHT

Karl steps out to check on Jodie --

She gasps as he approaches -- as if snapping back to reality.

JODIE
 What happens when we get there?

KARL
 I drop you a quarter mile from the Texas border. You walk across. Palmer and your parents will be waiting for you on the other side.

JODIE
 You're not coming with me?

KARL
 I can't cross the border.

JODIE
 Why?

He glances at her -- *doesn't want to answer that* --

JODIE (CONT'D)

So then what happens to you?

KARL

They wire me the money, and I disappear.

A beat -- then --

JODIE

Why do you do this?

KARL

I told you...

JODIE

Bullshit. There are easier ways to make thirty grand.

Karl sits down on the wall next to her --

In the B.G we can see Francisco replacing the shot tire -- gassing the car up --

KARL

When I was a kid, all I ever wanted to be was a race car driver.

Jodie looks at him, trying to imagine this grizzled man ever having been a child --

KARL (CONT'D)

I grew up in El Paso. Dad died young, mom was strung out on oxy.

(beat)

The only people who'd look out for me were a bad crew.

(beat)

Every day for two years I'd leave my mom's place, walk to the corners, and I'd pass an old auto-shop.

(beat)

At the back, tucked away, half-under an old dust sheet was this car. An Audi.

(beat)

It was beat half to hell. Torn up in an autowreck. But something about it was calling to me, so I saved the money I made selling drugs and I bought it.

Jodie -- enthralled --

KARL (CONT'D)

I fixed her up where I could. A little here and there when I had the money for parts. She wasn't just a car. She was my ride. My ticket out of there.

(beat)

And then one day I got busted. Sold dope to some undercover narc on the corner.

JODIE

Then what?

Karl -- regretting opening up --

KARL

It doesn't matter.

JODIE

I haven't had a meaningful conversation with a human being since I was thirteen... and back then all I talked about was Taylor Swift and Outer Banks...

KARL

Both still going strong.

JODIE

You're kidding?

Karl smiles.

JODIE (CONT'D)

So, you go to prison?

KARL

Never made it that far.

Jodie -- intrigued --

KARL (CONT'D)

I was on the prison transport bus on my way to county, and the left rear tire popped in the heat. Bus flipped, and I got out.

JODIE

You escaped?

KARL

(nods)

I walked sixteen miles in a hundred and twenty degree heat, all the way back home.

JODIE

That doesn't sound smart.

KARL

Wasn't gonna leave my girl.

JODIE

That's romantic...

(realization, eye roll)

Wait. You're talking about the car?

KARL

I got in, fired her up... shot across the border and drove her til the tank was empty.

(beat)

Made the FBI most wanted list for about five minutes, which was pretty cool...

Jodie shrugs -- *yeah, that's pretty cool --*

KARL (CONT'D)

So... I cross that border again, I go to jail.

Jodie holds her hands up --

JODIE

Okay. So I walk the last part.

(beat)

But you still didn't answer me...

(beat)

Why are you doing this?

Before Karl can say any more -- Francisco appears at the doorway --

FRANCISCO

She's ready...

Karl -- back on the clock --

KARL

Let's go...

INT. FRANCISCO'S MECHANICS - NIGHT

CLUNK -- the lifter lowers and the 'Cuda' jolts as the four tires connect with the ground --

Karl's behind the wheel -- Jodie in the passenger seat --

Francisco stands by the driver's side window --

FRANCISCO
I found your culprit...

He holds up a gnarled BULLET -- plucked from the shot tire --

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
That ain't no nail.

KARL
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Like I said, I'm in a hurry.

MARIA (O.S.)
You better be, to outrun a bullet.

Karl turns to see Francisco's wife MARIA (40s) coming into the workshop -- carrying a basket of iced waters, sodas and fresh, delicious tortas--

KARL
Maria...

MARIA
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Made you up some supplies.

KARL
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
You didn't have to...

MARIA
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
It's my pleasure. And you need feeding up, you're too skinny.

She moves past him, opens the door and slides the basket in the back --

MARIA (CONT'D)
(*to Jodie*)
Hola, chica.

Jodie looks at her with scared, puppy dog eyes --

MARIA (CONT'D)
 Help yourself...

Jodie -- a beat -- then she SNATCHES a SODA from the basket and GUZZLES it --

Francisco passes Karl a fresh cut IGNITION KEY -- with a SANTA MUERTE keychain dangling from it.

FRANCISCO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 Here's your key.

Off Karl's reaction to the keychain --

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)
(Spanish, subtitled)
 Santa Muerte. She'll bring you luck.

He pats the roof of the car.

FRANCISCO (CONT'D)
(Spanish, subtitled)
 She's gassed up, should be enough to get you there.

Karl takes the key -- inserts it --

KARL
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 What do I owe you?

FRANCISCO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 On the house...

KARL
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 Fran...

They lock eyes -- a moment between two old friends --

KARL (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 Get you next time?

Francisco -- drawing serious --

FRANCISCO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
 Karl... if this car belongs to who I think it does, you can't come back here.

Those words lay heavy on Karl -- he nods goodbye -- fires up the engine --

The ROAR vibrates inside the enclosed space -- the shutter doors start to rise up before him --

Karl REVS the ENGINE -- shifts into gear -- one last look at Francisco and WHOOSH -- he rockets out of the workshop.

Maria looks over at her husband -- concerned --

MARIA
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Who does the car belong to?

We PUSH IN on Francisco --

FRANCISCO
El Diablo.

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl steers the 'cuda across the forecourt -- and out onto the street -- past the homeless guy -- who WE SEE tucking a FLIP PHONE back in his pocket --

Jodie takes a bite from one of the tortas like she hasn't eaten in a couple of months.

JODIE
(*through the mouthful*)
Nice friends you got...

Silence.

Karl checks his rear view -- starting to build speed, when --

He clocks something -- eyes locked on the reflection, widening because --

The AUDI and the fleet of SUVs are pulling to the side of the road by Francisco's place --

Karl hits the brakes and rolls to a stop -- eyes on that rear view as he sees MEN with GUNS climbing out of the vehicles --

MAX NAVARRO is among them -- elegantly suited and booted --

Jodie looks back -- suddenly panicked --

JODIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing? We gotta go.

CLUNK -- Karl spins the car around -- starts heading back down the dead straight road towards Francisco's --

He sees Francisco and Maria walk out to greet the posse --

Gesturing and gesticulation -- and --

Karl presses down on the gas -- rocketing forwards now --

KARL
(under his breath)
Come on...

Jodie's starting to panic --

JODIE
What are you doing?

Suddenly -- FROM KARL'S POV -- two hundred yards down the road -- Max pulls a gun and BANG!

He shoots Francisco -- dropping him in a cloud of RED MIST.

Maria RUSHES to her husband, SCREAMING -- and --

BANG! BANG! Max SHOOTS her twice in the back of the head.

Karl hits the brakes -- SCREECHES to a stop -- watches aghast through the windshield as Maria and Francisco's bodies bleed out in the dirt --

He grips the wheel white-kuckle TIGHT.

Max looks down the long, straight road at his Barracuda --

He can't keep the smile from his face --

Because he's sending a message.

Anyone who aids and abets Karl Carter DIES.

Karl stares at Max through the windshield with purest hate.

The homeless man stares up at Max -- terrified --

HOMELESS GUY
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Don't hurt me, I called you...

Max glances to the old guy on the floor -- pulls out a money clip -- palms off a serious wad of cash and hands it to the guy.

MAX
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Thanks for the tip.

He brings up the GUN -- knowing Karl is too far away to hit, but enjoying the pantomime regardless.

He pretends to shoot --

MAX (CONT'D)
Bang!

Karl glares at him for a second longer --

MAX (CONT'D)
(*to his men in Spanish*)
Kill them both.

Skull Mask and Max's men RUSH back to their vehicles, engines ROARING to life.

JODIE
We have to go!

Karl is staring down the road -- transfixed by the distant bodies of his dead friends, lying in the dirt --

The pursuing posse are rolling down the road towards him.

JODIE (CONT'D)
HEY! Mister!

She slams her hand on the HORN -- BWAAM -- Karl snaps back on the clock --

CLUNK -- first gear -- VROOOOM -- the Barracuda SPINS 180 and RIPS off the starting block with INSANE HORSEPOWER --

CU - Karl -- glaring into that rear view -- a fire now burning in his eyes.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Look out...

Karl's eyes SNAP forward as UP AHEAD -- MORE gang VEHICLES hurtle towards him -- boxing him in -- until --

CLUNK -- Karl jacks the brake -- drifts left onto a NARROW COBBLESTONE ROAD -- HAIRPIN BENDS winding UP a HILL towards San Fernando's dilapidated OLD TOWN --

Karl's old school Audi and that convoy of SEDANS and SUVs follow -- sweeping up the hill like a SNAKE --

The hairpin bends are TIGHT AS FUCK -- Karl has to slow the 'cuda to a crawl to make the turn -- then boosts forward as fast as he can until the next one.

It's a LURCH from BREAKNECK PACE to SCREECHING BRAKES and REPEAT -- with the Audi and SUVs doing the same all the way up -- until they reach --

SAN FERNANDO - OLD TOWN - CONTINUOUS

More narrow, cobbled streets -- towering solid stone walls, punctuated by lush, wetland vegetation --

No grid system, just a maze of ancient twisting alleyways.

