

Camping with the Cartel

by  
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EXT. GYM - DAY

Salt Lake City, UT. Two-thirds of a dingy strip mall are occupied by a no-name exercise operation. Sounds of VIGOROUS EXERCISE are everywhere.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Aerobics class. Fairly toned ladies and men follow along to the rhythmic movements of an overly animated INSTRUCTOR. Vicious GRUNTS and SHOUTS are barked from the back of the room.

One by one, the gym rats become alarmed by the woman making the commotion; MYRNA KELLER, 43. Body positive, she wears brightly colored sweats and her hair up in a sky-high ponytail.

INSTRUCTOR

Um. Are you OK?

Her eyes are closed. She's got her earbuds in. Myrna's in the ZONE.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(angry)

HEY! STOP THAT!

MYRNA

Hm?

She takes out her earbuds.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry?

INSTRUCTOR

Are you alright? Because you sound like a moose giving birth...

MYRNA

Oh, I-

INSTRUCTOR

To a tractor. A moose pushing a tractor out of its vagina.

MYRNA

I wasn't paying attention.

She points to her ear.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
It was my jam.

INSTRUCTOR  
I need you to leave.

MYRNA  
Really? Just because I-

INSTRUCTOR  
I'm going to throw up on you.

MYRNA  
Oh. Yeah. It's cool.

General looks of disgust.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
I have to- go, anyway. On a  
wonderful trip, with my family.  
Camping. (BEAT) You know? Fuck you  
people. I don't need this.

She notices a particularly horrified woman nearby. She POINTS  
to her.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
But especially fuck you. Don't look  
at me.

Myrna exits the room and makes a bee line for the drinking  
fountain when a scantily-clad beauty sensually working a  
treadmill catches her eye. She stops to stare and a SCUMMY  
DUDE joins her.

SCUMMY DUDE  
Pfff. That ass, right? I want to  
take it to the fair and deep fry  
it.

MYRNA  
You should. Yeah. Piece o' shit  
like you? You'd be everyone's bitch  
in prison.

She turns to the beauty.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
You ready to go, honey?

Mid-stride, the girl stops. Freckles and a wicked smile;  
BECKY KELLER, 17, gives her mother a NOD.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

She's a child. You're going to hell.

Annoyed, Becky steps down and joins Myrna.

BECKY

I'm seventeen.

She HUGS her daughter.

MYRNA

And just as illegal as you were when you were 10.

He hurries away.

EXT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Becky leads them out the double doors.

MYRNA

I can't believe this is our last camping trip before you leave us for that bullshit clown college you got into.

BECKY

Stanford is essentially Ivy League, mom.

MYRNA

You sound like a fuckin' dweeb, kid.

BECKY

WHOA!

MYRNA

I know. Cut me some slack. I'm grieving.

EXT. HOUSE

Two stories. Track home at its finest. Fully-packed SUV in the driveway. Myrna and Becky pull up and get out of their commuter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wes Anderson threw up all over the place; mid century modern furniture with Victorian wallpaper and flea market fixtures as far as the eye can see.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

More of the same; teal and plaid all over the place. 80s pop icons and Barack Obama are hung on the wall via symmetrically placed posters.

An angular boy in a blue oxford and yellow bowtie carefully rolls a John Travolta poster and places it in a huge back pack; TRACEY KELLER, 11.

A preppy man in gigantic eye glasses walks by the door and stops. He's CHARLES KELLER, 45. He spots a chessboard in the corner of his son's room.

CHARLES

Did you make a move, Trace?

TRACEY

Yes, earlier this morning. There are two possible moves that will allow you to avoid check mate.

He doesn't look up. Charles sits in a small chair next to the board. Tracey packs an assortment of nonsense into his bag.

CHARLES

No pressure or anything.

TRACEY

I'm thinking about making a change. Would you and mom take issue with me wearing white jumpsuits? As a sort of a uniform.

CHARLES

On the camping trip?

TRACEY

Of course not. When we return. From then into the foreseeable future.

CHARLES

Fine by me.

TRACEY

I'll need six. Bare minimum required to maintain proper hygiene.

CHARLES

I'll talk to mom about it.

He moves his piece.

TRACEY

Check mate.

CHARLES

What are you talking about? You haven't even looked at the board!

TRACEY

I don't have to. Of the two possible moves you could have made to avoid check mate- one required a long, diagonal movement, which you didn't make, and the other required total destruction of the board. Which you also failed to do. (BEAT) Good night, dad.

Dumbfounded, Charles stands and hugs his son.

CHARLES

Sweet dreams, pal.

He leaves. Tracey smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Myrna reads a book in bed. Charles comes into the room.

MYRNA

How'd you do?

CHARLES

He beat me.

MYRNA

Of course he did. You get the car all packed?

CHARLES

Yeah. (BEAT) Do you think camping is a good idea?

She puts her book down.

MYRNA

In general? Because I know you aren't talking about *our* camping trip. The one that me and the kids look forward to every year? *That* camping?

CHARLES

I'm not saying we shouldn't go. But the timing- work is nuts and Trace... he's been acting kind of strange lately.

MYRNA

Strange? I gave birth to the kid and I'm not sure he isn't a hologram. He's weird. Always has been.

CHARLES

But he asked-

MYRNA

He made Eagle Scout, twice. He loves camping. And Becky... she's going to be purchased by a Saudi Prince any day now, this could be the last camping trip she goes on.

Charles undresses in the bathroom.

CHARLES

You think that could happen?

MYRNA

It *will* happen! I have the ad on Craigslist as we speak. I love that kid too, but I can't fuckin' deal with her anymore- she had her entire asshole hanging out at the gym today.

Charles brushes his teeth.

CHARLES

Wow.

MYRNA

Yeah. Wow. She's too pretty. And dumb- shit is that kid a dumbass. She's as stupid as I was when I was her age. But she doesn't have my scrappiness.

He climbs into bed.

CHARLES  
Few people do.

MYRNA  
I'm so scrappy. Honestly, I think she's trying to drive me as crazy as possible before she moves out.

They look at each other.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
Why don't you want to go?

CHARLES  
I'm close to landing that deal. If I stay, it'll probably happen. And we could really use the money.

MYRNA  
Are we in trouble?

CHARLES  
No.

He's lying. She doesn't buy it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
We're OK.

MYRNA  
Do you want to stay home? I don't really remember this hike, but I'm sure Trace burned it into his... mainframe, or something.

CHARLES  
No. It's more important that we're together.

MYRNA  
You sure?

CHARLES  
Definitely. Six A.M. tomorrow morning, we're hitting the road. As a family.

MYRNA  
That sounds perfect.

They KISS.



MYRNA (CONT'D)

Do you want to have super quiet sex, quickly?

CHARLES

I really do.

MYRNA

Take me to beef town.

INT. BECKY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moroccan lanterns blend with Barbie Doll furnishings and a wall of mirrors. Becky packs a rucksack while talking to her boyfriend, KEVIN, on SPEAKER PHONE.

BECKY

It's a week, Kevin. Five days, actually.

KEVIN (ON PHONE)

*A week is a long time. Plus, you've been really distant lately.*

BECKY

No I haven't. I've just been... busy.

TRACEY (O.S.)

Busy thinking up ways to break up with you.

Tracey stands in her doorway.

BECKY

TRACE!

He holds up a jar of pickles.

TRACEY

Do you mind if I bring these?

KEVIN (ON PHONE)

*Who's there with you? Did they say you're breaking up with me?!*

BECKY

It's my STUPID brother! Get out! And no, he didn't say anything like that.

TRACEY

Yes I did. She hates you, Kevin.  
But she's too nice. Plus, she  
thinks you might be gay.

She can't believe he said that. Kevin starts to CRY.

BECKY

(whisper)  
You are such an asshat.

TRACEY

(whisper)  
Rip the bandaid. (BEAT) These  
pickles, I can bring them?

BECKY

What, yes? I dunno. Just go away.

EXT. BECKY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tracey leaves and she closes the door behind him.

TRACEY

If a bear comes to kill us in the  
middle of the night, you'll be  
thankful I have these pickles.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises on the house.

INT. BEDROOM

Myrna and Charles are asleep. Charles STIRS.

CHARLES

It's six thirty.

MYRNA

Poop.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Tracey is dressed in a Boy Scout-esq getup at the kitchen  
counter as Myrna makes a stack of PB&J sammiches. Becky is a  
hot mess in a baggy PRINCE T-shirt and short shorts.

MYRNA

Good morning hone- OH! Are you on drugs?

BECKY

No. Bad night.

MYRNA

Wanna talk about it?

BECKY

No.

MYRNA

Wanna get dressed?

BECKY

I am.

MYRNA

I mean, would you like to get dressed in something that wont get you arrested for soliciting prostitution?

TRACEY

It's your shirt she's wearing.

MYRNA

Yeah, dude. I know that. But it's tight on me... on her it's showing the goodies.

BECKY

No it doesn't. Why do you have to be like this?

TRACEY

She broke up with Kevin.

MYRNA

The gay kid? That's good.

BECKY

MOM! He's not gay!

MYRNA

He should be true to himself and play with a wiener or two.

BECKY

MOM!

She looks off.

MYRNA  
Life's too short.

Myrna looks to her kids.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
Find genitals that interest you and  
go nuts, guys. Be safe, but have a  
party. With butts, or whatever.

Charles enters.

CHARLES  
Ready to go?

TRACEY  
I think mom just had an aneurism.

CHARLES  
Oh?

MYRNA  
No. (SIGH) My babies are growing up  
too fast... I hate it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

The door swings open. The Keller family pours out, one-by-one, and each enters the SUV.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Myrna is behind the wheel.

CHARLES  
Everyone buckled in?

BECKY  
Where are my headphones?

Myrna holds up a CD.

MYRNA  
Where we're going, we don't need  
headphones!

She puts the disc in the player and CRANKS the volume. 80s  
SYNTH POP BLASTS on the speakers.

CHARLES  
It's a little loud.

MYRNA  
(delighted)  
I KNOW!

They back out of the driveway and head onto the road.

CUT TO:

UTAH COUNTRYSIDE

The car cuts through the mountain roads, fields, old main streets, and back into the mountains. All the while, the same song plays.

Finally, they roll into a dirt parking lot and come to a stop. The synth music THUNDERS until Myrna kills the engine. Silence.

BECKY (O.S.)  
OH. MY. SHIT!

She RUNS from the car. Charles and Tracey exit. Myrna follows.

MYRNA  
Guys. The stereo broke. Was it my fault? No. Was it playing one of the best songs of all time? Yes. So, are we good? YES!

BECKY (O.S.)  
THE SAME SONG, FOR FIVE HOURS!

MYRNA  
That's what happens when a stereo breaks.

CHARLES  
You could have turned the volume down. At least a little.

MYRNA  
No, actually I couldn't. It's a scientific fact that if you listen to the same song on repeat for several hours, you have to listen to it at a high volume or else it'll mess with your system... your processes. In your brain.

(MORE)

MYRNA (CONT'D)

(BEAT) They proved it with monkeys.  
Back me up on this!

TRACEY

You could have turned it all the  
way down.

MYRNA

You're tearing this family apart.

Tracey gives her a look of complete indifference. He puts his pack on his back and heads into the woods. Becky does the same.

CHARLES

I should follow them. I don't know  
where to go.

Myrna is left alone for a moment.

MYRNA

It was just a song. You guys are  
pussies.

