

THE HUNT

Written by

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CHRISTINE

My life's been built on a
lie.

(...)

It's been on my mind
since I saw them at The
Hunt. And suddenly, I
understood...

OCTAVE

It's all part of the times.
Today, everyone lies.
Pharmaceutical fliers...
governments... the
radio... the movies...
newspapers...

(...)

Why shouldn't simple
people like us lie as well?

WE BEGIN WITH A BLANK WHITE SCREEN. Sitting on it. Waiting for something to occupy it. At last, it DOES. We hear the soft WOOT of an incoming TEXT...

Athena

Group. Are we on for dinner tomorrow?

WOOTS and TEXT BUBBLES and blinking DOTS as the MESSAGES come fast and furious --

Doug

Yes.

Ted

Time?

Liberty

Place? Lets switch it up.

Julius

APOSTROPHE GODDAMNIT!

Liberty

Sorry. LET'S all tell JULIUS to fuck himself.

Athena

8 or 8:30.

Ted

8 pls.

Oliver

The Grill?

Miranda

Outside patio at Cipriani?

Athena

Too cold.

Liberty

The pillar at Il Cantonori is delicious.

Julius

***paillard**

Liberty

Thank you Julius. The pillars are yummy too.

Doug

Cipriani's shit.

Cantonori's shit.

I want real food.

Liberty

... Lobster Club?

Doug

I want Mr. Chows!!!

Athena

Fine. Chows. I'll have my assistant book.

Martin

Did anyone see what our rاتفucker-in-chief just did?

Richard

Infuriating.

Athena

At least the hunt's coming up.

Nothing better than going out to The Manor and slaughtering a dozen inbred rednecks.

Oliver

Hah!

Miranda

We promised not to talk about 'The Manor' on text!

Ted

Viva El Manor!!!!

Liberty

DELETING THIS THREAD!!!

SMASH TO BLACK.

AND FADING UP FROM THAT BLACK TO:

A BLACK AND WHITE FILM. SILENT.

A PIANO. It starts playing by itself. And now we're MOVING over MEN IN TUXEDOS and WOMEN IN GOWNS until we find --

A STAGE. On that stage, there are three men with sheets over their heads. GHOSTS. Each holds an umbrella. A man in a SKELETON COSTUME rushes the stage. And now --

SKELETON and GHOSTS rush into the audience. The Women are SCREAMING now... or LAUGHING? All of this is creepy and weird and *foreign* and most of all?

Deeply fucking PRETENTIOUS.

It is Renoir's classic, RULES OF THE GAME.

If you don't know that, congratulations, you're not an elitist dipshit who spent way too much money on film school.

A female VOICE --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Can I get you a snack?

TILT OFF THE FILM, playing on the screen of an iPad to FIND --

A bright-eyed **FLIGHT ATTENDANT**. So...

INT. MAIN CABIN - PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

... We're on a PLANE. A HIGHLY EXTRAVAGANT ONE. Cabin lights are dimmed... several SLEEPING FORMS in fully reclined seats as The Attendant's smile focuses on --

RICHARD.

A middle-aged man in trendy glasses and a scarf he doesn't need. He slips off his super-trendy-top-of-the-line-wireless HEADPHONES, annoyed --

RICHARD
... What?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
... I'm sorry, sir... I didn't mean to interrupt, I just --

RICHARD
-- But you did. Interrupt.

What a dick. The flight attendant smiles back. A pro --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Sorry, sir... I just wanted to see
 if you'd like a snack.

RICHARD
 What've you got?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Actually, we have some fantastic
 caviar. It's Ossetra, fresh fr--

RICHARD
 -- Nah.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 All right... I could make you a
 sandwich -- We've got fresh deli
 and a variety of cheeses... There's
 a kale lasagna I could heat up f--

RICHARD
 -- Is it vegan?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 (uh...)
 It's a kale lasagna.

RICHARD
 Is the pasta made from eggs?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 ... I'm not sure --

RICHARD
 -- I'll just have some champagne.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Of course, sir.

She smiles (forcefully), moves off down the aisle.

Richard checks out her ass as she opens a small fridge in the
 GALLEY, plucks out a champagne flute --

RICHARD
 Is that the Heidsieck?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 ... Sorry?

RICHARD

German sub sank a ship on the way to Tsar Nicholas II... couple years back they found the wreck and a case of the 1907 Heidsieck. They sent a little robot down to bring it back up -- Athena bought three bottles at 50K per... she said she was bringing one with.

Oh fucking brother. The Flight Attendant tries not to roll her eyes. She smiles --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

This's just plain old Dom Perignon.

She expertly POPS the cork, wraps a cloth napkin around the neck of the bottle as she moves back towards Richard --

RICHARD

Guess that'll have to do.

Dick. She puts the flute down on the table before him. This is a BIG plane. Like Air Force One. She starts to pour --

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You like working for Athena?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(a beat; lies)

Yes. She's sweet.

RICHARD

"Sweet?" Don't let *her* hear you say th-- WHOA -- JESUS!!!

-- The champagne SPILLS OVER the full flute, onto his lap --

RICHARD (CONT'D)

... What the fuck?!?

-- But The Attendant is frozen in SHOCK and confusion, looking past Richard at --

A MAN. TWENTIES. Head to toe in **DENIM**.

He has just emerged through a curtain towards the back of the plane -- a long strand of DROOL dripping from his mouth as he stumbles forward into the main cabin, SLURRING --

DENIM

Whazzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz?

Chaos ensues.

Richard hops to his feet, knocking over the full glass --

RICHARD
SHIT!!!!

-- The SLEEPING BODIES start to stir -- A MIDDLE-AGED MAN whom we will call **THE DOCTOR** slips off his eye mask --

THE DOCTOR
... What's going o--?

RICHARD
-- ONE OF THEM'S FUCKING AWAKE!

-- "One of them?" That must be DENIM, whom Richard points to animatedly, PANICKED -- Denim blinks repeatedly, staggers further into the cabin --

DENIM
... Whazzzzzzzappen?

-- The Doctor is wide awake now, on his feet, grace under pressure, pushes past The Flight Attendant --

THE DOCTOR
Get some towels.

-- The Flight Attendant snaps out of it, heads off to do just that -- OTHER PEOPLE stirring awake now, but can't make them out in the dark. One is a WOMAN in pajamas --

WOMAN
Jesus...

THE DOCTOR
Calm down. Everything's fine.

He's preternaturally COOL as he reaches Denim, puts his arm around the man's shoulder as he guides him towards a seat --

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It's all right... You're okay. I'm a doctor. What's your name?

Denim's eyes try to focus -- He's VERY fucking confused -- Still can't quite make his mouth work --

DENIM
... Rahhhhhhhh...

The Doctor turns to the (totally terrified) Flight Attendant who has just returned with the towels --

THE DOCTOR
 Fantastic. If you can just lay
 them down on the floor right there.
 (turns to Richard)
 What's his name?

RICHARD
 Uh... Boxer, I think?

THE DOCTOR
 His real name.

RICHARD
 I don't kn--

DENIM
 -- Rannnndeeee?

THE DOCTOR
 ... Randy? Great -- Randy, you're
 okay. I just need you to lie down
 on these towels here so I can put
 you back to sleep.

What. The. FUCK? The Doctor guides Denim (now **RANDY**)
 towards the towels, now spread across the floor --

RANDY
 ... Wh...Why?

THE DOCTOR
 Because you woke up before you were
 supposed to.

What? Woke up... before he was SUPPOSED TO? The Doctor
 turns to the Flight Attendant --

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 May I have your pen?

He's pointing to the one clipped to her little apron. She
 nods -- Hands it to the Doctor...

DOCTOR
 Thanks.

-- The Doctor clicks the end of the pen, and then, without
 hesitation nor fanfare --

Jams it into Randy's NECK!

RICHARD
 JESUS CHRIST!!

The Flight Attendant SHRIEKS --AN ARTERIAL SPRAY OF BLOOD SPLASHES ONTO THE TOWELS -- RANDY GURGLES as the Doctor, cool as a cucumber, turns to Richard --

DOCTOR
Gimme a hand?

RICHARD
FUCK, TED!!!!

DOCTOR
Give me a hand.

Randy's eyes blink rapidly -- Blood -- LOTS of fucking BLOOD turning his white t-shirt DARK RED -- Richard , FREAKING OUT, takes a knee, helps The Doctor lay Randy down on the towels --

RICHARD
... Why'd you do that, man!?

DOCTOR
He woke up.

Randy looks up at The Doctor, CONFUSED, life draining --

RANDY
... *Graahhhhhhhhhgle?*

RICHARD
FUCK -- It hasn't started yet!!!!

Wait. *What's "it?"* And *WHY* hasn't it "started?" Randy's eyes blink, confusion -- and then? SURVIVAL. It happens FAST -- He reaches out, grabs the CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE --

-- SMASHES IT INTO THE SIDE OF RICHARD'S FACE. The Flight Attendant SHRIEKS. Richard stumbles back --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
MOTHERFUCK!!!

-- Randy is ADRENALIZED -- ON HIS FEET -- HAND OVER HIS NECK, FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE -- BRANDISHING THE BROKEN NECK OF THE BOTTLE -- THE DOCTOR DODGES -- TOO SLOW -- RANDY STABS HIM IN THE SHOULDER -- IT'S A SHIT SHOW -- THE OTHER PASSENGERS SHOUT IN ALARM, BUT DO NOTHING TO HELP AS WE SMASH TO:

INT. A DARKENED PRIVATE BEDROOM - JET - CONTINUOUS

-- MUFFLED SHOUTS of the melee -- We're clearly CLOSE BY. DARK IN HERE -- but enough light to see a BED and a **WOMAN** laying down upon it.

She sits up, awakened by the BATTLE. Slides off her EYEMASK. We stay BEHIND HER. Throughout what's to come, we never see her face... It will be a LONG time before we do.

The Woman cocks her head, listens to the RAGING BATTLE just beyond the door behind her for a moment. And then...

Calmly reaches to the side of the bed and picks up one of her HIGH-HEELED SHOES. She RISES. And now we're MOVING BEHIND HER as she OPENS THE DOOR and we're --

INT. MAIN CABIN - PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

-- Back in the MAIN CABIN -- DOWN AT THE END OF THE AISLE -- RANDY fighting for his life, SWINGING THE BROKEN BOTTLE -- THE DOCTOR AND RICHARD both WOUNDED -- SHOUTING, TRYING TO KEEP HIM AT BAY --

RICHARD
JESUS FUCK--!!!

DOCTOR

-- GRAB HIM!

-- YOU FUCKING GRAB HIM!

-- MOVING BEHIND THE WOMAN, striding towards them, fearless, her shoe clutched in her right hand, Randy's back to her as he LUNGES to STAB THE DOCTOR AGAIN -- And she calmly says --

THE WOMAN

Hey.

Randy instinctively turns towards her, one moment to register SURPRISE before --

-- She jams her stiletto heel right into his fucking eye.

THWUUUUUUD. Randy falls back, hits the floor.

The shoe is literally STUCK to his face.

His mouth opens and closes like a fish out of the tank. Blood leaks from the wound in his neck, life literally pouring out of him. And it's clear --

He is done fighting now. And we STAY HERE with him, never leaving his face as the cabin goes QUIET. Just the ragged breath of the wounded passengers standing above him. Finally, a single, reverent word --

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

... Athena.

For that is The Woman's name. **ATHENA.** Still unseen. But we HEAR her voice, eerily calm --

ATHENA (O.S.)
Put him back with the others.

Her hand reaches into frame -- *SKLISSSSSSSH!* -- Slowly pulls the stiletto heel out of Randy's face. HIS EYE, impaled on the bottom, the OPTIC NERVE CORD still attached until her fingers reach in, gently pinch it, freeing her shoe.

We never leave Randy's face, gasping his final breaths. Now, another voice. Richard's --

RICHARD (O.S.)
... But it's not fair. He doesn't know -- It hasn't started yet.

We hear a soft, resigned SIGH. Then --

ATHENA
*No sentimentality, comrade.
 War is war.*

Now, a pair of hands, the Doctor's, reach down and grabs Randy by the arms -- PULLING HIM down the aisle.

HOLDING ON RANDY, the blood no longer pouring from his wounds as his heart gives out -- Heading BACK through the CURTAIN he initially staggered through and into --

INT. THE HOLD - PRIVATE PLANE - CONTINUOUS

-- THE HOLD. The Doctor drags Randy to a spot, then drops his arms. Mutters under his breath as he EXITS --

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Fucking redneck.

CLOSE ON RANDY'S ONE-EYED FACE. It's almost over now. His final rasping breaths. All alone. He's gonna die all alone.

But wait. He turns his head with his remaining strength. And there, right next to him --

Is a YOUNG WOMAN. She's out cold. Randy opens his mouth, manages one final whisper --

RANDY
 H.... Hel.... *Help....*

And that's it. He's done. He's DEAD.

And so, his journey complete, we FINALLY LEAVE him, drifting off Randy's face on and onto hers. This SLEEPING BEAUTY. Closer and closer and CLOSER until --

EXT. WOODS - SOMEWHERE - DAY

-- SHE SITS UP SUDDENLY!!!!

HARSH LIGHT OF DAY. Her eyes blink in fear and CONFUSION. We see now she's wearing a TANK TOP and cutoff denim shorts, colloquially known as DAISY DUKES. For now, that's what we'll call her.

DAISY.

And she will be our hero.

She blinks, getting her bearings. Sits up. She's in an elevated, flat, less-woody patch of WOODS. Maybe that's called a CLEARING. Point is, it's remote. Oh. And here's something else worth noting as Daisy touches her face --

-- She's GAGGED.

Her panicked fingers maneuver over the THICK LEATHER STRAP covering her mouth, bound around the back of her head with a metal clasp... held closed by a small dangling PADLOCK.

Jesus. *Christ.*

WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON RIGHT NOW. It's disorienting. SCARY. Now we know how Daisy feels. A SOUND A FEW YARDS AWAY, drawing her attention to --

A WOMAN. Maybe Forty. Late. ALSO GAGGED. She's crouched down, looking at something on the ground.