VROOOM -- the 'cuda rockets through a crumbling archway and into the narrow lanes --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

'Cuda's BIG -- not made for this terrain -- BAM -- the passenger side wing mirror is TORN OFF as Karl throws the heavy car around a tight turn --

He downshifts -- takes a left, then a right -- a man possessed, hands and feet working on instinct -- no time to BLINK -- let alone THINK --

CRUNCH -- he fishtails a corner -- tail end SCRAPING against a stone wall with a shower of sparks as --

BEHIND -- the RS4 -- nimble, balanced, smaller frame and Quattro powered drivetrain -- unbelievable traction, cornering on rails --

The 'cuda bursts out of a narrow street into the old town's SQUARE -- roads shooting off in four directions -- closed down RESTAURANTS, BARS and CLUBS on either side -- a statuesque FOUNTAIN in the center --

Karl -- an idea --

KARL

Hold on!

Jodie's hand -- gripping the door white-knuckle tight --

JODIE

(rising panic)

What are you doing!?

Karl spins the wheel -- taps the brake -- drifting around the central fountain in a full 360 donut -- rear tires kicking up a storm of DEBRIS, SMOKE and BURNT RUBBER --

The RS4 -- in close pursuit -- circling the fountain in a controlled drift --

INT. RS4 - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

BLACK SMOKE drifts across the windshield from the 'cuda's tires -- Skull Mask BLINDED -- as --

By cover of smoke -- Karl CRUNCHES through a restaurant's outdoor seating -- then ROCKETS down one of the offshoot alleyways --

Skull Mask has no visibility -- forced to BRAKE -- head on a swivel as the smoke clears and the 'cuda is GONE.

Skull mask scans every street -- looking for clues -- finding none --

SKULL MASK
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Oh you're fun, aren't you...

She slams the car into FIRST -- and takes off -- as --

WHUMP -

OLD TOWN - CONTINUOUS

We SHOOT UP into the sky -- God's view of the streets below --

The orange 'cuda taking tight TURNS and CORNERS through the labyrinthine Old Town -- those SUVs and SEDANS beetling around like Pac-man ghosts -- searching for the --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl SWERVES around another tight bend -- fender SCRAPING the wall -- another SHOWER OF SPARKS -- heading DOWN the other side of the steep hill --

JODIE
You know a way out of here?

Karl -- eyes darting between WINDSHIELD and REARVIEW --

The 'Cuda barrels down the TIGHTEST of lanes -- the remaining wing mirror SCRAPING the ancient wall --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Are we gonna fit?

HURTLING NOW -- accelerating fast -- micro-adjustments to the wheel -- until --

Three SUVs -- headed straight towards them -- UP the hill --

SCREECH -- Karl hits the brakes -- CLUNK -- REVERSE -- he HAMMERS the gas -- ROARING BACKWARDS -- around the BEND --

OUT OF SIGHT for the briefest moment where -- he WRENCHES the wheel and swoops 90 DEGREES into a DEAD-END ALLEY -- and --

STOPS -- kills engine -- cuts lights.

Karl and Jodie sit in DARKNESS as --

WHUMP -- those three SUVs ROCKET past -- no idea they're there.

A beat -- coast clear --

CU - key turns in ignition --

CU - lights come back ON -- and --

VROOOM --

The 'Cuda cuts back out onto the street -- headed AWAY from the SUVs -- DOWN that steep hill --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Where'd you learn to drive like this?

Karl -- eyes flitting around -- checking every angle as he rockets down the narrow curved street at 60mph --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Don't talk much, huh?

Karl shoots her a look -- she turns back to the windshield and --

JODIE (CONT'D)
LOOK OUT!

Karl -- back on the clock -- facing forward directly in to -

BLINDING HEADLIGHTS -- a PICK UP TRUCK bombing straight UP the hill towards them --

SCREEECH -- Karl hits the brakes -- as --

BAM! -- the two FRONT GRILLS collide.

Karl presses on the accelerator to stop them from being pushed backwards UP the hill --

The goon driving the pick-up floors it -- truck TIRES spinning -- BLACK SMOKE rising --

Karl does the same -- and for a moment the two vehicles go at it, FACE to FACE -- HEAD to HEAD --

Karl looks back -- sees MORE headlights heading their way, down the hill -- approaching from the rear -- planning to box them in --

Karl pushes his foot to the floor -- the 'cuda's engine ROARING out in the night now -- tires SCREAMING --

It seems like an even match -- locked in equilibrium -- neither vehicle budging -- but --

The 'cuda is STRONGER and more POWERFUL. It starts forcing the pickup BACKWARDS down the narrow lane --

The driver of the truck wrestles the vehicle -- but he's quickly losing control. Karl looks back -- those other bad guys BEHIND THEM getting closer and closer and closer --

In the car in front -- the driver and his passenger both reach for their GUNS -- but Karl moves faster, aiming out the side window -- and --

BANG!BANG!BANG! -- Karl SHATTERS the truck windshield and SHOOTs both of them -- blood mixing with the spidered glass --

Karl stops the car -- looks back one last time. Those approaching HEADLIGHTS now closer than ever.

Behind the truck -- more HEADLIGHTS -- coming UP the hill.

We PUSH IN on Karl's face -- *fuckfuckfuckfuck* --

He gets out of the car -- STRIDES quickly towards the buckled pickup truck --

JODIE (CONT'D)

Where you going?

Karl reaches in -- one of the guys isn't dead -- just badly injured and barely able to move.

The wounded man looks up at Karl, struggling to bring his gun up -- BANG -- Karl finishes the job -- reaches past the fresh corpse -- jams the truck into neutral --

He puts his foot on the front fender and gives it a shove --

The truck starts rolling BACK down the old cobbled road,
gaining SPEED -- heading towards those oncoming goons --

They see the truck -- hurtling BACKWARDS -- straight towards
them -- start BEEPING -- trying to REVERSE when --

CRUNCH -- the truck collides with the hastily retreating
sedans and blocks the road in a hail of shattered GLASS and
SMOKE.

CLUNK - 'cuda into FIRST -- gas pedal floored -- as the 'cuda
swirls right and rockets through a gateway and OUT of old
town --

ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The 'cuda HAULS ASS through moonlit countryside -- the city
in the far rear-view --

Lining the road is hot and sweaty WETLAND -- soupy swamp-
water and dense green trees --

SUPER: 84 miles to US border.

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl -- with his eyes focused on the road ahead -- foot
pushing the gas pedal through the floor --

The 'cuda is moving so fast Karl's wrists are shaking from
the exertion of keeping the heavy steering wheel straight.

Jodie watches the speedometer RISING and RISING --

JODIE

Hey...

Silence.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Slow down.

The needle keeps rising -- *fasterandfasterandfaster* --

JODIE (CONT'D)

HEY!

He ignores her -- now doing 120mph and climbing -- tires
skimming the asphalt surface like the car might take off --

JODIE (CONT'D)
STOP THE CAR!

Karl glances at her --

KARL
What?

Jodie looks at him with desperate eyes -- then --

JODIE
I need to pee.

Karl's face -- annoyed --

KARL
We can't stop.

JODIE
(*looking around*)
I guess I could go in a bottle. But
it's not as easy for me as it is
for you...

Karl glares at her --

JODIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!

A beat -- then --

CRUNCH -- Karl hits the brakes, car gliding -- speed ramping
down -- his eyes scanning their surroundings for a pitstop --

The Barracuda pulls into a --

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

-- rolls to a stop outside.

Place is rundown -- surrounded by trees -- ROTTEN WOOD and
BROKEN GLASS with fluorescents throwing dim light out onto a
grassy forecourt.

The setting is dead quiet. Spooky.

KARL
Ok, let's go.

JODIE
You gonna hold my hand while I take
a piss?

KARL
I told them I wouldn't let you out
of my sight.

Jodie pops the door -- climbing out --

JODIE
Never took you for a pervert...

Karl sighs -- glancing in the rear view --

KARL
Shit...

He follows her out -- trotting towards the --

RUN DOWN DINER - CONTINUOUS

A few patrons nursing glasses of cheap booze turn in
suspicious unison at the sight of Karl and Jodie --

A TV's on in the background, some news channel.

An old waitress watches as Jodie heads for the restroom,
clocks her attire --

JODIE
(to Karl)
You follow me in there and I'll
scream.

KARL
Be quick.

JODIE
You think they're still coming?

KARL
I know they're still coming.

Jodie disappears into the squalid-looking rest room.

WAITRESS
(Spanish, subtitles)
Eating tonight?

Karl looks up to see the Waitress staring at him with hawk-
like eyes --

KARL
(Spanish, subtitles)
No.

WAITRESS
(Spanish, subtitles)
 You need to buy something.

Karl feels the eyes of the room on him -- shifts uncomfortably --

KARL
(Spanish, subtitles)
 What?

WAITRESS
(Spanish, subtitles)
 You want to use the facilities, you gotta buy something.

Karl's eyes flicker to the menu --

KARL
 Dos cocas.
(beat, in Spanish)
 To go.

Karl's eyes flicker to the TV by the bar -- that news channel playing CCTV footage of the shoot out at the nightclub.

His blood pressure starts to rise -- *shit* --

Waitress clocks it too -- the news reporter talking as a grainy PHOTO of Karl and Jodie comes up on screen.

NEWS REPORTER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Following the senseless killing of eleven people... the fugitives are currently on the run and considered armed and highly dangerous...

The waitress tries to hide her FEAR from Karl -- nods at him uncomfortably, then disappears into the kitchen as Jodie appears again.

JODIE
 Ready?

She immediately clocks something's up --

JODIE (CONT'D)
 What?

KARL
 We need to go.

Jodie's eyes wander to the TV -- feeling the eyes of the patrons on her -- her OWN FACE on the TV screen looking back at her --

Jodie gulps -- Karl grabs her arm and they walk quickly back through the joint -- push through the doors and --

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

FREEZE.

A COP CAR -- parked up behind the 'cuda -- two UNIFORMS looking it over with their flashlights on --

They look up at Karl and Jodie --

COP 1
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
This yours?

Karl nods --

COP 2
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
It was reported stolen.

