

# IMOLA ROAD

written by

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**EXT. TROPICAL RAINFOREST - DAY**

Lush tropical foliage surrounds a tiny yellow frog, its glossy black eyes and brilliant skin shimmering in dappled sunlight. It crawls across broad, wet leaves. Rainforest fauna cackles and whistles in the distance.

A hand parts the leaves and ALONZO MANCILLA, an amateur herpetologist nearing 50, marvels at his discovery.

ALONZO  
(exuberant, Spanish)  
Oh, my! You're a long way from home,  
my little friend.

He studies the frog, then leans back and pulls a pair of latex gloves from his pocket.

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY**

On top of a remote tropical plateau, a grassy, primitive airfield with a Quonset hut hangar at one end being slowly absorbed by the forest.

Half a dozen men stand around two large SUVs by the hangar. Each is wearing a pseudo-military jacket and is armed with a submachine gun.

A radio crackles to life and LUIS, in his early 20s and anxious, fumbles to pull it from the pocket of his jacket.

LUIS  
(Spanish)  
Wind is calm. Where are you?

Engines roar as a twin-engine airplane zooms out of the valley and over the waiting men.

**INT. LIGHT AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS**

The pilot hoots as he banks the plane into a steep turn and looks past the wingtip at the men on the ground.

DAVID MAREK, 32 and still a teenage boy, whips the controls to the opposite lock and keys the radio:

DAVID  
Miss me, boys? Hope you ate your  
Wheaties this morning!

Behind him, white-plastic-wrapped blocks are stacked on the passenger seats up to the ceiling.

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS**

Luis shakes his head and returns the radio to his pocket.

The airplane makes a flashy turn to land over the opposite end of the runway.

It taxis to the open hangar door and comes to a stop just as both engines shut down.

One of the SUVs pulls up behind the aircraft.

Luis is already opening the cargo hatches in the nose as David cracks the side door.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
More in here!

He hands his personal duffel bag to JORGE, short and broad and in his late 20s.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
Jorge. How is your father?

JORGE  
(Spanish)  
Still limping. He refuses to stay in bed.

DAVID  
He's a tough old bird.

JORGE  
I will tell him you asked.

DAVID  
Please don't!

Jorge chuckles and carries the bag to the second SUV.

A line of men form a *bucket brigade* between the first truck and the aircraft.

Jorge's cousin, SABURO, 20, opens the SUV liftgate and is handed a heavy package from the airplane.

The back of the truck begins to fill with the blocks.

David steps to the passenger door as the window rolls down.

The driver is HUMBERTO "BERT" LEYVA, in his mid-20s and sharp-dressed. He cuts an imposing figure even in the confines of the vehicle.

BERT  
(Spanish)  
Welcome back.

David notices the empty passenger seat.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
Where is he?

Bert thumbs to the forest behind the hangar.

BERT  
(Spanish)  
Where do you think?

DAVID  
(incredulous)  
Again?

BERT  
He found a new one, I think.

Alonzo emerges from the forest carrying a small jar in his gloved hands.

ALONZO  
(excited)  
David! Look what I've found! It's amazing!

BERT  
Told you.

David and Bert share an eye roll.

DAVID  
(faux excitement, to Alonzo)  
Oh, yeah?

Alonzo holds out the jar as he approaches the vehicle, breathless.

ALONZO  
*Phyllobates terribilis* . Unheard of in Guatemala.

David feigns interest. Not very well.

DAVID  
Is that because this *terrible*  
*phylobator* doesn't live here, or is  
it because no one cares?

Bert snorts.

Alonzo ignores the insult and brings the jar closer to his face. His eyes blaze like a child's on Christmas morning.

ALONZO  
I know you don't think this is  
interesting. You're just lucky I like  
you.

Alonzo turns his attention to the men unloading the plane.

ALONZO  
Any problems in Miami?

DAVID  
Smooth as silk.

Taking an interest in young Luis, Alonzo's excitement vanishes, replaced by irritation.

He steps closer to the crew as the last few pieces are passed into the SUV.

Luis closes the cargo hatch and turns to see Alonzo moving closer. The rest of the crew are like statues.

Alonzo speaks to David without looking away from the nervous young man. His tone is instructional as he holds up the jar.

ALONZO  
Do you know what is the English name  
of this animal?

He pauses for a reply. Silence.

ALONZO  
Golden poison dart frog.

Luis averts his gaze as Alonzo pushes even closer.

The rest of the men inch further away.

ALONZO  
Do you know why it's called that?

Alonzo turns to face David, who, along with everyone else, is now motionless, taciturn.

Inside the truck, Bert yawns.

ALONZO  
Amazonian tribes use the toxin  
excreted from this frog's skin to  
hunt animals in the tree canopy. It  
is the deadliest toxin known to man.

He screws the lid off the jar and reaches inside.

ALONZO  
(sinister, Spanish)  
Hold him.

Luis begins to flee, but is grabbed by three men before  
taking more than a step. They force him to his knees.

ALONZO  
(Spanish)  
David, what do I value more than  
money? More than anything?

David is serious; fun and games are over.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
Loyalty, Alonzo.

Alonzo pulls out the frog and faces Luis, who gets his first  
view of the beautiful, deadly creature.

ALONZO  
(Spanish)  
Loyalty. Yes.

Alonzo brings the frog to the boy's lips. Luis squirms and  
clamps his mouth closed.

Alonzo glances at the men to either side and they snatch  
Luis' head back, forcing his mouth open.

Alonzo raises his hand over the gaping hole and drops in the  
frog. He grips the boy's head and jaw and snaps the mouth  
closed. CRUNCH!

A muffled scream, replaced by labored breathing.

Alonzo keeps a hand pressed across Luis' mouth and studies  
the effects of the toxin.

ALONZO  
(Spanish)  
Shhh. Quiet now, boy.

Alonzo and his men release Luis and he drops to all fours.

Blood and a mangled frog falls from his lips.

Already unable to speak, his arms fold and his body rolls over. Pink foam pours from his open mouth.

Alonzo squats and retrieves the frog's body, dropping it into the jar.

ALONZO

Such a waste.

Like a surgeon, he strips off the gloves inside-out and plunges them into the jar.

He reaches into one of Luis' pockets and pulls out two neat stacks of American one hundred dollar bills.

He stands and tosses the money into the truck.

ALONZO

Next time, make sure they seal the packages better.

DAVID

Yes, sir.

The boss climbs into the passenger seat of the SUV as Bert starts the engine.

ALONZO

Welcome back, David. See you at the house.

DAVID

Thank you, sir.

#### **EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS**

As Alonzo's vehicle leaves the airfield, his men pick up the body and quietly carry it to the second SUV.

RICARDO "SKINNY" ALVAREZ, Alonzo's mechanic, sputters up on an antique, single-cylinder motorcycle. In his 50s, he's tall and thin, wearing oily coveralls and dirty goggles.

Puerto Rican and raised in America, he speaks English and Spanish with a heavy New Jersey accent.

He slides to a stop and rips off his goggles, furious.

RICARDO

Da fuck was dat?

David spins around with a puzzled look as Ricardo approaches.

RICARDO

Don't gimme dat look, you fuck. You know what da fuck I'm talkin' about! How many times do you think you can do dat before a wing falls off? Dis ain't no F-16, ya know!

David points to the sky over the other end of the airstrip.

DAVID

Oh, that! Was that bad?

Ricardo shoots daggers with his eyes.

DAVID

Won't happen again, Skinny.

He holds up a three-finger salute.

DAVID

Scout's honor.

Ricardo returns the gesture, minus two fingers, then strides toward the plane.

DAVID

I really appreciate your concern, though.

RICARDO

I don't give two fucks about you, ya fuck.

As David starts walking to the SUV, over his shoulder:

DAVID

Then I guess you'd better check that left brake. It feels mushy. Or something.

Ricardo dismisses him with a wave and opens an engine cowling.

David peeks back and then twirls a finger at the SUV driver.

He hops on Ricardo's bike and kick-starts it with one pump.

Ricardo snaps to attention as David revs the small engine.

David spins the back tire around to line up behind the leaving SUV and Ricardo gives chase.

David hurtles away, howling with laughter.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

In his cabana at Alonzo's compound, David unpacks his bag.

ANGELICA, 18 going on 25, wearing a flowery sundress and sandals, appears at David's door just as he spins around with his hands behind his back.

ANGELICA  
What have you got there?

DAVID  
Where?

She steps into the room.

ANGELICA  
In your hands.

He holds up an empty hand ...

DAVID  
(playful)  
This hand?

... then exchanges it for the other, also empty.

DAVID  
Or this one?

She lunges at him, attempting to reach behind his back.

ANGELICA  
Give it to me!

David giggles.

DAVID  
What? There's nothing to give!

She pushes him onto his back on the bed and jumps on top of him, straddling him between her legs.

ANGELICA  
Nothing?

She reaches between her legs and grabs his crotch.

ANGELICA  
(teasing)  
What's this then?

DAVID  
(tense)  
That's something else entirely.

ANGELICA  
Is it?

She squeezes.

He winces.

ANGELICA  
(evil)  
One way or another, I'm getting what  
I want.

She squeezes harder and David instantly reveals his hands.

DAVID  
Okay, OW! You win!

He holds up a bottle of perfume.

She looks hurt and sits up, crossing her arms.

ANGELICA  
You don't like the way I smell? You  
*think I stink.*

David is confused and panics as he hands her the bottle.

DAVID  
What? No! I love the way you smell! I  
thought all women like perfume. You  
can only get this in New York.

She reads the label and tickles his belly.

ANGELICA  
I'm kidding. It's perfect. I love it!  
Thank you.

She plants a kiss on his cheek and they stare into each  
others' eyes. Then she leans in for a passionate kiss.

After a moment, he pushes her off and she slides to her feet  
on the floor.

He sits up on the edge of the bed.

DAVID  
If your father finds out about  
this....

She hides the bottle behind her back.

ANGELICA  
I can keep a secret.

DAVID  
(annoyed)  
He sees how you act when I'm around.

ANGELICA  
Elina says it's just a ... how do you  
say in English *enamoramiento*?

DAVID  
"Infatuation."

ANGELICA  
Infat-uation. Thank you. But I know  
better.

DAVID  
(incredulous)  
Uh-huh.

ANGELICA  
You think I don't know what love is?

DAVID  
You're very young. People change.

ANGELICA  
None of the boys my age have any  
knowledge of the world. They all have  
such small ...

She reaches again for his crotch, gently this time, and they  
lock eyes.

ANGELICA  
... minds.

DAVID  
(resigned to his  
fate)  
What am I going to do with you?

ANGELICA  
I can think of many th--

He grabs her face with both hands and kisses her deeply.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

FOURTEEN MONTHS LATER

One wall of Alonzo's office has several built-in terrariums, each with a different, colorful variety of tropical frog.

Alonzo, with his infant granddaughter, CORINNA, in one arm and a finger-full of amphibian food in the other hand, attempts to feed one of the animals.

He sprinkles some into one of the habitats, waiting for a moment to see if the creatures will eat.

He shrugs when they do not and whispers to the child:

ALONZO  
(Spanish)  
They are not hungry.

He turns to walk around behind his desk. Late afternoon sun bathes the room in a warm glow.

ALONZO  
Maybe later, yes?

A large, hand-built, teak desk occupies a good percentage of the middle of the room, situated to see into the outer office as well as through the open exterior doors overlooking the pool deck.

On the deck, Angelica tans in a bikini.

David is seated in front of the desk, listening to his boss.

ALONZO  
I need you to make new routes from  
Argentina. Starting next week.

DAVID  
Okay.

Alonzo sits and bounces the child on his knee, making baby faces and holding her tiny hands in his own.

ALONZO  
David, you've never questioned our  
business, but these shipments are ...  
different.

DAVID  
Makes no difference to me. You've  
always treated me well.

Alonzo brings the child closer to seat her in his lap, facing David.

ALONZO

Yes, but I don't want you to find out later.

David is intrigued.

DAVID

Could you be a little more vague?  
What are we, shipping plutonium for  
Bin Laden? What?

Alonzo snickers, but then grimaces.

ALONZO

It's gold.

David waits for the punchline.

DAVID

Gold? That's it? What's the big deal?  
Unless it's, like, fifty tons or  
something.

ALONZO

Thirty-five.

David sits in stunned silence.

DAVID

I was kidding.

ALONZO

I am not.

David stands and paces the room.

DAVID

I can't do it in the Cessna. I'll  
need something bigger. It'll still  
take more than one trip.

Alonzo waves a hand.

