

RUDOLPH

written by

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**RUDOLPH**

OPEN ON:

EXT. OPEN PATH LEADING TO FOREST - NIGHT.

A bleak, frigid, hazy winter frontier in Northern Minnesota.

The snow floats heavy from the sky. So much that one can barely see a thing. Like fog mixed in with a controlled blizzard.

A faint revving engine echoes in the distance. A snowmobile ripping through the woods?

A RED LIGHT cuts through the snow-blind.

As we slowly pan backward from the forest, we see the Red Light is coming from a SNOWMOBILE.

A BODY can be seen lying motionless adjacent to the Snowmobile.

Slow, methodical footsteps can be heard trudging through the snow.

A DETECTIVE appears as he marches through the snow path blazed out by the Snowmobile. He is brandishing his service weapon.

The wind is howling, whistling with each gust.

He carefully, tactically tiptoes through the snow drifts.

The Detective is about to approach the body as we...

BLAST TO DARKNESS.

OPENING TITLE: RUDOLPH

TRANSITION FROM BLACK:

INT. OFFICES - DAY.

A YOUNG MAN is hunched over a desk in a cubicle facing a computer screen. He is wearing a Bluetooth headset.

The Young Man chatting indistinctly on the phone is MICHAEL FLORENCE (24). He is tall, has brown hair and eyes, and is athletically built.

Michael places his face in his hands. He cannot stand this job.

An aggressive, angry voice in his earpiece can be faintly heard.

MICHAEL

Sir, please-- just-- can you--

He mutes his microphone briefly as he groans.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ugh--

He shakes his head, runs his hand through his hair, places his elbows on the desk and presses his hands against his forehead.

The person on the other line can be heard raising his voice at Michael through his earpiece.

TRANSITION TO:

RENT BILL FACE: RENT: \$1,500. ELECTRIC: \$264.63 WATER:  
\$174.85 TAXES: \$386.45.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael holds this bill in his hands, ready to shred it to pieces.

MICHAEL

This is fucking insane! I can't pay  
this!

Michael's friend and roommate, DALTON EDWARDS (24), lies on the couch staring on in amusement. He is of average height, pale skinned, freckled, dark hair, and dark eyes.

DALTON

Welcome to adulting, Michael.

Michael throws his arms up in disgust.

MICHAEL

It's absurd. I refuse to pay any of  
this shit.

Dalton rolls his eyes and stares at the ceiling.

DALTON

The game of life is expensive, my  
man. You gotta pay to play.

Michael scoffs.

MICHAEL  
No one can live on this shit pay.

Dalton huffs.

DALTON  
Have you considered moving back in  
with your parents?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
An impossibility.

Dalton shrugs.

DALTON  
Just a suggestion.

Michael looks back down at the bill.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Ever thought about selling that--

Michael's head snaps to him.

MICHAEL  
Never.

Dalton raises his hands, as if Michael has a gun pointed on him.

DALTON  
Didn't even let me finish.

Michael looks back to the bill, scanning it up and down again.

MICHAEL  
Didn't need to.

DALTON  
I know you love that thing, but  
it's--

MICHAEL  
Not happening.

Dalton rolls his eyes and shakes his head. Staring back up at the ceiling now.

DALTON  
What about becoming a male  
stripper?

Michael glares to him.

MICHAEL  
As opposed to, what, a female  
stripper?

Dalton smiles and lightly laughs.

DALTON  
Psh. I would never assume your  
gender.

Michael's glare is even harder now, narrower.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Ever sucked dick for cocaine?

Michael is flabbergasted.

MICHAEL  
What the hell kinda upbringing did  
you have?

Dalton's glance unwavering. He's not kidding.

DALTON  
I'm serious!

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
No, of course not. And why coke?  
Why not just suck dick for money?

Dalton sits up on the couch.

DALTON  
I'm glad you asked.

Michael scoffs and shakes his head. A face-palm ensues.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Coke is worth its weight in gold.  
Money is not anymore.

Michael's face is contorted in confusion.

MICHAEL  
I need money, not coke.

Dalton wears a shit-eating grin.

DALTON  
You can sell coke for more money.

MICHAEL  
(shaking his head)  
Doesn't matter. I won't do it.  
Can't suck any dicks.

Dalton shrugs.

DALTON  
Just wondering how far you'd be  
willing to go to solve your  
financial troubles.

Michael gives him an incredulous look.

MICHAEL  
Sometimes I really wonder about  
you.

Dalton spreads his wings, almost proudly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Besides, I don't want the AIDS. So,  
no, I wouldn't go that far.

Dalton is confused.

DALTON  
That's what's stopping you? Fear of  
contracting AIDS? Not your own  
sexual preferences?

Michael shrugs and gives hand gestures weighing them out.

MICHAEL  
A mixture of both.

Dalton points to him.

DALTON  
But you said AIDS first. You being  
hetero is only secondary?

Michael is annoyed.

MICHAEL  
What's it matter to you anyway?  
AIDS, favoring the female physique,  
either way I wouldn't do it. Who  
cares?

Dalton stretches his arms out, palms up, and digs his chin  
into his chest and lifts his shoulders.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'd rather be gay than have AIDS.

DALTON  
I've never known there was a  
difference.

Michael's face scrunches as he glares to Dalton.

MICHAEL  
That's homophobic.

Dalton looks as if he needs no explanation.

DALTON  
Homophobic? Just ask Freddie  
Mercury! It happens, man.

Michael looks as if nothing can save Dalton now.

MICHAEL  
Freddie Mercury is gonna shank your  
ass from the grave, my friend.

Dalton face says, "no problem" as he shoos Michael away.

DALTON  
I'd like to see his AIDS riddled  
zombie ass try.

Michael rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael sits at his desk in front of his computer.

He browses a STUDENT LOAN WEBSITE.

After furious clicking, he sees it.

COMPUTER FACE: \$563.74 OVERDUE. TOTAL OUTSTANDING BALANCE:  
\$35,742.38.

Michael pounds his elbows on the table and rubs his face.

He covers his eyes and groans.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael continues to mope at his kitchen table.

Dalton is in his usual perch.

They both share in a moment of silence together.

Dalton finally lifts his head to face Michael.

DALTON

We should search the wilderness for boxes of money.

Michael shakes his head with his face still in his palms.

MICHAEL

You know, this isn't *Fargo* where we can just find a briefcase full of money and all my problems will be solved.

Dalton has a revelation.

DALTON

You're right, maybe we should just go looking for briefcases full of money. What I said was just ludicrous.

Michael now full-on just rests his head in his arms on the table.

MICHAEL

(muffled)

I just wanna be happy again.

Dalton looks up from the couch at him again.

DALTON

You know the age old saying, money isn't everything. It won't buy you happiness.

MICHAEL

(muffled)

Anyone who said that has never been in my position.

Dalton shrugs.

DALTON

I'm just saying no amount of money will ever make you happy. You have to find out what will on your own terms.

Michael lazily raises his head.



MICHAEL

Well, it sure has a way of holding me down.

DALTON

You can't let it. You have to fight back.

Michael looks to Dalton confused.

He just had a revelation of his own.

MICHAEL

I don't get it. I have a job. I make far more than you. How on Earth do you make it?

Dalton half smiles to him.

DALTON

Drugs, man. I told you.

Michael gives him an, "oh, come on" look.

MICHAEL

Be real with me. How do you do it?

Dalton looks at him intently.

Michael returns the glance.

DALTON

You let the man get you down. I find other ways.

Michael looks on with intrigue.

EXT. SNOW CAP MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A dark, pale, stark cold night. Trees are scattered about a snow covered steep hill.

A distant motor is heard ripping through the hollow night.

A snowmobile zooms past led by a blood red light.

Michael seamlessly weaves through the trees.

MICHAEL POV: WHITE BLURS FLANK EITHER SIDE.

Michael cutting and dodging through trees effortlessly.

The trees roar past and fade in the rear-view.

END MICHAEL POV.

Michael reaches the bottom of the hill, but he does not slow down.

He slides to the right, drifting in front of a group of trees.

Michael blazes out of the turn.

The red headlight cuts through the night.

Michael grits his teeth, almost smiling.

He weaves in and out of trees until he reaches an opening.

EXT. OPEN SNOW FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Michael coasts out from the trees and towards the wide open space.

Civilization can be faintly seen over the horizon.

A bend in the road can be seen at the end of the opening.

Michael rides toward the road, glides to a stop.

He rises from his seat, lifts his helmet, and takes in the distant glow of light through the haze of light snow.

Taking in the sight, he lets out a visible breath.

INT. OFFICES - MORNING

Michael reclines in his chair, his posture mopey.

He is not ready to take on the day, dreading what he knows is coming.

Michael stares blankly at his computer screen.

Suddenly, his MANAGER appears seemingly from nowhere.

MANAGER  
Mike-- uh, Michael?

Michael sits straight up and snaps to face him.

MICHAEL

Yes?

MANAGER

Can I talk to you for a minute?

Michael looks around at his desk.

MICHAEL

Uh, sure. Yeah.

Manager fakes a smile.

MANAGER

Great, thanks.

He taps the divider at his cubicle and struts off.

Michael's faux smile quickly fades. He looks empty.

INT. OFFICES - MANAGER'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Manager leans forward in his chair, elbows on his knees, hands folded.

Michael sits stiff across from him.

MANAGER

Michael, I gotta be straight with you.

Manager flips his hands up and cocks his head to the side.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

This-- whatever it is you're bringing with you from home, we can't have it.

Michael tries to begin.

MICHAEL

Look, I know, I--

MANAGER

I cannot stress to you enough. You need to leave your personal problems at home.

Michael lets out a soft sigh. Breathes through his nose.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

It's not fair to our customers.  
It's not fair to the company. Me.  
Or you.

Michael mirrors his Manager, leans forward, elbows on knees, hands folded. Looks him straight in the eye.

MICHAEL

I-- I know. I'm sorry.

Manager grunts, breathes out through his nose.

MANAGER

Look, I don't mean to pry, but--

MICHAEL

No-- it's-- fine.

MANAGER

You mind telling me what's going on?

Michael in careful deliberation.

MICHAEL

It's-- nothing. Really.

Manager is unconvinced.

MANAGER

You're sure?

