

MANHUNT

By Marcello Degliuomini

(c) 2014

Degliuomini@gmail.com

INT. SING SING PENITENTIARY/B-BLOCK - MORNING

A GUARD casually strolls down the second level of a three story tier that houses over seventeen hundred of New York's most hardened inmates.

SCHILLING, (42) heavy set, slightly balding, with sweat precipitating constantly off his forehead, grazes his baton along the steel bars of each of their cells.

SCHILLING

Let's go ladies, up and at em'.

A menacing voice carries from the second level.

VOICE

Fuck you Schilling!

SCHILLING

I love you too. Let's go now. Wake your asses up.

MAX DUGAN, (50) could easily pass for early forties, maintains an excellent physique, pumps out his routine push ups.

Schilling approaches Max's cell.

He stops and watches.

SCHILLING

Hey, shit head...

Max stops in mid push up. He rises to his feet.

SCHILLING

I'm sorry, did I interrupt your little exercise?

MAX

My work out. Yeah, ya' did.

SCHILLING

What do you think Max? You think you're gonna' get stronger enough one day to snap these bars?

MAX

Why snap the bars when I can snap your neck.

SCHILLING
Yeah you just try it. Give me a
reason shit head.

MAX
Bye now.

Schilling moves it along.

The cell doors for the first and second level open up.
Dozens of convicts flood out into the GALLERY, the large
room outside their cells.

Max among them. No smile. Just a stern look from years of
confinement.

INT: MESS HALL

Inmates line up with their trays out, receiving scoops of
slop from a spoon.

Max is already chowing down. Across from him...

JUNIOR,(33) black, short, with a nasty buck fifty that runs
down his cheek.

JUNIOR
You think it's possible?

Max swallows down some mash potatoes.

MAX
Lot a things are possible kid.

JUNIOR
But yeah, is it do-able?

MAX
A betting man would say the odds
were against you.

Max sips on his drink.

Junior looks disappointed.

MAX(CONT)
But I'm not a betting man.

JUNIOR
So come with me. Look man you...

Junior lowers his voice and looks around.

JUNIOR(CONT)
... you did it before.

MAX
Not from Sing Sing.

JUNIOR
That don't matter. You got
experience. You got a notch under
your belt. I'm looking at eighty
nine more motha' fuckin' years
right now Max. You know how long
that is?

Max takes another sip.

MAX
Eighty nine years?

JUNIOR
A lifetime. That's what that is.

MAX
I only got nickel left to do. I'm
not risking it. Hacks even catch
wind of an escape...

JUNIOR
At least throw me a few pointers.
C'mon... throw me something.

EXT: REC YARD - LATE MORNING

The rec yard is mostly spliced between skin color. Each race
claims a piece of the yard..

Max walks in between them all. Junior along side him.

MAX
OK, the hacks rotate in three eight
hour shifts. You need to get to
know them. Know their tendencies.
Which ones are boy scouts and which
ones can be bought off.

JUNIOR
I already got one guard in the
pocket. It's the other one, the boy
scout.

MAX

You're gonna' need both.

JUNIOR

I know.

MAX

What are you gonna' do about the guards at the checkpoint? What are you gonna' do about the dogs? How you even gonna' get from the gallery to the loading dock? You got to pass through like seven lock doors before you get there.

JUNIOR

I haven't thought that far.

MAX

We'll start thinking. You need to prepare yourself for every angle, every contingency. Cause' the way this place works... anything can happen.

Junior spots a sneaky ASSAILANT caring a hand made shiv, approaching Max.

Junior kicks the man from behind Max, delaying his attack.

Max spins around and grabs the hand that's holding the shank. Both men struggle over it.

Whistles BLOW.

A HEADBUTT from Max gains him control of the knife. The assailant lunges forward. Max sticks the knife deep into the assailant's gut, driving it upward.

A TOWER GUARD FIRES two shots close to Max. The bullets spit up dirt.

GUARDS close in from all angles.

Max drops the shank and raises his hands.

INT: THE SHU(SPECIAL HOUSING UNIT) - WHO KNOWS

A dark dank box. Shit portraits are hand painted on the walls.

Max, stripped of clothes, dignity, and any sense of self worth, leans his head against the wall.

He looks down at his hands, they're bloody and swollen. He squeezes a fist.

The door opens.

Light creeps in that causes Max to squint.

A silhouette outline of a guard, cuffs in hand, stands between the door frame.

SHU GUARD

Let's go Dugan.

Max stands up straight.

INT: MAX'S CELL - DAY

His cell is cramped. Fitted with a T.V, a small sink and dozens of books piled up on shelves. Max is postured up on his bed against the wall, reading a letter.

Schilling approaches.

SCHILLING

Shit head. Let's go, you got a visitor.

INT: VISITOR ROOM

RICO MARTEL, (46) tan, with an affinity for high end clothing, sits on the visitor side of the window.

Max takes a seat. Never breaking eye contact as he raises the phone to his ear.

Rico picks up his phone.

RICO

You look like shit.

MAX

Yeah, I smell like it to. What do you want?

RICO

Direct, to the point. I always liked that about you.

MAX

And I always hated your bullshit.

RICO
That you did.

MAX
What do you want Rico?

RICO
You know what I want.

MAX
Still at it huh?

RICO
Seventy two million is a hard
number to forget.

MAX
Especially when you been locked
away for the past ten years.

RICO
You're still upset about that?

Max stews with rage.

RICO(CONT)
What's a double cross and an
attempted murder between friends?

MAX
Why are you wasting my time?

RICO
Time is something you have an
abundance of. Especially since you
just probably dumped another ten
years on your sentence.

MAX
So you came here to gloat?

RICO
No, I came here to offer you a
proposal.

MAX
Not interested.

RICO
Oh, I think you will be.

MAX

And why's that?

RICO

Because I know about Sam.

MAX

Who?

RICO

Don't play dumb Max. Your boy. He should be about thirteen now. Lives in Garfield Pennsylvania. Jesus Max, the kid has your last name for god sakes. How long did you think you could keep that secret from me?

MAX

Look, before you go and do something stupid, that kid has nothing to do with this.

RICO

I just want what's owed to me. Seventy two million Max, where is it?

MAX

I told you, it's gone.

RICO

Wrong answer.

MAX

I swear to god if you touch him, I'll...

RICO

You'll what?

Rico knocks gently on the glass.

RICO(CONT)

Look where you are. Neatly tucked away. You cant even spit on me.

MAX

I should have killed you when I had the chance.

RICO

But you didn't.

MAX
I still might.

RICO
That be a neat trick.

Rico looks at his watch.

RICO
Oh, time she's up. I'll give you a
few days to think it over.

MAX
Don't go near him. You hear me! You
leave him the fuck alone!

Two GUARDS grab Max and escort him out the room.

Rico smiles.

RICO
I'll be in touch.

INT: B-BLOCK - DAY

Max is pissed. He surges down the gallery, heads straight
for Junior's cell.

He turns toward Junior.

MAX
I'm in.

INT: MAX'S CELL - DAY

Max and Junior have a chess board out. They both glance over
to see a PATROLLING GUARD walk pass the cell.

MAX
We do this Friday. They're suppose
to be getting two trailers then.

JUNIOR
I got Martinez locked in. There's
another Guard, Saunders...

MAX
As long as we got Martinez, we
should be alright.

JUNIOR

What about the transport Guard?
Most likely it's gonna' be
Schilling.

MAX

Let me worry about Schilling.

EXT: SCHILLING RESIDENCE/OSSINING NEW YORK - EARLY MORNING

In his driveway...

Schilling sits in his car -- fiddles with the radio
stations.

A WHITE VAN pulls up and blocks him in.

SCHILLING steps out.

SCHILLING

Hey buddy, your blocking me in!

The driver, RAY ADDISON, (49) an imposing gentlemen with a
thick Grey beard, emerges out the van and walks toward
Schilling.

RAY

I'm sorry about that man. I'm
actually lost.

Ray pulls out a road map.

RAY(CONT)

I was heading north when I must
have taken a wrong turn. I'm trying
to get to Buffalo.

Ray hands Schilling the map.

SCHILLING

Buffalo?

RAY(CONT)

You think you can help me?

Schilling takes a look at the map.

SCHILLING

This is not even the right map.
This is a map of delew -

Ray drives a knife through the neck of Schilling. His eyes
widen, chocking on his blood.

KENNY, (26) skinny, blond hair, could be the son of Ray, but the resemblance is way off, opens the van doors.

The van has no seats in the back. Just an empty Van with a wooden floor board.

Ray drags Schilling to the van. He throws him in and shuts the doors.

He walks to schilling's car, reaches in and turns the ignition off -- takes the key.

He closes the door and calmly heads for the van.

EXT: REC YARD - DAY

A top of the stone bleachers sit Max and Junior.

MAX

With Schilling out. That means a sub comes in.

JUNIOR

Kelly, white boy with the funny hair.

MAX

Can we buy him off?

JUNIOR

Already did.

MAX

So that's two guards at a hundred a pop. You sure you got the bankroll for this?

JUNIOR

I got my mans' on the outside. Two hundred stacks is chump change when you a baller.

MAX

Good, we got one shot. We can't leave anything to chance.

INT: MESS HALL - DAY

Max and Junior sit across from each other at the end of an open table.

JUNIOR.

Let me ask you something... what changed your mind?

MAX

My son.

JUNIOR

You got a son? You a pop?

Max nods yes.

JUNIOR

Look at that. Big bad max is a daddy.

MAX

I don't know if I qualify as a dad. But I am his father. He was only three when I got pinched. Mother was a waitress. Beautiful women, had those kind eyes. Ya' know, the ones that just... pull you in.

JUNIOR

Where she now?

MAX

Dead. Car accident. The kid was raised by his grandmother until she died a few years after. Then after that he must have been shuffled around in foster homes. It wasn't till just recently that...

Max has a look of realization.

JUNIOR

What?

MAX

Son of a bitch.

JUNIOR

What?

MAX

That's how he knew.

JUNIOR

Knew what?

MAX

Rico. That's how he knew where he was. Sam wrote me a few times. I never wrote back. His address was on the letter. One of the guards must have tipped him off.

JUNIOR

Who's this Rico?

MAX

Someone I use to call a friend. Until he tried to have me killed.

JUNIOR

Doesn't seem like a friend.

MAX

He's not. Men like him don't have friends. It's cause of him I'm here. And it's cause of me that Sam's in trouble. Whadda' they say..."The sins of the father..."

JUNIOR

Shall be visited upon the sons.

