

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Undetected, CHRIS, (early 30's) Caucasian snowboarder type --  
Hangs his head out the window, holding a joint.

He has shaggy hair, long underwear are too big for him.  
He looks over his shoulder as if worried about waking:  
TRACY (20's) African American, sleeps in the bed behind him.

He takes a drag, stares at the sunrise though the steel gate.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - SUNRISE

GRUNGE MUSIC

A portrait on the wall of sharp YOUNG ALEX (20's),  
African American, decorated in a military uniform.

Chris lays in bed, staring up at the photograph.  
He wears headphones, looks like he's been up all night.

TRACY, (20's), Ballerina size yet, pregnant.  
She is African American with long dark hair.  
She sleeps beside him... MUMBLING IN HER SLEEP.

The guest bedroom is a mess: scattered moving boxes --  
a mismatched set of golf clubs propped against the bed.

(OS) TAP TAP ON THE DOOR -- She wakes in a daze.

CHRIS  
(whispering)  
I'm up.

TAP TAP heard from the door.

TRACY  
Babe.

ALEX (O.S.)  
I'll be upstairs Chris,  
your breakfast is ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm up!

Chris rolls out of bed --  
She sits up, her dreadlocks hang down her face --  
She takes his wrist.

TRACY

(whispering)

You look really tired.

CHRIS

I didn't sleep.

TRACY

Because of me?

He steps over a cardboard box nearly tripping.

CHRIS

No, you were fine.

TRACY

Are you too tired to go?

CHRIS

No, I'm going. I said I would.

TRACY

He's been looking forward to this.

CHRIS

Which box has my hunting vest?

TRACY

Next to your snowboard.

She looks cold in her cute boxers and t-shirt.  
She pulls the orange hunting vest from a cardboard box.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Turn around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns facing the portrait of young Alex on the wall.  
She zips him up.

TRACY (CONT'D)

He's a good man, you'll see...  
I bought you some beer to take.

CHRIS

I guess this is my last Hurrah.

TRACY

You said you didn't want a bachelor  
party.

CHRIS

I know.

TRACY

Good luck babe, I hope you get one.

CHRIS

No you don't, you love deer.

He tucks her hair back revealing the left side of her face.  
A NASTY CUT/SCAR covers the left side stopping at her nose.

She pulls him close, kissing him, he palms her very pregnant  
belly.

She slaps his butt as he walks away.

TRACY

Don't shoot Bambi... and  
Don't be late for the dinner.

ALARM CLOCK goes off.

Like second nature, she flicks her hair forward --  
Covering her scar.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

The impressive kitchen has fancy updated appliances.

Alex (50's), lays out two rifles on the granite countertop. He's African American with forearms of a wrestler. He stoops over the counter wearing his camo vest.

BREE (50's), African American, wears a long pink nightgown, She packs sacked lunches in the cooler.

BREE

Don't bring those in the kitchen.  
Keep them in the garage.

ALEX

I'm-

BREE

-But nothing, I don't want them in  
my kitchen.

Alex gathers the rifles....

A Scottish Deer Hound, BUCK, runs around the corner excited -- His tail slaps the dishwasher repeatedly.

BREE (CONT'D)

What is this, a free for all?

ALEX

Buck can come in for a second.  
Look how excited he gets when he  
sees the guns, Buck, sit!

Buck sits wagging his tail uncontrollably.  
ALEX pets the dog in an attempt to calm him down.

BREE

Is he up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I'm not going to harass him. He'll come up when he's ready. Just relax, I'll have him back before dinner.

BREE

The dinner is at seven.

Alex is concentrated on his navigation system -- A trail map is seen on the screen.

ALEX

I know.

BREE

I need the credit card too, we have to pick up her dress.

He hands over a credit card, moves in for a kiss -- She acts as if a deer in headlights contemplating... He sees her hesitation -- becomes busy gathering the rifles.

BREE (CONT'D)

Don't spoil the surprise.

ALEX

Anything else.

BREE

Don't let him drink too much.

She hands him the cooler.

