Headlong

by

Steve McDonell
FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An old mining town, full of dilapidated buildings. The sun is fierce, the heat shimmers.

A black limousine is parked on one side of a barn; two silver sedans on the other.

SUPER - WEST OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight filters through gaps in the walls. Two groups of men face each other.

SLICK(35), DQ(25) a black guy, ANTONIO(30) and RAY(30) are on the left, all wearing stylish black suits.

The other group comprises MASON(40), and four henchmen. Two of them carry a large strongbox.

    SLICK
    Well, here we are then.

    MASON
    Yep. No weapons, I can vouch for that.

    DQ
    Ha! As if...

    SLICK
    Quiet! We don't want any trouble. Ray?

Ray steps forward, a briefcase in his hand.

    MASON
    All uncut gems? As arranged?

    SLICK
    Yes. No need to check them. My word is good.

Mason waves a hand at the strongbox.

    MASON
    True. The million in cash. Send your men over.

Slick nods. Ray walks to the centre of the barn, Antonio follows. Suddenly, the ground RUMBLES. Long fissures appear in the dirt around them.

    ANTONIO
    Hey, what the...
MAISON
What is this? A trick?

SLICK
No! I don't...

Suddenly, sections of the ground cave in. Hideous shapes emerge, falling on Mason's henchmen. Zombies...?

MAISON
You gotta be kidding me...

In seconds, the zombies have mauled the second group. Ray stumbles at the edge of the opening. A zombie reaches out to bite him. DQ and Antonio back away.

DQ
Come on, boss! Let's get outta here.

Slick stands for a moment, facing the zombies. He turns and follows his men. The zombies drag Mason and his cronies into the pit. Ray lies still, briefcase in hand.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The three run back to the limo. Slick opens the trunk, takes out a shovel.

ANTONIO
Aw, boss, we aren't going back in there...are we?

SLICK
Of course we are, fool. I don't think Lucas will be happy about losing the money and the gems, will he?

ANTONIO
But those things...we don't have any weapons.

DQ
Yeah, boss. What's with your 'no gun' policy, anyway? We're bad guys, remember? Bad guys are supposed to have weapons.

Slick shuts the trunk, sighs.

SLICK
Weapons and excessive violence are a sign of weakness and not being in control. It's why I'm so successful in my line of work.
Hey, you give me an Magnum and
I'll definitely be in control.
Man, those things in there were
like...zombies.

Both of you shut up and follow me.

Slick strides in, backed up by the cautious other two. The
barn is completely empty. no zombies, no pit...nothing.

What the hell? Boss, they've
gone. Everyone's...gone.

Great! Can we go home now, boss?

No, we dig. Or rather, you two
can take turns. The money and
gems have to be here somewhere.

He hands the shovel to DQ.

Poor old Ray...he was a swell guy.

What? He was a total loser!
Never liked him. Wouldn't
surprise me if he set this
whole thing up.

He starts digging into the dirt.

I have to contact Lucas soon.
He'll be expecting to hear it
all went well. So we better
find what we're looking for.

Damn zombies...

No one notices faint tracks leading out the rear of the
barn. Dragging foot marks...

A figure in black makes its way across the expanse of
baked desert plain, halfway between the mining town and
the highway.
EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A late model, twenty foot motorhome moves along the Interstate.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The driver is BRENT(24), tall, crewcut. His brother JASON(22), solid, springy blonde hair, sits in the passenger seat, looking at a road map book.

BRENT
...stay tonight at Sedona, then head through Flagstaff, up to the Canyon's North Rim.

JASON nods as he examines the map. Takes a sip from a water bottle.

JASON
Sounds good, bro'. Looking forward to it.

Both young men have Australian accents.

Jason leans back, YAWNS, closes his eyes for a moment. The RV moves around a bend, lined by walls of rock.

BRENT
Jet lag hit yet?

JASON
Not really. I'm good for a few more hours.

His eyes flicker. The water bottle dips forward from his hand. Brent reaches across to take it.

JASON(CONT'D)
(sleepily)
Few more minutes maybe...

Suddenly, there's a movement in front of the RV. A sloppy kind of THUD. Brent leans forward, grips the wheel. Jason sits up.

BRENT
Shit, we hit something! A bird? Maybe a deer?

JASON
Um. I don't...I dunno. Saw something for a sec.

Brent looks into the side mirror. A trail of fluid runs from the RV.
BRENT
Better check it out. Might be an oil leak.

He signals and pulls over onto the shoulder, switches off. They both get out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys meet at the rear of the RV.

JASON
Is that petrol? The fuel tank leaking?

Brent crouches, touches the fluid. It's sticky, sort of gross. He sniffs it.

BRENT
Not petrol.

He ducks his head to peer under the RV. Eyes widen.

BRENT(CONT'D)
Oh, bloody hell...

JASON
What is it? Let me guess...roadkill everywhere?

Brent doesn't answer, just stares underneath. Jason leans down, has a look.

JASON(CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding me.

Halfway along the vehicle, Ray lies on the ground. One hand clutches the chassis, the other holds the briefcase. He turns his head, grins at the boys.

BRENT
Where did he come from? Oh, man, this is bad...

JASON
Settle down. Ok, so you ran over some dude. But he's alive.

BRENT
Yeah, but look at him. He's all scraped to the shit.

They scramble along the RV, kneel again. Ray pops out all of a sudden. The boys are startled, look at each other. Ray slides out, staggers to his feet.
JASON
Hey, you should take it easy, man. You might have internal injuries.

Ray ignores him, looks around. He examines the RV, nods, smiles.

BRENT
I think...I dunno how, but I think he's alright.

JASON
Yeah, but still in a bad way. His face is...
(beat)
Ah, mister? My brother's sorry for running you down.

BRENT
What! Oh, come on...it was an accident. He stepped out in front of me.

JASON
Mister? Have you any pain? Should we take you to a doctor?

Ray turns around, shakes his head. BANGS his fist against the RV. Nods.

BRENT
Is he trying to tell us something?

JASON
Could be. Maybe you severed his vocal chords when you knocked seven shades of shit out of him.

BRENT
What the hell? Stop saying I hit him!

JASON
But you did! I saw it all. Smashed right into him.

BRENT
Total accident. Why are you hanging the guilt factor on me?

JASON
I'm not. I'm just reporting the facts.

Ray continues to BANG the RV. The brothers don't notice him.
BRENT
Bullshit! You're blaming me! What, you think you're a bloody coroner? Is this an inquest?

JASON
Hey, listen, bro'. You weren't watching and ran right over him. Dragged him for a good twenty metres too. You can't deny it.

BRENT
This is ridiculous. Look, he seems ok. If we go to a hospital there'll be all sorts of hassles. We'll never get to Vegas by the weekend.

Ray stops hitting, turns to Brent.

RAY
Vey...gas?

BRENT
Huh?

RAY
Vey...gas. Riiide...

JASON
Looks like he wants to come with us.

BRENT
I...what should we do?

JASON
Give him a lift of course. (beat) It's the least you can do after parking on his head.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS
Brent drives as Jason and Ray sit at the table.

JASON
...flew over from Australia to L.A, then onto Phoenix. My bro here – the mean mother who skittled you – lives there. Our folks live in Vegas, and we're heading there for our dad's fiftieth this weekend. Pretty cool, huh?

RAY
Vey...gas...
JASON
You have a name. man?

RAY
Raaayy...

BRENT
Did he say 'Ray'?

JASON
Close enough for me. Hey, Ray...you wanna beer?

Ray nods. Jason grabs two cans from the fridge. POPS them. Ray chugs his down like nothing. BELCHES loudly.

BRENT
Hey, did you notice his suit?

JASON
Yeah. Nice outfit. Until the road carved it up.

BRENT
No, I mean, it's sort of odd. The back of his suit is scraped but there's no fresh marks on his body.

JASON
You know, I did see that.
(beat)
That means this is his normal condition.

BRENT
Wow, yeah. Some type of hideous disease. Like the Elephant Man. Poor guy.

Ray grabs another beer from the fridge. Drains it. Another BELCH.

JASON
Well, at least he hasn't let his deformities affect his playfulness. Cheers, Ray.

Ray laughs, a CRUNCHY sort of sound. Lifts one cheek and lets a long, SQUELCHY fart go. The smell is immense...

BRENT
Oh, come on...that's sick, man.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The sound of COUGHING as the RV speeds along.
INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

There are holes dug in the middle of the barn. DQ and Antonio sit exhausted and dirty. Slick stands unmoved, thoughtful. His mobile RINGS. He winces slightly at the number.

SLICK
(on phone)
Lucas, how are you?
(beat)
No, we had a problem. It was a...trap. Mason__
(beat)
You did? And its...yes, Lucas, I understand.
(beat)
Oh, I won't fail you, I can promise you...yes, I realise that...goodbye.

He ends the call, walks to the rear of the barn. The faint tracks catch his eye and he smiles.

DQ
What's going on, boss? How did Lucas take it?

ANTONIO
Yeah, is he sending guys after us? If so, I'm outta here...

SLICK
You both deserve severe punishment for being totally inept. I can only do so much with the shoddy materials my employer gives me...

ANTONIO
Huh?

DQ
He means we're losers.

SLICK
But today, we are in luck. Lucas took the precaution of installing a tracking device in the briefcase.
(MORE)
SLICK (CONT'D)
It was set to activate if the gems weren't exchanged. And according to him, the briefcase has been moved from here.

He points to the footprints. Antonio walks closer, peers at the ground.

DQ
That sucks! Lucas didn't trust us to do the job properly?

ANTONIO
Someone took the money, right?

DQ
Ray! What did I tell you? Knew he was a traitor.

SLICK
It's possible it was him. Or someone in Mason's gang. Anyway, we can follow the signal. My phone can be used as a transmitter.

(beat)
Gentlemen, we have been given a second chance. Let's not waste it.

They head out the door.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The sleek vehicle speeds along the Interstate. DQ drives, Antonio shotgun. Slick is in the back, examining his phone.

ANTONIO
Gotta signal yet, boss?

SLICK
It's very faint. Lucas said the mountains could cause some interference. But it's heading north.

DQ
How far ahead do you think?

SLICK
Maybe forty five minutes. If they stop, we'll be close.

ANTONIO
I wonder who 'them' is...I mean...are?
DQ
Ah, boss? There's something I should tell you...

SLICK
Let me guess...you're not really a black man? You just have a very heavy tan?

Antonio breaks into LAUGHTER. DQ grins.

ANTONIO
Ha! Good one, boss!

SLICK
I find levity at appropriate times can alleviate stress levels. This leads to increased motor function and intellectual stimulus.

ANTONIO
Huh? Levity? Isn't that when you float in the air?

Slick blinks, shakes his head.

DQ
No, ah, boss? This limo? It belongs to my cousin. He drives for weddings, prom nights, that sort of thing.

SLICK
He's to be commended for loaning it to you.

DQ
Well, the thing is...

SLICK
Yes?

DQ
I got to have it back by five o'clock this afternoon. He's got a big gig on.

SLICK
Well, of course we'll have it back by then. Your cousin's chauffeuring is far more important than getting a million dollars worth of gems back, isn't it?

ANTONIO
I tried to tell him, boss...
DQ
As long as we don't damage it...

SLICK
You're the one driving. Look, we'll catch up to...whoever...persuade them to give us the money. Then we head back to Phoenix, drop the limo off and get the cash back to Vegas. It won't even get a scratch. Trust me...

ANTONIO
When you say 'persuade', boss...does that mean we can rough them up?

SLICK
We'll see.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brett drives, as Jason and Ray knock back a few beers.

JASON
So, what's your story, Ray? What are you doing hiking out here?

Ray looks at him sadly, shakes his head.

BRENT
Why are you bothering? He can't talk or anything.

JASON
Hey, he's still a human, isn't he? With emotions...

BRENT
Looks sub-human from here...hey, let's have some music!

He opens a console in between the seats.

BRENT(CONT'D)
Dad got me the best birthday present a few weeks back.
(beat)
The entire remastered Beatles catalogue!

JASON
Aw, come on, man...the bloody Beatles? I hate those guys!
(MORE)
JASON (CONT'D)
Dad brainwashed you from birth with their stuff! Come on, Ray, back me up here.

Ray nods, smiles - which looks like a grimace. Gives Brent a thumbs up.

BRENT
Hey, good choice, Ray. I guess you aren't a lost cause, after all.

JASON
Thanks a lot, Ray. I thought you were my friend...

BRENT
Let's see now...hmm, yep. Rubber Soul...

He inserts the CD. 'Drive My Car' begins...

LATER
EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A red Firebird zooms along the left side of the RV. A gorgeous young blonde woman, TAYLOR, is at the wheel. She waves to Brent.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent smiles out the window.

BRENT
Hey, guys...look out the left side.

Jason scrambles to the window. Ray sort of slides over...

JASON
Wow. That's a real hottie.

BRENT
Welcome to America, brother.

JASON
What do you reckon, Ray? A bit of alright?

Ray nods, his shattered face pressed against the glass. Taylor holds the Firebird level with the RV.

TAYLOR
(yells)
Hi boys! Fancy a good time? There's a motel a few miles on.
JASON
Is she for real?

Brent shrugs.

BRENT
Ask her.

Jason slide open the window.

JASON (yells)
How much? For both of us?

Ray taps him on the shoulder urgently, GROANS.

JASON (CONT'D)
Sorry...the three of us?

TAYLOR (yells)
Hey, I'm no hooker! Just a friendly soul looking to help the lonely drivers on the road.

The vehicles continue neck and neck down the highway.

JASON (yells)
Ok, we'll be there!

Taylor grins and lifts her skirt over her hips.

TAYLOR (yells)
Here's a preview!

Jason leans closer, then his jaw drops.

JASON
What the? Hey, that's a guy!

Brent bursts out laughing.

BRENT (yells)
Nice package, man!

Taylor LAUGHS and waves, toots the horn, ROARS off. Brent still CHUCKLES as Jason shakes his head. Ray MOANS, his head slides down the glass, leaving a trail of ooze.

JASON
Damn. How could she...he, look so hot? Damn...
(beat)
You knew? All the time?
BRENT
Only right before we saw the
last turkey in the shop. Like
I said, bro, welcome to America.

JASON
Talk about being ripped off,
hey, Ray?

Ray nods, a forlorn look on his ravaged face. Jason LAUGHS. Brent GUNS the engine, the RV leaps forward. Soon, the Corvette speeds back the other way, on the opposite lanes.

LATER

INT. LIMO - DAY

DQ increases his speed. Slick is intent on the signal.

SLICK
Can't be more than a few miles
ahead. Good driving, DQ.

ANTONIO
Yeah, you're da man, DQ!

He highfives the black man.

DQ
Hey, it's my job. Course I'm
the best.

He glances in the side mirror. The red Firebird appears! DQ's window eases down.

DQ(CONT'D)
Well, looky here. Hello, little
honey...

Antonio leans across, trying to see. Taylor comes level with DQ. Slick frowns.