ALONZO

They will break it up into smaller  
shipments. They just need it to be  
quick and quiet.

David does some math in his head.

DAVID  
I'll still need something bigger.  
Will they front the money for a new  
plane?

ALONZO  
I can ask.

David nods and thinks.

DAVID  
Why were you hesitant to tell me  
this?

ALONZO  
Because of your grandparents.

DAVID  
My grandparents? I never even met  
them.

ALONZO  
They died in Poland, yes? In the  
camps?

DAVID  
Belzec. But I wasn't even....

David's confusion is replaced with grim realization.

DAVID  
It's Nazi gold.

ALONZO  
Is this going to be a problem?

David resumes pacing, slower this time.

ALONZO  
David?

David stops and faces Alonzo. He looks at his daughter in  
the man's arms.

DAVID  
(disheartened)  
No. I'll do it.

Alonzo perks up and spins the child around to face himself.

ALONZO  
(cheerful)  
Good! I can always count on you.

Alonzo's SECRETARY speaks through the open door:

SECRETARY  
(Spanish)  
Sir? Your guests have arrived.

ALONZO  
(perturbed, Spanish)  
Early, of course. Have them wait in  
the dining room and tell them we will  
be right in.

David begins to walk around the table to collect his  
daughter, but Alonzo holds up a hand.

ALONZO  
You get ready for dinner. I will put  
her down. This is not my first rodeo,  
you know.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Angelica is standing against the wall outside the office,  
wrapped in a nearly sheer sarong. She ambushes David as he  
exits.

ANGELICA  
Hello, handsome.

David is startled, still processing the meeting with Alonzo.

DAVID  
What the--? What's wrong with you?

She pushes closer.

ANGELICA  
What's the problem? It's been, like,  
ten hours since I saw you.

DAVID  
Two. And it's time for dinner.

She looks up and down the hall.

ANGELICA  
(scheming)  
Come on ...

She leans in close and begins to loosen his belt buckle.

ANGELICA  
Want me to suck you off right here?

David leaps backwards and slaps her hands away.

DAVID

NO! Jesus!

ANGELICA

Oh my GOD! I'm *kidding*!

David looks relieved.

ANGELICA

Or maybe I'm not.

She makes a slurping sound with her tongue, then breaks into laughter.

David looks at his watch.

DAVID

I need to ... get cleaned up.

He steps around her and marches down the hall.

She turns to watch him leave, confused.

As she turns to get ready for dinner, she comes face to face with her stepmother, ELINA, standing in the hall, arms crossed and disapproving.

Elina is two years older than Alonzo and even more sinister. She's never approved of the relationship between Angelica and David.

ELINA

(Spanish)

Your father only approves because he wanted grandchildren. If it weren't for the child....

Angelica steps right up to her mother and faces her directly.

ANGELICA

Then I guess it's--

ELINA

(incensed, Spanish)

To me, you speak Spanish!

Angelica glances down at Elina's belly.

ANGELICA  
(arrogant, Spanish)  
I guess it is a good thing *one of us*  
can have children.

Elina digs in.

ELINA  
(spiteful, English)  
Pushing you out didn't keep your  
mother alive.

Angelica sneers and storms off to her room.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - NIGHT**

When David enters the dining room, the other attendees are seated and beginning their meals.

ALONZO  
Finally. We were just talking about  
you.

DAVID  
I needed to think.

FRIEDRICH, 50, is seated at the end of the table, opposite Alonzo. Impeccably dressed, with a manicured beard and mustache, he speaks as though he owns the country.

FRIEDRICH  
I thought pilots were quick thinkers.

David stops in his tracks and glares at the newcomer. He points at the man sitting in *his* chair and gapes at Alonzo.

ALONZO  
David, this is Friedrich Alemán. He  
represents the new clients.

Alonzo gestures to another chair on the side of the table.

ALONZO  
Sit next to me tonight.

David begrudgingly moves toward his new assignment.

Friedrich places his napkin on the table and begins to stand.

FRIEDRICH  
Am I sitting in your place?

David throws up his hands and twirls back to the end of the table, but Alonzo won't have it.

ALONZO

No, no. Of course not. You are a guest at *my* table.

He shoots a look at David and points at the chair.

ALONZO

David. Here.

David gives up and sits.

As Friedrich replaces his napkin:

FRIEDRICH

I'm also told you are aware of the nature of our business. I expect th--

David scoots his chair to force a loud squeak from the wooden legs.

FRIEDRICH

This will not impede your effort?

DAVID

(sarcastic)

On the contrary, Freddy, it'll be nice to have my grandparents in the plane with me. Even if it's just their teeth.

Friedrich admires David's insolence.

FRIEDRICH

He is just like every good pilot I have ever met. He will do.

ALONZO

David's tongue is often a source of irritation ...

David is indignant.

ALONZO

... but his skill in the air is without equal.

Friedrich picks up a fork of food and gestures with it toward Alonzo.

FRIEDRICH

Personally, I wanted my associates to  
use a boat for a single shipment--

David slams his utensils to the table.

DAVID

Hell, Bert's an excellent sailor! I'm  
sure we can accommodate you.

ALONZO

(stern)

David.

Friedrich huffs and continues:

FRIEDRICH

But they are worried about losing it  
all if something unfortunate were to  
happen.

As he takes another bite, Alonzo reassures him:

ALONZO

I give you my personal guarantee  
nothing will go wrong. I have  
complete confidence in David's  
ability.

Friedrich swallows.

FRIEDRICH

We will see.

The table is quiet for a moment.

DAVID

(sotto)

Alonzo, the plane?

ALONZO

Ah, yes. There is the matter of the  
airplane. Would your associates be  
willing to front the cost of a larger  
plane?

Friedrich stops eating and stares across the table.

ALONZO

(apologetic)

This, of course, would be deducted  
from our fees.

Friedrich bursts out laughing and drops his utensils on the plate. He wipes his mouth with a napkin.

FRIEDRICH

My friend, I had heard you were a  
shrewd businessman ... I had no idea  
you were also a comedian!

Alonzo raises his glass to break the tension.

ALONZO

It never hurts to ask.

He glances at a disappointed David.

**EXT. ALONZO'S HOME - NIGHT**

David and Angelica relax on lounges by the pool after dinner.

Bert exits the house with a fresh cigar and joins them, pulling up a chair.

BERT

How was dinner? I heard you made an  
impression on the new client.

ANGELICA

He has a way with people.

DAVID

Has Alonzo told you what we're doing?

Bert leans back and takes a puff.

BERT

He didn't need to. Alemán's assistant  
can't keep his mouth shut.

Angelica slips off her sandals and stands. She begins to disrobe.

ANGELICA

If you two are going to talk  
business, I am going to swim. It is a  
beautiful night.

Her dress falls to the ground and she struts naked across the deck.

Bert cannot help but watch her. David ignores her; he's seen it all before.

As she slips into the water, Bert wonders aloud:

BERT

Why has Alonzo not killed you? What magic recipe do you possess that keeps him happy?

He gestures to Angelica.

BERT

Just for seeing this, I feel like there will be a little frog in my bed tonight.

DAVID

I'm not stupid. He hates me. But he knows that having Corinna here keeps me under his thumb.

(somber)

I can never leave.

Bert puffs.

BERT

Why are we taking Skinny into Guatemala City?

DAVID

Alonzo wants to look at a new plane.

BERT

Well, I will be picking up parts for the boat while you are at the airport.

David leans forward, intrigued.

DAVID

When's it going in the water?

BERT

Soon. Maybe two weeks.

David thinks for a moment and looks at Angelica in the water.

DAVID

Good.

**EXT. GUATEMALA CITY AIRPORT - DAY**

Alonzo leads David and Ricardo across the tarmac at Guatemala City Airport, following a SALESMAN from one parked airplane to the next. The man carries a clipboard full of paperwork.

SALESMAN

(Spanish)

I have only two that can handle the payload you mentioned and that also have short-field capability. One is not here, but I can have it here in a week. The other is this one.

He stops in front of a 1983 Antonov AN-26.

Alonzo checks David's reaction; he seems mildly impressed.

Ricardo points past the group to something he likes.

RICARDO

(Spanish)

That one.

All heads swivel. David's eyes grow to saucers.

Ricardo pushes through to get a closer look.

SALESMAN

(Spanish)

Uh, that one needs some work. If you're in a hurry, I can have it ready tomorrow and make you a very nice offer.

Alonzo perks up.

The salesman jots a number on the clipboard paperwork and shows it to Alonzo.

Alonzo offers a hand to the salesman. David peeks at the clipboard.

He points and exclaims:

DAVID

For THAT?!?

**IN FLIGHT OVER MOUNTAINOUS RAINFOREST - DAY**

An antique Grumman Mallard amphibious airplane heaves and sways as the engines sputter and cough.

**INT. GRUMMAN MALLARD - DAY**

David fights the controls, struggling to maintain speed and altitude. One hand is on the control yoke while the other holds the overhead throttles at MAX.

Warbling engines, wind, and metal fatigue produce a cacophony of distress.

On the instrument panel, the fuel gauge needles snap from three-quarters full to zero.

DAVID

Oh, come on!

David takes his hand off the throttles to tap the gauge and the levers begin to ease back toward idle. The engines slow.

He snatches the levers to regain power.

DAVID

You sonofabitch! Aaah!

The sound of a wire snapping resonates through the airframe.

David scans the cockpit.

DAVID

What the hell was that??

**INT. AIRSTRIP HANGAR - DAY**

Ricardo snoozes with his feet on the desk in the darkened hangar office.

He's awakened by the sound of David yelling on the radio.

DAVID (V.O.)

Skinny, you'd better be at the airfield!

A smirk forms across Ricardo's mouth. He slides his feet off the desk and turns on a lamp.

DAVID (V.O.)

Skinny! Goddammit, answer me!

Ricardo stands and stretches, then steps over to the coffee pot and pours a cup.

The radio breaks squelch just long enough to hear David yelling at the plane.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Skin-- Dammit this piece of sh--

Ricardo sips.

He sips again.

He checks the wind gauge on the wall of the office as he lifts the microphone and clears his throat.

RICARDO  
(genial)  
Wind is East at 5. Cleared to land.

He places the mic next to the radio and moves a finger to the power switch.

DAVID (V.O.)  
It's about time, you mother--

CLICK.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - NIGHT**

Alonzo stands at the open office window, apprehensive.

Friedrich, seated in front of the desk, awaits a response.

ALONZO  
That's a great deal more than what we originally planned to ship at one time.

FRIEDRICH  
Is it too much? I'm sure I can find--

Alonzo turns into the room.

ALONZO  
No, no. It will be fine. Tuesday?

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

In the garage, David helps Bert unload boxes from his SUV.

BERT

It's actually not that bad. Maybe twenty-four to thirty hours, not including a stop for fuel in Cancún.

DAVID

Is that the only fuel stop?

BERT

No. Again in Key West, but that's what the extra tanks are for. I remove them for the race. To save weight.

David hands him another box.

BERT

Speaking of saving weight....

Bert pulls a knife from his pocket and cuts open the box.

From it, he lifts a gleaming race propeller the size of a steering wheel.

BERT

Custom made. Titanium. Very lightweight.

David is impressed.

DAVID

*Muy bonito!*

Bert replaces it and slides the box next to the others.

He faces David, who closes the liftgate.

BERT

Alonzo is giving me a new job.

DAVID

A promotion? Congratulations!

BERT

In Florida.

David raises an eyebrow.

DAVID

Oh.

BERT

Alonzo wants a few more captains on the ground in Florida. People he knows.

DAVID

Who else?

BERT

Jorge and his cousin will be coming up in a month. Hector after that.

DAVID

Hector? He's an idiot! Why would Alonzo promote him?

BERT

Elina's idea.

Dauids concurs.

BERT

I won't be coming back here after the race in Miami. Not for awhile, at least.

David looks forlorn, then happy. He extends a hand and Bert accepts it.

DAVID

In that case, good luck in the race! And best of luck in Florida.

BERT

You will have to visit. Bring your family. Angie will love it.

David thinks.

DAVID

I have a better idea....

#### **INT. AIRSTRIP HANGAR - NIGHT**

At the end of the day, Ricardo lines through *Tuesday* on his desk calendar.

He shuts off his lamp as he picks up his keys and makes for the office door.

Dusk fills the hangar as he closes and locks the door behind him, pocketing the keys.

Angelica walks into the hangar. In the fading light, they startle each other.

RICARDO  
What are you doin' here? David gets  
back tomorrow.

He notices she's carrying the baby in a car seat with a bag over her shoulder.