Michael hesitates a brief moment.

MICHAEL

I'm fine.

Manager looks on with skepticism.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Won't happen again.

He gives Michael a firm look.

MANAGER

You're right it won't.

Michael looks down, then side glances up from the floor at his manager.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Because if it does, we might have some serious issues.

Manager trying to look closer at Michael's face in an attempt to force him into eye contact.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Got it?

Michael hesitates before nodding his head.

Manager sits up straight.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Alright, get back to it. Please, show me some results.

Michael nods again.

MICHAEL

You've got it.

Manager watches him as he lifts himself from the chair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No need to worry about me.

He is not entirely convinced of that.

MANAGER

Good.

Michael looks grim as he purses his lips and half nods to him.

Manager is about to swing back around to his computer before he narrowly glares at Michael as he mopes back to his desk.

INT. OFFICES - MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Michael plops himself back in his chair, lets out a deep breath, and dons his headset.

We are focused on Michael's hopeless glance at his computer screen as he prepares for a call to come in.

His eyes look as if his dog has died.

He looks down at his keyboard, completely unmotivated.

The life is drained for him as he takes a call.

MICHAEL  
(monotone)  
Thank you for choosing *Gladys Jones*, this is Michael, how may I assist you today?

Michael sits in silence as loud, aggressive chatter fills his ears.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - LATER

Michael is stone-faced as he drives down a small town road.

Buildings, small shoppes, and scattered apartments pass him by as he remains expressionless.

He eyes HAPPY COLLEGE-AGED PEOPLE enjoying themselves at a café.

They are laughing, drinking, and playfully touching each other as they talk.

Michael stares back forward.

Suddenly, he punches his steering wheel.

He hesitates a beat before punching it once more.

Now he is repeatedly beating on his steering wheel.

He tightly grips it.

Michael is on the edge of a breakdown.

He lets his eyes well up.

Michael stares devastatingly ahead, panting.

He lets out a deep breath, composes himself, takes a deep breath in, then snuffles.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Michael loafes alone on the couch staring blankly at a TV SCREEN.

The TV is off.

He is staring at his own blurry reflection.

He sits with his hands folded in his lap, deadpan.

Suddenly, the door shoves open. Someone peeks around: it's Dalton.

DALTON  
(in a mocking voice)  
Hey, fuckbag!

Michael barely lets out a grunt.

MICHAEL  
Mm.

Dalton's eyes narrow in on Michael.

DALTON  
What's up?

Dalton scoots his way to the couch.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, man?

Dalton stands over him, demanding an explanation.

MICHAEL  
My manager, he--

Dalton's eyes widen.

DALTON  
Oh, no.

Dalton spins around the coffee table to land himself by his side on the couch.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Michael, where did he touch you?

Michael's face scrunches, appalled. He turns to face him.

MICHAEL  
No, Dalton. He's just been on to me. Wary of me. I don't know.

Dalton leans in to console him.

DALTON  
Michael, you can tell me anything.  
We can find the proper channels for this--

Michael glares him down.

Dalton backs off.

MICHAEL  
You know, I've been thinking about  
your plan lately. It's not sounding  
so bad now.

DALTON  
Yeah? And?

Michael gives it some hard thought.

MICHAEL  
I'm just not sure how much longer I  
can take this.

Dalton looks on with pity.

DALTON  
Look, sucking the corporate dick  
can be nice for a while, but you  
can only let 'the man' pound you  
for so long.

Michael looks down.

MICHAEL  
I know, I think about quitting  
every day.

Dalton looks bright eyed and bushy tailed.

DALTON  
So, will you?

Beat.

MICHAEL  
I need the money.

Dalton cocks his head to the side.

DALTON  
Evidently it's not enough.

Michael's head snaps to him.

MICHAEL  
I know that, but what else can I  
do?

Dalton looks on with interest.



DALTON  
Were you serious about my offer?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
I was kidding. We can't find money  
like that from mere happenstance.  
This isn't the fuckin' movies, man.

DALTON  
But, just think about it--

MICHAEL  
I have.

DALTON  
No, where else can you find money--  
larger quantities of money  
contained in one place?

Michael turns to him, his eyes widen, he stands up backs  
away, and begins furiously shaking his head.

MICHAEL  
Oh, no. No no no no no. Have you  
gone outside your mind?!

Dalton gives him a suggestive look.

DALTON  
You ought to try it yourself.

Michael glares at him.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
It's dangerous for you to be cooped  
up in there for too long.

Dalton points at Michael's head.

Michael's glare unwavering, he shakes his head.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
That shit's unhealthy, man. I'm  
telling you.

Michael looks away. He shakes his head again.

MICHAEL  
If that's the best idea you have,  
you've actually gone insane.

DALTON

It does take a certain degree of crazy to try it.

MICHAEL

It's not even an original idea, let alone a good one. You know how many people have thought of that?

Dalton shrugs.

DALTON

Yeah, that's my point. They've only ever thought about it. We're gonna do it.

MICHAEL

No, people do try all the time. They fail. All the time. No one you ever see on the news gets away with it.

DALTON

That's because they're not us. I have a plan.

MICHAEL

Everyone has a plan.

DALTON

Not a good one.

MICHAEL

What's so good about yours?

Dalton stares at Michael a bit with his shit-eating grin.

DALTON

Rudolph.

Michael stares at him blankly a moment. He scoffs, leans back on the couch, and covers his face with his hands.

MICHAEL

Ok, now I'm convinced. You're a lunatic.

Dalton has not stopped staring at him, smiling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Complete. Fucking. Lunatic.

Michael removes his hands from his face and stares at Dalton with contempt.

Dalton raises his eyebrows.

DALTON  
I won't argue with you on that  
account.

Michael now stares at him bug-eyed, astounded.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Just hear me out on this.

Michael scoffs, looks away.

MICHAEL  
No, I'm done listening to you.

Michael lifts himself off the couch. He starts away towards his room.

Dalton eyes him as he leaves.

Michael swings the door to his room open and slams it behind him.

Dalton stares at the door, smirk still present on his face.

After a brief moment, the door swings back open.

Michael peeks out the door at Dalton.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Oh, and stay the fuck away from  
Rudolph.

Michael pulls the door shut.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Cuck.

Dalton lightly chuckles to himself, looks away, and shakes his head.

EXT. MAKESHIFT SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Our focus is on an untouched shooting target.

A RIFLE BLAST shatters the silence.

A bullet rips through the target.

It doesn't quite hit its mark, but it lands in a respectable spot on the circle.

BANG! Another hole opens up on the other side of the bull's eye.

Dalton, tightly gripping his AK-47, CRACKS another shot that lands just blow the bull's eye.

Michael, slowly pacing toward Dalton from behind, is brandishing a WEAPON of his own.

He places his AR-15 rifle on the table next to Dalton and continues watching him shoot down range.

Michael places his hand on Dalton's shoulder, opens his ear protection.

MICHAEL

Hey, ya dirty dingus!

Dalton flinches to his left and turns to Michael, terrified.

He staggers backward.

DALTON

Fucking Christ!

Michael looks back at him, horrified.

Dalton lets out a sharp breath.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Don't fucking do that, man. Fuck!

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, Jesus, relax!

Dalton takes a moment to regroup, regain his bearings.

DALTON

You know you can't sneak up on a guy with a gun like that!

Michael tries to throw motions to Dalton telling him to calm down.

MICHAEL

Alright, duly noted. Never again.

They're both silent a brief moment.

He looks to Michael's AR-15 on the table.

DALTON

Forgot you had that thing.

Michael smiles, looks down at it, softly lets out some air.

MICHAEL  
Thing of beauty, huh?

Dalton nods. He takes aim once again down-range.

BANG! He lets another round loose. It pierces the wood post, high. Missing the target.

DALTON  
You threw me off my game.

Michael lets out an involuntary 'pfft.'

MICHAEL  
As if there was any to begin with.

BAM! That shot hits the mark.

Dalton stares him down.

He points at him, as if to size him up.

DALTON  
Better'n you.

Michael shakes his head.

Dalton places his smoking-barrel AK down on the table.

Michael raises himself from the table, and arms himself.

MICHAEL  
I could shoot straighter than you  
on Rudolph going full-tilt.

Dalton laughs loudly.

DALTON  
Not even in your wettest dreams.

Dalton and Michael switch places.

Michael takes aim, but holds his place for a moment.

Suddenly, he unleashes a barrage of bullets.

He peppers the target full of rounds, unleashing a bullet-storm over it, emptying the entire magazine.

There is next to nothing left of the center of the target after the dust (snow) settles.

Dalton leans in as if to look closer.

Michael drops his AR on the table. (drop the mic?)

He looks directly into Dalton's eyes.

MICHAEL

You'd better wake me up, then!

He marches on over to switch out the targets.

Dalton has still not lifted his jaw off the ground yet.

EXT. MAKESHIFT SHOOTING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dalton and Michael trudge to their respective vehicles, both rifles propped up on their shoulders.

Both load up their rifles in their respective trunks.

Dalton looks to Michael as he's about to enter his car.

Michael opens his door.

Dalton paces over to Michael's car, folds his arms on the roof, and places his chin on his arms. Still keeping his eyes on Michael.

DALTON

Hey.

Michael cranes his neck to face Dalton, he stops himself from sliding in the front seat.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Give it some thought, alright?

Michael's eyes on Dalton, looks off into the horizon, then back to Dalton.

He gives a slight nod of the head.

Dalton cracks a lip smile, showing no teeth.

He taps the roof of his car, and slowly marches on back to his own vehicle.

Michael slides in the front seat, turns the ignition, and peels off.

Dalton takes his time making his way back. He grabs the door handle, and looks back to Michael driving off.

He looks back and then finally climbs in his SUV, swinging the door shut behind him.

INT. OFFICES - MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Michael is engaged in a call.

Loud shouting, yelling can be heard in his earpiece.

Michael, hands on his desk, turn into fists.

His knuckles turn pale white. His face beat red.

He slams down both fists, swipes his dual monitors across his desk, and into the aisle.

Michael, in pure rage, flips his desk.

EVERYONE on the whole floor looks on in curious horror.

Those who can't see are trying to look over the cubicles to see where it's coming from.

Amidst his fury, he stomps out of the office.