Daisy stands up -- Wobbly -- Was she drugged? -- Moves towards the woman, who we now see is wearing a NATIONAL RENTAL CAR SHIRT with a NAME-TAG on it.

It says "**CRYSTAL.**"

DAISY

Mmmmm! Mmmmm-mm-mmmmm!

Crystal glances up at Daisy and her muffled attempts to speak, but pays her no mind. Calmly puts her focus back down on what she's doing --

Floating a DRIED LEAF in a shallow PUDDLE OF WATER.

Daisy furrows her brow as Crystal removes her name tag, SNAPS OFF the FASTENING PIN on the back -- Rubs the pin furiously against her HAIR. Then, *carefully*, she places the pin on the leaf. After a second --

The leaf STARTS TO TURN. Because it's not a leaf anymore...

... It's a backwoods COMPASS.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Mmmm!! MMMM-MM-MM-MMM!!!

Crystal ignores her as she rises, holds her hand up to block the sun as she checks its position --

And WALKS OFF.

Daisy isn't sure what to do. Or where she is. Or how she got here. Part of her wants to follow this woman, But it didn't look like she wanted a fucking travel companion. MORE SOUNDS, bringing our attention --

ACROSS THE CLEARING

There are **OTHERS** stirring... sitting up -- ALL OF THEM (maybe TEN?) ARE GAGGED -- A FEW are moving towards the center of the clearing, where we notice for the first time --

There is a LARGE WOODEN CRATE. Roughly the size of an INDUSTRIAL REFRIGERATOR.

Daisy moves towards it, brow furrowed, looking at the faces of the other people WAKING UP around her and clearly not recognizing any of them. And now she's reached --

-- THE CRATE. There's WRITING on the side in the same, stenciled block letters that would traditionally say "THIS END UP." This, however, is non-traditional. It says --

"FOUR LEGS GOOD. TWO LEGS BAD."

There's a CROWBAR leaning against its side. Inviting someone to open it. A mid-thirties guy in a **BUDWEISER SHIRT** picks the crowbar up. But before he can use it, a fiftiesh DUDE IN A **COWBOY SHIRT** grabs Budweiser's wrist, shakes his head --

COWBOY SHIRT
MmmmpHRAP.

-- Cowboy Shirt's got a GAG on like everybody else. But the translation is obvious. "**TRAP.**" Budweiser disagrees, pulls away. Angles the crowbar into the lid --

-- Fuck this. Cowboy Shirt RUNS FOR COVER, as does Daisy -- WE STAY WITH HER as she ducks behind a TREE.

TWENTY YARDS AWAY --

-- Budweiser works the crowbar -- PUSHES DOWN -- A CRACK OF WOOD AND NAILS as he POPS THE LID AND...

... Nothing happens.

A BEAT as Daisy peeks out from behind the tree --

-- His back to us, Budweiser PUSHES THE LID OFF, looks down into the crate to examine its contents --

A HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL!!! Budweiser staggers back -- TRIPS -- As something LEAPS from the open crate --

It's a fucking PIG.

Not a big one... the size of a small dog, like the one Clooney had as a pet... IT SQUEALS as it jets for safety, running right past Daisy, who furrows her brow -- What. The. Fuck. And now --

BUDWEISER (O.S.)
HFFFFFFEYMMM!

-- Back to Budweiser, who is reaching into the crate and pulling something out. Well, hot damn. It's an ASSAULT RIFLE. Budweiser handles it easily, comfortable with it.

Cowboy Shirt emerges from behind his tree, Daisy (hesitantly) does the same, heading over to the crate and getting a look for themselves at what's inside --

WEAPONS. Lots of 'em. RIFLES, PISTOLS, and KNIVES. And SURVIVAL GEAR. CANNED FOOD, a FIRST AID KIT, JUGS OF WATER.

Cowboy Shirt doesn't hesitate -- reaches in and grabs himself a PISTOL -- a SOUND behind them -- Cowboy and Budweiser turn, leveling their GUNS at --

-- **SEVEN MORE PEOPLE.** Emerging from the woods -- All disoriented. Men and women, a variety of ages and sizes, all wearing GAGS WITH LOCKS. No time to introduce them one by one as they've gotten a glance at what's in the CRATE and --

-- It's a fucking FREE-FOR-ALL. They're all just grabbing stuff like it's Walmart on Black Friday -- Some go for the guns, others the jugs, twisting off the caps and pouring WATER over the leather straps covering their mouths, slurping up whatever makes it through.

Daisy is still cautious, unsure what to make of all this... and that's precisely when she looks down at the discarded LID OF THE CRATE and spots something TAPED TO IT --

It looks like a small KEY. She kneels down, plucks the key from the tape. Smart enough to figure out what it's for --

-- SNAPS her fingers at the nearest person -- a younger guy in a **TRUCKER HAT**. She holds up the KEY, gesturing for him to come closer. He does. She slides the key into the small padlock dangling from his gag --

-- *KLK*. IT POPS OPEN. Daisy takes his gag off. Trucker coughs. Then inhales a big lungful of air.

TRUCKER HAT
... Thanks.

Daisy snaps, pointing to her gag. He takes the key and unlocks it for her -- SHOUTS TO THE OTHERS --

TRUCKER HAT (CONT'D)
WE GOTTA KEY!

Several of them move towards him, eager to be freed as Trucker Hat unlocks Cowboy Shirt's gag --

DAISY
... What's happening? What... *is*
this?

TRUCKER HAT
Fuck if I know.

Cowboy pulls off his gag, reaches into the crate, pulls out a PISTOL, offers it to Daisy --

DAISY
... I don't think I can use that.

Cowboy frowns, holds up his index finger, wiggles it as if to say "come over here."

COWBOY SHIRT
Can you do this?

DAISY
... Yeah?

COWBOY SHIRT
Then you can squeeze a trigger.
Take it.

Daisy is clearly uncomfortable, but take it she does. Feels the weight of the weapon in her hand. Trucker Hat points --

TRUCKER HAT
That there's the safety. Give her
a flick, you're ready to party.

Daisy furrows her brow, fumbles a bit with shaky fingers, but manages to do as she's told -- *FLK*. She offers a nervous smile to Trucker (he's kinda cute, actually) --

DAISY

Thanks.

Trucker nods, a small grin (cause he *knows* he's kinda cute) --

TRUCKER HAT

Welcome.

Krak.

In the distance. Dry. Like a branch. Daisy turns her heads towards the sound --

DAISY

... What was that?

COWBOY SHIRT

(worried)

Sounded like a ri--

--**TUNK!** A piece of bark FLIES off the tree right next to them. She's confused. He isn't. Then, another **Krak**.

COWBOY SHIRT (CONT'D)

GIDDOWN!!!

DAISY

... What? What's happ--?

-- HER FACE VAPORIZES.

PIECES OF HER SKULL AND BRAIN splatter all over TRUCKER --

TRUCKER HAT

... JESUS!!!

-- COWBOY is diving behind a tree, SHOUTING --

COWBOY SHIRT

GET THE FUCK DOWN!!!!

Everyone SCATTERS from the crate as Daisy's lifeless body goes weak at the knees, collapses in a heap.

So she will *not* be our hero.

No, that distinction would fall on --

TRUCKER -- **Krak!** -- Who dives into the dirt as SHARDS OF CRATE explode behind him, detonated by another unseen bullet!

-- HE SCRAMBLES -- HUNKERS DOWN on the opposite side of the crate -- There's a red-headed woman, thirties, a little heavy, her face covered in **FRECKLES** here too, GUN HELD TIGHTLY IN HER HAND -- She's INTENSE --

FRECKLES
Over there --

She nods -- Trucker looks, sees -- A HUNDRED YARDS OFF --
A GLINT OF SUNLIGHT OFF A SCOPE -- TWO QUICK MUZZLE FLASHES --

KRAKKRAK! The OTHERS around them, scattering for COVER, Trucker BRAVELY points out the SNIPER --

TRUCKER HAT
THERE! HE'S FUCKING OVER TH--

Half his hand disappears in a PUFF OF RED VISCERA.

Trucker pulls what's left of his palm back -- Blinks in SHOCK at his sudden reduction of fingers --

TRUCKER HAT (CONT'D)
... Aw shit.

KRAK! Freckles isn't waiting around -- SHOUTS --

FRECKLES
MOVE!

-- And move she fucking DOES -- Breaks cover from the CRATE as another shot HITS IT -- SPLINTERS OF WOOD -- Trucker looks up from his mangled hand as --

-- SHE RUNS -- Heading for the cover of a FALLEN TREE in the distance -- But right before she gets to it --

-- She DROPS OUT OF EXISTENCE. Literally FALLS INTO THE FUCKING GROUND.

Trucker blinks. **KRAK!** *What the hell?* Then hears --

FRECKLES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HELP!!!!

-- ANOTHER PIECE OF CRATE EXPLODES --

-- And Trucker, because he IS our hero, leaps up and RUNS towards Freckles' cries for HELP -- **KRAK!**

-- MOVING WITH HIM FAST AND FURIOUS until he reaches the spot where she disappeared from view --

-- **A HOLE.** A trench. A trap. FOUR FEET DEEP. Littered with the LEAVES that were previously HIDING IT from view. A row of SHARPENED WOODEN SPIKES in its floor, one of which --

-- Has IMPALED Freckles. A spike juts from the right side of her abdomen. Lots of BLOOD. She looks up at Trucker, scared and confused --

FRECKLES (CONT'D)

... I fell.

-- **KRAK!** Trucker falls to his belly beside the trench, extends his non-decimated hand to help her --

TRUCKER HAT

C'MON!

FRECKLES

... It's my birthday tomorrow.

TRUCKER HAT

-- What!??

FRECKLES

I'm gonna eat a whole pie.

He shakes his head -- Jesus, she's in SHOCK -- **KRAK!** -- He reaches down further -- Within REACH --

TRUCKER HAT

Goddammit TAKE MY HAND!

She coughs up blood... furrows her brow... extends her hand -- And Trucker GRABS it as DIRT kicks up in the ground a foot away from him. He doesn't hesitate -- PULLS --

-- **SSSSHLKISH!** The Woman SHOUTS IN EXCRUCIATING PAIN as Trucker yanks her up and out, SLIDING her off the sharp spike like she was a piece of chicken on a shishkabob --

-- But he's GOT her. **KRAK!** Trucker wraps his good arm around her, grits his teeth through his own pain --

TRUCKER HAT (CONT'D)

We gotta move.

-- SO THEY DO -- CLOSE ON TRUCKER, his arm around The Woman as they STUMBLE... and BLEED... as far away from the gunfire as they can fucking GET --

TRUCKER HAT (CONT'D)

It's okay... I got you... I got y--

CLICK.

That doesn't sound good. Trucker looks down at his workboot, which just stepped on the thing that CLICKED. It's a pressure plate. Attached to a MINE.

In the movies, that mine will not detonate until you remove your foot and you can make your peace with God and/or attempt to fashion a fancy way of surviving like when Indiana Jones puts a bag of sand on that thing to get the gold idol. But in real life? The *second* you step on that shit?

THWOOM! IT EXPLODES.

As does TRUCKER. He's BLOWN APART like a gut-filled piñata.

Freckles is THROWN by the blast, lands in a heap on the ground. Which would make *her* our hero...

Except half her body is missing.

The OTHER half -- *SKLISH!* -- HAS LANDED RIGHT BACK ON THE SKEWER from which it was just removed.

-- And now A MAN carrying a PISTOL is running up to her -- Wearing shirtsleeves and a rumpled tie -- Receding **HAIRLINE** -- He crouches beside her, taking in the carnage --

HAIRLINE
... Aw fuck...

FRECKLES
... Shoot me.

He seems confused by the request... She reaches out with bloody hands, grabs his gun, POINTS IT AT HERSELF --

HAIRLINE
... Wait... Hold on... Don't --

FRECKLES
-- LEGGO YOU FUCKING SNOWFLAKE!

-- She PULLS the gun from his hand, puts in her own mouth --

BLAM!!! BLOWS THE BRAINS OUT THE BACK OF HER HEAD!!!

Okay. We know this is getting tired, but it's settled now. We've only just met him. But somehow *this* guy -- HAIRLINE --

He's gonna be our hero.

And we don't hear the gunfire anymore... it's either stopped or we've gotten far enough away from it. But Hairline ain't waiting around for it to start up again --

-- He grabs the GUN out of Freckles' hand and starts to run --
FAST -- HUFFING AND PUFFING -- BOBBING AND WEAVING THROUGH
THE TREES -- And now he's suddenly running --

-- UPHILL. Using rocks and branches to pull himself forward.
He half-runs, half-climbs to the top of the incline --

And then he stops DEAD as he sees what's before him --

EXT. ROAD - DAY

... It's a ROAD.

Flat and paved. It winds off into the woods in both
directions. And now, a FOOTBALL FIELD AWAY --

MORE PEOPLE break from the treeline. TWO of them. Hairline
points his gun at them --

-- They see him -- THROW UP THEIR HANDS -- He recognizes them
from the crate. PREY. Just like him. And then, a sound
right BEHIND HIM. Hairline SPINS, gun raised --

VOICE

-- WHOA!!!

-- A MAN comes out with his hands up. It's BUDWEISER.

BUDWEISER

... Don't shoot, asshole.

Hairline lowers his gun, relieved... another FRIENDLY.
Budweiser nods towards the OTHER TWO, now making their way
down the road towards them --

BUDWEISER (CONT'D)

They with us?

HAIRLINE

Yeah.

(then)

Whatever that means.

Budweiser takes in the road --

BUDWEISER

Civilization.

HAIRLINE

... Huh?

BUDWEISER
 Road means civilization.
 Civilization's our fucking friend.

The other two have reached them now. One is a MAN with long hair and a jean jacket. Let's call him **KID ROCK**.

The other is a stocky WOMAN wearing a flannel shirt. Not a lumberjack, but a **LUMBERJANE**.

KID ROCK
 Y'all got guns?