RICARDO  
(suspicious)  
What's goin' on?

They both face the runway at the sound of the Grumman approaching.

RICARDO  
Da fuck?

He turns back to the office door and pulls out his keys.

Angelica creeps away, then bursts into a run.

Ricardo throws open the door and lunges for the radio. He turns it on and keys the mic.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

The radio in Alonzo's office comes to life.

RICARDO (V.O.)  
Hey, boss. Did you know David was  
comin' back tonight?

Puzzled, Alonzo stands and crosses the room.

He picks up the microphone.

ALONZO  
No. What's going on?

Elina screams from Angelica's bedroom:

ELINA (O.S.)  
(panicked, Spanish)  
Alonzo! Come here!

He shakes his head.

ALONZO  
(annoyed, Spanish)  
What is it?

ELINA (O.S.)

*¡Ahora!*

He storms out of the room.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Alonzo enters Angelica's room to find Elina standing in a scattered pile of clothing.

Several drawers of the furniture are half-opened.

Scrawled across the wall in red lipstick: *ADIOS!*

Alonzo bolts from the doorway.

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS**

Angelica sprints toward the taxiing plane and signals to stop.

As the engines idle and the plane comes to a rest, she veers around the wing.

The door opens as she approaches. She hands David the car seat.

ANGELICA

We need to leave right now!

He places the baby inside and reaches out for Angelica.

DAVID

I heard! Get in here.

He hauls her through the opening.

**INT. GRUMMAN MALLARD - CONTINUOUS**

While she secures the door, he hurries to the cockpit with the baby.

He passes a dozen small wooden crates and a hundred white-plastic-wrapped blocks strapped to the floor.

When she gets to the cockpit door, David is already strapping himself into the left seat.

The car seat with Corinna is strapped onto the single passenger seat behind the bulkhead.

He points to the co-pilot seat.

DAVID  
Sit there. Hurry!

He shoves the throttles to takeoff power and stands on the pedals to steer back to the runway.

HANGAR:

Standing dumbfounded in his office, Ricardo watches as the plane turns to leave.

ALONZO'S OFFICE:

Alonzo grabs the microphone in his office.

GRUMMAN COCKPIT:

His voice comes across the airplane radio:

ALONZO (V.O.)  
(furious)  
Ricardo, stop that plane! Do not let  
him take off!

DAVID  
God dammit.

HANGAR:

RICARDO  
(growling)  
About fuckin' time.

He stretches across the desk and throws open the top drawer.

Inside is a nickel-plated revolver.

He grabs it and races out the door.

GRUMMAN COCKPIT:

Angelica straps herself in and confesses:

ANGELICA  
I might have left a note to my  
parents.

David is incensed.

DAVID  
What?!? Why would you do that??

The window next to him shatters and throws shrapnel across the cockpit.

David throws up a hand to protect his face, but is forced to regain control of the aircraft.

He takes a quick peek out the window to see the hangar and Ricardo receding ... not quickly enough.

Three more bullets pierce the fuselage. BANG, BANG, BANG. One caroms through the instrument panel and sends sparks flying.

DAVID  
Jesus Christ!

As their speed increases, he concentrates on the controls.

The wheels leave the ground at the end of the runway and David flips the lever for the landing gear.

ANGELICA  
I am ... so sorry.

DAVID  
Nothing we can do about it now.

He glances over.

DAVID  
Just--

Angelica is holding a hand over a hole in her neck. Blood courses down her body.

Tears stream down her face.

ANGELICA  
Take care of the baby. I love you.

David is silent, stunned, crippled by shock.

Angelica slumps.

He slams his fist against the wall of the cockpit.

DAVID  
NOOOOO!

**EXT. REMOTE INLET ON THE GULF OF MEXICO - NIGHT**

In a small, protected bay on the Gulf of Mexico, the Grumman taxis through water illuminated by floating chemical lightsticks: makeshift runway lighting.

Ahead of it, lit only by the full moon, a long, sleek, offshore racing boat undulates on the gentle waves.

Aboard the vessel, Bert swings a glowing chemlight over his head and keys a walkie-talkie.

BERT

I'm at your eleven o'clock right now.

Two clicks on the frequency signals David has seen him.

The aircraft engines shut down and the propellers stop.

The plane drifts near the boat and the door opens.

David has Corinna in his arms.

Bert throws a line to David, who secures it inside the doorway. Bert pulls the two craft together.

Behind David, on the floor of the cargo area, is Angelica's body.

BERT

I am very sorry, my friend. What can I do?

DAVID

I need one more favor.

BERT

Anything.

David pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

DAVID

My half-sister lives in Florida.  
That's her address. I need you to  
take Corinna to her. Alonzo doesn't  
know about Kate and the baby will be  
safe with her for the time being.

David hands him the child and retrieves the car seat and baby's bag from inside the doorway.

Bert cradles the baby and places the seat and bag on the floor of the boat.

BERT

She'll need a new name.

David ponders this as he looks at the child, but his brain is fried.

DAVID

I ... can't....

BERT

Candace has a nice ring to it.

David smiles and nods.

DAVID

Will you be alright? Have you ever--

Bert holds up a hand.

BERT

I grew up with two baby sisters.

He stares at David.

BERT

What will I tell Kate?

DAVID

The truth. She never liked me much, anyway, but she does love children.

BERT

What are you going to do?

DAVID

I'll see you soon.

He casts off the line and closes the door.

Bert pulls the rope onto the boat as the aircraft engines sputter to life.

**INT. GRUMMAN MALLARD - NIGHT**

Hours later, over the open ocean, David fights to restart one of the engines.

As he flips switches and checks gauges, he keys the radio:

DAVID

(calm)

Mayday, mayday. This is Tango Golf  
Hotel Delta Delta.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)  
 My position is approximately one-  
 niner-five nautical miles southeast  
 of Bravo Romeo Oscar. I have lost one  
 engine and the other is dying.

He glances at Angelica's body in the back of the aircraft.

DAVID  
 I have three souls on board and no  
 life raft.

He listens for any reply while struggling with the engine  
 controls.

DAVID  
 Mayday, mayday. This is Tango Golf  
 Hotel Delta Delta. My position is  
 approximately one-niner-five nautical  
 miles southeast of Bravo Romeo  
 Oscar....

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

Alonzo, standing behind his desk, replaces the phone handset  
 on the cradle.

Elina is standing at the door, looking across the pool deck.

*They speak to each other in Spanish.*

ALONZO  
 The Americans found Angelica's body  
 and some wreckage, but no plane. No  
 David. No Corinna.

ELINA  
 And no gold.

He glares at her with his fists on the table.

ALONZO  
 No. No gold.

She faces him.

ELINA  
 What are we going to do?

ALONZO  
 First, I will retrieve my daughter's  
 body.

ELINA

Of course, my love. I am sorry. But what about Friedrich?

ALONZO

Fuck that Nazi piece of shit! I wish I'd never agreed to ferry his dirty gold.

ELINA

It's been two days. He's going to wonder what happened.

The secretary buzzes the office. Alonzo taps the button.

SECRETARY

Sir, Mr. Alemán is on the line.

Alonzo picks up the receiver.

ALONZO

(faltering, English)

Friedrich. There's been an acc--

Elina listens and waits.

ALONZO

(English)

Yes, sir.

He hangs up.

ALONZO

(Spanish)

He's on his way.

#### **EXT. KATE'S HOME - DAY**

Bert emerges from the front door of KATE'S home with Kate close behind. She's smiling and holding baby Candace.

As he walks down the front steps, he waves over his shoulder. Kate holds up one of the baby's hands to wave goodbye.

Her home is modest, but tidy, with a neat lawn and shiny mailbox.

Bert crosses the yard and walks across the street to a similar house in a neighborhood filled with similar houses.

A REALTOR is placing a SOLD marker on the face of a FOR SALE sign out front.

The realtor greets Bert as he approaches and gives him a set of keys. They shake hands and walk inside.

**INT. KATE'S HOME - NIGHT**

NINETEEN YEARS LATER

On the mantel is an urn, engraved "Katherine Kaczmarek, October 3rd, 1959 - January 22nd, 2022"

There are two photos next to the urn. One is a teenage Candace blowing out candles on a birthday cake as Aunt Kate stands by.

The second is Kate with co-workers in a courtroom.

Bert, wearing khakis and a black guayabera, escorts a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE to the front door.

BERT

Thanks for coming.

WIFE

Katherine would have liked this. Tell Candie we're thinking of her.

BERT

I will.

The couple exits and Bert is alone in the living room.

He walks down the hall to Candace's door and taps.

BERT

Everyone's gone. You can come out now.

CANDACE, now 20, cracks the door of her room and peers out through the slit. Satisfied, she swings it open and returns to her bed. She's wearing a black slip dress and bare feet.

Bert leans against the door jamb.

BERT

The Reynolds helped me clean up. Everything is put away. How are you doing?

Candace curls up and pulls the sheet over her.

CANDACE

I'm fine. And thank you.

Bert stares at her.

She glances back at him.

CANDACE  
Seriously, I'll be okay. You don't  
have to hang around all night.

BERT  
Kate wouldn't want to see you like  
this.

CANDACE  
It doesn't really matter now what she  
wants, does it?

BERT  
I think it does, even if you don't.  
You're breaking her heart.

CANDACE  
Please go home.

BERT  
Promise me you'll eat something?

CANDACE  
I'll eat when I'm hungry.

Unsatisfied, Bert examines her for a moment, then turns to  
leave.

CANDACE  
Shut off the light, please?

Bert slides his hand over the switch.

The room is dark except for the glow of the suburbs through  
the window.

He reaches in and pulls the door shut behind him.

#### **INT. KATE'S HOME - DAY**

The kitchen window is open and a breeze flows through the  
curtains.

Candace is at the table, wearing pajamas, pushing pancakes  
around a plate.

Through the window, she hears the neighbor's dog snarling  
and growling.

Candace turns her head to the open front door, anticipating Bert's arrival. As his footsteps hit the porch, Candace invites him in.

CANDACE  
In the kitchen.

Bert opens the screen door without hesitation and walks straight to the kitchen table.

He's puzzled by her meal.

BERT  
Pancakes for lunch?

CANDACE  
Breakfast.

Bert looks at the clock on the microwave.

CANDACE  
I overslept, okay?

BERT  
You can't stay in bed all day.

CANDACE  
Wanna bet?

BERT  
Get dressed. Let's go to the range.

She shakes her head.

CANDACE  
I'm not really feeling up to it.

BERT  
Nonsense. That's the best time to practice. You never know how you'll feel during a competition.

She sits taciturn.

BERT  
(impatient)  
Come on. Let's go. Get changed. I'll meet you out front.

Still she sits, staring at her plate.

BERT  
Up! Up! Let's go!

CANDACE  
Can I finish my food?

Bert reaches out and lifts her by the shoulders.

BERT  
We'll get something on the way. I'm  
buying.

She stands and he releases her with a gentle push toward the hallway.

CANDACE  
Alright! Jeez!

BERT  
I'll get the car.

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

Candace and Bert enjoy lunch in a booth near a window.

His bright red Audi is parked just outside.

Across the lot, a matte-black BMW coupe with huge wheels and limo-tinted windows is angled across two spaces.

Bert eyes the jerk-mobile and shakes his head.

He notices Candace's food is barely touched.

BERT  
You really should eat something.

CANDACE  
I ate.

BERT  
What, one bite? Two?

CANDACE  
I'm really not hungry.

He frowns.

BERT  
Need to use the restroom before we  
leave?

She shakes her head.

Bert places his napkin on the table and slides out of the booth.

BERT

Eat.

As he walks to the restroom, one of TWO YOUNG MEN in the opposite booth swings his legs into the aisle.

He leans out of the booth with his elbows on his knees and gestures toward the restrooms.

DOUG

Isn't he a little old for you?

Candace ignores him.

DOUG

(insistent)

I asked if he's a little old for you.

NICK

Come on, Doug. Leave her alone.

(to Candace)

I'm sorry.

Candace acknowledges with a wave of her fork.

DOUG

(to his buddy)

Shut up!

(to Candace)

Why don't you ditch that old fart and come with us to a party?

NICK

Doug. *Enough.*

Doug rises and steps across the aisle to stand next to Candace.

Candace drops her hands to her lap and lowers her gaze to the plate in front of her.

An older couple at a nearby table takes notice.

DOUG

Maybe you didn't hear me. I asked if you want to have some fun.

Doug places a hand on her shoulder and she recoils, sliding to the window.

DOUG

Whoa, whoa. I'm only trying to be friendly.