MAX

We'll let's just hope the kid can make it to this weekend.

EXT: GARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA /BACKYARD - NIGHT

SAM DUGAN,(12) athletic for his age, crouches down behind a bush. He scans the street in front of him.

He moves from the bush and creeps his way along side the house. He holds his position in the shadows.

The sound of shotgun being COCKED BACK causes Sam to freeze.

Sam slowly turns around.

An OLD MAN in his boxers points a long barrel shotgun directly in Sam's face.

OLD MAN

I maybe seventy eight but I can
sure as hell shoot straight with
this. What are you doing on my
property?

Sam slowly turns around.

SAM

It's just a game. We're just
playing a game, "Manhunt". It's
just a game.

OLD MAN

We'll I don't like people creeping
in my backyard at night. What kind
of game is that?

SAM

It's stupid one, I agree. I'm just
gonna' go now...

Sam starts to slowly back peddle.

OLD MAN

Yeah and you tell the rest of em',
I don't want nobody on my property.
You tell em'. I find anyone else,
and I'm shootin' first. You hear?

SAM

Loud and clear.

Sam makes a break for it.

EXT: DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A tight group of adolescent teens walk together.

Sam out front.

SAM

A shotgun. Not a little pea
shooter. That old geezer pulled out
a god damn shotgun on me.

CORY, (12) the husky one of the bunch, throws his arms around
Sam's shoulders.

CORY

You definitely shit yourself.

Sam shakes Cory's arms off.

SAM
I didn't shit myself. I did a pee a
little.

The group laughs.

SAM(CONT)
You cant help but to pee a little.

CORY
Lucky you weren't black, man.

SAM
If I was black he wouldn't have saw
me.

The groups only token black friend, DARRYL, jumps in.

DARRYL
I'm not sure which one of you I
should be more offended by. So I'm
just gonna' say fuck you both.

The group laughs.

SAM
I gotta' go. I'll see you guys
tomorrow.

CORY
Alright Sam, See you lata'.

Sam departs from the group.

INT: SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam shuts the door and locks it behind him.

Sliding open his closet door, he reaches down and lifts up a
box.

He places it on the bed and pulls out a smaller box, one
with a lock on it.

Sam pulls out his house keys from his pocket and targets in
on the right one.

He uses the key to open the smaller box.

Inside is....

A SILVER FORTY FIVE AUTOMATIC with a light Grey handle,
expensive looking.

Sam aims the forty five toward the mirror.

SAM

What are you doin' on my property?

He smiles as he toys with the gun further. Sam places the gun back in the box and retrieves a picture from it.

It's his father Max -- Maybe late thirties.

Sam brings the picture to his face and examines it.

A KNOCK at his door.

SAM

Give me a second?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Why's this the door locked?

SAM

Because I'm almost thirteen, and it should be.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Open up Sam. Open this door right now.

SAM

OK, give me a second I said.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Now.

Sam hides the gun back in the box and slides it under his bed.

He opens his bedroom door.

SUSAN WALTZ, (44) foster parent, walks in.

SUSAN

What was going on in here?

SAM

Nothing. I was just... looking for something.

Susan notices a picture of Max laying on Sam's bed.

SUSAN

Looking at that picture again?

Sam notices he left it out.

SAM

Oh this?

He stuffs the picture in his pocket.

SUSAN

You haven't been writing him again
have you?

SAM

No.

SUSAN

I know this must be hard for you.
But believe me, your father isn't
the type of man you want to know.
There's a reason he's locked away.

SAM

Do you even know what he did?

SUSAN

He stole and he hurt people. Good
people. Your nothing like him Sam.
Your a good boy and I love you, you
know that right?

SAM

Yeah I know.

SUSAN

Alright than, no more lock doors?

SAM

I'm still thirteen.

Susan smiles as she leaves the room.

Sam plops backwards on his bed. He stares at the picture of
his father.

INT: MAX'S CELL - NIGHT

Max sits up as he reads another of Sam's letters.

He rests the letter down.

MAX

I'm coming buddy. I'm coming

INT: PRISON CHECKPOINT - FRIDAY - MORNING

A tractor trailer pulls up to the prison check point. The air brakes HISSSS.

TWO CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS approach the truck, each with a GERMAN SHEPARD on a leash.

The DRIVER, Ray Addison, hands a shipping invoice to the guard by his window.

GUARD

You guys are twenty minutes late.

RAY

You know how the road can get.

Both guards do their sweep around the truck. The dogs sniff an area then move on.

The guards finish their inspection.

GUARD

You're good.

Ray acknowledges with a head nod and puts the truck into gear.

The truck makes its way down the back of the prison, toward the loading dock.

INT: PRISON LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Max and Junior peer out the library window. They spot the truck as it backs into the loading dock.

JUNIOR

Here we go.

INT: LOADING DOCK

The truck is backed into the bay. Ray and Kenny start taking off pallets of soda cans with a pump jack.

MARTINEZ,(27) slicked ponytail, watches over it.

Ray and Kenny hand truck a Coca Cola machine off the truck.

The loading dock guard SAUNDERS(39), tall, pale in the face, takes a look at the invoice copy he's holding.

SAUNDERS

Hey, I don't see anything about no vending machine guys.

KENNY

It's a Coca Cola machine.

RAY

It was a last minute order. Gotta' swap this one with the old one you got.

SAUNDERS

You know about this?

MARTINEZ

They didn't tell you?

SAUNDERS

No.

MARTINEZ

It's not a problem. It's over in the officers mess. I'll walk you guys over.

Martinez escorts Ray and Kenny out the loading dock.

Saunders patiently waits. He then begins to snoop around the back of the trailer. Observing the other soda machines in the truck.

He's see's a power drill lying next to a bunch of screws.

INT: OFFICERS MESS

Ray wheels an empty hand truck into a room filled with Correctional officers -- five to be exact.

Conversations abruptly end.

Martinez follows behind him.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER 1#

Hey Martinez, what's going on?

MARTINEZ

These guys are here for the soda machine.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER 1#
 (heartbroken)
 They're taking our soda machine
 away?

RAY
 And we're giving you a brand new
 one.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER 1#
 This one *is* brand new.

RAY
 We'll this one will be newer I
 guess.

Ray gets the soda machine on the hand truck and wheels it
 out into the hallway.

He hands over it to Kenny, who walks right back into the
 room with the very same one.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER 1#
 This one works?

KENNY
 You betcha'.

INT: CORRIDOR BETWEEN B BLOCK AND OFFICER MESS

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER KELLY, (35) red curly hair, Irish
 through and through, opens up each of the five gates that
 lead to the officer's mess. Max and Junior right behind him.

They can see down the hall, Martinez, Ray and Kenny.

Kelly opens the last door.

In a matter of seconds, Kenny pops open the Soda machine
 that they brought with them.

Inside is completely gutted out, enough room for two.

Junior hesitates.

MARTINEZ
 What do you waiting for?

JUNIOR
 There better be some air holes in
 here.

KELLY

And we better get paid for this.
Get in.

MAX

You know I have to do this.

KELLY

I'm rea-

Max hooks off and lays out Correctional Officer Kelly.

JUNIOR

Damn you got a good punch.

Max and Junior squeeze into the machine as Kenny closes it behind them.

INT: LOADING DOCK

Martinez escorts the men back into the loading dock. Kenny wheels out "The old" soda machine.

SAUNDERS

This looks like the exact same one
you just brought in.

KENNY

That's because it is. They're both
Coca Cola machines genius.

The men continue onto the truck.

Saunders thinks a moment.

SAUNDERS

Hold up a second guys.

RAY

What's up?

SAUNDERS (CONT)

I'm gonna' need you to open this
up.

RAY

You want us to open this up? With
what, our hands?

SAUNDERS

That power drill you got in the
truck.

MARTINEZ

C'mon' Saunders, don't be a dick.

SAUNDERS

It's not about being a dick. It's about doing the job. So fellas', open it up.

KENNY

You're the boss.

Martinez slowly back peddles in an attempt to slip away.

SAUNDERS

Martinez! Where you going?

MARTINEZ

I got the shits man. If I don't go right now...

SAUNDERS

Alright, alright I gotcha'. I could handle this.

Kenny switches battery packs on the power drill in an attempt to stall.

RAY

So what's the point of all this? You think we're smuggling convicts out of here or something?

SAUNDERS

That's what we're gonna' find out.

RAY

Shit, your serious. Must get boring around here huh?

SAUNDERS

Today guy.

Kenny gives Ray a look.

RAY(CONT)

You know my uncle was a cop.

SAUNDERS

Is that right?

RAY

Sure was. They killed him though.

Saunders turns to the Ray.

SAUNDERS

Over what?

RAY

He never knew when to quit.

Kenny sticks the power drill bit deep into Saunders right temple. His body shakes, then goes limp.

He falls.

Ray looks down at him.

RAY

Should have just let us load the fucking truck.

KENNY

We gotta' go.

EXT: PRISON CHECKPOINT - DAY

The tractor trailer slows up to the checkpoint, then stops.

The GUARDS do their inspection, dogs along side them.

KENNY

They're gonna' ask to open it up.

RAY

Shut up Kenny.

One of the dogs begin to BARK by the back door.

KENNY

See, I told you. We're fucked man, we're fucked. If they bring those dogs inside the truck, they're gonna' start sniffing around and shit.

RAY

I said shut up. I got this.

A Guard walks over to the driver side window.

GUARD

You know one of your back doors isn't fully secure. You mind if we take a look in your trailer?

RAY
Is that absolutely necessary? I'm
in a bit of a rush here.

GUARD
Your driving out of a state prison.
So yeah, it's necessary.

The GUARD by the back has already started to open one of the
back doors.

Ray spots him through the side mirror.

RAY
Thing is... if you guys check the
back your gonna' see the two
convicts I help break out.

GUARD
What?

Ray pulls out a .38 revolver and puts a hole right through
the top of the guard's head.

BANG!

SIRENS WAIL.

Bullets light up the truck as it SMASHES the first fence.

RAY
We're in it now.

Ray slams the gas -- the truck bulldozes the outer steal
door right from it's hinges.

He cuts a hard right -- the trailer rocks violently to the
left.

The truck regains control as it barrels down the road.

KENNY
Shit!

INSIDE TRAILER --

A loud BANGING sound is coming from the soda machine. The
machine splits in half as Max and Junior kick their way out.

JUNIOR
Was this part of the plan?

MAX

We're out aren't we?.

Police sirens reverberate inside the truck.

Junior walks to the back and pushes open, an already slightly jarred door.