ALEX

Chris! lets go!  
I'll be in the garage.

He CLAPS his hands together walking out the garage door.

EXT. TRUCK - SUNRISE

The full size blue truck is held up in heavy traffic.  
A long line of cars wait to get on the interstate.

Buck rides in the bed of the truck hanging his head out.

INT. TRUCK - SUNRISE

OLDIES MUSIC plays on the radio.

Alex sits in the driver's seat holding his cup of coffee.  
He clicks a button on the navigation system: Start Route.

Chris is slumped over in the passenger seat, yawning.

ALEX

Coffee?

Alex offers him a styrofoam cup.

CHRIS

I'm good.

Chris rolls down his window, lights a cigarette --  
Alex rolls down his window, waives the smoke away.

ALEX

I didn't know you smoke.

CHRIS

Can we change the station?

ALEX

Yeah, change it to whatever.  
There's CD's in the glove box too.

Chris rotates the dial to a loud HEAVY METAL SONG...  
Alex adjusts the volume to a lower level --  
Their eyes meet, Chris exhales out the window.

EXT. LOGGING ROAD - MORNING

The truck cruises down the interstate away from the city.  
It heads toward beautiful mountain treetops.

Chris lays his head against the passenger window SNORING.  
Alex watches his head BOBBING against the window.  
He turns the stereo knob up: HEAVY METAL MUSIC plays --  
Chris continues snoring.

Alex jerks the wheel slightly --  
Chris' head BUMPS against the window waking him.

CHRIS  
What happened?

ALEX  
Deer ran out.

Alex looks behind

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Alex and Chris are perched behind a large rock wearing orange  
hunting vests.

Chris wears a rifle around his shoulder peering through a  
camera phone at the pristine mountain lake.

Buck sits next to the men panting.

ALEX  
Another beer?

Alex pulls a beer from a cooler and hands it to Chris. Chris  
snaps a picture of the lake.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You ever shot anything before?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Deer?

CHRIS

Pheasant.

ALEX

Hopefully, today you'll get a deer.

CHRIS

If we see a deer. Why don't we both take a shot at it at the same time? That way if one of us misses...

ALEX

It's unsportsmanlike. Plus, then we won't know who shot it.

CHRIS

I'm just saying, it might increase our odds of getting him.

ALEX

When you see your deer. Your going to want him all to yourself... You ever seen a ten pointer close up?

CHRIS

No.

Alex peers through his binoculars.

ALEX

Absolutely beautiful.

CHRIS

If it's so beautiful, why kill it then?

ALEX

You'll see what I'm talking about when you get your first deer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alex watches Chris pet Buck across the head and pours beer across his lapping tongue.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So, my friend Scott owns a large tech company called Tech Vantage... He said they are going to be hiring someone soon, entry level data analyst.

Chris stares off into the distance.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If I ask, I might be able to get you an interview...

Chris views his photo on his phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'll show you the website. See if it's something you're interested in.

CHRIS

...I have a couple internet leads I'm working on, manager positions.

Alex lifts his head from his binoculars.

ALEX

I'll send you the link.

Chris looks off into the distance: A ten point buck stands sixty yards away.

Alex peers through his scope at the deer.

CHRIS

Shh... You see em?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX  
(whispering)  
I'm right on him.

The deer walks unaware through the site of Alex's scope.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Hold on to Buck.

The deer stops, Alex lines it up in his scope.

His finger makes its way to the trigger.

A RIFLE FIRE.

The deer runs off.

Alex looks behind him to see: Chris holding his smoking rifle.

Alex winces at Chris -- Buck dashes into the trees after the deer.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
God damn it. Buck!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Alex and Chris trample through the woods carrying their weapons.

ALEX  
Buck, get over here! Buck.

CHRIS  
Here Buck.

ALEX  
Shh. I know he can hear me.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Alex and Chris make their way through the forest and cross a small stream.

ALEX

He could be a half mile up by now.

Alex comes to a halt. He puts his arm out stopping Chris.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You see that.

A dark human figure lays on the ground in the bushes up ahead.