Hairline and Budweiser show that they do --

KID ROCK (CONT'D)
 Alright, let's go.

HAIRLINE
 Go where?

KID ROCK
 (points to the woods)
Away from the motherfucker shootin'
 at us.

HAIRLINE
 ZZZZZZ.

LUMBERJANE
 ... What?

HAIRLINE
 Motherfucker zzzzz. There's more
 than one of 'em.
 (beat)
 You know what this is, don't you?

A beat. It would seem Hairline has figured something OUT. Something the rest of them are (literally) dying to know --

HAIRLINE (CONT'D)
 It's goddam Manorgate.

"MANORGATE."

That word means nothing to us. Why would it? It does,
however, seem to mean something to THEM.

LUMBERJANE
 It's... *real*?

KID ROCK
 Feels pretty fucking real to me.

What's real? What's happening? We'll have to wait because before this can be further discussed --

A sound. An ENGINE. They all turn towards it --

AN OLD-SCHOOL VW BUS, coming down the road towards them. Budweiser doesn't even think, steps onto the edge of the road, WAVING IT DOWN --

BUDWEISER

HEY!!!!

Hairline and the others ain't so sure --

HAIRLINE

The fuck're you doing?!?

BUDWEISER

GETTIN' US RESCUED!!!

(back to waving)

HEY! HELP!!!!

Now, if one wanted to rescue a deserted motorist, one might slow down and pull to the side of the road to do so...

One would not accelerate and veer across the double yellow line FULL SPEED AHEAD TOWARDS THE PERSON WAVING THEM DOWN --

BUDWEISER (CONT'D)

Shit.

Hairline doesn't hesitate -- **BLAMBLAMBLAM!** -- Raises his gun and STARTS FIRING at the VW just as --

-- **FWAAAAAAAAAAAK!** The VW **SMASHES** into Budweiser -- His body FLIES THROUGH THE AIR -- AND LANDS IN A MANGLED HEAP TWENTY YARDS AWAY, JUST IN TIME FOR THE VW TO RUN OVER HIM, DRAGGING HIS BODY DOWN THE ROAD --

-- **BLAMBLAMBLAM--klik!** -- Hairline empties his magazine and maybe it's Budweiser's corpse getting caught up in the transmission and maybe Hairline actually HIT the Driver but --

-- The VW veers off the road -- CRASHES INTO A TREE and comes to a stop.

Hairline lowers his gun arm, surprised. Kid Rock and Lumberjane stand behind him, impressed. She whistles --

LUMBERJANE

Shit, Baldy. You got the sumbitch.

Hairline allows himself a small smile of satisfaction. Fucking-A-Right, he got the sumb--

-- THE VW'S ENGINE REVS -- DIRT FLIES from beneath its rear tires as it attempts to unstick itself from the TREE.

Hairline is no dummy. His gun is empty. And his head start will be gone the moment the VW and that tree part ways. So he does the only sensible thing --

HAIRLINE

RUN!!!!

-- So once again, WE ARE RUNNING -- HANDHELD and CHAOTIC -- Moving with Hairline as he HUFFS AND PUFFS on the edge of the road, checks over his shoulder TO SEE --

-- Kid Rock and Lumberjane, following his lead -- In the distance, the VW continues to REV, but it's still STUCK -- And now, as he rounds a curve in the forested road --

A MIRACLE.

Just a couple hundred yards up the road -- A SMALL, COUNTRY SERVICE STATION.

It's a roadside Chevron, straight out of a Coen Brothers Movie. An OASIS.

Hairline QUICKENS HIS PACE -- a second (if not third or fourth) wind upon seeing this oasis of safety -- PUSHING HARDER AND HARDER for the station until he finally --

INT. MA & POP'S GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

-- BURSTS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

A *TINKLE* of a small bell above the hinge to announce a customer has arrived...

And a moment. Just a moment. To breathe.

A few aisles of sundries -- CHIPS and GUM and JERKY. A couple of humming FREEZERS with an assortment of beverages.

FOX NEWS plays on a TV SET above the counter, currently being watched by the station's owners --

MA and **POP**.

Early seventies. Salt of the earth. Southern accents. They turn towards Hairline, sweaty, out of breath... and HOLDING HIS FUCKING GUN AT HIS SIDE.

Pop puts up his hands, nervous --

POP
 ... There's thirty dollars in the register. S'all yours.

HAIRLINE
Where are we?

MA
 ... What?

POP
 ... Look, son -- We don't want no trouble. Just take the money and--

HAIRLINE
 -- I don't want your damn money.
 Where the fuck ARE we?

Ma and Pop exchange a confused look --

MA
 Route 31... Just outside Elaine.

HAIRLINE
 Elaine *where*? What state?!?

MA
 Arkansas.

-- THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN -- Kid Rock and Lumberjane BURST INTO the store as Hairline turns to them, exasperated --

HAIRLINE
 Arkansas!

KID ROCK
 ... What?

LUMBERJANE
 We're in *Arkansas*?

HAIRLINE
 Fucking. Arkansas.

KID ROCK
 Jesus.

HAIRLINE
 C'mon... gimme a hand --

Hairline grabs a LARGE MAGAZINE RACK, starts to pull it to BLOCK THE DOORS. Kid and Lumberjane pitch in.

-- THE RACK slides in front of the doors. Hairline looks out the window -- Coast SEEMS clear. Turns towards a terrified Ma and Pop --

HAIRLINE (CONT'D)
You got a phone?

MA
Please... please... we have children... Grandchildren.

HAIRLINE
Do your grandchildren have a phone?
Because that's all I'm asking for, lady. A fucking phone.

Ma, still freaked, picks a cordless receiver from its dock on the counter, offers it to Hairline who takes it and DIALS --

POP
Son... whatever's goin' on h--

HAIRLINE
-- What's goin' on here is we're bein' goddam hunted.

Ma takes them in. Furrows her brow.

MA
But y'all have guns.

HAIRLINE
For defense.

KLK -- A calm **FEMALE DISPATCH** through the receiver pressed to Hairline's ear --

DISPATCH (O.S.)
9-1-1, What's your emergency?

HAIRLINE (INTO PHONE)
Hello... yeah... there's a fuckin'... murder spree happenin' -- You need to get out here right now.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
(a beat; then)
There's a... what happening, sir?

HAIRLINE
A murder spree. A massacre. Out in the woods. It's Manorgate!

That WORD again. But Dispatch is as CLUELESS as we are --

DISPATCH (O.S.)
I'm sorry, sir... What?

HAIRLINE
Manorgate. Fucking... Google it!

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 I can't do that right n--

HAIRLINE
 -- Jesus... just --- Listen -- We
 woke up with these... gags on our
 mouths... with locks and --

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 -- "Woke up," sir?

Kid Rock keeps anxious watch from behind the magazine stand
 blocking the door -- Lumberjane wanders through the snack
 aisles, looking for something to eat --

HAIRLINE (INTO PHONE)
 I was in Staten Island... New
York. At a bar after work. And
 that's the last thing I... They
 musta drugged me. They drugged all
 of us --
 (shouts to the others)
 Where'd they get you from?

KID ROCK
 Orlando.

LUMBERJANE
 Wyoming.

HAIRLINE
 Fuck... okay...
 (back into phone)
 Listen -- They grabbed us from all
 over and brought us here to kill us
 and they're still trying to kill
 us, they're right down the fucking
road in a VW VAN and they're gonna
 be here any fucking second!

DISPATCH (O.S.)
What is your current location, sir?

HAIRLINE
 I'm at a gas station... can't you
 just trace me?

A beat.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
*Of course. That's a great idea.
 We'll trace you, sir.*

Hairline furrows his brow.

HAIRLINE
 Okay... good.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Sit tight. Help is on the way.

KLIK. Dispatch hangs up. Hairline looks at the phone. Huh.

KID ROCK
 What'd they say?

HAIRLINE
 They said they're comin'.

LUMBERJANE
 Thank Christ.

She finds a box of RITZ CRACKERS. Takes it from the shelf.

KID ROCK
 Gimme one of those.

LUMBERJANE
 Get your own box.

She gestures to the cracker aisle as Hairline returns the phone to the counter where Ma and Pop remain, hands up, unsettled by the chaos that has descended upon their sleepy little store. Pa nods to Hairline --

PA
 Son... you mind puttin' that gun away? You seem a little... worked up and you wouldn't want it to go off on accident.

Hairline seems offended by the implication --

HAIRLINE
 It's not gonna go off on "accident." I own seven guns.

MA
 Why?

HAIRLINE
 ... What?

MA

Why do you own seven guns?

HAIRLINE

Because it's my constitutional right to protect myself should I ever happen to be getting shot at like I am right fuckin' now. Okay?

MA

Sure. Okay.

And that's the end of it. Except --

MA (CONT'D)

So... the people shootin' at you... They're just exercisin' the very same right.

Hairline raises an eyebrow --

HAIRLINE

... What the hell're you talking about, lady?

MA

Will there still be sugar after the rebellion?

WHAT?!? This is just... WEIRD now. Hairline looks at Pa, nods to Ma as if she's clearly suffering from Alzheimer's --

HAIRLINE

She okay?

PA

Sure. She's fine.
(smiles)
How're you?

ON HAIRLINE. Something is very... *not right* here. Then --

KID ROCK

... The fuck?

Hairline turns towards Kid Rock, who stands there in the food aisle looking into his Ritz Cracker box, CONFUSED.

HAIRLINE

What?

Kid Rock turns the box over. WHITE POWDER pours out on the floor. Flour? SUGAR?

The fuck INDEED.

Hairline strides over... grabs a third box off the shelf... rips it open, turns it over. MORE POWDER. Hairline is confused, turns towards Ma and Pa at the counter --

HAIRLINE (CONT'D)
What the hell is th--?

-- But he never finishes his sentence. Because while his back was turned, we failed to notice...

Ma and Pa have put on GAS MASKS.

Oh. And also, Pa is holding a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

HAIRLINE (CONT'D)
Wait...

-- **KRAKOW!!!** Hairline's CHEST EXPLODES -- HIS BODY FLIES BACK INTO LUMBERJANE AS IF HE'S BEEN KICKED BY A MULE.

-- Lumberjane just stands there in numb shock as Kid Rock turns from the magazine rack that's now preventing him from escaping, reaches for his gun --

KID ROCK
Whoawhoawhoa...

-- But Ma is already holding a CANISTER in her hands --She pulls the PIN -- Tosses it right at Kid Rock's feet where --

It EXPELS A PLUME OF GAS RIGHT UP INTO HIS FACE.

This is not tear gas. It is something much, much NASTIER. Kid's eyes BULGE as he hits the ground -- starts to CONVULSE, foaming at the MOUTH --

-- Lumberjane SHRIEKS, tries to push HAIRLINE'S BODY off of her, struggling to get up --

-- But here's POP, out from behind the counter, loading fresh shells into the shotgun as he approaches her --

MA (THRU GASMASK)
DON'T MAKE A MESS!

POP (THRU GASMASK)
WHAT?

MA (THRU GASMASK)
I'M NOT CLEANING HER UP!

Pop considers that. Nods.

POP (THRU GASMASK)
THROW ME A CAN.

She produces another CANISTER, tosses it to Pop who catches it, kneels beside a still-struggling Lumberjane, extends the canister towards her face as --

-- She SPITS into the glass circle of the gasmask that covers Pa's eye. Hisses at him --

LUMBERJANE
You're goin' to hell.

Pop leans in, all traces of his folksy charm (and southern accent) now gone as he coolly intones through his gasmask --

POP (THRU GASMASK)
I don't believe in hell, young lady. As you so eloquently wrote, I'm a Godless elite and I feed the murdered babies I pull from their mother's wombs to my purebread fucking poodles.

Wait. "As you so eloquently wrote?!?"

We don't know what the FUCK he's talking about. But based on the surprised look on Lumberjane's face, in this, her final moment on Earth?

SHE knows.

POP (CONT'D)
For the record...
(beat)
Climate change is real.

And with that -- *TUNK!* -- He PULLS THE PIN. *FSSSSSSSS!* A BLAST OF GAS RIGHT INTO HER FACE! She SPASMS underneath Hairline's corpse, but it doesn't take long for her to go still as Pop rises to his feet. Turns back to Ma --

POP (CONT'D)
YOU CAN HIT THE VENT, HONEY!

Ma nods, reaches under the counter and flips a SWITCH.

VROOOOOOOO! What sounds like a massive VACUUM CLEANER FROM A VENT IN THE CEILING IN THE CENTER OF THE STORE as --

-- All of the lingering GAS gets sucked up INTO THE VENT. In just ten short seconds, the air is once again CLEAR.

Pa pulls off his gas mask. Ma pulls off hers.

They take in their handiwork. THREE BODIES.

We still have no fucking clue what's going on here. Or WHY it's going on. But it's now abundantly clear that these dead folks are, as Hairline surmised, THE HUNTED. And Ma and Pa?

Well, they're the fucking HUNTERS.

POP (CONT'D)
I'll get a mop.

SMASH TO:

INT. MA & POP'S GAS STATION - A LITTLE LATER

A WET MOP WORKS it's way across the floor, cleaning up the last of Hairline's life blood in a puddle of pink water as --

MA grunts as she drags Lumberjane's body into a STORAGE CLOSET where we glimpse the other two corpses.

She piles Lumberjane in with the others... in doing so, Kid Rock's arm *THWUMPS* down. Ma hesitates, seeing something --

POP
... What?

MA
Nothing.

POP
Tell me, honey -- What's wrong?

A beat.

MA
He's... wearing a wedding ring.

Pop shrugs.

POP
Don't. He's a monster.

Ma looks at the body, not without empathy for the life she has taken. Pop sighs.

POP (CONT'D)
Honey. *Twelve* arrests for drunk and disorderly. *Five* for domestic abuse... and he uses the N-word on Twitter.

(MORE)

POP (CONT'D)

Those people suffered four hundred years of bondage at the hands of that uneducated piece of shit's ancestors -- Four hundred years.

MA

"Those people?"

Pop shakes his head guiltily -- Of course, she's right.