In front of his eyes -- five squad cars -- weaving in and out, sirens blazing.

JUNIOR

Oh fuck!

INSIDE THE TRUCK -

Kenny has his head out the passenger window.

KENNY

Fuck!

He brings his head back in.

KENNY(CONT)

They're are on our ass Ray.

RAY

We'll let's get em' off.

Ray swings the the wheel back and forth, the trailer fish tales.

A PATROL CAR on his left gets caught too close. The trailer SMASHES the cop off the road.

INSIDE TRAILER -

Max holds up a soda machine with a hand truck.

MAX

Open those doors!

Junior swings both doors open.

Max rolls the soda machine to the edge of the trailer and lifts up.

The machine topples end over end before SMASHING the engine block of a PATROL CAR.

The accident causes a ripple effect, successfully taking out two more cop cars.

The other three weave around and start FIRING.

Junior gets HIT in the shoulder. The shot sends him to the floor.

MAX
You alright?

JUNIOR
I'll be fine.

Max runs to the back and grabs another Soda machine. He uses the machine as cover, makes his way to the edge of the trailer...

He lifts up --

CRASH -- it hits the windshield of the nearest CRUISER.

The cruiser spins out, but not before colliding into another CAR.

Kenny's ecstatic.

KENNY
They're throwing soda machines at em'.

Ray's eyes are fixed up ahead.

RAY
Strap in.

Up ahead...

COPS barricade the road with their SQUAD CARS used as a road block.

Shotguns and pistols drawn.

KENNY
Ahh shit!

The truck steam rolls down the road.

The cops open FIRE!

The truck BLASTS through the center of the road block. Flipping the first car completely over, crushing an OFFICER.

Bullets pierce the trucks tires as it breaks through.

RAY
You see that shit kid?

Ray looks over to see the kid -- shot in his head, lifeless.

RAY(CONT)

Fuck.

Ray floors the gas pedal down.

Pieces of rubber rip apart and spit out from underneath the tires.

Up ahead Ray can see a cluster of FLASHING LIGHTS getting larger.

He turns right off the route and onto a dirt road.

A sharp left causes Ray to pump his brakes. But it's too late...

The trailer detaches from the truck, jack knifes -- it slides down a steep embankment, it takes out a host of trees before it crashes to a stop.

The truck misses the turn and drives off the same embankment. It tumbles over, smacks a tree, spins, then flips over upside down.

POLICE CRUISERS drive to the edge of the road to see the truck on its hood.

Ray squirms his way out, badly injured. With his gun in sight, just a few feet away, he desperately crawls to it.

The COPS have their guns drawn down on him.

POLICE OFFICER

FREEZE!

Ray ignores the command and grabs the gun.

He swings around and FIRES a single shot.

The cops FIRE back, tagging Ray and effectively putting him down.

EXT: DIRT ROAD - DAY

A plethora of COPS litter the scene. Investigators comb the accident, placing yellow tag markers as they collect evidence.

The trailer is smashed up. Large gashes run down the sides of it.

Walking down the embankment --

AGENT MILES, (49) a man's man, tough skin, he carries himself with an air of confidence from his extensive years on the job.

AGENT MILES

Jesus Mary and Joseph. Somebody had themselves some fun.

A sheriff's DEPUTY, (29), thin, wet behind the ears, escorts Miles down the hill.

DEPUTY

We got a total of three bodies sir.

AGENT MILES

Please tell me the driver of this is one of them.

DEPUTY

Yea we got him down the road. He opened fire on the first unit. So they had put him down. His partner, some young kid, was found shot dead in the passenger seat. Still waiting to get back the I.D's on those two.

AGENT MILES

And whose this poor bastard?

At the back of the trailer -- an arm of a black man protrudes out between two smashes up soda machines.

DEPUTY

We're being told this was one of the escapees. Junior Livingston. He was currently serving a life sentence.

AGENT MILES

Looks like that was cut short. And the other escapees?

DEPUTY

Only one other, Max Dugan. Charged with felony armed robbery. He was currently serving a fifteen year sentence with five left remaining.

AGENT MILES

Five years left... Why the hell would he risk that?

DEPUTY

Beats me.

Agent Miles looks around, takes in the scene.

AGENT MILES

(to himself)

Now how the hell does a man survive something like this?

DEPUTY

Luck?

AGENT MILES

Luck will get you half way.

DEPUTY

And the other half?

AGENT MILES

Some people are are harder to kill.

EXT: PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK/WOODS - DAY

At full sprint Max hurdles over a log as he cuts through a jungle of trees.

He reaches a road that suddenly stunts his pace. On the other side is a small shopping center with a parking lot.

PARKING LOT -

A YOUNG MAN, (23) lanky, with a Yankees baseball cap, exits a Dunkin' Donuts with his cell phone to his ear. He heads for his RED MUSTANG.

YOUNG MAN

It's thirty five dollars every time they charge me. And they did it twice so far. I already called. It was suppose to be taken -

An arm appears from behind him. It wraps around his neck and squeezes tight.

Max has the Young man in a tight sleeper hold.

MAX

Sorry kid.

The Young man falls unconscious. Max drags his limp body to the back of his car. He takes his keys, hits the trunk door button -- trunk fly's open.

Max takes a quick scan of his surroundings, then pushes The young man inside the trunk.

He see's an old roll of duck tape underneath a tire iron.

He smiles.

Max takes off the Young Man's baseball cap and jacket and throws it on. He duck tapes his wrists together, then slides a strip over his mouth.

He SLAMS the trunk down.

EXT: TAPENZEE BRIDGE - DAY

Jam packed together, traffic is at a snails pace. Max inches the MUSTANG up as he crosses the bridge with five hundred other cars.

A police cruiser on the opposite side of traffic, lines up with Max. The cop glances over at him, until the traffic moves him out of sight.

At the end of the bridge, Max can see a pair of cruisers -- LIGHTS FLASHING.

He tightly grips the steering wheel as he draws closer to them.

Now only a few cars away...

Max is focused, prepared to slam the gas at a moments notice.

An officer on the road puts his hand out...

Max grips tightly on the stick.

The officer pauses for a moment... then waves Max through.

Max can see an accident on his left. A YOUNG WOMEN crushed the car in front of her. Both DRIVERS are on their cellphones.

Max slips past and speeds away. A sense of relief rolls over him.

INT: RICO'S ESTATE/OUTSIDE LUTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MANNY,(34) built like a house, a bit on the chubby side but most certainly formidable, has some pep to his step as he makes his way to Rico's bedroom door.

He reaches the door and quickly raises his hand to knock.

SOUNDS of MOANING and rough sex are emanating through the door.

MANNY hesitates... then lowers his hand. He finally grabs the courage to knock. Raises his hand up...

KNOCKS gently twice. A poor excuse of a knock.

He shakes it off and tries it again. This time he POUNDS the door three times.

The moaning stops.

RICO(O.S)
Get off me.... Who's that! Who's
knocking like that!

MANNY
It's Manny.

The door fly's open.

Rico stands fullled exposed, not a care in the world.

RICO
Can't you see I'm a little busy
right now?

MANNY
It's something you need to hear.

RICO
Well, what the fuck is it?

MANNY
It's Max. He busted out.

Rico smiles.

RICO
We'll now we're in play. Make the
call.

Manny takes a step to leave.

RICO(CONT)
And Manny... don't ever knock like
that again. I don't care if the
fuckin' house was on fire. From now
on you knock on doors like your
mother raised you better.

MANNY
Sorry Boss.

Manny walks away.

FEMALE VOICE(O.S)
I want dick!

Rico turns back to the room.

RICO
Your wish is my command.

He slams the door shut.

INT: GARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Sam glides his bikes down a steep hill. He doesn't peddle, just enjoys the ride down.

There's no traffic, so he cuts back left and right, makes a figure eight.

He reaches the end of the hill where the road levels off. He turns wide right into the next street.

Now he peddles.

A BLACK CROWN VICTORIA creeps up.

Sam senses a car behind him, he moves his bike to the shoulder.

The crown Victoria stays behind him.

Sam turns his neck to see the car clearly tailing him. He then begins to peddle a little faster.

The Crown Vic gains speed.

Sam stands up and peddles with force.

The Crown Vic overtakes him and cuts him off.

Sam stops his bike.

A DETECTIVE,(38) tall, well dressed, dark shades that compliment his well tailored suit, steps out of the car.

DETECTIVE
I thought you were gonna' run on me kid.

SAM
I still might. What do you want
from me?

DETECTIVE
I'm a detective. I just want to
talk to you for a second. Is that
OK?

SAM
About what?

DETECTIVE
It's about your father.

SAM
My father? What about him? He's
locked up. What's that got to do
with me?

DETECTIVE
We just need to ask you a few
questions. Down at the station if
you don't mind.

SAM
Why can't you just ask me here?

DETECTIVE
We need to get a statement from
you, so we're gonna' need you to do
at the station.

SAM
Am I under arrest?

DETECTIVE
No, of course not.

SAM
Then I ain't goin'.

DETECTIVE
Sam, this is for your own good. You
may be in danger.

SAM
You want me to just leave my bike
and jump in that car with you? No,
I'm not doin' it.

Sam moves back with his bike.

DETECTIVE

Sam.

SAM

You never even showed me a badge.

DETECTIVE

I got my badge right here.

SAM

Nahhhh... this whole thing feels sketchy.

DETECTIVE

Sam, don't run.

Sam puts his foot on the peddle.

The man pulls out a side pistol from his waist. He aims at it Sam.

DETECTIVE

Get in the car kid.

SAM

You're gonna' shoot me?

DETECTIVE

I don't want to.

SAM

If your gonna' shoot me then shoot me. But I'm not getting in that fucking car man. And you aint' no cop.

The man rushes Sam.

Sam quickly turns his wheel and peddles his way clear.

DETECTIVE

Shit!

The Man puts his gun back in his holster as he runs back to his car.

Sam stand up and peddles with force.

The Crown Victoria whips around and accelerates forward.

Sam looks back then cuts a hard right through a backyard.

The Crown Vic stops at the road, then speeds off.

Sam crosses over into the adjacent street and cut's through the next set of backyards. He turns down his block and peddles toward his house.

The Crown Vic SCREECHES around a corner.

Sam get's to his house -- throws his bike down on the lawn, and BURSTS through the front door.

He SLAPS the lock on.

He RUNS pass the living room and stops...

Down on the carpet is his foster parent Susan, shot dead in the chest. Her eyes stuck open like a lifeless doll.

SAM

No.