CHRIS

What is it?

They walk slowly towards the motionless figure.

A white man, wearing sweat pants and a blue t-shirt lays face down on the ground.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Holy shit. What?

Chris crouches over the body for a closer inspection.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He's dead.

ALEX

Don't touch him, you don't want your finger prints...

They look at each other in a state of panic.

Chris snaps pictures of the dead body with his camera phone.

Alex pulls his arm down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Stop.

Chris sets his rifle down. He finds a nearby stick and pushes the dead body over revealing the bloody head wound.

ALEX

Did you hit him?

CHRIS

No, no way.

ALEX

Did you shoot in his direction? I mean, was he within your line of fire?

Chris points at the rocks.

CHRIS

I shot at the deer. I, he was.. There's no way I could have hit him.

ALEX

Did you see where you shot?

CHRIS

I had the deer lined up, and I pulled the trigger.

ALEX

Did Buck bump you when he ran off?

CHRIS

No, I had the deer right in my site when I pulled the trigger.

ALEX

We were way up there by that rock.

Alex points up at the rocky hill off into the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (CONT'D)

You couldn't have shot that far.  
Not through the forest.

Alex turns over the dead body with his rifle. Blood rushes out of the large hole in the back of the head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

He's wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt, no gun.

CHRIS

Maybe it was another hunter?

ALEX

No, we would have heard the gunfire. Plus, that hole in the back of his head is way too big. Our rifles couldn't have done that.

Using only the tips of his fingers, Chris pulls the wallet from the dead man's back pocket.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CHRIS

Looking for his name.

Alex gazes across the surrounding forest. He sees bushes off in the distance something moving towards them.

Chris examines the wallet and reads the name on the drivers license: Robert Brady.

Alex sees Buck running through the woods towards them panting.

ALEX

(Yelling)  
Buck, come here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Buck runs up to Alex, he grabs the dog by the collar and smacks it on the hind legs. The dog YELPS.

ALEX

Sit! You are bad. Sit!

Buck remains standing. Alex pulls a leash from his cargo pants and secures the dog.

CHRIS

Shh! Quite. Look.

From afar, two large black male figures walk towards them carrying shovels.

ALEX

Chris. Come on.

Alex pulls the dog along.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Now. Quietly. Now.

With haste, Alex and Chris scamper through the thick woods in the opposite direction.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Two Black men wearing slacks and a collar t-shirt walk through the forest carrying shovels. One of them drags a small tree.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Chris' bright orange hunting vest makes for a visible target, he sprints ahead leaving Alex far behind.

Alex holds Buck on the leash running up the wooded hill favoring his left knee.

A silent bullet WHIZZES past Alex's head hitting a tree --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A hole burst through Buck's side -- The dog falls dead on the ground.

Alex running, drags the lifeless dog forward by the leash.

He drops the leash, continues following Chris up the hill.

Chris ducks down, Alex joins him behind a rock on the hill, both panting heavily.

CHRIS

Stay here.

ALEX

(whispering)

Be quiet.

Alex looks through his scope. He sees Buck lying dead on the ground.

The scope moves upward searching the forest. a Black tinted SUV are parked on a dirt road far off in the distance.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You see em?

CHRIS

(whispering)

No.

Chris rips his cellphone from his pocket. It reads: Service Unavailable.

CHRIS

(whispering)

Try your cell.

Alex flips open his cell, shakes his head: No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX  
(whispering)  
Is Buck dead?

Alex looks at his orange vest.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Take your vest off and be quiet.

Chris removes his orange vest.

Alex looks through his scope and gazes across the forest. No movement.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

In SILENCE, they crouch behind the rock, holding still. Alex is on the lookout hoisting his rifle on the rock.

CHRIS  
(whispering)  
I don't hear anything?

ALEX  
Nope.

CHRIS  
Why did they stop?

ALEX  
I don't know.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Best thing to do is sit and wait  
them out.

Alex reaches in his cargo pants and pulls out a handful protein bars. He holds one out offering to Chris.

CHRIS  
I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex takes a big bite and looks at his watch.