POP

Sorry... African Americans.

MA

Privilege, Julius.

POP

Yeah, yeah. I know.

A BURST OF STATIC from behind the counter. A FEMALE VOICE --

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)

Hello? Come in? You there?

Pa plops the mop back into the rolling bucket, cleanup complete as Ma heads over to the counter, pulls a WALKIE TALKIE out of a drawer, KEYS IT --

MA (INTO WALKIE)

Hey. We're here.

(beat)

We got three. Mollie, Moses and Mr. Frederick.

"MOLLIE?" "MOSES?" "MR. FREDERICK?" WHAT?!?!?

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)

Yeah? Great. Martin got Clover. It was absolutely brutal.

Ma doesn't quite know what to say to that.

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)

Anyway, Snowball's headed towards you now, she's maybe five minutes out. You gonna be ready, or do you need us to slow her down?

Ma looks over to Pop, who has pushed the bucket into the supply closet. He nods --

POP

We're good.

Ma nods too, back into the walkie --

MA (INTO WALKIE)
No need... all set here.

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Great. She's unarmed, so have some fun with it.

MA (INTO WALKIE)
Copy that. Uh... over and out.

She clicks off the walkie, puts it back in the drawer. Sees Pa has opened the fridge, helps himself to a CAN OF COKE.

MA (CONT'D)
(disapproving)
Honey. That's poison.

POP
... We rigged the soda?

MA
No. But it has chemical 4-methylimidazole and thirty nine grams of sugar in it.

POP
(smiles disarmingly)
You're always looking out for me.

She smiles back as he puts the can back in the fridge --

MA
.... Alrighty then.
(claps her hands)
Let's get some more!

SMASH TO:

INT. MA & POP'S GAS STATION - A FEW MINUTES LATER... AGAIN

Once again, FOX NEWS plays on the TV.

If we were paying careful attention, we might notice it's the exact same story that was on before... REWOUND. Ma and Pop are back in position behind the counter to spring their trap. Could it be...

That THEY are our heroes?

MA
... Here she comes.

MA'S POV -- Out through the GLASS FRONT DOOR (the magazine rack has been pushed back to its place) as they see --

A WOMAN walking past the gas pumps. Hard to entirely make her out from here. And then... she abruptly STOPS.

Pop's got his back to the door, pretending to watch TV. He furrows his brow. Quietly asks --

POP
What's going on?

Ma tries not to move her lips as she responds, confused --

MA
She stopped.

POP
... Why?

MA
I don't *know*, Julius.

But the question is moot as the woman continues on her way, opens the door with the TINKLE of the bell --

It's CRYSTAL.

The woman in the National Car Rental shirt. Who fashioned her own compass. And somehow, between when we last saw her and now, found a way to get her GAG off. How she unlocked it doesn't matter... Let's just leave it at *she knows how to do shit*. And here's the thing --

While Hairline burst in with all the MANIC ENERGY one would expect of someone who just witnessed multiple people dying around him whilst being shot at? Crystal? Well...

Crystal is mellow fucking yellow.

And Ma and Pop are a little... *unsettled* by that. But his faux Southern accent is back in full effect --

POP
Hey there. Help you?

Crystal walks up to the counter. A long beat. Finally --

CRYSTAL
Pack of Marlboro reds.

Okay. NOT what Ma and Pop were expecting. Us either. But Ma shakes it off --

MA
You got it.

She turns to the display of cigarettes as Crystal just stares at Pop. He forces a smile --

POP
You wanna fill 'er up?

She just stares.

POP (CONT'D)
Your car?

CRYSTAL
Don't have a car.

Pop tries his best to seem surprised --

POP
Oh... you walk over?

Again. She just stares. Ma returns with the cigarettes. Places them down on the counter -- right above the concealed sawed-off shotgun. Crystal kneels --

POP (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

-- She pulls up her pantleg, reaches into her sock --

CRYSTAL
Lost my wallet.

-- Pulls out a FOLDED TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, rises, places it on the counter.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
For emergencies.

Ma smiles congenially, takes the bill, rings her up --

MA
You need matches, hon?

CRYSTAL
(nods)
What state is this?

POP
... Sorry?

CRYSTAL
You don't understand the question?

POP
 No... I... it's just... most people
 know where they're at.

CRYSTAL
 I ain't most people.

No. She most assuredly is NOT.

This isn't going at all the way that Ma and Pop would expect.

Shouldn't Crystal be terrified? Freaked out?

Pop's hand drops down to the butt of the shotgun, but Ma
 keeps up the act, puts Crystal's CHANGE on the counter --

MA
 You're in the glorious state of
 Arkansas, sweetheart.

Crystal nods. Picks up her change. Ten bucks and a couple
 of coins. Looks at it in her hand.

MA (CONT'D)
 Anything else we can get for y--

-- WHAM! Crystal punches Ma in the face. Fucking HARD.

Ma staggers back -- goes DOWN -- Pa fumbles for the shotgun --

-- But Crystal is already VAULTING over the counter, KICKING
 HIM IN THE CHEST. And now that she's on the other side --

-- She sees the shotgun, pulls it out, and without even a
 fucking MOMENT of hesitation --

-- BLAM!!! BLOWS PA'S HEAD OFF HIS SHOULDERS!

MA SCREAMS, LOOKS UP AT CRYSTAL with terror as the shotgun
 swings towards her to do the same --

CRYSTAL
 Cigarettes in Arkansas only cost
 six bucks.
 (beat)
 You fucked up, bitch.

MA
 WAIT! PL--

-- BLAM!!! MA'S FACE DISAPPEARS IN AN EXPLOSION OF GORE.

Crystal lowers the shotgun.

Jesus.

Now, she tucks the shotgun into her armpit, opens up the pack of Reds.

It's EMPTY.

Crystal frowns... but there are more important things to attend to. She's in RECON mode. Opens up a drawer --

SHOTGUN SHELLS. She takes two handfuls, stuffs them into her pockets, expertly LOADS the sawed-off as she spots --

THE WALKIE. She grabs it, clips it to her belt, heads back around the counter GRABBING A BAG OF JERKY as we FOLLOW HER --

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

-- OUT BACK.

There's a PICKUP TRUCK parked here. Arkansas plates. Crystal approaches it, noticing something OFF...

... There aren't any screws on the LICENSE PLATE.

Huh.

She grabs the plate with both hands and YANKS. It UNSTICKS from the bumper. Revealing a NARROWER PLATE. Lots of numbers and letters. Like you'd see OVERSEAS.

But Crystal has noticed something ELSE now --

She crouches lower. There's some kind of PACKAGE taped under the car. It looks a lot like --

-- A BOMB. C-4 PACKETS with a thin FISHING LINE sticking out of them. She tracks the line from under the car to find --

It's TIED TO to the DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR HANDLE.

Another BOOBY TRAP.

But Crystal ain't no booby. She rises -- looks around. CLOSE ON HER EYES as they move back and forth. She's thinking. Thinking what to do next.

Thinking of a PLAN.

Her eyes STOP. Focus. Whatever she's looking for, she just fucking FOUND it as we SMASH TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING GAS STATION - DAY

-- A TREE-COVERED hilltop with a perfect VANTAGE POINT of the gas station down below.

Crystal HUNKERS DOWN behind a tree, eyes on the station, shotgun in one hand, opened bag of jerky in the other. She chews on the dry meat.

Waiting.

Finally -- A BURST OF STATIC from the walkie on her belt --

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
... Hello? Come in?

Crystal grabs the walkie... LOWERS the volume, holds it to her ear --

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
... Julius? Miranda? You there?

Of course, there is no response. Because Julius and Miranda no longer have heads. The voice seems WORRIED now --

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
... Dale, are you on?

ANOTHER VOICE, now... a MAN --

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Affirmative. I'm here.

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Did anyone see Snowball go in?

Crystal's eyes narrow. Is SHE "Snowball?"

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
No... We lost visual at the road.

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Why don't you go take a look.

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Ten-four.

Crystal chews on another piece of jerky, but it isn't long before she HEARS SOMETHING. A high pitched **WHIRRING**. And it's getting progressively louder.

Something is COMING. **WRHRRRRRRRR...**

Crystal dips down even lower behind the cover of her tree, narrowing her eyes as the source finally reveals itself -- Coming from far off in the distance. But approaching fast.

It's a DRONE.

Crystal gets LOW as it flies up to the gas station WINDOW. The radio crackles --

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
*... I don't see anybody inside.
 Checking the back now.*

The drone banks to do just that when --

-- **BANG!**

It's shot out of the air!!!

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
... Shit. I lost...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
-- What happened?

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
*I can't see anything. The signal
 went out.*

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Turn your radio off.

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
... What?

FEMALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Turn your fucking radio off, now.

KLK. Crystal's walkie goes silent. She grunts to herself--

CRYSTAL
... Least one of you's smart.

And now, in THE DISTANCE --

A **HEAVYSET** MAN (30s) comes out of the woods. He approaches the drone nervously.

It would seem, from his general appearance, that this man is an ally. But Crystal can't be sure.

Heavyset pokes the drone with his toe. It doesn't move. He STOMPS on it. Smashing it to pieces. Then he moves on to the TRUCK...

... The one with C4 EXPLOSIVES wired under it. Heavyset approaches the driver-side DOOR -- Reaches out toward the handle. Crystal WHISTLES.

Heavyset wheels around, PISTOL raised, looking for the source of the sound. And can't find it. Until Crystal, slowly, steps up out of her hunting blind. Gun raised.

HEAVYSET
... DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

-- She keeps moving, calm --

CRYSTAL
Lower your gun -- I'm a friendly.

HEAVYSET
HOW DO I KNOW THAT?!?

CRYSTAL
Pull that door handle, blow the fuck up, then you'll know.

Heavyset looks closer at the door handle. Sees the WIRE.

HEAVYSET
Well, shit.
(beat)
Thanks.

But Crystal couldn't care less... she's already walking off into the woods.

HEAVYSET (CONT'D)
Where you goin'?

CRYSTAL
Saw some tracks earlier. Gonna follow 'em.

HEAVYSET
... Whose tracks?

But she doesn't answer. Keeps moving.

HEAVYSET (CONT'D)
Hey!!! *WHOSE TRACKS???*

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

TRAIN TRACKS. Winding through the WOODS. Crystal walks along them. Heavyset keeping pace behind her, clearly just downloaded on her adventure in the GAS STATION --

HEAVSETY

... Why were they pretendin' to work there?

CRYSTAL

Don't care.

HEAVYSET

Why didn't they just kill you when you came in?

CRYSTAL

Don't care.

HEAVYSET

You wanna hear my theory?

CRYSTAL

Not really.

-- But he's gonna give it to her anyway --

HEAVYSET

I saw this article -- Every year, these liberal elites... y'know, The globalist fucks who run the Deep State? They kidnap a bunch of normal folks like us and then hunt us for fucking sport at this mansion in like, Vermont or something. I forwarded it to fifty friends... but it's not like I *believed* it.

(beat)

Do you believe it?

CRYSTAL

That you have fifty friends?

HEAVYSET

No. The rest of it.

It's a lot to take in, but all Crystal says is --

CRYSTAL

This ain't Vermont.

Heavyset furrows his brow as she breaks from the tracks and heads into the woods --

HEAVYSET
Now where you goin'?

She doesn't answer. Just steps behind a tree, pulls down her pants and SQUATS.

ON HEAVYSET -- He turns away, embarrassed as we hear the sound of her piss on the ground... Feels like he needs to say something --

HEAVYSET (CONT'D)
I'm Gary.

Crystal stands. Pulls up her pants --

CRYSTAL
Shut the fuck up, Gary.

She walks back towards the tracks... and now we hear something. A *distant* something approaching. Crystal takes a knee, puts her hand on the tracks.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
How fast're you?

GARY
... What?

CRYSTAL
Train'll be going at least thirty-five -- We're not gonna be able to get on standin' still.

Louder now. Something coming around the bend ahead. A TRAIN. And Crystal ain't waiting... she takes OFF RUNNING --

GARY
Wait...

-- So Gary has no choice but to start running, too as THE CHUGGING SOUND of the train gets LOUDER --

Crystal's arms pump at her sides, her face strained as she pushes herself into a full-out fucking sprint. The train bearing down on them --

-- She lets the LOCOMOTIVE pass, then counts as the first three FREIGHT CARS pass too. Timing them. Then she jumps --

EXT. TRAIN - CONNECTION PLATFORM - DAY

-- LANDING on the PLATFORM between two cars.

And doing so in a perfect fucking NINJA CROUCH. Like she's done that shit a thousand times before.

Which maybe she has.

Gary, on the other hand, is fat and out of shape and completely fucking new to this. As he lands on the platform behind her, his FOOT slips out from under him and he FALLS BACK, arms FLAILING...

Crystal grabs him and hauls him back to safety. Then she yanks open the freight car DOOR, pushing Gary in --

INT. TRAIN - FREIGHT CAR - DAY

-- Where he collapses, panting and shaken.

GARY
Holy... shit.

CRYSTAL
Get up.

Crystal scowls, blinking, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the darkness. Then takes a couple of steps forward... And stops. Staring. Gary is, too. We CUT AROUND and see why:

A group of REFUGEES are hiding in this TRAIN CAR.

There's about TEN of them, all different ages and genders. Maybe Middle-Eastern? SYRIANS? They're just as surprised as Crystal and Gary are.

Especially because Crystal is holding a fucking SHOTGUN.

A refugee BABY starts to cry. For a moment its sobs and the rattle of the train are the only sound.

Finally, one of the REFUGEES says something in ARABIC, (seemingly) frightened --

REFUGEE MAN (IN ARABIC)
... *Nahn ghyr musalihina.*

Gary raises his gun --

GARY
English.

The Refugees react -- NERVOUS -- but they could just be acting nervous. Gary turns to Crystal, paranoid --

GARY (CONT'D)
How do we know they ain't part of this? What if they're not real?

Crystal turns to them, very, very chill, almost PLEASANT --

CRYSTAL
I've got a drawing in my pocket of your holy prophet sucking himself off... who wants to see it?