His Manager jumps out of his cubicle and scurries into the row, where he knew it came from.

But Michael is already gone.

SLAM TO DARKNESS.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - LATER

Michael is furious, but contained. He glides on the street, but takes a different route home.

He passes by a large building.

BUILDING FACE: BANK.

He gives it a good, hard glance.

He looks down a moment, but then right back up at it.

Michael stares nice and long.

His mind is racing.

He faces the road once again, and slowly peddles off.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Michael bursts into his apartment.

He marches over to his kitchen, swipes a bottle of WHISKY from a cabinet, grabs a glass, and pours hard.

He lifts the glass to his mouth and downs a few gulps.

Michael coughs loudly, and a lot. He tries to catch his breath.

He sets the glass down on the kitchen table and slams the bottle down next to it.

Michael then parks himself into a seat.

He sits in silent reflection.

INT. FLORENCE RESIDENCE - FLASHBACK

Michael's MOM and DAD are currently engaged in a screaming match.

He can only watch as he holds an ACCEPTANCE LETTER in his hands.

ACCEPTANCE LETTER FACE: CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED INTO THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA!

Once Michael can't bear to watch any longer, he revels in the beauty that is his college acceptance letter.

DAD

We don't have the money!

MOM

What are we going to do? We can't just tell him no!

DAD

That's exactly what we're going to do, what else can we do?

Dad directs his attention to Michael.

DAD (CONT'D)

Why can't you just be like your brother?

Michael's eyes begin to tear up.



MOM

Do you really have to bring him in  
to this?

Dad marches over to him.

MOM (CONT'D)

We can't afford to lose another  
son!

DAD

What we can't afford-- is this!

He grabs the letter and crumples it and pounds it into the  
ground in front of him.

DAD (CONT'D)

No one under this roof dares defy  
me.

Dad grabs Michael by the chin and pulls him close.

DAD (CONT'D)

Do you hear me?

Michael tries to hold back the tears. He nods out of fear.

MOM

What is the matter with you, just  
let him do what he wants!

Dad backhand SMACKS Mom across the face.

DAD

I've had enough of this shit!

She staggers backwards with a wail.

DAD (CONT'D)

It's about time you all started  
doing as you're told!

Dad in a furious rage rushes Michael.

Mom hides away from him while she can, clutching her face.

Michael cowers in fear.

DAD (CONT'D)

Why don't you join the military?  
Maybe it'll make a man out of ya!

Dad stomps off towards an outward leading door, throws it  
open, and slams it behind him.

Mom comes out from cowering away and rushes over to Michael.  
She holds him close.

MOM  
(trembling)  
Best do what he says, huh?

With Michael's head on her shoulder, he nods in agreement.

He looks off in the distance out the window, with a sort of nervous, frightened determination.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - PRESENT.

Michael continues staring blankly out a window.

He lifts the glass up to his mouth.

He hesitates, looks at the glass a moment, then places it back down.

His hand still wrapped around it, he hurls it across the room.

The glass shatters and whisky spills out onto the floor.

Michael lifts himself from his seat and storms off into his room.

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dalton stands outside Michael's door. Hearing everything that had just happened.

He decides perhaps it's best to visit him later.

Dalton slides his hand off the door and slugs away.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

DETECTIVE JACOB BARNES (40's) sits alone at his desk, perusing through some files. He is dark haired, shaggy, has an unclean 5 o'clock shadow, and is of medium build. He is quiet, but not to be trifled with.

Jake is swiftly approached by his partner, TANNER MOTE (30's). He is short, with dark gelled hair, stocky, and energetic. Jake can typically never get him to shut up.

TANNER  
Boss, take a look at this.

Jake doesn't lift his head from his files.

JAKE  
What do you want?

Tanner can't believe he isn't giving this the time of day.

TANNER  
Jake, it's our next case. I think  
this one's actually worth lookin'  
into.

Jake still has far more interest in his own documents.

JAKE  
There's not a single thing worth a  
damn around here.

Tanner taken aback.

TANNER  
Well, Chief says we gotta work it.  
So, it don't matter what we think.

Jake lowers his papers to give him an annoyed look.

JAKE  
Let me see that shit.

He flicks his fingers so as to say, "Gimme."

Tanner steps back, surprised, then abides.

Jake snatches it from his hand.

He scans the sheets. Eyes darting all around the page.

Tanner looks on, eager.

TANNER  
It's that Motor Sports joint, just  
outside a town.

JAKE  
I know where it's at.

Jake continues briefing himself.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Held at gunpoint?

Tanner realizes it's rhetorical, but retorts.

TANNER  
Yes, sir, uh-- the perp held it up  
with an AK, it says.

JAKE  
(slight inflection)  
I can read.

Tanner rolls his eyes, looks to the ceiling.

He allows him a moment to continue reading.

TANNER  
What do ya want me to do, Jake?

Jake does not lift his eyes.

JAKE  
I want you to shut the fuck up.  
Just for a minute, will ya?

Tanner looks away as Jake finally tries to make eye contact,  
but looks back down once he realizes Tanner isn't looking.

Another moment passes as he reviews the file.

Suddenly, Jake lifts himself from his seat and throws on his  
black Pea-coat.

Tanner realizes he's already about to leave and follows suit.

TANNER  
Wh-- where we goin', Jake?

Jake makes long strides towards the exit door of the  
Detective's Offices.

JAKE  
Where does your Detective intuition  
take you, Tanner?

Tanner struggles to throw on his coat as he is left in  
Jacob's wake.

He scurries forward as he attempts to catch up.

TANNER  
I don't know, sir.

Jake swings open the door and nearly shuts it right on  
Tanner's face.

JAKE

You may want to find another line  
of work.

Tanner scoots around the door and pulls it shut behind him.

EXT. OPEN SNOW FIELD - DAY

Michael sits atop his Snowmobile, fastening his snow goggles.

He is about to prepare the engine to start when he hears  
another snowmobile motor off in the distance.

The sound grows louder as it approaches next to him.

A masked rider pulls up to his left and Michael turns to face  
him.

It's Dalton.

Dalton smiles to him.

Michael looks the craft up and down, then finally gives a  
puzzled look to Dalton.

MICHAEL

The hell'd you get that?

Dalton looks down at it, in its new, polished glory.

DALTON

Wouldn't you like to know?

Michael cocks an eyebrow.

MICHAEL

I would.

Dalton looks off into the horizon.

DALTON

Let's just say, I'm a resourceful  
man.

Michael does not pull back on his inquisitive look.

Dalton re-dons his mask. Michael does the same.

They both drive off towards the woods in unison, until  
Michael begins pulling away with a swift motion and maneuvers  
the trees like a pro.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Dalton can handle himself, in the wide open fields. He can only gaze upon Michael's ass as he leaves him in his wake.

Snow flies up from behind him as he dazzles Dalton.

Dalton attempts to keep up, but is largely left in the dust (snow).

Michael revs the engine hard, dips slightly to the side as he makes a cut around a tree.

Dalton tries his meekly best to avoid trees and maintain somewhat of a high speed.

Both race fiercely through the woods.

They cannot let up, they are way too competitive.

Michael zooms out of the trees and into an open valley caked with snow.

Dalton meanders his way out of the woods, but tries to blast ahead and make up some ground.

Both finally meet up after cruising a bit through the open.

Dalton removes his helmet/face-mask.

Michael lifts his goggles.

Dalton lets out a long, deep breath.

DALTON

Close one.

Michael smiles, looks over to him.

MICHAEL

Yeah, almost had me there.

Dalton chuckles, looks down, lifts his helmet again.

DALTON

Still better at shootin', though.

Michael laughs, shakes his head, lifts his goggles.

Dalton revs hard and spins the snowmobile around to shoot snow in Michael's face.

He drives it on back towards the woods.

Michael starts up and accelerates towards Dalton.

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Michael mopes to his front door and sees a RED LETTER sitting on his welcome mat.

He lifts the letter from the ground and raises it to his face.

RED LETTER FACE: EVICTION NOTICE.

Michael scowls, scoffs.

He pushes through his front door.

SNAP TO:

INT. DALTON'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Dalton flings open the door to reveal a slightly embarrassed Michael carrying heavy bags.

Michael looks up at Dalton and gives him a near-begging shrug.

EXT. DALTON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Dalton hesitates a moment before he twitches his head inside to motion Michael in.

He widens the door open farther for Michael to fit through.

Michael abides, lunges up the steps and squeezes through.

Dalton swings the door shut.

EXT. MOTOR SPORTS STORE - LATER

Jake and Tanner pull up in a jet black government vehicle in the parking lot.

Both swing open the doors and hop out. Closing the doors in unison.

Jake and Tanner smoothly stride up to the front door.

INT. MOTOR SPORTS STORE - CONTINUOUS

The two Detectives waltz up through the store and park at the register. No one appears to be there.

Jake leans over the counter and looks toward the back.

Lights on back there.

The OWNER shows himself as he walks toward the register.

OWNER  
Can I help you gentlemen with  
somethin'?

Tanner is off browsing the merchandise. Jake is focused on the task at hand.

JAKE  
That's the hope.

Owner glances over at Tanner, wiping the grease off his hands with a rag, then back to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
We understand you had something of  
a robbery earlier? Grand theft?

The Owner looks down at the ground, finishes wiping his hands off, and shakes his head.

OWNER  
No, uh-uh, not that I can recall.

Jake and Tanner give each other a glance.

JAKE  
We, uh-- received a report. Says  
you were held up at gunpoint.

The Owner shrugs.

OWNER  
Think I'd remember that if we did.

Jake's face contorted in confusion.

JAKE  
That's odd. Then why would we have  
been notified of that?

The Owner throws his arms up in bewilderment.



OWNER

I couldn't tell ya, seems strange  
to me too.

CRASHING noises can be heard from the backroom/shop area.

Tanner looks inquisitively towards the back. Jake does the same.

Jake points in the direction of the backroom.

JAKE

You don't mind if we, uh-- take a  
look back there, do ya?

The Owner shakes his head.

OWNER

Not at all! Be my guest.

Jake carefully inches towards the back room. He motions to Tanner to stay put with the Owner. He abides.

Jake scans the room and makes his way toward the garage.

Tanner follows closely behind.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS.

Jake meticulously searches the room for anything.