Chris convulses COUGHING, he covers his mouth from uttering a sound.

ALEX  
They'll leave.

Chris sits indianstyle against the rock staring out into the dark forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The moonlight provides the only source of light. Chris leans up against the rock facing Alex. He takes the last swig from his flask, smacks the mosquito's off his neck.

CHRIS  
I heard you don't drink anymore.

ALEX  
I gave it up.

A RUSTLE in the distance, sounds like something BIG.

CHRIS  
What's that?

ALEX  
Probably a black bear.

CHRIS  
Sounds big... Do they attack?

ALEX  
Not unless you get between a mother  
and its cub. They won't bother us  
unless we have food out.

They listen intently, the sound fades away as the large figure TRUDGES off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris shifts his position standing up, too drunk and out of balance he nearly falls over. He lays on the rock facing out into the forest.

CHRIS

I wish I could make a fire... Why don't we start a forest fire? Eventually they'll send someone.

ALEX

Let's just wait until morning to see if they've left first, before we start setting the world on fire..

Chris squints at his watch, too dark to see.

CHRIS

I'm missing my wedding...

ALEX

We'll reschedule it. I just hope she is not getting too stressed out. Not good on the baby.

CHRIS

That's all I need is for her to be going into labor right now.

Chris coughs, covering his mouth.

ALEX

Bree and I, for your wedding present, we are giving you the house Tracy grew up in. Renters are moving out at the end of the month and we are gonna sign it over to you two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

We aren't planning on staying here after the wedding. We're moving to Washington.

ALEX

When did you decide this?

CHRIS

I don't know, March.

ALEX

What about a job?

CHRIS

We'll be fine, I'll find something.

ALEX

Maybe you guys should think this through a little more. Stay here, you can live rent free while you search.

CHRIS

We want to raise our daughter in Washington.

ALEX

Do you have money saved up?

CHRIS

Some.

ALEX

Some, how much?

CHRIS

I have a couple thousand in my bank account.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX

That's not even going to get you  
guys an apartment.

CHRIS

I know, we'll make it work.

ALEX

You'll be asking me for money.

CHRIS

No I won't.

ALEX

You gotta look at the big picture.

CHRIS

I am looking at the big picture.

ALEX

Think of your daughter.

Chris rolls over facing him.

CHRIS

I am thinking of my daughter!

ALEX

Is this about me?

CHRIS

We're not changing our mind.

ALEX

She told you the story then?

CHRIS

Yes.

ALEX

She told you about her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

I know the scar was the least of what you did... What about Bree, does she know?

ALEX

I told Bree the truth.

CHRIS

And she's Ok with it? Doesn't make sense.

ALEX

I have my own apartment downtown. It's no a secret. We're getting a divorce. I'm at the house for the wedding.

CHRIS

I don't want your money.

ALEX

I'm not trying to buy you. I wanted to spend some time with you up here so we could get to know each other.

CHRIS

I never wanted to meet you. Bree begged me.

ALEX

I was in my twenty's, thirty years ago. I don't remember what happened. I was on pain killers, I had a couple beers and I blacked out. I woke up the next day, in the kitchen, I found out later what I did.

CHRIS

You sick fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ALEX

I think you drank too much.

CHRIS

I drank just enough...  
I thought about shooting you after  
I heard that story. Know why I  
didn't?... My daughter.

ALEX

You think I don't hate myself? I'm  
asking everyone for a second  
chance. Tracy has forgiven me.

CHRIS

That's why I don't understand it,  
even if I was fucked up on pain  
killers. Never, ever would I touch  
think about fucking my daughter.  
And if I did, I wouldn't be living  
the next day.

ALEX

I will do anything and I do mean  
anything for Tracy.

CHRIS

Anything! Then stay out of her  
life.

ALEX

You haven't even given me a chance  
today Chris. That's not fair.

CHRIS

Fair, oh my god. I can't believe  
you used the word fair. That's  
fucking hilarious! I'm not being  
fair, to you!