Karl -- that doesn't fit -- *something's not feeling right* --

KARL
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
Not by me...

He moves forward -- reaches for the handle -- when --

COP 1
(*broken English*)
Mr. Navarro sends his regards.

Karl shifts as -- BANG -- a bullet clips the side of his NECK --

BLOOD starts GUSHING -- as --

CRUNCH -- Karl swings an ELBOW in Cop 1's face -- knocks him back -- Cop 2 reacting -- taking aim -- when --

Karl pulls his gun -- and --

BANG! He shoots Cop 2 in the head -- drops him --

BANG! He shoots Cop 1 in the chest -- drops him too.

The cop squirms around in the mud -- scrabbling for his fallen gun. Karl staggers over -- and --

BANG! Karl puts a bullet through his forehead --

Karl -- uneasy on his feet -- clutching his bleeding neck, diner patrons and the waitress now standing in the doorway --

Jodie's rushing towards Karl as he drops to his knees, turning woozy --

JODIE

Hey! HEY!

Jodie looks back up at the diner -- a sea of eyes on them.

She starts DRAGGING Karl towards the 'cuda -- sobbing, her world turning to shit --

JODIE (CONT'D)

Come on...

She opens the passenger side door and helps Karl in where he flops into the leather.

The MANAGER of the diner comes storming out -- holding a SHOTGUN --

Jodie sees him --

JODIE (CONT'D)

Shit...

She gets in behind the wheel -- reaches to Karl's pocket --

BANG! The passenger side window of the car EXPLODES --

Shattered glass rains over Jodie and Karl.

Karl digs deep in tight Levi's and pulls out the keys --

KARL

(weakly)

Drive.

Jodie slips the keys in the ignition -- VROOOOM --

She hits the gas and the car skids out on the grit and punches forward onto the road -- as --

BANG! -- BUCKSHOT IMPLODES the back windshield -- as --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Jodie struggles -- locked in first gear -- lurching -- the car WEAVING all over the road.

She glances over at Karl who shifts uncomfortably in the passenger seat.

KARL
Come off the gas, hit the left
pedal...

Jodie does as she's told and -- Karl grabs the gear shift, jams it in to second -- the gearbox GRINDS -- then the car punches forward --

KARL (CONT'D)
Again...

They shift up through the gears -- working together until --
An impromptu driving lesson.

JODIE
I got it...

She takes the shift stick, finds top gear --

KARL
Good. Now stay on the gas.

He eases back in his seat -- winces.

His t-shirt is awash with blood -- his hand still clamped tightly over his neck -- blood glugging over his fingers --

Desperation is writ large across Jodie's face -- she knows this is bad.

JODIE
You need a doctor.

Karl shakes his head -- takes his phone and swipes along google maps with a bloody finger --

A beat -- then --

KARL
Pharmacy. Few miles away. Just keep
going straight.

JODIE
You been shot before?

Karl looks at her -- doesn't need to answer --

JODIE (CONT'D)

What the shit, man.

(beat)

Why do you do this?

KARL

I told you.

JODIE

Money, right. Aren't there easier ways to make a living.

Karl manages a grim smile -- it's hard for him to talk --

KARL

I like what I do.

Jodie finds this funny -- like, REALLY funny -- and now she's laughing -- almost hysterical --

JODIE

You got a death wish, mister.

KARL

(croaked)

Karl...

JODIE

What?

KARL

My name... it's Karl.

JODIE

Pleased to meet you. Do me a favor, don't die on me today okay, Karl?

KARL

How about you get us there faster and I'll see about not dyin'.

JODIE

Doin' my best. Never had a chance to get my license.

KARL

(through gritted teeth)

You're a natural.

Jodie smiles at that.

KARL (CONT'D)
Take the next right...

Jodie slows the 'cuda -- swings the big hood right onto a side street --

KARL (CONT'D)
Should be just up ahead on the left.

Jodie looks -- sodium vapor lamps cutting through the darkness, illuminating a hulking, warehouse size SUPERSTORE.

Groceries -- hardware -- and a large PHARMACY.

Jodie cuts left into the desolate parking lot and roars across empty spaces to the front of the store.

It's long since closed -- locked up -- everyone's gone home for the night.

KARL (CONT'D)
Swing it around.

Jodie turns the 'cuda so it's facing away from one of the store's huge plate glass windows --

KARL (CONT'D)
You know where reverse is?

Jodie takes a second -- shifts into reverse --

JODIE
Now what?

KARL
Hit the gas. Hard.

She looks behind her at the doors --

JODIE
You serious.

KARL
Yes.

JODIE
I was afraid of that.

She grips the wheel --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Ok then...

She slams her foot on the gas --

Tires SQUEAL -- the car starts HURTLING backwards -- and --

SMASH -- the rear end of the 'cuda SMASHES into the front of the store -- straight through that huge plate glass window.

An alarm starts SCREAMING --

INT. SUPERSTORE - CONTINUOUS

CLUNK -- Jodie cuts the engine -- the car now surrounded by broken glass -- parked up INSIDE the store.

The doors pop and Jodie and Karl step out -- Karl's hunched, dripping blood -- in terrible shape and heading south FAST.

The large store is spread out before them.

JODIE
(*re: the alarm*)
How long we got?

KARL
(*re: him dying*)
Not long. Come on...

They move through the vast superstore -- ghoulishly lit with emergency overhead fluorescents -- dark and shadowy --

Karl leaves a trail of blood everywhere he goes.

He takes lefts and rights down the endless aisles -- grabbing things along his way --

TWO CANS of DEODERANT -- DUCT TAPE -- GORILLA GLUE --

They keep moving to the back of the store where the PHARMACY is located --

JODIE
What's that for?

Karl starts schlacking the deodorant cans together with the duct tape as they reach the pharmacy. Counters are sealed off with thick METAL SHUTTERS -- and the door is SOLID and LOCKED.

Karl approaches -- tapes the two cans of deodorant to the door handle -- backs off --

KARL
Cover your ears...

JODIE

Why?

BANG! He shoots the cans -- and -- BOOM -- they EXPLODE -- rocking the lock off the door in a BURST of flame.

PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Karl staggers in -- Jodie follows -- rifling through ROWS and ROWS of PHARMACEUTICALS --

Karl is getting weaker by the second -- starting to grow pale from the blood loss.

KARL

Look for amoxycillin.

Jodie diverts to another row -- scanning names of various different MEDICATIONS --

Karl grabs a box of WOUND-DRESSINGS, MEDICAL TAPE and an INJECTOR PEN -- THUNK -- he drives it into his NECK right by the gunshot wound.

JODIE

What's that?

KARL

Aprotinin.

(off Jodie's look)

Coagulates the blood. Stops the bleeding.

JODIE

Here... amoxycillin.

She tosses Karl a pot of pills -- he cracks the lid -- shakes a few in his mouth and dry swallows.

He hops up on a counter -- pulls the gorilla glue --

JODIE (CONT'D)

We need to get the bullet out?

KARL

Went straight through.

Jodie winces -- *ouch* --

Karl peels his hand away from his neck to reveal --

The wound -- a glancing blow on the side of his neck -- deep gash -- bleed already starting to slow from the effects of the APROTININ.

He holds out the Gorilla glue --

JODIE
(*squeamish*)
I can't...

KARL
You gotta...

Jodie takes the glue --

Karl grips either side of the wound -- squeezes tight through gritted teeth --

Jodie applies the glue on his neck where the broken skin meets. It starts to pucker and fuse together.

Karl lets out a short sharp sound.

JODIE
You okay?

He nods -- rips open one of the dressings and slaps it over the hole in his neck.

Jodie unwinds tape and seals it in place.

Karl hops off the counter -- job done -- no time to fuck around --

KARL
Let's go...

They start moving forward -- when --

CLUNK -- the alarm that's been WAILING since they first smashed through that window unceremoniously CUTS OUT --

Silence.

Karl turns -- scanning through the slats of the metal shutters that seal the pharmacy off from the rest of the cavernous store --

It's dark out there -- but --

Through the gloom he suddenly sees --

FLASHLIGHTS -- criss-crossing -- sweeping across the aisles and landing on -- HIM --

KARL (CONT'D)

Get down!

Karl dives at Jodie as -- PWINK-PWINK-PWINK-PWINK-PWINK --

SILENCED ROUNDS RIP through the SHUTTERS and SHRED the pharmacy as Karl and Jodie slam down to the floor --

Pill pots EXPLODE off the shelves behind them -- sending their contents showering down to the floor.

The gunfire STOPS.

Dust starts to settle --

KARL (CONT'D)

(to Jodie)

MOVE.

Karl GRABS Jodie and they RUSH for the front of the store down the endless rows of aisles -- moving into the --

SUPERSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Karl -- running on fumes -- finds a second wind -- and together they RUSH along a bread aisle -- looking both ways -- trying to be as quiet as possible -- when --

A GOON in black tactical gear rounds the corner at the end of the aisle -- starts raising an MP5 -- when --

BANG!BANG!BANG! CLICK -- Karl cuts him down with three shots to the chest. Gun's empty.

The noise is immense in the confines of the superstore. The sound of voices YELLING -- scores of people coming their way.

Karl DUCKS and runs past the body -- scooping up the MP5 and slinging it over his shoulder -- as --

PWINK-PWINK-PWINK --

More goons start unloading in their direction -- cereal boxes getting DECIMATED all around them --

Cap'n Crunch and the Trix Rabbit never stood a chance.

Karl and Jodie duck behind a shelving unit.

The shooting stops.

Silence.

Karl cranes his head and peers out from the hiding spot --

The light from multiple flashlights spreads out around the huge store --

Searching.

Moving their way.

A couple of goons signal to one another -- and --

CLUNK -- in unison the flashlights all cut out.