INT. FOREST - LATER

The kids are slightly out front, blazing a path through a fairly thick patch of trees.

MYRNA

Hey guys. *What do you think of  
these trees?*

TRACEY

I find them to be pleasant.

BECKY

They're trees, mom.

MYRNA

I don't know about you, but I'm  
inspired. Inspired to play *scariest  
ever.*

Charles is trying to get a signal on his phone. Becky SIGHS.

TRACEY

Sure. What's the location?

MYRNA

Truck stop bathroom.

TRACEY

Am I pooping or peeing?

MYRNA

Pooping. Of course.

TRACEY

OK. In that scenario, I guess the scariest thing that could happen would be... having no toilet paper.

BECKY

HA! Toilet paper? How about getting raped?!

MYRNA

Pump the brakes on the rape train. Do you know how bad it would be to have no toilet paper?

TRACEY

Without toilet paper, you'd be subjecting yourself to all manner of diseases.

BECKY

You guys. Use your shirt or something.

MYRNA

Our shirts? We're not animals, Rebecca.

BECKY

Whatever, you guys are being stupid.

MYRNA

I'll meet you half way; truck stop bathroom BUT it's all a big set. Like the TRUMAN SHOW. So you go in and instead of a toilet, it's a naked guy painted white and he's all crouched down. (BEAT) You don't notice because you're about to pour beef stew from your back, and you sit on him.

TRACEY

That's considerably worse than my scenario.

MYRNA

AND, there's no toilet paper in sight.

Charles is distracted by his phone.

BECKY

You're super gross, mom.

MYRNA

It's the game, honey. From what I remember, you used to be the best at it.

BECKY

I still am. Give me a location.

TRACEY

The woods.

She takes a second to look around. They're pretty deep. Birds CHIRP. Trees sway and CRACK.

BECKY

Easy. You're walking with friends and you start to feel a chill. You brush it off as nothing, but the temperature continues to drop as the sounds of the forest swell. Soon, it's so loud that you can't hear yourself think- you look around and find your friends have disappeared. You call to them, but the noise is deafening. (BEAT) All of a sudden? It goes quiet.

The sounds of the woods soften as she speaks, dropping to near silent.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Not a sound can be heard, but it isn't just the forest. You scream for help and nothing comes out. Next, your sight fades. You're already deaf and you're quickly becoming blind.

MYRNA

Oh, shit!

BECKY

So you scramble to find the trail back to the car, but it's too late.

(MORE)



BECKY (CONT'D)

With your eyes wide open, all you can see is perfect darkness. All you can hear is the numb pounding of your heart.

Tracey closes his eyes.

BECKY (CONT'D)

You reach out to steady yourself against a tree, but can't. They're gone. You reach in every direction, stumbling over yourself at first and then running. No rocks at your feet, no trees, bushes, plants. Darkness. In total silence, you run as hard as you can, screaming, to no end. Eventually, your brain comes completely unhinged as it tries to process this new reality.

TRACEY

And then what?

BECKY

Nothing. You experience that moment for the rest of eternity. (BEAT) There's no death. No change. No end. Scariest. Ever.

Myrna is in SHOCK. Tracey is thinking.

MYRNA

What the FUCK is wrong with you?!

TRACEY

I suppose you're correct. That would be truly horrifying.

MYRNA

When we get home, you're going to church. Our little girl, Charlie, she's possessed!

He hasn't heard a word.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Charles?

CHARLES

Hm?

MYRNA

Rebecca? Her story?

CHARLES  
I'm sorry, what did you say, honey?

MYRNA  
You didn't *just* hear our daughter essentially come out of the closet as a serial killer?

He's trying to find a signal.

CHARLES  
Heh. Must have missed it.

MYRNA  
What's going on with your phone?

CHARLES  
Oh, nothing.

He's trying to hide it.

MYRNA  
Those things don't work out here. You know that.

CHARLES  
Oh, I was, checking. On work-

Myrna takes him aside. The kids walk ahead.

MYRNA  
(soft)  
You alright? Is everything OK?

CHARLES  
Yeah! Ha. It's fine.

MYRNA  
You're checking your phone like you're waiting on a drug deal.

CHARLES  
No. I was checking, sure, but nothing like that.

MYRNA  
What's going on with you?

He HUGS her. SCREAM!

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
REBECCA!

They run to her. Becky and Tracey look down at the stream.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

What is it?!

Blood. Small pools of blood rest atop the black earth at the water's edge. Tracey bends down to examine. Myrna PULLS him back.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Don't touch it.

TRACEY

I wasn't going to touch it.

CHARLES

Is that blood?

MYRNA

People hunt in these woods, guys. I'm sure it was just a deer or something.

BECKY

Teeth.

She points to a pair of molars just north of the blood.

TRACEY

They appear to be wisdom teeth.

He leans in.

CHARLES

Those are people teeth. We're done.

BECKY

We need to get outta here.

MYRNA

Hang on! I think you're letting your imaginations run a little wild. It's blood, probably from an animal. And some teeth, maybe human. No big deal.

BECKY

No big deal?! How do you think HUMAN TEETH ended up next to a pool of blood?

MYRNA

A hunter shot a deer and wrestled it here. Before it died, the deer got in one good shot and knocked a couple teeth loose.

CHARLES  
That's a little far-fetched, babe.

TRACEY  
It's possible. However, it doesn't explain the fingers in the middle of the next pool of blood up ahead.

MYRNA  
Fuck off. Fingers?!

CUT TO:

FINGERS. THREE OF THEM.

Severed. On the ground at the center of a massive pool of blood.

CHARLES  
NOPE!

Charles and Becky immediately turn around to leave.

MYRNA  
GUYS!

BECKY  
Mom. We have to leave!

CHARLES  
Honey. Some bad stuff went down here. We have to get the kids home and call the police.

MYRNA  
Just a second. I'll admit, it doesn't look good.

BECKY  
Someone was murdered here!

MYRNA  
Whoa. Murdered? Two teeth and a few fingers? Irish dudes lose more than that at their own family reunions- you don't hear them crying *murder*.

BECKY  
MOM!

MYRNA

It's the woods! Shit goes down here. It's the trade off for all the serenity.

TRACEY

It looks like the blood is fresh. Probably happened less than a day ago.

MYRNA

How on *earth* do you know that?

BECKY

SEE?! Fresh, that means whoever did this is still out here!

MYRNA

Maybe. Or, maybe, the guy who lost some fingers-

CHARLES

And teeth.

MYRNA

Yeah, Charlie, we know... anyway, maybe that guy is around here and needs our help.

CHARLES

That's why we should call the police.

MYRNA

It's five hours back to the car, an hour, easy, for the cops to show up, and five hours back to this spot. Since it's probably nothing, the cops will be pissed that we wasted their time, nothing will happen, and we'll be out our last camping trip as a family.

CHARLES

Is that what this is about?

MYRNA

No. Kinda. All this? The blood and whatever? It's nothing. If someone *is* hurt? We should help them. BUT, I honestly think it's fine.

TRACEY

Sun down is in two hours.

BECKY

I don't want to be out here at night.

CHARLES

I think we should leave.

MYRNA

Oh please, you didn't even want to come in the first place.

TRACEY

Why didn't you want to come?

CHARLES

Of course I wanted to come.

He turns to Tracey.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I wanted to come. But I think now, it's dangerous to be out here.

Myrna is looking around. Trying to find any excuse to stay. She spots a wood pile nearby.

MYRNA

Wood. WOOD PILE!

BECKY

What are you talking about?

She runs to it.

MYRNA

Why would there be a wood pile in the woods? Because a guy was CHOPPING wood! He saw a rabbit or something and accidentally chopped his fingers off. He panics and runs for help, trips and smashes into a tree, kicking loose a couple teeth.

As she's pantomiming all this, she's searching for something.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

I know it's a stretch, but... HA!

She holds up a hatchet.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

The hatchet!

BECKY

The murder weapon.

MYRNA

No. No, no, no. If it was someone else doing it, they would have taken this- it's evidence! The fingers- those are evidence too! Go with me on this; it's a dumbass who probably got drunk before setting up his tent and ruined his hand chopping firewood.

She gives Charles a look. She needs this.

TRACEY

But-

CHARLES

Good enough for me.

BECKY

Dad.

CHARLES

Mom makes a lot of sense.

TRACEY

When? Just now?

CHARLES

We should be going, if we want to get to our site before dark.

Myrna gives him a smile. She EXHALES after a command performance. Charles and Tracey walk. Becky SIGHS and walks.

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

Tracey puts final touches on some paracord and branches that are laced into a tight perimeter around a single, yellow tent. A makeshift fire pit is near. The Kellers sit close together.

MYRNA

Everyone feel a little better with food in their bellies?

CHARLES

Much.

BECKY

We're going to be so cramped  
sharing that two-person tent.

MYRNA

You can be cramped or killed by an  
axe murderer... your choice.

BECKY

MOM!

MYRNA

Where's Trace?

BWAAHHH! They JUMP! Tracey steps out from behind the tent  
with a HOT SAXOPHONE. He BLOWS a tune.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

TRACE!

He stops.

TRACEY

Statistically, you're much less  
likely to encounter a dangerous  
animal while camping if you  
generate a great deal of noise.

BECKY

What about the psycho? He'll hear  
us!

MYRNA

Where'd you get a saxophone?

TRACEY

I'd hazard a guess that a  
psychopath would be in a comparable  
mental state to that of a wild  
animal, in this case. The loud  
noises mean large parties and less  
of a chance they'd be successful at  
killing. Again.

They think about what he just said.

MYRNA

Play your heart out, sweetie.

He does. It fluctuates between tolerable and terrible. The  
rest of the family relax by the fire.



THE NEXT DAY

ZIP. The tent opens and out comes a polished Tracey and a disheveled Becky. Myrna is by the fire ring, all packed.

MYRNA  
Morning, babies.

BECKY  
Morning.

TRACEY  
Where's dad?

She looks around and SHRUGS.

CUT TO:

CHARLES PACING

About fifty yards from the campsite, up on a bluff, Charles messes with his nearly-dead phone.

CHARLES  
Come on.

He gets a single bar on his phone.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
YES!

Notifications for a dozen calls appear.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Oh no.

Several texts appear. He reads the most recent: YOU'RE DEAD.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

He turns the phone off. Charles looks around to clear his head when something catches his eye. He does a double take and heads off, quickly toward his family.

CAMP SITE - CONTINUOUS

The space is clear, everything packed and ready.

MYRNA  
How'd you fit that saxophone in  
your pack?

TRACEY

I didn't bring my tent. Or a change of underwear.

BECKY

Gross.

CHARLES (O.S.)

(loud whisper)

Guys! GUYS!

He RUNS toward them and comes to a SLIDING stop.

MYRNA

WHOA! What's going on?

CHARLES

There's a guy out there, just over the little... hill. Bluff? He's down over there.

BECKY

(concerned)

The murderer?

MYRNA

There's no murderer. (BEAT) Is it the murderer?

CHARLES

No. He's tied to a tree. I think it's the guy he tried to kill.

CUT TO:

THE BLUFF

Hunkered down, the family all look as hard as they can at a MAN in a filthy suit, tied to a tree. They WHISPER.

BECKY

Are you sure he isn't dead?

CHARLES

He's alive. You can see movement every now and then. Must be asleep.

MYRNA

Poor guy.

Tracey looks at him through a set of binoculars.

TRACEY

He's breathing fairly steadily. Assuming he isn't brain dead, there's a good chance he could survive if he was taken to a hospital.