The PATRIARCH of the other table, a man in his 60s, advocates for Candace:

OLD DINER

Why don't you just go back to your seat and leave her alone?

Doug snaps around to point at the other table.

DOUG

Why don't you just mind your own fucking business?

The older man takes offense, but his WIFE reaches across the table and grabs his wrist to stop him from interfering.

Doug turns back to Candace and begins to sit next to her.

As he lands on the seat, she whips her left arm around to punch him in the throat.

Doug gasps for air.

Candace grabs his face across his mouth and forces his head back against the seat cushion, then places the knife she was hiding in her right hand against his neck.

NICK

Whoa!

CANDACE

(angry)

Shoulda listened to'im, Doug.

Bert exits the restroom and notices the commotion.

As he approaches the table, he's calm.

BERT

Uh. Candie? Why do you have a knife to this boy's throat?

He picks a piece of food from his plate and pops it into his mouth.

Doug's eyes dart back and forth between Bert and Candace.

CANDACE

Doug here asked me to teach him some manners. Isn't that right, Doug?

Doug hesitates, then nods his head.

Bert licks his fingers clean.

BERT  
(nonchalant)  
While I'm sure he'd excel under your  
tutelage, this isn't the place.

Candace hovers her hand above Doug's mouth.

DOUG  
(anxious)  
I'm sorry?

She presses the knife harder against his neck.

DOUG  
(panicking)  
It won't happen again! I promise!

Bert cleans his fingers with a napkin and drops it on the table.

BERT  
I think he learned his lesson.

Candace covers Doug's mouth again and presses even harder. She begins to drag the blade across his skin.

BERT  
CANDIE!

Candace releases her grip on Doug's face and tosses the knife on the table. It clatters across the surface.

Doug leaps out of the seat and feels his neck. He sees blood on his fingers and turns to the other table of diners.

DOUG  
Did you see that? This bitch  
assaulted me!

OLD DINER  
(sincere)  
What? When? I didn't see a thing.

The diner winks at Bert, who smiles in return.

Doug pulls a phone from his pocket.

DOUG  
We'll see what the cops have to say.  
I'm fucking bleeding!

Bert rips the phone from Doug's hand and drops it to the floor. With a stomp, he smashes it to pieces.

DOUG  
You old *fuck*!

Bert snatches Doug's collar and pulls him close. Doug gets light on his toes.

BERT  
Is that your murdered-out Beemer in the parking lot? Seems like something a slimy little prick like you would ask his daddy to buy for him.

Doug remains silent, so Bert gives him a shake.

BERT  
Right?

NICK  
(embarrassed)  
It's his.

DOUG  
(furious, to Nick)  
Fuckhead!

Bert leans in to whisper in Doug's ear.

Doug's eyes close tight and his hands swing to the front of his pants to protect his genitals from an implied threat.

Bert releases him and steps back.

BERT  
Now apologize again. Like you mean it.

While facing Bert:

DOUG  
I ... uh--

BERT  
(impatient)  
To her, dumbass.

Doug turns to Candace with his eyes toward the floor.

DOUG  
I'm terribly sorry. Please accept my apology.

Candace stands to face him with menace in her eyes.

BERT  
Candie? He apologized.

CANDACE  
(skeptical)  
He doesn't mean it.

Bert surveys a nervous and pitiful Doug.

BERT  
(pleased)  
Oh, I think he does.

Candace relents and issues a curt response:

CANDACE  
Fine. Apology accepted.

Bert pulls out his wallet and drops a hundred dollar bill on the table.

BERT  
Let's go.

Doug remains standing as Bert and Candace walk toward the door.

As they pass the other table, the outspoken diner gives Bert a thumb up.

Bert winks.

#### **EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Bert opens the door for Candace as they exit the restaurant.

BERT  
What happened?

CANDACE  
I don't want to talk about it.

She makes a beeline for Bert's Audi, but he steps across the lot to Doug's car.

He pulls out his smartphone and takes a picture.

CANDACE  
Just in case?

BERT  
Something like that.

He raises and waves the phone so Doug can see.

IN THE RESTAURANT:

Doug is still standing, watching. He slumps onto the edge of his seat and stares at the floor.

IN THE PARKING LOT:

Bert opens the Audi and leans his hands against the edge of the opening.

BERT

Never lose control. Keep a cool head, no matter how bad the situation seems. Unchecked emotion leads to mistakes. Some mistakes can't be corrected.

She nods and they slip into the car.

**EXT. KATE'S HOME - LATER**

It's late afternoon as they return from the gun range. Bert's car swings into his driveway.

Bert and Candace get out and he offers dinner:

BERT

I left out some picadillo leftovers to thaw. Maybe flan for dessert?

CANDACE

No. Thanks.

BERT

You sure? It's no trouble.

CANDACE

Dammit, Bert! I can take care of myself.

She turns to cross the street as Bert raises his hands in defeat.

BERT

Oh, I know you can.

He pops open the trunk with the key fob and walks to the back of the car.

He retrieves a hard-side rifle case and a small duffel bag.

BERT  
Nice job today.

Candace lights up.

BERT  
Soon you'll be a better shot than me.

She nods as she realizes he doesn't mean at the restaurant.  
She turns to face him while walking backwards.

CANDACE  
I have a good teacher.

He closes the trunk and turns to watch her cross the street.

At her mailbox, Candace pulls out several envelopes and flips through them, disappointed to find only bills and collection notices.

She closes the door and it falls open. She slams it shut and it falls again. She gives up, defeated by a plastic latch.

Walking toward the front door, she passes her car, a two-decade-old compact import with faded paint. One corner of the vehicle is on a block and the wheel is off.

#### **INT. KATE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

She enters and moves through the front room.

Passing the fireplace, she touches Kate's urn.

She drops the mail on the table as she passes through the kitchen. There is a pile of dirty dishes in the sink.

When she enters her bedroom, she slouches on the edge of the bed with her head down and rubs her temples with her fingers.

Next to the bed are a photo of David holding Candace next to his airplane when she was still a baby and a Polaroid of Angelica and newborn Candace in a hospital bed.

She stands up, walks into the bathroom and starts a shower.

She strips her clothes and allows them to fall directly to the bathroom floor.

The spray washes over her head, water dripping from her face.

Leaning her hands against the wall below the shower head, she begins to sob.

She slumps to the floor of the shower ... and cries.

**INT. KATE'S HOME - NIGHT**

Seated at the table in the kitchen, wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt, Candace monitors a frozen dinner in the microwave.

It's quiet except for the hum of the oven and a police siren in the distance.

Next to the phone on the wall is a short list of presets for "1-Work, 2-Jessie, 3-Mr. Maxwell, 4-Bert"

Partially obscured by the handset is the number at the house: "5-7166"

The microwave beeps....

Candace peels the cover off her meal and blows on the hot food. With a fork, she stirs to help it cool.

With her other hand, she sips a drink.

Headlights sweep across the room as a vehicle pulls into the driveway.

Candace puts down the drink and cranes her neck to get a glimpse.

The engine stops. A door squeaks open and slams closed.

A knock at the door.

She checks the time on the microwave and stands.

Through the kitchen window she sees the neighbor's dog standing at the fence, tail wagging.

She creeps toward the front door and picks up the poker as she passes the fireplace.

Through the window curtains she spies a man with graying hair standing under the porch light. He's wearing a working jacket, button-up shirt, jeans, hiking boots.

She leans against the door with her hand on the lock and inspects through the peephole.

CANDACE

Yeah?

STRANGER

Candace?

CANDACE

Who are you?

STRANGER

That's a little hard to explain.

She leans to the window to take a closer look.

He notices her and moves closer to the light.

She recognizes her father from his photo.

CANDACE

(astonished)

What the--?

She drops the poker against the wall and with a deep breath, unfastens the lock and pulls the door open.

David moves toward her, but she stops him.

CANDACE

Nope. Right there.

She studies him for a beat and crosses her arms, waiting for an explanation.

David's old, green pickup truck is in the driveway. It has some patina, minor dents, scratches. A fiberglass and aluminum topper is mounted on the truck bed.

DAVID

I'm not ... sure where to begin.

He leans against the porch railing.

CANDACE

Don't do that.

He quickly stands and raises both hands in apology.

CANDACE

It's kind of falling apart.

He nods.

CANDACE

Start by telling me where you've been.

DAVID  
Fair enough. North Carolina.

CANDACE  
What do you do there?

DAVID  
I'm ... retired.

CANDACE  
(incredulous)  
Uh-huh.

After a long pause:

CANDACE  
Did Kate know?

David squints at her.

DAVID  
Can we go inside?

She's hesitant.

CANDACE  
(irritated)  
Fine.

She pushes open the screen door for him and he follows her through the front room.

He notices her brushing the urn on her way by the fireplace.

As they enter the kitchen, she pulls out a chair for him, opposite hers.

He surveys the room, then sits.

CANDACE  
Want a drink?

DAVID  
Water is fine.  
(stands)  
I'll get it. Glasses?

Candace points to a cabinet over the sink and sits.

He fills a cup with tap water and takes his seat, leaning forward. He stares at the drink.

DAVID  
Is that Kate on the mantel?

CANDACE  
Why would she tell me you were dead?

He purses his lips. His face is dispassionate.

DAVID  
The decisions I've made, the things  
I've done ... they haven't always  
been ... wise. I regret leaving you  
and Kate alone all this time. I can  
never make that right, but I think I  
can make it better ...  
(looks at her)  
... for you, at least. I came here to  
ask you to come to North Carolina  
with me.

Candace sits back and scowls at him for several seconds.

CANDACE  
How many times did you rehearse that  
little speech?

David smiles.

DAVID  
More than you can--

CANDACE  
(angry)  
You came here, after all this time,  
to ask if you could be my father  
again. Why? What's the point?

David's smile fades as her anger intensifies.

CANDACE  
I mean, it's not like I'm married to  
this house, that car, my shitty job,  
this depressing everything, but what  
did you think was going to happen?  
"Oh, when I show up, she's going to  
be so happy that she'll burst into  
tears and we'll live happily ever  
after"?

She leans forward to drive it home.

CANDACE

Fuck, I only know you from a photo, much less know what it's like to even have a father. But, ho-boy! It's gonna be all peachy-fucking-keen now that daddy's back.

DAVID

There is--

She bangs a fist on the table.

CANDACE

Shut it. For my entire life, you've let me think you're dead. You've both let me think you're dead. And now you walk in from nowhere and say, "Pack a bag, sweetheart. Let's go"?

David listens, silent.

CANDACE

(wiping her nose)

Fuck that! And fuck you. Get out of my house. I can't deal with this. Go back to being dead.

DAVID

I need to tell--

She stands and points to the door.

CANDACE

You need to leave.

On the verge of crying, she picks up the phone receiver and hits two buttons to call one of the memory numbers.

CANDACE

Hey, it's Candie. Can you ... I'm fine ... can you come over here and get someone out of my house?

She hangs up and stares at David.

CANDACE

I would leave right now if I were you.

She crosses her arms and nods in the direction of the front door.

Through the open window, a screen door slaps shut and the neighbor dog growls.

David stands as footsteps bang up the steps and across the front porch. The dog barks and snarls even louder.

CANDACE  
In the kitchen!

The front door flies open and Bert enters, wearing a tan guayabera, dark chinos, and sandals. He's holding a wooden baseball bat.

BERT  
Who?

Candace points at David, who is hidden by the kitchen wall.

DAVID  
(incredulous)  
Really?

Bert crosses the living room and enters the kitchen. He sees David and stops in his tracks.

|           |            |
|-----------|------------|
| BERT      | DAVID      |
| (shocked) | (cool)     |
| David!    | Hey, Bert. |

Bert, overjoyed, pounces for a hug.

BERT  
What are you doing here? I thought  
you were dead! We all thought you  
were dead!

DAVID  
It was a misunderstanding.

Bert, excited, spins around to face Candace.

BERT  
This is--!

He sees Candace standing with her jaw on the floor.

CANDACE  
(furious)  
I know who it is and I want him out.

Bert holds up his hands.

BERT  
Whoa, hang on. What's going on here?

**EXT. BERT'S HOME - LATER**

Bert and David share drinks on Bert's front porch.

Bert is standing against the railing with a beer and David is seated on a chair, drinking an iced soft drink in a glass.

Bert smokes a cigar and talks with his hands:

BERT

No, no. Remy moved up to the house about three years ago. He reports directly to the boss now.

DAVID

Really? He never struck me as a management type. Did he take ... what's his name ... uh, Maso's place? He was already pretty old when I was there.