Near total darkness --

We move INTO the POV of one of the GOONS -- NIGHTVISION.

Mounted tac-lasers on their weapons come ONLINE -- sweeping across the store --

Karl looks around -- realizes what's happening --

Fuck.

He sees a control panel on the wall at the far end of the aisle -- a SWITCHBOARD -- an idea forming --

It's maybe thirty feet away across open ground -- in the dark, against men with NIGHTVISION and ASSAULT RIFLES --

Nearing complete exhaustion -- Karl scans the shelf for anything he can use -- slimjims, potato chips -- he grabs a family size bag of LAYS --

Jodie's eyes widen -- incredulous --

JODIE
(*hushed*)
Hungry?

KARL
(*equally hushed*)
Wait here.

Karl LAUNCHES the potato chips across the store -- high and handsome --

They arc through the air -- lasers converging in unison on the moving object -- and --

PWINK-PWINK-PWINK-PWINK -- Lays are eviscerated --

Karl uses the moment -- MOVES -- FAST-AS-FUCK across the store floor for that SWITCHBOARD --

Jodie watches as he RUNS -- GOONS hear the noise, turning, lasers sweeping onto his back --

JODIE

Noooooo!

He's about to get MOWN DOWN when --

He SLAMS into the switchboard and runs his hand down the ROWS and ROWS of switches --

CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK -- the store comes alive --

A quarter-a-turn kid's horsey ride starts jingling and jangling -- cheesy store music starts to pipe in through mounted speakers -- and -- most importantly --

Powerful bright overhead fluorescents THUMP on and pound LIGHT down on the shiny store floor --

Karl turns -- can see everything -- EVERY goon reaching for their heads and RIPPING off the night-vision that just blew their vision out --

Karl slings the stolen MP5 off his shoulder and into his waiting hands -- and -- STARTS TO FIRE --

PWINK-PWINK -- PWINK-PWINK -- PWINK-PWINK -- he's dropping dudes left and right -- moving and firing -- PWINK-PWINK --

Goons STAGGER -- fire blind -- PRODUCE explodes off shelves as Karl finally reaches Jodie again --

KARL

Come on...

She follows Karl -- moving through the store -- cutting through the blinded enemy -- the last goon spinning like a top before slamming to the ground --

A beat -- calmness --

Karl looks across the store to the 'coda -- FREEDOM.

Then something changes in his demeanor -- ears pricking up --

There's a SOUND -- rising up above the ambient store noise and building rapidly -- getting *closerandcloserandcloser* --

It's a finely-tuned German-engineered V6.

KARL (CONT'D)

Look out!

Suddenly --

SMASH -- his battered Audi RS4 barrels through another of the store's huge plate glass windows like it's tin-foil --

It SWERVES into a controlled drift -- SIDESWIPING shelves and FLIPPING them up into the air in an ORGY of DESTRUCTION --

CLICK -- the POWER SHORTS -- the LIGHTS go out again --

Karl and Jodie RUN for cover as the car SCREECHES to a stop.

Karl looks up -- through the windshield he can make out SKULL MASK --

VROOOM -- VROOOM -- she revs the engine -- the beast of a car lurching on the spot like an enraged BULL --

JODIE
SHOOT HER.

KARL
(quietly)
Car's bulletproof.

JODIE
WHAT?!

KARL
(louder)
It's bulletproof.

Karl pulls the KEY FOB from his pocket --

He pushes the immobilizer button -- nothing happens. He pushes it again. Same result.

Skull Mask grins -- lifts up the immobilizer unit, dangling from her hand by a bunch of severed wires --

KARL (CONT'D)
Goddamnit...

VROOOOM -- the RS4 suddenly LAUNCHES forwards -- hurtling straight at them -- smashing shelving units aside as it bears down on them --

They run -- Karl LEFT -- Jodie RIGHT -- diving to the ground and JUST avoiding getting hit --

The RS4 spins 180, decimating more shelves -- lines up for another RUN --

Skull Mask GRINS -- *she's toying with them -- enjoying this.*

Karl looks around -- spots SOMETHING rolling across the floor towards him -- we don't see what it is yet --

He stands -- staring down at his stolen RS4 --

KARL (CONT'D)

COME ON!

VROOM -- the Audi barrels at him -- a game of chicken and no-one's relenting --

The car is almost on him -- about to pulverize him -- when --

Karl reaches down and scoops up THAT OBJECT --

NESQUIK Chocolate milk.

With the last of his energy, he HURLS it at the oncoming car.

It EXPLODES, covering the windshield in thick, brown GOOP --

Skull Mask's blind -- panics -- she hits the brakes and wrenches the wheel --

Karl darts out the way as the RS4 skids past him and SLAMS into a support column --

Karl moves in -- car is covered in dust and debris and that thick shake --

He can see Skull Mask slumped over the wheel -- he's closing in -- when --

JODIE

Let's GO.

He looks back at Jodie -- *she's right.*

They race back to the 'cuda --

KARL

Keys.

She tosses them to him and he climbs back in behind the wheel.

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS - (DRIVING)

Feels good.

Back where he belongs.

VROOOOM -- the engine roars to life -- CLUNK -- reverse gear.

Jodie buckles in as Karl hits the gas -- ROCKETS BACKWARDS --
a J-turn spins the car 180 -- facing forward -- and --

CLUNK -- 1st gear --

He looks at Jodie -- she smiles --

He hits the gas and tears across the parking lot like he's
headed back to the future.

SUPERSTORE - CONTINUOUS

We slow push in on the Audi through the darkness -- not
moving.

Then CLICK -- headlights come on -- illuminating the gloom --

VROOOM -- engine roars to life --

Wheels REV --

It peels away from the pillar, spins to face the exit and
powers forward in hot pursuit.

Game on.

EXT. BARRACUDA - NIGHT

A crocodile -- tire mark across its belly -- dead as disco
and crawling with maggots.

We hear a throbbing sound getting *closerandcloserandcloser* --

VROOOOM -- the 'cuda rockets past us -- headed down the road,
headlights illuminating the marshy wetlands on all sides.

SUPER: *54 miles from US border*

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl -- looking better than he did, but face still pale from
the blood loss.

He opens a pot of PAIN MEDS he stole from the store with his
teeth -- shakes a couple into his mouth -- dry swallows them.

Jodie looks at him -- can tell he's in much more pain than
he's letting on --

JODIE

You okay?

KARL
I'll live.

A beat -- then --

JODIE
You sure? 'Cause you look like
shit.

Karl manages a grim laugh.

KARL
(*not joking*)
I'm just pissed about my paintwork.

JODIE
You're worrying about your Audi
right now?

KARL
She's my girl.

Jodie gives him a '*seriously, dude?*' look --

KARL (CONT'D)
(*embarrassed but defiant*)
We've been through a lot together.

JODIE
Well, I think it's safe to say
she's seeing somebody else.

Karl -- manages a smile -- shakes his head --

KARL
She'd never.

JODIE
You need professional help.

KARL
That car's saved my ass more times
than I can count.

JODIE
Admitting it's a car is the first
step. I'm proud of you.

Karl -- wry smile -- relaxes a little -- reaches back and
grabs a soda -- cracks it --

KARL

When I was on the run, I made it to Mexico City and I put the word out... I'd drive anything for anyone who'd pay me...

(beat)

I delivered bad things to shitty people. Drugs, money, guns, I didn't care so long as I got paid.

Karl swigs his soda -- checks his mirrors --

KARL (CONT'D)

But one day they asked me to transport a different kind of merchandise...

JODIE

(figuring it out...)

A girl?

KARL

She was only fourteen...

Jodie -- knows what that's like -- tears start to well in her eyes -- dampening her cheeks --

KARL (CONT'D)

At that point in my life, I didn't know if I had a line anymore.

(beat)

But I did.

(beat)

And they crossed it with her.

Jodie stares at Karl -- an ANGER burning in his eyes.

This is all starting to make sense to her.

KARL (CONT'D)

They wanted me to drop her off at a cartel whorehouse...

(beat)

Instead, I took her home.

(beat)

I sat in my car, and I watched from across the street as her folks ran out and bundled her up in their arms.

(beat)

After that, I knew I had to save as many as I could.

JODIE
How many?

KARL
28.
(beat)
29 when we get you home.

They drive in silence for a moment -- Karl accelerating towards a huge 18 wheel juggernaut -- speeding past it --

Jodie's knuckles GRASP the leather passenger seat.

KARL (CONT'D)
Ok. Your turn.

Jodie squirms in her seat.

JODIE
Life sucks, monsters are real. End of story.

Karl looks at her -- Jodie relaxes a bit -- opens up --

JODIE (CONT'D)
My dad's company was having a banner year, so we went on vacation to Cancun. It was us, my dad's business partner and his family.

Karl -- confused --

KARL
You got snatched in Cancun?

JODIE
It was so fast...

Those tears keep coming --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Lia and I were walking back from the ice cream parlor. Then bam, this black SUV pulls up, doors slide back, they drag me in... Lia grabbed my hand, she tried to haul me out but she wasn't strong enough.

Karl -- thinking -- *something doesn't add up* --

KARL

Cartel don't snatch girls in
Cancun. Screws with the tourist
trade.

JODIE

What do they care about tourists?

KARL

They own half the hotels.

Jodie -- confused -- as --

KARL (CONT'D)

They ask for a ransom?

JODIE

No.

(beat)

They wanted me for other reasons.

Karl looks at her -- desperately sorry --

JODIE (CONT'D)

I had to grow up real fast.

Suddenly -- Karl's face drops --

JODIE (CONT'D)

What?

He points to the fuel gauge --

KARL

We're leaking gas...

Jodie looks at the needle on the dash -- it's hovering over
EMPTY --

JODIE

What happened?