BECKY

You're so full of shit. How could you know that?

MYRNA

If he's breathing, he's alive. If he's alive, we need to help him.

CHARLES

What are you talking about? We have no idea...

She SLINKS away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Myrna!

The kids follow. Myrna makes her way through the trees, looking around for anyone else while trying to keep one eye on the man at the tree.

MYRNA

(whisper)

Kids. Stay with your father.

Becky and Tracey stop ten feet behind her. Charles comes to their side.

CHARLES

Myrna!

MYRNA

Keep a lookout.

She comes within a few feet of the man. He's slumped over, arms tied behind him, to a tree. He wears a designer suit, war-torn with blood and grime. Barefoot, his shoes tossed just out of reach. There's a crude bandage wrapping his left hand, soaked with finger blood.

Myrna accidentally SNAPS a fallen branch. She FREEZES. The man doesn't raise his head.

MAN

Guys, I was having the best dream. Do we have to start so early with the torture?

MYRNA

I don't know what to say to that.

He perks up, lifting his head to the unfamiliar voice. He's surprised.

MAN

Well. Hey there, tits.

MYRNA

Hi. I'm sorry, did you just call me "tits"?

MAN

I may have. I've lost a lot of blood, so I don't exactly have a firm grasp on reality.

MYRNA

Or social norms.

He looks around.

MAN

If you're a mirage, or a hallucination or something, could you move this along to the wet dream part before those guys come back and cut something else off of me?

MYRNA

What happened here? Who did this to you?

Charles STUMBLES out from the bushes. Myrna JUMPS, then she's immediately relieved.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Charlie, where are the kids?

MAN

You brought kids out here?

Charles locks eyes with the stranger.

MYRNA

Charles!

CHARLES

They're fine. Just behind us. What's his story?

MAN

(out of it)

I respect that you guys are an interracial couple, but we don't have time for this. The assholes who did a number on me? They'll be back any minute. You need to take your kids and scoot.

CHARLES

Why did they do this to you?

MAN

Why? They're Mexicans, the drug dealing kind. It's what they do.

CHARLES

Are you a drug dealer too?

MAN

HA! Nah, man.

MYRNA

We were camping and our children are with us. We have to know more about you before we can help. Are you like a fancy businessman?

MAN

Yeah. Yes. I was kidnapped.

MYRNA

That's bullshit.

MAN

What do you mean?

MYRNA

I'm a mom. I get lied to every second of every day. I can tell when someone's lying and right now, I call bullshit.

He EXHALES.

MAN

Brass tax? Fine. (BEAT) My name's Wade Evans. I move money for the Viaquez Cartel, out of Mexico. About a month ago, I seized an opportunity to get out, with a little money to retire on.

Charles and Myrna stand close to each other.

WADE

I stashed the cash here, in the woods and a week later, three enforcers from the Cartel tracked me down. (BEAT) I guess the idea is to torture me until I talk. Then they'll skin me alive and watch as I'm eaten to death by bugs.

Myrna HEAVES. Nothing comes out.

MYRNA

Sorry.

TRACEY

(distant) What kind of bugs?

She HEAVES again.

MYRNA

Sorry.

CHARLES

How much money did you bury?

WADE

Lots. (BEAT) A hundred million.

CHARLES

ONE HUNDRED MILLION?!

WADE

If you get me outta here, I'll take you to it. We can go fifty/fifty.

MYRNA

Excuse us.

WADE

Lady, the Mexican drug cartel is back behind me somewhere. If they find you, they'll kill your entire family. Everyone you've ever known. So, either cut me lose and get stupid rich or turn around and head home. Clock's tickin'.

MYRNA

Just a sec.

She PULLS Charles back into the woods.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

This is a bad situation. I was wrong. Let's grab the kids and get the hell out of here.

CHARLES

We can't just leave the guy, Myrna. You heard what they'll do to him.

MYRNA

Honestly? You need to cut the shit, Charlie. What's going on here?

CHARLES

I don't know what you're talking about.

MYRNA

You didn't care if that man back there lived or died until he mentioned buried treasure in the woods. You know as well as I do that he's most likely lying, telling us what he thinks we want to hear. Because he's desperate. (BEAT) Hell, he could be a member of the cartel, or worse!

CHARLES

What's worse than being a member of a drug cartel?

MYRNA

I don't know. Hitler? Or one of those guys who sell solar panels for houses? It doesn't matter. What does matter is us. You and me. You're keeping something from me and it ends right now, motherfucker.

CHARLES

We're in debt.

MYRNA

Yeah?

CHARLES

Bad debt. Losing the house-kinda, bad debt.

MYRNA

The bank is going to take our house?

CHARLES  
Not the bank.

MYRNA  
WHO? Talk to me, Charles.

CHARLES  
My bookie. And his employer.

MYRNA  
Your whatnow?

CHARLES  
I have a slight gambling problem  
and its been getting worse.

MYRNA  
Gambling? How much do we owe?

CHARLES  
A lot.

MYRNA  
HOW. MUCH.

CHARLES  
Six-hundred thousand. And change.

TEARS in her eyes. He can't look at her.

MYRNA  
Our house isn't worth that much.  
Not even close.

CHARLES  
I know.

MYRNA  
So where do they get the rest of  
the money?

CHARLES  
They're going to hurt me.

She's shaken to her core.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
But, Myrna? This could fix  
everything. This is our way out!

He places his hand on her side. She pulls away from him.



MYRNA

Do NOT touch me. You fuckin' bag of garbage. You bring that into our home? You know what those kinds of people are capable of? They could hurt our children, Charlie. Our babies.

CHARLES

I'm so sorry. But this, right here, this could be our miracle. If that guy's telling the truth, we could take the money and pay them off, with interest.

MYRNA

*If he's telling the truth. If he's not a drug dealer, or a killer, or a rapist. (BEAT) Oh, and IF the cartel doesn't find us and kill us along the way, Charles. Then, yeah, this right here could be a miracle.*

She walks off toward the kids. Charles goes to Wade.

CHARLES

Wade. How far away is the money?

WADE

About a day's hike. Down into the canyon.

CHARLES

A day?

WADE

Yeah, but there's a service road that no one knows about. I've got a little pickup truck gassed and ready about thirty minutes away from the stash.

Charles is worried.

WADE (CONT'D)

I know these woods, man. It's a day hike back to your car or a day down to mine. Except my route makes you a Rockefeller when you get there.

Myrna and the kids come through the brush.

CHARLES

Dammit.

He hurries to the tree and cuts Wade loose with his pocket knife. Wade immediately SLUMPS OVER to the ground. Charles HOPS back, waiting for something bad.

WADE

Sorry, boss. I didn't realize how weak I was. Could you help me up? I don't think I'll be able to walk so well.

Charles proceeds with caution. Tracey is TENSE. Charles helps him up.

CHARLES

Wade Evans? We're the Keller family; Myrna, Rebecca, Tracey, and me, Charles.

WADE

Thank you, Charles. You just saved my life.

MYRNA

Which way?

WADE

That way.

CHARLES

Let's move. Quietly everyone. Please.

They move ahead, into the forest, and quickly disappear.

EXT. CAVE

A small opening surrounded by boulders and a bevy of trees; the cave is the remnant of a long-dead miner's claim. Outside, a short, fat man nervously chews a cigar; CHUY, 48.

There's rustling from inside. A flashlight beam collides with the cave walls as a thin, dark-skinned man exits; ISRAEL, 42. Both men speak SPANISH.

CHUY

Did you find anything in there?

ISRAEL

Nothing. The white boy is full of shit.

A towering, wall of a man exits the cave; IGNACIO, 31. He too, only speaks SPANISH.

IGNACIO

I'm heading back to the camp. Call Dona Loren with an update. Tell her I'm going to take his hand off and carry him to the next location he gives us.

CHUY

I'm not going to call her.

ISRAEL

Yes you are, pussy. You wouldn't go into the cave so you have to give her the bad news.

Israel hands him a satellite phone. Reluctant, Chuy DIALS.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

JALISCO, MEXICO. A dingy, rust-orange warehouse in the heart of the city.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A FAT MAN in a white suit smokes a massive cigar while FANNING himself on a stained couch. Muffled SCREAMS are everywhere. A cellphone RINGS on the table before him.

He answers, in SPANISH.

FAT MAN

Hello? Chuy! How's it going, man?  
Good to hear from you!

An old woman wielding a blowtorch walks up next to him and stops cold. He's nervous. She turns off the torch and places it on the table. He offers her the phone; SENORA LOREN, 71. She speaks in SPANISH.

SENORA LOREN

YOU FUCKING SHIT!

She BEATS him with a pillow.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

How dare you answer my phone! If you weren't my son I would have you thrown into a fucking VOLCANO!

She GRABS the phone from him.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
 CHUY! Where's my money?!

CHUY (ON PHONE)  
 Dona Loren. Good morning.

SENORA LOREN  
 Don't you be cute with me, you son  
 of a bitch. Tell me you have my  
 money and that white boy is dead.

CHUY (ON PHONE)  
 I'm sorry, Dona. We haven't been  
 able to find the money, yet. But we  
 will soon.

SENORA LOREN  
 Put Wade on the phone.

CUT TO:

CHUY ON THE PHONE IN THE FOREST

CHUY  
 Oh, we aren't back to the camp yet.  
 We left him tied up while we looked  
 where he told us.

Israel WINCES.

SENORA LOREN (ON PHONE)  
 (furious)  
 HE ISN'T WITH YOU?!

CHUY  
 No, but he's close by and tied up  
 real good. Ignacio hurt him bad. He  
 can't get away.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SENORA LOREN  
 You fucking idiots. He lead you  
 away to give himself time to  
 ESCAPE!

CHUY (ON PHONE)  
 With all due respect, Dona Loren,  
 he couldn't possibly escape.  
 (MORE)

CHUY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
I don't even think he can walk  
anymore.

SENORA LOREN  
*With all due respect?* Listen to me,  
you fat, baby worm; you will get  
back to that camp site and peel off  
every single one of that bitch's  
toenails and fingernails until he  
tells you where my money is. And  
you will TAKE him with you to the  
location. If he's lying? Cut off a  
leg. If he lies again? Cut off both  
arms.

CHUY (ON PHONE)  
If he lies after that?

SENORA LOREN  
Kill yourselves, fuckers, because  
if you don't, I will come up there  
myself and do things to you that  
will make the baby cherubs in  
Catholic Heaven WEEP into their  
diapers!

CHUY (ON PHONE)  
Yes, Dona Loren. We'll get to work.

SENORA LOREN  
ALWAYS! NEVER STOP! GET MY FUCKING  
MONEY AND COME BACK HERE SO I CAN  
SLAP YOU IN YOUR STUPID FUCKING  
FACES!

She SMASHES the phone on the floor and takes the cigar from  
her petrified son.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
Leave.

She sizes up a man tied to the wall. Her son STRUGGLES to get  
up and eventually does. With a deep breath, he RUNS. She  
PUFFS on the cigar and TAUNTS the man with the torch in her  
hand.

INT. PINE FOREST

Deeper into the forest, Myrna and Becky walk ahead as Charles  
brings up the rear, dragging Wade. Tracey follows closely and  
stares at the stranger.

WADE

Why are you staring at me?

TRACEY

I find you interesting.

CHARLES

Trace, I don't think it's a good idea that you and Wade talk to each other.

WADE

Ah, c'mon dad. The little fella's intrigued by me.