SLICK
Ok, concentrate now. No bullshit.

He looks out the tinted window. Shakes his head, presses
a button. The glass slides down. Sunlight and a breeze
pierce the limo.

ANTONIO
(yells)
Hey baby! How you doing, pretty
momma?
DQ
(yells)
Yo' sugar! Don't listen to this
honky talk. You know I got all
the moves, honey.

TAYLOR
(yells)
Hello, boys! What's doing?
Looking for a good time?

SLICK
(yells)
Hey you! Get lost! DQ, put your
window up and drive. Ignore her.

TAYLOR
(yells)
Aw, who's that in the back,
boys. Your daddy?

DQ and Antonio look at each other, break into GIGGLES. The
limo veers slightly.

SLICK
Watch the road! There's
something ahead...traffic's
slowing. An accident maybe...

TAYLOR
(yells)
Check this out, guys!

The skirt is hoisted up. Antonio lunges across DQ to stare.
DQ grips the wheel but looks too. The limo drifts...

ANTONIO
Yeah, baby, show us the__holy
shit!

DQ
Damn! That's disgusting!

Taylor LAUGHS, waves, speeds off.

ANTONIO
I...she's a he! Man, I feel
sick...

SLICK
Satisfied? Now, DQ...get your
eyes up front!

DQ
Hey, don't sweat it, boss. I'm
on it.
Too late...the limo hits the edge of the blacktop, as it comes over a rise. A huge semi, with a load of concrete pipes, looms, slowed by the traffic snarl.

ANTEONIO
That's it. We're dead.

Slick peers ahead. A wry smile. A slight shrug of the shoulders. 'I did my best'...

DQ
Not quite, my man.

He grinds his teeth, swings the wheel. The limo fishtails in some loose gravel, slides to a horizontal stop against the rear of the truck. The tiniest of BUMPS as the limo stalls.

ANTEONIO
I...shit, man, that was awesome.

SLICK
Yes, good driving. It doesn't excuse the stupidity that preceded it, but...we'll discuss that later. For now, let's get going.

DQ
Whoa boy. Not even a scratch. Damn, I'm good...

Ahead, the traffic starts to move. The semi lurches forward. One of the supports CREAKS. DQ stares up at the buckling steel tie. Another long CREAK...

SLICK
What's that noise, DQ?

Dq frantically tries to start the engine. It turns over a couple of times. One of the pipes is loose now. It slides slowly back...

ANTEONIO
DQ? I think we better move.

DQ keeps turning the ignition - nothing. The truck moves forward again, The huge pipe slides right off, comes to rest on it's end. The truck continues, leaving the pipe upright like a massive flagpole, but rocking slightly. Now Slick can see it...

SLICK
DQ, why aren't we moving?

DQ
I'm trying, boss...
The motor ROARS into life, but it's inevitable. Antonio crosses himself, mutters prayers. The pipe tips over, crashes down onto the middle of the limo. The roof is torn open, leaving Slick on one side, DQ and Antonio the other. A silence...

ANTONIO
Can I open my eyes now? Are we dead? I don't feel any pain.

Behind them, a cacophony of CAR HORNS and SHOUTS. Slick clammers from the wreckage, ignores the traffic banked up. He brushes dust from his suit. DQ and Antonio turn in their seats to stare at the truncated vehicle.

DQ
My cousin's gonna kill me.

SLICK
He'll have to get in line like everybody else.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Brent pulls the RV up at the pumps. A sign on the weathered building reads 'ROCK SPRINGS STORE. The two brothers get out to stretch their legs. MATT, mid thirties, emerges from the store. He's dressed in grubby overalls.

MATT
Howdy there, folks. Beautiful day.

BRENT
Sure is. Can you fill 'er up, please?

Matt nods, unhooks the fuel nozzle, starts filling. He seems familiar...

MATT
Not from around here? Can't quite pick the accents...

BRENT
From Australia. My brother here has just flown in. I live in Phoenix.

MATT
Heard good things about Australia. Apart from the vicious roos...

JASON
I...ok. Has anyone told you, you look just like Matt Damon? The actor?
MATT
Oh, shit yeah! I'm a bit of a celebrity in these parts. Tourists pop in, people come for miles to see me.

BRENT
Well, they would if they needed gas.

A bus pulls in. The passengers wave at Matt. He smiles, waves back.

MATT
There's another bunch now. Every day it's the same. Photos, autographs. The funny thing is...my name is actually Matt!

JASON
Wow. That's...pretty cool.

He looks at Brent, frowns. Matt glances at the RV - Ray's face is mashed against the window. Drool slides the glass.

MATT
Well, hey there fella! (beat) I'll be back in a minute, guys. Got something for you.

He ambles back to the store.

BRENT
What's going on?

JASON
Dunno. Maybe he's gonna take a photo of Ray. Guy seems a bit weird.

Matt comes back out, carrying a big package.

MATT
Here you go, boys. This weeks special...a Jumbo pack of HappyPetz crunchy chow. Suitable for all types of animals.

He hands it to Jason.

BRENT
Huh?
MATT
Your critter in the back there will love it. It's free with every gas purchase over thirty dollars.

The fuel pump stops. Matt hangs it up, wipes his hands.

MATT(CONT'D)
That'll be thirty five neat...thanks.

JASON
You ever thought of going to Hollywood? You could impersonate the real Matt Damon.

MATT
(laughs)
Yeah, some of my buddies have mentioned that. But I'm happy here...man needs to keep his feet firmly planted on the ground. Good day to you.

He strides off to another car.

MATT(O.S)
Howdy, folks...no, I'm not. But I bet he wishes he were me...

Brent stands there with the chow, dazed. Jason claps him on the shoulder, LAUGHS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV is back on the road, cruising. A sign looms, reading 'SEDONA ???'

BRENT(O.S)
That's our turnoff.

JASON(O.S)
Cool. Hanging out for a shower, and a few more beers.

(beat)
Hey, Ray likes this stuff.

BRENT(O.S)
Aw, come on...he's eating it?

JASON(O.S)
Shit yeah. Actually...it tastes pretty good.

The sound of CRUNCHING, lips SMACKING, SLURPING...
BRENT(O.S)
I...you're one sick puppy, bro.

JASON(O.S)
Hey, I'm on holiday, remember?

INT. TOILET/SHOWER BLOCK - NIGHT

Jason, Brent and Ray enter with towels and a change of clothes. The block has showers along one wall, toilets opposite. A long bench to the right of the door, has basins and a wall length mirror.

The boys head to a shower each. Ray stands at the urinal, MOANS in relief.

JASON(O.S)
Hey, I think that babe in the run down trailer works at a bar. She had 'something' tavern on her shirt.

BRENT(O.S)
Ha! I wouldn't know. I wasn't staring and drooling like you. I was trying to park the RV onsite.

The SOUND of showers running.

JASON(O.S)
As if! Anyway, Ray does the drooling.

BRENT(O.S)
That's his natural state. And have you noticed his skin is getting worse? It's like...falling off?

JASON(O.S)
Ssh...keep it down. He'll hear you.

BRENT(O.S)
I think he's beyond insults.

Ray zips up, goes into a shower cubicle.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

An elderly man, POP, sits on the toilet. He squints his eyes as he strains to listen.

JASON(O.S)
Yeah, bro. I reckon that girlie was checking me out too.
BRENT (O.S.)
Man, you gotta be dreaming.

JASON (O.S.)
We'll see.
(yells)
Hey, Ray? Isn't this fun?

RAY (O.S.)
Eeee...aarr...

BRENT (O.S.)
Yep, must be fun having a shower for the first time...

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Ray stands with his head under the water. The floor tiles are covered in dead skin and thick fluids...

JASON (O.S.)
I wonder if he has any friends in Vegas?

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Pop's eyes widen.

POP
(whispers)
Vegas, huh? Well now, I think my granddaughter and me have found ourselves a ride.

Pop's voice has a real backwoods twang to it...

POP (CONT'D)
(whispers)
These boys'll be like putty in Andie's hands, yessirree.

He tenses, squeezes his eyes shut. A loud, SPURTING sound ECHOES from the bowl. LAUGHTER from the showers.

POP (CONT'D)
I gotta cut back on them jalapenos...

LATER

INT. TOILET/SHOWER BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Brent emerge, dressed in casual shirts and jeans.

JASON
You ok, Ray?
RAY (O.S.)
Aaaar...yerrrr...

JASON
We'll be at the RV. Don't be long. Man's not a camel.

They leave. Soon, Ray comes out, stands at the basins. He's dressed like the boys, and has a towel wrapped around his head.

Pop comes out of the cubicle, washes his hands next to Ray. Now Ray holds a toothbrush and tube of tooth paste. He stares at them, frowns.

POP
Oh, howdy son.

He rinses his hands, squints at Ray.

POP (CONT'D)
Do I know you? You seem familiar?

Ray shrugs, grins hideously.

RAY
Aaaarr...nooo...

POP
No? I...that's it! You look just like my cousin Bobby Jo, back in Arkansas. Spitting image...

He looks at the toothbrush, then Ray's mouth.

POP (CONT'D)
I think it's a little late to start yer dental hygiene, son...

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A large tip truck pulls up near the front. Lettering on the side reads 'Flagstaff Scrap Metal'. Slick and Antonio get out of the passenger side.

DQ rises from the tipper, stares sadly at the two limo halves. He climbs over the side. The driver waves, rolls off.

ANTONIO
What a nice guy. Drops up off right here.

Slick checks the signal.
SLICK
The briefcase is still here some where. No movement.
(beat)
We'll get a cabin for the night, rest up. Find some new wheels in the morning.

ANTONIO
Be funny if whoever has the money is staying in this campground...

DQ
Oh yeah, real funny. Man, I can't believe it...the limo sliced in half...then we sell it for scrap?

ANTONIO
Yeah, how good is that? A lazy two g's. Sort of a bonus, hey, boss?

SLICK
Bonuses are usually earned for achievement above and beyond the call of duty. Neither of you have reached that distinction. I'll keep this money until we get the briefcase back.

They walk towards the office.

DQ
Wouldn't surprise me if that scrap dude welds the limo back together. My cousin is gonna...damn...

SLICK
We'll replace his limo, don't worry.

A line of cabins are set back from the office. A familiar red Firebird is parked outside one. Slick sees it. He stops, smiles.

ANTONIO
Hey boss, isn't that the__

SLICK
Yes. Our luck is changing. We have our ride.
ANTONIO
Cool.
(beat)
And a free cabin as well!

Slick leads them to the cabin door. Motions for the others to be quiet. He KNOCKS lightly.

TAYLOR(O.S)
Is that my little desk clerk?

DQ
Oh, man, that's sick...

SLICK
(whispers)
Shut it...
(beat)
Ah, yes it is, ma'am...

A GIGGLE from within, FOOTSTEPS. The door is flung open. Taylor wears a flimsy nightie—it's an interesting sight.

TAYLOR
Come in, my__

Slick smoothly takes her arm, pushes her back. DQ and Antonio follow, closing the door.

SLICK
Thanks for letting us stay.

TAYLOR
Oh...

DQ
Can't wait to drive your little car tomorrow.

ANTONIO
Don't worry, we aren't here for your body.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Brent and Jason wait in front of the RV.

JASON
I better go find him. He might've slipped over in the shower.

BRENT
He said he was ok...well, he grunted in the affirmative.

JASON
But he...good, here he is.
Ray limps up, towel over his shoulder. His hair looks perfect, incongruous on his ravaged features.

BRENT
Wow, Ray! You look a million dollars.

JASON
Yeah. He'll be fighting off the chicks tonight. Hey, we found out where that bar is. Five minute walk.

RAY
Baaar...beeeerrrr...

JASON
Exactly. Let's went.

They walk off towards the park entrance. Moments later, Pop approaches. He examines the RV.

POP
Comfy looking set of wheels. This oughta be fun. (beat) I'll give 'em twenty minutes to get settled.

He heads to a decrepit trailer, two sites down. Stops. Wincs as he holds his stomach. SIGHS.

POP(CONT'D)
Back to the bowl, I guess. My intestines ain't getting any younger...

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Jason, Brent and Ray walk into the tavern. It's a clean establishment, with about fifty or so patrons. Some sit at the bar, others at tables.

The four pool tables are full. A juke POUNDS classic rock in the background.

JASON
Now this looks good, bro'. All you have to do is direct us to some decent American beer.

BRENT
Don't worry. I've tried a few of them.

They make their way to the bar. People smile and nod. Ray grins back at them.
ANDREA(23), pops up from behind the bar. The boys are startled as they take a seat. The barmaid is tall, with brown hair in a ponytail. And very pretty...

ANDREA
Oh, hello. I was just cleaning up a broken glass.

She holds up the evidence, deposits it in a bin. Wipes her hands on a cloth.

ANDREA(CONT'D)
Now, what can I get you boys?
Beer?

Jason and Brent gape back at her, lost. Ray holds up three rotting fingers.

ANDREA(CONT'D)
Three beers? Millers ok?

Ray nods.

BRENT
I...yeah, Miller's is fine.

ANDREA
Coming up.

She starts filling three glasses from the tap.

JASON
Uh, nice little place. The food as good as the service?

He's regained his composure. Brent frowns. The contest is on...

ANDREA
Sure is. The kitchen counter is over there. They'll take your order.

JASON
Cool.

Andrea puts the beers on the bar. The boys fumble for their wallets. Ray leans over to give Andrea a fifty. She smiles at him, rings it up. Hands back the change.

ANDREA
You guys look...yeah, you're at the campground! The big RV?

BRENT
That's us.
ANDREA
Nice vehicle. And your voices...that accent...let's see...Aussies?

JASON
Right again, ah, miss...?

ANDREA
Andrea. I live in a trailer near your site. With my grandfather.

A shadow of sadness flits across her face...

BRENT
I'm Brent. This is my brother Jason. I live in Phoenix and little bro here just flew in from Oz.

ANDREA
Great! Here on holiday, then?

JASON
Yeah, a couple of weeks. Our folks live in Vegas. We're heading there via the touristy route.

ANDREA
Vegas, huh? That's...nice.

(beat)
And who's your shy friend here? Another Aussie?

Ray sips his beer, watches the pool players. One of them stares back.

BRENT
That's Ray. He's a local...we think.

JASON
Yeah, we...ran into him on the highway.

Brent drops his head, shakes it.

ANDREA
Oh, he was hiking?

JASON
Yep. He needed a ride to Vegas.

ANDREA
(murmurs)
Don't we all...
A chubby, stern looking man, CHARLIE(50), comes out from the office behind the bar.

CHARLIE
Hey, Andrea! What did I tell you about idle chat? There's people waiting for a drink.

He points to the far end of the bar.

ANDREA
Ah, sorry, Charlie. These guys here are from Australia. Isn't that__

Charlie dismisses her with a gesture. She creeps past him eyes down. Charlie smiles at the boys, a paradigm of falseness...

CHARLIE
Hard to get good help these days.

JASON
She was fine with us.