BERT

Not directly. The Frog threw Maso off a cliff right after a dust-up with the K-Bs. The old man had nothing to do with it, but once the boss hears a rumor.... They brought up Beetjuice, but he fucked up something every week, so Remy got the job.

DAVID

And Beetjuice?

Bert raises his eyebrows and puffs his cigar.

David shrugs.

He admires Bert's car in the driveway.

DAVID

You're doing well. Still making V.I.P. deliveries?

BERT

Something like that.

He references across the street.

BERT

How long before you go back?

DAVID

I'll talk to her in the morning.

They each take a sip.

BERT

Did you know she earned a full ride  
to Northwestern?

DAVID

I did know that. Do you know why she  
dropped out?

David stands and puts his hands on the railing. He listens  
and examines Candace's home. His truck is still in her  
driveway.

BERT

Some people just don't like school. I  
showed her how to shoot a gun and  
she's a natural. She can throw a  
baseball like a minor-leaguer. She  
knows more about history than anyone  
I've met. Good with puzzles.

(shrugs)

I don't know.

DAVID

So why is the house falling apart?  
Why is the car on blocks? Why is the  
kitchen table littered with bills? It  
doesn't feel like someone with her  
shit together.

BERT

Ever since she came back from school,  
she's been ... different. Quiet.  
Especially since Katherine passed.

David turns and leans again on the railing.

DAVID

I should have been here for her,  
Bert. I should have been here for her  
first words. To hear her say ...

He chokes on his words.

DAVID

... "daddy" for the first time....  
Maybe this is all a mistake. Maybe  
it's been too long.

Bert puffs his cigar and stares into his living room.

One wall has floor-to-ceiling shelves filled with LP records.

BERT

For as long as I could remember growing up, my father would go to a little music shop outside Camagüey every month to buy the newest black-market American records. Then he would come home and play them until I thought the needle would burn through the vinyl. He loved American music, especially rock and roll.

He turns to face David.

BERT

I hated it. Every hour of every day was filled with The Who, Led Zeppelin, The Doors. The more he listened, the more I hated him.

(pause)

He died when I was 15.

He puffs his cigar.

BERT

Now I listen to all of his records so often that I buy needles in bulk. Not a day that goes by that I don't wish I could see his face light up the way it did when he heard his music.

(he sits)

It's never too long.

They are silent for a few moments.

BERT

(dour)

You almost bankrupted Alonzo with your stunt. He is not going to be happy you're alive. And if he finds out about you ...

Pointing across the street.

BERT

... he'll find out about her.

DAVID

I know it's asking a lot, but I need you to keep this to yourself. If not for me, then for her.

BERT

Don't make me regret it.

**EXT. BERT'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

A new-ish import sedan arrives in front of Bert's home.

Bert stands to watch as it comes to a stop.

BERT

Shit.

The driver, CARLOS, 40s, dressed in a cheap suit and loafers, gets out and waves at Bert. He walks with a slight limp.

BERT

Do you recognize him?

DAVID

No. Who is he?

BERT

Let's hope he doesn't recognize you.  
Stay here.

(to Carlos)

You're early!

Carlos shuffles across the lawn and points at David.

CARLOS

Who's that?

BERT

(sarcastic)

My boyfriend.

He motions Carlos to follow him.

BERT

Come inside. I still need to wrap it.

Carlos trudges up the stairs, eyeballing David the whole time.

He stops on the porch and faces David. He takes a step closer.

CARLOS

Do I look familiar to you? See,  
because you look very familiar to  
me.

DAVID

I don't think so.

Carlos offers a hand.

CARLOS  
My name's Carlos. You are...?

David offers a withering stare.

DAVID  
Mickey.

Carlos points with his extended hand.

CARLOS  
(delighted)  
Hey! Like the mouse!

DAVID  
Like the mouse.

CARLOS  
(smiling)  
So, Mr. Mouse, how long have you been  
Bert's boyfriend?

Bert stands in the doorway, holding the screen door.

BERT  
You want it or not?

Carlos straightens and crosses his arms.

CARLOS  
Oh, well. It'll come to me.  
(shrugs)  
Or not.  
(cordial)  
You have a nice night, Mr. Mouse.

As Bert hands off the screen door, Carlos freezes.

He pivots and shuffles down the steps.

BERT  
Where are you going?

CARLOS  
(over his shoulder,  
anxious)  
I ... I don't feel like waiting. I'll  
be back Monday.

BERT  
It'll only take a minute!

Carlos dials his phone as he crosses the lawn.

He gets in his car and starts the engine while pressing the phone to his ear.

Bert and David watch the car drive off. They share a concerned look.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - NIGHT**

Floor-to-ceiling open windows reveal a spectacular view of the moonlit mountains. Sheer curtains sway in a tropical breeze.

Alonzo and Elina share a large bed in a giant bedroom.

At the other end of the room, a bank of closed-circuit security monitors glow with grainy images of a handful of armed men patrolling the compound.

An intercom buzzes on the nightstand. Alonzo rolls over to answer it.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(Spanish)

Good evening, sir. Sorry to disturb you. Carlos Estrada is on the secure line.

ALONZO

(curious, Spanish)

Put it through.

A landline telephone rings as he adjusts to lean against the headboard.

He flicks on the lamp.

Elina, wearing a black slip, rolls over as he picks up the receiver.

ALONZO

Why are you calling me? Did something happen to Hector?

Elina perks up.

He listens to the explanation and appears confused. He peeps at a wristwatch on the nightstand.

ALONZO

Is it Monday already?

He shows extreme interest as the explanation continues.

ALONZO  
You're sure it was him?

Alonzo appears puzzled, but calm.

ALONZO  
Thank you.

He hangs up, his hand lingering on the phone as he processes what he just heard.

*Alonzo and Elina converse in Spanish.*

ELINA  
Is Hector okay?

ALONZO  
He's fine--

ELINA  
Then why was *Carlos* calling you?

ALONZO  
(annoyed)  
If you'd let me finish a sentence,  
I'll tell you why *Carlos* was calling  
me.

ELINA  
Ugh. It's too late to start.

Alonzo glares at her.

ALONZO  
He was at *Humberto's* place for this  
month's delivery and--

ELINA  
Already?

ALONZO  
We went over that. Forget it. He says  
he saw someone there. He says he saw  
*David Marek*.

ELINA  
Like, walking down the street?

She begins to go back to sleep.

ELINA

This is what happens when my nephew hires junkies.

ALONZO

Having a drink with Humberto.

Her curiosity is piqued and she pulls herself up to the headboard.

ELINA

(displeased)

How is this possible? I thought he was dead.

ALONZO

(defensive)

He crashed into the ocean at night! Who could have lived after that?

ELINA

(mocking)

You still think he *crashed into the ocean*?

Alonzo looks embarrassed.

ELINA

Does he still have the gold?

ALONZO

I thought it would be at the bottom of the ocean next to his dead body, but now I think anything is possible.

ELINA

If he has it, we need it back. Especially now.

ALONZO

I'll take care of it.

That response annoys her.

Alonzo buzzes the secretary.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Yes, sir?

ALONZO

Get Humberto on the line. Then contact The Cuban and tell him I have a job for him.

**INT. KATE'S HOME - NIGHT**

David enters through the front door, followed closely by Bert.

DAVID  
Candace!

From the bedroom:

CANDACE (O.S.)  
(irate)  
Aaaaahhh! WHY??

She steps into the hallway, dressed in pajamas and slippers.

CANDACE  
Why are you back here?

She points an accusatory finger at Bert.

CANDACE  
(furious)  
And why aren't you dragging him out?

BERT  
Candie, you need to leave right now.  
Pack a bag and go with David. Only  
take what you can't leave forever.

CANDACE  
Are you kidding? I'm not going  
anywhere with *him*! I have work in  
the morning.

BERT  
Not anymore.

DAVID  
I'll explain in the truck.  
Right now, you need to pack.

She glares at David, then at Bert.

Bert steps up to put his hands on her shoulders.

BERT  
Remember what I told you about being  
ready on a moment's notice? That  
moment is right now. I've known David  
for longer than you've been alive and  
I'm telling you that you need to go.  
Now.

She growls and stomps back to the bedroom.

Bert's phone chirps in his pocket.

BERT  
I'll wait outside.

He slaps David's shoulder and walks out as he raises the phone to his ear.

David checks his wristwatch.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

HECTOR, a fancy Latin man in his early 40s, wearing a shiny suit with a button-down shirt, open at the top. He is adorned with flashy rings and a massive gold wristwatch.

Seated in a window booth, he observes the parking lot and enjoys a late dinner. His phone is screen-up on the table next to him.

A waitress approaches.

WAITRESS  
How's that steak?

HECTOR  
It's fine.

WAITRESS  
Can I getcha anything else?

HECTOR  
Just the check.

She clears a few things and leaves as he ogles her ass.

Carlos' car enters the lot and parks. Carlos gets out and hobbles to the front door.

As he enters the room, Hector gestures at him and goes back to eating.

HECTOR  
What's so important that you have to pester me while I eat?

Carlos slides into the booth. This irritates Hector.

CARLOS  
I know you're a man that likes opportunity. I met one this morning.

HECTOR  
What's this opportunity's name?

CARLOS  
David Marek.

Hector stops eating and examines Carlos.

HECTOR  
(incredulous)  
Uh-huh.

CARLOS  
I was this close to him not thirty  
minutes ago.

Hector chuckles and goes back to eating.

HECTOR  
You daffy fuck. He's been dead for  
years.

CARLOS  
(earnest)  
I swear! He was at Bert's when I went  
for this month's delivery.

Hector looks up, puzzled.

HECTOR  
I thought you did that on Mondays.

CARLOS  
I was in the area.  
(indignant)  
Why does everyone care when I do my  
job? Look, I was there and he was  
there. Marek, I mean.

The waitress approaches with the bill.

WAITRESS  
(to Carlos)  
Can I get you anything, honey?

CARLOS  
Just coff--

HECTOR  
He's not staying.

The waitress slides the bill onto the table and leaves as  
Hector continues.

HECTOR  
Let's say he was there. Marek, I  
mean. So what? Not my problem.

CARLOS

Don't you think Alonzo wants his money back? That's a lot of money.

Hector looks bored, chewing.

CARLOS

Don't you think he'd show a little consideration to someone who gets it back for him? Maybe give that person a promotion?

Hector swallows and stares at Carlos.

The phone buzzes on the table. Hector appears annoyed until he reads the caller's name.

HECTOR

Hey, Aunt Elly. What's up?

Carlos perks up.

HECTOR

As a matter of fact, The Weasel just told me the same thing.

Carlos feigns outrage.

HECTOR

He's right in front of me.

Hector takes the pen from the bill and writes on a napkin.

HECTOR

Whoa, whoa, slow down. Eight two ...  
seven seven?  
(listens)  
Okay. And it's active now?

Carlos cranes his neck to read the napkin.

HECTOR

Alonzo's okay with this?  
(unhappy with the  
response)  
*He's sending who?*  
(concerned)  
I'll just have to be there first.  
(listens)  
Love you, too. Talk to you soon.

He hangs up and slides the phone into his pocket.

HECTOR

Mark the date. Carlos The Weasel was  
right about something.

**EXT. KATE'S HOME - NIGHT**

Candace trudges out of her room carrying a small pink backpack and a fluffy jacket. She's changed into blue jeans and a long sleeve t-shirt.

DAVID

Ready?

She looks around the front room and spots the urn.

CANDACE

Wait!

She gives her things to David and dashes down the hall.

In Kate's closet, on the top shelf, is an old bowling ball bag.

Candace dumps the ball to the floor with a thud.

In her own room, Candace plucks the photo of Angelina in the hospital and places it in the bag.

She stares at the photo of David for a second and dumps it in as well.

She hurries out and places the bag on the coffee table, then gently transfers Kate's urn and other photos.

She scurries around David, holding the bag close to her chest and avoiding eye contact.

**EXT. KATE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

As she steps outside, she grabs the screen door and hurls it closed on David. He catches it before it can hit him in the face.

Bert comes running from his home carrying a paper bag.

He holds it up for Candace.

BERT

A gift. I didn't have time to wrap it.

She takes it as Bert opens the truck's passenger door.

Candace places the gift and the bowling bag on the seat before climbing in.

Bert closes the door behind her.

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

David opens his door and places Candace's jacket and backpack behind the seat and climbs in.

Inside the truck, everything is dusty and unclean. A ratty, Native American-style blanket covers the bench seat.

A religious figurine hangs from the rear view mirror.