Crystal studies them, but they're CONFUSED -- So she asks --

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
If one of you doesn't say something in English in three seconds, I'm gonna shoot all the men in their kneecaps. One. Two...
(a beat)
Two and a half...

-- She sighs, lowers her gun, turning to Gary --

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
They're real.

Okay then. Gary lowers his gun. Asks the obvious --

GARY
... Who are they?

CRYSTAL
Refugees. Probably tryin' to do the same thing we are.

GARY
... Which is what?

CRYSTAL
Escape.

-- A WHISTLE sounds. Shit. The train's SLOWING DOWN.

The refugees PANIC. Whispering frantically in Arabic. One of them reaches into a BACKPACK and Crystal instinctively raises her gun again...

... But all he pulls out is an ORANGE.

Crystal looks at it, confused. The man peels the orange, then squeezes the JUICE over his face and body.

The OTHER REFUGEES do this too. Smearing the pulp on themselves, using the RIND to rub it in.

BACKPACK

Put!

The **BACKPACK GUY** holds an orange out to Crystal --

CRYSTAL

... What?

BACKPACK

Alkalb. Woof woof.

CRYSTAL

You mean dog?

Backpack nods.

BACKPACK

Woof woof! Put. Put.

-- Crystal GETS it. It's to disguise their SCENT. She grabs the orange... starts peeling it as she turns to Gary --

CRYSTAL

You heard him. Put.

-- Crystal rubs the orange over her body -- Gary grabs one and does the same -- and sure enough, we hear REAL woofs from outside -- FUCKING DOGS as --

-- Crystal finds a SLAT in the side of the car and looks through. TWO **BORDER AGENTS** IN MILITARY FATIGUES walk alongside the train with a fierce-looking GERMAN SHEPHERD.

The agents reach Crystal's car. Giving the DOG plenty of time to sniff around the traincar...

It's TENSE. But the refugees are silent. As are Gary and Crystal. And so eventually the dog MOVES ON...

Apparently, the oranges weren't the dumbest idea of all time.

Or maybe they were.

Either way, it doesn't matter. Because just as the Border Agents are walking away, the BABY starts to cry.

Goddamn babies.

Its MOTHER panics -- holding her hand over the baby's mouth, but this just makes it cry LOUDER. The dog starts BARKING. Crystal sees the chessboard three moves from now, to Gary --

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Toss your gun.

GARY
... What?

CRYSTAL
Toss it or we're fucking dead.

She takes her shotgun, SLIDES it across the boxcar floor.
Gary follows suit just as --

-- A CASCADE OF SUNLIGHT as the door of the freight car
SLIDES OPEN revealing the TWO BORDER AGENTS and their
snarling dog -- Large AUTOMATIC WEAPONS raised --

BORDER AGENT
OTICI SVLAKA!

-- This is clearly NOT English either, but the meaning ain't
too hard to derive... "*GET OFF THE FUCKING TRAIN.*"

Hands raised above her head, Crystal does, stepping down...
Gary and the REFUGEES following suit behind her --

-- THE DOGS BARK FIERCELY -- ONE LUNGES at a REFUGEE -- IT'S
SCARY -- THE BABY CRIES LOUDER -- And now we're --

EXT. TRAIN - BORDER CHECKPOINT - DAY

-- OUTSIDE ON A RAMSHACKLE TRAIN PLATFORM -- A makeshift
CHECKPOINT -- The AGENTS shout in a FOREIGN TONGUE --

BORDER AGENT
RUKE NA VLAKU!

HALF A DOZEN other **BORDER AGENTS** with assault rifles descend
on us -- FORCIBLY pushing the refugees up against the train --
SEARCHING THEM -- THE DOGS SNARL AND BITE --

-- In the midst of it all, Crystal. Somehow, she stays COOL.

CRYSTAL
American. I'm American.

-- And this gives the AGENT IN CHARGE pause -- Wherever they
are in the world, that word has POWER. It always does.

AGENT IN CHARGE
... American?

Gary follows suit, points to himself --

GARY
Me too! American.

The Agent furrows his brow, turns to one of his cohorts.
Unsure of what to do here...

... But as Crystal and Gary are now getting slightly
preferential treatment, a BEARDED REFUGEE SPEAKS UP --

BEARDED REFUGEE
America! America too!

He points to himself.

Gary, a true patriot, is understandably and deeply OFFENDED --

GARY
Uh UH -- NO! No he's fucking not!

But the Bearded Refugee makes his case emphatically --

BEARDED REFUGEE
New York! Hot dog! Kendrick Lamar
Be Humble!

-- The Agents are confused. Gary is IRATE --

GARY
That's not English! He's just
saying shit -- Does he look
American to you?

BEARDED REFUGEE
-- Pizza Pie! Law Order Special
Victim Unit! SuperBowl Yankees!

GARY
-- Yeah? Sing the Anthem. Sing
the fucking Anthem, Mohammad!

-- DOGS SNARL -- Several of the other AGENTS are getting
torqued -- GUNS UP --

-- THE BABY CRIES -- Crystal grits her teeth, turns to Gary --

CRYSTAL
... Shut up.

-- But he doesn't -- HE SINGS --

GARY
OHHHHH SAY CAN YOU SEE? BY THE
DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT? C'MON ASSHOLE,
YOU KNOW THE WORDS!
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)
 WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED... AT THE
 TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING!

-- The Agents are shouting at each other now in their foreign
 tongue, CONFUSED AND RATTLED -- AND ANGRY --

CRYSTAL
Shut. UP.

-- DOGS BARKING -- LEAPING -- BABY CRIES --

GARY
 WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT
 STARS, THROUGH THE PERILOUS FIGHT!
 O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED, WERE
 SO GALLANTLY STREAMING --
 (to the Bearded Refugee)
-- WHY AREN'T YOU FUCKING SINGING,
MR. AMERICAN??!?

-- It all kinda happens at ONCE -- A DOG LUNGES -- A WOMAN
 SCREAMS -- AN ERRANT SHOT GOES OFF and --

-- EVERYONE FUCKING SCATTERS IN COMPLETE AND UTTER PANIC.

BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!

-- The Bearded Refugee's skull disappears in an ONSLAUGHT OF
 RIFLE FIRE.

Gary stops singing... and RUNS!!!!

The Agents lose their cool... training kicks in as they
 INDISCRIMINATELY OPEN FIRE ON THE REFUGEES --

***BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-
 BAM!***

-- Crystal's got instincts too -- She turns, heroically DIVES
ON TOP OF THE MOTHER AND HER CRYING BABY.

ON CRYSTAL -- CLOSE ON HER FACE as bullets fly over her head
 and she HOLDS DOWN the mother and baby below her --

-- BODIES FALLING BESIDE THEM -- CARNAGE -- SLAUGHTER --
 DOGS BARKING -- IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AND IT'S NEVER
 GONNA STOP...

... Until it does.

It's QUIET. The silence of death. Crystal stays down.

Then, a pair of hands ROUGHLY PULLS Crystal up to her feet --
 ROUGHLY PULLING A ZIP TIE AROUND HER WRISTS, hisses in his
 native tongue --

BORDER AGENT
Ovo je tvoja krivica.

Crystal doesn't understand him, but gets the gist. She looks down at the ground. They're being roughly pulled to their feet as well, but miraculously --

The mother and the baby are still alive.

EVERYONE ELSE FROM THE TRAIN IS DEAD. Except...

Crystal narrows her eyes, scanning the bodies as she's marched past them... looking for Gary and not finding him...

He must have MADE IT.

But that's of little solace to Crystal as she WIPES FRAME and we CUT TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL TRANSPORT VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

-- The rear of a MILITARY TRANSPORT VEHICLE. ROCKING AND ROLLING OVER THE BUMPY ROAD. There's two rows of BENCH SEATS in the back. Crystal, her zip-tied hands in her lap, sits stoically. Across from her --

THE MOTHER. Holding her baby to her chest. TEARS OF GRATITUDE streaming down her cheeks --

REFUGEE MOTHER

Thank.

Crystal looks at her. Are we finally gonna see a crack in that uncrackable facade --?

CRYSTAL

Only got on top of you 'cause I
 knew they wouldn't shoot the baby.

-- Nope.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - CROATIA - DAY

-- A REFUGEE CAMP. The TRANSPORT VEHICLE pulls to a stop and a GUARD comes around and opens the back gate, unloading Crystal, the mother, and the child.

Crystal looks around the ENCAMPMENT. Tall FENCING surrounds the facility. BARBED WIRE at the top.

There's a couple of makeshift, corrugated-steel structures, but the place is mostly DIRT. And MUD.

And PEOPLE. LOTS of people.

The camp is filled way-past capacity with REFUGEES of all different ages and sizes, all of them appearing to be MIDDLE-EASTERN. They looked tired and hungry and they're clearly IMPRISONED here. It seems like Crystal's about to be too.

A **CAMP GUARD** approaches her. Broken English --

CAMP GUARD
You American?

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

Being American *means* something. He nods, grabs her by the arm. But he doesn't lead her to the encampment. Instead they head toward a PRE-FAB OFFICE TRAILER.

UPCUT TO:

INT. OFFICE TRAILER - REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

-- THE TRAILER. Inside of which is an OFFICE.

Crystal sits there alone, waiting. There's almost nothing in this place. Just an ASH TRAY and a SWIMSUIT CALENDAR and a whole lot of Eastern European austerity.

Two BUREAUCRATS enter. One wears a cheap suit, the other just shirtsleeves and a tie. Both take a seat.

DINO
I'm Dino.
(gestures)
This Bojan. You have papers?

CRYSTAL
Where are we?

Bojan lights a cigarette.

BOJAN
... You have name?

CRYSTAL
(repeats)
Where are we?

Dino lights a cigarette.

DINO
Where you think?

CRYSTAL
Well... I was gettin' some supper
in Mississippi when I got knocked
out for what was at least eighteen
hours. Taking that into account,
along with your accent and a
license plate I saw, I'm guessing
I'm probably in Bosnia.
(beat)
... Serbia? Croatia?

Dino and Bojan make eye contact. *Bingo.*

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Croatia then.

BOJAN
How you get here?

CRYSTAL
Don't give a shit. You need to
call the American embassy.

DINO
Show us papers.

CRYSTAL
I don't have fucking *papers*. Call
the embassy.

Bojan and Dino exchange a look. A beat. Then --

BOJAN
You hunted?

UH OH. Crystal narrows her eyes.

CRYSTAL
Who said I was *hunted*?

BOJAN
Don.

DINO
You hunted like Don?

CRYSTAL
... Who the fuck is "Don?"

Bojan nods to Dino.

BOJAN

Bring Don.

Dino gets up and leaves the office. Bojan puts out his cigarette stub. Lights another.

CRYSTAL

Can I get one a' those?

BOJAN

No.

After a beat, Dino returns. With him?

A **ZIP-TIED MAN** with a BLACK HOOD on his head.

Dino pushes him down into a chair next to Crystal. Then pulls the hood off, revealing --

-- COWBOY SHIRT.

The middle-aged SOUTHERN GOOD OL' BOY from the CLEARING. He blinks. Sees Crystal. A flash of recognition --

COWBOY SHIRT

Howdy.

-- This must be DON. Crystal recognizes him, too. She turns back to Bojan --

CRYSTAL

Yeah. Hunted like Don.

Don smiles satisfyingly, no longer in this alone --

COWBOY SHIRT

I told you assholes.

AND WE CUT TO:

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

-- Crystal and Don stand in line with a bunch of hungry-looking **REFUGEES**. Each with a banged-up metal BOWL no SPOON. Waiting to eat from a BIG POT of God-knows-what.

DON

... I was headin' north when the dogs came after me. I thought I was fucking dead... that it was them... I was relieved when it was just the fucking *Russians*.

(shakes his head)

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

What was up with that crate? Why'd they give us weapons before they started pickin' us off? To make it more fair? And what's with "Four legs good, two legs bad?"

(beat)

Maybe they're fucking Vegans.

Crystal says nothing. Reaches the front of the line. A **REFUGEE** ladles GRUEL into her bowl. Don is next.

DON (CONT'D)

Oh I cannot wait to blow the lid off this shit. We're gonna be on Hannity. You and me... like the two Jews who fucked Nixon up.

(to Refugee)

A little more there, pal?

The Refugee looks taken aback by the idea of someone not taken what they're given... but gives Don another SLOP. He follows Crystal, who hunkers down on a split stump. Eats.

DON (CONT'D)

Hey. Sweetheart -- You wanna share what you're thinkin'?

CRYSTAL

Not really.

DON

... C'mon -- You don't *care* why they're doing this to us?

She wipes her mouth with her sleeve. Looks at him, evenly --

CRYSTAL

They're trying to kill me. I don't give a shit why.

She licks the last drops of gruel out of her bowl and throws it in the dirt as--

-- We hear the sound of TIRES on gravel. And we see the headlights of a JEEP as it drives up to the camp.

Parks outside the office trailer. There's a FLAG sticking out of the passenger-side window. A familiar one. Stars and stripes. Red white and blue. AMERICA FUCK YEAH.

A MAN gets out of the jeep. He's YOUNG-LOOKING, barely shaving. The unofficial uniform of a foreign diplomat -- KHAKIS, SHORT-SLEEVE BUTTON-DOWN, TIE. He looks every bit an AMERICAN **ENVOY**.

DON
Well well... if it ain't Uncle
Sam's nephew.

He turns to Crystal, smiles with relief...

DON (CONT'D)
We're rescued.

... She does not.

CUT TO:

INT. ENVOY'S JEEP - DRIVING - EVENING

Crystal's in shotgun, Don in the back as the ENVOY drives them to safety. He shakes his head, clearly having received a head-spinning DOWNLOAD from his evacuees --

ENVOY
They built an entire gas station
out here... to convince you this
was *Arkansas*? What kind of sick
people would even come up with
something like that?
(incredulous)
It's just... horrifying.

DON
You fucking said it, Junior.