EXT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS

By way of an answer -- we push along the road at 100mph,
zeroing in on the back of the 'cuda -- pushing UNDER the rear
bumper -- past the spinning tires -- revealing --

A DIME-SIZED BULLET HOLE in the GAS TANK -- a trail of
GASOLINE spewing out all over the hot asphalt --

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS

Karl -- irritated -- sees a GAS STATION and MOTEL approaching up ahead.

KARL
We gotta stop.

He floors it -- hurtling towards the --

GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The 'cuda skids to a halt by the pumps.

SUPER: 22 miles from US border.

A MOTEL is behind the gas station, bathed in neon, a \$50 a night kind of place for truckers and drug dealers alike.

Loud music POUNDS from a pool area at the heart of the motel.

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS

Karl pulls some CASH from his wallet -- hands it to Jodie --

KARL
Go in and pay while I fill up.

Jodie takes the money -- nods --

KARL (CONT'D)
Be quick.

They both climb out of the 'cuda --

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jodie runs towards the gas station -- as --

Karl GRABS the pump -- jams it into the 'Cuda's gas tank -- tries to pump gas, but it's waiting for payment -- making a DING -- DING -- DING sound.

He locks the pump 'on' -- reaches into his pocket -- pulls out a pack of CHEWING GUM -- sticks about five pieces in his mouth -- starts chewing --

KERCHUNK -- he pops the trunk on the 'cuda -- eyes darting around the inside -- until --

BINGO -- they find a roll of DUCT TAPE.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The tinkling of a doorbell as Jodie RUSHES in --

There's a group of YOUNG LOCAL GANGBANGERS in the back part of the gas station --

They're all drinking from bottles of beer -- one of them pulling a couple more six packs from the fridge.

One of the boozed-up GANGBANGERS clocks Jodie immediately --

GANGBANGER #1
(in Spanish)
Hey Chica, you wanna come party
with us?

Jodie ignores them. Moves up to the counter --

JODIE
 Pump No. 3.

CLERK
 No hablo ingles...

Gangbanger #1 doesn't like being ignored --

GANGBANGER #1
(in English)
 Yo, what's your problem...

Him and his friends are staring like wolves -- Jodie tries to block them out --

She holds the wad of CASH out to the clerk --

JODIE
(broken Spanish)
 Gasolina, por favor.
(beat)
 Rápido. Numero tres.

The clerk takes the money -- as --

GANGBANGER #2 taps GANGBANGER #1 on the arm --

GANGBANGER #2
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Yo, ain't that the girl Navarro's
lookin' for?

They glance up at a shitty CRT TV in the corner of the room -- playing local news -- that grainy photo of Karl and Jodie --

GANGBANGER #1
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Oh shit... what's he offering
again?

GANGBANGER #2
(in Spanish, subtitled)
250k to bring her in alive.

The Gangbangers' eyes light up and they move in on Jodie --

GANGBANGER #1
 You sure you don't wanna party with
 us, baby?

JODIE
 No, thanks.

She moves to head back out when Gangbanger #1 GRABS her arm --
 YANKS her back -- gets in her face --

GANGBANGER #1
 Maybe we're not asking...

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Karl's laying on the wet ground -- looking under the car at
 that DIME SIZE HOLE in the gas tank.

He pulls the wad of gum out of his mouth -- pops it in the
 bullet hole -- just as -- KERCHUNK --

The pump comes alive and gas starts to flow --

Quickly -- Karl stretches the duct tape over the hole and the
 gum, and schlacks it down -- just as -- the gas starts to
 dribble through the makeshift repair.

It'll hold... but not for long.

Karl gets up -- still no sign of Jodie --

KARL
(calling out)
 Jodie?

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gangbanger #1 slams his BEER down and PUSHES Jodie up against
 the counter -- HARD.

Jodie's not having any of it --

JODIE
Get off me...

The Clerk -- hesitant but unable to remain silent --

CLERK
(*Spanish, subtitled*)
Hey, guys! Leave her alone.

He gets a finger pointed right in his face --

GANGBANGER #2
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
Mind your business, asshole.

The Clerk backs off -- afraid --

GANGBANGER #1
Mr. Navarro's looking for you. And
when we take you to him, he's gonna
be real grateful.

The other gangbangers LAUGH like jackals --

GANGBANGER #1 (CONT'D)
But that doesn't mean we can't have
some fun first.

Jodie grabs Gangbanger #1's beer and SHATTERS IT against the
counter -- then -- SMASH!

She brings the jagged, razor sharp edge up to his neck --

GANGBANGER #1 (CONT'D)
Woah woah woah...

He starts to back up -- but Jodie GRABS him -- holds him
close -- that glass pressing painfully into his neck --

GANGBANGER #2
Let him go...

Jodie whirls around -- threatening the guy with the broken
bottle --

JODIE
Oh, now you want some too?

BAM -- Gangbanger #1 uses the distraction to GRAB Jodie's
wrist, making her drop the bottle -- and --

He shoves her back and she CRACKS against the counter and
drops to her knees.

He winds up to PUNCH her -- but as his fist flies, it suddenly meets RESISTANCE --

In the shape of KARL -- grabbing his arm -- twisting it violently in a direction it shouldn't go --

CRACK -- it SNAPS -- and Gangbanger #1 SCREAMS.

The other gangbangers attack -- but Karl is WAY too FAST and hits way too HARD.

A brutal hand to hand FIGHT ensues --

Karl sidesteps a flailing fist -- GRABS the assailant's head and SLAMS him face first into the metal counter --

He bounces up off it and SLUMPS to the floor.

Three more attack -- and Karl breaks them down like a math problem.

He hits hard and dirty -- low blows, throat punches, whatever it takes to get the job done --

When he's finished -- the gangbangers are sprawling on the floor, BUSTED, BLEEDING and SEMI-CONSCIOUS.

Karl holds out a hand for Jodie and helps her up.

KARL

You okay?

She nods.

JODIE

Wanna get out of here?

Karl's turn to nod.

Instinctively he grabs her hand -- and starts leading her towards the door -- when --

A sound rises up -- deafeningly LOUD --

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP --

The air swirls outside like a tornado -- Karl and Jodie stop.

The gangbangers are slowly picking themselves up behind them - SMILES spreading across their busted faces, because --

Descending into view from up on high -- comes --

As if in reply -- the chopper RISES UP -- looming into view over the gas station -- its nose aimed down -- honing in on Karl and Jodie --

Karl pulls his gun -- fires a couple rounds but they bounce harmlessly off the chopper's ARMORED GLASS.

CLUNK -- the gatling guns engage -- WHIRRING up -- Karl and Jodie desperately looking around for an escape route -- as --
-- the first bullet flies -- Karl GRABS Jodie -- and together they DIVE into the pool -- everything around them getting TORN APART by hailing lead --

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

SPLASH -- they plummet down towards the bottom -- as --

BULLETS zip past them -- thudding into the water like MINIATURE TORPEDOS --

Karl holds Jodie's hand -- pulling her DEEPER and DEEPER --

Holding his breath -- he looks around -- realizing they are illuminated by the pool light -- fish in a barrel --

They swim closer to it -- Karl bringing up the GUN he's holding -- and --

BANG! -- he SHOOTS the handgun underwater -- right at the pool light -- the glass SHATTERING on impact -- throwing the pool into TOTAL DARKNESS.

The chopper's bullets continue to zip around them --

INT. GUNSHIP - CONTINUOUS

From inside the gunship -- the nose is tilted down -- aimed at the pool.

The water's now just a black mass, NO SIGN of Jodie or Karl.

The pilot FIRES blindly down into the dark water --

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Karl and Jodie -- pressed against the nearside edge -- bullets angling down JUST PAST THEM.

Karl brings up his hand in the darkness -- motions with his fingers --

INT. MOTEL ROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

A Poker night -- six guys -- air thick with cigar smoke, whisky bottles scattered.

These big tough hombres are cowering in the dark --

Karl and Jodie KEEP MOVING as --

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK them running from room to room -- smashing through the adjoining doors --

The CHOPPER is tracking them as well --

WHIRRRRR - RATATATATATATATAT -- more hellfire -- chasing them as they run --

INT. MOTEL ROOM #4

BAM -- they SMASH through another door -- stumbling down to the floor.

CLUNK -- the miniguns stop firing BUT -- CLICK --

Karl gets a different GUN to the FACE.

GOON #1
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
Don't move.

Karl and Jodie get the picture -- FAST --

There are TWO tough looking dudes in here -- and laid out on the bed -- a fucking ARSENAL of HIGH POWERED WEAPONRY.

Gunrunners -- AKA -- bad motherfuckers.

Goon #2 is curtain twitching -- peering out at the chopper swirling away above them -- paranoid as fuck --

GOON #2
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
They here for us?

KARL
(*in Spanish, subtitled*)
No. And we're just passing through...

Suddenly -- the windows IMplode -- as the room gets PUMMELED by the gunship.

Everyone DIVES for cover -- PLASTER and PILLOWS getting SHREDDED --

Feathers billow in the air --

Karl looks around the room -- and sees -- nestled amongst the stash of guns --

A FUCKING RPG LAUNCHER --

Karl CRAWLS towards it through the DEBRIS and FLYING BULLETS.

JODIE
Where are you going?

Karl gets to the bed -- GRABS the RPG --

The gatling gun subsides again, as FEATHERS rain down around them like snow --

Karl gets to his feet -- STAGGERS towards the motel room door and KICKS it open --

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter is hovering directly over the pool, its rotors sending ripples across the water --

It's about to finish reloading --

The gatling gun's servo motors start to WHIRR as the barrels move into position -- aimed STRAIGHT at Karl --

Karl brings up the RPG launcher -- and --

INT. GUNSHIP - CONTINUOUS

The pilots finger pulls on the trigger -- JUST AS --

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Karl hits the trigger on the RPG launcher --

BANG! -- he FIRES --

The RPG arrows through the air -- heading at insane speed up towards the helicopter -- and --

BOOM! -- the helicopter EXPLODES into FLAME -- falls from the sky -- and --

CRASHES into the swimming pool -- sending up a tidal wave of water.