Tanner half-assedly shines his flashlight on random items.

The Owner appears behind them.

OWNER

Is there anything in particular I  
can help you find?

Tanner snaps to him.

Jake raises his head from peeking under a shelf.

JAKE

No, I suppose not.

Tanner throws a confused glance to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Thanks anyway.

Jake starts toward the exit and motions to Tanner to follow.

OWNER  
Anything I can do to help...

The Owner suspiciously watches as they work their way towards the exit to leave.

Jake and Tanner seem spooked, but are unsure if it's well-placed...

EXT. MOTOR SPORTS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tanner has not let go of his confusion.

TANNER  
Something didn't feel right in there.

Jake presents an apathetic look to Tanner.

JAKE  
(sarcastically)  
Are you sure? I didn't notice.

Tanner now even more confused.

TANNER  
Well, yeah, I--

Jake stops him in his tracks just before their vehicle.

JAKE  
What do you suppose we do about it?  
Huh?

TANNER  
I-- I don't--

Jake gives him a firm look, and an equally firm grip on his shoulders.

JAKE  
Exactly. He stole from himself? Big whoop. We've got bigger fish to fry.

Jake lets go and strides on over to the driver's side door.

Tanner has yet to move, until he turns to face him.

TANNER  
Like who? What fish?

INT. DALTON'S TRAILER - DAY

Michael watches TV on the couch as Dalton barges in the door.

He switches off the TV as soon as he sees him come in.

He moseys on over and plops down right next to him.

Both share the silence together for a moment.

Dalton finally looks over to him.

DALTON  
Why Rudolph? I've always wondered.

Michael ponders this for a bit.

MICHAEL  
A childhood favorite. And something  
I could relate to my own life.

He continues to reflect back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
It sounds stupid, but--

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
It was almost inspiring to me. I  
don't know--

DALTON  
No, it's not stupid.

Dalton is holding back his laughter.

Michael is looking at him in anticipation for what he will say next.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
It's the most pussy ass shit I've  
ever heard!

Dalton bursts with laughter.

Michael looking down and away with embarrassment.

Beat.

Dalton looks at Michael with a bit of guilt.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
No, but, that headlight is pretty  
dope, though.

Michael looks at him, cheered up, with a bit of excitement.

MICHAEL  
I know, right?!

Michael smiles as he pictures it in his head.

Dalton gives him a pity stare with faux interest.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I always liked the way it looked  
cutting through the snow in near  
blizzard-like conditions. So much  
that everything was caked in white  
fog. It felt like I was riding  
through a blood-soaked dream.

Michael can picture it now. Dalton shares in this thought.

DALTON  
It does look cool, I have to admit.

Michael softly chuckles to himself.

MICHAEL  
He always guides me home.

Dalton also lets out a short, sharp breath of air, and half  
smirks to Michael.

DALTON  
Hmm.

Both share in a brief silence together.

MICHAEL  
You still not gonna tell me where  
you got yours?

Dalton loses the smile.

DALTON  
It's not important.

Dalton turns to him.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Trust me.

Michael looks to him, suspicious.

MICHAEL

You just had to have one too, huh?

Dalton chuckles.

DALTON

Can't have you outdo me at every  
turn, you know.

Michael smiles and shakes his head.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Besides, we both need a getaway  
vehicle, right?

Dalton faces Michael.

Michael finally makes eye contact.

MICHAEL

So this was your brilliant plan to  
get me involved?

Dalton shrugs.

DALTON

Figured it wouldn't hurt my  
chances.

Michael chuckles.

MICHAEL

Well, I am out of a job now.

Dalton slowly nods. He waits for Michael to say something  
more. He doesn't.

DALTON

So, are you in or what?

Michael slowly turns to face him.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jake is having a headache over the files on his desk.

Tanner comes over to try to relieve him.

TANNER

Got anything for me, boss?

Jake does not lift his head for him.

JAKE

Not a thing. Same as ever.

Tanner tries to snoop at his files.

TANNER

So much for bigger fish to fry...

Jake throws him a glare.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Say, I gotta tell ya, Jake. I've been thinkin' about the snowmobile lately. What would they want with it? Why did they steal it?

Jake sighs.

JAKE

You know everyone and their brother's uncle's dog has a snowmobile or two or ten up here, right?

Tanner looks down, mopey.

TANNER

(softly, sadly)  
I don't own one.

Jake looks annoyed at Tanner.

JAKE

You aren't exactly a model representative of the Minnesota extreme sports community, Tanner.

Tanner shrugs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, what then? Were you coming to a point?

Tanner raises his head to him.

TANNER

Well, all I'm saying is they must have stolen it for a purpose.

Jake feels there's more coming on.

JAKE

And, that would be?

Tanner finds this difficult to explain.

TANNER  
Well, I mean, isn't that what we  
should find out?

Jake shrugs him off.

JAKE  
You may be looking too deeply into  
this. Some punk stole it to glide  
off some mountain and plunge to his  
miserable death.

Tanner sends a glare his way.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Nothin' better to do out here.

TANNER  
Boy, you're a treat today.

Tanner scoots away.

Jake barely lifts his eyes from his reading to watch him go  
then continues his business.

EXT. FLORENCE TRAILER - FLASHBACK

The front yard is flooded with police cars, ambulances, fire  
trucks and flashing lights.

The place is haywire with commotion.

A red light cuts through the snow a safe distance away from  
the league of cop cars.

The snowmobile shuts off and a younger Michael swings off the  
seat and trots up towards his trailer.

Jake, with his back turned, arms folded is flanked by a  
curiously frantic Michael.

MICHAEL  
What's going on? What's happened?

Jake, somber as ever.

JAKE  
(solemn)  
Mike--

Jake looks down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
It's your parents.

Michael's eyes in rage. He looks to the trailer.

Jake ensures he doesn't make a break for it.

MICHAEL  
What did he do?

Jake looks away. He cannot face him. He's speechless.

Michael furious for an answer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Tell me what happened.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE  
They're gone, son.

He must stop Michael from making any moves.

Michael struggles to fight him off.

MICHAEL  
What's he done to her?!

Jake is able to make him stop a moment.

He shakes his head.

JAKE  
It's hard to say.

MICHAEL  
You will tell me right now!

Jake holds him in place.

JAKE  
We're considering all  
possibilities.

Michael holds back his tears.

His anger has transformed to sadness.

Michael firmly finds a grasp on his words.

MICHAEL  
I know what he was. There's only  
one possibility I know to be true.



Michael shakes Jake off and mopes back to Rudolph.

Jake can only watch as he goes.

Michael swings himself on.

Jake looks down and away from Michael and to two separate STRETCHERS being wheeled by EMT's.

Both Stretchers house BLACK SEALED BODY BAGS atop them.

Jake places his hands on his hips, purses his lips, and shifts his gaze downward...

TRANSITION FROM FLASHBACK...

EXT. DALTON'S TRAILER - PRESENT

A leather-gloved hand covered by a dark coat sleeve raises to Michael's door to give it a loud KNOCK.

The door swings open to reveal a dead-to-the-world Michael.

He looks less than amused.

MICHAEL

What do you want?

This man is revealed to be Jake.

JAKE

What, I can't check on ya now and again?

Michael maintains his exhausted, annoyed look.

MICHAEL

Free country, or so it was.

Jake almost cracks a smile. Not quite showing his teeth.

JAKE

I'm not here as a cop.

MICHAEL

Well, what are you here for, then?

Jake looks down for a moment before he retorts.

JAKE

Was wondering if you could help shed some light on something for me.

Michael taken aback.

MICHAEL  
You want...my help?

Jake looks down for a moment before he retorts.

JAKE  
Incident down at the motor sports  
shop. I know you frequent that  
place every so often.

Michael's stare narrows.

MICHAEL  
Is feeding an expensive hobby  
considered a crime now?

Jake huffs, grins.

JAKE  
I only mean to inquire, not to pry.

Michael is becoming somehow even more annoyed.

MICHAEL  
So any time I might be remotely  
involved in your work, you're gonna  
come down on me now? Is that it?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE  
Don't think of it this way, think  
of it as--

MICHAEL  
I don't want to think of it any  
way, I don't want you to complicate  
my life any more than it needs to  
be!

Jake is becoming nervous, frustrated.

JAKE  
That was not my intent, I didn't  
mean--

MICHAEL  
What is this really about?

Jake raises his head to him.

They make eye contact.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Can you ask me what you meant to ask already?

Jake now looking serious.

JAKE

I know what Dalton is involved in.

Michael scoffs and looks away.

MICHAEL

Of course.

JAKE

I'm just warning you. I'm aware you two shoot for sport. If I find out one of your rifles had a role in this--

Michael now turns to look at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

An AK-47 was used to hold up that shop.

MICHAEL

You do know the difference between an AR-15 and an AK-47, don't you?

JAKE

Most people don't.

MICHAEL

Most people are idiots.

Jake chuckles a bit, shrugs.

JAKE

Be that as it may, I just want you to be careful about this. If you're innocent, it won't blow back on you.

Michael throws his arms out in disbelief.

MICHAEL

You really think I'd be dumb enough to steal another snowmobile?

Jake shakes his head and puts his hands out to reassure him, try to calm him down.

JAKE  
I'm not saying this was you.

MICHAEL  
You showing up here seems to say otherwise.

JAKE  
If this was actually him--

Michael glares him down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'm just saying, if you're not careful about who you associate yourself with. Deadbeats like Dalton--

MICHAEL  
He's not a deadbeat.

Jake gives Michael a knowing stare.

JAKE  
I think you know your friends better than I do. And even I know your friend's a deadbeat.

Michael throws him a glare.

MICHAEL  
Watch what you say. You can't just act like you're some kind of--

Jake wears a look that says, "Don't you dare..."

JAKE  
I'm just looking out for you, Michael. This is a friendly visit.

Michael scoffs, rolls his eyes, and looks away.

MICHAEL  
(sarcastically)  
'Friendly visit.'

Jake points right at him.

JAKE  
Remember that.

Jake starts off the porch.

Michael tries to get a rise out of him.

MICHAEL  
May as well bring cuffs next time.

Jake does not turn around to face him.

He lifts his cuffs in the air with one finger.

JAKE  
Always do.