ENVOY
As soon as we get back to The
Embassy, we'll call The State
Department and get military support
out here to find these... *animals*.
What they put you through... I
can't even imagine. Why would they
do that?

DON
Same reason elites do anything.
'Cause they think they're better
than us.

Crystal says nothing. Just looks out the window. The Envoy furrows his brow. Trying to understand.

ENVOY
Why *you*, though? I mean-- it seems
so personal.

DON

... What?

ENVOY

I'm just asking... why did they pick you of all people? You must've done something to get on their radar... to make them target you specifically...

DON

We didn't do shit.

ENVOY

... Are you sure?

DON

What? You think this was *our* fucking fault?

ENVOY

No... no... Of course not... I'm sorry -- The last thing I'd ever do is blame the victim. I'm just trying to understand this... I mean, the *resources* these people must have expended to do what you're describing... You'd just think there would be a reason. Can you think of *anything* that would make them want to do something so horrible to y --

-- Crystal tilts backwards, swinging her feet up -- and **smashes them into the envoy's face**. **The force of her kick sends head right through DRIVER-SIDE WINDOW of the car -- SHATTERING IT** -- glass goes flying --

-- Crystal reaches over, opens the driver DOOR -- **PUSHES THE ENVOY OUT OF IT** --

-- The jeep skids to a stop. Crystal moves to the driver's seat, puts the car in REVERSE. She backs up and we hear a CRUNCH as --

-- **The back tire FLATTENS THE ENVOY'S SKULL.**

DON

... THE FUCK?!?

Crystal puts the car in park. Takes the KEYS out of the ignition and hops out.

EXT. ENVOY'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Don jumps out right behind her as Crystal crouches next to the ENVOY. His SKULL a bloody pancake. She searches his body as Don freaks out --

DON
 Why'd you do that? He was trying
 to fucking SAVE us! He --

-- Crystal pulls a GLOCK PISTOL from the Envoy's waist band.

DON (CONT'D)
 ... Oh.

She checks the clip as Don reconsiders --

DON (CONT'D)
 How'd you know he was lying?

CRYSTAL
 Because everyone is lying.

Don contemplates that.

DON
 Well... maybe you shoulda waited to
 kill him until he told us why
 they're doing this!

CRYSTAL
 Pretty sure he wanted us to tell
him why they're doing this.

Don's eyes light up --

DON
 ... Do you know why?

CRYSTAL
 I know I don't give a shit.

Now she's moving to the back of the car. Uses the key to pop open the trunk. Don REACTS when he sees what's inside.

A DEAD BODY.

DON
 Jesus...

CRYSTAL
 Nope.
 (beat)
 Gary.

The last time we saw Gary, he wasn't dead. He also didn't have EIGHT-INCH HUNTING KNIFE stuck in his forehead. Now, though... he does. Don exhales --

DON

Guy you hopped the train with?

CRYSTAL

Uh huh.

DON

Fuck... There were ten of us when we first woke up. Three down outta the gate. Guy who got hit by the van... You said three at the gas station. One right here.

(beat)

That leaves you and me.

Crystal doesn't care about the math. Makes no difference. Besides, she just spotted something UNDER Gary's corpse --

A FOLDED-UP MAP.

DON (CONT'D)

... What's that?

She pulls it out from underneath him. Unfolds it. Looks it over for a beat.

CRYSTAL

Where Mr. Bullshit was takin' us.

She shows the map to Don. It's extremely literal. "HUNTING GROUNDS" is written at the top. Then there's a circled area labeled "KILL ZONE" and another one labeled "HUNTER'S BLIND."

Don furrows his brow, skeptical --

DON

... Seems a little obvious. Like maybe they wanted us to find it?

CRYSTAL

Depends on whether they're smart pretendin' to be idiots or they're idiots pretendin' to be smart.

Don doesn't quite get that. Or maybe he does. Either way, he shakes his head --

DON

Well I say fuck those fuckers. We got a car... Let's just fucking go.

CRYSTAL

No.

DON

... "No?"

Crystal turns her attention back to Gary and the KNIFE stuck in his head, which she grips and begins to WIGGLE FREE --

CRYSTAL

My mama used to tell me this story 'bout the Jackrabbit and the Box Turtle. Jackrabbit's a real dick, brags all the time, says nobody's faster n' him. And it's true. Every time he races, Jackrabbit always wins.

(beat)

The whole fucking forest has to put up with his shit day in, day out -- This fucker always wants to race just to rub it in some more, so Box Turtle figures, why not, he'll give it a try. Jackrabbit laughs -- This'll be fun. Let's fuckin' go.

-- ON CRYSTAL, wiggling the knife, CRUNCH OF SKULL AND BRAIN as she attempts to work it free --

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Bang. They're off. Jackrabbit leaves Box Turtle in his fucking dust... he's way out in front. 'Course he is. Jackrabbit always wins. But he wants to put on a show, make it seem *close*, so he stops and takes a nap.

(beat)

Well, he sleeps longer than he wanted to and when he wakes up, he knows he's fucked... Jackrabbit goes full tilt, but it's too late. Box Turtle crosses the finish line first. Crowd goes fucking wild.

-- *SHLIK* -- Crystal YANKS the knife out of Gary's head. It's wet with blood. She casually wipes it on her pants.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Later that night, Box Turtle's havin' dinner with his family, relivin' his victory, tellin' his little Box Turtles how he did it -- Never give up, just keep crawlin' forwards and you can overcome just 'bout anything.

(beat)

Then the door smashes in. It's Jackrabbit and he's got a hammer. He smashes up the wife and kids first so Box Turtle can watch 'em die. Then it's his turn. Once the whole family's broken into pieces, Jackrabbit sits down at the table and eats their dinner.

(beat)

Every last bite.

Crystal holds up the knife. Looks at Don for the first time since she started this story as she reveals its moral --

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Jackrabbit always wins.

Jesus.

ON DON. A bit speechless. Finally, he manages to ask --

DON

... Your mama told you that story?

Crystal just looks at him. HARD AS A ROCK. A rock forged by a helicopter parent of a different kind -- A helicopter that drops you off in 'Nam and just LEAVES you there to figure out shit on your OWN. Don's confused --

DON (CONT'D)

... Wait. So who's the rabbit? Us or them?

Crystal shakes her head. It's fucking OBVIOUS. But before she can answer --

-- A RUSTLING sound, coming from the BUSHES. She swivels toward it, cat-quick, KNIFE RAISED --

AS THE PIG emerges from the brush. It STOPS.

Looks at them. And they look at it.

Destiny steering each and every one of them TO --

EXT. HUNTER'S BLIND - NIGHT

-- THE AFOREMENTIONED HUNTER'S BLIND.

We're in a CAMP on a HILLTOP. There's a row of RIFLES with heavy-duty NIGHT-VISION SCOPES, all mounted on TRIPODS and pointing down at the VALLEY below, bi-sected by a ROAD.

Hanging out near their rifles are the insidious fuckers responsible for this whole mess -- SEVEN HUNTERS --

MARTIN, DOUG, LIBERTY, DALE, RICHARD and THE DOCTOR.

We've met the last two before, on the plane. Three of the others are wealthy-looking MIDDLE-AGED LIBERALS. The fourth is different.

This is DALE. He's grizzled, sports a buzzcut. He doesn't fit in with the rest of these folks...

Because he knows what he's DOING.

THE DOCTOR peeks through his scope --

THE DOCTOR

Where the hell is Oliver? He left
to get them two hours ago.

No one answers -- They're all sitting by their guns, simultaneously nervous and bored. Martin thumbs through Instagram on his phone --

MARTIN

That's weird. *Susan Orlean* just
liked my post.

DOUG

Do you know her?

MARTIN

No... Maybe we *might* have met at
the Time 100 dinner?

Martin leans over, shows Doug his phone screen --

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This was the picture she liked.
From when I was in Haiti.

DOUG

(sarcastic)
Wait. You were in *Haiti*?

MARTIN

HaHa.

DOUG

No, seriously-- it's been almost six hours since you mentioned you were there. Remind me, what were you doing again --? Curing AIDS in a favela?

RICHARD

Don't joke about AIDS, man.

DOUG

I'm not joking. AIDS is serious and Thank God Martin is single-handedly taking it on.

MARTIN

First, there are no *favelas* in Haiti, asshole. That's Brazil. So evolved of you to bust my balls for helping people.

DOUG

You built one house. That helps a person.

MARTIN

All you do, Doug, is write checks. I like to be hands on.

DOUG

Yeah you do.

Doug raises his eyebrows.

MARTIN

... What?

DOUG

Nothing.

MARTIN

What, Doug?

DOUG

I just heard you got a girl pregnant down there.

Liberty's ears perk up.

LIBERTY

... Is that true?

MARTIN
 (defiant)
I fell in love.

DOUG
 I hope she was pro-choice.

MARTIN
 Fuck you, Doug.

The Doctor FROWNS, ignoring this, focused on his SCOPE --

THE DOCTOR
 Where are they?

LIBERTY
 Just call Oliver on the radio...

MARTIN
 (you fucking idiot)
 His radio is off because they think
 he's an envoy. Jesus, Liberty --
 Use your br--

-- Mid-tirade, Martin accidentally hits his rifle with his
 elbow -- The entire tripod comes APART --

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 -- Shit. Uh... Dale? Can you,
 uh... help?

Dale moves towards him, FRUSTRATED, like a babysitter --

DALE
 Please keep your voices down.

RICHARD
 ... Why? They're in a car.

Dale gives Richard an annoyed glance as he moves over to
 Martin, starts to fix the knocked-over rifle.

DALE
 You hired me to consult you. I'm
 consulting you.

MARTIN
 What movie did you work on again?

DALE
Tears of the Sun.

MARTIN
Really? It's actually called
"Tears of the Sun?"

DALE
Yes.

MARTIN
And it came out? In *theaters*?

Dale takes a deep breath.

DALE
Bruce Willis was in it.

RICHARD
... Why is the sun crying?

A SHARP VOICE FROM OFF SCREEN --

VOICE (ON LAPTOP)
Stop fucking talking.

A FEMALE VOICE. Authoritative. And FAMILIAR -- the same one we've been hearing on the WALKIE. Now it's coming from a LAPTOP open on the camping table. Martin glances warily at it, answers chagrined --

MARTIN
Sorry, Athena.

Doug stands --

DOUG
I gotta go pee.
(then)
Who has the hand sanitizer?

LIBERTY
Christ, Doug... rough it.

Doug frowns, but walks off as The Doctor calls after him --

THE DOCTOR
Watch out for the trip wires!

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER'S BLIND - BUSHES - NIGHT

-- THE EDGE OF CAMP. It's dark out here. Doug's enjoying a long, satisfying piss. He hears a twig break. Turns his head -- dick still out -- and sees...

... DON. He is carrying the PIG in his arms.

DON
Hey... this your pig?

Doug stares. SURPRISED. Opens his mouth to CALL OUT FOR HELP WHEN --

-- **Crystal POPS UP BEHIND HIM, slits his throat with a GIANT KNIFE.** A HOT RUSH OF ARTERIAL BLOOD as Doug COLLAPSES, GURGLING and we SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. HUNTER'S BLIND - NIGHT

-- THE HUNTER'S BLIND. Dale's suddenly ALERT. His senses tingling. Telling him something...

DALE
Everyone up. Perimeter.
Like we practiced.

Martin tries to get his rifle off the tripod, fumbles -- jamming his finger.

MARTIN
Motherfucker... I can't...

DALE
Leave the rifle. Sidearms. Now.

The "HUNTERS" all draw their PISTOLS as they form a circular perimeter at the edge of the camp. From the way they organize, it seems they've have had *some* training.

We go CLOSE on Martin as he peers into the darkness. Concern on his face.

MARTIN
... Doug?

DALE
Shhhh.

MARTIN
Don't shush me!
(back to the woods)
Doug?!?

NOISES in the bushes. Everyone points their pistols.

DALE
Easy. They'll hit the trips.

Dale puts his hand up. Tense. In control.

Another rustle.

Dale keeps his hand up -- *don't fucking shoot.*

They're all chomping at the bit to fire. Some wouldn't mind accidentally killing DOUG, to be hones--

-- **BOOM!** A FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

The PIG comes flying through the air, landing with a THUD in the middle of camp. It's lit on fire and SQUEALING.

BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!-BANG!

SUDDENLY EVERYONE'S SHOOTING WILDLY AT IT.

DALE (CONT'D)

STOP!

They do. The pig is no longer squealing. It just sizzles.

LIBERTY

What the *fuck?*

THE DOCTOR

It must've hit one of the wires?!?

Martin glares at Richard --

MARTIN

You almost fucking shot me.

RICHARD

Well, I didn't, did I? 'Cause you're not fucking sh--

BANG!

Martin's head explodes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

-- Crystal EMERGES from the woods, GUN UP --

-- hits Dale with three bullets in the chest and neck. She spins -- **BANG!**

-- Shoots Liberty, who knocks over the laptop on her way down, sends it into the dirt as --

-- Richard SPRINTS out of the camp full tilt, but Crystal ignores him turns to The Doctor--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

-- Shoots him four times in the face and neck.

The whole thing is over before it started.

Crystal takes a breath. Everyone in the camp is down. But she hears GURGLING. It's Dale. He's still alive. And reaching for his LEG HOLSTER...

Crystal gets to it first. Disarms him of his two PISTOLS and a KNIFE. Just as SOMEONE is coming out of the forest.

Crystal whips around with her gun --

DON
Hey, hey, hey... It's me.

DON walks into the camp.

CRYSTAL
Thanks for all the help.

DON
I dropped the pig on the mine thing! Gimme a gun!

Crystal scowls... But tosses him a gun. Then she moves over to one of the mounted rifles. Looks in the SCOPE. Where --

THROUGH THE SCOPE

-- Richard. Still running away... or attempting to. He stumbles, recovers, and keeps going as Crystal lines up the shot. Then she WHISTLES.

Richard turns his head back toward the sound --

BANG!

-- His neck flies apart.