BRENT
Yeah. I think you were, you know, a bit rough on her.

Charlie grins again, shrugs.

CHARLIE
Just trying to earn a living.
(beat)
Aussies, hey? Had a holiday Down Under a few years back.

The boys drain their beer, look at each other. Ray finishes too. He signals three more, pushes notes across.

JASON
Cheers, Ray. But it was my shout...

Charlie pours fresh beers.

CHARLIE
Yeah, so we went driving around your Australian bush? Miserable place...too hot...boring scenery...millions of flies.

He leans on the bar, stares at the boys.

CHARLIE(CONT'D)
I reckon Australia is a damn over-rated country.
BRENT
That right? Well, I think you're full of____

Jason touches his arm.

JASON
Charlie, is it? You see any drop bears out in the bush?

Brent frowns, then keeps a straight face. Ray perks up...

CHARLIE
Drop bears? Um, you shitting me?

JASON
Hell no! They live in the trees.

CHARLIE
We saw some...shit, what are they? Koala bears?

JASON
Oh no. Drop bears and bigger and more vicious. You don't see 'em till the last minute. Then they just...DROP...on an unsuspecting tourist!

BRENT
That's right. Soon as they hit you, the biting and ripping begins. Then the screaming...

Charlie shudders, wipes the top of the bar. Ray has an un-photogenic grin on his face. Behind him, a huge BIKER with a pool cue, wends his way to the bar.

The boys sip their beer but Jason can't suppress a CHUCKLE. Charlie frowns.

CHARLIE
Why you pair of Aussie assholes...I oughta throw you out. Drop bears...

JASON
How do know it's not true?

Brent tries to hold a SNORT in, fails.

CHARLIE
Dammit, I wasn't born yesterday.

JASON
That's a shame. We could've started your personality from scratch.
Brent cracks up with LAUGHTER. Ray makes a KEENING sort of sound. Andrea looks up from the other end. The biker now stands behind Ray.

CHARLIE
Right, you can_

BIKER
Hi guys! Welcome to our humble bar. The word is that you're Aussies?

Jason and Brent glance at each other.

JASON
(murmurs)
Here we go...time to get beaten up.

The biker claps Ray on the shoulder. Bits of skin rise from his neck...

CHARLIE
Yeah, damn Aussie full of cheek. They were just gonna_

BIKER
Enter our pool comp? Excellent! We are one short. Aussies, hey? Man, i just love that Russell Crow.

JASON
Um, actually, he's from New Zealand.

BIKER
Oh...well, Mel Gibson is one of my favorite actors.

JASON
He was born in New York.

BIKER
I see...um, what about, yeah, that actor who's in politics? (beat) Arnie! Arnold Schwarzenegger!

The boys exchange frowns.

BRENT
I think you'll find he's from Austria. Not Australia.

BIKER
Oh...
Charlie shakes his head, walks away. A pregnant pause...

JASON
But anyhow...stiff shit! You said something about a pool comp? Well, I happen to be__

Ray cuts him off, gestures to the biker. Stands and nods.

BIKER
Alright, the dude! Let's go. now, we all put in fifty bucks, twelve of us. The house kicks in another hundred. Random draw, last man wins!

Ray nods again. The pair walk to the pool tables. The brothers stare at each other.

BRENT
Ray sure is a man of surprises.

JASON
Shit yeah. Wonder if he's any good?

BRENT
Probably...hey, have you noticed he seems to have a lot of cash? Saw a big wad on his pocket.

JASON
Hmmm...what if he's some eccentric millionaire type? On his way to Vegas to gamble.

BRENT
Looking like that? Hiking there? You could be right...there's all kinds of fruitcakes in this country.

JASON
We better be extra nice to him then.

(beat)
Hey, here's Andrea...

BEGIN MONTAGE

People around the pool tables applaud as Ray wins game after game...

Jason and Brent sit at the bar, chatting to Andrea. she keeps an eye out for Charlie, but he's trying to chat up women customers...
Jason and Brent dig into a huge meal...

Ray's dominance continues. High fives all around...

END MONTAGE

A final great CHEER as Ray wins the final. Pop enters the tavern, peers around. He creakily walks to the bar, nods at the boys.

ANDREA
Pop! What are you doing here?
You're meant to be resting.

Pop winks at the boys.

POP
Man's gotta have some social life. Even an old goat like me!
(beat)
Howdy boys. Pleased to meet ya.
Saw your RV there in the park.
Nice looking motor.

ANDREA
Jason, Brent...this is my grandfather. Pop, these guys are from Australia.

POP
Ya don't say? Heard about them killer roos down there.

JASON
I...gidday, Pop. Can we buy you a beer?

POP
Well now, that's mighty decent of you.

ANDREA
You'll be sorry. He drinks like a fish, and don't expect him to get the next round.

The boys LAUGH, Pop joins in. Andrea pours fresh beers.

POP
Here's to the Aussies!

They all raise their glasses, take a long swig.

ANDREA
The boys are on a road trip, Pop. Heading to Vegas.

Pop feign surprise, nods.
POP
You don't say? Vegas? Helluva
nice drive that. Plenty to see.

BRENT
Yeah. We're going up to the
North Rim first. Leisurely tour.

JASON
Our dad's turing fifty. Big
party in Vegas this weekend.

POP
Is that so? Family...ain't it
wonderful?

He glances at Andrea, mouths,'ask them, girl, come
on...'She glares back. All of a sudden a microphone WHINES.
Movement on the small stage.

CHARLIE
(over mic)
Ok, folks...hope you're all
having a good time.
Congratulations to Ray over
there at the pool tables. He's
our winner for tonight.

CHEERS from the crowd. The biker holds Ray's arm up in
triumph.

CHARLIE(CONT'D)
(over mic)
Don't forget our karaoke
contest. It kicks off in a few
minutes.

POP
That young fella is with you,
ain't he?

BRENT
Ah, yep.

POP
He a friend? A relative? Maybe
the black sheep of the family?

JASON
No, we__

Brent dives in hurriedly.

BRENT
So, ah, Pop...you and Andrea
live in the campground?
POP
Well, sort of. We're kind of...stuck here.

JASON
Stuck? Could think of worse places to be.

POP
True. But we, well, we were on our way to Vegas, funnily enough, a few months back. Going to stay with my sister. I'm getting on now, and Andie's finding it hard looking out for me.

Andrea smiles, moves down the bar.

BRENT
So what's the problem?

POP
Well, you see, Andie's car broke down. We were driving form Phoenix, a short distance each day. I can't sit for too long in a car. Back is long gone.

JASON
Can't fix the car?

POP
Nope. She's a basket case. Was an old heap of shit to start with. We ain't got much money. Andie's been working here but it only just covers the rent. (beat) That asshole Charlie owns the campground too. He's using Andie here for pittance, knowing she gets the punters in. The cheapskate knows we're in a bind.

JASON
Well, we can fix that.

BRENT
We can? I mean...yes, we can.

JASON
Yeah. You and Andie, uh, Andrea, are most welcome to travel with us.
Pop's elated but keeps a straight face. Andrea comes back along the bar, she's been listening...

BRENT
They are? I mean...um, yes, yes, they are...ah, you both are.

POP
Oh, young fella, fellas, that's mighty of kind of you. But we can't...

JASON
Nonsense. Plenty of room in the RV.

BRENT
And we have a dome tent for emergencies.

POP
Well, I...Andie? These generous young men have offered to take us to Vegas. It just makes the heart soften, don't it?

ANDREA
Um I don't think...

BRENT
We insist.

JASON
That's right. You're both welcome.

The contest has just gotten serious...

POP
Damn, gotta love these Aussies! This calls for another drink! Andie, three more beers.

Andrea grins, pours the beers. Pop stands up, checks his pockets.

POP(CONT'D)
Aw hell...looks like I left my wallet in the trailer.

ANDREA
As usual.

BRENT
Hey, who cares? My shout!

CHARLIE(O.S)
First up the karaoke...a big hand for RAAYYY!!
JASON

What the...?

They all look around. On the stage, Ray stands motionless. He's now dressed in skintight leather pants and vest. A long, straight haired wig sits on his head, secured by a red headband.

Suddenly, the opening notes of 'Sweet Child Of Mine', the classic GunsN'Roses song...

BRENT

I don't believe it.

Onstage, Ray hugs himself, preparing, as the intro continues. Then...

RAY

(sings)

She's got a smile that it seems to me, Reminds me of childhood memories, Where everything Was as fresh as the bright blue sky...

His voice sounds exactly like Axl Rose. He does the movements and gestures spot on. The dance floor fills as the patrons go WILD.

ANDREA

Wow! He's awesome.

POP

Sure is. Is there nuthin' that boy can't do?

Ray keeps SINGING, does the snake dance. Absolute perfection...

LATER

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Ray support the drunken Pop. Andrea and Brent follow. They come to the old trailer.

ANDREA

You guys are the best. Things have been so hard...

Her eyes well up.

BRENT

Hey, it's ok.
POP
(sings)
Wo, wo wo wo, sweet child of
mi - e - ine....

JASON
Time for beddy-bye, Pop. Big
day tomorrow.

POP
Oh yeah...hey, ain't my
granddaughter a sweetie? You
brother seems to think so.
Better watch him...

JASON
Don't worry. I will be.

He smiles back over his shoulder. Brent and Andrea are
whispering.

POP
Ol' Ray...my buddy.

He kisses Ray on the cheek. Doesn't notice the stuff that
sticks to his lips...

JASON
Careful there, old timer.

POP
I love this guy! Paying off our
rent with his karaoke and pool
winnings. Boy's a goddam legend.

Jason and Ray haul him into the trailer. They emerge
moments later.

ANDREA
Thanks, guys.

JASON
No prob. We'll see you in the
morning. Right bro'?

Brent stares at Andrea, who returns it.

BRENT
Yeah, sure. Morning. Bright and
early.

(beat)
Goodnight, Andie.

ANDREA
Night...and thank you again.
All of you.
She goes into the trailer. Ray grins, claps Jason on the back. They walk on to the RV.

JASON
Pop was right, Ray. You are a dead set legend.

BRENT
Shit yeah! What other surprises have you got for us?

Ray CHUCKLES. A long slider of a FART sounds. He shakes his head.

JASON
I told you to avoid the chili...

LATER

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

DQ and Antonio stumble through the door. Slick lies on the bed, watching TV.

SLICK
You idiots...its past midnight. So much for a couple of drinks.

DQ
Sorry, boss. Things got out of hand.

SLICK
What?! Please tell me you didn't attract attention to yourself.

ANTONIO
Hey, no, boss, it's cool. Man, that bar was jumping. This real ugly guy was singing...damn he was good.

SLICK
Ok, whatever. Just get some sleep. Big day ahead. Our little friend is finally asleep...

(yawns)
I'm so tired. Now, I've set the alarm clock...when you hear it, WAKE ME. And if you hear the transmitter make a noise, WAKE ME!

DQ lies on the floor, falls asleep. Antonio climbs on the bed next to Slick. He's asleep moments later. Slick turns off the TV. The room is dark.
SLICK(O.S)
(whispers)
Fools...I always get stuck with fools...

Moments later he's snoring...

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. CAMPGROUND - MORNING

Jason emerges from the RV. He stretches, looks around. Soon, Brent and Ray join him. They talk, laugh at something...

Andrea comes out of the trailer. Waves to the boys further along. They wave back...

The boys and Ray sit outside the trailer. Andrea brings out cups of coffee...

Pop finally emerges. He's totally naked and still half cut. The boys splurt out their coffee at the sight. Andrea rushes to cover him with a towel. Ray HOOTS...

Snatches of conversation as things are packed from trailer to RV...

BRENT(O.S)
...loaded up and moving. We'll stop at Flagstaff for a proper meal.

ANDREA(O.S)
...lucky we don't have much gear.

END MONTAGE

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The alarm clock buzzes loudly. All three men snore, fast asleep. The clock CLICKS off...

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The RV drives out through the gate. Brent and Ray are in the front.

JASON(O.S)
Hey, Pop? No more nudity, ok? A slight hangover is bad enough.

INT. RV CUPBOARD - CONTINUOUS

The briefcase sits next to boxes of food, and bags. Suddenly, a green light flashes on a hinge...
INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is still asleep. The transmitter starts making a BEEPING sound...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV moves along Arizona 89a.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Slick wakes up suddenly. Looks around. DQ groggily stirs, as Antonio snores.

SLICK
You...GET UP NOW!

He leaps from the bed, steps on DQ. Antonio rolls over and off the bed.

DQ
Ow, careful boss.

SLICK
Last chance for both of you!
If we don't catch them...

Antonio bounds off the floor. Stretches and yawns.

ANTONIO
Hey, chill out, boss. We got the Firebird remember.

Slick is already opening the door.

DQ
Yeah, we can take them easily.

LATER

INT. CABIN - DAY

A key turns, the door opens. A beautiful young maid, PEPITA, enters with cleaning gear. She tut-tuts at the mess, then strips the bed. A SOUND from the bathroom...she investigates.

PEPITA(O.S)
Mi bondad! Senorita, what? Here, let me...

TAYLOR(O.S.)
(exhales)
Thank you. Can you untie my hands?
PEPITA (O.S.)
Si. But what has happened here?
Were you kidnapped?
(giggles)
Maybe your little games went
mmm, levemente mal?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
These knots are tight...no,
some bastards jumped me. Took
my car. There...free.

The two emerge from the bathroom.

PEPITA
You are very pretty, senorita.
Your legs...

TAYLOR
I have to call a friend. I'm
going to get my Firebird back
from those hoods.

PEPITA
Is there anything I can do for
you?

She lies on one of the beds, eyes glazed. Taylor glances
up from the phone, becoming aware of the maid's beauty.

TAYLOR
Hmmm, very nice. I think my
call can wait for now.

Taylor lies next to the maid. They kiss, long and with
passion. Hands begin to wander...

PEPITA
Oh, senorita. I can't wait
to...que pasa! You are a senor?!

TAYLOR
It doesn't bother you?

PEPITA
(shrugs)
I'm a maid. Comes with the job.

INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Antonio drives, Slick next to him. DQ sulks in the back.
They speed along Highway 17.

ANTONIO
Boy, this machine goes! Too bad,
DQ.
SLICK
He had his chance. He wrecked the limo.

DQ
(mumbling)
Not happy, man...not happy at all.

ANTONIO
So, when we catch them, boss, can we rough 'em up a bit?

SLICK
Possibly. Depends how much bother they give us.

ANTONIO
Alright!

He increases the Firebird's speed. It's a smooth ride. Even Slick grins as the car hurtles down the highway.

DQ
I shoulda stayed at the cabin...

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS
The black Kenworth barrels along Highway 17. The driver, STEAKHOUSE(45) is a huge man. He chews on four hot dogs at once. His phone RINGS, playing 'Convoy'. A gulp clears his mouth...

STEAKHOUSE
Hello? Who...hey, my favorite cross-dressing nephew.
(beat)
Yeah, I'm on 17. Heading to Flagstaff...you what? Your Firebird? Sons of bitches. But why would they...
(beat)
Chasing some guys in an RV? Ok, calm down, it's alright. We'll get your car back. When did they leave Sedona?
(beat)
Hmm, they'll be passing me soon, then. I'll keep an eye out. So your...
(beat)
I'll see you then...bye.

He clicks the phone off. Opens a can of Coke and quaffs it. BELCHES loudly.

STEAKHOUSE
About time I had some fun. Been too quiet around here.
He laughs as the rig thunders on.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Taylor stands outside with his bags. Pepita drives up in an RX-7. Her maid gear is gone - she wears a sleek jumpsuit.

PEPITA
Get in, my sweet! The open road awaits us.

TAYLOR
How the hell did you get this car, on a maid's pay?

PEPITA
I get a lot of tips.

TAYLOR
(shrugs)
I can see why...

He stows the luggage in the trunk, hops in the front. Laughter as they speed out of the campground.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brent's RV passes a huge sign: WELCOME TO FLAGSTAFF - THE OBSERVATORY CITY.

INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Slick studies the phone signal, sips bottled water. Antonio drives, loving the power. DQ squirms in the back.

DQ
Aw, come on, guys. Can't we swap seats for twenty minutes?

SLICK
Stop complaining. We'll be...yes! They've stopped. Thirty miles ahead. Let's see...

He checks the map.

SLICK(CONT'D)
Flagstaff.

ANTONIO
Ha! Probably having lunch. Well, we'll give them something to chew on. Right, boss?

SLICK
Whatever you think. As long as we get the money back.
DQ
Um, guys? I need to go to the bathroom.

ANTONIO
Sorry, no wee-wee breaks. Right, boss?

He increases his speed.

SLICK
Yes. No can do, DQ.

He holds up the empty bottle.

SLICK(CONT'D)
You can use this.

DQ
Actually, I have to do...you know. Those beers have gone right through me.

SLICK
In that case, the bottle will make a good plug.

INT. COUNTRY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The gang sit at a large table, checking the menu. Andrea takes out a pill bottle, gives one to Pop. Ray looks at other customers, grins.

BRENT
What are they for, Andie?

ANDREA
His arthritis, his memory...all sorts of ailments. He has to take one every day.

She winces as Pop downs the pill.

BRENT
You ok?

ANDREA
Oh, I'm fine. It's just...well, these pills have certain side effects that can be...embarrassing sometimes.

JASON
Let me guess...drooling and intense diarrhea?

POP
You can only wish.
In the B/G, a formidable looking WAITRESS approaches.

ANDREA
No, he...well, he quotes from his favorite movie.

BRENT
Which is?

ANDREA
'Jaws'.

JASON
Not so bad. How long till it takes effect?

POP
Oh, boys...boys...I think he's come back for his noon feeding.

ANDREA
Immediately.

The waitress takes out her order book, scans the table. Ray stares back at her.

WAITRESS
Lord Almighty...what have we got here? The friggin' Addams Family?

Ray HOOFS. The others join in. The waitress just shakes her head.

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth cruises along Oak Creek Canyon. Steakhouse talks on the mobile.

STEAKHOUSE
...yeah, I'm heading back on 89a now. They shouldn't be too far away. I can block the road easily.
(beat)
Ok, but tell your friend to drive carefully. This road is a bit icy today. Bye.

He finishes the call, takes a chicken leg from a food carton.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)
Them ol' boys are gonna get a real surprise.
INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Antonio eases the Firebird around the winding bends. There's no other traffic. DQ struggles in the back.

SLICK
Ten minutes till Flagstaff. They haven't moved.

ANTONIO
We got 'em this time, boss. How you doing, DQ?

DQ
I can't hold on much longer.

SLICK
Sure you can. Think of the relief in Flagstaff. A nice bathroom, and the money back. You'll be...what the?

They round a corner. A bridge ahead is blocked by the Kenworth. Steakhouse leans near the front wheels, looking underneath. He glances up at the Firebird.

ANTONIO
Shit. We can't get past.

DQ
Oh, thank Christ! Now, I can have a crap.

Slick takes in the scene intently.

SLICK
Ok..Antonio, you stay in the car, keep it running. DQ, go take a dump. I'll handle things here.

EXT. OAK CREEK CANYON - CONTINUOUS

The Firebird pulls up twenty feet from the truck. Slick and DQ get out, the latter stumbles over to some bushes. A massive SQUELCHY sound erupts seconds later.

STEAKHOUSE
Hello there. Seems like your friend was on a mission.

SLICK
What's the problem here, buddy? We need to get through.
STEAKHOUSE
Well now, I'm sorry. But my brakes are playing up. No grip. Too dangerous on this road.

SLICK
So what are you doing about it? Have you called a mechanic?

STEAKHOUSE
Yeah. He's coming from Sedona, but could take awhile.

SLICK
Look, we have to get past! Can you move the truck over? There appears to be enough__

He breaks off and ducks, as Steakhouse swings a baseball bat at his head.

STEAKHOUSE
Teach you boys to steal people's cars.

He swings the bat again. In the Firebird, Antonio's eyes open wide. Behind him, DQ emerges from the bushes. He has a relieved smile on his face.

SLICK
You gonna take on all three of us?

He does a complex martial arts routine. The Firebird ROARS as Antonio floors it towards the truck. The rear end fishtails and slides over the edge of the shoulder. A CRY from Antonio as the car disappears. A CRASHING noise follows it down. It all happens so quick...

STEAKHOUSE
Two of you.

DQ charges at him, but suddenly halts.

DQ
Oh God. Not again.

He scrambles back to the bushes. More SQUIRTING and RIPPING sounds...

STEAKHOUSE
Just you and me, sweetheart.

SLICK
It's hard to get good help these days.
He launches himself at Steakhouse, a flurry of chops and kicks. Surprisingly, he's pretty good...Steakhouse wields the bat but cops one in the ribs. He goes down to his knees.

STEAKHOUSE
Damn...too many hot dogs.

Slick whacks him on the neck. The big man slumps to the ground. DQ staggers back into view.

DQ
I...well done, boss. I think I'm ok now.

SLICK
Get in the truck.

He runs lightly to the Kenworth. DQ follows, looks at the Firebird's skid marks.

DQ
What Antonio? He might need help.

Slick steps up, opens the driver side door.

SLICK
Antonio needed help a long time ago. Now, let's go.

DQ shrugs, climbs up into the cabin.

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick runs an eye over the controls, then starts it up.

DQ-
You know how to drive this, boss?

SLICK
Of course. I'm multi-skilled.

He guides the truck away from the bridge. Metal SCRAPES...

DQ
Ah, yes, well...

SLICK
Relax. I learned it all from the Terminator movies. No problem.

The truck straightens, Slick increases the speed.

DQ
How we gonna turn around? The road is too narrow.
SLICK
I noticed a fire trail a couple of miles back. Simple matter of reversing.

DQ
You sure know your stuff, boss. Got it all figured out.

SLICK
A-T-D, my good man. Attention To Detail. You can't go wrong.

DQ
A-T-D! Yeah! Hey, it could also be A Truck Driver. Haha! Right?

SLICK
Well, yes...here's the phone. Keep an eye on the RV.

He sniffs the air.

DQ
Ah, sorry boss. Only had leaves to, you know, wipe...

SLICK
No matter. Things are looking up, DQ. Your foul stench is a minor complaint.

DQ
That trucker, boss? He was waiting for us, I'll bet on it.

SLICK
Yes. Good deduction, my friend! I don't why people say you're dumb. He must somehow be acquainted with the trannie. So, we could expect he is following us too.

DQ
Wow, boss. You're a walking computer.

SLICK
I do my best.

DQ frowns.

DQ
So who says I'm dumb?
EXT. OAK CREEK CANYON - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth drives past the stirring Steakhouse. He sits up, shakes his head. The rig disappears round a bend.

STEAKHOUSE
Goddam city boys. I'll get ya.
Don't you worry 'bout that.

He makes a call on his phone.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)
Taylor? Yeah, um, I found them.
(beat)
Not exactly. They, ah, jumped me, took my truck.
(beat)
The Firebird? It, ah, sorta got damaged.

He holds the phone away from his ear, winces. Puts it back.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)
I'm sorry, there was...hey, I lost my damn truck, so don't...
(beat)
No, I don't want to talk to your Mexican friend! Just get here and pick me up. We can catch them.

The call ends. Steakhouse sighs.

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)
I try to help and look what happens. My sister couldn't handle him. Damn, it's a harsh world.

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Taylor clicks his phone shut angrily. Pepita guides the car round the twisting bends.

TAYLOR
My Firebird...trashed by those bastards. My grandfather gave it to me. He rebuilt it himself.

PEPITA
It's alright, my Taylor. You being safe is all that matters.

TAYLOR
Now they've got my uncle's truck.
**PEPITA**
Just sit back and enjoy the thrill of the chase. You and me, hunting our prey. Stop worrying.

**TAYLOR**
I should be worried. My uncle fancies himself with the ladies. He'll be all over you like a rash.

**PEPITA**
I'm used to it. Ah, this must be him.

**EXT. OAK CREEK CANYON - CONTINUOUS**

The RX-7 pulls up beside Steakhouse. Taylor is out in a flash. He peers over the edge of the ravine. Pepita gets out, stretches, grins at Steakhouse.

**TAYLOR**
Oh, shit. My poor Firebird, I can see it. God...

**STEAKHOUSE**
We'll make those pricks pay, I promise. If they damage my truck...ah, you must be Pepita.

**PEPITA**
Pleased to meet you, Senor Steakhouse. Taylor's told me a lot about you. Fascinating.

**STEAKHOUSE**
Well, the truth is all lies...

**PEPITA**
...and the lies are all true. Yes, I've heard that one a million times.

**TAYLOR**
(clears throat)
Ok, then. We should be getting after those crims.

**STEAKHOUSE**
Right. I wonder why they're after that RV?

**TAYLOR**
Who cares? I just want__

A NOISE from behind them. Antonio stumbles onto the road. He limps, bruised and dirty, mutters to himself.
ANTONIO
Gotta get a lift...catch up with Slick.

STEAKHOUSE
I hope you're satisfied, arsehole.

TAYLOR
You wrecked my car, you bastard!

Antonio looks at them, dazed. He's way off with the fairies...

ANTONIO
Minor scratches, that's all. Haul 'er out, be right as rain! Chase that RV, come on...

He collapses onto his knees in front of Steakhouse, clutches his legs.

STEAKHOUSE
Tell me, scum, what's so special about these guys you're after?

ANTONIO
Money, man! Tons of it. In the RV.

TAYLOR
Money? You sure? How much?

Antonio peers at him.

ANTONIO
Damn, you're even hotter closeup...um, three mill worth of jewels. Dude stole it from us. One of our own. The guys in the RV picked him up.

PEPITA
Trios million? Merde...

STEAKHOUSE
So, these guys don't know about the jewels?

ANTONIO
Hell no! They would've vanished by now, man. Wouldn't you? Woah, I feel a bit sick. Bumped my head.

TAYLOR
Three mill would buy me a couple of new Firebirds.
STEAKHOUSE
You think we should...shit, why not? I gotta get the truck back anyway. Let's get moving.

PEPITA
My little Mazda will fly like the wind.

ANTONIO
Hey, can I come with you? I don't feel very well.

The other three look at him.

STEAKHOUSE
No.

He shoves Antonio backwards, who windmills towards the edge.

ANTONIO
Shit, not again.

He tumbles back into the canyon. Pepita is already in the car, REVVING the motor.

TAYLOR
I hope he hurts himself even more.

He and Steakhouse get in the RX-7. It zooms off.

INT. COUNTRY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Plates and cups are strewn across the table. Everyone sits, content. Ray BELCHES, he has apple and cream on his mouth. Andrea wipes his face.

JASON
Top feed. You Americans sure put on a good one.

The waitress re-appears with the bill. Ray fumbles in his pockets.

WAITRESS
Tsk, tsk...some folks...letting your runt here pay? Comes to thirty five fifty.

Ray pulls out some bills. The waitress eyes them warily.

BRENT
Here's a tip.

She takes a note from him.
WAITRESS
Ooh, a whole dollar. Excuse me if I don't throw a party right now.

Ray LAUGHS, makes gestures.

JASON
He's saying you can keep the change.

WAITRESS
Must be my friggin' lucky day.
(beat)
Have a good trip back to Cleveland...freaks.

She storms off.

ANDREA
Someone's having a bad day.

BRENT
We aren't your average lunchtime crowd, are we?

POP
Larry, the summer is over. You're the mayor of Shark City. These people think you want the beaches open.

JASON
Not really. We right to go then?

LATER
INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick drives through the outskirts of Flagstaff. DQ checks the phone.

DQ
Ah, boss, you should slow down. We'll attract attention.

SLICK
Hmm, yes, you're right. I can catch up to them on the highway.

He eases the speed a fraction.

DQ
You ok, boss? You seem a little...I dunno...tense?

SLICK
Oh, I'm fine. Just dandy.
His maniacal grin says otherwise. DQ winces. Something catches his eye...

DQ
Aw, man, you gotta shitting me...

He points. The limo, with a massive weld mark across the roof and sides, drives past. The driver sees DQ, waves.

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Pepita threads her way around the canyon bends. Taylor is in the back, looking queasy. Steakhouse rides up front, enjoying the chase.

STEAKHOUSE
Damn, you're one hell of a driver, Peppy.

PEPITA
Gracious, Senor Steakhouse.

STEAKHOUSE
Oh, you can call me Steak.

PEPITA
Gracious...Steak. It's not often a man appreciates my driving skills.

STEAKHOUSE
I bet you've got all sorts of talents.

TAYLOR
Oh, yes. She's a real surprise packet.

PEPITA
Hush, my bambino. Don't fret your pretty head. Your uncle is just being friendly.

STEAKHOUSE
Yeah, that's right.

TAYLOR
I've seen his version of 'just being friendly'.

STEAKHOUSE
Getting my truck back is the priority. Anything gained after that is a bonus.

He grins at Pepita, who throws it back dreamily.
TAYLOR
And crushing the filth that
destroyed my 'Bird.

STEAKHOUSE
Yes, and crushing the filth
that destroyed your 'Bird. And
beat up on me.
(beat)
Them boys got a lot of
misdemeanors they gonna pay for.

PEPITA
And don't forget the three
million.

The RX-7 ROARS on, everyone lost in their own thoughts...

AERIAL VIEW - NORTHERN ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

The RV, Kenworth and the RX-7 are all visible as dots
along the highway.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent peers ahead. Ray is in the front now. Jason, Andrea
and Pop play cards. They pass a sign: GRAND CANYON - TWO
MILES.

BRENT
Almost there, guys!

POP
Hooper! Forty five degrees
south now, you hear?

JASON
How long do these quotes
usually last?

ANDREA
Oh, only about an hour.

POP
What is this bite radius crap?
Stick your head in...