Jake places them back in his coat pocket.

Michael leans up against the doorway. He watches Jake shuffle off.

He guides the door behind him,

INT. DALTON'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Michael seals the door shut.

He glances over at Dalton who sits on the couch, elbows on his knees, leaned forward, hands clasped together.

Dalton throws a concerned glance his way.

Michael looks stone-faced.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Slow approach to the bank's front door.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Bankers slog through their menial tasks.

Bank-goers sleepwalk through their visit to the teller's window.

Dalton and Michael stand firm in line with dark pea-coats and sunglasses on.

Michael slides his sunglasses halfway down his nose, his eyes dart around the room.

CAMERAS sit motionless at their respective perches.

A HUSKY GUARD stand stiff as a board, at the ready.

A BANK TELLER motions lazily for Michael to step forward.

Michael obliges. He slides a BANK SLIP through the slit under the window.

MICHAEL

How much can I withdraw at one time?

The Bank Teller unintelligibly answers Michael's question as we are now focused on Dalton listlessly gazes about the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(softly)

Well, not that I have much to take out of my account to begin with, but...

(chuckles)

The Bank Teller giggles a bit and continues indistinctly explaining something to Michael.

Dalton now sizes up the hefty GUARD next to him.

The Guard catches his gaze and maintains a gruff expression.

Dalton does not back down either.

An ANTSY TELLER waves her arm at Dalton to get his attention.

ANTSY TELLER

Um, sir?

Dalton spins his head around to her.

DALTON

Oh, sorry.

He looks back at the Guard as he paces up to the window.

The Tough-Guy Guard has not taken his eyes off of Dalton.

Michael nods his head and removes the slip.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Michael glides away towards the exit and briefly looks back at Dalton who is now speaking indistinctly with the Antsy Teller.

DALTON

Hi, what's your name? Brenda? So nice to meet you Brenda. How are you today?

Michael escapes from view. Dalton continues pleasantly chatting indistinctly with BRENDA.

EXT. BANK - LATER

Michael and Dalton briskly glide to Michael's car.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Dalton slide into their seats and slam their respective doors.

DALTON  
That's gonna be a bitch.

MICHAEL  
This was a horrible idea.

Michael starts the car.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael speeds off down the street.

INT. DALTON'S TRAILER - LATER

Michael leans back on his couch, his hands on his forehead, staring at the ceiling.

Dalton sits next to him, staring blankly forward.

Both sit in silence.

MICHAEL  
We still doin' this?

A silent moment passes.

DALTON  
Yep.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL  
Alright.

Michael sits forward. He looks to Dalton.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You sure--?

DALTON

Oh yeah.

Dalton turns to face him.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

How?

Dalton thinks a moment.

He shrugs.

Michael lets out a long breath as he places his face in his hands.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jake takes up his usual perch.

A moment of silent reading passes before Tanner scurries up to Jake's desk, expecting him to address him or at the very least acknowledge his presence.

He does not.

TANNER

Jake, get a load of this.

Jake barely lets out a grunt.

Tanner maneuvers around his desk to where he can present the document in his hand.

Employment records.

TANNER (CONT'D)

That Dalton you wanted me to follow up on, he used to work at the Motor Sports store.

Jake takes the sheet from his hand, half interested now.

TANNER (CONT'D)

For 9 months before his parole.

JAKE

Hmph.

TANNER

Think this means somethin'?



Jake shrugs.

JAKE  
Could mean anything.

Jake makes eye contact. He looks inquisitive.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
So what?

Tanner, trying to lead him on.

TANNER  
So, he robs the place to get back  
at the owner, maybe?

Jake looks unconvinced.

JAKE  
Maybe. But why would he rob the  
place if they all know him there?

Tanner gives him a perky look, eyebrows raised.

TANNER  
I don't know. But I think, if  
nothing else, it's something to  
look into.

Jake's eyes narrow on the paper, then on Tanner.

TANNER (CONT'D)  
Don't ya think?

Jake looks away.

JAKE  
Mm.

He flips the paper back to Tanner.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I do think. Just not much.

Jake kicks his legs back up on his desk.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Not about this.

Tanner contorts his face with a vexed look.

TANNER  
We ought to, at the very least, pay  
him a visit, though, huh?

Jake, looking annoyed, but oddly curious back at Tanner.

EXT. DALTON'S TRAILER - LATER

Snow falls gently down in a trailer park.

Jake stands before Dalton's trailer door, on the steps leading up to it.

Tanner is wandering out in the front yard, a barren, snowy waste.

Jake bangs on the door with his fist, then turns to brave the cold.

Tanner moseys on around, searching for the unknown.

A brief moment passes before Jake rattles the door again with his aggressive knocking.

Tanner hears a faint calling out over the radio from their car.

He scurries on over and listens in.

Tanner snaps his head up from the car.

Jake stares with a sort of confused curiosity.

TANNER

Jake, you're not gonna believe this.

Jake looks on with a curious fear.

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The snow is coming down exponentially harder than before.

Dalton and Michael race to Dalton's SUV.

They lug large, heavy bags along with their rifles.

MICHAEL

You could've gone easier on them back there.

Dalton snaps to him.

DALTON

How so?

INT. BANK - PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS AGO

Dalton and Michael both sit down with a FINANCIAL ADVISER.

Dalton wears a safety mask for broken noses on his face.

Michael has a medical eye-patch on. He dons a disposable air filter mask over his nose and mouth as every is situated in their seats.

The Financial Adviser props himself in his chair behind his desk.

Dalton sits right next to the Financial Adviser in his seat.

Michael remains standing, removing a LOWER RECEIVER from his pants.

He then fishes out an UPPER RECEIVER from the other side of his pants.

The Financial Adviser looks on in terror.

Suddenly, Dalton reveals his AK-47 with a folding stock and prods him with it.

Dalton moves his face close to his ear.

DALTON

(softly)

I'll not feel so much as a twitch  
from a single extremity of yours,  
you got that?

Financial Adviser nervously nods his head up and down rapidly.

Michael snaps the Upper and Lower receiver together to form his rifle.

Michael loads the magazine and locks a round in.

SNAP TO:

INT. BANK - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dalton, clutching the Financial Adviser, propping him as a human shield, gun raised to him, shoves him out into the open.

DALTON

Anyone even thinks of firing any  
neurons, I start spilling brains!

Michael, rifle raised at the Tellers.

Shrieks from the BANK-GOERS echo around the rotunda as they hit the floor.

The Husky Guard is about to reach for his pistol.

Dalton turns his attention to the Husky Guard.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Hey! You, fatso, fork it over.  
(gestures toward Adviser)  
Or he eats it.

The Husky Guard hesitates a moment before sliding his pistol to Dalton on the ground.

Michael is still a statue, facing the Tellers with his rifle.

Dalton leans down and pockets the pistol.

He looks around at all the bank-goers on the floor.

He slowly approaches the Tellers, still clutching the Financial Adviser's back.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Alright, if any of you touches a  
silent alarm, it'll start to get  
noisy in here.

Michael has his gun trained on one Teller only: BRENDA.

Brenda is looking especially nervous.

MICHAEL  
She touched the silent alarm.

Brenda is looking frantic, her head searching desperately for help from her peers.

No dice.

DALTON  
Really, Brenda? After all we've  
been through? I thought we had a  
connection.

Brenda nervously shrugs.

Dalton looks to Michael.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
We gotta kill her. Let's kill her.

Michael's aim unwavering.

Brenda shakes her head violently as she looks to Michael.

Michael approaches the entrance to behind the tellers counter.

Dalton, shoving the Financial Adviser over, follows his lead.

MICHAEL

Let us through.

A FRIGHTENED TELLER opens the gate for them to go behind the counter.

Dalton and Michael come through and Michael is still aimed at Brenda.

BRENDA

No, wait! I can undo it. False alarm. Like I hit it on accident.

Dalton looks pleased.

DALTON

Now that's the Brenda I knew I could count on.

INT. BANK - VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

The Terrified Tellers are loading up piles of cash into their duffel bags.

Michael and Dalton stand over them, guns at the ready, watching closely. Making sure there's no funny business.

DALTON

If there's any of those exploding ink packs in these bills, I swear I'll paint the walls with your innards.

TRANSITION FROM FLASHBACK:

EXT. BANK - PRESENT.

Dalton shrugs as they trot back to his vehicle.

DALTON

You can't get what you want goin' all soft on 'em.

They reach the back of the SUV and plop the bags down in the trunk.

Dalton slides around to the driver's side, swinging the door open and lunging inside.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
Besides, where's the fun in going  
easy on 'em, anyway?

Michael spins around to the passenger side and does the same.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dalton is about to turn his key in the ignition when he turns to Michael.

DALTON  
You know, I was completely banking  
on Bernice--

MICHAEL  
Brenda.

DALTON  
--Brenda. I was banking on her  
being a model citizen and coming  
through for us.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, Brenda turned out to be a  
total letdown.

Dalton looks down, sighs, looks Michael right in the eye.

DALTON  
God dammit, Brenda.

He shakes his head at Michael.

Dalton turns the key. It doesn't start.

MICHAEL  
Tell me this isn't happening right  
now...

Dalton grits his teeth as he turns the key harder this time.

The engine struggles to turn over.

DALTON  
I can't tell you that.  
It absolutely is happening right  
now.

Michael spins his head around to the distant cries of police sirens.

He turns to Dalton in a sense of urgency.

Dalton continues to battle with the key in the ignition.

The whining of many police sirens sound off all around as they grow closer.

He finally turns it with a triumphant roar of the engine.

Police cars appear in view of Michael as he cranes his neck behind him.

MICHAEL  
We gotta go!

Dalton floors it and skids around a corner.

Multiple cop cars fly from the Bank and follow close behind.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael spins around in his seat and looks back at several cop cars in pursuit.

Dalton continues pushing the pedal to the floor.

Michael clutches the arm rest and handle on his door.

MICHAEL  
Careful, the snow.

Dalton clutches the wheel with laser focus, white-knuckled.

DALTON  
It's called 4 wheel drive, ya  
pansy-ass!

Michael, petrified, shakes his head and keeps his eyes forward.

EXT. COP CARS - CONTINUOUS

The cop cars stay as close as they can, while keeping a respectable distance.