In a gun rack in the back window is a wood-handled axe. A set of binoculars dangles from one of the hooks.

She looks over the seat back to check her things and notices a scoped hunting rifle and a few tattered boxes of ammunition on the floor.

She shoots a suspicious look at David, then returns to straight ahead.

DAVID

What are you going to tell them?

BERT

I'll think of something.

Bert reaches an arm inside and hugs Candace. She holds his arm around her until he gently pulls away.

BERT

*Adiós para siempre* , my friends.

DAVID

Thank you. For everything.

David starts the engine and creeps to the end of the driveway.

As the truck enters the road, Candace watches Bert recede in her mirror.

Bert blows a kiss and waves goodbye.

**INT. HECTOR'S SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Jorge, wearing a dark, zippered hoodie, drives as Hector rides in the front seat. Saburo is behind Jorge.

Hector is on his phone as they approach an apartment building.

HECTOR  
We're pulling up now. Get out here.

JORGE  
Are you sure you want to do this,  
*patrón*?

Hector glares at him.

Another HENCHMAN hurries out of the building carrying a large, heavy duffel bag.

Saburo reaches across to open the side door.

JORGE  
I've known this man for a long time.  
He's very smart.

HECTOR  
What the fuck are you talking about?  
He's just a pilot! Besides ... I think  
we have enough guns.

Sounds of metal and plastic can be heard as the henchman loads the bag into the backseat and sits next to it.

HECTOR  
(eager)  
Come on, come on. Go go go.

Jorge floors it and the SUV hurtles down the road.

**INT. DAVID'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

Early the next morning, Candace is sleeping, using her jacket as a pillow against the door frame.

She is awakened by David's voice as he takes food from a drive-thru window.

DAVID  
Thank you!

He places the bag and drink caddy on the seat between them and pops a straw into each drink.

Candace sits upright and squints outside.

DAVID

We're about an hour southwest of Savannah. I got you a burger and Coke.

She ignores him and stares out her window, pulling Kate's urn close.

There is a long silence as David drives. He glances over at her and down at the food.

He pulls out a burger, unwraps it against the steering wheel, and takes a bite.

He looks at Candace again as he swallows.

DAVID

I know this is hard for you to understa--

CANDACE

You don't know shit.

David watches the road. More silence.

DAVID

Well ... I know your belly was making an awful racket while you slept. You might want to eat that burger.

Another long pause. Candace glances at the bag and takes her drink from the caddy. She sips and stares out her window.

CANDACE

I prefer Pepsi.

David glances over at her, then back at the road.

DAVID

Okay.

A grin creeps onto his face.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

In a grand kitchen, Alonzo stands in front of an open refrigerator door.

He yells for his wife (*all in Spanish*):

ALONZO

Where did you put the bread?

ELINA (O.S.)  
In the refrigerator.

She enters the room and he leans back to glare at her around the door.

ALONZO  
It's not in here. Are you sure we have some?

ELINA  
I had some yesterday.

ALONZO  
Well I'm looking and it's not here.

ELINA  
So we'll go into town and get some tomorrow.

ALONZO  
That doesn't help me now! I want a sandwich!

ELINA  
And I want new tits, but we can't all have what we want, can we?

Hiding behind the refrigerator door, he mimes a whiny little bitch with his face and hand.

ALONZO  
Julia was so good at keeping the house in order.

ELINA  
We'll get her back when we have the money for it.

ALONZO  
(annoyed)  
Listen. I'm taking care of it. Soon. I promise. But right now, I'm starving.

She pushes him aside and yanks out half a loaf of bread, throwing it on the island.

ELINA  
There! Make your fucking sandwich.

**INT. DAVID'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

The truck speeds along a lonely stretch of rural highway.

Candace is still hostile.

DAVID  
I understand you got into  
Northwestern.

She sighs.

CANDACE  
Some foundation paid for it.

DAVID  
How was it?

CANDACE  
Fine.

DAVID  
Your grades were good?

CANDACE  
Yes.

DAVID  
So why did you drop out?

She glares at him.

CANDACE  
So why do you care?

DAVID  
According to Bert, you can do just  
about anything. I just wondered why  
you didn't finish school.

CANDACE  
Bert doesn't know everything. I don't  
wanna talk about it, okay?

DAVID  
Okay. That's fine.

Long silence.

DAVID  
Did you play any sports when you were  
there? Bert said you--

CANDACE

Oh come on! What do you wanna pull over and have a catch? Too late! Bert beat you to it. Maybe we can talk about boys and how babies are made. Nope! Kate took care of that.

David winces.

CANDACE

Want to show me how to re-jet a carburetor? Bake a potato? Balance a fucking checkbook? Done, done, and done, thanks to Bert and Kate! There just ain't shit left for us to do, *Dad!*

She whips off her seat belt and begins to open her door.

David slams on the brakes.

Her feet hit the ground as the truck slides to a stop.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

She marches in the opposite direction, carrying her jacket and the bowling ball bag.

David gets out and follows, leaving the engine running.

CANDACE

I'm going home!

DAVID

If I'm no good at this it's because I've never done it before. I need ... time to practice.

She stops and spins to yell at him.

CANDACE

You've had twenty years to practice!

David continues up to her and stops an arm's length away.

DAVID

And I wish I could've been doing that every day, but--

CANDACE

But what? Huh? Why'd you leave? And why'd you stay away for so long?

Waiting for a response and getting none, she rotates and resumes her march.

DAVID  
(pleading)  
Because I was afraid!

Candace slows and stops.

DAVID  
Afraid you'd hate me. And every day I  
knew you'd hate me even more. I'd  
rather you thought I was dead.

He waits, then walks back to the truck.

Candace stands for a long time, then turns and walks back to the passenger door.

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

She looks at him through the window. He averts his eyes.

She opens the door and climbs in.

David turns and begins to speak.

Without looking at him, she holds up a hand.

CANDACE  
I'm gonna give you some time.  
(pause)  
You need to give me some time.

He wipes his eyes, puts the truck in DRIVE, and pulls onto the road.

**INT. HECTOR'S SUV (MOVING) - DAY**

The SUV's engine roars as Jorge passes cars to make time.

In the back seat, the pair rest with their heads back and eyes closed.

HECTOR  
What I wanna know is how this fucker  
is still alive. Who crashes in the  
ocean at night and lives?

JORGE  
I told you he's smart.

HECTOR  
"Smart" doesn't mean immortal.

JORGE  
You're positive this is him?

HECTOR  
Carlos saw him on Bert's--

A slow-moving sedan pulls out in front of the SUV.

HECTOR  
SHIT!

Jorge swerves to miss it.

HECTOR  
Watch what the fuck you're doin'!

Jorge is amused.

JORGE  
On Bert's shit?

HECTOR  
(irked)  
On Bert's patio.

JORGE  
Oh! On Bert's *patio*!

Hector scans the interior.

HECTOR  
Remind me when we get back to have  
this thing checked. There's a fucking  
echo in here.

Jorge sniggers.

HECTOR  
They were close back in the day. For  
all I know, Bert's been hiding him in  
his basement all this time. We'll  
take care of *that* later.

JORGE  
I still don't get why Alonzo wants  
you to take care of this instead of  
sending an exterminator.

HECTOR  
Fuck Alonzo.

Jorge is irritated. He's figured it out.

JORGE  
This is *Elina's* idea.

HECTOR  
What's the difference? You'll get paid. Maybe I'll even take you with me after my promotion.

JORGE  
Did Alonzo send The Cuban?

Hector is mute.

JORGE  
(distressed)  
*Dios mios.*

HECTOR  
Have you met him?

JORGE  
No one has, *señor*. No one alive, anyway.

HECTOR  
Don't worry ... we'll be done and gone by the time he gets there.

JORGE  
Men like him don't like losing.

**INT. DAVID'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

The bag of fast food is empty and crumpled on the seat.

Candace slurps a nearly empty soda.

She reaches up and cups the religious figurine in her hand.

DAVID  
That's Saint Cassian of Imola. The patron saint of school teachers and stenographers.

CANDACE  
(happy)  
Aunt Kate was a stenographer.

David nods and smiles. After a moment, his face is sullen.

DAVID

Did you get to talk to her after the accident?

Candace shakes her head and looks out her window.

CANDACE

They said they couldn't do anything more for her. I've never seen so many tubes and machines.

She sits silently for a moment, then hesitates before speaking.

CANDACE

Tell me about mom. What did she do?

David looks at Candace with a slight smile, then looks back at the road and thinks.

DAVID

She was younger than you are when I met her. I'd never met anyone like her. Smart. Beautiful. Passionate. But her parents ... they didn't approve.

CANDACE

They didn't like you?  
(sarcastic)  
Can't imagine why not.

David assents with half a nod.

DAVID

Your grandfather is a dangerous man, but he was so happy to have you around that he tolerated me. Then he asked me to do something that I couldn't live with. After all the things I'd done for him, you'd think I....

David shakes it off.

DAVID

Anyway, your mother and I decided to leave. That's when she....

He holds his tongue.

DAVID  
I'll never forgive myself for what I  
did that night. She was so young and  
I was so stupid.

He gathers himself up.

DAVID  
Bert and Kate raised you better than  
I could have hoped for.

CANDACE  
Mostly Kate. Bert's always been good  
to me, but he works a lot.

He stretches a hand across to touch her arm.

DAVID  
I'm sorry. About everything.

She regards his gesture and ignores it. He pulls back.

CANDACE  
I'm guessing her parents haven't  
forgiven you.

DAVID  
I'm certain they have not.

CANDACE  
So why now?

David thinks and purses his lips.

DAVID  
I promised myself that you would  
never want for anything and except  
for the school, I've failed at that.

Candace points at Saint Cassian.

CANDACE  
The foundation! That was you?

David smiles.

CANDACE  
And Kate's hospital bills?

He nods.

CANDACE  
What ... exactly ... did you do  
before you retired?

**INT. HECTOR'S SUV (MOVING) - DAY**

Hector holds a beeping, blinking device about the size of a pack of cigarettes; an electronic tracker. The beeps increase in frequency.

HECTOR  
Getting closer.

JORGE  
Maybe he knows we're following him?

HECTOR  
He doesn't know. How could he know?

JORGE  
I told you--

HECTOR  
If you say "he's smart" one more  
fucking time, I'll throw you out of  
this truck.

The beeping gets faster.

**INT./EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

David pulls into a lonely rural gas station to refuel.

Candace rests in the truck while he goes inside to pay cash.

INSIDE:

The front of the building is mostly windows from floor to ceiling, facing the pumps. A windowed door is next to the register.

DAVID  
Fill'er up on two.

He hands the TEENAGE ATTENDANT money.

As the attendant rings it up, Hector's SUV zooms past the store and slams on the brakes.

**INT. HECTOR'S SUV (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Hector smacks Jorge on the arm and cranes his neck to glimpse David's truck.

HECTOR  
Don't fucking stop! Keep going!

The big vehicle lurches as Jorge bungles their arrival.

Hector snaps his head around to yell at Jorge.

HECTOR  
What are you doing??

JORGE  
(angry confusion)  
You told me not to stop!

HECTOR  
Asshole!  
(checks the station)  
You might as well go back. I think  
he's inside.

Jorge regrets getting out of bed as he wheels back to the station.

**INT./EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

David and the attendant stop to watch the SUV make a u-turn in the road.

David pulls more money from his wallet and tosses several hundred dollars on the counter.

DAVID  
Take your break.

The attendant looks at the cash and hesitates.

David pulls an officer-length .45 pistol from his hip.

DAVID  
Now.

The attendant snatches the money and sprints out a doorway at the back of the store.

David turns his attention to the SUV as it pulls up to the pumps opposite the pickup truck.

He inches away from the front door while watching the four men scramble out of the SUV.

Jorge and the other henchmen wield submachine guns. Hector pulls out a chrome-plated Desert Eagle pistol.

AT THE PUMPS:

The men wrestle Candace out of the cab as she curses them and throws wild punches. One swing boxes Hector's left ear.

HECTOR  
(angry)  
Ow! Fucking bitch!

He grabs a fistful of her hair and presses the muzzle of his Desert Eagle pistol against her forehead.

HECTOR  
Do that again and see what happens!

Pacified, but seething, she stops fighting and plays nice.

Hector lines up everyone next to the truck facing the storefront with the girl on her knees in front of them.

Hector stands with his feet shoulder-width apart. One hand is on Candace's shoulder, the other holds his pistol at his side.

HECTOR  
(suddenly excited)  
Oh! Everyone put your glasses on!

Saburo and the other henchman look at each other and shake their heads. Jorge regards Hector with contempt.