TRACEY

I said interested, the words aren't interchangeable.

WADE

You need to get laid, kid. It'll fix you right up.

CHARLES

I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't speak that way to my-

TRACEY

Intercourse seems unsanitary.

WADE

Were you made in a lab, or... are you just one of those genius retards?

CHARLES

You son of a!

He DROPS Wade, who lands HARD in the dirt.

WADE

AHH!

MYRNA

What happened?!

The girls JOG back to them.

WADE

I'm sorry, man. I didn't mean any disrespect.

CHARLES

We just saved your life! You think you can insult my family?

MYRNA

Look who gives a shit about his family all of a sudden.

BECKY

What's that supposed to mean?

WADE

I didn't know, man. I'm from the south- that's just how we talk to each other. I'm tryin' to get to know you, to pass the time.

CHARLES

I'm truly sorry, guys. I don't think this is going to work.

Tracey CROUCHES down by Wade.

TRACEY

My parents are entirely too precious with me. I think that they, along with most everyone else, assume I act this way because of some kind of social disease I carry, like an Asperger's. The truth is, however, that I talk like this and conduct myself the way I do as kind of performance art. I like seeing people's reactions. Especially adults. They're so uncomfortable... and it's... wonderfully empowering.

He extends his hand to Wade.

WADE

Shit, kid. You're lightyears ahead of us, aren't you?

TRACEY

Yes.

He PULLS him up. Charles, Myrna, and Becky are in SHOCK.

BECKY

You act like a martian because you think it's funny?

TRACEY

You act like an idiot because you think it makes you more attractive. Same, right? (BEAT) Dad? Could you grab me that branch over there?

Charles, still reeling, picks up a large branch and hands it to his son, taking Wade from him.

MYRNA

You just blew our minds, Trace.

He doesn't respond, but rather, CUTS smaller branches off to make a walking stick for Wade. He hands it to him.

TRACEY

I think you're strong enough to use this.

He is.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

That way, my dad can conserve his energy, should he need to carry you if and when the...?

WADE

Cartel.

TRACEY

Right. The cartel come for you. (BEAT) There's a stream up ahead. We should get you washed up.

Tracey walks and they all just watch him.

WADE

That one right there is smarter than Elvis and Bill Gates, combined.

CHARLES

I'm, uh, sorry I let you fall.

WADE

You're a real fuck trumpet, chuckles. Uh-huh.

As they walk away, there's a rumbling behind a large bush. BEAR SOUNDS and a flash of brown fur follow them.

CUT TO:



THE STREAM - LATER

Myrna and Becky wet bandanas and wash their faces in the stream. Wade sits downstream a little with his coat off, trying to unbutton his shirt.

TRACEY  
You look hungry.

He offers him a pickle.

WADE  
Where in the hell did you find a pickle out here?

TRACEY  
I brought them. In case. Bears.

WADE  
That doesn't make any sense. And there aren't bears in these woods.

TRACEY  
I disagree.

WADE  
You remind me of a buddy o'mine. Good guy. Weird as a dildo growing out of a cactus, you know?

Tracey smiles and nods.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Gimme another one of those pickles, egghead.

He does.

TRACEY  
I think the word *dildo* is humorous.

WADE  
Well why the balls do you think I said it?

He LAUGHS. Myrna PANICS.

MYRNA  
Holy shit. Trace just laughed.

BECKY  
I don't think I've ever seen him laugh.

MYRNA  
Not even as a baby.

Charles appears with some plants and berries.

CHARLES  
I grabbed as much as I could, but  
I'll have to check with Trace  
before we eat any of it. What?

MYRNA  
Becky, can you tell your father to  
look at his son?

Becky POINTS. Tracey is CRACKING UP with Wade. Charles DROPS  
the food.

CHARLES  
He can laugh?

Wade and Tracey share a comfortable silence when Wade spots a  
large bear taking a drink.

WADE  
Kid? I don't want to alarm you, but  
there's a real as fuck bear about  
twenty yards away from us.

Tracey turns and sees it.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Just play it cool. We're going to  
slowly stand, and back away.

TRACEY  
Alright.

They stand and the bear notices them right away.

WADE  
Hang on, now. It's cool. That's a  
brown bear. They may be big, but  
they're the sweetest creatures in  
the forest. (BEAT) They never  
attack people.

The bear STANDS and ROARS.

MYRNA  
Is that a fucking bear?

TRACEY  
(soft)  
What's it doing? Wade?

Wade is already HOBBLING away.

MYRNA  
TRACEY!

The bear CHARGES. Tracey looks at the pickles and LOBS them toward the bear. It RUNS right past them.

TRACEY  
THE PICKLES! THEY DO NOTHING!

Charles runs and grabs Tracey as the girls waive them all to follow.

WADE  
Head for the trees! Brown bears  
can't climb!

Charles throws Wade's arm over his shoulder.

TRACEY  
YES THEY CAN! THEY'RE EXCELLENT  
CLIMBERS!

WADE  
OK! I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT BEARS! ARE YOU HAPPY?!

The girls THROW the food Charles dropped to try and distract the bear as the boys run past them. It stops and SNIFFS.

BECKY  
Mom. It's working!

It ROARS again and CHARGES.

MYRNA  
No, it made things worse. RUN!

BACK AT THE TORTURE CAMP:

Israel and Chuy find the place DESTROYED by Ignacio.

ISRAEL  
Ignacio? HEY!

IGNACIO  
HE'S GONE! THAT FUCKING SNAKE!

CHUY  
Whoopsies.

Ignacio holds the cut rope.

IGNACIO  
Must have been hiding a blade.

CHUY  
No way. I searched him. You  
tortured the guy. He would have  
made a move sooner.

IGNACIO  
Then he was HELPED. It doesn't  
matter- HE ISN'T HERE!

He THROWS the rope at the tree and storms off.

ISRAEL  
Fuck me.

CHUY  
We have to find him.

ISRAEL  
No shit. (BEAT) OK, we've only been  
gone four or five hours. He's  
crippled. He couldn't have gotten  
far.

Ignacio SLAPS them both in the chest with walkie talkies.

IGNACIO  
Channel three. You go that way, you  
go that way, and I'll go this way.  
Whoever sees him first will call  
the others.

Ignacio checks his pistol and moves.

ISRAEL  
Give me the phone. I don't want you  
calling Senora Loren until we find  
him.

He gladly hands it over.

CHUY  
Take it, man. I don't want to call  
her. Ever.

Israel walks into the woods. Chuy walks off toward a large  
bush and pushes it aside, revealing three dirt bikes.

CHUY (CONT'D)  
I'M GOING TO TAKE A MOTORCYCLE. OK?

He SHRUGS and gets on the bike. He seriously STRUGGLES to fire it up until VRROOMM!

INT. FOREST - LATER

Myrna walks with Wade. The rest of the family is up ahead. Tracey WHITTLES the end of a long stick into a point.

MYRNA

I still can't believe you were able to fake the bear out and get it to crash into the tree.

WADE

I tried to leave you all for dead and climb the tree up to safety. But instead fell out of it as the bear lunged for me. It dying on impact was just dumb luck.

MYRNA

Was getting into all of this dumb luck too?

WADE

All this, meaning my profession?

She nods.

WADE (CONT'D)

Not luck. No, it was planned. I was an environmental lawyer. Went to Harvard Law and everything.

Becky keeps looking back at Wade.

MYRNA

Shut up.

WADE

It's the truth. I wanted to make a difference. I was good, but it didn't matter. I'd win these little victories against big corporations and later see a bigger corporation find a way around 'em. And I eventually got sick of it.

MYRNA

Fast forward to, money laundering?

WADE

Well. I looked to the lines of work that would make me the most money in the shortest amount of time. I thought that you needed insane money to make a difference.

MYRNA

But you worked for murders.

WADE

I was a lawyer... I worked for worse. I know it wasn't right, that's why I tried to get out.

Becky ties up her shirt and hikes up her shorts.

WADE (CONT'D)

I think your daughter is trying to get my attention.

MYRNA

Oh, yeah. She likes to casually show off her labia, now and then.

WADE

Who doesn't?

MYRNA

You haven't looked at her like most guys do.

WADE

She's a kid. Lovely, sure, but not my thing.

MYRNA

You're telling the truth.

WADE

I can't lie to you. Isn't it your super mom power?

She smiles and looks him over. Myrna immediately realizes that she checked out Wade and she's WAY into him. Not good.

MYRNA

I'm going to head up there for a bit.

Wade is in a lot of pain. He rests for a minute on a log. Charles notices and heads back to check on him. He's about to ask Wade a question when there's a sound of BEES.

CHARLES  
What's that sound?

WADE  
Dirt bike?

BLAM! The tree next to Wade EXPLODES. They DUCK.

WADE (CONT'D)  
RUN!

Charles helps Wade. The family all RUN. Chuy trains his Beretta on Charles and just as he gets ready to fire, t-bones a fallen tree.

CHUY  
SHIT!

CRASH! He WIPES OUT and is THROWN from the bike, losing the gun and any self respect.

WADE  
Did you hear that?

MYRNA  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

They all FREEZE. Tracey takes off his pack and pulls out the poster tube.

WADE  
(soft)  
We're about to go mano-y-mano with  
the Viaquez Cartel.

He looks down the path.

WADE (CONT'D)  
I think it's just one of them.  
Huddle up.

Chuy SHAKES the cobwebs loose from his head. The bike is wrecked. He grabs his walkie talkie.

CHUY  
GUYS! I found him. He's with some  
people- maybe four or five. Get  
back to the camp and take the  
bikes. Ride WEST.

He's retracing his wipeout and finds the gun. Myrna notices Tracey's sharp stick, grabs it and commando crawls through the scrub.

CHUY (CONT'D)  
I'll get them ready for you,  
Ignacio.

He POKETS the walkie and takes the gun in both hands. Tracey carefully threads a rope through an overgrown bush.

WADE  
(whisper)  
Don't do anything until he's by  
that log.

Lying on his belly, he speaks to a terrified Becky and Charles. They each hold large rocks in their hands, CROUCHED next to him.

CHUY  
(ENGLISH)  
Hey. White boy! Come out. Let me  
see your friends, too. Have  
something I want to show them.

He walks down the same tight trail they were on, headed right for them. Chuy's eyes dart all around.

CHUY (CONT'D)  
Hey, people! Did he tell you who we  
are? Cartel Viaquez! Did he tell  
you what we do to people who help  
our enemies?

He approaches the log.

CHUY (CONT'D)  
We do not kill them. We make them  
WISH THEY WERE DEAD! AH-HA-HA!

Wade NODS at Charles. Charles THROWS one of his rocks off to Chuy's right. CRACK, it hits a tree. BLAM! He SHOOTS in the direction of the sound.

CHUY (CONT'D)  
My friends are coming, pindejos. If  
you give me the white boy, we'll  
let you go free. We don't care  
about you.

Becky THROWS one rock, followed by another. BLAM! BLAM!

CHUY (CONT'D)  
HAHA! We're going to have so much  
fun cutting you all up into little  
pieces!



Charles rolls his rock to tap Chuy's foot. BLAM! He shoots the ground. Becky tosses a rock at Chuy's head, disorienting him. BLAM! A delayed gun shot into the air.

Wade gives a nod to Tracey who pulls his rope, SHAKING a bush against a tree. BLAM! BLAM!

WADE  
COME AND GET ME, YOU SON OF A  
BITCH!