Dalton's SUV takes an aggressive turn, sliding a considerable distance.

But ultimately coming out of the turn just fine.

Two cop cars spin uncontrollably out of control around the turn.

The others learn their lesson and slow down, taking their time going into the turn.

The two cop cars crash off the road.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael suddenly looks to Dalton in panic.

MICHAEL

You do realize we did nothing with those cameras, right?

Dalton doesn't miss a beat as he maneuvers.

DALTON

Doesn't seem to matter now, does it?

Michael shakes his head in disbelief.

MICHAEL

It will if we're caught!

Dalton finding a sense of comfort, even in his aggressive clutching of the steering wheel.

DALTON

I will make sweet love to Brenda if she erases those tapes.

Michael throws Dalton an, "Are you kidding me?" look.

INT. JAKE AND TANNER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tanner has his hand on the radio.

Jake is speeding up, but in control.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dalton looks back at rifles sitting in the trunk.



Michael looks nervously behind at the cop cars right on their tail.

DALTON  
Grab your A.R., give 'em somethin'  
to worry about.

Michael looks horrified at him.

MICHAEL  
Are you insane?

Dalton looks determined ahead.

DALTON  
Buy us some time!

Michael looks terrified as he stares at the trunk holding their weapons.

INT. JAKE AND TANNER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake is apprehensive and hangs back behind the main pack of cop cars in pursuit.

Tanner, holding on to the door handle and radio for dear life.

POP! CRACK! Michael opens fire on the cop cars in front of Jake and Tanner.

Tanner nearly falls out of his seat, desperate to duck for cover.

Jake flinches, but largely misses a beat.

JAKE  
(under his breath)  
I can't help you now.

Tanner looks frightened over at Jake.

TANNER  
What?!

Jake speeds up.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael is taking aim at the cop's engine. Careful, meticulous. So as to limit the loss of life.

Dalton swiftly looks over his shoulder then quickly back forward.

Michael takes another shot.

POP! POP! CRACK!

The cracking of windshields and car hoods can be heard.

The squealing of wheels as cop cars spin out of control.

EXT. COP CARS - LATER

The whine of the sirens remains loud and fierce.

There are only three cop cars that remain, including Tanner and Jake.

EXT. OPEN SNOW FIELD - NIGHT

The sirens are distant, but echo loudly.

A LARGE TARP covers what might appear to be two snowmobiles, but one cannot be entirely certain.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael is still focused on the cop cars behind them, lining up his shot.

BANG! POP! He pops a tire of a vehicle that spirals off the road.

Two remain.

INT. JAKE AND TANNER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake's face unrelenting. The determination has not left him.

Tanner's uncertainty remains.

TANNER

What are they doing?

Jake remains hyper-focused on the road ahead.

JAKE

What do you think they're doing?  
They--

Suddenly, a bullet zips through the windshield. Piercing Tanner's throat.

He clutches his throat, gasping for breath, desperate for life.

Blood spills from his hand that fails to hold it all back.

Jake looks over in horror.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What the--? Jesus fuck!

Jake struggles to maintain his attention to the road.

INT. DALTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dalton slides near the opening by the TARP.

Michael hops out, gun trained behind them in the snow-blind.

The other police car skids to a halt, a good safe distance behind them.

Dalton whips the AK-47 from the back and unleashes a salvo of rounds that peppers the car.

TWO FRANTIC COPS desperately dive behind the vehicle for cover.

Dalton scours the trunk for a fresh magazine.

Michael begins unloading on the cop car as well.

MICHAEL  
Go! I'll take care of 'em!

DALTON  
No, that's not the plan!

MICHAEL  
Just do it! Now!

Dalton empties his magazine as soon as he's locked it in.

He promptly swings around and sprints to the tarp, hurling his rifle behind him.

Michael unloads the last of his magazine around the cop car.

Dalton rips off the tarp and climbs on the first snowmobile he finds.

Michael turns tail and runs toward the tarp. He swings the bag of money over his shoulder and his rifle slung on his back.

The Two Cops raise themselves from behind the car and both open fire towards Dalton and Michael as they break for the Snowmobiles.

Dalton starts the engine and revs it hard.

Michael hops on the other Snowmobile, but notices something.

He is hesitant to leave.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dalton, give me Rudolph! Hurry!

Dalton, looks to him, frantic.

DALTON

There's no time, just go!

Michael quickly starts up the engine as bullets whiz past him.

Dalton snaps his head around, draws the pistol from his pocket, and wraps his arm around to aim the pistol behind him.

He lets loose as many shots as his trigger finger will allow him.

Dalton starts to pull away but is suddenly thrown into the steering wheel.

Bullets rip through Dalton as he slumps to the ground.

Michael barely has time to process this as he zooms away.

Jake looks determined as he lowers his pistol, but scurries toward him.

The two cops hesitantly approach Dalton's SUV, careful, but tactical with pistols at the ready.

Jake slowly approaches the snowmobile accompanied by Dalton's motionless body.

He raises his pistol at Michael in the distance, but decides against it.

Jake trudges through the snow, carefully aiming at Dalton's body.

Rudolph's engine hums through the hollow air.

The Red Light cutting through the snow-blind.

The other snowmobile's engine is faint in the distance as it disappears into the woods.

Jake fearfully approaches the body.

He finally turns it over to reveal...Dalton.

Jake almost lets out a sigh of relief. He feared the worst.

He looks out into the distant haze which somewhat outlines the horizon.

It's like a blood-soaked dream...

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Michael coasts on Dalton's Snowmobile as he glides through the trees in a beautiful winter Canada wilderness.

He glances down at the gas gauge.

GAUGE FACE: NEAR EMPTY. NEED FUEL.

Michael scoffs and shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
(whispering to self)  
Shit.

He continues navigating through the trees, easing on the accelerator.

EXT. UNKNOWN CANADIAN WILDERNESS - LATER

Jake rides Rudolph as he tracks Michael's movements.

He follows in the same path blazed by Michael on Dalton's snowmobile.

Jake attempts to perfectly line up his movements laid out by Michael's trail.

He slows up as he notices the abandoned snowmobile.

Jake notices footprints left in the snow. They are not fresh, but not incredibly old, either.

He grins as he glides forth.

EXT. CANADIAN WILDERNESS - LATER

Michael labors through the snow still lugging his large duffel bag stuffed with cash, his AR-15 still slung around his back.

He is breathing heavy as he slumps beside a tree to prop him up.

Michael looks up at the bright sky. He submits to the unforgiving cold.

JAKE (O.S.)  
(distant yell)  
Give it up, Michael!

Michael sharply turns his body around to look behind him.

He frantically shuffles for his rifle.

MICHAEL  
Don't make me kill you!

Jake arrives at a tree, a reasonable distance from Michael.

JAKE  
We both don't want this, you know that.

Michael rests his rifle in his lap. He remains seated, relaxing his back against the tree, back turned to Jake.

MICHAEL  
You're right, I don't want to. But you're forcing my hand here.

Jake is taken aback.

JAKE  
I'm not holding your finger to the trigger! Nor am I applying pressure for you to squeeze it!

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
You know what I mean.

Jake has had enough.

JAKE  
No, I don't!

Jake is gasping for breath, panting. He also rests at a tree. Good idea, Michael.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Enough of this running! I'm tired  
of chasing you!

Michael lets out a tired breath, looks to the sky, and slap-happily grins.

MICHAEL  
Maybe wearing you down was part of  
my plan!

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE  
You don't need to make this  
difficult!

Michael is a bit annoyed by this.

MICHAEL  
It isn't difficult! It's easy! Stop  
coming after me! It's that simple!

Jake looks down, frowns, grimaces.

JAKE  
I'm afraid I can't do that.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
Well then, you're just making it  
difficult on yourself!

Jake hesitates a moment before he continues.

JAKE  
I warned you about all this. You  
know that, right?

Michael in silent reflection for a brief moment.

MICHAEL  
You killed Dalton!

JAKE  
And you killed Tanner!

Michael has a moment of silent confusion.

He mouths "Tanner?" to himself.

JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My partner!

Michael's mouth agape in pure horror.

MICHAEL  
You sure that was me?

JAKE (O.S.)  
I know the difference between an  
A.R. and an A.K., remember?

Michael contorts his face in silent anger.

MICHAEL  
(sharply whispering)  
Fuck!

He curls up even harder with his rifle and shoves his back  
even further into the tree.

A brief silence is shared. The wilderness is quiet, except  
for a soft howl of the wind.

JAKE (O.S.)  
Just give it up, Michael! Come with  
me, and I promise I won't make it  
any worse for you.

Michael rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL  
(sarcastically)  
Well, that's awful comforting.  
Quite the promise you got there!

Jake is calmly furious. He looks up as if to say, "Why me?"  
to God or whatever might be up in the clouds.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You made it sound real appealing!

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE  
Michael, please don't do this.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
I should ask you of the same!

Jake purses his lips, trying to remain on an even-keel.



JAKE  
 Look, a robbery I can forgive.  
 Maybe. But murder? You're asking  
 too much of me.

Michael has a harrowing revelation. A wave of guilt washes over him.

JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Come on, we're both cold and  
 starving out here.

MICHAEL  
 Oh, am I?

JAKE (O.S.)  
 Well, I can't speak for you, but--

MICHAEL  
 I was always more outdoorsy than  
 you!

JAKE  
 No one can bear these elements for  
 too long!

Suddenly, a bullet whizzes past Jake and his tree.

Jake peeks out, sees Michael pointing the barrel of his rifle right at him.

He snaps back behind cover.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Michael begins jogging away.

He turns back around as Jake looks around the tree, this time with his pistol drawn.

Michael rips another shot through Jake's tree.

MICHAEL  
 I don't know where I would even  
 start!

He shoots again. This shot strikes the tree again, but this time bark flies into Jake's face.

Jake crashes to the ground, his hand pressed against the cuts in his face, and yells in agony.

Michael stops dead in his tracks. He turns around with some semblance of remorse.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You okay?

Jake's face rises up from the snow.

He raises his pistol and unleashes hell on Michael.

Michael begins sprinting away as fast as he can, dodging and weaving his way through the trees.

Jake is still on his knees as he empties his magazine towards Michael's general direction.

He groans and places his face back in his hands.