ALEX

Not so loud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Alex leans down, pulls a cigarette from the pack on the ground. He reaches for the lighter -- Chris beat him to it chucking the lighter far off into the dark forest.

CHRIS

I guess I wasn't being  
fair.

Alex stares him down -- He walks off alone in the woods out of site.

EXT: FOREST - NIGHT

Alex walks through the dark forest alone trembling. He stares up at the light from the full moon.

He discovers the lighter on the dirt floor, lights a cigarette and exhales deep.

He punches the nearest tree trunk -- holds his hand in pain dropping to the ground.

EXT: FOREST - NIGHT

Chris lays on his back with his head on his jacket.

He points the rifle straight up in sky.

His shaky hands are trying to hold site on one star.

EXT. FOREST - SUNRISE

The sound of a MOSQUITO, a WOOD SCRAPING sound.

Chris lies against the rock sleeping, his face and hands painted in mud as camouflage. He opens his eyes and slaps a mosquito on his arm.

He sees Alex digging his knife into the tree carving the letters: A10XL2 on the tree trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

What are you doing?

ALEX

It's the license plate number off  
the SUV.

Chris notices Alex's bloody hand soaked in a work glove.

Chris breaks into a HACKING COUGH.

Chris sees: Tall figures moving far in the distance.

CHRIS

(whispering)

Look.

Alex rolls over looking through this binoculars.

A hundred yards away two young Black Men carry a duffle bag  
towards the SUV. They open the back and toss the bag inside.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm done waiting...

He stands, strapping his rifle around his shoulder.

ALEX

What are you gonna do? I've seen  
you shoot. I'd go down there if I  
had another marine. But there are  
three guys down there.

CHRIS

Three? I only saw two.

ALEX

There's three, black guys, tall,  
wearing street clothes. They walked  
twenty yards right past us when you  
were sleeping Rambo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two Black Men attempt to close the door, it doesn't shut. One of the men thrusts hard on the door slamming it shut.

The two Black Men casually enter the front seats of the SUV. They drive off down the dirt road.

CHRIS

Where's the third guy?

ALEX

I don't know.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You think they found the truck?

CHRIS

Maybe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Is there anything in your truck that has your name on it?

ALEX

Registration, but it's got our old address.

CHRIS

You're sure. What about you're navigation system?

ALEX

It's in the truck.

CHRIS

That's all they need to find the house.

ALEX

Shit.

CHRIS

Fucking navigation system.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Alex leads Chris cautiously walking down the hill through the thick brush.

CHRIS

They could have done that to make us think they left.

ALEX

I know. Just stay behind me.

Chris stares down at him walking in front clenching his rifle to his chest.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Alex and Chris cross a small stream and creep up on the location they found the dead body.

Both keep a watchful eye of their surroundings.

CHRIS

(whispering)

He was laying right here.

Alex looks up towards where the SUV's were parked.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

They could be watching us right now.

ALEX

Just keep your eyes open.

Alex steps near one of the small trees. His feet sink an inch into the soil, he looks down.

CHRIS

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

The soil is soft.

Alex walks over to the next small tree. His feet sink into the soft dirt.

He grabs the trunk of the baby tree and shakes it. The tree sways back and forth. He pushes it with force -- It topples over on the ground.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Help me.

They pull on the tree uprooting it from the ground.

They stand over the deep hole looking down...

Chris looks off into the distance searching. Alex looks around seeing five similar newly planted trees around them.

CHRIS

We shouldn't be here.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Alex and Chris crawl on their bellies in the weeds just off the dirt road.

Alex looks down the dirt road through his scope -- He sees the pickup truck in the open 100 yards down the road.

ALEX

You still have the wallet?

Chris hands Alex the wallet.

Alex looks through the credit cards in the wallet, pulls out a white plastic card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

You should have never took his  
wallet. These guys are never going  
to forget about us.

Alex hands Chris the white plastic card from the wallet.

He examines it, the gold lettering reads: Michael Brady,  
Lieutenant Commander, Fourth Right Arian Nation.

CHRIS

Let's run to the truck.