They all retrieve and don dark sunglasses.

HECTOR  
(smug)  
Okay, that's better!

Time passes and Hector grows impatient.

HECTOR  
What's taking so long?  
(to Candace)  
Is he taking a shit or what?

Candace thumbs at Hector's crew.

CANDACE  
Do these assholes share a timetable  
when they go to the can?

Frustrated and anxious to claim his prize, Hector turns to Henchman#2.

HECTOR  
Go inside and get his ass out here.

The man steps toward the entrance.

HECTOR  
(annoyed)  
Well, this just ruins the surprise!

SABURO  
Do we still have to wear the glasses,  
*jefe?*

The front door shatters as Henchman#2 is thrown back by the force of two gunshots to his chest.

Saburo, standing in the middle, takes two gunshots to the torso and also falls, leaving Hector and Jorge standing with their weapons pointed at the storefront.

HECTOR  
(snarling)  
Fuck this! Kill him!

Candace drops to her elbows and covers her head.

Jorge throws his sunglasses to the ground and both men begin shooting into the building, aiming at nothing in particular.

Glass shatters across the facade.

INSIDE:

Snack bags and carbonated drink cans explode on the racks.

REAR OF BUILDING:

David scurries out the back door and around the building.

DAVID  
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

As he moves, he swaps a fresh magazine into the pistol and pockets the first.

David rounds the corner of the building and raises his pistol just as the two men run their magazines dry.

AT THE PUMPS:

Hector grips his empty pistol as Jorge ejects an empty magazine to the ground.

They notice David approaching and Jorge begins to pull another mag from his waist.

David levels his pistol at him.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
Ah ah. Drop it.

Jorge deliberates, clutching the weapon.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
Jorge, I'm sorry about your cousin ...

He uses his off hand to point at Saburo's body.

DAVID  
(Spanish)  
... but you will be joining him  
shortly if you don't drop that gun.

Jorge releases the weapon and it clatters to the ground. His shoulders fall.

DAVID  
(relieved)  
How is your father? Still as ornery  
as ever?

JORGE  
He is. He will never die.

DAVID  
I'm sorry to hear that.

Jorge concurs with a chuckle.

DAVID  
(referencing Hector)  
Why are you working for this prick?

JORGE  
This prick pays me well, *amigo*.

Hector's head snaps around to glare at Jorge. Jorge dismisses him.

David summons Candace and Hector releases his grip on her.

As she stands, she reaches across to grab Hector's gun.

CANDACE  
I'll take that.

She faces him and cracks the hunk of metal against his other ear. *Hard*. He howls and doubles over as the sunglasses fly from his face.

CANDACE  
(taunting)  
So what happens now, prick?

She tosses the gun aside and walks past her father.

He smiles at her retaliation. This irritates her.

CANDACE  
*What?*

Hector shakes off the pain.

HECTOR  
(wincing)  
David ... where's our money?

DAVID  
(sarcastic)  
I spent it.

Hector straightens.

HECTOR  
You spent a hundred and eighty  
million dollars and no one noticed?

Candace, astonished, focuses on David.

HECTOR  
I think this is a lie.

DAVID  
(sarcastic)  
I used small bills.

JORGE  
(under his breath,  
Spanish)  
I told you this was a bad idea.

Hector shoots a damning look at Jorge.

David squints and grins, then aims at Hector.

DAVID  
Hector ... does The Frog know you're  
here?

Hector averts his gaze and sighs. The jig is up.

DAVID  
 (delighted)  
 Hot damn! Let's get him on the phone!

Hector grimaces as he retrieves his phone and makes the call. He carefully places it to his ear.

DAVID  
 (perturbed)  
 On speaker.

Hector activates the speaker while lowering the phone, holding it out for David.

DAVID  
 Jerk.

The call rings once. Alonzo answers, frantic.

ALONZO (V.O.)  
 (Spanish)  
 Where are you? I've been calling you  
 for an hour!

DAVID  
 (nonchalant)  
 He's been busy, Alonzo.

A moment of silence as Alonzo gets wise.

ALONZO (V.O.)  
 (feigned joy)  
 David? You're alive! It's so  
 wonderful to hear your voice. How are  
 you?

DAVID  
 Better than I deserve to be.

ALONZO (V.O.)  
 Aren't we all?  
 (pause)  
 When will you be joining us? I would  
 love to catch up.

CANDACE  
 Is that--?

David motions to silence her.

ALONZO (V.O.)  
 My granddaughter will come, too, of  
 course. I very much look forward to  
 seeing her again. It's been so long.

Jorge makes a sudden move to a pistol under his jacket.

David whips his gun toward Jorge and shoots.

Jorge drops to a knee and dangles the pistol at his side, struggling to bring it to bear.

DAVID

Jorge, don't. *Por favor.*

For a moment, Jorge is quiet, in pain. He looks at Hector, then back to David. He sighs.

JORGE

*Adios, amigo.*

He winks and begins to raise the gun. David fires, killing Jorge.

Hector, distracted by Jorge's effort, turns back to see the muzzle of David's pistol inches from his face.

DAVID

I've known him for over twenty years.  
He was a friend.

Hector clenches his jaw.

David squeezes the trigger and separates Hector's brain from his skull.

ALONZO (V.O.)

(alarmed)

Hector? What's going on?

David picks up the phone. He silences the speaker with a tap and puts the phone to his ear.

#### **EXT. ALONZO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Alonzo is standing by the pool, wearing shorts and a robe and holding a satellite phone to his ear.

The pool water is light green and several inches low.

DAVID (V.O.)

Bad news, Alonzo.

ALONZO

(menacing)

When I heard you were dead and the money was lost, I initially chalked it up to the cost of business. But now ... well ...

**EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

ALONZO (V.O.)

... you cannot hide forever, my friend.

The line goes dead. David drops the phone onto Hector's body.

David looks at the truck and then the SUV.

Candace watches him walk to the passenger door of the SUV, open it, and search around inside.

He finds the tracking device and turns it on. It beeps and flashes rapidly.

Walking around his truck, the beeping quickens. At the cab, it's faster still.

Candace steps closer.

David opens the passenger door and waves the device around. When it comes to within inches of Bert's gift to Candace, the beeping turns to a continuous tone. He turns off the tracker and tosses it over his shoulder.

DAVID

Damn.

He digs into the paper bag and pulls out a 4"x6" framed snapshot of Bert and Candace. They're at a shooting range. She's holding a target rifle in one arm and holding up a medal around her neck. They both beam with pride.

Candace snatches at the gift.

CANDACE

Gimme that!

He smashes it against the door and the glass showers to the pavement.

CANDACE

Hey, goddammit! Who the fuck do you think you are??

They both crouch to pick up the pieces. Candace grabs the photo and pulls it close to her heart.

David finds a small printed circuit board covered with tiny chips and capacitors, with a wire dangling from one end; a transponder.

Candace acquiesces and stares at the device, curious.

CANDACE

Oh. Is that how they found us?

David nods.

CANDACE

Why would Bert do that?

DAVID

He was just following orders.

She watches him.

CANDACE

So now what?

DAVID

Hector is ... was ... ambitious, but predictably stupid. Alonzo would have sent a professional.

CANDACE

Anyone you know?

DAVID

Only by reputation. He'll come alone.

CANDACE

Why do we need to go to North Carolina?

DAVID

That's where the money is.

Candace stands and David follows suit.

CANDACE

Fuck the money. I don't need it. I don't want it.

DAVID

But Alonzo does ... and he won't stop until he gets it.

David paces away from the truck, trying to formulate their next move.

DAVID

First, I need to get you someplace safe.

CANDACE

What? Why? I can help, you know.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

Alonzo bursts into the main hall from the pool deck.

*All in Spanish.*

ALONZO

Elina!

ELINA (O.S.)

I'm in the bath!

Alonzo marches to the bathroom door and throws it open.

ALONZO

(furious)

He killed Hector! How did Hector know where to find him?

ELINA

WHAT?? When?

ALONZO

Just now. On the phone. How did he know where to find David?

ELINA

(defensive)

How should I know?

ALONZO

He's your nephew! And you're the only one besides....

(vexed)

The fucking Weasel.

ELINA

Half of Florida will know by now.

ALONZO

Goddammit.

He storms down the hallway ...

ALONZO

I can't have everyone going after  
this man.

... to his outer office.

The secretary stands as he enters.

ALONZO

Get The Weasel on the phone, now!

SECRETARY

Yes, sir!

Alonzo smacks open his office door.

ALONZO

And tell The Cuban I might have  
another job for him.

SECRETARY (O.C.)

Yes, sir.

He stomps to and waits behind the desk.

The phone rings and he snatches the receiver.

*He yells at Carlos in English.*

ALONZO

Why did you tell Hector about David?

CARLOS (V.O.)

Was that wrong? I didn't know I  
wasn't supposed to do that.

ALONZO

Listen to me, you sniveling  
sonofabitch. Who else knows about  
David?

CARLOS (V.O.)

No one! I didn't say anything to  
anyone except Hector. He's my boss,  
so I figured it was okay.

ALONZO

He's not your boss anymore. David  
killed him.

CARLOS (V.O.)

Shit. When?

ALONZO

A few minutes ago. When I was on the phone with him.

CARLOS (V.O.)

When you were on the phone with Hector?

ALONZO

Yes.

CARLOS (V.O.)

Uh ... maybe this is outta line, but if you didn't want Hector to find David, why'd you give him the transponder code?

ALONZO

What?? I didn't give him anything!

Elina enters the office as Alonzo listens to the explanation. She has a towel around her shoulders, wearing a robe and slippers.

Alonzo squeezes the phone and gnashes his teeth as he watches her walk around the room.

ALONZO

I see. I will call you back. Keep your mouth shut.

CARLOS (V.O.)

Okay, boss.

Alonzo places the receiver on the phone cradle.

Elina stops to look out on the pool deck.

*Back to Spanish.*

ELINA

Was that Carlos?

ALONZO

Didn't I tell you I would take care of this?

ELINA

My love, I was only trying to help.

ALONZO

And now Hector is dead. That's on you. He had no idea how to do what needed to be done. He was an idiot.

He waits for a response. None is forthcoming.

ALONZO  
Who else did you tell?

ELINA  
No one. I swear.

He glares at her.

ELINA  
(reassuring)  
No one.

**INT. DAVID'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

David is nervous about the plan.

DAVID  
You're sure you can do this?

Candace rolls her eyes and notices they're passing a large open field.

CANDACE  
Pull over. I want to show you something.

**EXT. FIELD ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY**

The truck pulls over to the shoulder. Nothing else is around for miles.

They get out and Candace reaches behind the seat for David's rifle and a box of ammunition.

CANDACE  
Bring your binoculars.

She tosses her backpack on the ground and places the rifle on top of it, pointed across the field.

As David rounds the truck, she lays down behind the rifle and opens the box of ammo.

CANDACE  
Pick a target.

One by one, she presses four rounds into the magazine and slides the bolt closed.

She pops open the scope covers and settles in, using the backpack as a shooting rest.

He raises the binoculars to his eyes.

DAVID

Let's see what we can see.

Through the glass, he searches the field.

DAVID

About a hundred meters at your one'  
o'clock. Target is a tree stump.

Looking over the scope, she locates the stump, then shifts the rifle to acquire it in the crosshairs.

CANDACE

Taller on the left side, with a white  
mark on the left?

DAVID

That's it.

She clicks the safety off and moves her finger to the trigger.

CANDACE

Ready.

David checks the movement of the tree leaves.

DAVID

Wind is from the right. Four miles  
per hour.

Candace squeezes the trigger. The recoil slams with a bang.

The tree stump throws up a cloud of splinters.

DAVID

Hit. A couple inches low.

Candace ejects the empty brass ...

CANDACE

I know.

... and chambers another round.

Her pink fingernails adjust the elevation dial.

CANDACE

Your zero is off.

She channels her inner Errol Flynn.

CANDACE

The target's a deal too close. Can we have it removed to a fit distance for men to shoot at?

David peeps at her under the binoculars, then scans for another target.

DAVID

Okay, Robin. Three hundred meters, to the right of the tree stump. A boulder.

CANDACE

(peering through the scope)

Saddle-shaped and brown in the middle?

DAVID

Affirmati--

BANG! David watches the rock turned to chips and dust.

She ejects another spent shell.

CANDACE

Next!

Later, a half-dozen empty brass cases are lined up next to the ammo box.

DAVID

What about a handgun?

Candace shrugs as she stands.

CANDACE

Not as good as a rifle, but Bert seems to think I'm okay.