Jodie watches from the doorway of the motel room, jaw open --

JODIE
What did you just do?

He moves past her -- back into --

ROOM #3 - CONTINUOUS

The gunrunners are as SHOCKED as Jodie.

Karl drops the launcher on the bed and picks up an M4A1 ASSAULT RIFLE -- grabs some spare MAGS and tucks them in his back pockets --

He looks at the badass gunrunners -- speechless --

KARL
I'm borrowing this.

They nod -- *no argument here.*

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A backdrop of TOTAL devastation as Karl and Jodie move for the Barracuda.

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl slides in behind the wheel -- Jodie straps in beside him.

VROOOOM -- the 'cuda ROARS to life -- CLUNK -- Karl JAMS it into first -- hits the gas and they TAKE OFF --

As they speed away from the gas station --

BOOM! -- the gas pumps EXPLODE behind them -- an almighty MUSHROOM CLOUD rising majestically up into the night sky.

Jodie looks back through the rear window -- her eyes wide -- her jaw slack --

They drive for a moment -- both trying to catch their breath.

In the distance, the sun is just starting to rise over the endless treeline, the horizon bruised with waves of deep RED and PURPLE --

Morning is coming.

They pass a sign that reads -- '*frontera, 16 millas*' --

Jodie looks at Karl as the car rattles along, gaining speed.

JODIE
We're almost there.

KARL
Yeah...

It's clear there's something on his mind -- something making him feel uncomfortable --

JODIE
What is it?

He looks at her --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Tell me.

A beat -- Karl deliberating whether to bite his tongue or not.

KARL
Why didn't they take your friend?

JODIE
What do you mean.

KARL
In Cancun, you said your friend was with you when you got grabbed. She tried to haul you out. Why not take her as well? It's two for the price of one.

Jodie -- she'd never considered this before --

JODIE
I dunno...

KARL
And why no ransom? A girl like you... an American girl... you're going to get a million, million and a half in ransom easy. They cut off a finger, maybe an ear...
(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)
and an hour later the money's in a
holdall on the side of the road
waiting to be picked up.

JODIE
My parents aren't rich.

KARL
They got a house, a car?
(Jodie nods)
People would sell anything to get
their kid back.

Jodie's smart -- doesn't take her long to figure out what
he's alluding to --

JODIE
You think they were targeting me
for a reason?

KARL
What does your dad do?

Jodie's starting to feel sick --

JODIE
What does this have to do with my
dad?

Karl looks at her --

JODIE (CONT'D)
He and Drew are contracted by the
government. They run weigh stations
across Cameron county.
(beat, realization)
You think my dad did this to me?

Karl -- a beat -- it's all adding up to him --

KARL
Cartel use weigh stations to
offload drugs brought across the
border. They leverage employees to
help them.

JODIE
No... not my dad.

She grabs Karl's cellphone --

KARL
What are you doing?

Jodie doesn't respond -- shuttles through to the CALL LOG -- selects the last INCOMING NUMBER.

The phone rings for a moment -- then --

PALMER
(*on phone*)
Jodie? How're you doing?

Meredith Palmer looks back at Jodie on the FaceTime call.

Jodie -- no time for pleasantries --

JODIE
Where's my dad?

Palmer reads the temperature in the tone of her voice --

PALMER
(*on phone*)
Hold on.

She gets up, walks to another room -- revealing Jodie's parents, Drew and Lia.

PALMER (CONT'D)
(*on phone*)
It's Jodie.

Jodie's dad takes the phone --

JODIE'S DAD
(*on phone*)
Honey? Where are you? Are you okay?

A PAIN now burns in Jodie's eyes -- a DISTRUST -- an ANGER.

JODIE
Was there a ransom?

Jodie's dad looks flustered -- put on the spot --

JODIE'S DAD
(*on phone*)
What... what do you mean?

JODIE
(*shouting*)
WAS THERE A RANSOM?

JODIE'S DAD
(*on phone*)
No... never, we never heard from anyone. Why? Jodie, what's wrong?

Drew takes the phone -- gives Jodie a reassuring smile --

DREW

(*on phone*)

Jo, it's Drew. Your dad's very emotional right now, okay? How you doing kid? We can't wait to see you...

Suddenly Karl grabs the phone -- hangs up the call --

JODIE

What are you doing?

KARL

It wasn't your dad.

Jodie looks at him -- quickly doing the math --

JODIE

Drew?

KARL

(*resolute*)

They didn't take his kid.

JODIE

But why?

KARL

(*theorizing*)

There's an old cartel custom. Trato del Diablo, the devil's bargain. If you're working for them and you cross them or you want out, they give you a choice. Either they kill you and your entire family, or you give them your first born child.

JODIE

Jesus...

KARL

I'd imagine Drew didn't like those terms very much.

JODIE

So he gave me up instead?

She stares down into the well at her feet -- tears rolling.

KARL

Hey... It's just a theory.

He puts a comforting hand on her shoulder -- a beat -- then he turns back to the windshield -- and --

HITS THE BRAKES.

Cars are coming up FAST --

The treeline breaks -- the road widens -- divided into multiple lanes -- overhead signs announce the BORDER --

This is the tailback of people looking to cross it into the USA. Every lane is chocked with CARS, CAMPER VANS, PICKUPS and RVs.

Up ahead -- the MATAMOROS BRIDGE BORDER CROSSING that runs over the Rio Grande and connects Tamaulipas with Texas --

Karl slows the 'cuda -- and pulls up behind a BEIGE MINIVAN.

He checks the mirrors -- more cars rolling up alongside and behind him.

Head on a swivel -- he checks every car --

A family with kids -- an old-timer listening to ranchera on a crackling radio wedged on his dash -- American tourists, sunburnt and happy.

Few seconds later and the 'cuda is boxed in.

JODIE

How far is it?

KARL

Quarter mile.

JODIE

I can walk. You should get out of here.

KARL

Get you a little closer.

Jodie senses what's happening -- *he doesn't want her going alone.*

The minivan in front rolls forward -- Karl creeps the 'cuda up -- cars all around move up -- then everyone stops -- a symphony of brake lights --

Karl's checking the mirrors on the regular -- sees a black SUV with tinted windows about ten cars back -- then two black pickups -- another SUV -- hulking vehicles sticking out like sore thumbs amongst rental cars and camper vans --

Karl watches -- an SUV window rolls down -- a BAD MAN inside, smoking a cigarette --

Karl angles the mirror for a better look -- a cartel tattoo on the man's forearm.

KARL (CONT'D)
They're here.

JODIE
You sure?

He looks again -- sees HIS Audi roll up about fifteen cars back --

KARL
(*very fucking sure*)
Pretty sure.

He pulls his handgun -- holds it out for Jodie.

KARL (CONT'D)
You ever shoot a gun?

Jodie -- just glares --

KARL (CONT'D)
Safety's off. All you gotta do is point and pull the trigger.

JODIE
What about you?

Karl reaches to the back seat -- grabs the M4A1 --

The minivan up ahead rolls forward -- the 'cuda creeps up behind it -- more brake lights -- tension mounting --

Karl checks his mirrors -- doors popping on the SUVs -- men getting out --

SKULL MASK stalking down the lanes -- armed to the teeth --

KARL
On my word, you pop the door, get to the front and stay low.

JODIE
(*trembling*)
Okay...

KARL
And watch your shots.

She nods --

Karl watches as the bad guys creep forward down the lines of cars -- starting to pick up terrified looks from civilians --

KARL (CONT'D)

Now...

They pop the doors and MOVE OUT --

EXT. BORDER CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Jodie DARTS to the front of the car -- as Karl sets the M4A1 on the roof of the 'cuda and -- BLAT-BLAT --

CHAOS REIGNS.

Insane noise -- controlled bursts drop two bad guys as arterial spray geysers out --

Immediate PANIC -- cars try to move but can't -- everyone gridlocked -- fenders CRUNCH -- horns BLAST --

BADABADABADA -- the bad guys fire volleys at Karl -- he DUCKS and RUNS --

KARL

(to Jodie)

Move...

He and Jodie move away from the 'cuda on foot -- down the lines of cars -- headed for the border --

BADABADABADA --

Bullets fly down the lanes -- punching into RVs and camper vans -- people SCREAMING -- glass SHATTERING -- families running for cover, others ducking low where they are --

Karl turns -- RATATATAT -- he unloads another volley of shots -- another dead bad guy.

KARL (CONT'D)

GO!

They move forward again -- squeezing past fenders -- Karl checking every car window for unwanted surprises --

RATATATAT -- another barrage of gunfire -- Karl returns fire -- popping out from cover and taking careful aim -- squeezing the trigger -- a rolling gun battle through this maze of vehicles --

CLICK -- mag empty -- he ducks back -- drops it -- grabs a fresh mag from his back pocket and SLAMS it in --

CLICK -- he spins back out -- FIRES again -- as the bad guys DUCK and COVER --

JODIE

Karl look...

He faces forward -- can now see BORDER PATROL stalking towards them from the other direction -- ARMED GUARDS -- responding to live-fire --

JODIE (CONT'D)

They can help us.

KARL

Not if we're holding these... Give me the gun.

JODIE

What?

KARL

Now!

She hands him the handgun -- he waistbands it --

JODIE

What are you...

KARL

You have to go... now! Stay low and run to the front, get across, get home.

JODIE

What about you?

KARL

I'll buy you time.