Tracey YANKS on the rope, pulling the bush down. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! CLICK. Chuy examines his gun. There's a John Travolta poster tacked to the tree, with three holes in it.

CHUY  
Yonnie Travoltas?

Myrna has somehow flanked Chuy. She sets her sights on his gun as he releases the magazine to reload. Steadying the sharp stick she LUNGES but trips over a tree root. STAB! Myrna runs the stuck through Chuy's waistline.

CHUY (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

He drops to the ground, SCREAMING.

MYRNA  
Fiddlesticks!

Myrna panics. Wade makes his way over, grabbing the gun and a fresh clip from Chuy's pocket.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
I messed up. Do you think he'll be  
OK?

BLAM! Wade shoots him in the head.

WADE  
Oh, sure. He'll be fine.

PUKE! Myrna throws up super hard. Charles HEAVES but nothing comes up. At the tree, Tracey gazes up at his poster.

TRACEY  
You're a bellbottom-wearing maniac,  
who refuses to play by the rules.  
But today? You single-handedly  
saved us all. (BEAT) Thank you,  
John. And God speed.

WADE

We need to get the show on the road, gang. Y'all did great, by the way. (BEAT) Especially you.

He speaks directly to Myrna. She gives him a courtesy smile.

CHARLES

You did great, honey.

MYRNA

I am NOT ready to speak to you yet. Just...

She SHEWS him away and joins Wade and the kids.

INT. FOREST

Ignacio charges through the woods.

ISRAEL (ON WALKIE)

Ignacio? Hey! Where are you?

He takes the device off his belt.

IGNACIO

I'm heading back.

ISRAEL (ON WALKIE)

Have you heard from Chuy?

IGNACIO

No.

ISRAEL (ON WALKIE)

I don't think it's good.

IGNACIO

Do you have the phone?

ISRAEL (ON WALKIE)

Yes.

IGNACIO

Good. We have it if we need to call some friends. Whatever you do, don't call Dona Loren. I'll be at the camp in an hour.

CUT TO:

ISRAEL - CONTINUOUS

He's staring at his walkie talkie.

ISRAEL  
It's going to be dark soon.  
Ignacio? IGNACIO?!

No response. The phone starts to RING.

ISRAEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Shit!

He takes out the satellite phone.

ISRAEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

It's a blocked number.

ISRAEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Don't be her. Please. Don't be her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

It's the backside of the warehouse from before. A cute table and chair setup, complete with umbrella pop in white against the dingy building. A calm Senora Loren SIPs some tea with a phone to her ear.

SENORA LOREN  
Hello? (BEAT) OH! Israel, my son!  
How is everything going?

A man dressed in black brings her a platter with two guns on it. She points to one and he places it on the table. She smiles to acknowledge him.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
Poor baby! Well that doesn't sound  
good. No, not at all.

She stands and two men in black place a protective apron over her dress.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
That sounds like a much better  
plan, Israel. (BEAT) Mad? Me? No,  
no, no. I'm disappointed, but I  
know you won't let me down. Yes.  
That's a good boy. OK, back to  
work. Yes. Bye.

She ends the call and hands the phone to one of the men in black.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

Thank you, sweetie.

She takes a few calming breaths and takes the gun from the table. Just to her left, four men in their underwear kneel with their hands behind their black-bagged heads, faced away from her.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Head shots. They drop. She places the gun back on the table. The two men quickly remove her apron and she returns to her seat to sip her tea.

INT. FOREST

Myrna, Charles, and Wade walk together as the kids keep the pace just ahead.

WADE

We're gonna veer left just up there.

Becky points to an offshoot from the trail and Wade gives her a thumbs up.

CHARLES

So, are we getting close, or?

WADE

Few more hours.

MYRNA

There's two more of them, right? On dirt bikes?

WADE

Yeah, but I wouldn't worry about them. It'll be dark soon.

CHARLES

So?

WADE

Mexicans are superstitious.

TRACEY

I'm uncomfortable with casual racism.

WADE

What I meant was *those* Mexicans are superstitious. I heard them last night. They're afraid of the dark.

CHARLES

But they're cold blooded killers!

WADE

Who are positive that spirits inhabit the woods and come out at night. For bad guys, that's particularly scary because it reminds them that they're going to hell for all the bad guy stuff they've done.

EXT. CAMP SITE

Israel checks his watch at the site; both dirt bikes at the ready. Ignacio comes stomping through the bushes.

IGNACIO

You should have gone ahead.

ISRAEL

It's getting dark.

IGNACIO

How far do you think they are?

ISRAEL

Too far for tonight. This whole place will be pitch black in an hour and we'd get ourselves lost. (BEAT) I think we should fix the tent and camp here for the night.

There's a HOWL in the distance. They both JUMP.

IGNACIO

I don't like this place.

ISRAEL

Help me with the tent. We can get them first thing in the morning.

CUT TO:

THE KELLERS AND WADE

Charles is antsy.

MYRNA

What's up with you?

CHARLES

I'm having a hard time with this whole situation.

MYRNA

Oh, you are? That's weird. I'm totally cool with all this. Kids! How about you? You both doing just fine with being hunted by murderous drug dealers?

BECKY

All good!

TRACEY

I've accepted this as my new reality.

MYRNA

See? Our children are doing fine. What's your problem?

WADE

I'm not sure, but if I were a betting man, I'd wager she's being sarcastic.

CHARLES

I mean that I would be a little more at ease if we knew where we were going. No offense, but Wade used to work with these guys-

WADE

Would it help if I gave you map to where we're going?

CHARLES

You have a map?

WADE

Up here, yeah.

He taps his head.

WADE (CONT'D)

You'll all have to look real hard, 'cause there's not much light left. See up ahead, where the two mountains come together?

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

Well, you can follow the line of the one closest to us all the way down to a little patch of birch trees. That's where we're headed. It's not quite a valley, but it'll look like one from that ridge up ahead, come morning.

CHARLES

So where do we dig when we get to the birch trees?

WADE

Dead center, there'll be a tight cluster of trees. Twelve paces north, twelve west. That's the spot. (BEAT) And then the service road with the truck is about a three miles east. Easy money.

CHARLES

That's everything? No surprises?

MYRNA

Lay off, Charlie.

CHARLES

Lay off?? Myrna-

MYRNA

Why don't you go up ahead and scout out a good place for us to rest?

CHARLES

Me?

TRACEY

I'll go with you, dad.

They go.

MYRNA

I'm sorry. We're kind of going through a thing right now.

Wade takes a break and places his hand on Myrna's back; mostly to steady himself but she's into it.

WADE

Your husband seems like a real nice douche bag. I don't know what he did, exactly, but he seems to be over the moon for you and those kids of yours.

MYRNA

He's a great father. But apparently  
he's just as great a liar.

WADE

You guys'll be fine. You know, if  
we don't die first.

They share a moment.

INT. TENT - LATER

The wind HOWLS. The forest is full of spooky sounds. Israel  
SHAKES with his eyes shut tightly. Ignacio does the same with  
his back to Israel.

It sounds like a woman MOANING in pain outside.

ISRAEL

Did you hear that?

IGNACIO

No.

He's lying.

ISRAEL

La Llorona! She's coming for us!

IGNACIO

Don't be stupid. It's just the  
wind.

Something resembling a hand PUSHES into the tent.

ISRAEL

Is that the wind too, asshole?!

Another MOAN.

IGNACIO

She's here to take our souls!

ISRAEL

OH FUCK!

IGNACIO

NOOO!



EXT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

A fallen branch leans into the tent, BLOWING back and forth with the wind. SHRIEKS from within.

CUT TO:

BOULDERS

A few broken trees flank the large rocks, just off the small path they've been following.

WADE  
Excellent job, guys.

BECKY  
Why are we stopping here?

MYRNA  
We could all use some rest.

BECKY  
But those other guys are coming for us.

WADE  
We've put a lot of ground between us and them, even if they have dirt bikes. Plus, I can guarantee that they're hiding in a hole somewhere, scared to death of the wind.

BECKY  
I don't want to rest.

She's scared. Myrna puts her arms around her.

MYRNA  
You don't have to sleep, baby. But let's try to rest our legs, at least.

The girls settle in near one of the rocks. Charles and Tracey do the same. Wade props himself up against a large tree.

TRACEY  
Aren't you going to try to sleep?

WADE  
I'm doing OK, thanks pal. I think I might just keep my eyes open for a minute or two. You guys get some rest.

TRACEY

You're going to take the first  
lookout shift?

WADE

I'll wake you up for the next one.

Myrna watches Wade with Tracey and she's falling in love.  
Becky is out cold next to her. Myrna shuts her eyes.

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE:

The forest, early morning. Everything GLOWS and seems to  
breathe in this new, soft focus world. Myrna lies in a  
beautifully arranged nest of flowers and twigs. She wears a  
low-cut, flowy night gown. Her face is flawless and gently  
kissed with a glitter sheen.

She eats berries super seductively.

The bushes in the distance gently rustle as Wade comes  
forward. He's shirtless and OILED, dressed in a sexy  
fireman's costume.

WADE

Hello, gorgeous.

MYRNA

Oh, hello.

WADE

I can tell from here that your lady  
parts are too hot. Hot like FIRE!

MYRNA

Yeah, baby. They're BURNING UP.

He produces a fire hose.

WADE

Good thing I have this extra-long  
hose to put that fire right out.

MYRNA

Oh my!

She closes her eyes.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Do it, you bad boy.

When she opens them, he's gone.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
Fire man? Where'd you go?

Wade appears as a shirtless chef. He wears a tall, silly hat and holds a bowl full of batter. He WHISKS as he speaks.

WADE  
I'm cooking up this boner for you,  
m'lady.

MYRNA  
Oooo. Mommy's hungry.

He walks behind a tree and comes out the other side as a sexy cowboy; shirtless, ten gallon hat, chaps, mustache.

WADE  
Howdy, ma'am.

She couldn't be more turned on. He's finally within reach.

MYRNA  
Howdy do, stranger.

He licks his lips.

WADE  
I rode my horse so hard, and so  
fast, just to get to you... my  
horse broke its legs off and I had  
to throw it away.

MYRNA  
Shh, no more talk, cowboy.

He's closer.

WADE  
Well, ma'am, if it wouldn't be too  
forward, would you mind if I lied  
down beside you... and quietly  
fucked my hat?

MYRNA  
What was that?

Wade holds his hat over his junk. He's not wearing anything else.

WADE  
All. Night. Long.

He blows her a kiss.

SMASH CUT TO:

MYRNA AND BECKY, ON THE GROUND

Myrna SNAPS awake. She looks around to see everyone fast asleep. She looks at Wade and then at Becky. She gently shakes Becky awake.

MYRNA

Becks. Sweetie? Becks!

She stirs.

BECKY

(groggy)  
Mom? What?

MYRNA

Do cowboys hump their hats?

BECKY

What?

MYRNA

Their hats. Do they, you know, do 'em? Like, is that a *thing*?

BECKY

How would I know?

MYRNA

You're on social media. Is it something that's *trending*? Am I saying that right?

BECKY

You want to know if cowboys, like actual cowboys are on social media, posting about having sex with their hats?

MYRNA

Yeah. Do they do that?

BECKY

No. What the shit is wrong with you?

MYRNA

Everything. Go back to sleep, honey. Sorry.

She kisses her on the forehead.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
Good night.

BECKY  
Night.

Myrna lies back, eyes WIDE OPEN, she watches the sky. Exhale.