SOUND of a car SCREECHING to a stop.

Sam immediately rushes upstairs.

SAM'S BEDROOM -

The door fly's open, he rushes to his bed -- reaches his arms underneath...

SOUND of the front door BUSTS open.

DOWN STAIRS -

The Detective has his gun out surveying the house.

DETECTIVE

Sam, don't make this harder on yourself. I'm not gonna' hurt you.

He passes the living room, glances at the body, then heads up the stairs.

UPSTAIRS -

The Detective slowly makes his way up the stairs.

DETECTIVE(CONT)

If you come out now I promise I'll put the gun away.

(beat)

Look, I'm putting the gun away right now, OK?

His gun is still raised as he reaches Sam's door. He jiggles the handle, the door is locked.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The man is hit twice. He slides down the wall. A trail of blood follows him down.

DETECTIVE
Son of a bitch.

EXT: GARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA/DRIVING - DAY

Sam's address is displayed on the front of an envelope that rests on the passenger seat.

Max looks at each house as he attempts to locate the address.

EXT: SAM'S HOUSE

Samb sizes up the ten foot drop from his window.

He LEAPS out his window. With a book bag strapped to his back, he falls like a brick.

He heads for his bike on the front lawn.

The Detective, shot and bleeding, stands between Sam and his bike. He aims his gun at Sam.

DETECTIVE
You shot me you little fuck.

The man spits up blood onto the grass.

Sam slowly tries to take off his backpack.

DETECTIVE
Don't even think about it. Toss it over.

Sam throws the backpack over by the man's feet.

DETECTIVE
You couldn't just get in the car right?

The man feels his wounds. Looks at the blood on his fingertips.

He coughs up blood again.

THE DETECTIVE

Fuck the money, you aint' worth it
kid.

The man clicks the hammer back.

THE DETECTIVE

You ready to see nothing but dark
for eternity?

THUMP!

The RED MUSTANG shoots over the lawn and tramples over the
Detective, his body gets rolled up under the car.

Sam stands in complete shock.

MAX

Sam get in!

SAM

Dad?

MAX

Yea it's me. Hop in. We gotta' go.

Sam pauses.

MAX

We don't got time Sam, we gotta' go
now.

Sam grabs his backpack and gets in the car.

Max floors it, leaves the scene.

EXT: ROAD/DRIVING - DAY

Sam is clearly shaken up.

MAX

Are you OK?

SAM

No, I don't think I am. I was
chased down and almost killed. And
then you... just ran over a guy
like he was a garbage pale. Why was
he after me?

MAX
To get to me.

SAM
Aint' you suppose to be in prison?

MAX
Aint' you suppose to be in school?

SAM
I ditched.

MAX
Well, so did I.

SAM
He killed her...

MAX
Who?

SAM
Susan.

MAX
Who's Susan?

SAM
She... was taking care of me.

MAX
I'm sorry Sam, I really am. But
these men... they'll do anything to
get what they want. Anything.

SAM
What do they want?

MAX
To get my attention.

INT: 133 WEST 36 STREET/BASEMENT LEVEL - DAY

Two men, beaten and bruised, chained by the feet, dangle upside down.

Rico holds a bat, as FOUR of his GOONS stand back and watch.

RICO
How long you guys think you can
hold out before the blood rushes to
you head and you pass out? Thirty

minutes? Hour? See.. I could do this all night. I mean, I actually enjoy this shit.

Both men mumble through their duck tape.

Rico removes the duck tape from one of them.

BEATEN MAN #1

Ahh, please man. You don't got to do this. We're not cops, I swear.

RICO

I could smell the bacon comin' through your pores. Don't tell me you're not cops.

BEATEN MAN #1

You gotta' believe me man.

RICO

Why? Why should I believe you? I don't know you. I don't trust you, and more importantly, I don't like you'. Anything I deem suspicious I terminate. You two are suspicious.

(beat)

Manny!

Manny carries over a chainsaw.

BEATEN MAN #1

Hey hey, what... what are you doin'?

RICO

Have you ever seen Siamese twins get split in half before?

BEATEN MAN #1

What...

RICO

It's a very technical procedure. What we're gonna' do to you... is far from that. My friend Manny over here is gonna' take that chainsaw and he's gonna' start with your balls and split you down to the bridge of your nose.

BEATEN MAN #1
Look...I I..I swear on my life.

RICO
You probably shouldn't have said
that.

Rico gives the nod to Manny.

Manny cranks up the chainsaw, places it just above the
testicles of the BEATEN MAN #1.

RICO
Last chance.

BEATEN MAN # 1
What else could I say? You won't
believe me.

RICO
You could admit you're cops, and
what you know.

BEATEN MAN #1
Fine, we're cops and we got the
building surrounded.

RICO
You're right. I don't believe you.

Rico gives Manny the signal.

Manny drives the chainsaw down, shredding the man's balls.
He carves a line through bone and flesh, the chainsaw
eviscerates everything down its path.

The chainsaw reaches his head then pops out below it. Two
half's of the man dangle, attached only by the ankles.

The BEATEN MAN #2 SCREAMS through the duck tape.

RICO
Patience... you'll have your turn.

Rico's phone rings.

He picks up.

RICO
Hello?

The chainsaw, still roaring.

RICO
Yeah... what? No, I cant' hear you.
Yeah hold on... Manny! You mind?

Manny looks confused.

RICO(CONT)
The chainsaw. Give me a minute
here. Put the chainsaw down.

Manny, not thinking, attempts to put the chainsaw down while
it's still on.

RICO
What are you doin? Turn it off
before you put it down. Jesus.

MANNY
Sorry boss.

RICO
(TO THE PHONE)
What was that again? He what? When?
FUCK! I want you to find them, you
hear me? Find them, now! Yeah, I'll
be right there.

Rico hangs up.

MANNY
Everything OK?

RICO
Are guy is dead. And Max got the
kid.

Beaten Man #2 mumbles through the tape.

Rico's heated. He pulls out his side pistol and BLASTS a
hole through the man's head as he walks passed him.

INT: GARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA/ SAM'S RESIDENCE - DAY

A scene of police consume the front lawn.

Agent Miles is crouched over the Detective's body. He pulls
out the man's wallet, it reveals a Pittsburgh Police badge.

AGENT MILES
He was cop. Pittsburgh P.D.

Agent Miles stands up. He approaches another Agent.

AGENT MILES (CONT)

We got two dead and one missing.
Sam Dugan.

AGENT

His son?

AGENT MILES

That's right. Son of a bitch broke out of prison, killed the boys legal guardian, shot this cop here, then kidnapped his son. We need to get in ahead of this. I want this guy's face everywhere. Every major news station to local newsstand. I want his face on the minds of every single person who reads the paper or watches the news. Everywhere.

(beat)

Congratulations asshole, you just became public enemy number one.

EXT: INTERSTATE SEVENTY/ SOUTHERN OHIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Max and Sam both sit quietly in the car. Sam plays with the stations.

He stops on one.

RADIO NEWS MAN

...were two bodies and a missing boy. Sam Dugan, the son of escaped convict Max Dugan, who successfully escaped from Sing Sing Penitentiary. Considered armed and extremely dangerous. Authorities are urging the public to -

Max shuts the radio off.

SAM

I was listening to that.

MAX

It's all lies.

SAM

All of it?

MAX

Most of it.

SAM
So you're not a bad guy?

MAX
That's still up for debate.

A loud BANG is heard from the trunk.

SAM
What the hell was that?

MAX
Ahh shit.

EXT: OFF INTERSTATE SEVENTY/ WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

The Mustang is parked on a secluded dirt road.

The trunk pops open.

The owner of the car, handcuffed and duck taped, squirms around in the trunk.

SAM
So what part of this is not being a bad guy?

MAX
I needed his car.

Max removes the tape from the man's mouth.

YOUNG MAN
Please don't kill me.

MAX
Get out of the trunk.

The man struggles to get out.

SAM
You might want uh...

Max gives him a tug and pulls him clear.

MAX
Go, that way.

Max points toward the woods.

YOUNG MAN
Please don't kill me.

MAX
I'm not gonna' kill you. Now get
the hell out of here.

YOUNG MAN
How do I know you wont just follow
me into the woods and hunt me down
with your boy for sport. Like some
sick father son shit.

SAM
Buddy, it's either the trunk or the
woods, your choice.

Max looks at Sam and smirks.

The man takes off and heads for the trees.

EXT: INTERSTATE SEVENTY/DRIVING - NIGHT

Sam sits with a smile on him.

Max looks over.

MAX
What are you smiling about?

SAM
Nothin' it's just... you got people
in the trunk, you broke out a
prison, you ran over guy... you're
like totally bad ass.

MAX
We do what we have to do sometimes.
I don't enjoy hurting people. And
neither should you. You hear me?

Sam, now less excited.

SAM
I know.

MAX
I hope you do.

Max glances at his fuel gauge. The line is approaching
empty.

MAX

We're gonna' have to stop off and
get some gas.

Sam has a look of indifference.

EXT: GAS STATION/OFF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Max pulls up to one of the pumps at a four pump station.

The GAS STATION ATTENDANT is an old man who's perched on a
seat inside the store.

Max waves the man to come out.

The old man waves Max in.

Max reluctantly heads for the store.

INT: GAS STATION/MINI CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Max walks in to an old half stocked, half attempt of a
store.

A small T.V with the Volume turned off plays behind the old
man's head.

Breaking News flashes across the screen. Max and Sam's
pictures are blown up and displayed.

MAX

Uh... I need uhm...

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Gas?

MAX

Sorry, Yeah I need gas.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

You payin' in cash.

MAX

Yes I am.

IN THE CAR -

Sam rummages through his backpack.

THE STORE -

Max looks down at just a few waters that are left in the freezer.

MAX
These even cold?

A shotgun COCKS behind him.

Very slowly Max turns around.

The old man trembles as he tries to keep the damn thing straight.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
I know who you are. You're the man everyone's been looking for. The escaped convict.

MAX
I think you have me confused -

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
- Confused my ass.

The Old man moves aside to show Max the T.V displaying his face across the screen.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT(CONT)
You're tellin' me that's not you?

MAX
Look...

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
What ever you got to say, I don't want to hear it. You could tell it to the cops.

The Old man reaches his left hand for the phone.

Bells ring as Sam walks in the door.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT(CONT)
You're the kid. The one that got kidnapped. Get behind me kid, go.

Sam rushes behind the Old man.

Max is heartbroken.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT(CONT)
Now this is how it's gonna' go. I'm calling the cops. You try

something, and I will squeeze this trigger. At this range I can't miss.