He leans out again -- BADABADABADA -- covering fire to keep them at bay --

Jodie -- doesn't want to leave him --

JODIE

(growing desperate)

No, you have to come with me.

KARL
(*re: American soil*)
I can't go back there, no matter
how much I want to.

Jodie -- torn -- twisting in the wind --

KARL (CONT'D)
Here...

He pulls the keys to the 'cuda -- Francisco's 'good luck'
keychain -- holds them out to her --

KARL (CONT'D)
To bring you luck...

JODIE
You don't need it?

Karl -- levels with her --

KARL
My luck's run out.

He holds it out -- Jodie takes it reluctantly, tears now
streaming down her face --

Karl looks around -- CARTEL moving up in one direction,
BORDER PATROL from the other.

Clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right.

He's getting pinched.

KARL (CONT'D)
Go, NOW!

Jodie -- GRABS him -- and they HUG --

JODIE
Thank you.

They share one last look -- then she ducks and roadie-runs
away from Karl -- cutting down the side of cars and SPRINTING
for the border.

Karl fires off more shots -- a distraction from HER -- sound
unbelievably loud as it bounces off a wall of cars --

Jodie looks back at Karl -- when --

BANG!

A single shot PUNCHES into his SHOULDER -- spins him like a top --

JODIE (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOO!

Jodie watches as Karl STAGGERS and then FALLS to the floor between two cars --

They lock eyes across the carnage -- he mouths one word at her --

KARL
Go.

Jodie looks further down the lanes of traffic -- and sees --
SKULL MASK -- with the SCOPED RIFLE -- barrel smoking.

The Cartel goons rush up on Karl -- kick his gun away.

The Border patrol arrive -- it looks like a tense standoff -- until --

MAX appears --

From Jodie's viewpoint she SEES but CAN'T HEAR Max remonstrating with border patrol.

Slowly -- one by one the Border guards turn tail and head back towards their posts -- *firmly in the cartel's pocket*.

A black van hurtles down the emergency shoulder -- SCREECHES to a stop by Karl -- and goons leap out and unceremoniously drag him in the back.

Max and the other goons look around -- scoping their surroundings for any sign of Jodie --

Jodie DUCKS away just in time -- avoiding detection -- as --

The van takes off at high speed.

Jodie faces forward -- towards the border --

The guards are all out of position --

There's no one manning the crossing.

Jodie has an opportunity to run -- to cross --

A clear path to freedom -- to HOME.

She looks the other way -- sees that black VAN with Karl in it heading towards a nearby WAREHOUSE --

We PUSH IN on Jodie -- making a decision -- HOME or KARL.

Decision made -- she TURNS -- and starts moving AWAY from the border -- back in the direction of Karl and the warehouse.

Jodie creeps past vehicles -- civilians inside -- still cowering and afraid.

Jodie pauses by a station wagon -- peering out to watch for the cartel when she sees a little girl in the back -- crying and terrified out of her mind --

Jodie pulls a face -- sticks her tongue out. The little girl's fear breaks and she laughs --

Jodie smiles and moves on -- sliding around the front of an RV and into the lane where they left the BARRACUDA.

A cartel HEAVY is directing traffic -- forcing vehicles to move out of the way -- so another GOON can back a tow truck in behind the 'cuda --

As one directs the other -- Jodie moves up to the car, grimaces as she opens the door in case it makes noise, and then slips inside behind the wheel --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck stops behind the rear fender -- and the HEAVY reaches down between the two vehicles to attach a tow chain to the underside of the car --

Jodie slips the key in the ignition -- and --

VROOOM -- it ROARS to life --

The heavy looks up -- startled as --

CLUNK -- REVERSE GEAR -- FOOT. ON. GAS.

The car jolts back and -- CRUNCH -- sandwiches the heavy between the 'cuda and the tow truck --

CLUNK -- first gear -- SMASH -- the 'cuda lurches forward and smashes in to the car in front --

CLUNK -- reverse gear -- Jodie hits the gas -- and POWERS backwards -- SLAMMING into the tow truck --

She HAMMERS the gas pedal -- PUSHING the tow truck backwards.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER pumps the brakes but the raw power of the barracuda is too much and the truck keeps moving forward --

He pulls a gun -- hops down out of the cab --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

PING -- he FIRES and the bullet bounces off the side door --

CLUNK -- FIRST GEAR -- Jodie drives forward -- and SMASHES into the vehicle in front again --

BANG -- another gunshot takes the side mirror off --

CLUNK -- REVERSE -- she hits the gas -- turning the wheel, enough room now to ARC around the side of the tow truck --

BANG -- another shot pings off the metal frame -- the 'cuda HURTLES backwards towards the DRIVER --

He starts to TURN and RUN but -- BAM --

The 'cuda HITS him -- tosses him in the air like a ragdoll --

Jodie keeps rocketing backwards -- YANKS the parking brake and J-turns to face forward --

The car STOPS -- she looks in the rear view -- as --

CRUNCH -- the heavy FALLS down from the sky and SLAMS into the asphalt -- DEAD --

CLUNK -- FIRST GEAR -- the 'cuda BLASTS away from the border with Jodie at the wheel.

Angry, motivated -- *and headed for Karl.*

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Karl is pushed down onto a folding chair.

Goons stand all around -- heavily armed.

One zipties his hands behind the back of the chair, as another carries a CAR TIRE over --

MAX (V.O.)
You know where this idea comes
from?

The goons part ways to reveal Max -- snipping the end off a fat cigar --

MAX

I never did it before.

He signals to the goon -- who hefts the tire up -- and hangs it over Karl's head, so it sits around his neck.

It hangs heavy -- Karl struggles with the weight against his injured shoulder and neck.

MAX (CONT'D)

I got it from American movies.

A goon hands Max a BLOWTORCH -- he uses it to light his cigar with a powerful BURST of FLAME --

MAX (CONT'D)

In the movies, they fill the tire with gasolina. But a tire will burn without it, much slower, and much longer.

Max brings the blowtorch in on the rubber -- WOOSH -- a burst of flame jets out and singes the tire -- kicking off acrid smoke that drifts towards Karl's nose and down his throat.

He COUGHS and SPLUTTERS -- as--

Max whips the flame away before the tire fully catches --

KARL

The girl made it. You lost. So what do you want?

A flicker of annoyance on Max's face.

MAX

You think I'd torture you, because you have something I'd want?

He laughs heartily -- his goons laugh with him.

Fucking yes men.

MAX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll get her back. Her father's partner will see to that for me. He's still in my debt.

(beat)

And my car's being towed for repairs right now.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I'd use your guy, Francisco... if
he wasn't dead.

Karl tries to bolt up out of the chair -- can't move.

Max smiles -- WOOSH -- another blast of flame -- another
cloud of thick, black smoke.

Karl damn near hacks up a lung --

MAX (CONT'D)

I am not torturing you for
information. There's nothing I want
from you, only for you to suffer.
So while you burn, just know there
is nothing you can say... nothing
you can offer me. You can't appeal
to my better nature. Because I
don't have one. I am darkness
incarnate. And you are the light
that burns...

Whoosh -- another burst of flame -- more smoke -- more
choking -- that tire dangerously close to catching alight.

KARL

Then hurry up and do it.

MAX

There is no rush, my friend. I want
to enjoy this at my leisure.

He moves in with the blowtorch -- but now there's a sound
RISING up fast --

425 bhp, eight cylinders, seven liters of turbocharged V8
getting *closerandcloserandcloser* --

Karl smiles -- Max turns -- realizing what he's hearing as --

SMASH -- the 'cuda PUNCHES through the warehouse doors like a
BULLET.

Jodie at the wheel -- NOT slowing down --

She ploughs towards Max's goons who DIVE for cover --

Max starts to run as the 'cuda bears down on him.

Karl -- exerts -- just manages to stand -- dips his head so
the SMOKING TIRE falls off his neck -- as --

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Jodie hits the parking brake and the 'cuda drifts in a slide and --

STOPS RIGHT BY KARL --

JODIE
Need a ride?

Karl dives in the back window -- hands still behind his back -
- lands on the back seat.

Max and his goons recovering -- guns aimed --

JODIE (CONT'D)
Hold on...

CLUNK - first gear --

Jodie donuts the car 90 degrees and rockets off towards the sun beating in through the hole she made in the warehouse doors --

RATATATAT -- bullets thud into the 'cuda's paneling -- Jodie and Karl duck low -- and -- WOOSH --

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They BURST out of the warehouse -- swerving past the parked van the goons used to kidnap Karl -- the Audi -- SUVs and pickups all parked up outside.

Jodie roars down an access road -- as --

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl pulls his knees up to his chest and slips his feet through the zipties so his hands are back at his front --

SNAP he twists and yanks his arms apart and breaks the ties.

KARL
You should have gone home.

JODIE
(*bad Karl impression*)
Shit Jodie, thanks for saving my
ass.

Karl looks back -- can see the SUVs, pickups and the Audi all coming online -- burning after them --

KARL
Here they come.

Jodie hits the brakes -- the 'cuda loses traction on the hot asphalt -- skids --

Karl bangs his head as they abruptly STOP.

KARL (CONT'D)
Who taught you to drive?

JODIE
Learnt from the best...

Jodie smiles -- starts moving -- sliding from the driver's seat to the passenger seat --

JODIE (CONT'D)
(*re: the Barracuda*)
But she prefers you behind the wheel...

Karl climbs through and settles in the driver's seat.

CLUNK -- first gear -- vroom --

EXT. LAGUNA MADRE WETLANDS - CONTINUOUS

High above and looking down -- the 'cuda hurtling along the access road -- headed back for the highway -- a DOZEN CARS streaming after it.

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Karl drives -- focused -- micro adjustments -- feet dancing across pedals --

JODIE
Cartel owns the border cops,
they'll never let us through.