MORNING

The mountains are a royal purple, splashed by the first rays of day. Birds chirp, sweetly. Wade wakes to the sounds of the Kellers getting ready to move. Charles looks down at him.

CHARLES  
We have to get moving.

He hands him some mushrooms.

WADE  
Thanks? Trace approve these?

CHARLES  
He doesn't think they're poisonous.

WADE  
How do they taste?

CHARLES  
He wasn't sure. We ate the last of the granola bars and the berries I found. Those are for you.

WADE  
Well then.

CHARLES  
You're welcome. They weren't easy to find.

Wade is left with his mushrooms.

WADE  
Let's see how you go down.

He eats one. Seems fine.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Not bad, Charlie. Not great, but not bad either.

He eats the rest. Charles gives him a sarcastic smile and a thumbs up.

WADE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Dick head.

MYRNA  
Are we ready to go?

Myrna is avoiding eye contact with him at all costs. He pulls himself upright.

WADE  
Just have to do my business real quick. Ready in two.

He takes a few steps away to pee. As he does, he develops a TICK. Then another. Soon, he's fascinated by his hands- they seem to SWELL. Watching them closely, he follows their movement around, still peeing.

Becky catches him out of the corner of her eye.

BECKY  
YIKES!

She WHIPS around, facing away from Wade's genitals.

MYRNA  
What?

She sees Wade's junk.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
WEEN!

CHARLES  
HEY! Put it away, man!

Pants down all the way, Wade is obscured by bushes, but the family sees everything. He's just now noticing them. It's pandemonium.

TRACEY  
The mushrooms appear to have hallucinogenic properties.

CHARLES  
Great. He's high.

MYRNA  
Can you help him get his pants up?

CHARLES  
Yeah, dammit.

He approaches Wade.

WADE  
Oh, hey Charlie. Where'd you get those glasses? They're tits, pal. Seriously.

CHARLES  
I'll be sure to get you a pair.

He bends over to grab Wade's pants. Wade pees on him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
HEY!

Charles falls back and quickly scoots away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing, man?!

Wade looks around, oblivious.

WADE  
Oh, hey Charlie. Do you have any bubble gum?

MYRNA  
Wow. He's high as FUCK!

BECKY  
Where did you find those mushrooms?

TRACEY  
Perhaps you could hoist his pants up from the back? We really should be going now.

CHARLES  
Great idea, Trace. Why don't you three start moving?

EXT. TENT

ZIP! The material parts and Ignacio exits. He looks the same except for his, red, sleepless eyes. Israel's hair is a MESS.

IGNACIO  
Let's go.

ISRAEL  
I'm hungry.

IGNACIO  
Get fucked. We're LEAVING!

He fires up a bike and TEARS OFF. Israel is speechless.

ISRAEL  
You speak that way to me? I hope a  
chicken pecks at your dick.

He climbs on the bike.

ISRAEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
PECKS AT YOUR DICK'S HEAD!

Israel REVS up the bike and gets moving.

BLUFFS - LATER

Charles and Becky sit next to each other on a pile of rocks overlooking the birch tree valley down below.

BECKY  
Why's mom so mad at you?

CHARLES  
Because I'm an idiot.

BECKY  
Nah. That's why she loves you. What  
did you do?

CHARLES  
Something really stupid. But it's  
all about to be fixed.

BECKY  
We're going to be millionaires,  
huh?

CHARLES  
If Wade is telling the truth. And  
if things go to plan.

BECKY  
All the money will pay off the  
gambling debt you owe, but I don't  
think it'll fix you and mom.

CHARLES  
She told you?



BECKY

Of course she told me. We tell each other everything. That's the deal. (BEAT) I think if you had the same deal with her, you'd be in a lot better place.

She kisses him on the forehead. In the background, Wade stumbles around, talking LOUDLY.

WADE

I'm talking so loud! Can you guys hear me?

MYRNA

YES! Holy shit, yes, we can hear you. They can hear you in space. Please, shut up.

WADE

I don't think you guys can hear me! Am I under water right now? GUYS! AM I UNDER WATER? HOW AM I BREATHING?!

BECKY

Wade is still super high.

MYRNA

He sure is. Everybody ready?

The path down into the birch trees is steep.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Looks a little scary down there. Gonna have to take it slow. We should get moving. Please tell your father to help Wade down the path.

CHARLES

You got it, honey. C'mon Wade.

Wade is still. Concentrating.

WADE

You guys? I think I'm shitting. Yeah, I'm definitely shitting. In my pants. (BEAT) Are you guys shitting?

CHARLES

I don't want to help him anymore.

MYRNA

Don't be such a baby. He probably only THINKS he's having an accident.

CHARLES

Uh, no. It looks like he sat in pudding.

WADE

(chipper)

HA! You guys! I feel it in my shoes! Oh man, that's not good- I have so many open wounds!

Tracey takes Wade by the hand.

TRACEY

Let's take a walk, Wade.

WADE

Thank you, pink robot. Are there wonderful mushrooms on your planet too?

CHARLES

Maybe you shouldn't walk with Wade, Trace. I don't want you getting sick from his... mess.

TRACEY

According to the CDC, as long as I don't physically come in contact with feces or find my face within twenty-four inches or less of feces, it's virtually impossible to catch any potential contaminates.

They walk by Charles. Wade gives him a goofy look.

WADE

Good day, Gregory.

CHARLES

That's not my name.

WADE

I SAID GOOD DAY, SIR!

CUT TO:

CHUY'S BODY

Ignacio and Israel stand over their fallen partner.

IGNACIO  
They took his gun.

Ignacio gets on his bike.

IGNACIO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
We'll have to be careful when we  
come across them. Follow me.

Ignacio fires up his bike and takes off. Israel hops on his bike and the satellite phone falls from his back pocket. He drives off as well.

EXT. BLUFFS - LATER

The family work their way down the incredibly sheer cliffs.

CHARLES  
Must have had a landslide- this'll  
take a lot longer than Wade said.

BECKY  
There's seriously NO better way  
down?!

MYRNA  
Try to stay calm, honey. Wade is  
probably still tripping balls, and  
he's the only one who'd know a  
short cut- there's no point in  
getting all worked up.

Wade crosses over Myrna, stopping face-to-face with her.

WADE  
Hey girl. Whatcha doin'? You come  
here often?

MYRNA  
What's happening here?

TRACEY  
I believe he's coming on to you,  
mom.

CHARLES  
Wade! Stop that! No!

WADE

You hang with really pushy mountain goats, baby.

MYRNA

I'm flattered, guy. Really-

There's a faint sound of dirt bike engines.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

What's that sound?

BECKY

(worried)

Motorcycles. It's MOTORCYCLES!

She SLIPS and a SCREAM creeps out when Charles steadies her.

CHARLES

You alright, pumpkin?

BECKY

Yes. Thank you!

She hugs him tight. Tracey LAUGHS.

TRACEY

You almost fell off the mountain over a sound. What a dildo!

WADE

HA!

BECKY

HEY!

MYRNA

Don't make fun of your sister.

The faint engines REV LOUDER and the ground shifts under Tracey's feet. He SLIPS and is casually caught by Wade. Tracey clasps onto Wade's bad hand.

TRACEY

Pull me in. Please.

WADE

Ouch, robot. You are pinching the shit outta my hand!

He looks down to see that he's missing a few fingers.

WADE (CONT'D)  
 My ha-? What the hell? Where did my  
 fingers go?! Robot, how could you?

TRACEY  
 Wade, pull me in.

He reaches out with his good hand when Tracey slips,  
 SQUEEZING Wade's band hand.

WADE  
 AH!

He pulls back and Tracey FALLS. The family all shout.

ALL  
 NO!

Tracey skids down the bluffs and gets knocked around by some  
 trees before landing hard onto the earth. He's out cold,  
 completely out of view from the family.

MYRNA  
 TRACEY!

CHARLES  
 TRACE!

WADE  
 (to himself)  
 What just happened?

MYRNA  
 TRACEY! I'm going down there.

She moves dangerously fast.

BECKY  
 Mom, please be careful.

MYRNA  
 TRACEY!

Down below, Tracey comes to. He's groggy and holds his head.  
 Surveying his surroundings, he looks up.

TRACEY  
 Mom? I appear to be, unharmed.

She stops, relieved. Wade looks nervous.

MYRNA  
 Thank God. Hold tight, sweetie, I'm  
 coming!

The HUMMING of the dirt bikes stop. Charles notices immediately.

CHARLES

(soft)

Myrna? I think the guys are close.  
(BEAT) Follow this switchback over to those bushes so we can duck out of sight.

MYRNA

Are you crazy? Our little boy just fell five stories down a mountain, Charles. I have to go to him.

CHARLES

We might not make it. If those guys are close, and we're trying to shimmy down this path? We'll be sitting ducks. Completely exposed.

BECKY

Mom? I'm scared. A little. We should hide.

MYRNA

You guys, he's just a little boy.

Down below, Tracey pulls a bandana from his pack and places it on his head.

CHARLES

He's fine. They won't be able to see him. Tell him to sit tight and we'll be down in a few.

BECKY

Please.

Myrna looks all around, as if trying to confirm the story Charles and Becky are giving her.

MYRNA

Fine. (BEAT) Trace? Sit tight, lovebug. We're going to lay low for a few minutes. OK?

TRACEY (O.S.)

Alright!

Carefully, they move toward the area just off the path, covered with bushes. Becky leads, followed by Myrna, Wade, and Charles.

CHARLES  
Almost there, Becks. Take it easy.

WADE  
Where are we going?

CHARLES  
Keep walking.

She makes it to the spot, safely. As Becky breathes a sigh of relief, she's immediately GRABBED by Ignacio.

MYRNA  
REBECCA!

CHARLES  
NO!

Ignacio holds a gun to her head. He speaks to them in English with a thick accent.

IGNACIO  
Don't. Move. Or I'll kill the girl.

Charles eyes the gun sticking out of Wade's waistband. CLICK!

ISRAEL (O.S.)  
Hey. I see the gun too, puta. Why don't you try and take it?

Israel has his gun trained on Charles from above.

ISRAEL (CONT'D)  
Go ahead. Don't be scared.

IGNACIO  
(Spanish)  
Is it Chuy's gun?

ISRAEL  
(Spanish)  
Yeah. Wade has it tucked by his ass.

IGNACIO  
Throw me the gun, Wade.

He doesn't hear him. His high appears to be wearing off, making Wade super DIZZY.

ISRAEL  
ASSHOLE! He said to throw him your gun!

CHARLES

He might not be able to understand you.

ISRAEL

SHUT UP, BITCH!

He THROWS a handful of small rocks toward Charles.

MYRNA

He's telling the truth!

Ignacio tightens his grip on Becky.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Wade's on drugs. He doesn't know what's going on.

IGNACIO

What drugs?

MYRNA

Mushrooms. We found them and didn't know they were... bad. Please, we'll give you whatever you want. Don't hurt my baby.

IGNACIO

Push the guerro over to me.

WADE

(soft)

Where's Tracey?

CHARLES

Shh.

IGNACIO

GIVE HIM TO ME! NOW!

He raises his gun in the air and FIRES. The bullet ricochets right into Israel's shoulder.

ISRAEL

(Spanish)

AHH! You shot me in the fucking shoulder, asshole!

IGNACIO

(Spanish)

Don't be such a little bitch. It's just the shoulder.



ISRAEL  
 (Spanish)  
 It really hurts!

Wade looks around at the commotion. Israel SLIPS but catches himself.