The SOUND of a Forty five automatic COCKS back.

Sam has the gun pointed directly at the back of the old man's head.

SAM

This is how it's gonna' go. You're gonna' place that gun on the counter nice and easy.

The Old man's fear brings immediate compliance.

OLD MAN

Sure kid, you got it.

SAM

What's with you old guys and shotguns?

The Old man places the shotgun down on the counter. Max picks it up.

Sam walks from behind the Old man and toward his father.

Max approaches the Old man.

MAX

This isn't anything personal. We just need the head start.

Max gun-butts the Old man in the chin, knocking him out.

EXT: GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Max and Sam head for the Mustang.

MAX

Where the hell did you get my gun?

SAM

Found it in my... my mom's stuff.

Max can't believe it.

MAX

That gun is bigger than your head.

EXT: INTERSTATE SEVENTY/DRIVING - NIGHT

Sam is fast asleep.

Max YAWNS. He reaches in Sam's bag and pulls out the Forty five. He places the gun next to driver side door.

MAX
Fuckin' kid.

He pulls off the exit.

EXT: DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Mustang comes to a slow stop on the shoulder of a dark dirt road.

Max shuts the engine off. He reclines back on the seat and catches some much needed shut eye.

LATER

BANG! A shot rings out.

Sam's eyes shoot open.

The Mustang is lit up by a state trooper's headlights.

Sam turns to his father, his face splattered in blood.

Max turns the ignition and peels off.

EXT: ROAD/DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Max wipes his face with an old shirt from the back seat.

SAM
What happen?

MAX
I had no choice. I... had no choice.

Max speeds down the road.

MAX(CONT)
We gotta' get off the road. How's a nice bed sounding right about now?

EXT: MOTEL - NIGHT

Max has his hat and sunglasses on as he feeds money to a soda machine.

He collects the soda from the dispenser and walks back to his room.

He puts the key in the door.

INT: MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam switches the channel the moment Max walks in.

MAX
What was that?

SAM
What was what?

MAX
What were you watching?

SAM
Nothin'.

MAX
Yeah, nothin'?

Max takes the remote from Sam's hands and hits the BACK button.

Girl on Girl Porn. Two blonds in bubble bath, sponging each other down.

MAX
Don't look like nothin' to me.
Nice.

Max switches the channel and throws the remote back to Sam.

MAX
Don't worry kid, I was doin' a lot worse at your age.

SAM
I'm not a kid.

MAX
Sorry, Sam. You're right. You're not a kid. I just... missed out on a lot I guess.

SAM

Prison must have been pretty tough
huh?.

Max POPS open a soda.

MAX

It is, but you get use to it. Like
most things in this world.

SAM

What was the worst part of it?

MAX

Besides the crooked C.O's and
constant worrying about getting
stabbed in the back? The worst part
was knowing I was missing out on
life I should have had. Missing you
growing up.

SAM

I wrote you.

MAX

I know. I got em.

SAM

How come you didn't write back?

MAX

Honestly? I didn't know what to
say. I didn't know how to be a
father. I was scared. You believe
that?

SAM

Nothin' scares you.

MAX

Everybody's scared of something
Sam. It's how you deal with the
fear that's matters.

Sam takes it in.

MAX(CONT)

C'mon kid, let's get some rest.

INT: F.B.I HEADQUARTERS/MANHATTAN - MORNING

A large room with Agents that scurry back and forth. Monitors fixed on walls with Max's face all over them.

Agent Miles is at his desk. He stares down at the front Page of the Daily News. Headlines reads: MANHUNT. Max's face takes up the entire page.

Agent Karen VOSKO, pretty brunet, glasses, walks in the room.

AGENT VOSKO

Sir, we got some evidence handed in from our Pittsburgh office. Seems the neighbor across the street from that double homicide had a security camera on his front porch.

AGENT VOSKO

Tell me we got something.

She hands Agent Miles a flash drive. Miles sticks it into his lap top and plays the video file.

The video shows Sam and the Pittsburgh Police Officer on the front lawn. The officer has his gun drawn at Sam.

The RED MUSTANG runs over the officer.

AGENT MILES

Jesus.

AGENT VOSKO

At no point did Dugan enter the home. Our unfortunate Pittsburgh police officer did however, an hour earlier.

AGENT MILES

That was around the time of death.

AGENT VOSKO

Exactly.

Agent Miles leans back in his seat.

AGENT MILES

Thank you Karen.

Karen leaves his office.

Miles stands up, turns, and faces a big board with a large map of the united states on it. The map is thumb tacked with pictures and postage notes. Red circles are drawn on key sightings.

AGENT MILES(CONT)

Who else is after you Max? Where you going?

INT: MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Max sleeps peacefully. Sam anxiously sits on the edge of the bed, glued to the news.

Max begins to wake.

MAX

What time is it?

SAM

(quickly)

Ten thirty.

MAX

What the hell are you watching?

SAM

The news, CNN. I never seen my face on T.V before. It's kinda' trippy.

MAX

That's not the channel you want to see it on, believe me.

Max now rises up and sits on the bed.

SAM

Are they gonna' catch us? The news said it's just a matter of time.

MAX

The news says a lot of things.

SAM

So what's the plan for today? Where we going?

MAX

The plan is to keep you safe. Keep moving. So c'mon get your stuff. We gotta' go.

EXT: MOTEL - MORNING

Max sits in the Mustang.

Sam closes the door behind him.

A slow moving POLICE CRUISER stops across the street, just parallel the motel.

Max spots him in the rear view.

MAX

Let's go Sam, we gotta' go move.

Sam rushes down the staircase that runs down to the parking lot. He throws his bag in the back seat and hops in.

Max pulls away from the motel and makes the first right.

EXT: ROAD - MORNING

Max's eyes are fixed on the rear view mirror.

FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS -- the cruiser pops a hard U-turn and follows in pursuit.

MAX

Shit.

Sam buckles his seat belt.

SAM

Can we lose him?

MAX

We're gonna' find out.

Max turns right. The cruiser follows, just a step behind.

MAX

I can't shake him.

SAM

Are you serious? You made... that was ONE turn!

A smile breaks through from Max's usual tough demeanor.

SAM

You're messin' with me?

MAX
Relax, just hold on.

Max slams the gas pedal down. The car accelerates in and around traffic.

Up ahead the light is red. Max hugs the curb, blows the light.

The cruiser matches his step.

Two more CRUISERS join the pursuit.

SAM
Now there's three of them.

Max spots a sign for the Interstate.

He cuts across the opposite side of traffic, makes a sharp left, just barely clips an old station wagon.

He accelerates onto the highway.

EXT: HIGHWAY - MORNING

Open traffic allows Max to climb his speed into the high eighties.

Three cruisers keep their distance, a few car lengths behind.

Two more cruisers join the chase.

SAM
Uh dad... there's like... a lot of
cops behind us.

Max looks back.

MAX
There sure is.

A news chopper tracks the chase from a safe distance. The camera is zoomed in on the Mustang

NEWS ANCHOR(O.S)
We're getting information in that
the chase you are watching is led
my escaped convict Max Dugan. As
you can see they're are several
police cruisers in pursuit at this
time. We don't have a good angle to

see who's in the passenger seat. But we are being told that the passenger might very well be Sam Dugan, Max's thirteen years old son who went missing yesterday afternoon. Authorities believe Dugan kidnapped his son then murdered two people before crossing the state of Pennsylvania. Police have been searching for Dugan after he devised a bold escape out of the notorious Sing Sing Penitentiary.

Traffic up ahead begin to drift toward the right. Max's fly's pass them on the left.

INT: FBI HEADQUARTERS/ MANHATTAN - DAY

Agent Miles sips on his coffee while he buries himself in Max's file.

Agent Vosko charges in the room.

AGENT VOSKO

Dugan's on the run. Headed west on seventy. He's in Ohio. Dayton police are in pursuit.

Miles rises from his chair.

AGENT MILES

Get me a chopper. I want to be in the air in fifteen minutes.

EXT: INTERSTATE SEVENTY - DAY

A horde of POLICE CRUISERS, PATROL CARS and STATE TROOPERS tail Max as he leads them down the long stretch of the highway.

A BLACK SUBURBAN, tinted windows, enters the highway on-ramp. The suburban merges in front of the line of cops, slightly behind Max.

Both backside windows of the suburban roll down. TWO MEN on each side stick out M4 AUTOMATIC RIFLES and aim it at the cops behind them -- they FIRE!

BULLETS BULLETS AND MORE BULLETS.

They unload clip after clip...

Bullets rip through a windshield, hitting the driver of a patrol car in the chest. The car spins out off the road.

The police slow down, increasing the distance between them.

Sam hangs over the back of his his seat, gazed out the back window.

SAM
Holy shit.

MAX
Sam get down.

Sam sits back down in his seat.

The NEWS CHOPPER fly's a little too low, in rang of...

An RPG -- it raises out from the sun roof of the suburban.

INT: NEWS ROOM - DAY

News anchor STACY PHILLIPS, (34) brunette, well put together, breaks the news.

A video of the chase is displayed overhead.

STACY PHILLIPS
Police have kept their distance
after thee onslaught of rounds that
we're fired from that suburban.
Wait, now it looks like that
something's coming out from the
sunroof. It appears to be a man.
He's holding a...it maybe a weapon
of some kind.

The Man in the sunroof aims the rocket launcher toward the news chopper.

STACY PHILLIPS
I think he's aiming...

A rocket is FIRED.

The smoke trail follows the rocket as it strikes the chopper dead on.

BOOM!

The chopper drops from the sky in a fiery blaze.

The video feed goes to static.

EXT: INTERSTATE SEVENTY - CONTINUOUS

The Suburban rides side by side with the Mustang. The front passenger window lowers.

Rico smiles as his face is exposed.

RICO
Max, we really need to talk.

Max SMASHES his car into the suburban. The Suburban HITS back.

It pushes Max off the highway and onto an exit off ramp.

Max reacts and hits the gas. The suburban speeds up. Both parallel to one another, both gun their engines.

The light is red just ahead.

Sam is strapped in, nervous.

SAM
Dad...

CRASH!

Broad sided by a BLACK VAN. The Mustang was hit in the driver side door. The Mustang spins out, strikes a telephone pole.

Smoke rises from the hood of the smashed up Mustang.

Sam's knocked unconscious from the airbags. Max is in blurry haze. He see's a group of men rush over to him.

The back of a rifle reveals itself.

WHAP!

Max goes dark.