ALEX

They could be waiting for that.

(beat)

I'll go. You stay back and cover.

CHRIS

I'm faster than you. You can't even  
run with your knee.

ALEX

Chris, stay put.

Alex puts the rifle strap around his shoulder, walks out on  
the road. He looks back at Chris taking aim from the brush.

Alex walks down the road towards the truck.

Chris watches him through his scope. His finger moves towards  
the trigger and rests. He burst into a HACKING COUGH, quickly  
absorbed by his hand.

Alex stops half-way to the truck, scans the surrounding  
forest.

Through the scope, Chris watches Alex turn around and walk  
back towards him through his cross hair.

Alex approaches Chris, he lowers his rifle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Here is what we are going to do.  
You run to the truck. Don't stop,  
don't think, just run. Bring it  
back here and pick me up.

Alex lies down in the sniper position.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't stop, don't think. Just drive  
and don't look back.

Alex tosses him the keys, Chris stands ready with his rifle.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Leave your rifle. You'll be faster.

Chris defiantly straps the rifle across his shoulder --  
Sprints towards the truck clenching the keys in his fist.

Alex watches him through his scope.

Chris makes it to the truck, the driver's side window is  
shattered.

Head lights flash ON at the end of the road.

Chris opens the truck door -- Jumps on the glass covered  
seat.

The black SUV shoots out of the bushes full speed, headed  
towards Chris.

In pain, Chris turns the ignition key, with no response.  
He discovers loose hanging wires cut below the steering  
console.

CHRIS

Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The SUV speeds at him --  
A bullet hole PUNCTURES the drivers side window.  
The SUV idles past the truck to a stop.

Shotgun drawn, charging the truck --  
Two Young Black Men jump out of the passenger sides --

Chris lays across the front seat taking cover.

Alex jogs down the dirt road towards the vehicles carrying  
his rifle SCREAMING --  
He fires, the Young Black Men fire back at him.  
Alex slides on his stomach, firing in plain view on the road.

Chris sneaks out of the truck with his rifle into the forest  
while Alex and the YOUNG BLACK MAN exchange fire.

Chris crawls up to the SUV --  
A TALL BLACK MAN in slacks is motionless in the driver seat.  
Blood streams down his neck, Chris pulls him out ducking.  
Exchanges of GUNFIRE heard in the distance.  
Shovels and a small tree fill the back of the SUV.

Alex lies in the middle of the dirt road searching for his  
targets, none in site.

Chris starts the SUV seeing Alex is pined down --  
The Two Black Men are moving around his backside..

Chris opens the door, draws his rifle. His scope moves across  
the landscape stopping on Alex in the cross hairs.  
His index finger rests on the trigger.

Alex takes notice.

Chris sees: Two Black Men in clear site hiding behind a rock.  
He pans his scope directly at the Young Black Man against the  
rock.

Chris's pulls the trigger -- CLICK (empty chamber).

He studies his weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You stupid mother fucker!

Chris watches the two Black Men advance on Alex leaving their post.

They fire at Alex as he reloads his weapon.

A bullet hits Alex's leg, he screams but holds his aim. The Two Black Men walk towards, gunning him down.

Chris whips the vehicle around, dust flies in the air. He speeds down the logging road.

INT. SUV - MORNING

Chris dials his cell phone: 911 -- The cell phone BEEPS: No Reception -- He presses: SEND again, holds the phone to his ear.

The SUV (50 mph) weaves through overhanging trees around the curvy dirt road.

The SUV slows to make a sharp right.

A five point buck deer stands in the middle of the road -- Chris jumps on the brake.

CHRIS

Fuck!

The cellphone flies up on the dash against the window -- The SUV skids to a stop, missing the buck by a few yards.

A baby deer leaps out on the road running behind the buck.

Chris takes his first prolonged breath. With hands locked on the steering wheel unclenching white knuckles from the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPERATOR (OS)

911 Emergency, what is your  
emergency?... Hello?

Chris fumbles the phone to his ear, looks up seeing --  
The buck staring him down.

FADE OUT