IGNACIO  
 (Spanish)  
 We don't have time for this! Be professional.

ISRAEL  
 (Spanish)  
 Professional?! You motherfucker!

BLAM! Israel shoots at him. Everyone DUCKS. Wade comes to. BLAM! Ignacio returns the fire and lands a shot in Israel's chest. Wade LUNGES toward Ignacio, knocking the gun from his hand.

Myrna grabs Becky and Charles covers them both like a human shield. As Wade and Ignacio wrestle, Israel holds his chest until he loses his footing and FALLS.

They all watch him drop.

Down below, Tracey goes through his pack, pulling out some essentials. Israel lands with a THUD next to him. Spooked, Tracey grabs his pack and RUNS.

Ignacio sees that he's outnumbered and without a weapon so he JAMS his finger into a wound on Wade's leg and KICKS himself free. He disappears into the bushes.

CHARLES  
 Where's he going?! Did he get the gun?

Wade's in pain.

MYRNA  
 (to Becky) Baby, are you OK?

She cries on her mother's shoulder.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
 Let it out, honey. It's OK.

Charles makes his way over to Wade.

CHARLES  
 You saved our daughter's life.

He helps him up.

WADE  
Kid ruined my buzz. And that  
sonofabitch cracked my rib.

Charles hugs him.

WADE (CONT'D)  
AH!

CHARLES  
What happened?!

WADE  
CRACKED. RIB. Dumbass!

He pushes him back.

WADE (CONT'D)  
I appreciate it, but let's just do,  
one of these.

He extends his hand. Charles enthusiastically shakes it.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Where's the little weirdo?

SMASH CUT TO:

TRACEY RUNNING LIKE HELL

Branches SLAP him as he moves as quickly through the forest  
as possible.

BACK TO THE GROUP - CONTINUOUS

They look over the ledge, to the forest below.

CHARLES  
You don't remember? He took a  
spill.

BECKY  
It's not your fault, but you  
dropped him.

WADE  
I dropped him? But-

MYRNA  
TRACE! You still good down there?

No answer.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Tracey!

CHARLES

TRACEY!

BECKY

Did he go somewhere? Do you think that guy fell on him?!

CHARLES

No. He probably heard the gun fire and went some place to hide.

The girls look out at the forest, concerned.

MYRNA

Dad's right. Tracey's more comfortable out here than any of us. And he's good in emergency situations.

CHARLES

If everyone's alright, we should start making our way down there so we can meet up with him.

Wade is a little shaken.

WADE

Only have a few hours before it gets dark again. C'mon.

They gather themselves. Wade looks around for Ignacio and checks that his gun is still in his waistband.

MYRNA

WE'RE COMING, TRACE!

They make their way down.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Massive. White. Gold accents.

INT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

It's a birthday party for an incredibly sharp-dressed, ten year old boy. Tables of presents, tables of pastries, games, bounce houses- all swarmed by children in their Sunday best.

Senora Loren wears a brightly colored dress with an extravagant hat as she lounges by the pool. Everyone speaks Spanish.

SENORA LOREN  
David? What time is it?

A manservant in a tuxedo stands next to her.

DAVID  
Four thirty-five, Dona Loren.

She stands.

SENORA LOREN  
Oh, my. May I please have my phone?

He hands it to her. She dials.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
Thank you, sweet heart.

CUT TO:

FOREST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The satellite phone BUZZES on the ground, where it was dropped by Israel.

BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

With her phone firmly pressed to her ear, she watches the children play at the party. She keeps a smile plastered on her face. Her manservant follows closely.

It keeps ringing. A SWEET LITTLE BOY TUGS at her dress.

SWEET LITTLE BOY  
Great Grandmother! We're going to cut the cake soon!

She covers the phone.

SENORA LOREN  
Good, good, my love. Please, go play.

She gives a look to her manservant and he ushers the boy away. The phone clicks off to a DIAL TONE.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
Hmm. No answer.

DAVID

Perhaps you could try again, Dona Loren?

She's annoyed.

SENORA LOREN

Yes. Good thinking, David.

She dials again. Children are having the time of their lives all around her. The phone rings.

FOREST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The satellite phone rings, cursed to be forever unanswered.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

In the backyard, she PACES. Some of the adults exchange worried looks. Senora Loren's Fat Man of a son stands nearby with a tray of food.

FAT MAN

Hello, mother. Did you try the little sandwiches?

SENORA LOREN

No, I haven't had a chance to try the little sandwiches.

FAT MAN

Why not? They're free.

The phone keeps ringing.

SENORA LOREN

I haven't been able to try them because I've been stuck on this phone, calling your incompetent, PIECE OF SHIT BROTHER ABOUT MY HUNDRED, MILLION, DOLLARS!

She uses the phone to UPPERCUT the tray of food into his face.

FAT MAN

MY FOOD!

SENORA LOREN

YOU ARE A CANCER TO ME!

She beats him with her phone as a concerned man in a suit tries to calm her down. She SLAPS him in the face and dunks his head into the punch bowl.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
You all have lives because I have provided for you! ME!

Children cry. More adult men approach her. She FLIPS over a table, removes a shoe and let's them all have it. A little girl gets in the way and she KICKS her into the air.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
Who do you think pays for this house?! THESE GIFTS?!

She THROWS the gifts in every direction, STOMPING a few into nothing.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
Your bullshit parties and stupid children! Not a ONE of you are able to get things DONE! SO I HAVE TO DO IT...

She grabs the cake and THROWS it onto the sweet little birthday boy.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
MYSELF!

She SPITS at him.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)  
DAVID! GET THE PLANE READY!

INT. OVERGROWN AREA - LATER

Wade and the family search around the area where Tracey and a very dead Israel both landed. Charles finds Israel's gun in the bushes.

WADE  
You know how to handle one of those?

CHARLES  
What? A Gun? Uh, yeah.

He's never held a gun in his life.

WADE

You never held a gun, shit, I'd bet fifty million dollars that you'd never even seen a gun in real life before this trip.

CHARLES

Well you, sir, would lose that bet, because it just so happens that I HAVE seen a gun before. Even HELD it. (BEAT) In the scouts, with Trace.

MYRNA

TRACEY!

CHARLES

And now my son is lost in the woods.

WADE

I know you're a ball of emotions right now, boss. Concerned, angry, scared, excited that we're in the home stretch, but take a second.

He gets close to him.

WADE (CONT'D)

Take a look at that very dead Mexican lying face-down in the dirt over there. Know who he was? Went by the name of "the rapist who would fuck a bull just to eat its horns" back in Viaquez. It was more musical in Spanish, but languages were never really my thing.

CHARLES

You going somewhere with this?

WADE

I most certainly am, you impatient, giant-sized taint. That guy was one bad hombre. And just like that (SNAPS), he died. Make a mistake with that thing in your hand, and the same could happen to a member of your family. Hang onto the weapon. Use it if you have to. But please, don't get too eager to play the guy who saves the day. You hear me?

CHARLES

Yeah.

MYRNA

TRACE!

BECKY

TRACEY!

MYRNA

I don't understand, he was down here. Where did he go? Where there more guys? Did one of them take him?

WADE

Just the three guys. We're in too deep out here for any more to have shown up yet. (BEAT) I'm sure Tracey is on his way to the cash.

CHARLES

No. With night coming and being separated from his group he'll find higher ground and wait until morning to move out.

WADE

The birch woods are only another hour away. If we get going, we could meet up with the kid, dig everything up and get to the truck before morning.

BECKY

Could we do all that in the dark?

WADE

Sure we could!

CHARLES

Trace will wait until morning.

WADE

But-

MYRNA

Charles is right. (BEAT) He never missed a camp out. If he says that's what Trace would do, that's what he'd do. We need to find a spot and settle in for the night.



Wade sees that this isn't an easy decision for them and nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

TREE - NIGHT

Halfway up a particularly tall pine tree, a camouflaged hammock is wrapped up tightly in a make-shift hunter's blind. Tracey consults a compass and the stars before scribbling onto a notepad. He crunches numbers on a calculator to check his work.

Putting his equipment away, Tracey pulls out a small, framed picture of a Japanese man holding a big sandwich.

TRACEY

Good night, Mr. Yoshiro. May you and your big sandwich watch over my family as they sleep. Give us the strength to defeat our enemies and see us united once more.

He gives the picture a tender kiss and places it back in the bag. Tracey looks out on the forest.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Good night, guys. I love you.

He snuggles in.

CAMP - LATER

Wade is passed out on the ground. Charles is nearby, keeping a sharp eye out. A little ways away, Myrna and Becky lie next to each other. Myrna has been crying.

BECKY

You alright, mom?

MYRNA

Oh, I'm good, honey. You should get some sleep.

BECKY

You know he's fine out there.

MYRNA

I know.

BECKY

So?

MYRNA

So, there's always the possibility that he isn't. Or, he's physically OK, but he's scared.

BECKY

He's a robot, mom.

MYRNA

He's my little boy, Becks. He puts on a show, but at the end of the day, he's a sweet, sensitive little boy and I've been so preoccupied with you leaving that I have completely ignored him this whole week.

BECKY

What do you mean, me leaving?

MYRNA

You're going off to school, kid.

BECKY

In like, three months. And I'll be home all the time, plus, it's not that far so you guys can visit.

MYRNA

And then you'll have a steady boyfriend, then you'll get a job, then you'll move away, again, and you'll be too busy to hang out with us.

BECKY

No, it won't be like that.

MYRNA

It's the circle of life, kiddo. It fuckin' blows, but it's how it's supposed to go.

She turns to her daughter.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

And I love you so much, that I haven't been able to see that your baby brother is probably going through the same thing- he adores you.

BECKY

Tracey?

MYRNA

Shut up. You know he looks up to you.

BECKY

What about dad? He's probably having just as hard a time and you're being a total bitch to him out here.

MYRNA

Dad has the uncanny ability to be both a loving husband and devoted father, all while having his head, SO deep up his own ass that his face presses against his chest and his nose gives him a kind of a third boob... right here.

She draws a circle with her finger between her own boobs.

BECKY

You should forgive him.

MYRNA

We'll work through it.

She hugs Becky.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

We'll work through all of this and get ourselves home tomorrow afternoon. But before that, I'm going to hug my babies and tell you both just how special you are to me.

BECKY

I believe it. You kinda-sorta killed a drug dealer for us.

MYRNA

Yeah. I did, didn't I? (BEAT)  
You're so lucky to have such a casually sexy badass for a mother.

Charles watches the two of them hug. Myrna catches him and offers a smile.

EXT. BIRCH WOODS - MORNING

Wade and the family look on the woods with a reserved excitement. Myrna is a little concerned.

MYRNA

I don't see Tracey.

CHARLES

He's around. I bet that he's hiding out until we're in plain sight. (to Wade) Do you think the last cartel guy is close?

WADE

Hard to say. I don't have a bullet in me, yet, so he's probably not that close. C'mon, let's go be millionaires.

They make their way into the heart of the birch grove. Wade spots the place to dig and makes a hard left.

MYRNA

Hey. Where are you going?

WADE

To the stash.

MYRNA

That's not where you said it was.

WADE

You think I'd tell you the EXACT place? What if you wanted to double-cross me?

He drops to the ground and starts digging.

BECKY

It's still the same area. It's like ten feet away from where you said it was.

WADE

None of that's important. What is important, however, is that I'm digging up a hundred million in cash, by myself, with crippled hands, while three, perfectly capable assholes just stand there and watch me.