KARL
We're not going through. We're
going around...

He WRENCHES the wheel -- and veers the 'cuda OFF the road, into the WETLAND -- tires searching for traction on the swampy jungle floor --

They engage -- and Karl POWERS FORWARD -- kicking up a spray of water -- headed right for the endless border fence.

VNNNNNNNG -- from the highway above, FIVE high powered DIRT BIKES leap off the raised road and land down by the 'cuda --

A swarm of heavily ARMED psychos, riding hard -- closing in --

Karl waits for the first bike to come up on his side and --

BAM -- he sideswipes him, sends the guy flying --

BAM -- he swerves RIGHT -- takes out another.

BRRRRRP -- UZI fire as the remaining THREE bikers let RIP --

Karl and Jodie DUCK -- as BULLETS pepper the paneling --

Jodie -- remembering -- pops the glove compartment -- pulls out the GOLD PLATED GLOCK --

She takes aim out the window -- BANG! Shoots one of the bikers -- he flips over the handlebars -- DOA.

BANG! BANG! She fires at another -- the rider bobs and weaves...

JODIE
Drive steady...

Karl glares --

BANG! She shoots the gas tank on the bike --

BOOM -- it explodes --

Jodie -- smug smile -- until --

BRRRRRP -- more UZI FIRE -- the last biker ahead of them firing back --

Karl SWERVES -- Jodie takes aim --

BANG!BANG!CLICK! -- no more bullets --

JODIE (CONT'D)
I'm OUT!

Karl -- drops gears -- ROCKETS forward -- and overtakes the biker who was ahead of them --

He glances back -- BIKER's just behind him on the left side.

Suddenly -- KARL hits the BRAKES -- the bike still going -- coming up on the left side -- taking aim as --

Karl pops the driver side door -- JUST as the BIKER reaches it.

He tries to swerve -- the bike dips onto its side -- and --

BAM -- the BIKER's head connects with the open door with a sickening THUD.

Karl pulls the door closed -- as --

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Max and his posse speed past the fallen bikers and their destroyed vehicles --

Max is pissed -- grabs a walkie --

MAX
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
They're too fast. He's getting
AWAY.

We SWOOP out of his car -- and into the --

AUDI - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

Skull Mask at the wheel --

SKULL MASK
(*Spanish, subtitles*)
Not from me.

She flips up a cap revealing a button with NO2 on it --

She hits it -- the NITROUS kicks in and she ROCKETS forward, gaining fast on the 'cuda --

I/E. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

CRUNCH -- the Audi SLAMS into the back of the 'cuda, JOLTING Karl and Jodie --

Karl pushes his foot to the floor -- trying to eek more power out of the car -- but the highly customized Audi is much more attuned to the terrain --

It ROARS up alongside them -- Karl SPINS the wheel -- and --

SIDESWIPEs the Audi -- forces Skull Mask to swerve away but she ROARS back with a sideswipe of her own --

Sparks FLY as the cars connect -- METAL on METAL --

JODIE

Karl...

KARL

Not now.

JODIE

KARL!

She points forward -- a RAVINE coming up -- must be 50 feet deep -- the RIO GRANDE river babbling at its base --

In front of it -- a towering FENCE -- a sign on it reads --

US/ MEXICO BORDER - DO NOT CROSS.

They're headed straight for it!

KARL

Hold on...

NO SHIT -- Jodie GRABS anything she can for support -- as --

EXT. RIO GRANDE - CONTINUOUS

The 'cuda and the Audi ROCKET towards the edge -- no-one giving an inch --

They hit the FENCE -- CRASHING straight through it -- OVER THE RAVINE -- both cars LAUNCHING INTO THE AIR, hurtling FORWARD and DOWN at TERMINAL VELOCITY --

They land with an almighty CRUNCH -- the Audi clips a rock and FLIPS through the air three times -- but the heavy 'cuda maintains four wheel integrity --

Suspension's shot but she bounces on her tires -- sails through the river and comes to a stop in a CLOUD of SMOKE.

A beat.

SUPER: 0 miles from US border

INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS

Billowing DUST -- broken GLASS, twisted METAL.

Karl looks to Jodie -- cut and bruised but ALIVE.

KARL
You okay?

JODIE
(in shock)
Uh-huh...

Karl looks out the shattered windshield -- smoke clearing enough to see -- the Audi -- right way up after its triple somersault --

KARL
Wait here...

Karl pops the door, which barely opens cause it's so mangled.
He KICKS it hard -- and manages to step out --

EXT. RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

Karl STAGGERS -- woozy from the impact -- walking towards the Audi -- his old pride and joy -- as --

Skull Mask opens the door --

CRUNCH -- Karl kicks it back on her -- falls backwards from the exertion -- almost out on his feet.

Skull Mask steps out -- Karl STAGGERS to his feet -- raises his fists -- ready to fight.

Skull face raises a GUN -- FUCK!

Game over for Karl -- except -- Skull Mask's face is turning sour.

She STAGGERS -- looks down at her side where -- she sees a huge piece of SHEARED METAL puncturing her body --

She stumbles at the sight of the blood -- drops the gun.

She reaches up and pulls off her mask --

Twenties, pretty -- a young life wasted.

She moves to open her mouth but blood gluts out.

Skull Mask drops to the floor.

Dead.

Karl -- relieved -- collapses to the ground -- breathing heavy -- his tank almost completely empty.

Jodie's out of the 'cuda -- rushing over. She crouches by him -- looks back at the busted border fence they just demolished, that SIGN lying in the dirt.

Realizing they are on US soil.

JODIE

We made it.

She smiles --- tears rolling down her cheeks -- overjoyed.

Karl smiles too -- as Jodie helps him to his feet.

She looks at the Audi -- totaled --

JODIE (CONT'D)

Sorry about your car.

KARL

It's okay.

(*Re: the 'cuda*)

Got a new one.

They smile at each other -- *but it doesn't last long.*

Because now they SEE -- UP on the RIDGE by the busted fence --

Max and his army of men -- silhouetted by the early morning sun --

They look down from afar on Karl and Jodie -- too great a distance to shoot with their pistols and assault rifles --

Karl moves -- to the wreck of the Audi -- pops the trunk --

JODIE

What are you doing? We have to go.

He leans in -- but we don't see what he's after --

EXT. RIDGELINE - CONTINUOUS

Max watches -- frustrated -- sees Karl and Jodie just across the border -- *out of reach* --

He turns to one of his goons --

MAX

(*in Spanish, subtitles*)

Put out the word. A million dollars
for the man who brings me his head
on a FUCKING...

BANG! A gunshot cracks out -- echoing across the ravine as a split-second later --

A bullet PUNCHES into Max's HEAD --

Max DROPS -- HARD -- giving us a view back down the ravine to American soil -- where we see --

KARL -- that SNIPER RIFLE set against his shoulder -- SCOPE against his eye -- smoke drifting from the barrel.

EXT. RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

Karl drops the gun -- turns to a shocked Jodie --

KARL
Now we can go.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A Lincoln navigator BAKES in the sun.

Palmer stands with Jodie's mom and dad, Drew and Lia.

They look down the dead straight road --

DREW
What the hell's taking him so long?

Suddenly -- SOMETHING forms out of the HEAT HAZE -- abstract at first -- then slowly sharpening into an image we can't fail to recognize --

The 'cuda -- limping down the road --

A busted axle -- one door hanging off -- leaking fluid with a fender scraping against the asphalt and kicking up sparks --

It rattles up to the Navigator -- pulling onto the shoulder.

CLUNK -- the engine cuts out -- and Karl and Jodie step out.

There's a beat -- no-one knows quite what to do.

Jodie moves first -- walking up to Drew who grins like a crocodile -- until --

BAM -- she PUNCHES him HARD across the face --

He cowers away from her as she SPITS on him --

LIA

Dad?!

Jodie turns to her parents who are stunned at the violence --

Hell of a way to meet your missing daughter again.

Then she RUSHES to them and they throw their arms around her.

As they get reacquainted in an overwhelming flow of emotion,
Karl limps over to Palmer --

PALMER

Got your text...

WHOOOP -- and now we turn to see two Sheriff's cruisers
pulling up behind them --

The Sheriff and his deputies get out -- hands ready to draw --

Jodie looks up -- thinks they're here for Karl --

JODIE

Karl, no...

But instead...

SHERIFF

Drew Miller?

Drew looks up from nursing his bruised eye --

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You're under arrest for
trafficking, aiding and abetting an
abduction, possession with intent
and the smuggling of contraband
goods.

Deputies step forward and SLAM Drew over the hood of one
cruiser -- roughly cuffing him -- reading him his rights.

Lia goes to follow --

LIA

Dad? Dad!?

Jodie's parents are shocked.

DAD

What is happening?

JODIE

It was him, dad... It was him.

Explanations can come later -- but for now -- it's enough.
Her dad grabs her and holds her tight in a hug for the ages.
The Sheriff approaches -- turning to Karl --

SHERIFF
Gotta take you in too...

Jodie breaks the hug --

JODIE
No, you can't. He saved me! You...

KARL
Jodie... it's alright.

He walks forward -- hands out willingly for The Sheriff to cuff them --

Jodie's in tears as the Sheriff walks Karl to the other squad car --

JODIE
Please...

Karl turns back -- throws something at Jodie.

She CATCHES it -- unfolds her fingers revealing -- the KEYS to the 'CUDA.

KARL
Fix her up for me.

A smile breaks across Jodie's face amidst the TEARS and SADNESS.

Karl gets loaded into the cop car.

We HOLD on him -- watching through the window as Jodie's family surround her -- a reunion for the ages --

CU - Karl. He smiles.

Alive to drive another day.

CUT TO CREDITS.

THE END