EXT: OPEN FIELD/INDIANA - DAY

Max and Sam are blindfolded and zip tied on their knees.

Rico walks over and takes the blind fold off Max.

RICO
When are you gonna' learn Max? You cant out think me. In fact, you should thank me.

MAX

Thank you?

RICO

Without me, you'd a been still been rotting away in Sing Sing. Just another convict, just another number. How do you think those guards got paid off? Junior?

Rico laughs.

RICO(CONT)

So you see, without me... you wouldn't even be here. I own you. And if I want...

Rico raises his gun to Max's head.

RICO(CONT)

I could end you. But I didn't go through all this trouble just to kill you. I could have paid some lifer to do that years ago. What I want are those god damn stones. Now do I have to take this to the next level?

Max remains quiet.

Rico grabs Sam by his throat and squeezes.

RICO(CONT)

I'll give him twenty seconds before he turns blue. What do you think? Eighteen, seventeen, sixteen...

MAX

Rico!

SAM

(choking)

Dad..

MAX

ALRIGHT LET HIM GO! Let him go Rico.

Rico releases his grip.

RICO

Ready to talk?

MAX
I'll get you the stones.

RICO
Oh I know you will. Because I'm
holding on to little Sammy as
insurance.

Rico grabs Sam by the neck and drags him away.

MAX
Sam!

SAM
Dad!

MAX
It's OK. I'm coming back for you. I
promise.

SAM
Dad don't leave me.

MAX
I'm not. I promise I'm not.

Rico throws Sam into a BLACK VAN.

RICO
Times a ticking Max. Get me what I
want. Don't have your son pay for
your mistakes.

EXT: CASEY, ILLINOIS - DAY

Agent Miles along with a massive police presence scour the
crime scene. A smashed up MUSTANG and a torched BLACK VAN,
remain the focus of attention.

Agent Miles on his cellphone.

MILES
They're gone. The Van was torched.
No trace, no prints, no nothing.
He's being helped.

EXT: OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO/DRIVING - LATE AFTERNOON

A BLACK RANGE ROVER speeds down the highway.

Max sits in the back, between two of Rico's GOONS. A total of FOUR in car. Each have a stone cold expression. These are men who never smile.

Max spots a sign for CHICAGO up ahead.

MAX

You gonna' want to get off this exit.

The cellphone of the passenger seat GOON rings. He answers it.

PASSENGER SEAT GOON

Yeah boss. We're headed for Chicago. Yeah... I'll call you when we have it.

The Range Rover exits the highway.

EXT: DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

The city is lit up. Lights from a collection of office windows paints the backdrop.

EXT: NORTH SIDE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

The Range rover pulls up to HARDFORD APARTMENTS. a four story brick apartment building.

MAX

This is it.

The GOON in the shotgun seat turns to Max.

SHOTGUN GOON

Here? You have Seventy two million in stones stashed in this building?

MAX

That's the point right. Who would ever suspect it.

SHOTGUN GOON

Let's go than.

Two of the men accompany Max into the building. While the other two stay parked out front.

INT: HARDFORD APARTMENTS/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Max and the two goons make their way up the staircase.

GOON

You betta' not be leading us on a
goose chase.

MAX

It's just up ahead.

GOON

It better be.

Max stops on the top step of the next floor.

He throws a backwards KICK - ROCKS the the Goon in the face
behind him.

Both of Rico's men tumble down the stairs.

Max is all over them. He grabs one by the collar and
delivers a nasty headbutt. The Goon drops.

Before the other one can fully get up, Max wraps his arms
around his head and SNAPS his neck.

Max grabs a cellphone out of one of their pockets.

A group of THREE YOUNG MEN, dressed in baggy clothes and
gang colors witness it on top of the stairs.

GANGBANGER#1

Damn homey, you fucked them up.

MAX

They had it coming.

Max passes them as he heads up the stairs.

INT: HARDFORD APARTMENT'S/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Max KNOCKS on the door twice.

The door opens.

AVERY ADDISON, (44) short, scruffy, has the look of a man who
hasn't stepped outside in weeks.

AVERY

Max?

MAX
Hello Avery.

INT: AVERY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is unkempt. Boxes on boxes, with computers and wires littered about.

AVERY
You know your the most wanted man
in the country right now?

MAX
I need your help Avery. And I need
it now.

AVERY
My brother tried to help you. And
look what that got him. That got
him killed.

MAX
I'm sorry about Roy. I really am.
But I need you to do a trace for
me. And I need it done in like
three minutes.

AVERY
What's goin' on?

MAX
Avery, can you do it?

AVERY
This better not get me killed.

INT: FBI HEADQUARTERS/MANHATTAN - DAY

Agent Miles runs point. A group of YOUNG F.B.I AGENTS
eagerly listen.

MILES
OK this is what we got. Dugan was
last scene on interstate seventy in
Ohio, heading west. His
accomplices, the gentlemen in the
suburban, have just been added to
this Manhunt. These men are
professionals, armed and extremely
dangerous. We got an I.D.

Behind Agent Miles a traffic camera image is blown up for the room to see. It's the face of Rico.

MILES(CONT)

His Name is Rico Martel. What we know of Rico is that he is well financed and extremely motivated. We believe he was behind the escape at Sing Sing. And possibly Max's first escape out of Leavenworth. We're still looking in to that. So that means smart and well connected. These are not amateurs. These are pros. And I want both of them. Before another god damn news chopper gets blown out the sky for the world to see! Find me something people! Lets go!

INT: AVERY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery punches in keys as Max is hunched over him, staring at the monitor.

He has the phone plugged into his computer.

AVERY

This should only take a minute.

(beat)

So you gonna' tell me what this is about, or am I just suppose to guess?

MAX

Rico took my son?

AVERY

Martel?

Max shakes his head.

AVERY(CONT)

Jesus Max. You know the type of shit he's been up to since you been locked up. It's not just taking down scores anymore. He's connected down south. Fernando Chavez ring a bell?

MAX

That's why I need you to trace that number. If I can get to Rico, I can get to my son.

AVERY

What's he want from you?

MAX

The stones.

AVERY

From that job at the airport?

MAX

Yeah.

AVERY

So I guess giving him the stones is out of the question?

MAX

You know Rico, when has he ever been a man of his word. He'll kill us both once he has em'.

AVERY

Alright, we got something.

A google map app is synced to Avery's trace program. The map zooms in, locating the the number's origin.

AVERY

It's in New york... midtown... 133 west 36st.

Avery brings up a street view, revealing the address. It's a ten story brick building, one of eight that swallow up the block.

AVERY(CONT)

It's only way in, one way out. Unless you plan on dark knighting it and zip lining through a window.

MAX

I know that place. It's a club. There's a basement level. It's where he... holds people.

AVERY

You mean tortures them.

Max winces, a thought he would rather not think about.

AVERY

Sorry.

MAX
I need one more favor.

Avery shrugs.

AVERY
What?

MAX
I need a gun.

AVERY
What do you think this is, a one
stop fugitive supply shop?

MAX
Do you have one or not?

AVERY
We'll lets' see.

Avery shuffles over to a closet. He opens the doors.

Inside is a mixed assortment of heavy rifles and hand guns.
A few grenades, body armor, you name it...

MAX
Jesus Avery...

AVERY
This was Roy's.

MAX
The man did love his guns.

Max takes a silenced nine millimeter, a box of ammo, and a
grenade.

Avery looks out the window.

AVERY
How did you get here?

MAX
What do you see?

AVERY
Two men with semi automatic rifles,
running into my building.

MAX
We gotta' go.

AVERY
We? I can't get involved with this.

MAX
You already are.

AVERY
Listen Max, I'm a tech guy. You guys need passwords and access. You call me. You need somebody shot in the face, that was my brother.

The GOON's cell phone rings.

AVERY
Uh... you expecting a call?

Max looks over at the door.

A KNOCK at the door.

INT: AVERY'S DOOR/HALLWAY

Three of Rico's Goons hold up silenced MP5's at Avery's door.

GOON#2
It was coming from that door.

One of the men knock.

Nobody answers.

He knocks again... nothing.

He walks up to the door and looks through the peephole.

A SHOT is fired, it rips through the Man's eye socket, instantly killing him. His body drops.

The other two hired gun raises their weapons and start FIRING.

Bullets rip through and shred the door and wall.

INT. AVERY'S APARTMENT

The apartment is lit up. Bullets hit everything. Computers, furniture, everything but Max and Avery.

EXT: AVERY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Max and Avery scale the outside ledge of the building. They inch across to the next set of windows.

Max looks through a window.

It's a hallway window. He spots the the Rico's men Avery's outside the door.

They spot Max.

They FIRE.

The window shatters, bullets fly out and hit the adjacent building.

A brief pause, they reload.

Max pulls out a GRENADE and CHUCKS it through the window.

MAX

Jump!

Max and Avery leap from the building's ledge.

EXPLOSION!

A fireball shoots out the window, as the building rocks from the force.

Max and Avery fall in a large dumpster in the alley below. They quickly hop out as pieces of brick and ash rain down upon them.

MAX

We need a car.

EXT: NORTH SIDE, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Avery turns the ignition to his BLACK 1981 FIREBIRD. The engine ROARS.

Max gives Avery a look.

AVERY

What? I like muscle.

Avery peels off as he accelerates down the street.

INT: 133 WEST 36TH STREET/ BASEMENT LEVEL - DAY

A small office. Stacks of paper are piled up all around.

Sam is handcuffed to a steam pipe behind his chair. He scans the room. Nothing of use, nothing in reach.

Manny stands guard in the room.

Rico strolls in.

Sam tightens up.

RICO

You don't have to be afraid of me
buddy.

SAM

I'm not your buddy. And I'm not
afraid of you.

RICO

You are your father's son, aren't
you.

SAM

My dad's gonna come. And when he
does, your gonna' wish you weren't
born.

RICO

Is that a fact? Let me tell you
something. If your father does
anything but give me what I want,
I'm gonna' personally peel off your
face.

SAM

I'm real scared,

Rico backhands Sam. He balls up a fist, ready to fire off on him. He holds himself back.

Rico points to the clock.

RICO

Tick tock little man.

EXT: PENNSYLVANIA, ROUTE EIGHTY/DRIVING - DAY

Avery's behind the wheel. Max is in deep focus, looks straight ahead.

AVERY

You know the odds are stacked well against us?

MAX

At this point I don't have a choice.

AVERY

We always have a choice.

MAX

When it comes to my son, I don't. Whatever I did in my life, I probably deserved it. But he don't.

AVERY

I never even knew you had a kid.