DAVID

If you're half as good with a pistol as you are with that rifle ... I wouldn't want to piss you off.

CANDACE

Too late!

(with a smirk)

But I'm in a good mood.

**INT. ALONZO'S HOME - DAY**

Feeding time in the office. Alonzo dribbles pellets into each habitat, talking to each group as he does.

A burst of automatic gunfire erupts from somewhere outside the house.

Alonzo snaps to attention and more shots ring out.

Alonzo grabs an AK-47 from behind the bookcase and fumbles with the charging handle.

The secretary arms himself with a handgun and locks the office door.

The lock is blown to pieces by gunfire and the door drifts open.

The secretary aims from the cover of his desk, waiting.

The muzzle of a rifle appears in the hall and fires a short burst. Paper, splinters, and blood fly as bullets ventilate the desk and the secretary.

The assailant enters the outer office and fires once at Alonzo.

Alonzo's thigh is destroyed by the blast and he falls to the floor, dropping his weapon.

The gunman, wearing camouflage fatigues and body armor and aiming a H&K G36 rifle, crosses the outer office and waits at the second set of doors.

He scans the room, then steps aside for Friedrich to enter.

The Argentinian Nazi, now nearly 70, walks with a cane. He crosses the room and bends over Alonzo. The gunman stands beside Friedrich, aiming at Alonzo.

FRIEDRICH

(calm)

Where is David?

Alonzo feigns ignorance.

ALONZO

The pilot? He's dead!

Alonzo's defiance turns to horror when he hears Elina scream.

She's dragged into the room by a third man, dressed and armed as the first.

He throws her to the ground next to Alonzo. She sees Alonzo's wound and whimpers.

FRIEDRICH  
I will not ask again.

ALONZO  
I don't know! I only found out last night he's alive!

Friedrich straightens and turns to leave.

As he walks between the two armed men:

FRIEDRICH  
(German)  
Kill them both.

In a final act of defiance, Alonzo raises himself up on his knees and wraps his arms around his wife.

Friedrich limps away as automatic gunfire reverberates through the hallway.

#### **EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY**

David's truck speeds along a lonely road, heavily wooded on both sides.

The truck slows to a crawl and Candace jumps out with David's rifle in her arms.

She dashes into the trees as the truck speeds away.

#### **EXT. DAVID'S CABIN - DAY**

David's truck exits thick woods that shield the property.

He parks in front of a small wooden hunting cabin.

The forest thins out behind the cabin and rolling hills extend for miles.

He shuts off the engine and waits.

INSIDE THE TRUCK:

The transponder is next to him on the seat.

**EXT. A HILL OVERLOOKING THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

From several hundred yards away, riflescope crosshairs align on the cab of David's truck.

Pink fingernails adjust the scope.

Candace scans the truck, the cabin, and the trees.

She flicks the safety OFF.

CANDACE

Let's see what we can see.

**INT. DAVID'S TRUCK - LATER**

David checks his watch.

He notices a car's daytime running lights through the trees and straightens in his seat. Recognition and dismay floods his face.

DAVID

Oh no.

He glances in Candace's direction.

HILLTOP:

Candace alerts to David's movement.

She pans the rifle to catch the gleaming red paint of Bert's Audi clearing the treeline.

Confused, she recoils back from the scope.

She flicks the safety ON and watches Bert's car over the top of her weapon.

AT THE CABIN:

The Audi creeps toward the cabin and stops a dozen feet from the truck, nose-to-nose.

Bert, dressed in a dark suit and smoking a cigar, steps out.

As he approaches the truck, he raises and aims a suppressed pistol at David.

David puts both hands on the steering wheel. His eyes follow the gun.

At the truck's door:

BERT  
I am truly sorry about this, my  
friend.

He inspects the seats beyond David.

BERT  
Where's Candie?

David looks incredulous.

Bert shrugs and waves David out of the truck.

David opens the door with his right hand while keeping his  
left raised.

As he climbs out, he keeps his hands up.

BERT  
Around the front and face the truck.

David complies and places his hands behind his head while  
Bert pats him down.

Satisfied, Bert lowers but retains the pistol.

BERT  
Turn around and stay here.

As David turns and lowers his hands, Bert walks around the  
truck.

BERT  
(jovial)  
I understand you saw Hector?

HILLTOP:

Crosshairs follow Bert as he walks around to check the bed  
of the truck, then back to his own car.

He leans against the Audi's bumper, facing David.

Candace hears nothing but the breeze through the trees.

Tears pour down her face.

CABIN:

BERT  
The sunglasses, too?

DAVID  
And the flashy cannon.

BERT  
(delighted)  
He always was a peacock. I salute  
you.

David points at the cigar.

DAVID  
I heard someone called *The Cuban*  
once took a case of those as payment  
for a job.

BERT  
Just twenty. It was a small job, but  
it was worth it.

DAVID  
Worth killing for?

Bert takes a puff.

BERT  
Fidel Castro once gave two hundred  
fifty cigars to Khrushchev, but  
Khrushchev didn't smoke or didn't  
like cigars ... who knows? ... so he  
gave them to Pierre Salinger who was  
visiting Moscow at the time and he,  
in turn, gave them to his friend,  
JFK. Kennedy insisted they be  
surrendered to customs, but my client  
knew someone who worked in  
Washington.  
(he puffs)  
He managed to save half before the  
rest were destroyed.  
(with a wink)  
I had to have them.

DAVID  
How were they?

Bert shrugs and pats the breast of his jacket.

BERT  
Not as good as my Cohibas.

DAVID  
What's with you guys and your cigars?

BERT  
My friend, there is nothing on this  
earth that can compare to the flavor  
of a good smoke.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a crocodile-skin  
case for three cigars and offers it to David.

DAVID  
Why not, right?

Bert steps closer and holds out the case.

David pulls one from the two remaining.

DAVID  
How many for *this* job?

Bert shakes his head as he hands a clipper to David.

BERT  
I only agreed to find you, but when I  
found out what Alonzo was going to do  
to you....

He grimaces.

BERT  
I couldn't let that happen to a  
friend, so I made sure he wouldn't  
send someone else.

David chops off the end of the cigar and hands back the  
clipper.

BERT  
I'm sorry I didn't anticipate  
Hector's enthusiasm.

DAVID  
I appreciate that. Doesn't make this  
any easier, though.

Bert tosses him a book of matches.

BERT  
No. It does not.

He stands straight with his pistol in front of him, waiting.

BERT  
The gold is inside?

David strikes a match and holds it under the end of the cigar. He puffs.

DAVID  
Does it matter?

Bert shakes his head.

David leans his head back. He closes his eyes and lets the sun warm his face.

BERT  
Are you ready, my old friend?

HILLTOP:

Candace watches the smoke blowing away from David's mouth as he puts the matches in his pocket.

CANDACE  
Four miles per hour ...  
(sniffs)  
from the left.

She flicks the safety to OFF and her finger moves to the trigger.

CABIN:

Bert begins to raise the pistol, but he is spun around by the impact of a supersonic bullet. The crack of the rifle is heard a split second after.

As he falls, he squeezes off three rapid, indiscriminate shots.

David stumbles and drops to his knees. He begins crawling toward the cabin, leaving a trail of blood in the dirt.

Bert, on the ground, looks at his pistol.

An empty case obstructs the ejection port.

He lets the pistol fall to the ground and drags himself toward David.

Reaching the steps, David turns to sit, leaning in pain against the post.

He reaches a hand inside his shirt and pulls it out covered in blood.

Bert pulls himself up opposite David and reclines against the steps.

They regard each other with professional admiration.

BERT

Candie?

David nods.

BERT

I should have known.

He probes his wound and grimaces.

BERT

That was a fine shot.

Moments later, Candace clears the trees with the rifle slung across her back, sprinting towards the pair.

As she reaches the vehicles, she pulls David's .45 from her waist, pointing it at Bert.

She kneels next to David and lays the pistol on the ground. She pulls the rifle over her head and leans it against the building.

CANDACE

Come on. You need a doctor.

She attempts to help him up, but he pushes her away.

DAVID

No. No doctors.

She begins to open his jacket to look at the wound, but he stops her.

DAVID

It's bad.

CANDACE

(to Bert, in  
despair)

WHY?

BERT

I'm sorry, *mi amor*.

(pausing, contented)

I get to see my father again.

Bert goes limp and dies.

CANDACE

NO!!

(to David)

God damn you! This is all your  
fault!

David tries to reach into his jacket, but his strength is  
failing.

DAVID

I'm ... sorry I got you into this.

(weakening)

In my pocket.

She reaches across him and pulls a bloody notepad from his  
jacket.

DAVID

Take it. I trust them. Tell them who  
you are. Don't stay here.

Candace wipes her eyes and wraps her arms around him.

CANDACE

Please, Daddy, don't leave! *Please!*

David smiles and dies. Candace weeps.

#### **EXT. DAVID'S CABIN - LATER**

Shadows are long near the end of the day and two makeshift  
burial mounds are next to the cabin.

Next to them is a kitschy signpost with several markers  
pointed in different directions.

A light breeze rustles the grass and trees.

Candace places Kate's urn in a small hole between the  
mounds, then covers it with dirt.

She stands over the graves, silent.

She shrugs and enters the cabin.

#### **INT. DAVID'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, she looks around.

It's sparse and primitive. A rustic table and chair. Wooden  
bed frame. Pot-bellied stove. A broken cabinet.

Dust covers everything, like a ghost town.

She sits at the table and opens David's notes.

Bank accounts and passwords. A dozen names, one per page, none of them familiar, except the last one: "Candie Kaczmarek, the smartest person I know"

She's perplexed by the number under her name: "555-2349"

She closes the book and wipes her eyes, looking around the room.

She begins searching for clues, remnants, anything relevant.

In and under drawers ...

under the bed ...

inside the stove....

She checks what seems to be the last possible place to hide anything and it's empty.

Standing, frustrated, she walks outside.

#### **INT. DAVID'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Candace searches the truck as she did the cabin. Nothing.

She notices Saint Cassian as she closes the door. The reflection of the signpost is superimposed against the idol.

She turns to look at the markers and one of them gets her attention: "IMOLA, ITALY"

Following the arrow with her eyes, she spots a prominent, bald hill in the distance.

She picks up the rifle, slings it over her shoulder, and starts walking.

#### **EXT. IMOLA HILL - DAY**

The hill is taller than most, not as tall as some, with a shallow slope on all sides. Mostly barren. A few bushes.

As she reaches the top, Candace looks back at the cabin about a quarter-of-a-mile away.

She lays the rifle on the ground and begins to walk in circles, searching for clues, kicking loose rocks.

One rock looks different from the others. It doesn't budge. Most of it is buried, like an iceberg.

Using the butt of the rifle as a shovel, she digs up the rock and exposes metal underneath it.

Scraping away more dirt, the metal becomes a hinge, which then becomes a hatch.

There is clear tape over a combination lock tumbler. She peels away the tape and stares at the lock.

She pulls out David's notes.

Turning to her name, she looks at the phone number.

She spins the dial: 5-55-23-49 ... then twists the handle.

The hatch pops up a bit.

She puts the book in her pocket and yanks the handle.

As it opens, she peers into the darkness.

There is a ladder down to the floor inside. She climbs down.

#### **INT. VAULT - DAY**

Dirt around the opening spills into the hole and fills the air with dust.

A soft shaft of daylight cuts through the darkness.

A flashlight is attached to the wall next to the ladder. She pulls it from the mount and flicks it on.

The beam illuminates a chain winch and large tripod on the floor next to the ladder.

For a dozen feet in every direction, shelves filled with canned and freeze-dried food, ammunition, a rack of guns.

CANDACE

My dad, the prepper. Huh.

In one corner of the room are a dozen small, sturdy-looking wooden crates.

She opens one and it's filled with gold ingots.

She opens another. Also filled with gold.

A third as well.

**EXT. IMOLA HILL - DAY**

The chain winch rattles as the final crate clears the hatch.

Candace's hands, in leather work gloves, pull the crate to the edge and she lowers it to the ground under the tripod.

Her father's pistol is on her hip.

**INT./EXT. DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY**

She pushes the crate into the bed of the truck next to the others, along with several weapons, ammo cans, supplies.

She tosses a canvas blanket over the cargo and slams the tailgate and topper door closed.

The ground hatch has been re-covered with dirt and rocks.

She climbs in and turns the key. As the engine sputters to life, she notices Saint Cassian.

She lifts the idol by the string and slips it over her head, then touches it to her lips.

The truck snakes through the scrub and disappears into the trees.

THE END