One shot, one kill. But before Crystal can be too satisfied with herself --

-- **LIBERTY GRABS HER. TACKLES HER TO THE GROUND.** Crystal's caught off guard. But that doesn't really matter. It's not a fair fight. Crystal quickly gets the KNIFE out of Liberty's hands. Pins her to the ground. **STRADDLES HER.**

Don is behind Crystal, now. She turns to him --

CRYSTAL
Anything you wanna ask her?

DON
... What?

CRYSTAL
You got mad I killed the fucker in
the car before you could ask him
anything. Now's your chance.

Don thinks. Looks at Liberty --

DON
Why're you doing this to us?

Liberty stares at him. Pure venom --

LIBERTY
Because JESUS told me to.

The sarcasm is not debatable. Don frowns. Crystal cocks her
gun, points it at Liberty's head --

CRYSTAL
Well, there's your answer.

DON
WAIT. You can't just -- ... She's
a woman.

Crystal frowns, turns to Liberty --

CRYSTAL
You think you should be afforded
mercy 'cause you're a girl?

Liberty processes the implications of her answer. Doesn't
want to die. But she has PRINCIPLES...

LIBERTY
... No.

BANG!

She shoots Liberty in the head.

DON
WHAT THE FUCK?!?

Don puts his hands on his head, pacing. He seems
overwhelmed. And then --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Don? Don? ... Did you get her?

It's the same VOICE, coming from the same LAPTOP -- which is now OVERTURNED ON THE GROUND.

UH OH. ON CRYSTAL. She points her gun at DON.

DON

Whoa! HEY!

FEMALE VOICE (ON LAPTOP)

Don!?!

The implication of someone on the laptop calling Don's name is OBVIOUS --

CRYSTAL

You one of them?

DON

What? No.

CRYSTAL

Drop the gun. Pick it up.

Crystal gestures to the LAPTOP. Don doesn't budge.

DON

I'm not dropping my gun.

FEMALE VOICE (ON LAPTOP)

Don? What's going on?

CRYSTAL

Pick it up.

Don's got his gun at his side, pointed down. Keeps it there as he slowly moves to the laptop. Picks it up with his other hand. The SCREEN IS BUSTED, a BULLET HOLE THROUGH IT --

DON

(to the computer)

... Who's this?

FEMALE VOICE (ON LAPTOP)

Don, you don't have to pretend anymore. She figured it out.

(then)

Is she hurt?

Don looks confused and scared. Like he's being tricked by this woman... or at least *pretending* to be. To Crystal --

DON
I don't know who the fuck this is.

CRYSTAL
Drop the gun.

FEMALE VOICE (ON LAPTOP)
Shoot her, Don.

DON
(to Crystal)
They're fucking with you! I'm on
your side!

CRYSTAL
Drop the gun.

Don's eyes narrow -- He starts to raise his arm --

BANG!

Crystal shoots Don dead. Just fucking puts him down. Maybe
because it looked like he was about to shoot HER.

Or maybe she just didn't believe him.

Crystal moves to the laptop. The bullet hole has completely
frizted it. WE CAN'T SEE who's on the screen.

FEMALE VOICE (ON LAPTOP)
... Don?

CRYSTAL
Don's dead. So's everyone else.

A beat. Another. Then --

FEMALE VOICE (ON LAPTOP)
*Then I guess you'd better come and
get me.*

There's a BEEP as the woman signs off.

Crystal drops the laptop. A GROAN. It's --

DALE. He's almost dead now. But not quite. Crystal moves
over to him, crouches down beside him.

CRYSTAL
Heard them call you a "consultant."
You trained these fuckers?

She clearly heard EVERYTHING the Hunters were saying earlier.
Dale's a dead man, so why deny it --

DALE

Yeah.

CRYSTAL

How much'd they pay you?

DALE

Nothing.

Dale gestures to the laptop.

DALE (CONT'D)

I owed her a favor.

CRYSTAL

Who?

DALE

You don't... wanna tussle with her.
Trust me.

CRYSTAL

Where is she?

DALE

(shakes his head)
... Just go home. You won. Go
home. It's over...

Crystal PUSHES HER THUMB INTO ONE OF DALE'S BULLET WOUNDS --
HE GRUNTS IN PAIN --

CRYSTAL

Where the fuck is she?

He can see it's pointless not to answer --

DALE

Three clicks Northeast. Dirt road.
Follow it to the gate. She'll be
in her Manor.
(beat)
Waiting.

Crystal nods. Satisfied. Dale sizes her up --

DALE (CONT'D)

Were you in the service?

CRYSTAL

Afghanistan.
(then)
You?

DALE
National Guard.

CRYSTAL
So you were never in the shit.

DALE
Nope...

Dale offers a final noble smile --

DALE (CONT'D)
... But I'm in it now.

Crystal nods. He surely is. Then, without hesitation, she puts her gun in his face. And the ensuing **BANG!** CUTS US TO:

EXT. WOODS - SOMEWHERE

... A DIRT ROAD winding through the woods. Crystal walks down it. Following Dale's directions.

EXT. CLEARING

She breaks from the woods -- spots in the DISTANCE --

A GORGEOUS HOME.

Not a dilapidated old mansion as we might expect. It's a beautiful Nancy Meyers house. Crystal heads towards it, looks off to the RIGHT --

THERE'S AN AIRSTRIP.

A PRIVATE JET is parked at the end of it, like a car in the driveway. Except a jet. On an airstrip.

Crystal keeps walking. Notices a "BEWARE OF DOG" sign -- fearsome silhouette of a ROTTWEILER on it.

She finally reaches the front porch. Walks up the steps. There's an INTERCOM DOORBELL. She presses it.

DING DONG. A beat. Then, a matter-of-fact FEMALE VOICE --

FEMALE VOICE (OVER INTERCOM)
Put your gun in the mailbox.

CRYSTAL
Why the fuck would I do that?

FEMALE VOICE (OVER INTERCOM)
*There's a shaped C4 charge
 underneath the porch. I could blow
 you up right now... but where's
 the fun in that?*
 (then; forceful)
Gun. Mailbox. Now.

Crystal's eyes narrow. She looks down at her feet on the porch. Imagines what's beneath them. Not much of a choice.

She pops the clip out of her pistol and clears the chamber. Then she opens the mailbox and puts the gun and clip in.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ. A magnetic lock. Crystal reaches for the front door handle. Pushes it open. ENTERS as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

-- A well-appointed **WOMAN** entering a well-appointed corporate OFFICE. We are BEHIND this woman and will be for the entire scene, PULP FICTION STYLE.

Her hair is pulled up in a tight bun and even though we can't see her face, we know instantly that it isn't Crystal.

No. This is **ATHENA**.

This is another time. Another place.

A man is standing waiting for her. This is **PAUL**. He wears wire-rimmed glasses, a crisp white shirt and (ironed) JEANS because when you're a fucking billionaire, you can do that. He smiles --

PAUL
 Athena... Hi, shut the door. Have
 a seat.

He gestures to the couch across a coffee table, upon which sit never-opened Taschen Books featuring photographs of the Civil Rights Movement.

ATHENA
 What's she doing here?

"She" is **CLARISSA**, dressed like a lawyer. Because she's a lawyer. She sits in a chair beside the couch. Unlike Paul, she is not smiling.

PAUL
Please. Sit.

Athena hesitates. We still can't see her face (nor will we, at least not HERE), but eventually...

She SITS.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I assume you heard that Martin was
hacked last week?

A beat.

ATHENA
I'm the CEO of this company. Of
course I heard.

PAUL
It was very embarrassing for him.
(frowns)
The sexual improprieties.

ATHENA
Is that what you call them?
Because I heard he sent his wife's
oncologist photos of his cock.

Paul drops his eyes uncomfortably. Clarissa is unflinching.

PAUL
Athena... This is serious.

ATHENA
Of course it is. Clarissa only
shows up when it's serious.

PAUL
It's not just the sexual im--
(fuck it; moving on)
Martin also said some very critical
things about the president.

Athena's posture changes. TIGHTENS.

ATHENA
Last I heard free speech still
exists, Paul.

PAUL
(exasperated)
Don't... First Amendment me, okay?
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
 This isn't a country, it's a
 corporation... there are optics!
 Fucking optics, Athena!

A beat. Athena does the math.

ATHENA
 You fired Martin.

PAUL
 He gave his resignation to the
 Board, yes.

ATHENA
 Because you asked him to?

PAUL
 Because he fucked up.

Athena's head cocks as she registers the same thing we do --
 Clarissa has been playing with a RED FOLDER on her lap.
 Playing with it like a loaded gun she cannot WAIT to fire.

ATHENA
 What's in the file, Clarissa?

Paul sighs.

PAUL
 Do you recall a text thread you had
 with Martin, Richard, Doug,
 Liberty, and others in December of
 '17 at about two in the morning?

ATHENA
 I don't recall text threads from
 last fucking Tuesday, Paul. Why?
 Did I say something *critical* about
 the president?

She's losing it.

She knows she's losing it.

PAUL
 Clarissa.

Paul nods to Clarissa, who (not without glee) opens the red
 folder and reads aloud, monotone, matter-of-fact, a somewhat
 familiar series of TEXTS --

CLARISSA
 Martin. "Did anyone see what our
 ratfucker-in-chief just did?
 (MORE)

CLARISSA (CONT'D)
 Liberty. "Don't wanna know."
 Athena. "At least the hunt's
 coming up. Nothing better than
 going out to The Manor and
 slaughtering a dozen inbred
 rednecks. Oliver. "Hah!"
 Richard. Miranda. "We promised
 not to talk about 'the manor' on
 text!" Ted. "Viva El Manor!"
 Liberty. "DELETING THIS THREAD!!!"

Clarissa closes the folder. And her case.

Athena sits there for a moment.

ATHENA
 I don't get it.

PAUL
 Are you aware that there is now an
 active group of people who believe
 this is a real thing?

ATHENA
 ... Believe what's a real thing?

PAUL
 That you're hunting human beings.
 (then)
 Annually.
 (then)
 For sport.

A beat. And then?

Athena LAUGHS. She laughs for a good ten seconds.

Paul and Clarissa do not.

ATHENA
 Wait... hold on... What?

PAUL
 The conspiracy websites are all
 over it. The message boards on...
 (to Clarissa)
 What is it, Redder...? Redthat?

CLARISSA
 Reddit.

PAUL

Reddit. They're going berzerk.
Some asshole pulled the property
tax records for a Manor House you
own in Vermont.

ATHENA

A... Manor? No, Paul. I do not
own a fucking MANOR in Vermont.

PAUL

You shouldn't have used that word.

ATHENA

"Manor?"

PAUL

(uncomfortable)
No. The "R" word.

ATHENA

What the fuck is the "R" word?!?

PAUL

(doesn't wanna say it)
Clarissa?

ON CLARISSA. She doesn't want to say it either. But
finally, she whispers --

CLARISSA

Redneck.

ATHENA

"REDNECK?!?"

PAUL

... Athena...

ATHENA

... It's the "R" word now? I mean,
I know I'm not allowed to say "fat"
anymore, but I didn't get the
fucking email that I can't say
fucking "redneck" --

PAUL

-- Athena, please --

ATHENA

-- What would you prefer I call
them, Paul? "Gun Clutchers?"
"Academically Challenged?"
"Tooth Deprived?"

PAUL

Enough!

Paul takes off his glasses, pinches the bridge of his nose as he shakes his head --

PAUL (CONT'D)

This is out there. This is *happening*. We've got our best team in reputation management flooding the search engines so it doesn't go mainstream. But even if by some miracle it doesn't...

(beat)

These people aren't going away. They believe this.

(shakes his head)

Martin did what he had to. Richard is out at BlueWest... Miranda and Ted stepped down from their foundations and Liberty exited her fund. I'm so sorry, Athena... I really am...

He leans in. Not without empathy --

PAUL (CONT'D)

But you have to go.

Athena calms. A death row inmate seated in the electric chair, knowing the switch is about to be thrown. It's a little eerie hearing the *distance* in her voice.

One could later argue it's the moment she became a sociopath.

She just has one question...

ATHENA

What people?

PAUL

... Sorry?

ATHENA

What people believe that I'm hunting human beings. At my Manor.

Paul and Clarissa don't have an answer. And so, Athena asks again, AT THE TOP OF HER FUCKING VOICE --

ATHENA (CONT'D)

WHAT FUCKING PEOPLE?!?!?!?!?

SMASH TO:

INT. FOYER - THE MANOR - MORNING

CRYSTAL.

That's what fucking people.

As she enters the foyer, Crystal hears SOFT ROCK playing deeper in the house. It sounds like fucking VAN MORRISON...

She ALSO hears the JINGLE of a DOG COLLAR -- braces herself -- mind flashing to the "BEWARE OF DOG" sign outside -- but this isn't a fearsome Rottweiler...

... It's an beautiful IRISH SETTER. Shaggy red hair shimmering as it bounds up to Crystal, licks her hand.

Crystal leaves the dog, follows the VAN MORRISON into...

INT. MANOR - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... THE LIVING ROOM. Have we mentioned that this house is unbelievably beautiful?

It's unbelievably beautiful.

Every VINTAGE SCONCE and CASHMERE THROW has been hand-selected with impeccable taste. And probably cost a lot more than Crystal's car. If she even has a car.

A LARGE GEORGIA O'KEEFE has been taken off the wall. The pink flower petals bearing more than passing resemblance to the female sex organ... But that's neither here nor there.

In the empty space where the painting was, someone has tacked up ELEVEN PHOTOS. ELEVEN FACES. ELEVEN people who were brought here to be HUNTED. RANDY from the Plane. DAISY. TRUCKER HAT. FRECKLES. BUDWEISER. KID ROCK. HAIRLINE. LUMBERJANE. GARY. DON.

All PREY.

There are X's over ten of them.

All except CRYSTAL'S.

She stands there, taking this in. Her eyes lingering on her own unsmiling mug.

Then she keeps moving. Van Morrison getting louder, now. As she walks into...

INT. KITCHEN - THE MANOR - DAY

... THE KITCHEN. There's a bottle of CHAMPAGNE chilling in an ice bucket. But don't notice that, because we're focused on the **WOMAN** standing at the KITCHEN COUNTER.