MAX

Neither did Rico.

AVERY

So do you really have the stones? Or are you just bullshitting him?

Max gives Avery a look.

AVERY

What? Oh what you don't trust me?

MAX

Don't take it personal I don't trust anybody. Not no more.

AVERY

How am I not suppose to take that personal? You show up to my doorstep with a bunch of hired mercs. You blow up my hallway. And now you got me driving Americas most wanted to New York City. Oh, but don't worry about it. I wont take it personal.

EXT: 133 WEST 36 STREET "CLUB FUEGO" - NIGHT

A long line club goers, dressed sharply, patiently wait to enter the club. They chat and mingle amongst themselves.

Avery's Firebird pulls up across the street.

AVERY

Here we are.

Avery grabs his lap top from the back. He punches in a few keys.

AVERY(CONT)

Looks like the signal is still here.

MAX

Sam is in there. He's gotta' be.

AVERY

And if your wrong?

MAX

I'm not.

AVERY

So what's the plan?

MAX

Stay in the car. What ever happens, you don't move from this spot. Got it?

AVERY

I got it.

MAX

I'm serious. Don't move.

AVERY

OK, I got it.

MAX

You got a fifty?

AVERY

A what?

MAX

Fifty dollars. You got fifty dollars?

Avery digs in his pocket. He hands Max a fifty.

AVERY
What are you gonna' do?

MAX
I'm gonna' get my son.

Max exits the car.

He walks across the street to the BOUNCER outside the door of Club FUEGO.

BOUNCER
Back of the line.

MAX
I'm here for Rico.

BOUNCER
And who are you?

MAX
An old friend.

Max slides the bouncer a fifty.

The bouncer takes his money, sizes Max up, then let's him in.

BOUNCER
Go ahead.

A frustrated CLUB GOER in the front of the line speaks up.

CLUB GOER
What! Yo that's bullshit. I been waiting here with for like forty five minutes.

The club goer grabs Max's shoulder.

CLUB GOER
Nah nah, hold up.

Max turns to the clearly intoxicated man.

MAX
Get your hand off my shoulder or lose it forever.

The Club goer releases his grip and steps back.

Max enters the club.

INT: CLUB FUEGO - NIGHT

Hundreds of people packed in, the SOUND of HOUSE MUSIC bumpin' from wall to wall.

Max cuts his way through the crowd. His eyes scan the room.

A SEXY BLOND blocks Max's path. She grab his cock.

SEXY BLONDE

How bout' buyin' me a drink big daddy?

MAX

Maybe some other time.

He moves past the blond.

Large bouncers position themselves at key points of the club.

Max spots Rico at a V.I.P table with a host of FEMALES.

Rico removes himself from the table and heads toward one of his bouncers that guard the basement door

Max follows him.

The bouncer halts Max by the door.

BOUNCER

This is a private area. Turn around.

MAX

I was invited.

BOUNCER

Are you deaf?

Max chops the Bouncer in his neck, it drops him to his knees.

He holds his throat in pain as Max makes walks past him and through the door.

INT: CLUB FUEGO/DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Max can see Rico a few steps below him.

MAX

Rico!

Rico turns around to a lights out punch to his face.

EXT: CLUB FUEGO

Avery nervously sits and waits. He hears a conversation from the line across the street.

CLUB GOER(O.S)

It was him. Yeah, that guy Dugan.
The fugitive, yeah.

AVERY

Shit.

INT: CLUB FUEGO/BASEMENT OFFICE

The door opens, Max's holds a pistol to Rico's head.

Manny points his gun at Max.

MAX

Drop it, or I drop him.

RICO

You'll never make it out here
alive.

MAX

We'll see about that. Uncuff him.

Manny looks for Rico's approval.

Rico gives him a head nod.

MAX(CONT)

Now!

Manny releases Sam.

A gun gets pressed to the back of Max's head. It's the bouncer he chopped in the neck.

BOUNCER

Let him go.

Max lowers his gun.

RICO

I told you you would never make it out alive. So I'm assuming by this little ambush ...you don't have the stones?

MAX

I never did.

RICO

Bullshit.

MAX

I only said I did.

RICO

You're telling me this whole time...

MAX

Yep.

RICO

Then your useless to me. Manny, you know what to do. If you excuse me, I've got a table of beautiful models to attend to. It was nice knowing you Max. You we're definitely one hard dog to put down. But eventually all dogs get put down. See you on the other side buddy.

Rico and the Bouncer leave the office and head back upstairs to the club.

MAX

You don't want to do this man.

MANNY

Shut up.

MAX

He's just a kid.

Manny looks over at Sam.

MANNY

Then you should feel worse about this than I do.

Manny aims the gun at Max.

MAX

You're forgetting the safety.

Manny looks down at the gun for a split second. Enough time for Max to kick a chair at his knees.

The gun drops.

Max bull rushes Manny through the office window.

On top of him, he pummels Manny's face into a bloody pulp.

SAM

Dad... C'mon, he's down. Lets' go.

Max snaps out of his blood rage.

INT: CLUB FUEGO/ MAIN FLOOR

The club is ROARING.

Max see's the back of the Bouncer guarding downstairs. He grabs him by the neck and throws him down the steps.

Max and Sam emerge through the door.

MAX

Follow me.

Max spots a BOUNCER running toward him. He side steps him and launches him over his back.

Another Bouncer comes at him with full speed. The bouncer throws some punches. Max blocks em' and dips em'. Then KICKS the bouncer dead in the chest, sends him flying across the floor.

MAX

Keep moving Sam.

Rico at the V.I.P table spots the brawl out on the floor.

RICO

Son of a bitch. We'll somebody kill him!

Max makes his way through the crowd. His shoulder gets turned around.

WHAP!

Max gets decked in the face. He shakes it off to see the man who hit him. Over seven feet, three hundred and change, a Titan of man. In a fight, Max was always Goliath. Right now... he's David.

Goliath waves Max in..

Max cracks his knuckles as he balls up a fist.

The Titan swings a hay maker for Max's head. Max ducks underneath it.

The Titan grabs Max by his throat over his head.

Max desperately grasps for the Bouncer's fingers. He pulls back the man's fingers, braking two of them.

The titan drops Max down.

TITAN

ARHHH.

The Titan swings another hay maker. Max leans back, dodges it, then kicks the Titan in his right knee cap, busting it out.

A right hook is landed as Max connects on his chin.

Goliath falls, knocked out sleeping.

Rico charges with his gun raised.

RICO

Max!

He FIRES.

A YOUNG WOMEN is shot in the back. She drops to the ground.

Nearby Club goers witness the scene and within seconds, chaos unfolds. Crowds of people scream and head for the door.

Sam gets lost in the shuffle. Mixed in with the mob of people that head for the exit.

MAX

Sam! Sam!

EXT: CLUB FUEGO

Floods of people run out of the club.

AVERY
Holy shit.

Avery spots Sam. He pulls the car up to the front entrance of the club.

Max exits moments later.

SAM
Dad!

MAX
Sam get in the car.

AVERY
Get in, get in.

Max and Sam hop in the car. The Firebird speeds away.

Rico rushes outside. He see's the Firebird make it's escape.

He FIRES his gun at the car.

He runs over to a parked Mercedes with the driver on his cellphone.

Rico points his gun in the man's face.

RICO
Get the fuck out!

INT: AGENT MILES APARTMENT/MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Agent Miles is asleep on his living room couch.

The phone RINGS. He answers...

MILES
Hello?

AGENT VOSKO(O.S)
Max just popped up on the grid.

Miles shoots up from his slumber.

MILES
Where?

AGENT VOSKO(O.S)
You're not gonna' believe it.

EXT: MIDTOWN MANHATTAN/DRIVING - NIGHT

The FIREBIRD races down the street.

SAM
Who's this?

MAX
Sam, Avery, Avery, Sam.

AVERY
Hey kid.

SAM
Nice car man.

AVERY
Thanks.

Avery pops a hard right.

Traffic ahead, congested by a street a light.

Max takes a look out the back window and see's a SILVER MERCEDES speeding up behind them.

MAX
It's Rico. Take the sidewalk.

Avery hops the curb, pounding his horn as he nearly hits pedestrians as he fly's past.

A parked N.Y.P.D patrol car hits its lights.

Avery speeds across the intersection. The Cop follows in pursuit.

Rico is just a car length behind them.

MAX
We gotta' get out of Manhattan.
It's only gonna' be a matter of
time until they seal off the
bridges and tunnels. Take the FDR.

Another intersection approaches. Traffic zipping both ways.

SAM
Uh dad...

MAX
Don't stop.

AVERY
Hold on.

The Firebird slices through traffic. The Cop attempts the same move but is struck at the back wheel well. The Patrol car spins out.

Rico avoids the accident and accelerates past it.

SAM
He still behind us.

MAX
Son of a bitch won't give up.

EXT: MIDTOWN MANHATTAN/DRIVING - NIGHT

Agent Miles in a BLACK CADILLAC, speeds up north on the FDR drive.

On the phone.

AGENT MILES
That's right, I want men at every bridge and tunnel out of this city. As long as he's on this island, we got him.

EXT: FDR DRIVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Avery whips around the bend, merging on to the highway.

MAX
You should have went north.

AVERY
Why north?

MAX
Forget it now. Just get to the bridge.

Rico's Mercedes enters the highway. He accelerates behind the Firebird. Throws his high beams on.

Avery floors the gas pedal down.

Shots FIRED.

Rico lights up the back of the Firebird. The back windshield shatters.

Sam crouches down in the backseat.

MAX

Sam, you see a small duffel bag
back there?

Sam spots the duffel bag on the floor.

SAM

Yeah.

MAX

Inside there's guns. Toss me one.

Sam hands Max a GLOCK 9MM.

Max hangs out the passenger window and returns fire. Both Max and Rico trade bullets as the Firebird and Mercedes speed down the highway.

EXT: F.D.R - CONTINUOUS

Agent Miles can see the exchange of gunfire as the two cars pass him on the opposite side of traffic.

AGENT MILES

Shit.

Agent Miles speeds to the next up coming exit. He exits the highway and quickly busts a U-turn entering the sound bound side.

EXT: F.D.R - CONTINUOUS

Avery see's signs for the next bridge. The Brooklyn bridge.

AVERY

I think I just missed the bridge.

SAM

You actually missed two of them.

AVERY

Sorry kid, it's a little hard to
concentrate when your being shot at
in a high speed chase.

EXT: F.D.R - CONTINUOUS

Agent Miles is closing the distance between himself and the two cars.