EXT. LONE COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

A barren road surrounded by trees on both sides.

Nothing is heard except a distant engine of a car driving up the road.

A HAPLESS CANADIAN MAN drives alone up the road, looking distraught.

Suddenly, he slams on the brakes when he sees Michael facing sideways, only exposing one side of him.

Michael turns to him once the car comes to a screeching halt.

He swings his rifle from hiding and into view, pointing right at the Hapless Man.

Michael allows himself entry into the vehicle.

INT. HAPLESS MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael slides into the backseat, the Hapless Man looks on in confused fear.

HAPLESS MAN

Where on Earth did you get that?

MICHAEL

The gun store.

Hapless Man shakes his head.

HAPLESS MAN  
Jesus, you Americans and your--

MICHAEL  
Take me to the coast.

The Hapless Man wears a confused look on his face.

HAPLESS MAN  
The coast? What coast?

Michael is taken aback in disbelief.

MICHAEL  
The fuck do you mean what coast?  
The only coast! The edge of the  
fucking continent!

The Hapless Man stares blankly at Michael, still horrified.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
The Eastern-most part of Canada you  
dimwitted fuck!

The Hapless Man's mouth is agape.

HAPLESS MAN  
Wha-- why would you want to go  
there?

Michael's face turns over a frown.

MICHAEL  
Because my gun and I are telling  
you to do so. Do I need any other  
reason?

The Hapless Man furiously shakes his head in terror and begins driving.

He putts the vehicle along and up the still barren road.

EXT. LONE COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Jake, still covering the side of his face, trudges through the snow and lunges up to the road.

He follows Michael's tracks which lead to the road, and sees no further tracks on the other side.

Jake crunches his eyebrows and presses his face together in frustration.

He places his hands on his hips, stands in the middle of the road, and looks around.

Jake digs in his pocket and fishes out his phone.

PHONE FACE: NO SERVICE.

He scoffs and throws his arms up in disgust.

The phone skids across the ground as Jake throws it like a skipping rock across the road.

INT. HAPLESS MAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The Hapless Man continues driving, but is constantly checking the rear-view mirror, looking at Michael in terror.

Michael glares at him in the rear-view mirror.

The Hapless Man decides to keep his eyes on the road.

HAPLESS MAN

So, you got a name?

Michael remains silent.

He looks back at Michael again.

HAPLESS MAN (CONT'D)

Well, my name is George.

Michael remains apathetic.

GEORGE

You must have a name, too...

George looks back in utter fear once again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Right?

Michael still looks out the window, not facing George.

MICHAEL

My name's not important. What is important is your survival.

Michael finally looks to him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And you won't survive if you continue to be a nuisance, George.

Michael looks away again.

George attempts to make eye contact, sees he's not looking, then places his focus on the road.

An uncomfortable silence passes.

GEORGE

I figure it's gonna be a long drive to, well, wherever it is you wanna go. May as well get to know one another, don't ya think?

Michael ignores him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It won't be fun if--

MICHAEL

This isn't meant to be fun!

A rush of sadness comes over Michael.

He begins to tear up.

Michael tries his best to hide it from George, to no avail.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(on the verge of tears)

I just lost my best friend.

George looks up from his driving to the rear-view mirror. A near-sobbing Michael shows, still looking out the window into the dark.

GEORGE

I-- I'm sorry, son. I don't know what to say.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

There's nothing to say.

George looks back at him once more, unsure of what to say, and then pays his attention back to the road.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It was my fault, too. All of this.

George looks back to Michael with concern.

GEORGE

What's your fault?

Michael looks out the window again.

MICHAEL  
Nice try, George.

Michael almost cracks a smile.

So does George.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - MORNING

George's car creeps up to a parking spot that overlooks a shipping yard.

A LARGE CARGO SHIP sits in the harbor.

Michael leans forward.

MICHAEL  
Much obliged, sir.

George looks to him.

GEORGE  
What will you do now?

Michael sits back, shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
That's none of your concern.

George glares, frowns.

GEORGE  
I don't understand, what are you hoping to accomplish?

Michael stares him down a moment.

MICHAEL  
Nothing.

Michael swings the door open.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You never saw me.

He is about to slip out the door when...

GEORGE  
Can I give you a word of advice?

Michael stops in his tracks.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You may have been a good kid once.

George looks in the rear-view mirror, expecting eyes to stare back at him.

Finally they do.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Please shy away from the darkness.

Michael looks away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't let it consume you.

Michael starts to make his way out the door before he stops himself again.

MICHAEL

Can I return the favor, old man?

George makes sure he sees him in the rear-view again.

GEORGE

What's that?

Michael stares deeply into George's eyes.

MICHAEL

Embrace the dark.

George's stare narrows.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It comes for you.

George is about to turn around before...

Michael suddenly strikes the back of George's head with the stock of his rifle.

George flails as his head smacks into the steering wheel.

He hangs over the steering wheel unconscious.

Michael slides out of the car and slams the door.

He slides his rifle into the duffel bag under all the cash.

Michael then makes his way towards the harbor.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - CONTINUOUS

A FOREMAN holding a clipboard looks up to the giant cargo ship.

He scribbles some notes down on the sheet of paper.

Michael briskly approaches him from behind.

The Foreman turns to face him.

FOREMAN

Help ya?

Michael also adores the massive ship.

MICHAEL

When do we cast off?

The Foreman wrinkles his face in confusion.

FOREMAN

Say what? Who's we?

Michael procures a stack of bills from his pocket.

MICHAEL

You, Benjamin, and I.

He holds it close, but visible enough for the Foreman to see.

The Foreman stares at the group of tightly packed bills in awe.

He finally looks to Michael clear in his eyes. Astounded.

Michael half-grins.

INT. CARGO SHIP - LATER

Michael and the Foreman pace through a hallway towards a door at the end.

They reach the door at the end of the hall, the Foreman unseals the door and pushes it open.

He stands at the door way, allowing Michael to go in before him.

Michael nods and climbs in.

The Foreman follows suit.



INT. MICHAEL'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Michael sets his bag down at the foot of the bed.

The Foreman eyes the bag, then makes eye contact with Michael.

The quarters are small, but large enough to house a queen bed and is substantially larger than most other living quarters throughout the ship.

FOREMAN

Please let me know if anyone bothers you. I won't allow it a second time, I assure you.

Michael smiles and nods.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Foreman steps toward the door.

FOREMAN

I'll be topside if you need anything at all.

Michael watches him as he leaves.

MICHAEL

I appreciate it.

Foreman looks back at his bag once again.

Michael's stare narrows.

INT. MICHAEL'S QUARTERS - LATER

Michael lies asleep in bed. It's nearly pitch dark.

EXT. MICHAEL'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Foreman and his TWO PUNKS creep outside his door.

One Punk brandishes a baseball bat.

The other Punk is wielding a crowbar.

The Foreman is carrying a flashlight which sheds a weak beam.

They carefully open the door with a slight squeak.

Each one tiptoes in his room one after another.

INT. MICHAEL'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Foreman shines the light around searching for the dufflebag.

The PUNKS spread out about the room, scrapping through cabinets.

One Punk opens his closet door and shuffles around. Nothing.

The Foreman tiptoes to the side of his bed, just next to Michael who is still sound asleep.

He reaches down under the bed and feels...

CLICK.

The Punks immediately stop what they're doing and turn to face The Foreman and Michael.

Michael flicks on the lamp on the nightstand next to the bed, revealing his pistol pressed against The Foreman's chin.

The Foreman motions to the Punks to stand down. They obey.

A nervous Foreman gulps as Michael rises, lifting his head with his pistol still under his chin.

The Punks desperately want to rush him, but are ultimately frozen by the situation before them.

MICHAEL

One of two things will happen here.  
Either you get the fuck out of my  
room right now, and I forget this  
ever happened.

The Punks look at each other.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Or I scatter his brains about the  
room.

The Foreman looks at the Punks, furiously shaking his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your move, sailor.

The Foreman nearly shits his pants.

The Punks reluctantly storm out of the room.

Foreman lets out a sigh of relief as Michael slowly pulls his pistol away.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Your friends are wise.

He snaps to face Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
And you should be too.

Foreman nods and scurries away from Michael and out of the room.

Michael pulls the hammer down on his pistol and slides it back under his pillow.

He looks down the hallway to ensure they've gone and slams the door.

SLAM TO DARKNESS.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - SUNRISE

A temperate, faux-tropical landscape.

Michael glides down the ramp towards the dock.

The Foreman is at the base of the ramp directing his crew.

Michael hops off the ramp and scoots on by the Foreman, but makes sure he saw him.

The Foreman glares him down.

Michael smiles large and nods to him.

The Foreman shakes his head, looks away, back down to his clipboard, and goes about his business.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

Michael strides through a large crowd towards a train.

The doors slide open and he squeezes through. They shut behind him.

The train sets off.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Michael weaves through the passengers as he is carefully lifts his bag so as to not smack anyone with it.

He finds a private room, slides open the door, and dives in.

A silent moment of reflection passes as he takes his seat and stares out the window towards the beautiful landscape.

Suddenly, the door to his private car slides open to reveal a TICKET ATTENDANT.

The Ticket Attendant looks smugly down on Michael.

Michael looks up to him, hopeful.

TICKET ATTENDANT  
(thick Western European  
accent)  
Ticket and passport, please?

Michael shuffles through his duffle to present a collection of bills.

The Ticket Attendant looks down at the money, grabs it from his hand, and glares at Michael.

Michael stares at him a brief moment before shoving his hand down in the duffle again and offering a larger sum of cash.

The Ticket Attendant snatches this up as well, nods, bows, and backs out of the room.

He slides the door shut behind him.

Michael zips the bag shut, sits back in his seat, sighs, relaxes his head back, and closes his eyes.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train zooms on past a lush Western European landscape.

EXT. SWISS TRAIN STATION - DAY

The doors give way to other PASSENGERS and Michael emerges among them.

EXT. PICKUP AND DROPOFF POINT - CONTINUOUS

Michael waves his arm and hails a cab.

He taps the trunk, it lifts open, and he promptly stashes away his duffle bag.

Michael slams the trunk shut, skips around to open the rear passenger door, and slides on in.

The Taxi scoots off.

EXT. ZURICH DOWNTOWN AREA - SUNSET

Michael looks out the Cab window at the beautiful downtown buildings of Zurich, Switzerland.

He gawks at the gorgeous banks of the Limmat River.

EXT. ZURICH BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Michael lifts his bag out of the trunk and seals it shut.

He taps the top of the cab and it promptly putts away.

Michael briskly paces toward the building, lugging his large duffle bag over his shoulder.

INT. ZURICH BANK - CONTINUOUS

Michael purposefully lunges toward a PRIVATE BANKER who warmly smiles and greets him.

The Private Banker motions for him to follow his lead.

INT. PRIVATE DEPOSIT BOXES - CONTINUOUS

The Private Banker extends his arm to Michael as he opens the door for him and allows him inside first.

He glides on in behind Michael as he plants himself in the middle of the room.

The Private Banker swiftly unlocks and opens a SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX.

He leaves it wide open for Michael as if to present it to him on a silver platter.

The Private Banker nods, bows, and strolls toward the door.

The door seals behind him as Michael places stacks of bills one by one into the box.

He leaves a grouping of cash on the center table just before he ambles to the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jake is furiously writing a REPORT on his desk.

CAPTAIN LUKE DECKARD (50's) emerges from his office, motioning for Jake to stop what he's doing and invites him in. Luke is athletic, dark haired, and matter-of-fact. His age is barely noticeable.

LUKE  
My office, now.

Jake immediately throws the pen down and jumps up from his chair.

He scampers on over to his office door and slides in.

Luke slams the door behind him.

INT. LUKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Luke swings around his desk and cascades into his chair.

LUKE  
Jake, I'm gonna be Frank.

He slides his chair in.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
It's a helluva clusterfuck.

Jake nods nervously and looks down.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I know you clipped one of the kids,  
but there's something else you  
should know.

Jake raises his head to face him.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
There's still a hefty sum of the  
grab missing. \$682,510 was reported  
as a loss according to that  
branch's records.

Jake is confused.

JAKE

I thought we knew this already.

Luke stares him down a moment.

LUKE

We do. However, in Officers Jade and Brownley's report, they state that you let the accomplice get away.

Jake is taken aback.

JAKE

That's bullshit and you know it.

Luke remains unconvinced.

LUKE

On the contrary, I don't know it.

Jake cannot believe this.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I received conflicting reports.

Jake takes a moment to think up his response.

JAKE

Their report is different because they stayed back to clear the scene. And I went after him.

LUKE

I read the report.

JAKE

Everything in my report is fact. They don't know, because they weren't there.

Luke sighs and leans forward on his desk.

LUKE

That's my point.

Jake looks uneasy.

LUKE (CONT'D)

They say you've got a soft spot for the kid. Am I wrong to trust you on this?

Jake tries to hide any and all guilt.

EXT. LUKE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake bursts out the door and rages toward the exit of the offices.

He stomps towards OFFICER BROWNLEY (40s) and OFFICER JADE (40s) who sit cluelessly at their desks.

Jake slams his fists on the desk in front of them and points his finger at them.

JAKE  
You don't know shit! Your asses are mine.

Officers Jade and Brownley attempt to process this, but are too stunned.

Jake storms off and blasts the door open as he dodges a COWORKER on his way out.

Officers Jade and Brownley look at each other, scoff, and try not to laugh as they continue what they were doing before.

INT. CYBER CAFÉ - DAY

Michael sits at a table in front of a public laptop, browsing the web.

LAPTOP FACE: STUDENT LOAN STATUS: PAID IN FULL.  
CONGRATULATIONS!

Michael smiles to himself.

EXT. APARTMENT FLAT - SUNSET

Michael slowly approaches the stairs leading up to his Apartment Flat, backpack on and his AR-15 slung on his back.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Michael swings his backpack on a couch and skips out on to his balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

He gazes upon a luscious view of Lake Zurich off in the distance.

Michael looks down, melancholy.



A feeling of pang bites him on the heart.

He thinks of Dalton.

DALTON (V.O.)  
No amount of money will ever make  
you happy.

Michael looks out toward the breathtaking view.

He looks out longingly.

But for what?

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICES - MORNING

Jake sits at his desk, bandages cover part of his cheek.

He rests his palm on his head, elbow on his desk as he reads through various files.

Jake, a zombie, mindlessly takes a sip of his coffee.

Suddenly, he looks up in wonder.

A revelation.

He scoots out of his chair and puts on his jacket as he rushes out the door.

EXT. SKI RESORT - MORNING

Michael climbs the vast stairs the lead to a Gargantuan Ski Resort Lodge.

INT. SKI LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Michael exchanges an APPLICATION and a handshake with a SUPERVISOR.

Both give each other smiles as Michael heads out the door.

EXT. SKI RESORT - CONTINUOUS

Michael looks over at SKIERS enjoying themselves and SNOWMOBILERS racing down a hill.

He can't help but smile.

EXT. MARKET - MORNING

Michael wanders about a Farmer's Market, shuffling through a large crowd.

He searches through the crowd, attempting to find a stand that interests him.

Suddenly, he sees something in the crowd. A familiar face, perhaps?

He can't tell.

Michael continues to wade through MARKET-GOERS as he sifts through the many stands.

He drifts through the crowd until he bumps into...

Detective Jake Barnes.

Michael's heart drops. He tries to escape when Jake's hand latches on to his arm.

JAKE  
Got a minute?

Michael looks at him with pure terror.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'll bet you do.

Michael hesitates. Cat's got his tongue.

MICHAEL  
What do you want?

Jake laughs.

JAKE  
What do I want?

He scoffs.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
A ridiculous question.

Jake stares seriously into his eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

Michael is incredibly confused.

MICHAEL

Can we go somewhere, I don't know--  
more quiet?

Jake stares him down before he nods.

EXT. CAFÉ - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Michael sit outside of a lavish Café with very nice porch seating.

MICHAEL

How did you find me?

Jake takes a sip of his coffee.

JAKE

Where else would you go carrying  
all that money?

Michael is unconvinced.

MICHAEL

That doesn't really answer my  
question.

Jake smiles.

JAKE

Sure it does.

He takes another sip.

Michael follows suit, but cocks an eyebrow along with a glare.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not to mention, this is a perfect  
place to pursue your hobby.

Michael rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's a shame poor Rudolph had to be  
banished to the impound.

Michael glares hard at him.

Jake can't help but smile.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not to worry, we'll take good care  
of her.

Michael throws a serious stare to Jake.

MICHAEL  
Seriously, how did you find me?

Jake looks away from Michael, stares off in the distance.

JAKE  
You know the biggest weakness of  
your generation?

Jake digs down in his pocket.

Michael looks on with intrigue.

He fishes out his smartphone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You rely too heavily on your  
iPhones.

Michael looks incredulously at Jake.

Jake waves the smartphone in the air a bit before shoving it  
back in his pocket.

Michael rolls his eyes and shakes his head. He looks away.

Jake still looks on with a smirk.

MICHAEL  
Are you even allowed to do that?

Jake lets out a breath through his nose.

JAKE  
There's a lot of things the  
American government isn't allowed  
to do but does anyway.

Michael's stare unwavering.

MICHAEL  
I'm officially creeped out.

Jake chuckles.

JAKE  
I'm surprised it took you this  
long.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL

I suppose it doesn't matter now.

Jake looks away, lets out a soft sigh, then snaps his eyes back to Michael.

JAKE

You're right, it doesn't.

They both take their eyes off one another.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Answer me this, why did you come all this way?

Jake lets out a long, drawn-out, heavy sigh.

JAKE

Mike, I need closure.

Michael stares at him for a long moment before looking away.

MICHAEL

There's not much to say.

Jake tries to get a read on him.

Short beat.

JAKE

You miss him?

After staring off in the distance for a moment, Michael then looks him straight in the eye.

MICHAEL

Of course I do. Every day.

Jake feels only slightly remorseful.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You?

Jake shrugs.

JAKE

Eh, I never really liked my partner much anyway.

Michael is caught off guard. He cannot hold back his laugh.

Jake joins in.

Once they finally stop laughing, both share a moment of silence together.

MICHAEL  
You gonna take me in?

Jake takes a good moment to mull this over.

JAKE  
I'm not even sure I can chase you  
this far.

Michael cracks a smile.

MICHAEL  
And yet, you did anyway.

Jake smiles, shakes his head.

Brief beat.

JAKE  
No, I had to hand it over to the  
FBI.

Michael looks shocked as he raises his eyebrows.

MICHAEL  
The FBI? Really?

Jake nods.

JAKE  
You crossed over the Canadian  
border. Out of our jurisdiction.

Michael looks at him incredulously.

MICHAEL  
Didn't seem to stop you any.

Jake shakes his head, looks up, shrugs.

Michael stares at him with a bit of nervous curiosity.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
They gonna come out here lookin'  
for me?

Jake looks off into the distance.

JAKE  
If they did, it wouldn't be with my  
help.

Michael is in complete and utter disbelief.

MICHAEL  
Why are you doing this for me?

Jake shrugs.

JAKE  
I'm not doing anything for you.

Michael tries to find the right words to say.

MICHAEL  
No, I mean-- why won't you help  
them?

Jake takes a sip.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
The FBI?

Jake rocks back and forth, side to side in his chair.

JAKE  
I feel vaguely responsible for you.

Michael tilts his head, his eyes narrow on him.

He shakes his head at him.

MICHAEL  
Don't make this about that.

Jake remains silent a moment, before he huffs and smiles.

JAKE  
I can't help it.

Michael shakes his head as he takes a sip.

MICHAEL  
I'm serious.

Jake rises from his seat and flips his sunglasses on.

He smiles again.

JAKE  
So am I.

Jake struts on by Michael and gives him a pat on the  
shoulder.

Michael snaps his head around to watch him leave.

Jake is gliding on sunshine as he takes in the Swiss air.

He lets the sun gleam off him as he meanders through the crowd.

Michael turns back around, raises his coffee mug to his mouth, laugh laughs, huffs, and shakes his head.

He lifts the mug into his mouth, takes a healthy gulp, sets it back down on the table.

Michael shows off a big smile as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END TITLE: RUDOLPH.

ROLL CREDITS.

**THE END.**