He blinks, looks around.

POP(CONT'D)
Nearly to the Canyon? Good job.

JASON
Hallelujah.

Pop walks to the back door window.
POP
Why is there a big ol' truck
right up our arse?

ANDREA
Pop...

POP
Well, there is...

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Slick's eyes bulge. DQ glances warily at him. The Kenworth is only feet behind the RV now. Pop looks back at them.

DQ
Boss? I don't think__

SLICK
We have them now. Quick, take the wheel.

DQ
What? You crazy?

SLICK
No. Take it. I'm going to jump over to the RV.

DQ
No way, boss. I can't drive this beast.

SLICK
(sighs)
Do I have to do everything?
Alright, we'll ram it from the side and roll it.

He puts the foot down. The Kenworth surges alongside the RV.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Jason follows the progress of the truck. Brent does too, in the side mirrors.

BRENT
This guy is a complete looney.

JASON
Hmmm...one of those guys looks...yes, he was at the bar last night. Black dude, pretty smooth lookin'.
ANDREA
I...yeah, I served him. He was with another guy. They seemed, I don't know...a bit suss.

POP
Why would they be chasing us?

JASON
Beats me. But they're not acting very friendly...

Ray frowns, climbs into the back. He gazes out at the truck. Winces...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two vehicles are level. Ahead, the town of Grand Canyon looms. Beyond that...the South Rim.

Slick turns the wheel sharply. The Kenworth shudders as it bashes into the RV.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent curses, turns the wheel to the right. He plants the foot and the RV motors ahead. YELLS from the back. Ray kneels, rummages in the cupboard. He pulls out the briefcase.

JASON
Damn, this is getting dangerous, I...

He watches Ray sit at the table and open the briefcase. Notices the green flashing light. Ray looks at him, takes out some of the gems.

The Kenworth surges forward again. Jason taps Andrea on the shoulder. She turns around.

ANDREA
That truck is__oh, wow, what the...

Ray points at the gems, then out the window to the Kenworth.

JASON
I...Ray, are those guys...after these? Oh, man...

ANDREA
I'm no expert but those jewels look, well, very expensive.

POP
You're not wrong there, Andie.
JASON
Ray, how much we looking at here?

Ray MOANS, holds up three fingers.

ANDREA
Three hundred thousand?

Ray shakes his head. Jason SIGHS.

JASON
Three million, buddy?

Ray nods forlornly. A long, quiet FART slips out. Another CRASH as the RV is hit again.

BRENT
Jason! Andie! What's going on back there? Talk to me!

Jason pops between the seats. Holds up a couple of gems.

JASON
Seems like we got something they want...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth nudges ahead of the RV. Now they're passing houses, motels, tourist shops. Slick spins the wheel again.

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

DQ braces himself. Slick's face is the mask of a madman. Ahead, the road veers to the right.

SLICK
We'll get those gems! DQ, be ready. I'm gonna roll that RV over.

DQ gulps, looks ahead. There's a ragged line of trees...he realises what that means. In the side mirror, the RX-7 suddenly appears!

DQ
Boss? You better turn off.

SLICK
What? But we have them.

He suddenly sees what's coming. A frown...

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Pepita concentrates as the car nears the Kenworth. Taylor looks ahead, falls back in the seat. Steakhouse is pumped...
STEAKHOUSE
We nearly got 'em! The bastards are ramming the RV!

TAYLOR
How do you plan on getting the truck back?

PEPITA
Good question. Steak? I'm going to have to...

She trails off, stares ahead, past the truck.

PEPITA(CONT'D)
Oh mierda...the Canyon!

STEAKHOUSE
Ah, yes. Thought we were getting close.

TAYLOR
We're dead.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS
Everyone YELLS again, as the Kenworth crunches the side. Brent glances ahead.

BRENT
Shit! Everyone...HOLD ON!

JASON
To what?

Brent hits the brakes, wrenches the wheel to the right. The RV tilts, nearly rolls. The engine SCREAMS as it straightens and ROARS off.

In the back, the gang are thrown everywhere.

POP
Yeehar! Now this is living!

INT. 16 WHEELER - CONTINUOUS
Slick tries to brake but it's too late. DQ flings open the door, leaps out. Slick watches him go, shrugs.

SLICK
Damn, but I gave it my best shot.

(beat)
Wow. Nice view...
EXT. SOUTH RIM - CONTINUOUS

The Kenworth shoots over the edge. It doesn't drop immediately, seems to power along an invisible road.

Then the front nose dives and the truck flips elegantly. It tumbles end over end, and disappears.

INT. RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Pepita hits the brakes. Taylor closes his eyes. Steakhouse stares into the abyss. The RX-7 comes to a halt inches from the precipice.

    PEPITA
    Creo que me he hecho pis...

    STEAKHOUSE
    One hell of a ride, girlie.

He takes her hand, squeezes it.

    TAYLOR
    We're falling...oh, God, we're going to die...

    STEAKHOUSE
    We aren't falling. Open your eyes.

Taylor opens one eye, looks around. Opens the other.

    TAYLOR
    Oh...well, that's all good then.

EXT. SOUTH RIM - CONTINUOUS

They all get out of the Mazda. The Grand Canyon lies before them, in all its glory.

    TAYLOR
    Ok, now what?

    PEPITA
    The gems! I forgot all about it in the excitement. Where is the RV?

    TAYLOR
    Uncle? You alright?

Steakhouse stares out into the Canyon. His face glowers as he raises his arms to the sky.

    STEAKHOUSE
    (roars)
    They destroyed my truck!! Damn, damn...DAMN!
On the last word, he pounds the trunk of the RX-7. The car CREAKS, then silently rolls forward over the edge. A silence...

    TAYLOR
    Aw, jesus...

    STEAKHOUSE
    Shit.

    PEPITA
    We're running out of transport options.

She bursts into tears.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent pulls the van up.

    POP
    Hot damn! Did you see that truck? Right into the Canyon. Christ on a bicycle that was awesome.

    ANDREA
    Pop...

    JASON
    Yeah, it was pretty spectacular. Hey, what...

The others look around, just in time to see Pop down a pill.

    ANDREA
    Oh, Pop, come on! What are you doing?

    POP
    Hey, my heart is beating like a motor, all this action.

    JASON
    Great...another fun-filled hour coming up.

    BRENT
    Ok, everyone out.

    POP
    They caught...A shark. Not...THE shark.
EXT. SOUTH RIM - CONTINUOUS

The group walk back along the Rim. A number of people are gathering at the accident site. The WHOOP of a police siren not far away. Suddenly, DQ appears from behind a tree. He's a gibbering mess...

DQ
Keep the jewels! I want no part of it anymore. It's jinxed. I'm outta here...

He runs off. The group come to where Steakhouse, Taylor and Pepita are. Brent nudges Jason.

BRENT
(whispers)
That's the trannie...from the Firebird.

JASON
I...yeah, it is.

ANDREA
You know her?

JASON
Him...long story.

BRENT
Long day.

Steakhouse eyes the other party.

STEAKHOUSE
(whispers)
Don't say anything about the gems...

TAYLOR
Ok. But how will we get them? We don't know where they are.

PEPITA
Steak will think of something. Won't you, big fella?

STEAKHOUSE
I hope so.

A police man, Officer REYNOLDS (30) solid build, pushes through the onlookers. He takes out a battered notebook, flips to a new page.
REYNOLDS
Well, now folks. Looks like we got us a real ball-tearer of a situation here. First bit of excitement I've seen in this cat squirt town since leavin' Missouri. Anyone see what happened?

He's got the real good ol' boy drawl. The crowd are uncommitted, until JIMMY, a scrawny young man, raises his hand.

JIMMY
Yeah, Mikey. I saw everything. Damnedest thing it was.

REYNOLDS
Jimmy, what did I tell you? I'm Officer Reynolds. You don't address me as 'Mikey' when I'm on-duty, ok? It undermines my authority.

JIMMY
Say what?

REYNOLDS
Never mind. Just tell the story.

JIMMY
Ok, well, I was in the bar, over there at Clement's. All of a sudden, that RV, driven by this fella...

He points at Brent, then at the van parked further along.

JIMMY(CONT'D)
...came ripping down the road. And this black Kenworth, the one that went over, it was right on that RV's hammer, bumpin' and rammin' it. And the RX-7, it was on the truck's tail.

The police man looks at Brent for confirmation, who nods.

REYNOLDS
Keep going, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Ok, so the RV spun off, following the road. But that ol' Kenny kept on goin', right off into the Big Hole.

The onlookers GASP, a buzz runs through them.
REYNOLDS
And the Mazda?

JIMMY
Well, it stopped on the edge, close but safe on third. Until the big guy here got pissed off, and gave it a thump. Then it snuck into the Canyon too!

Some LAUGHTER in the crowd. Steakhouse looks sheepish.

REYNOLDS
That's a mighty fine story, Jimmy, yes sir. But I want you to tell me the truth now...how long had you been drinkin' when you saw all this?

JIMMY
Um, about eight hours, I guess.

REYNOLDS
Eight hours, huh? So there's no chance you might be exaggerating just a little?

JIMMY
No, SIR! I seen it. It happened like I told it.

REYNOLDS
Right, that's ok. Just don't leave town, alright?

He laughs, winks at Jimmy. No reaction from anyone...he looks at Steakhouse, clears his throat.

REYNOLDS(CONT'D)
You got anything to say, big fella?

STEAKHOUSE
He's speaking the truth. Them crooks stole Taylor there's Firebird, wrote it off, then overpowered me and stole my truck. I don't know why they were chasing the RV.

Reynolds glances at Taylor and Pepita. His eyes widen, chest puffs out.

REYNOLDS
Well, hello there, ladies. Sorry for the loss of your vehicles? Anything I can do to help?
He has eyes for Taylor...nope, he doesn't know. Steakhouse strollsto Brent and the crew.

STEAKHOUSE
Howdy, folks. We got caught up in it, didn't we?

BRENT
Sure did. Lucky no one got hurt.

STEAKHOUSE
Well, only the bad guys! Say, you got any idea why they were after you?

JASON
Nope. We never seen them before.

Brent starts to say something, but Andrea grips his arm. Steakhouse notes this...

POP
What are ya? Some kind of half-assed astronaut?

STEAKHOUSE
Huh? What's he on about?

ANDREA
Nothing. He's old...too much medication.

POP
You got city hands, Mr.Hooper. You been counting money all your life.

JASON
He's...completely gone.

Steakhouse smiles, moves away. He spots something under a bush, stoops to pick it up. The big man frowns, pockets the small object. No one is watching.

ANDREA
So what happens now?

BRENT
We camp here tonight. It's been a big day.

The group head back to the RV. Reynolds chats to Taylor, as Steakhouse returns.

STEAKHOUSE
Um, Officer? Is there anything that can be done about my truck?
PEPITA
And my poor little Mazda.

REYNOLDS
Hmm? Oh, yes, well, I'd say
they'll be in pieces all over
the Canyon floor. It's a long
drop.

He giggles, makes eyes at Taylor, who reciprocates.

STEAKHOUSE
You ain't gonna send anyone
down to look?

REYNOLDS
(shrugs)
No point. Won't achieve nothing.
Look, if you're worried about
insurance, tomorrow I'll take
some photos, fill out a few
forms. Don't worry, it'll be
legit.

PEPITA
Too bad if the truck and my car
landed on someone.

REYNOLDS
Well, it's a damn risky world
out there, isn't it? We can't
spoon feed every idiot tourist
that comes here. Now, you
people have any plans for
tonight? You're welcome to stay
at my place. Been a traumatic
day for you all.

STEAKHOUSE
No, I don't think__

TAYLOR
Oh, that would be very kind of
you, Officer. We'd love to.

REYNOLDS
Well, great! And you can call
me Mikey, pretty lady.

He walks off, arm in arm with Taylor. Steakhouse and
Pepita exchange frowns.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Remnants of the Kenworth and Rx-7 litter the water.
Suddenly, Slick breaks the surface, gasping for breath.
He swims tiredly across the current, to a pebbly beach.
He crawls out, lies panting.
His body is battered and bruised.

SLICK
(whispers)
Won't...get
away...from...me...that easily...

He rolls over, stares up the sides of the Canyon. It's all calm, serene...

The sound of VOICES. Something SCRAPES next to him. He turns his head. A rubber dinghy, two MEN in it. One jumps out.

FIRST MAN
Hey mister, you alright? You fall or something?

The other man helps Slick sit up, gives him water. He drinks, coughs some back up.

SLICK
Yeah...you could say that.

SECOND MAN
We're on a camping trip.
Lifetime dream.

Slick nods, smiles. He feels his strength returning.

SLICK
Must be my lucky day.
(beat)
Say...that's a nice boat.

LATER

Slick is in the dinghy, paddling downstream. Back on the beach, the campers come to. They look around, watch their dinghy disappear.

FIRST MAN
Damn, he was good. I'm gonna learn me some of that karate.

A SOUND from behind them. Two HILLBILLYS stand there, dressed in dirty overalls. One holds an ancient shotgun.

HILLBILLY
Must be our lucky day, Rob.
Here, hold my gun.
(beat)
Ok, boys. Pants off and kneel down.

SECOND MAN
That's the last time I stop to help anyone.
EXT. RV - NIGHT

The van is parked on a campground site, near the Rim. A billion stars fill the desert sky, burning like harsh flints. A coyote HOWLS...

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The gang are gathered at the table. The briefcase lies open. Silence...

ANDREA
I think we should hand it in.

BRENT
Yeah, maybe...

JASON
Let's not be too hasty here, guys.

ANDREA
Come on, Jason. This is stolen goods.

She gets up, turns the jug on.

BRENT
Pop? What do you think?

JASON
Don't encourage him!

POP
You get that little needle through his thick skin?

JASON
We got a bigger problem. I think that trucker knows about the gems.

BRENT
What? But how?

JASON
I dunno. But he acted kind of strange when Pop mentioned money. Even though he is demented...

POP
I seen one eat a rocking chair once.

ANDREA
You know, that RX-7 did seem to following the truck and us.
JASON
Exactly! The trucker dude, well, he seemed sus to me.

Everyone looks at Brent. His head is down as he ponders. At last...

BRENT
My dad is an attorney in Vegas. He'll know what to do.

JASON
Yeah, Dad...good idea, bro'.

BRENT
In the meantime, I think we should leave town.

ANDREA
We will, after a good night's sleep.

BRENT
No...now.

JASON
Hang on...now? We're all tired, man.

Brent stands up, paces to the back door.

BRENT
You said yourself that truckie was sus. How do you know they won't jump us when we're asleep?

TOMMY
I think Brent is right.

ANDREA
Are we going to be followed all over Arizona?

JASON
I...yeah, could be. You're right, bro'. Time to move again.
(beat)
What d'ya reckon, Ray? We do a runner?

Ray GURGLES, nods his head.

EXT. BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The RV moves along an unsealed road, a bright speck in the desert blackness.
BRENT(O.S)
We'll keep driving all night.
Take turns to sleep.

Long, steady FARTS...

ANDREA(O.S)
Pop...do you have to?

POP(O.S)
My husband tells me you're in sharks.

JASON(O.S)
Ray is already asleep.

BRENT(O.S)
Half his luck.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds's house is behind the police station. He sits on the couch, getting cosy with Taylor. Pepita is at the table with Steakhouse.

PEPITA
(whispers)
We'll have to take his police car.

STEAKHOUSE
(whispers)
You may be right. At least Taylor's distracting him.

REYNOLDS
Mr. Steakhouse? Your niece is one great example of womanhood.

TAYLOR
Oh, officer. You're too kind.

REYNOLDS
Call me Mikey. All my friends and...lovers, do.

Suddenly, a muted BEEP from Steakhouse's pocket. He heads into the kitchen, beckons to Pepita.

STEAKHOUSE
Excuse me.

Reynolds doesn't notice - he and Taylor are kissing.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steakhouse checks the phone. The red dot moves.
PEPITA
Is that some kind of tracking device?

STEAKHOUSE
Yes. Found it near the Canyon. One of them scumbags must've dropped it.

PEPITA
So that's how they knew where the gems were. Smart.

STEAKHOUSE
But now the RV is taking off. We have to do something quickly.

PEPITA
Well, the officer will do anything for Taylor. He's fallen for her, sorrry, him.

STEAKHOUSE
Yes...yes. Good idea.

They head back into the other room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Taylor and Reynolds continue to kiss. His hand strays dangerously low...

STEAKHOUSE
Ah, Officer? We need your help. Urgently.

REYNOLDS
Mmm...this is urgent.

Taylor locks an eye on Steakhouse, sees his gestures. He breaks the kiss.

TAYLOR
What is it, Uncle?

REYNOLDS
Yeah, what's going on?

STEAKHOUSE
Ok, we didn't tell you the truth before. We're actually undercover agents from the F.B.I. These men we're following are highly dangerous subversives. We're tailing them as part of a huge operation.
Reynolds sits up, serious now. This is his kind of scenario...

REYNOLDS
Wow! Bad guys, hey? Thought they looked guilty about something. No use asking to see your I.D, is there? You must be under cover, all of you, deeper than a bed tick in a straw mattress.

STEAKHOUSE
I...that's right. We're gonna need to commandeer your police vehicle. Gotta catch these vermin.

REYNOLDS
Well, I cleaned my cruiser this morning, so no need for co-man-deer-ing it. But you're welcome to take it though.

Steakhouse and Taylor exchange puzzled glances. The police man stands up, walks to the table.

REYNOLDS(CONT'D)
Great disguises! Who'd ever think to suspect a trucker, a Mexican honey and a damn beauty queen?

PEPITA
Haha. The police officer is no fool, is he?

REYNOLDS
No sirree, ma'am.

STEAKHOUSE
Your co-operation will be noted at the highest level. Maybe even the President will hear of it one day. But for now...your keys?

REYNOLDS
Oh, well, I was kind of hoping to come along?

STEAKHOUSE
I...well, this is top secret.

REYNOLDS
I promise I won't say a word of any of it, to anyone. Besides, I know all the roads around here, the shortcuts.
PEPITA
I'm sorry, Senor Reynolds, but__

TAYLOR
I think he'll be a great help to us. I say bring him. I'll take full responsibility.

She glares at Steakhouse behind the policeman's back. The big man sighs.

STEAKHOUSE
Ok. But he mustn't get in our way. Like I said, these people are prone to violence.

REYNOLDS
I'll be no problem. Count on that.

STEAKHOUSE
Right, right. Well, let's pack some food and get on the road. Those maggots have a head start on us.

Reynolds assumes his 'role'. He heads into the kitchen. The sounds of cupboards BANGING, the fridge opening...

REYNOLDS(O.S)
Any idea where the perps are headed?

PEPITA
Las Vegas.

REYNOLDS(O.S)
Vegas, huh?

He appears in the doorway with a carry bag.

REYNOLDS(CONT'D)
Always wanted to go there.

STEAKHOUSE
This ain't gonna be no pleasure trip.

TAYLOR
If we catch the filth, I can see us enjoying some well earned rest there. Who knows, officer...there could be some reward in this for you.

Steakhouse shakes his head, winces at Pepita. She's pissed too...
REYNOLDS
Just being with you is reward enough, my sweet.

STEAKHOUSE
(murmurs)
That's what I'm afraid of...

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steakhouse, Reynolds, Taylor and Pepita leave the house. They pack the gear in the police cruiser, get in. The policeman drives, Taylor next to him. He takes off in a flurry of gravel.

REYNOLDS(O.S)
This is real exciting, you know?

BEGIN MONTAGE

Brent's RV moves steadily through the desert. Sometimes he drives, or Jason, even Andrea. The others sleep fitfully in the back...

Reynolds chatters as he drives. Taylor sleeps. Steakhouse and Pepita doze in the back. The phone signal glows...

END MONTAGE

EXT. GAS STATION - PRE-DAWN

Peach Springs is a town high up in the mountains. Brent fills the RV at the local general store. Andrea checks the map. Jason looks back across the desert.

BRENT
We're on the old historic route 66 now. We head to Kingman and get onto 93 all the way to Vegas.

ANDREA
Sounds good.

JASON
Hey guys? I think we're being followed.

BRENT
What? Come on...

ANDREA
Why, Jase? You sure?

JASON
I noticed headlights way back when we stopped to rest during the night. I dunno...just a feeling.
Andrea joins him, scans the desert. She nods.

**ANDREA**
It's possible. We haven't seen much traffic. They could've been watching us at the campground.

Brent finishes the fill.

**BRENT**
True. But I've been wondering how those guys were able to follow us. All the way from Phoenix, they knew where we were.

**JASON**
I was thinking about that, too. And I might have an answer.

**BRENT**
We're listening.

**JASON**
Well, if you were carrying three mill in gems, wouldn't you have some kind of tracking gadget with it?

Brent and Jason stare at each other.

**BRENT**
I'll move the RV. We'll check out that briefcase again.

**INT. RV - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone sits around the table. Jason removes the gems from the briefcase. Ray moans softly.

**ANDREA**
We didn't notice anything when we counted it.

**JASON**
That's 'cos we were blinded by the bling.

**BRENT**
It's gotta be in the lining.

**POP**
I pulled a tooth the size of a shot glass, out of the hull of that boat.
JASON
You know, Jaws used to be one of my favorite movies.
(beat)
Used to be...

ANDREA
Be thankful his favorite isn't Tomb Raider.

JASON
That would fast track the euthanasia bill...hmm, there's something...

BRENT
Yep. I think...there's a hole in the bottom. Aah, got it.

He holds up a small metal button.

BRENT(CONT'D)
Right, let's smash it.

Ray leans across the table, MOANS again. He holds a tourist brochure, titled 'Grand Canyon Skywalk'.

JASON
What's up, Ray? You wanna go to the Skywalk? I don't think__

Ray cuts him off with a gesture. Takes the bug from Brent, points at himself, then the brochure.

ANDREA
Hmm, I'm guessing he has a plan. A false tail, Ray?

Ray nods excitedly.

JASON
You're gonna take the bug, go to the Skywalk, lead the baddies away from us. But how are you gonna get there?

Ray points out the window. A tourist bus sits, getting filled. It has 'SKYWALK EXPERIENCE' in large letters on the side.

BRENT
And then you'll meet up with us in Vegas?

Ray nods again.
ANDREA
It'll give us some breathing space. But why can't we just destroy the bug, or dump it here in the desert?

JASON
That trucker following us would have friends all over the road network. It's best if we make them think we don't know about the tracking device.

Ray stands up. Grins at everyone.

POP
I don't believe it. Two barrels and he's going down again.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

The others watch from the RV as Ray boards the bus. The sun rises in the background.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER stares at Ray, who holds out a few bills.

DRIVER
I wouldn't normally do this buddy, but you look like you need some help. Make sure you sit right down the back, ok?

Ray nods, grins. He limps down the aisle. Most of the tourists onboard are asleep. A DRUNKEN TOURIST sits near the back, tippling on a hip flask. He pauses in mid-drink, gapes at Ray.

Ray nods at him, slips into the back seat and lies down.

DRUNKEN TOURIST
That's it...I'm giving up the booze.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds drives, Steakhouse up front. Taylor and Pepita sleep in the back.

REYNOLDS
Need to fuel up. Peach Springs isn't that far.

Steakhouse monitors the phone.
STEAKHOUSE
Ok, they're moving again. Hmm, they're staying on the back roads.

REYNOLDS
Looks like they might be heading for the Skywalk on the Canyon.

STEAKHOUSE
Yeah, that's it. Playing the tourists.
(beat)
Well, we may have a surprise for them out on that platform.

He CHUCKLES, a deep sound. Reynolds LAUGHS with him, getting wilder and louder. Soon, he's LAUGHING by himself.

REYNOLDS
Yessirree! This is damn fun!

He continues to HOOT. Steakhouse shakes his head sadly, looks out at the desert.

LATER
EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The RV approaches the town of Kingman.

BRENT(O.S)
Here we go, then. North on 93 all the way to Vegas.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits up, looks out the window. Other passengers stir.

The bus passes an airfield, tourist shops, rolls up to the Canyon's edge. A sign reads: WELCOME TO SKYWALK - THE BEST VIEW IN ARIZONA. Everyone gets out.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent drives, Andrea up front. Jason plays cards with Pop.

ANDREA
I miss Ray already.

BRENT
Yeah. He had a, I dunno, something about him...
JASON
A smell. Yeah, you know, we should've left old Pop there instead.
(beat)
Ha! Straight flush!

POP
Love to prove that, wouldn't you? Get your name in the National Geographic.

He winces, hold his belly. BELCHES and FARTS loudly.

ANDREA
You ok, Pop?

JASON
He ate too much. Disgusting to watch.

BRENT
Man, that brekkie was huge.
Those waffles, the bacon...

Pop holds a hand to his mouth. He tries to get to the toilet...no chance.

Vomit sprays out, deflects onto Jason.

JASON
Oh, christ! Pop, what...shit!

Pop continues to the toilet. The sound of RETCHING...

ANDREA
Oh, no! Sorry, Jason...here let me help you.

She climbs between the seats. Jason stands up, puke on his shirt. Andrea grabs a dishcloth, wipes the mess. Brent LAUGHS. Andrea can't help a GIGGLE either.

JASON
That's right, guys. It's hilarious, isn't it?

ANDREA
Get in the front. I'll finish cleaning.

Jason sits in the passenger seat, closes his eyes.

BRENT
Highway ninety three coming up.
Then it's straight to Vegas.
JASON
Thank christ. I've just about had enough of this trip.

BRENT
Aw, come on, bro'. It's been fun.

JASON
For some. What with listening to crap music, pursued by bad guys and deviants, nearly falling into the Grand Canyon, listening to this old coot fart and spout rubbish, being vomited on...man, I could go on.

BRENT
Look on the bright side. What else can happen?
(beat)
Hey, these guys might need a hand. I'm gonna stop.

The RV slows, pulls over. Jason's head starts to droop.

BRENT(O.S)
Hello there. Nice outfits...your van break down?

Jason opens his eyes, looks to his right. Four young MEN, identical to the 1965 Beatles, hover at the window.

Behind them, a dusty van lurches on a snapped axle. A sign on it reads: THE FABS - A BEATLE EXPERIENCE. Jason GROANS...

RINGO
Yer. We're playing in Vegas tonight, then.

PAUL
The van's shite. Any chance of a lift?

These guys have the full on accents and everything...

BRENT
Well, I...yeah, sure. I'm a huge Beatle fan, by the way.

GEORGE
Aye, so are we...me...ah, so am I. We won't be any bother.

JOHN
Don't listen to him. He's a swine.

POP
You're gonna need a bigger boat.
Later

Brent drives, John up front. In the back, the gang sit amidst guitars, drums, amps, all sorts of musical gear. Jason tries to rest in a corner.

Andrea
Wow, you guys are actually from Liverpool?

Paul
Aye, love. Born and bred. Came over here to try our luck. Done a few gigs.

Brent
Haven't you got a manager or roadies?

Paul
Our manager left us in Tucson. Got a better offer from a Stones tribute band.

Brent
Tucson, hey? Did you see Jo-Jo there?

He giggles. The Fabs look baffled.

Ringo
Sorry, man. You lost us there. (beat) So who's the old geezer, then?

Andrea
My grandfather.

Pop
We know all about you, Chief. You don't go in the water.

Ringo
I agree. I'm under-appreciated too.

Jason
Woo boy...we've hit road trip rock bottom.

John
Who's the whining one?

Brent
My brother. He's alright. Just hates the Beatles.
PAUL
Well, there's always one, isn't there?

GEORGE
You fellas from Australia, then?

BRENT
Yep. Our mum's American though.

RINGO
I've heard about killer roos down under.

JOHN
Aye. Eight feet tall, they say.

PAUL
Media hype. The usual. Lot of Australians in Australia.

GEORGE
Well, there's bound to be, isn't there?

JASON
Are we there yet?

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY
Ray sits on a bench, outside the Skywalk entrance. Tourists pass by. An OLD WOMAN pauses, takes off her straw hat, drops it in front of Ray. She puts a few coins in it. Smiles at him and continues.

Ray looks down at the hat, shrugs. He stands up, limps to the entrance.

EXT. SKYWALK PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS
Ray walks out onto the glass platform. The Canyon falls away underneath. For the moment, no one else is out there. Just Ray and the view. He flicks the bug over the edge.

There is a sound - a CREAKING noise. Ray frowns.

The CREAK becomes a huge CRUNCHING, as the glass platform tears away from the canyon side.

RAY
Aaaaarggg...shiiiiit....

The Skywalk breaks clear, plummets. Ray falls gently forward, lies face down. The bottom rushes towards him.
EXT. COLORADO RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Slick paddles steadily. He mutters to himself, occasionally howls at the sky. Suddenly, the bug bounces off his head, into the water. The light winks off.

SLICK
Damn tourists...littering...

A giant shadow falls over the dinghy. He looks up, raises his fists in defiance.

SLICK
(yells)
What more do you want from me?

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle speeds along the back road. Steakhouse monitors the phone. It starts making a loud BEEPING sound. The signal fades and is gone.

STEAKHOUSE
Dammit! We've lost them. No signal.

TAYLOR
The bug was damaged maybe?

STEAKHOUSE
No, I'm thinking one of them led us on a decoy...turfed the bug.

He sits, pondering...

STEAKHOUSE(CONT'D)
We'll head to Vegas ASAP. Try to catch their trail again.

REYNOLDS
You know, I got a buddy in Vegas PD. Might be able to swing us some help.

TAYLOR
If someone had written down that RV's plate number, we could have an APB out on them.

STEAKHOUSE
Yeah, well...

PEPITA
The licence number you mean?

Steakhouse looks at her.
STEAKHOUSE
You seen it?

PEPITA

TAYLOR
And the number?

PEPITA
NC3832. It was easy to remember. North Carolina...and thirty eight plus thirty two equals seventy. My grandmother's age. She is special.

REYNOLDS
Well, alright. I'll call my pal now. See what sort of greetin' party he can arrange.

EXT. SKYWALK PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS
Ray's face is pressed to the glass. Drool and other fluids spread outward. He sees the man below in the kayak, and smiles.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER - CONTINUOUS
Slick tries to paddle faster. Too late...he looks up again.

SLICK
Aaaaaargh........

The cries ECHO across the Canyon, up to the desert, over to Highway ninety three.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS
Brent sings along, as the Fabs play 'Nowhere Man'. They are very good...

LATER

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS
Reynolds drives through the outer suburbs of Las Vegas. The traffic is moderate.

   TAYLOR
   So, what's the plan?

   REYNOLDS
   We'll go see my buddy in North Vegas. He'll__
His mobile RINGS.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Hey, it's him...yo' Gabe! Yeah, just comin' in on ninety three.
(beat)
Yeah, straight to your station...sorry, you what?
(beat)
Hot damn! A chopper? That's great.
(beat)
And they'll call in if they spot 'em...man, I owe you one.
(beat)
Sure will...see ya.

STEAKHOUSE
Sounds like we got 'em wrapped up already.

REYNOLDS
Oh, yes. Gabe got his station chief to put out an APB. But he kept it low key, so them boys don't get scared off. Any patrol car or cop on the beat sees 'em? Gabe'll hear of it first.

PEPITA
Very efficient, Senor Reynolds.

TAYLOR
I'll say. That's my boy.

REYNOLDS
Aw, it weren't nothing.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The van cruises into Vegas from the south. Andrea consults the map.

BRENT
Dad's office is on Flamingo road. Right amongst the casinos. Damn...his phone is off.

PAUL
You guys in trouble, then?

JASON
Yes, we're guilty of continually picking up weirdos.

GEORGE
Got an attitude problem, don't he?
RINGO
All part of being an Aussie.

ANDREA
The exit is the next left.

POP
Martin, my kids were on that beach too.

JOHN
Have you thought about trading him in?

JASON
Aye. Many a time.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds parks the cruiser out the front. North Las Vegas PD is a three storey building. A tall thin cop, GABE(35), comes down the steps, as they get out.

GABE
Mikey! You ol' dirt ball.

REYNOLDS
Hey, Gabe. Good to see ya. Man, really appreciate your help with this. Delicate situation.

Gabe checks out the others. Winks at Taylor and Pepita.

GABE
Well, us KC boys gotta stick together. How's life in Canyon town?

REYNOLDS
You know...not much happening. I miss back home.

GABE
Yeah. I thought this town sucked goat's nips at first. But I'm gettin' to like it.

STEAKHOUSE
Ah, can we get things going?

REYNOLDS
Yes, sorry...Gabe, these are the people I told you about. He lowers his voice.

REYNOLDS(CONT'D)
The special mission...
GABE
Understood!

REYNOLDS
This is Mr. Steakhouse. The lovely blonde, who I'm currently involved with, is Taylor. Our Mexican friend is Pepita.

GABE
It's a pleasure, one and all. Now, if you'll step inside, we'll make our way up to the roof.

He lets Steakhouse, Taylor and Pepita go past him. They go up the steps, disappear.

GABE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Damn, Mikey. That Taylor is a piece! How'd you score her? She got a sister? You hit the jackpot, buddy.

REYNOLDS
Oh, yeah. And I didn't need to put any money in the slots.

They both laugh, head inside.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The pilot, COOP (27), solid, crewcut, waits in the police helicopter. The four walk to the heli-pad. Las Vegas stretches out around them.

GABE
Hey, Coop. Can you look after these folks?

COOP
Sure thing. Heading off on patrol now.

GABE
We'll be in touch. Keep an eye on the monitors. You'll have to move fast if the RV is spotted.

COOP
I'll be there! Hop in, guys.

Gabe waves, goes back across the roof. The others squeeze into the chopper. Coop winks at Pepita, gives Taylor a frown. He shrugs, starts the rotor blades.
REYNOLDS
I ain't ever been up in one of these birds.

STEAKHOUSE
Me neither.

TAYLOR
Relax. It's just like a roller coaster.

Coop is on the two way.

COOP
Yeah, thirty six in. Taking off now. Copy?

CONTROLLER(O.S)
Copy that, thirty six. We'll wait a moment...ok, we got a situation out at Hoover Dam. You're the closest bird. Can you check it out? Possible injured.

COOP
Affirmative, Control. Update me on the way in.

He looks around.

COOP(CONT'D)
Sorry, but two of you have to stay here. Might need to airlift.

STEAKHOUSE
I...sure. Peppy, you and me'll take the patrol car. See what's going on at ground level.

REYNOLDS
Sweet! It's you and me, Taylor honey. Romantic flight over the Strip.

Coop gives them a strange look.

TAYLOR
Wonderful!

Steakhouse and Pepita climb out. They watch as the chopper takes off.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The van is a couple of blocks from the Strip. Tourists pack the sidewalk, ogling the attractions.
BRENT
Seems to be a lot of cops about.

JASON
Might be a convention.

BRENT
I don't like it. Feels like we're being watched. Here, you try Dad.

Jason punches in a number. It's answered.

JASON(CONT'D)
Hello, Dad? Yeah, it's Jase...
(beat)
Yeah, we're in Vegas. Not far from your office.
(beat)
The trip? Well, interesting doesn't cover half of it.
(beat)
Me neither...ok, I'll call when we're there. See ya.

BRENT
I'll feel a lot better when us, and the gems, are safe in his office.

JASON
I'm looking forward to a foot massage, a few hours of blackjack, and a pretty barmaid.

RINGO
Aren't we all...

GEORGE
If only life were that simple.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The RV passes a patrol car outside a burger joint. One officer chows down, the other watches the van roll by.

He frowns, checks his notebook. He snaps to attention, grabs the two way.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Coop works the controls. Reynolds and Taylor hold hands, marvel at the view. The Hoover Dam comes up on their left. Then, they are over it...

COOP
Far side is our destination.
REYNOLDS
Still can't believe it.
Floating all that way? On a
glass platform? Man...

TAYLOR
Ooh, I think it would be so romantic. We should try it one
day, honey.

Coop silently dry retches...

COOP
Ok...we're going down.

The chopper descends to the eastern shore of the dam. A group of people are on a small jetty, an ambulance and police cars nearby. The glass platform wallows in the water, tied to the jetty.

MEDIC 1 runs over to the chopper. He's a young black guy.

MEDIC 1
Hey, man. Thanks for dropping by!

COOP
No prob. Whaddya got?

MEDIC 1
Ok, two guys were found on the glass. One's unconscious. Has been for a day. The local hospital's expecting him.

COOP
I'll make room for a stretcher.

He slides the seats back as Taylor and Reynolds watch.

REYNOLDS
Wow, it's all happening.

TAYLOR
Sure is.

The medic returns, sharing the stretcher with another ambulance man. They gently push it into the chopper. Coop secures it to the floor.

The medic gets in, attaches an IV drip to the patient... Slick. Reynolds and Taylor are kissing, so don't notice him.

COOP
All set? We're off then.
EXT. JETTY - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits, eating a sandwich. The medics hover around him. Onlookers take photos.

       MEDIC 2
       Sir, I really think you go to
       the hospital. Just for an
       examination. You've been
       through a lot.

Ray grins at him. Lifts a cheek and FARTS.

       MEDIC 3
       He isn't in pain, man. If he
       doesn't wanna go...

       MEDIC 2
       Yeah, but look at him. I mean,
       damn...

       MEDIC 3
       Probably from Ohio. I've heard
       the gene pool there is muddied.

       MEDIC 2
       Hey, my wife is from Cleveland.

       MEDIC 3
       Exactly...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick stirs, blinks. The chopper is halfway across the dam. He sits up.

       MEDIC 1
       Whoa there, buddy. Take it easy.
       You've had a rough time on the
       river.

       SLICK
       I...where are we?

       COOP
       Hoover Dam. Taking you to Vegas.
       A nice hospital bed.

       SLICK
       Vegas? I finally made it.

Taylor breaks the kiss, frowns. That voice sounds familiar...

The radio CRACKLES.
CONTROLLER (O.S)
All units, suspect RV has been sighted, heading inbound on Flamingo Road. Follow but do not make contact...I repeat, do NOT make contact. Keep under surveillance pending further orders. Out.

REYNOLDS
Alright! Looks like we got 'em.

Slick smiles. Takes a sip of water. Taylor leans forward, gets a full view of him. He sees her too, grins.

TAYLOR
(whispers)
Hey, I know that guy.

SLICK
Say...this is a nice chopper.

EXT - LAS VEGAS STREETS - CONTINUOUS
The RV continues into the Strip. Dozens of police cars converge and follow.

BRENT (O.S)
Ok, now I'm worried.

JASON (O.S)
Maybe you're reading too much into this?

PAUL (O.S)
Maybe they heard we're in town?

ANDREA (O.S)
This doesn't look good.

POP (O.S)
Hooks and lines...what's the use?

EXT. HOOVER DAM - CONTINUOUS
The chopper spins in erratic circles. Coop and the medic fall out, limbs flailing. They splash into the water. The chopper gradually straightens, heads towards Las Vegas.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS
Slick is at the controls, whistling, eyes bulging. Reynolds and Taylor stare in shock at him, then out at the water. They see Coop and the medic swim towards land.
REYNOLDS
What the hell? You're crazy!
You just kung fu'ed the pilot out. Who's gonna fly this thing?

SLICK
Why... I am! Oh, and it was karate I used, not kung fu.
Completely different philosophies.

TAYLOR
Mikey, he's a criminal! He was in the truck that went into the Canyon. He and his idiot friends tied me up.

REYNOLDS
Tied you up?

TAYLOR
Yes. In Sedona. Stole my Firebird and trashed it.

SLICK
Ah, that baby really went. Until it went over the cliff...

He laughs. Reynolds moves out of his seat, but Slick turns.

SLICK(CONT'D)
Uh-uh, Officer. You don't wanna try anything. We'll all go in the drink.

REYNOLDS
You bastard! What do you want, anyway? Why are you chasing the guys in the RV? They're highly dangerous.

SLICK
So your GIRLFRIEND hasn't told you about the gems?

REYNOLDS
Gems?

TAYLOR
Don't listen to him. He's lying.

SLICK
I never lie. It's against my beliefs. There's three million in jewels, riding in that RV. That's what your little piece of skirt is after, same as me. Nothing else.
REYNOLDS
Taylor? Tell me the truth, honey. You been tellin' fibbies to ol' Mikey?

TAYLOR
I...yes...I'm sorry, baby. But I truly love you. That's no act. We needed a lift to Vegas, is all. Can you ever forgive me?

REYNOLDS
Well, I dunno...back home in Missouri? Lying is a grave sin.

TAYLOR
(clears throat)
It WAS three million dollars...

REYNOLDS
I guess I can forgive anything then.

SLICK
Ok! Officer, direct me to this RV, if you please.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steakhouse races through the streets. Pepita urges him on. The police radio SPOUTS excited call-ins.

STEAKHOUSE
Damn. Every cop in town is following them. We won't have a chance to get near the money.

PEPITA
We'll have to...wait, there it is!

Brent's RV pulls up at an intersection on their right. Steakhouse slows down. The lights change, the RV moves forward. Now Steakhouse faces a red.

STEAKHOUSE
Come on...

PEPITA
It's ok. There's no cops behind them yet.

STEAKHOUSE
I know, I'm just...aah.

The lights turn green. Steakhouse swings left. The RV is only a few car lengths ahead. The famous Strip casinos loom around them.
INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The furnishings are smart, the windows overlooking the Strip, a deep tint. ADAM Vale(50), a trim, blonde man with a goatee, answers his mobile.

ADAM
Yes, Jason? You're here? Good.
(beat)
Out the window?

He strides over, looks out.

ADAM(CONT'D)
(waves)
I see you. Is everything alright? You sound...
(beat)
Followed? By who?

He looks up the street to his right.

ADAM(CONT'D)
I...jesus...ALL of them?

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jason looks up at his father's window, nods slowly. The law firm is housed in an imposing office block. The others are all out of the van.

Police cars block the street fifty yards each way. Jason ends the call.

JASON
He'll down in a minute.

BRENT
This will be fun.

Loudhailer STATIC...a police officer addresses them. It is Gabe, Reynolds's buddy.

GABE
Do not make any sudden movement!
You are surrounded! Lay down your weapons and lie on the pavement.

John and Ringo LAUGH.

PAUL
Weapons?

GEORGE
He means Ringo's nose.
RINGO
Here, watch it, you.

BRENT
(loud)
We don't have any weapons. This is all a big mistake. We're tourists, here to visit my father. He's an attorney, this is his office.

Gabe hesitates, some of the cops shrug at each other. Adam emerges from the building, walks over to his sons.

ADAM
Brent, Jason? What the hell is going on here?

JASON
Dad, it's a long story. But we haven't done anything wrong. Not even a speeding ticket.

ADAM
I believe you. But something...

John shakes his hand.

JOHN
Ah, Mr. Vale. So pleased to meet you at last.

ADAM
Sorry? Why are you__

JOHN
The names' Lennon... John Winston Lennon. Named after the famous prime minister, John Churchill.

BRENT
Not now, please.

ADAM
So why are all these police here?

JASON
There's a briefcase in our van. Contains stolen gems. Three mill's worth.

ADAM
Gems? Let me see them...

The loudhailer SQUAWKS.
GABE
Ah, sir. I think you should step away from these people. We have our orders.

ADAM
Rubbish! These are my sons. They're here to help me celebrate my fiftieth birthday. Someone's set them up. They're no more a criminal than I am.

He and Brent disappear into the RV. Gabe frowns, doesn't quite know what to do. A few of the COPS relax, lean against their vehicles.

COP 1
Wow, that guy is looking good for fifty.

COP 2
Well, he is an attorney. Probably gets free facelifts.

COP 3
Those guys look just like the Beatles? What d'ya think?

COP 4
(shrugs)
Yeah, I suppose.
(beat)
Still reckon the White Album woulda been better as a single album...

Adam and Brent climb out of the van, with the briefcase. Both are smiling.

JASON
What's up?

BRENT
You'll see.

Adam walks towards the police barrier. The SOUND of a chopper is heard in the distance. Gabe comes out to meet Adam.

ADAM
Officer, it's ok. You can stand your men down.

GABE
Well, most of them are taking it easy already.
ADAM
This briefcase contains gems stolen in Phoenix last week. It was part of a special operation to catch Lucas Bradshaw.

GABE
Damn! We been trying to nail that guy for months.

ADAM
Yeah...tough cookie to prosecute. Covers all his bases well.

GABE
But can you connect him to these? His men aren't around.

The ROARING of an engine gets louder. Everyone looks up to see the police chopper.

GABE(CONT'D)
Hey, that's Coop and Mikey.

The four cops are now playing cards, on the bonnet of a cruiser. A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY picks his way through the cordon.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY
Um, three Hawaiians and a Pepperoni?

COP 1
Yeah, man. Over here.

The chopper drops sharply. It lurches towards the ground. Gabe and Adam dive for cover. The briefcase slides across the concrete.

GABE
What the hell is Coop doing? (beat) Wait a moment...that ain't him.

The chopper hovers feet from the ground. Slick leans right out, snags the briefcase. His face is that of a mad clown.

BRENT
That's the guy from the truck! But he should be...

ANDREA
What is he made of?
INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick pops back into his seat. He works the controls, the chopper rises. He looks around at Reynolds and Taylor.

SLICK
Time for you folks to get out.

REYNOLDS
I'm taking that briefcase with me. Come on, honey!

He lunges at Slick, Taylor behind him. Slick grins, whips the stick to the left. The chopper tips...Reynolds and Taylor tumble out easily.

SLICK
See ya later.

He straightens up, hits the throttle. The chopper speeds off.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Gabe stand up. The others run over to them.

ADAM
Shit! Who was that guy?

BRENT
Must be one of that Bradshaw's hoods. Been chasing us all the way from Phoenix.

JASON
Christ, how did he survive going over in the truck?

Suddenly, Gabe looks up. Taylor lands in his arms.

TAYLOR
Oh...why, thank you!

GABE
Hey, little lady. Where's that Mikey?

Reynolds lands on the cruiser bonnet. Cards and pizza scatter.

COP 3
Damn it! I had a full house.

REYNOLDS
Uh, sorry boys.

COP 4
It's ok. This pizza is crap anyway.
The SOUND of a motorcycle engine...Steakhouse and Pepita get on a police bike parked nearby.

PEPITA
We're going after the chopper?

STEAKHOUSE
Yep. I ain't letting him get away that easily. Besides, I owe him.

They race off, zipping through the police cars. The chopper is a faint speck, heading north.

RINGO
Any ideas, lads?

PAUL
How about a song?

JOHN
We could all give chase in the RV.

JASON
Sounds good. Let's go!!

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The back garden is lush and expansive, the swimming pool huge. LUCAS BRADSHAW(40) a portly, balding man, sits an outdoor table. He works on a laptop. His phones RINGS - he frowns at the number.

LUCAS
Hello? Yes, it is. (beat) You got the gems back...good. (beat) Well, disperse them through the usual channels...what? You're in Vegas?

The SOUND of a helicopter...

LUCAS(CONT'D)
No, you fool! Don't bring it here!

He looks up at the sky, sees a police chopper. Sees who's in it...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Slick holds the chopper over the pool. Plants get blasted,

SLICK
Too late, Lucas. I'm here.
EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A BODYGUARD comes outside. Lucas still watches the chopper.

BODYGUARD
Sir, security cameras show a number of police vehicles at the front.

LUCAS
Jesus, what? How many?

BODYGUARD
Ah, lots.

EXT. FRONT GATES - CONTINUOUS

The street outside the mansion is packed with police cars. The officers gather at the gates.

GABE
Ok, men, listen up. There isn't time for any strategy. We'll head straight in and arrest Bradshaw.

COP 1
That fool in the chopper has led us right to him.

COP 2
Um how do we get in?

COP 3
Yeah. Those gates look pretty strong.

COP 4
Any ideas?

A ROARING engine...the RV appears at the end of the street. It gathers speed, hurtles towards the gate.

GABE
Outta the way, boys.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Ringo drives, yipping and yahooring. The others hang on for dear life.

BRENT
Surely we can just hop out and climb the fence?

JOHN
That would be too easy.
ADAM
This IS Vegas. Extremes served with everything.

RINGO
Hold on, lads!

POP
What are ya? Some kind of half-assed astronaut?

The RV SMASHES into the gates...

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of the impact reverberates across the back yard. The chopper lands on the grass.

SLICK
(yells)
Lucas, quick! I've called the airfield. Your jet is fueled and ready to go.

LUCAS
I...jesus, Slick...I can't just leave all this.

The first wave of police appear in the house. More come down the sides. A motorcycle REVS, as Steakhouse and Taylor fly over the fence. They lose control, the bike slide off onto the grass.

SLICK
You'll have to now. Come on!

Lucas nods, rubs to the chopper. The bodyguard follows. The WHIRR of another copter is close. The police and Brent's gang swarm out near the pool.

JASON
Shit, they're getting away.

GABE
Fire at will, men. Bring 'em down.

COP 2
Um sir? We don't have any guns.

GABE
What, none of you?

COP 3
Nope. Budget cuts.
GABE
Oh...well, it looks like they're going to escape at the last minute.

PAUL
What's that second chopper doing?

ANDREA
I don't know. But it's awfully close to the other one.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS
Lucas falls into his seat. The bodyguard squeezes in behind.
Slick grins, guns the motor, lifts off. He LAUGHS maniacally.

SLICK
And we're away...

A shadow falls over them. The bodyguard scans the sky.

LUCAS
Shit...who the...?

BODYGUARD
It's another chopper, Mr.Bradshaw. News crew.

SLICK
They can't stop us now!

BODYGUARD
They're getting close. There's a guy hanging out the side.

EXT. NEWS CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS
Ray leans from the open door, gazing at Slick's chopper. He signs 'lower' to the pilot.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS
Slick stares wildly at the approaching chopper.

BODYGUARD
Hey, I know that guy! It's Ray...one of your men, Mr.Bradshaw.

LUCAS
Huh? Ray? I thought he stole the gems in the first place.

SLICK
Can't be him...he's long gone in the desert.
BODYGUARD
No, it's definitely him. I used to hang out a bit with him. Lovely guy. His mom's a great cook...

LUCAS
Shut up! Slick, get us out of here!!

Slick grins, works the controls.

BODYGUARD (O.S)
Hey, he's jumping...

THWACK!! Ray lies sprawled across the glass, right in front of their eyes. He's dusty, covered in drool and pus. Cracks appear. Sections cave in.

Ray pokes his head through, as he clings to the frame.

RAY
Aaaar...stooooopp...!

BODYGUARD
Hello, Ray. How you been? your mom still make that delicious meatloaf?

LUCAS
Jesus, get this lunatic off...

SLICK
Done! Too late, Ray, my man...

The chopper rises. Ray slides in, onto the controls. The stick breaks off in Slick's hands!

RAY
Oops.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches as the stricken chopper tumbles into the pool. The blades churn up a massive wave, soaking the crowd. The chopper submerges, as giant bubbles form.

RINGO
Expensive way to water the lawn...

Two shapes break the surface; Ray and the bodyguard.

JASON
Hey! That's Ray!

Sure enough, it's him. He waves to the crowd.
ADAM
Where's Bradshaw and his crony?

Lucas surfaces, gasps for breath. He paddles to the side. The police descend on him. John pushes his way through.

JOHN
Excuse me...thanks. Right, I've always wanted to say this...

LUCAS
Who the hell are you? Why are there some many weirdos here?

JOHN
You're bloody well nicked, mate. Ok, lads...book him.

LUCAS
Ha! Fools! You've got nothing on me. Mr.D.A...where's your evidence?

GABE
Shit, he could be right.

ADAM
I don't think so. Mr.Bradshaw, that briefcase contains a hi-tech video camera. Every thing that has happened since it was stolen has been documented.

Ray limps out of the pool. The gang highfive him. The cops just stare.

PAUL
So where's the briefcase now, then?

Everyone pauses, looks around.

ANDREA
Is it still in the pool?

Suddenly, Slick powers out from the wreckage, at the far end of the pool. He wades out, carrying the briefcase. He spots the police bike.

GABE
Shit. He's gonna get away again.

Slick runs to the bike, heaves it upright. Jumps on, fires it up. He looks to the end of the garden. A landscaped grassy hill looms near the back fence. Slick grins at the mass of people running towards him.
SLICK
So long, suckers.

He REVS the 'cycle. The hulking shape of Steakhouse appears. He grabs Slick, drags him off the bike. It ROARS off by itself, crashes into a tree. The briefcase skitters on the grass.

STEAKHOUSE
Been waiting awhile for this.

Slick gets into his karate stance. He kicks and chops, but he's tired, too far gone.

Steakhouse dodges easily, lays an uppercut on him. Slick staggers back into the pool. Three policemen jump in, subdue him.

SLICK
I need a new career. Maybe as a stuntman...

EXT. FRONT GATES - CONTINUOUS

Slick and Lucas are herded into cruisers. The bodyguard follows, chatting amiably to Ray.

BODYGUARD
...so if your mom can email me those recipes...fantastic.

He gets in a police car. Brent and the crew watch them drive off.

ADAM
Good job, everybody. That's put a dent in the Vegas crime rate.

BRENT
I tell you...it was a weird feeling, having three mill in my hands.

GABE
There'll be a reward. You guys can claim the bulk of it.

JASON
I wanna know how Ray popped up from nowhere.

JOHN
Yeah, who is this guy? Looks like one of Ringo's missing link relatives.

RAY
Haaaaaarr...Beatlessss...
GEORGE
Looks like a devoted fan to me.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Brent drives, cruising back to the Strip. The others sit around the table, as Ray gestures and makes noises. Finally...

ANDREA
From what I can gather, Ray fell into the Colorado River on the Skywalk platform, somehow picked up that awful Slick man, and floated to the Hoover. The news chopper saw him, he heard the police call over the radio and got the chopper to follow. And, well, the rest is history!

JASON
Unbelievable...you couldn't make shit like that up.

JOHN
Would make a great movie, hey, chaps?

PAUL
What's the plan now?

ADAM
My fiftieth party tonight. You're all invited.

JASON
I dunno, Dad. It's been hectic for us. We're all tired. Could be a quiet night.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jason WHOOPS, sculls a yard glass. The gang are gathered around tables pushed together. The bar is tidy, with atmosphere. A stage at one end.

A sign reads: TONIGHT - THE FABS. Patrons on the dance floor move to classic rock hits.

A giant birthday cake takes centre place on the tables. Adam sits next to his wife, LAUREN(49).

BRENT
...and, Mom, you wouldn't believe the whole story.
LAUREN
I'm sure I wouldn't. Oh I can't
wait to hear your friends play.
I love the Beatles.

Pop comes off the dance floor. He's wearing the coolest
gear, escorting a couple of honeys. The Fab appear from
backstage, laughing and mucking about.

JOHN
Welcome to our brilliant show!

PAUL
'Ere, we aren't that good...are
we?

RINGO
Course we are. Well, I am.

GEORGE
Any requests, folks?

JASON
Yeah...don't play at all.

Matt, the mechanic from Rock Springs walks past. He's
accompanied by the real MATT DAMON, who wanders off to
chat up women.

BRENT
Hey, Matt?

Matt looks around, grins. He strolls over. Women get
excited, men whisper. The true Matt stops to sign autographs.

MATT
Hey, the Aussie guys. I been
hearing about your exploits.
You're heroes.

BRENT
Well, you know...hey, isn't
that the real Matt Damon?
What's going on?

MATT
Well, the same day you fueled
up, Matt's manager came through.
He saw me, offered me a job as
Matt's stand-in!

JASON
Wow, that's fantastic. What are
you doing in Vegas?
MATT
Matt's shooting a new film
here...actually, several at
once. The fifth, sixth and
seventh 'Bourne' ones.
(beat)
Watch this...

Matt walks up to a BOUNCER.

MATT
Excuse me.

BOUNCER
Yes...ah, Mr.Damon? Anything I
can help you with?

MATT
Yeah, there is. See that guy
over there, who resembles me?
Well, he's a stalker, an A-1
nutcase. Pretends he's me all
the time.

BOUNCER
What an arsehole! Would you
like me to throw him out, sir?

MATT
That would be wonderful.

He passes the bouncer a fifty.

BOUNCER
Oh, no, sir. This one's on me!

He marches over to Matt Damon, grips him in a headlock.
The gang all watch.

JASON
Ha! That's hilarious!

MATT
Yep. Fourth time this week I've
done it to him. Anyway, I
better go. See ya!

INT. BAR - LATER

The crowd awaits the Fabs. Around the tables, the gang
drink, cheer, sing. Taylor and Reynolds kiss. Steakhouse
downs a beer.

JASON
So, Mr.ex F.B.I agent...you're
the Fab's new roadie?
STEAKHOUSE
Yessir. I realised my pursuit of the money was a grave error. I'm determined to prove my worth again.

JASON
Well, there was no harm done. My Dad said you didn't break any laws. And your truck was stolen...I would probably have done the same.

STEAKHOUSE
I'm ready for a new life with my little Peppy here.

BRENT
Yeah, that's awesome. Managing the Fabs...

PEPITA
I have a few contacts in the music business.

ANDREA
I'll bet.

Jason and Brent look at each other, nod.

JASON
Ah, Andie? Me and Brent need to ask you something.

ANDREA
Yes?

BRENT
Yeah, well, you know that...my bro and I kind of like you...

ANDREA
Oh, boys...of course I do. And I really like both of you.

BRENT
Well, then...we were wondering if you could, um...

JASON
...if you could make a decision about which of us...

ANDREA
Well, that's only fair, isn't it? I have already made a decision, a choice if you like...
Everyone except Taylor and Reynolds hold their breath; they continue the kiss.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
...and I choose...Ray!

Silence around the table. Jason and Brent exchange vague looks. Then, Jason shrugs, holds up a beer.

JASON
A toast...to Andie and Ray!!

CHEERS all around.

BRENT
Um, where is Ray?

No one knows. Everyone looks around, but he ain't to be seen.

Pop sits next to Taylor and Reynolds, watches them. The kiss finally ends.

REYNOLDS
Oh, honey, I can't wait any longer. It's time we were super close to each other.

TAYLOR
Oh, yes, Mikey, yes...

They start to grope under the table. Up on the stage, the Fabs appear. The lights dim. They plug in, ready their instruments.

JOHN
Good evening, ladies and genitals. We're the Fabs. We loaned a few songs to some band called the Beatles.

PAUL
Now we're gettin' them back.

GEORGE
We wanna thank our friends over there for the lift. Cheers all.

RINGO
Can we do a Stones song?

JOHN/PAUL/GEORGE
SHUT UP!!

John walks to his amp, checks the switches. There's a flurry of movement, he disappears.
Ray, dressed exactly the same, Beatle wig and all, Rickenbacker around his neck, smoothly takes his place. No one seems to notice...

Suddenly, Reynolds YELLS in surprise. His hand freezes under the table.

TAYLOR
Anything wrong, darling?

REYNOLDS
OH...MY...GOD...

POP
Smile, you son of a__

CHAAANG!! The famous opening chord of 'A Hard Day's Night' rings out. The Fabs launch into their set, as the spotlights hit.

Ray stands at the mike, in all his glory, singing perfectly...

'It's been a hard day's night, and I've been workin', like a dog...'

FADE OUT