He holds up his hands.

WADE (CONT'D)

Little help?

BAM! Wade is TACKLED by Ignacio, into a tree. They all GASP. Wade and Ignacio wrestle hard.

Wade wraps him in a headlock but Ignacio manages to get upright and back Wade into a tree until he breaks loose.

Wade goes for his gun and it's not there. He doesn't see it in the dirt. They exchange punches for a moment before returning to their grapple-fest.

MYRNA

Charles, help him!

Charles pulls the gun from his pocket. He's nervous.

CHARLES

I don't know how to use this.

MYRNA

Well then don't. Just jump in.

Ignacio lands a hard punch to Wade's face, knocking him semi-unconscious. Ignacio gathers himself and stands over Wade.

CHARLES

I've got an idea- this was my go-to move in high school.

He hands her the gun and quickly sneaks off toward the fight. Ignacio hoists a massive rock and walks toward a dazed Wade.

IGNACIO

This has been fun, Wade.

He raises the rock above his head.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

But crushing your skull in with this rock will be more fun.

Charles drops to his hands and knees behind Ignacio. It's obvious to the gangster.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Hey. What the fuck are you doing back there, man?

CHARLES

Me? Oh, I, was doing this... so Wade could sort of hit you and me being here would cause you to fall. Not my best idea.

IGNACIO  
Stupid asshole-

With the rock still raised in the air, he turns to Charles. SLAP! A pickle gets him in the face.

Ignacio looks up, locking eyes with Tracey, lowering his slingshot. Wade KICKS Ignacio, making him tumble over Charles. SMASH! The rock comes down hard on his head. Blood is everywhere.

Wade lies in the dirt, breathing heavy. Charles stands triumphant.

CHARLES  
I did it! (BEAT) You did alright,  
too, Wade.

TRACEY  
MOM! DAD!

MYRNA  
TRACEY?!

The boy runs to them from his spot.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
TRACEY!

She runs and they SLAM into each other. Becky and Charles follow. Wade watches, happy.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
You are never allowed to leave my  
side again. For the rest of your  
life.

TRACEY  
I love you too, mom.

WADE (O.S.)  
Hey, uh. I don't mean to spoil the  
mood or anything-

They look at him.

WADE (CONT'D)  
But any o' you dildos bring a  
shovel? I got a treasure to dig up.

TRACEY  
I have a shovel.

He walks toward Wade.

BECKY  
Did he just call us dildos?

CHARLES  
Yes he did. Yes, he, did.

Wade gives Tracey a nod of approval when the two meet. Tracey pulls his shovel.

Later, two dirty duffle bags lie before them, open. A mountain of cash, pill bottles, and cocaine at their feet.

WADE  
One hundred million dollars, guys.  
And it's all ours.

BECKY  
What are those taped bricks?

CHARLES  
I think it's-

WADE  
Cocaine! (BEAT) Two million in  
uncut Columbian nose candy. Maybe  
two point five. Hard to say.

MYRNA  
You can go ahead and keep that.

WADE  
Wow. Are you sure?

MYRNA  
Please, our illegal narcotics are  
your illegal narcotics. Enjoy.

WADE  
You're one of the good ones, Myrna.  
Bring it in.

He hugs her.

ZIP! They load one bag on Charles' back and place the other on a stretcher made of branches and rope. They follow a thin, dirt path up the hill.

CHARLES  
How far is it to the truck?

WADE  
Couple o'miles. Not far at all.

EXT. TRUCK - LATER

As promised, Wade's dusty compact pickup is parked and ready as they all come around a bend and lay eyes on it. They WOOT and CHEER.

BLAM!

CHARLES

AH!

Charles drops to the floor, shot in the stomach.

MYRNA

CHARLES!

BECKY

DAD!

TRACEY

DAD!

Myrna rushes to his side.

SENORA LOREN (O.S.)

Don't you touch him.

They all turn their heads to the voice. Senora Loren walks out from behind the truck with her gun very much out.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

He's wearing my money, so that makes him my property. Move away, whore.

WADE

Dona Loren.

SENORA LOREN

Hello Wade! You look bad.

WADE

Your boys did a number on me. Several numbers, in fact.

SENORA LOREN

My boys? And where are my boys? I don't see them.

WADE

You know, I haven't seen them for a couple of days. I assumed they went back home to you.



SENORA LOREN

So cute. Isn't he so cute? Come to me, Wade. Put my money in the truck.

He takes a deep breath and walks toward her. She looks at Tracey.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

Mijo? Mi amor. Pull the other bag off your daddy's back and put it in the truck too. OK?

MYRNA

Please, don't hurt him.

SENORA LOREN

A little boy?! A precious baby? Never. (BEAT) Quickly, mi amor. Bring me the bag.

Wade places his in the truck bed. Tracey drags the other bag to the truck. Senora Loren looks Becky over.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

That your daughter?

Myrna nods.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

Such a vision! Mija, would you like to come back with me? The boys would have so much fun with you!

Myrna holds Becky's hand. Their eyes water. Myrna notices the gun in Charles' back pocket. Tracey struggles to lift the bag. Wade helps.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

Gracias, mi amor. You can go back to your family now.

WADE

Dona Loren, please. They didn't do anything wrong. It was all me.

She places her finger to his lips.

SENORA LOREN

Shhh. Pobrecito, Wade. (TO KELLERS) He must really like you. This man has seen me kill a lot of people and not once has he ever asked me to let them go. Not once.

He speaks to her in Spanish.

WADE

Please. They are innocent. Let them go free.

She fires back.

SENORA LOREN

(Spanish)

INNOCENT?! I catch them, stealing my money, helping MY prisoner escape, and you want me to let them go?! You have some nerve, bitch. I will personally make you suffer for turning your back on Cartel Viaquez. (BEAT) After, I shoot every single one of these people in front of you. Go. Go to them.

She WAIVES him off.

SENORA LOREN (CONT'D)

Go!

He stands next to Tracey.

MYRNA

Please. Let my children go. They had no part in this.

SENORA LOREN

I'm sure. Look at them. Sweet little angels. But, sometimes, the sins of the parents must be paid for by the blood of the children. I'm sorry, mama.

She raises her gun to Tracey and Wade runs toward her.

WADE

Dona Loren-

BLAM! He takes a shot and goes down.

SENORA LOREN

DAMMIT! GUERRO! I had the perfect shot! Now I have to-

BLAM! Senora Loren drops her gun and looks down at her stomach. Blood spreads up and out, across her dress. Myrna walks up to her and kicks the gun on the ground off into the bushes.

Senora Loren takes a clumsy spill, slamming into the bumper of the truck before going down. She's in shock. Blood seeps from her stomach.

Wade opens his eyes.

WADE  
(faint)  
Shoot her again.

MYRNA  
Are you alright?

WADE  
Debatable. Just my shoulder, should be fine. Better see to Chuck.

She rushes over to tend to Charles. Tracey stands near Wade, speechless.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Hey kid. Your mom's gonna want the keys to get us outta here. Check the side zipper in the smaller bag. Your sister might need to drive so your mom can keep pressure on your dad's wound.

TRACEY  
I heard that it can take up to three days to bleed to death from a gun shot to the stomach. I believe Mr. White says it, in Reservoir Dogs.

WADE  
That may very well be true. Keys. C'mon.

Tracey digs for the keys. Success.

Moments later, Becky drives the truck with Tracey next to her and Wade riding shotgun. Charles and Myrna are in the bed. He looks miserable, but might just make it.

MYRNA  
You were very brave today, Charlie.

He offers a weak smile.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
After you get all patched up, I think some quiet, fairly motionless sex will be in order.

CHARLES

So you don't hate me anymore?

MYRNA

Oh, dummy. I didn't ever hate you. I was only disappointed. But after all of this? It doesn't matter. As long as we're together, we'll be fine. Probably. (BEAT) Plus, we're rich as fuck now- we can hire bookies to beat up your bookies when they come to the house to collect. We'll be great!

He smiles and she kisses him on the forehead.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The truck comes to a stop in the parking lot of a bright, white hospital. Wade and the kids exit as Myrna HOPS out of the bed.

MYRNA

I'm going to get a wheelchair for dad. Be right back.

WADE

I'm gonna hit the road.

MYRNA

But, you're bleeding.

WADE

Ah, nah, this? I've had worse. Don't really do hospitals.

MYRNA

Wow. You're a real badass, Wade Evans.

WADE

You're pretty badass yourself, lady. It was a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

He offers his hand for the shaking.

MYRNA

Likewise.

She hugs him.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He nods to her.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Bleeding to death here.

MYRNA

Oh relax! Crybaby. (BEAT) Hope to see you again, someday, Wade.

WADE

If you ever come to Iceland, I'll be the guy wearing a silken bath robe, DRENCHED in strange, elfin poon.

MYRNA

Oh. Well.

WADE

Because I'm rich, so I'll be having lots of sex. Because that's how that works.

MYRNA

On that note. HONEY, I'M GETTING YOUR CHAIR!

Wade looks over to Charles.

WADE

Chuckles, I owe you my life, man. What's the name of your bookie?

CHARLES

(surprised)  
How's that?

WADE

Don't play coy. I heard. All I need is a name and I can take care of everything.

CHARLES

Take... care?

WADE

With money, stupid. I have lots of it. Name?

CHARLES

Dennis Carmichael.

WADE

Wow! Carmichael? That guy's an animal! Yeah, he'll kill you. I'll hit him up on my way to the airport. Think a million'll cover it?

Charles gives a nod.

WADE (CONT'D)

Onward and upward, Chuckles.

He pats him on the back.

BECKY

Goodbye, Wade. You got us all into terrible, awful danger, but you helped get us out so I guess we're good.

WADE

I regret that our time together was so brief... I wanna say... *Crystal?*

BECKY

Take care, Wade.

She hugs him. He turns to a calm Tracey.

TRACEY

You're an intriguing man.

WADE

That's an upgrade from interesting, right?

TRACEY

I should say so.

WADE

Listen, I want you to have something.

He reaches into the bed of the truck and takes a knee in front of Tracey. He holds up a pill bottle.

WADE (CONT'D)

Take these various pills. They'll make you less weird and help get you lots of friends.

Tracey takes the bottle.

TRACEY  
These are suppositories.

WADE  
That's the only dumb thing I've  
ever heard you say.

Wade POPS one into his mouth and stands.

WADE (CONT'D)  
Your loss, kid.

He offers them once more and then stuffs it back into his duffle. Tracey extends his hand for the shaking. Wade shakes it. Tracey hugs him.

Myrna returns with a wheelchair and two nurses. The kids help her get over to Charles. Once he's loaded in, Myrna looks off.

MYRNA  
Where's Wade?

BECKY  
I think he just... disappeared.

TRACEY  
No, he's over there.

Wade staggers and leans hard against a truck.

BECKY  
He doesn't look good.

He DROPS to the asphalt.

MYRNA  
I'm sure he'll be fine. C'mon,  
guys. Let's go.

Reluctantly, they all head to the hospital. The nurses look at each other.

NURSE #1  
I think your friend just died in  
our parking lot.

MYRNA  
He's not a friend. He's family.

NURSE #2  
That's even worse. What the hell is  
wrong with you people?!

She brings a walkie talkie up to her lips.

NURSE #2 (CONT'D)

We have a possible code blue in the  
parking lot. A code blue, in the  
parking lot.

The Kellers keep on walking as a team of nurses run past  
them, to get to Wade.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END