Her back is turned toward us. We still can't see her face. But by now, we know who this woman is...

ATHENA

It's amazing to me. People go their whole lives without realizing the most simple, obvious truth...

... Athena's doing something with a long, serrated knife.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

... The only way to properly slice tomatoes is with a bread knife.

She keeps slicing, her back still to Crystal. It's pretentious and dismissive and all about POWER.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

You killed Don?

CRYSTAL

Uh huh.

ATHENA

Because I convinced you he was one of us?

CRYSTAL

Was he?

ATHENA

Maybe.
(then)
Maybe not.

With that, Athena puts the knife down. Picks up a plate and turns around.

For the first time, we get to see her. She is beautiful. She would also find that description sexist.

And rightly so. Because it neglects to mention her intimidating intellect and preternatural composure. As well as her EYES. Imagine if Gwyneth Paltrow was not the magnate of the Goop empire, but instead, the most dangerous woman in the world. For when **ATHENA MALONE** stares at you, it's like that nightmare where you're naked at your High School dance.

Athena locks in on Crystal. At the same time dressing her tomatoes -- drizzle of oil, sprinkle of salt. She never looks down. Just holds the gaze. Crystal stares right back.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Who am I?

CRYSTAL

... Huh?

ATHENA

Who. Am. I.

CRYSTAL

Beats me.

Athena is clearly ANNOYED.

ATHENA

The name Athena Malone doesn't ring a bell?

CRYSTAL

Lady, I don't know who you are.

(beat)

So who am I?

A beat.

ATHENA

Crystal May Creasey. Born 1974 in Mississippi. "Whites Crossing"... Fitting.

(beat)

Dropped out of high school at 14. Right around the time your father was killed by the police when they raided a methamphetamine lab he was working in.

(then)

Your mother joined him soon after that. Overdose. Probably the last batch of his stuff. Romantic.

Athena eyes track every micro-movement on Crystal's face. Searching for a sign of weakness. She doesn't find one.

So she turns to the stovetop behind her -- flips the SANDWICH she's making.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Most people say you should use cheddar in a grilled cheese, but I use gruyere. Nothing else has that kind of melt.

Oh brother. Crystal tries to keep her eyes from rolling out of her skull. The grilled cheese sizzles as Athena turns back to Crystal and continues --

ATHENA (CONT'D)

After your mom died, you bounced from part-time job to part-time job to welfare, and back. More times than I could count, honestly. The only consistency was your inability to stay employed.

(beat)

That would have been fine. Our country belongs to the uneducated and ignorant just as much as it belongs to me. You fail, we pay. Eventually, a cow falls on you or you blow your brains out in a parking lot because you finally understood what a waste your life truly was. But not you, Crystal...

(beat)

You decided to go on the internet and run your stupid fucking mouth.

Athena picks up a SHEET OF PAPER (the stock is exquisite) from the counter --

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Thirteen months ago, you posted this in a comments section --

Crystal's face is neutral. Just fucking watching as Athena reaches into her pocket for READING GLASSES.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

I want to make sure I get it exactly right.

(reading)

"Fuck this bitch. Athena Malone murders innocent men and women for sport. The evidence is all their.

(beat; condescending)

T-H-E-I-R.

(continuing)

Her Manor, her travel records...

(MORE)

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Oh, and in case you were still on the fence: she fucking ADMITTED to it in a text message."

Athena places the paper back down on the counter.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

"Admitted" was all-caps.

CRYSTAL

Huh.

ATHENA

"Huh?" That's all you have to say for yourself?

CRYSTAL

No. I'm just confused.

ATHENA

Confused about what?

CRYSTAL

Everybody you kidnapped... and killed... it's 'cause they busted you and your friends and put it on the internet?

ATHENA

No one busted us. They... you... made it all up!

CRYSTAL

Made... what up?

ATHENA

It was just a joke. An *obvious* joke. But you ignorami took it literally because *nuance* and appreciation for *satire* were bred out when you people started fucking your cousins! I am worth *hundreds* of millions. I have a *doctorate*. I've chained myself to redwoods and nursed orphans in Zaire! What kind of fucking simpleton would actually believe that I WOULD FUCKING HUNT HUMAN FUCKING BEINGS FOR SPORT?!?

She's SCREAMING now. Crystal remains totally chill.

CRYSTAL

But you are.

ATHENA

What?

CRYSTAL

Hunting human beings for sport.

ATHENA

No...

CRYSTAL

... Yes.

ATHENA

NO. It was a lie.

Crystal looks around, takes in the space --

CRYSTAL

This is your manor, isn't it?

ATHENA

It's not a fucking -- manor. It's a house. A house in fucking Croatia that I fucking rented and had decorated!

CRYSTAL

Right. But it's yours. And you're hunting people.

(shrugs)

So it's true.

Athena's losing it. This is the worst imaginable version of WHO'S ON FIRST and she does NOT want to play --

ATHENA

Now it is. Now. Because you made it true. Your fucking *lies* cost me everything and the other fucking trolls *believed* them and *spread* them and nothing I said would convince you it was bullshit... so why not just do it?!? This was your idea. Not mine.

Crystal just looks at her.

CRYSTAL

Well... not *my* idea.

ATHENA

... What?

CRYSTAL

I didn't wanna mess up your big
grilled cheese speech, but you done
fucked up, lady.

(beat)

You got the wrong Crystal.

Wait. HOLD ON.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

There's another Crystal Mae Creasey
back home. She spells the Mae with
an "e." I get her mail sometimes.

WHOA. Athena shakes her head, confused... not processing...

ATHENA

Bullshit.

CRYSTAL

My dad's an asshole, but he never
did drugs. My mom's still alive,
too -- We can call her right now if
you want.

Athena shakes her head -- No. No WAY.

ATHENA

You're lying.

CRYSTAL

Maybe.
(a small smile)
Maybe not.

TOUCHE. Athena's eyes narrow. Crystal just sighs --

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

So do I have to keep listening to
Van Morrison or can we fucking get
on with it?

Athena's eyes narrow. Her body tightens.

... And so, they get ON with it.

Both women LUNGE for the BREAD KNIFE.

And we'll block out every detail of this gigantic, John-Wick-
style fight scene. But for the purposes of this draft, let's
boil it down to essentials:

Crystal and Athena couldn't have more different fighting
styles. One's well-trained and precise and agile.

The other's tough and bites and scratches and plays dirty.

Despite that, these women couldn't be more evenly-matched.

Its starts as a knife fight. They slash at each other like sword fighters... until Athena knocks the blade out of Crystal's hand -- and Crystal BASHES HER WITH THE HOT GRILLED CHEESE SKILLET --

-- And now they're into the pots and pans. Going through enough COOKWARE for a 14-course meal -- Which means that they soon start using blow-torches and meat thermometers and porcelain flour jars. Anything they can get their hands on and use to beat the shit out of each other.

... When the powdered sugar clears, the fight ends like all good fights do...

... IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.

Both women are covered in blood. Each having taken heavy damage. Athena glimpses an opening. Fakes a punch toward's Crystal's stomach, then slams upward with a KARATE CHOP -- **hitting Crystal square in the fucking neck.**

Crystal crumples. Gargling blood. But as she falls, she grabs Athena's leg -- pulls her down with her. The two go tumbling across the floor, locked in a wrestling match.

Crystal ends up on top. Pins both of Athena's arms down. And holds them there with her left hand as she starts to pummel Athena with her right.

Over, and over, and over she bludgeons Athena's face. Going for the fucking KILL now. Athena's flickering.

But then -- somehow -- she summons a final burst of strength -- slips her hands behind Crystal's head and yanks down -- cracking Crystal's forehead into her knee. HARD.

Crystal falls back, stunned. Athena reaches -- grabs a knife off the floor... And **drives it into Crystal's chest.**

Fuck.

Crystal falls backward into the cabinets. Athena scrambles forward, straddling her. Grabs the knife in Crystal's chest with two hands. Ready for a final death twist --

-- But Crystal grabs the knife too. Now they're in a deadlock. Both pairs of arms tense and quivering with exertion --

-- Crystal's just a little bit stronger. Despite Athena's entire weight on top of her, she starts pulling the knife out of her chest. Finally wrenches it free. Then she turns the blade around...

... And buries it Athena's heart.

Athena slumps back against a counter.

She's done fighting.

Both women are. Each slumped back against their respective cabinets. Facing each other as they bleed out.

And this is how our story is going to end. With these two mortal enemies dying here, in a fucking Nancy Meyers kitchen.

The Van Morrison is still playing.

Crystal looks at Athena.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Why Snowball?

ATHENA
... What?

CRYSTAL
Why'd you call me "Snowball?"

Athena spits out a mouthful of blood. Then --

ATHENA
It's a reference to George Orwell's
"Animal Farm." He's... a pig.

CRYSTAL
Yeah... But why am I *Snowball*?
Snowball's an idealist. He wants
to make the world a better place.
(beat)
That's why the other pigs make up
lies about him. To turn him into
the enemy.
(beat)
You should be Snowball.

Athena takes this in. Feeling a lot of different things.
But one more than anything else:

For someone who prided herself on knowing just about
everything, it seems only fitting that she dies SURPRISED --

ATHENA
You've... read... *Animal Farm*...?

Athena collapses backward. Eyes rolling up in her head.

And she's GONE.

Crystal takes ragged gasp of air. She's just as hurt as Athena was. Which means she's about to die, too.

But instead of doing that, she stands up. Staggered over to the kitchen counter and grabs a handful of towels. Ties them together end-to-end. Then she ties the whole thing around her blood-soaked chest.

The Van Morrison's still playing. Crystal moves to the kitchen SPEAKER. It's one of those modern things with no fucking buttons.

She opens the drawer below it. Finds an IPAD. Next to a pack of American Spirits. Crystal grabs the IPAD and scrolls through. Picks a song. Then she puts it back and grabs the cigarettes.

The Etta James version of "Take It To The Limit" begins to play (you thought it'd be some country shit, didn't you?).

Crystal lights the cigarette and takes a long drag. The song continues as we UPCUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - THE MANOR - DAY

A few minutes later. Crystal's in the bathroom. Watching herself in the mirror as she unwraps the makeshift tourniquet.

Her wound is still bleeding pretty badly. Crystal takes a bottle of rubbing alcohol and pours it over the cut. Winces in pain.

Then she picks up a BLOWTORCH. The type of thing you use to make creme brûlée.

She takes a deep breath. Turns it on.

INT. SHOWER - BATHROOM - THE MANOR - DAY

Crystal showers. Washing blood off the now-cauterized wound on her chest.

INT. ATHENA'S CLOSET - THE MANOR - DAY

Crystal flicks on the light in Athena's closet. Rows and rows of fancy suits and dresses and high heels.

INT. ATHENA'S BEDROOM - THE MANOR - DAY

Crystal dresses herself in the least fancy thing she could find. Still...

It's extremely fancy.

When she's done, she looks in the mirror. We don't see the outfit. Just her reaction to it.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - THE MANOR - DAY

Crystal walks out on the porch. Etta James still playing. She blinks. Puts on a pair of Athena's sunglasses.

And now we get to see her whole look. The clothes she borrowed fit fucking perfectly. And standing there, dressed to the nines, Irish Setter by her side... Crystal looks like a different person.

She opens the mailbox. Puts the clip back in her pistol. Chambers the bullet.

She looks at Athena's PLANE on the tarmac. But doesn't move. Something making her hesitate as we CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - THE MANOR - DAY

THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE. 1907 Heidsiek & Co. It was knocked down during the melee. But it's not broken. Just lying there on the floor with melting ice cubes all around it.

A HAND reaches in and grabs it.

EXT. MANOR - AIRSTRIP - DAY

Crystal walks up to Athena's private jet -- gun in one hand, champagne in the other. The Irish Setter at her heels as she walks up the steps and enters --

INT. MAIN CABIN - PRIVATE JET - DAY

-- THE MAIN CABIN of the plane. Where the FLIGHT ATTENDANT and the PILOT were just flirting. They turn, see Crystal --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

-- Oh *shit*.

They see her GUN.

CRYSTAL

Hey there. The assholes you work for tried to kill me... but I killed them instead and now I'd really like to go home.

(beat)

... That gonna be a problem?

The Pilot and Flight Attendant quickly accept the New World Order and their place in it --

PILOT

Certainly not, ma'am.

He nods and heads for the cockpit. The Flight Attendant looks at Crystal uncomfortably... then nods to the CHAMPAGNE bottle in her hand --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

May I pour that for you?

EXT. MANOR - AIRSTRIP - DAY

-- We get a last look at the MANOR as the jet barrels down the runway, engines roaring...

... AND TAKES OFF INTO THE SKY.

INT. MAIN CABIN - PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT

The flight attendant fills Crystal's glass with champagne.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

How about a snack? We have some fantastic caviar. It's Ossetra, fresh fr--

CRYSTAL

-- Yeah.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You got it.

The flight attendant smiles uncomfortably, disappears to the galley where she will most likely pray for her life.

In the meantime, Crystal takes a sip of champagne...

Reaches down and adjusts the recliner on her seat. Finds a comfortable position and settles in, satisfied.

The flight attendant returns with the CAVIAR. It sits in a small jar amidst a spread of blinis and little silver bowls with accoutrements.

She sets it all down on a table in front of Crystal.

Crystal doesn't quite know what to do, but doesn't give a shit. Picks up a blini and dunks it into the caviar like a nacho, scoops up the delicate black eggs until it's HEAPING --

Then pops it into her mouth. And CHEWS...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
... How is it?

Crystal washes the bite down with a CHUG of champagne.

We do not know if she is Crystal Mae Creasey or Crystal MAY Creasey. It doesn't really matter. What we DO know?

Is that she is most certainly not "Snowball."

No.

She is the JACKRABBIT.

And the Jackrabbit always wins.

Crystal wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. Swallows.

She looks up at the flight attendant. And for the very first time, allows herself a genuine, satisfied smile --

CRYSTAL
It's fucking great.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END