EXT: F.D.R - CONTINUOUS

Avery exits the highway and merges onto to the Brooklyn bridge.

Rico's right behind them.

EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The FIRE BIRD and MERCEDES are neck in neck speeding down the straight path of the bridge.

The Mercedes rams the Firebird's driver's side.

Max hangs out the window and shoots over the roof at the Mercedes.

The Mercedes Rams the back of the Firebird, spinning it out. The Firebird SMASHES against the side guard rail, flips over and slides on its hood.

Both cars rest in the center lane, blocking all traffic behind them.

Rico exits the Mercedes, gun in hand.

Max, Avery and Sam are upside down in the Firebird, still strapped in. Avery's bleeding from his forehead.

MAX
Everyone OK?

SAM
(in pain)
I'm good.

AVERY
I'm fine, just got a bit of a
headache.

MAX
We got to get out here.

Sam releases his seat belt latch, he falls.

Max does the same.

Max exits the Firebird, gun in hand. He crouches behind the car. Sam cowers behind him.

Rico's ducked behind the Mercedes.

RICO
I swear to god Max, you just wont
fuckin' die will you!

MAX
Are you gonna' be the man to do it?

Rico smiles.

RICO
Stick your head out, let's find
out.

MAX
You first.

RICO
You always we're a pussy.

Rico pops up from behind the Mercedes and opens FIRE.

Bullets rip up and ricochet off the Firebird.

RICO
I should have killed you in
Indiana.

MAX
We'll here's your chance.

Rico FIRES more shots. He ducks down and reloads.

Max returns FIRE.

MAX
Sam, you think you can climb up to
that walkway?

Sam see's a fifteen foot obstacle to climb. Diagonally cut steel beams that lead up to the pedestrian walkway.

SAM
Yeah, I can do it.

MAX
You sure?

SAM
I can do it.

MAX
Get up to that walkway. Head toward
Brooklyn. You see a cop, you just
keep moving. You got it?

SAM
Yeah.

MAX
Go, I'll cover you.

Sam squeezes out of the passenger door.

Max grabs an extra pistol from the bag of guns in the back.

MAX
Go now!

Max FIRES at the Mercedes, one pistol at a time.

Sam quickly gets to the steel beams and in four steps climbs
up an over and onto the pedestrian walkway.

EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Miles enters the bridge behind a line of traffic.
GUNFIRE echos through the night air. A few DRIVERS are out
of their cars.

Agent Miles hops out his car. He RUNS down between traffic.

AGENT MILES
Get back in your cars. Everyone!

EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Rico's crouched behind the Mercedes. He slides a clip into
his 9mm.

Max takes cover behind the Firebird.

Avery unlatches himself from the seat belt. He falls down.

AVERY
Max, go. I'll cover you.

MAX

I can't just leave you here.

AVERY

Yes you can. Just give me a gun.
Get to your boy.

Max hands Avery a pistol.

AVERY

Now go, before I change my mind.

Avery FIRES shots out the driver side door of the Firebird,
toward Rico.

Max uses the opportunity to climb up to the walkway.

Rico spots Max as he climbs up. He FIRES shots, but is
forced to duck back down as the bullets from Avery nearly
hit him.

RICO

Sneaky fuck.

Rico creeps around to the backside of the Mercedes. He runs
up on the Firebird's passenger side.

Avery fires his last shot. The clip is empty.

RICO

Say hello to your brother for me.

AVERY

Fuck you Ri-

Rico drills Avery with bullets inside the Firebird.

He runs over toward the walkway and makes his ascent.

EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE/WALKWAY

Cops from both the Brooklyn and the Manhattan side run down
the walkway.

Sam climbs over a type of steel cage that covers the road.

Cars fly underneath him.

Max runs to him.

MAX

Sam! What are you doin'?

SAM
Uhhm... something very stupid. I
seen the cops coming and I...

MAX
Just... don't move. I'm coming.

Rico climbs over to the walkway.

RICO
MAX!

Max turns around with his pistol drawn to see Rico aiming at him.

RICO
It's the end of the line.

Both men in a stare down. Max squeezes the trigger. No bullets.

RICO
You tried to sneak a first shot on
me? That's why I always get the
last.

Rico squeezes the trigger. No bullets.

MAX
Not this time.

Rico throws his gun at him. It hits Max in the elbow. Max gets slightly hurt from it. He angrily throws his gun back at Rico.

Rico Ducks.

RICO
You always had shit for aim.

Rico see's the cops closing in.

RICO
You know we're both fucked.

MAX
As long as you're out of the
picture, Sam is safe.

RICO
He don't look safe.

Sam's barely hanging on. He hugs the steel beam.

SAM

Dad!

Max rushes over to him.

Rico climbs up and coasts across a beam to the other side.

SAM

I'm slipping!

Max climbs up to a beam next to Sam. He reaches his hand out.

MAX

You got to grab my hand.

SAM

I can't.

MAX

Yes you can. Now grab it.

SAM

I can't dad, I'm scared.

MAX

Remember what I told you about fear?

SAM

Yeah.

MAX

Now c'mon!

Sam reaches his hand out, but by doing so, slips, he falls but not before the long reach of Max snatches his wrist and flings him up across to an adjacent beam.

Rico's beam.

Rico moves in on Sam.

RICO

If I can't kill the father I can sure as hell kill the son.

Sam is hanging on by his finger tips in the center of the beam. Rico on one side, Max on the other.

Speeding cars nearly clip Sam's feet.

Agent miles with the sirens blazing screeches to the scene, driving from the opposite direction of traffic.

He hops out and draws his gun.

AGENT MILES
Freeze! F.B.I!

RICO
You're a little late to the party
pig.

Rico begins to walk the beam. He places his foot over Sam's fingers.

RICO
Don't worry Max, the fall won't
kill him. But when I send the word
from inside. You better believe my
men will.

Rico steps down hard on Sam's fingers.

SAM
Arhhhh!

RICO
Just know... there was nothing you
could do.

Max, without hesitation, runs across the beam. He wraps his arms around Rico and drives them both right off the bridge.

Over two hundred feet they fall...

SPLASH!... or SPLAT.

EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Brooklyn Bridge is shut down. FLASHING police lights add to the ones that line up the bridge.

Cops everywhere.

Police boats comb the East River.

Sam sits on the back bumper of an ambulance. Eyes still wet from tears.

Agent Miles approaches.

AGENT MILES
How you doin' kid?

SAM
Is he dead? My father...

Agent Miles says nothing.

SAM
You know he wasn't a bad man. He saved me. More than once.

AGENT MILES
I'm sorry kid.

SAM
I don't even have anywhere to go.

AGENT MILES
That's OK, there's a women over here that's works with child services. They'll take care of you. They'll find you a home. We're just glad you're OK. Take it easy kid.

Agent Miles walks over to a POLICE SARGENT.

AGENT MILES
Did you find them?

POLICE SARGENT
We found one of them. That Martel guy.

AGENT MILES
And Dugan?

POLICE SARGENT
Still nothing.

AGENT MILES
Keep looking. Until we find a body, he's still at large.

POLICE SARGENT
Sir not to be rude but... that guy took a swan dive off a ten story bridge. You honestly think he's alive.

AGENT MILES
If you know man like I do, I wouldn't put it passed him. So keep searching.

EXT: COLORADO MOUNTAINS/DRIVING - DAY

A silver Honda Pilot makes it's way up snow covered road.

RACHAEL ADAMS, (28) pretty with a casual business suit on, sits behind the wheel.

Sam sits in the passenger seat, that look of discontent forever present.

RACHAEL

Hey, it's gonna' be fine. These people sound really nice. And once they heard about your story, and what you went through... they were the first to call in and open their doors to you. Trust me, you'll be fine.

SAM

Whatever.

Rachel pulls up to a large mountain side cabin. Three stories high.

RACHAEL

This looks like the place.

They pull into the driveway.

A beautiful WOMEN exits the front door. A smile from ear to ear. She wears a gorgeous necklace laced with exquisite stones.

Both Rachel and Sam exit the car.

WOMEN

You must be Rachel?

RACHEL

Yes. And this is Sam. Sam this is Mrs. Smith.

WOMEN

Hi Sam.

RACHEL

That is a beautiful necklace you have on, if you don't mind me saying.

MRS SMITH

Thank you. I wish they were real.

RACHEL

Is your husband home?

WOMEN

He's out back hunting.

RACHEL

Alright, We'll Sam I'm gotta' be going. I wish you guys a very happy life together. I mean it. And Sam, you be good for these nice people.

SAM

OK.

RACHEL

Again, it was nice to meet you.

WOMEN

And you as well. Take care.

RACHEL

I will. Bye.

Rachel gets back in her car and drives off the property.

WOMEN

Sam... I am so happy to meet you. I've been looking forward to this for quite some time. My husband too.

SAM

Where did you say he was... hunting?

WOMEN

Actually that's him right now.

Sam turns to see a MAN coming out of the woods. Thick beard, with orange visors on.

He walks up to Sam and the women - takes off the visors.

It's Max.

SAM

Dad?

MAX
Hey Sammy boy.

SAM
Dad it's you. I cant believe it.

Sam runs over to Max and gives him big hug.

SAM
I thought you.. I mean I seen you..
How are you here?

MAX
Luck, more than anything. But Sam
there's someone I want you to meet.

Max presents Sam to Mrs Smith.

MAX(CONT)
Sam... this is your mother. Your
real mother.

MRS SMITH
Hey baby.

SAM
But I thought you were...

MRS SMITH
I'm so sorry Sam. I never wanted to
leave you. But...

MAX
Sam, I got your mother in some
trouble some years back. The police
wanted to arrest her because she
was helping me hide out. So I set
her up out here. Away from
everyone. Waiting for the day to
see you again. I'm sorry I put you
guys through this.

SAM'S MOTHER
He promised he would bring the
family back together. And he kept
it.

Sam's mother smiles warmly at Max.

MAX
It didn't go exactly the way I
planned. But... we're here.

SAM
So both of you are technically
dead?

MAX
Yeah buddy, we are.

SAM
That's... fucking awesome.

SAM'S MOTHER
Watch your language. I think you
been hanging out with your father
too much.

SAM
So now what? This is where we live?

MAX
It doesn't have to be. Sam, we got
enough money where we can live
anywhere in the world we want. And
guess what... you can decide. I
think you earned that.

SAM
Anywhere?

MAX
Anywhere. Just... not in New York.

Sam chuckles.

SAM
Hmmm....

A big smile sweeps across Sam's face.

FADE OUT: