

FINDERS KEEPERS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Heat waves shimmer off a two lane country road flanked by dense forest. Nothing moves. Nothing except --

A lizard makes its way across the scorching asphalt for the safety of the other side.

Suddenly, a fast approaching MECHANICAL ROAR freezes the lizard in its tracks. It turns its head to look at --

A Toyota FJ Cruiser blasts overtop the lizard. It continues down the road.

The lizard watches the Toyota for a beat, then continues to cross the road toward the comforting shade of a sign.

The sign reads "Welcome to Ocala National Forest".

INT. FJ CRUISER - DAY

Maxine (20s) is behind the wheel with a steely look of concentration and determination -- which people often misread as bitch.

THOMAS (20s), classic good looking athletic type, leans over from the passenger side to look at the dash.

THOMAS
How are we doing?

MAXINE
We should top off.

MITCH (O.S.)
We already did this morning.

Maxine glances into her rearview mirror and sees MITCH (20s), spitting image of his brother Thomas, grinning like a fool.

SIERRA (20s), pale skin, jet-black punkish hair, facial hardware, glares at Mitch.

SIERRA
Was that what that was?

Off Mitch's bemused look, Sierra shoots him a teasing smile then gazes out the window.

MAXINE

Here we go.

Maxine slows as they approach an old mom and pop type gas station with rusty old gas pumps out front.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Bills dropped into a hand -- \$1's, \$5's, \$10's...

MAXINE (O.S.)

How much?

Thomas finishes counting his cash. He steps from the vehicle over to Maxine by the pump.

THOMAS

Don't go over fifty.

Mitch pats Thomas on the back as he moves past on his way to the store.

MITCH

Don't be such a tightwad, bro.
Live a little.

THOMAS

Glad we're not going cross country.

Maxine takes the hose off the pump, unscrews the gas cap.

MAXINE

Would that be so bad?

THOMAS

We can't afford it.

Maxine rams the nozzle into the tank.

MAXINE

Don't worry about money all the time. Kills the mood.

Thomas gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

THOMAS

Need anything from the store?

Maxine shakes her head "no" and watches Thomas head for the store. Sierra wanders over with a cigarette and lighter in her hand.

Maxine stares at the cigarette and lighter.

MAXINE

You're not going to smoke that here
are you?

Sierra sparks the lighter.

SIERRA

'Fraid I'm gonna blow the place up?

She puts the cigarette in her mouth and lights it. She taunts Maxine by blowing the smoke towards her face.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I'm glad this isn't a cross country
trip either.

Sierra heads for the store. Maxine glares at her.

A big muddy pick-up pulls into the gas station and parks on the other side of the pumps from Maxine.

DAVE (mid-30s), a sturdy man in jeans, flannel shirt and a John Deer cap, gets out. He spits tobacco juice in between the pumps.

Maxine looks away in disgust to CHUCK (mid-30s), dressed similar to Dave, thin, wiry, long hair, Remington cap, as he adjusts his crotch and lets out a massive burp.

CHUCK

What do you think? One or two?

DAVE

Two. Gonna be a long day.

Maxine turns her attention to her pump's readout as it clicks her total along.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

A cash register clicks up a total as the CLERK (50s) rings in prices on bags of chips, drinks and candy.

THOMAS

Plus the fifty on number two.

CLERK

That'll be fifty-nine ninety-seven.

Thomas hands the clerk some money. The clerk puts the money in the cash register and hands Thomas some change.

Thomas counts the change then flips the clerk a nickel.

THOMAS
You gave me too much.

The clerk nods his thanks.

Mitch fiddles with the novelties on the counter: tiny energy shots, lighters, fake roses...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I wouldn't mind some of that.

MITCH
Huh?

Thomas nods over to where Sierra is bent over looking at something on a shelf. The cigarette still in her hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Don't be greedy, Tom. You already got one.

THOMAS
What? No, no, the lottery, stupid.

Mitch looks past Sierra to a sign stating "\$15 Million Winner Sold Here" and realizes what Thomas meant.

MITCH
You don't really get all that though you know.

THOMAS
What do you mean?

MITCH
Most people go for the lump sum payment, so right off the bat the shysters take half. Then the I.R.S. steals one third, leaving you with whatever's left.

THOMAS
That's still a good chunk of money.

Sierra approaches the counter.

SIERRA
There's more to life than money.

Mitch holds up one of the plastic roses to Sierra and smiles. Sierra grabs it and bites the head off the stem -- Chews it. Swallows it.

The three men stare at her in shock and amazement.

THOMAS
You swallowed it?

SIERRA
(winks at Thomas)
I can swallow anything.

Mitch beams with pride.

MITCH
Isn't she the greatest?

CLERK
You'll have to buy that.

Sierra eyes the clerk then digs in her jeans for change as she moves to the counter.

SIERRA
Do you carry Chesterfields?

The Clerk looks at her as if she's from another planet.

CLERK
Do I carry what?

SIERRA
(sighs)
Give me a pack of Camels.

The clerk grabs a pack of Camels off a shelf and rings it up.

CLERK
So, where are you kids off to?

THOMAS
Camping.

The Clerk raises an eyebrow in surprise as he takes Sierra's money.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
My girlfriend knows a place around here somewhere. Possum something.

The clerk's surprise turns to concern as he looks at Thomas.

CLERK
Possum Creek, really?

THOMAS
You know the place?

CLERK

They found a dead gator there 'bout
a month or so ago. Had a half
eaten man inside.

MITCH

Get out?

CLERK

Swear on a stack of bibles. Was all
over the news.

Chuck gets in line behind Sierra. He holds two cases of beer.
He listens with interest.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Cops said someone must've killed
the guy and fed him to it.

MITCH

How could they know that?

CLERK

They pulled a thirty-thirty bullet
out of what was left of his spine.

THOMAS

(chuckles skeptically)

Well, hopefully we won't run into
any dangerous animals out there --
or killers.

CLERK

Never can be sure what's out there
in them woods.

Thomas turns, bumping into Chuck.

THOMAS

Sorry, man.

Chuck plunks the beer on the counter.

CLERK

You have a great trip now.

CHUCK

You got G.P.S. batteries?

Thomas waves his thanks, exits with Mitch and Sierra.

CLERK

Anything else?

The Clerk turns and looks for the batteries. Finds them.

CHUCK
Gimme three boxes of thirty-thirty.

The Clerk stiffens for a beat then takes out three boxes of bullets from a locked case behind the counter.

CLERK
What ya huntin'?

CHUCK
Boar.

The clerk nods with distaste.

CLERK
Nasty fuckers. Meaner than my aunt
Irma-Jean I tell ya.

CHUCK
Got that right.

EXT. HIGHWAY 40 - DAY

The Toyota speeds down the deserted two lane highway.

INT. FJ CRUISER - DAY

Maxine drives. Thomas rides shotgun. Sierra and Mitch are in the back. Mitch reads something off his iPhone.

MITCH
Did you know the Ocala National
Forest is over six hundred frigging
square miles?

THOMAS
That's huge.

MITCH
Second biggest National Forest in
the US it says.

Sierra spots a sign stating "Bear Crossing" as they pass it.

SIERRA
Big place to get lost in.

MITCH
We won't get lost.
(waves phone)
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I got a G.P.S. on my phone. I'll show you.

He pushes some buttons on his phone.

MAXINE

That's why we came out here. To get lost from the crowded streets. To leave behind the bullshit of the city. To get away from civilization for a change.

The screen on Mitch's iPhone suddenly flashes "No Signal."

MITCH

I think we just left civilization.

Maxine and Thomas turn to look back at Mitch.

SIERRA

Oh, poor baby...

Sierra puts her hand on Mitch's forehead.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I think he's going through withdrawal already.

Everybody laughs as Mitch shoves the phone into a pocket on his door.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Maxine turns down a dirt road that leads into the forest.

THOMAS

Is this it?

MAXINE

(mocks)

Are we there yet?

(off Thomas' glare)

We still got a bit to go.

Sierra gazes out her window at nothing but forest.

SIERRA

A lot of nothing out here.

MAXINE

There's plenty here. You'll see.

Thomas turns on the radio. Mariachi music.

MITCH

Think there's a Taco Bell around?

SIERRA

I think I saw a sign for bear
burgers back there.

Mitch puts his hand on Sierra's thigh and spider-crawls it
toward her crotch.

MITCH

Think they serve beaver?

Sierra slaps Mitch's hand. He pulls his hand back and dons a
sad puppy look.

Sierra changes her mind and playfully sticks her hand between
Mitch's legs just as BAM! -- they bounce over a deep rut.

MAXINE

We're here.

EXT. OCALA NATIONAL FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The dirt road has ended in the middle of nowhere.

A huge nasty looking spider sits in a web spun between two
trees.

The Toyota stops between the trees just below the spider.
Everybody gets out. Stretches.

A huge nasty spider sits in a web between two trees.

Thomas looks around.

THOMAS

This is it?

MAXINE

Almost.

Mitch turn to scan the area.

MITCH

Meaning?

MAXINE

We still have about a mile to go.

Sierra grunts in disappointment. She lights up a cigarette
and gets another look of disapproval from Maxine. Sierra
blows smoke her way.

Mitch swats at a bug as he watches Thomas open the rear of the FJ.

MITCH
Why don't we drive there then?

MAXINE
Do you see a road, Magellan?

Maxine notices everyone's disappointed faces.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Come on. Hiking is not that bad...
It's worth it, I promise.

Sierra watches Thomas take the gear out of the car and put it on the ground.

SIERRA
With all our stuff?

MAXINE
(chipper)
Sorry...

Thomas notices a black case about one foot by one foot tucked in between a cooler and a duffel bag.

THOMAS
What's that?

Mitch looks into the cruiser and sighs.

MITCH
I told you not to bring it, Sierra.

SIERRA
I Googled this place, okay? It's
not exactly safe out here.

Maxine wanders over and eyes the case.

MAXINE
What is it?

Sierra reaches in and flips open the case. Inside sits a Charter Arms "Pink Lady" .38 Special revolver.

THOMAS
Holy shit.

MAXINE
You brought a gun?

Sierra takes it out of the case and shows it off.

SIERRA

Cute, huh?

THOMAS

Let me see it.

Sierra hands the gun to Thomas. Thomas tries to twirl it like a gunslinger, but fumbles it.

SIERRA

It's not a toy.

Mitch takes the gun from Thomas and hands it back to Sierra.

MAXINE

What did you bring it for? It's not like anybody's going to mess with us out here.

Sierra sticks the gun inside a duffel bag and hauls it out of the cruiser. She smirks at Maxine.

SIERRA

Nobody's gonna mess with me out here.

EXT. OCALA NATIONAL FOREST - TRAIL - DAY

Everyone carries a load as they trek through the woods. Maxine leads the way with Sierra right behind her.

Thomas and Mitch hang back a few feet. They carry a heavy cooler between them.

SIERRA

People do this for fun?

MAXINE

I'm guessing this is your first time camping.

Unseen to Sierra, her shoe steps down right next to a scorpion. It raises its tail in defence.

SIERRA

What do we do when we get there?

MAXINE

Swim. Fish. Hike. Relax.

Sierra makes a face of horror. Maxine grins.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

Mitch watches Maxine and Sierra's backsides as they walk.

An air-horn falls off one of Thomas' bags. It lands in the grass behind them.

MITCH

They seem to be getting along.

THOMAS

Just like cats and dogs.

MITCH

(laughs)

What do you think of her?

THOMAS

She's not your usual type that's for sure.

MITCH

Should I bring her home for Christmas to meet the 'rents?

THOMAS

Not if you're counting on presents.

They laugh and pick up the pace to catch up with the girls.

EXT. FOREST - RIVER - DAY

Maxine stops as they reach a clearing by the river. She shrugs off her load.

MAXINE

This is it, guys.

Thomas and Mitch set the cooler down.

THOMAS

Thank God. What have you got in here anyway?

MITCH

Just the essentials.

Thomas opens the cooler. It's full of beer bottles and ice. He looks up at Mitch and grins.

THOMAS

Now that's proof you love me bro.

Sierra sets her duffel bag down and looks at the river and surrounding wilderness as Mitch joins her.

SIERRA

We're in the goddamn jungle.

Thomas scoops Maxine into a hug and kisses her.

THOMAS

This is awesome, babes!

Maxine whips out her cell phone and snaps a picture of her and Thomas in a hug all smiles.

MITCH

Come on. Lighten up. This is gonna be great.

Sierra bats an insect that buzzes by her face.

SIERRA

Yeah, great.

MAXINE

Last one in's a rotten egg.

Maxine has her shoes off and pants down before the others react. It's a race to strip.

SIERRA

What about alligators?

Maxine gets down to her bra and panties. Mitch is in his briefs pulling off a sock.

MAXINE

They're afraid of noisy people.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Which means we should be safe with you around.

Maxine and Sierra turn to Thomas as he runs buck naked past them for the water.

MAXINE

Tom! What are you doing?

Maxine takes off after Thomas, jumps into the river at the same time as Mitch.

MITCH

Come on, Sierra.

THOMAS
Someone's shy.

Maxine splashes Thomas.

MAXINE
Not like you, huh?

MITCH
I smell chicken.

THOMAS
That's your feet.

MAXINE
It's safe, Sierra. I promise.

MITCH
Yeah, babes, come on in.

Thomas makes chicken noises and flaps his "wings."

SIERRA
Don't feel like it.

Sierra plunks herself down on the ground, takes a pack of Chesterfields out of her pocket. There's only a couple left.

Maxine comes out of the water and sits beside Sierra as Thomas and Mitch goof off in the water.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
You didn't have to get out.

MAXINE
I got water in my ear.

Sierra nods -- yeah, right, but thanks -- and watches Thomas get out of the water and stroll to a tree.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Hey, Tom, come on, you're going to scare the wildlife.

SIERRA
Maybe some of the smaller critters.

Maxine turns to Sierra.

MAXINE
That wasn't very nice.

Sierra lays down, stares at the sky as she smokes.

SIERRA
Just speaking the truth.

MAXINE
How would you know?

Sierra smirks, mysterious, takes a drag.

Maxine watches Thomas grab a vine that hangs off the tree, let out a Tarzan yell, swing out over the water then let go.

As Mitch takes a turn on the vine, Sierra glances around.

SIERRA
Where do you... go to the bathroom out here?

MAXINE
Anywhere. That's also part of the charm.

Sierra sits up, stabs the cigarette out in the dirt. She gets to her feet, plods towards the woods. Maxine watches her go then kicks sand over the butt.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sierra arrives at an area with lots of underbrush. She glances around the woods.

SIERRA
Anywhere my ass...

She moves around an uprooted pine tree, takes a step on --

Nothing. Open air. It's an old animal pit

Sierra pulls back and stares into the pit at a group of rusty spikes at the bottom.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Holy shit, people!...You need to put up signs!

Sierra moves behind a bush, glances around, pulls her pants down and squats.

A bird SCREECHES overhead.

Sierra looks up. Nothing. She finishes her business, realizes she has nothing to wipe with and looks around for something to use.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Shit.

Sierra takes out her pack of Chesterfields, pulls out the last cigarette and wipes herself with the empty pack. She fires the pack away, straightens and pulls her pants up.

A SCRATCHING noise catches her attention.

She scans the ground and zeroes in on an Armadillo rooting around in the dirt.

Sierra sneaks closer to it. Mesmerized, she watches the animal. The Armadillo works hard.

Sierra gets closer. Her eyes narrow.

Something blue sticks out from the dirt. A piece of fabric.

Curious, Sierra picks up a stick from the ground. She waves it at the Armadillo.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Hey! Shhht. Go away!

She slaps the stick into the dirt. Startled the Armadillo scurries away.

Sierra gets closer to the blue item. Touches it. Tugs on it. It's big. She pulls harder. Digs around it.

It's a duffel-bag. She pulls it out of the ground.

Baffled, she stares at the bag then she scans the forest around her. No one's around.

She drops to her knees. Fumbles with the zipper on the bag. Hesitates for a moment before she opens the bag.

The bag is full of cash.

Sierra's eyes bug out. She rifles through the cash. Excited.

She jumps up. Looks around. No one. She drops to her knees again. Grabs bundles with her hands.

They are all \$100's.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Oh My God...
(laughs)

She counts the money in the bundle.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
I'm rich. I'm fucking rich.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPGROUND - DAY

Maxine digs into a duffel bag, pulls two towels out. She tosses one to Thomas. They dry off.

MITCH
Where did Sierra go?

MAXINE
She had to pee.

THOMAS
I guess she's back at the gas station by now then.

Mitch chuckles.

MITCH
You're probably right.

MAXINE
She's not exactly the outdoorsey type is she?

Mitch suddenly realizes what everyone does.

MITCH
Shit. I'll go look for her just in case she decided to take the scenic route.

Mitch heads off for the woods.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Yell if she comes back.

Maxine and Thomas put their clothes back on.

THOMAS
I'm kind of getting hungry. How about you?

MAXINE
Think you can make a fire?

Thomas scans the area. How the hell am I...?

Maxine takes out a box of matches from her bag and hands it to Thomas with an amused smile.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
This isn't "Survivor man".

Thomas smirks. He starts to gather kindling.

Maxine watches him go with a smile on her face.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sierra has stacks of money spread out on the ground. Her lips move as she counts to herself.

MITCH (O.S)
(faint)
Sierra!...Sierra!

Startled, Sierra looks up then scrambles to get the money back into the bag. She pulls the zipper. It snags on the fabric. Frantic, she yanks on it, finally zips it shut.

MITCH (O.S)
(closer)
Sierra, where are you?

Sierra tries to shove the bag back into the hole.

MITCH (O.S)
Sierra!

AT MITCH

Mitch approaches the bush where Sierra is.

MITCH
Sierra!

Sierra jumps up from behind the bush.

SIERRA
What?

MITCH
Jesus, I thought something happened to you. Why didn't you answer me?

Sierra comes around the bush, takes Mitch's arm and leads him away from the bush.

SIERRA
I'm sorry I took so long. I couldn't find a good place to go.

He stops. Pulls lose.

MITCH

It's a forest. Every place is a
good place...I gotta take a piss.

He turns to a tree to relieve himself.

Behind him, unseen to him, but very visible to Sierra is the
blue bag that sticks out of the dirt.

Her eyes dart nervously between Mitch and the bag.

Mitch finishes up. Annoyed, he swats at insects going for his
exposed skin.

Sierra grabs his arm, pulls him playfully in the direction
back to camp.

SIERRA

The bugs are eating you.

Mitch mocks Sally Field.

MITCH

They like me. They really like me.

SIERRA

We better go back. Tackle that
tent.

Mitch looks down at his crotch.

MITCH

Speaking of tents...

She glare at him, sarcastic.

SIERRA

You want me to raise yours?

MITCH

Please...

Mitch lies down on the ground. Sierra looks around, then
unbuttons her shirt and joins Mitch.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPGROUND - DAY

Maxine is almost finished with her tent. Thomas stokes a
small campfire inside a circle of gathered rocks.

Sierra and Mitch emerge from the woods. As they approach both of them scratch at itches.

MAXINE

Ten more minutes and I was going to send out a search party.

SIERRA

Nice of you to be so motherly.

Maxine frowns, points to Sierra's duffel bag and gear.

MAXINE

You probably want to put up your tent before it gets dark.

Sierra pulls the tent out of her bag. She unfolds it in a clumsy way. Sierra looks at it confused. She has no clue what to do with it.

Maxine strolls over to help Sierra set it up. She notices how dirty Sierra's hands are with black dirt under the nails.

MAXINE

You don't have to bury it you know.

Sierra's eyes register alarm.

SIERRA

What?

MAXINE

Your hands.

Sierra sees the dirt, acts embarrassed.

SIERRA

Oh, I was... I was clawing at the ground while we were --

Maxine puts a hand up.

MAXINE

Stop. T.M.I.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

Mitch hands Thomas a beer. Thomas places the bottle cap on one of the fire rocks, bashes it off. Guzzles.

MITCH

What's for eats?

THOMAS
Boca burgers.

MITCH
Boca what?

THOMAS
You don't wanna try it. Trust me.

MITCH
I don't care what it is, I could
eat a horse right now.

THOMAS
Wishful thinking, pal. Maxine is a
veg head.

Mitch scowls, looks over to his tent where Sierra and Maxine
work on the tent.

MITCH
What? We have to eat celery and
shit?

THOMAS
I think there are some chips in one
of the bags.

Sierra heads off for the woods.

MITCH
Hey! Where are you going?

Mitch crosses over to his tent, watches Sierra slip into the
woods. Maxine approaches with a plastic tray of veggie
burgers in her hand.

MITCH
Did you say something to her?

MAXINE
Yeah -- don't use all the tissues.

Maxine jams the tray into Mitch's gut.

MAXINE
Take these to Thomas, please.

Mitch looks at the burgers.

MITCH
...Looks delicious.

MAXINE

They are.

Mitch takes the tray, heads back to Thomas.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The sun is low. Shadows grow long. The area looks different than it did in full daylight.

Sierra jogs through the woods. Tries to find her way back to the money. She spins around in a circle, scans the area.

SIERRA

Come on, come on...

She jogs off in one direction.

EXT. CAMP GROUND - DAY

The fire crackles and pops. The burgers sizzle.

THOMAS

Where did you pick her up anyway?

Mitch takes a gulp from his beer, stares into the fire.

MITCH

At work.

MAXINE

Really? How does she get past the metal detectors with all that hardware stapled to her face?

Mitch smiles.

MITCH

She's resourceful. And amazing.

MAXINE

How so?

MITCH

Besides being the best fuck of my life?

MAXINE

That's a bit shallow don't you think?

MITCH
At least I'm honest.

Maxine looks at him incredulously.

MAXINE
I'm sure she's thrilled with your
honesty.

Mitch gives her a steely look back.

MITCH
We have an understanding.

Maxine scoffs, turns around to flip the burgers over.

MAXINE
I'm sure you do.

EXT. FOREST - HIDING SPOT - DAY

Sierra sees something up ahead. She rushes behind a bush. The blue duffel bag sticks out of the ground.

MITCH (V.O.)
We trust each other.

She uncovers the duffel bag, opens it, uses her finger to mentally count the stacks.

SIERRA
...A hundred bills in a stack of
hundreds is... a thousand... no,
ten-thousand.

Sierra looks at all the stacks. Rifles through them. There is over a hundred.

SIERRA
Ho. Lee --

EXT. FOREST - CAMP GROUND - DAY

Thomas spits burger into the fire.

THOMAS
Shit. That's what it tastes like,
I swear to God.

He looks at Maxine.

THOMAS
No offence Max.

MAXINE
None taken.

MITCH
This is supposed to be camping, you know, deer, moose, bear? Meat? Anything but this fufu crap.

MAXINE
Tofu. And if you want meat so bad why don't you go out there and kill it yourself, Rambo?

THOMAS
Weren't you the one who told us, camping is supposed to be roughing it? Get away from civilization.

Maxine hands him a beer. Gives him a peck on the lips.

MAXINE
You're right. If you find Bullwinkle out there, bring him back and I'll cook him for you.

Mitch gets up, tramps toward the woods.

MAXINE
I was kidding, Mitch.

MITCH
I'm going to find Sierra.

Maxine and Thomas share a look.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Sierra has the money bag slung over her shoulder. She searches the area for a better hiding spot. She ambles off deeper into the woods.

A fallen tree surrounded by Palmetto bushes is off to the side. She hurries to it.

The ground by the tree is sandy. She drops to her knees. Digs with her hands. Frantic. In a hurry.

SNAP! Something breaks in the distance.

Sierra stops. Wide eyed. Doesn't move. Listens. After a moment she carefully peeks up. Looks around. Nobody.

She continues to dig.

A snake slithers by a palmetto bush.

LATER

The hole is finished.

Sierra smiles. She's dirty. Sweaty. She picks up the bag. Puts it in the hole. Hesitates then unzips the bag.

She reaches into the bag. Feels through the money. Smells it. She closes her eyes, breathes in the aroma.

She zips up the bag. Shoves the sand back into the hole.

Sierra just about has the duffel bag covered when --

SNAP! -- a tree limb breaks nearby. Sierra freezes. She listens for more sounds, but it's silent.

She gets to her feet, turns around and --

EXT. FOREST - CAMPGROUND - DAY

Sierra's SCREAM freezes Thomas and Maxine -- then Thomas sets off in the direction it came from.

THOMAS

I better go see what --

MAXINE

Relax, Tom. They're probably just fooling around again. You saw how they were.

Thomas stops, but keeps looking out at the forest.

MAXINE

Unless of course they bumped into those Rainbow People.

Thomas turns around with a concerned look on his face.

THOMAS

Those what?

MAXINE

They're a bunch of old hippies that come out here a couple of times a year to drop acid, get naked and listen to really bad tunes. Totally harmless.

THOMAS

I don't think seeing an old man's droopy dick flapping in the breeze is totally harmless.

Maxine scrunches her face in disgust. She dumps her burger into the fire.

MAXINE

Okay, that killed it.

EXT. FOREST - HIDING SPOT - DAY

Sierra glares at Mitch.

SIERRA

You scared the shit out of me.

MITCH

Good. Maybe you won't have to keep coming out here so much now.

Mitch spots the mound of fresh dirt behind her.

MITCH

What are you doing?

SIERRA

(nervous)

Nothing...honey.

Mitch's suspicious, makes a move around Sierra for a closer look when she grabs his arm.

SIERRA

It's nothing. Lets go.

MITCH

You've been digging in the dirt?

Sierra laughs.

SIERRA

No...well...yes. I was trying to bury...you know.

Mitch stares at the mound of dirt.

MITCH
Bury what? It's not like you're a
bear...

Mitch kicks at the dirt. A piece of blue fabric becomes visible. Sierra fidgets.

MITCH
Hey...what's that?

Sierra fidgets and looks around the area.

Mitch squats, uncovers more of the bag with his hand.

MITCH
What is this?

Mitch continues to peel away dirt, uncover the bag.

MITCH
Sierra?

SIERRA
Shh... don't be so loud.

Mitch finds a strap and pulls the bag out of the ground.

SIERRA
I was going to tell you, I swear.

Mitch zips open the bag. He stares at the money.

MITCH
What the fu--

SIERRA
I know. Wild, huh?

MITCH
Where did it come from?

SIERRA
I found it.

Mitch turns to Sierra.

MITCH
What do you mean you found it?

SIERRA

When I came out here to pee I
looked and there it was. Just
sitting there.

Mitch fans through the cash, shakes his head.

MITCH

How much is it?

She gazes Mitch in the eye for a long moment.

SIERRA

...Two million.

Mitch's amazement suddenly turns serious. He grabs Sierra's
arm, yanks her to the ground beside him.

SIERRA

What are you doing?

MITCH

Be quiet. They might be out there.

SIERRA

Who? Tom and Max?

MITCH

No, stupid. Whoever just happened
to drop their two million dollars.

Sierra gets to her feet.

SIERRA

They didn't exactly drop it. It
was buried.

MITCH

You just said...

SIERRA

Long story...What are we going to
do with it?

MITCH

That's easy.

Mitch zips the bag closed and picks it up.

MITCH

We're going to turn it in.

SIERRA

Do we really want to do that?

MITCH

What are you saying, Sierra?

Sierra bites at her lip, glances around the area.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Maxine and Thomas sit by the fire roasting marshmallows.

MAXINE

The animals come out at night.

THOMAS

Okay, okay, I get the hint. I'll go get the flashlight and --

PFSHHHT!

Thomas and Maxine whip their heads around to see Mitch and Sierra standing right there. Mitch guzzles a fresh beer, flips the cap into the fire.

MITCH

What did we miss?

Maxine turns back to the fire and her marshmallow.

MAXINE

You two need to get a room.

SIERRA

That's part of the charm. Every place out here is a room.

Maxine's marshmallow catches fire and falls off the stick.

MAXINE

Shit.

Thomas hauls his stick in, peels off his marshmallow and hands it to Maxine.

THOMAS

Take mine.

Maxine shoves the gooey treat into her mouth.

MITCH

I thought you were a vegetarian?

MAXINE

I am, so?

Mitch bends over and plucks a marshmallow out of the bag.

MITCH

There's gelatin in these.

THOMAS

Jell-O? No shit?

MITCH

Gelatin, which is made from ground up cow's hooves, pig balls, chicken dicks, whatever's left after they take all the good stuff off.

MAXINE

You're full of shit.

Mitch shrugs, tosses the marshmallow into his mouth. Maxine stares at Mitch for a beat, then springs to her feet and runs off putting a finger down her throat.

Thomas, Mitch and Sierra laugh as Maxine makes herself vomit.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPING GROUND - NIGHT

Maxine places more wood on the fire.

They all sit around the fire. Beers in hand. The mood is high. Maxine sits down next to Thomas. Sierra smokes.

Maxine watches Sierra and Mitch who seems a little too happy.

Mitch drains his beer.

MITCH

Great idea to go camping.

MAXINE

You too seem very happy all of a sudden.

THOMAS

Something out there that we missed?

Mitch gives Maxine a naughty smile.

MITCH

Just enjoying all this...natural stuff.

He winks at her. Gets a smirk back.

Something CRUNCHES in the distance. Maxine listens intently.

MAXINE
What was that?

THOMAS
What was what?

SIERRA
Shhh. Listen.

Sounds of someone trekking through the woods.
They all look in the direction of the sound.
There's a light in the forest. It moves. A flashlight.
They tense up.

MAXINE
Someone's coming.

THOMAS
(hushed)
Who the fuck would be out in the
woods in the middle of the night.

SIERRA
We are.

They sit quietly. Wait.

Two figures approach. One holds the flashlight. The other holds a device with a lit up LCD screen that reflects in his face. They both have hunting rifles slung over their shoulders. Beer cans in their hands.

MITCH
(whisper)
Hunters.

THOMAS
Drunken hunters.

The two men stroll up to the group. It's Chuck and Dave. Maxine recognizes them.

Chuck and Dave stop in front of the group. They scan the campsite with suspicion. They both steady themselves as they are a little tipsy.

DAVE
How ya doin'?

Cautious murmur from the group.

DAVE
Just here campin'?

MAXINE
Yes. We got here this afternoon.

Dave and Chuck share a glance.

DAVE
We're doin' a little night huntin'.

The group stares at them.

CHUCK
Wild boar.

Chuck makes pig sounds in a disgusting way while he checks out Maxine and Sierra. Maxine is grossed out. She moves closer to Thomas.

DAVE
Big an' mean beasts I tell ya. Some weigh in as much as four hundred pounds. Got tusks eight inches long.

He holds his fingers eight inches apart.

CHUCK
Maybe get us some Armadillo too.

THOMAS
Didn't know people ate those.

Dave and Chuck snicker.

DAVE
They're not for eatin'. They're an invasive species. Anyone can kill 'em whenever they see one... Whenever they feel like it.

CHUCK
No permit needed.

He puts his rifle's night scope to his eye, mimics taking aim then shoot.

CHUCK
Just aim an' shoot.

Sierra shudders. Moves closer to Mitch.

An awkward quiet moment. Dave tips his hat.

DAVE

Well, ya'll have a nice evenin'
now.

MAXINE

You too...

THOMAS

Good luck with the hunting.

The group watch the two men head on into the woods.

SIERRA

How freaky was that?

(to Maxine)

Night hunting. Is that normal?

Maxine ignores her.

MAXINE

I saw those two when we filled up
this morning.

(to Thomas)

You remember don't you?

THOMAS

Yeah, in the store.

MAXINE

They drove up in this big muddy
pick-up. Spit tobacco juice right
by the pump I was using.

Maxine shudders in disgust.

SIERRA

I told you this place was full of
weirdos.

MITCH

Man, this is like a scene out of
Deliverance.

Mitch imitates the dueling banjos from Deliverance.

MAXINE

You're creeping me out now.

THOMAS

By the way, who the hell goes
hunting with a GPS? Do the animals
have certain coordinates where they
hang out?...Dumbass grits.

He takes a swig of his beer.

Sierra and Mitch share a look and the same thought.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The fire dwindles. Everything's put away. Including the four campers.

INT. SIERRA AND MITCH'S TENT - NIGHT

An electric lantern provides light as Sierra and Mitch lie in a sleeping-bag made out of two sleeping-bags zipped together.

They speak with hushed voices.

MITCH

How long do you think it's been in
the ground?

Sierra props herself up on an elbow. She has just her bra on.

SIERRA

I knew you'd change your mind.

MITCH

I didn't. I still think we should
turn it in.

SIERRA

Why?

MITCH

Because it doesn't belong to us.

SIERRA

Then why did you...?

MITCH

Because if it's been in the ground
for years, then there's not much
chance we'll be sharing breakfast
with a bunch of bank robbers or
drug dealers, that's why.

SIERRA

What about a couple grit hunters?

Mitch looks at her. Thinks about it.

MITCH

Nah...I think those two are too dumb to find their own asses.

The door flap rustles freezing Sierra and Mitch in terror.

MAXINE (O.S.)

Are you guys decent?

Sierra and Mike exhale -- phew!

MITCH

I am. I don't know about --

SIERRA

Yes, we are.

Sierra punches Mitch's arm. He mouths "ow" to her as Maxine unzips the tent, crawls partially in.

MAXINE

Sorry to bother you, guys.

Sierra gives Maxine a fake smile.

SIERRA

What's up?

Maxine hands her an air horn.

SIERRA

What is it?

MAXINE

It's an air horn. You just push that button there.

Sierra stares at the air horn.

SIERRA

And why would I want to do that?

MAXINE

In case some animals come too close for comfort during the night. The sound will scare them off.

Sierra aims the horn at Mitch, fires off a BLAST. Sierra drops the horn like a hot potato.

They all cover their ears.

MITCH

Jesus Christ!

Maxine glares at Sierra.

MAXINE

There's only a couple of shots in
it, so try not to use it up.

Sierra picks the horn up, tosses it beside her gun box.

SIERRA

We don't need it anyway. If
something tries to get in here I'll
just whip out my Pink Lady and blow
the fucker back to Gainesville.

The two women eye each other. No love lost there.

MAXINE

Whatever.

Maxine leaves, rezips the tent. Sierra sticks her tongue out
after her then snuggles back inside the sleeping-bag.

SIERRA

You're not going to tell her or
Thomas are you?

MITCH

It's going to be kind of hard
explaining how we suddenly ended up
with one extra bag...one extra
dirty extra bag.

SIERRA

We don't have to.

MITCH

What do you mean?

SIERRA

We'll come back and get it later on
our own.

As Mitch ponders the idea, Sierra massages Mitch inside the
sleeping-bag.

SIERRA

You said you wanted time to think
it over, right?

MITCH

(sighs)

Okay. But if I decide to turn it
in, we go straight to the police.

Mitch doesn't see Sierra's crossed fingers behind her back.

SIERRA
Of course...honey.

Sierra rolls on top of Mitch, straddles him.

SIERRA
Now shut up and show me who's king
of the forest.

Mitch reaches for Sierra's breasts.

INT. MAXINE AND THOMAS'S TENT - NIGHT

Maxine enters through the door flap. She crawls into the double sleeping-bag where Thomas lies.

MAXINE
(whispers)
I hate to say it, but I don't see
what Mitch sees in her.

Thomas pulls Maxine close. Hugs her. Nibbles on her.

THOMAS
Don't let her get you all upset.
All that matters is
us...here...now.

Maxine returns the kisses. Climbs on top of him.

A GRUNT is heard from outside.

They stop kissing. Listen.

ANOTHER GRUNT -- and then ANOTHER.

MAXINE
(whispers)
Something's out there.

THOMAS
(whispers)
Shit.

The RUSTLE of sleeping-bags and a CLINK.

Thomas turns on the flashlight.

MAXINE
Don't turn on the light. It'll
attract it over here.

He turns the light off.

THOMAS
What do you think is?

Another DEEP GRUNT.

MAXINE
I don't know. Maybe a wild hog.

A MOAN echoes to their tent. A FEMALE MOAN. Then the sounds of Mitch GRUNTING.

MITCH (O.S.)
(faint)
Oh my, God... oh my, God...

MAXINE
Yep, I was right. Wild hogs.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPING GROUND - NIGHT

The fire is out. The tents are dark. Everything quiet except for the cacophony of the forest night dwellers.

INT. FOREST - SIERRA AND MITCH'S TENT - NIGHT

Sierra and Mitch sleep soundly on their own sides of the sleeping-bag.

CLANG! -- a noise from outside the tent.

Mitch sits up.

MITCH
What was that?

No response from Sierra. She's out. He shakes her gently with his hand.

MITCH
Hey.

Still no response, Mitch moves to the flap, unzips it, exits the tent.

Sierra rolls over on her side facing the tent wall.

SIERRA
(groggy)
What was that?

Something long, black and hard pulls the top of her panties down a bit exposing a bit of butt-crack.

Sierra shoos it away with her hand.

SIERRA

Not now.

The hard object pokes Sierra's butt. She shoos it again.

SIERRA

I said not now.

This time the hard object pokes her harder.

SIERRA

Hey!

Sierra rolls over, looks up at a Winchester aimed at her from the arms of Chuck.

CHUCK

How you doin,' sunshine.

She stares at him in horror. Mouth agape.

EXT. FOREST - CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Thomas, Maxine and Mitch stand in between the two tents as Dave holds his rifle on them. Thomas and Mitch are in their jeans and Maxine is in her clothes.

THOMAS

If it's money you want, we don't have much, but --

DAVE

Shut up!

Dave bops Thomas in the ear with the stock of the rifle. Thomas yelps, covers his ear with his hand. He looks at his hand. It has blood on it.

Chuck leads Sierra out of her tent, gestures with the rifle to join the others. She's in her bra and panties.

Chuck goes back inside the tent and thrashes stuff around for a beat, then exits and approaches the group.

CHUCK

Not in there either.

Dave brings the rifle barrel to Thomas' neck.

DAVE
Where's it at?

Sierra and Mitch exchange a look. They know what this is about now.

Chuck twiddles with the trigger on his rifle.

CHUCK
He asked you a question.

MAXINE
Where's what at?

Chuck turns the rifle on Maxine.

CHUCK
You tryin' to be cute?

MAXINE
No, I...

THOMAS
We really have no idea what you guys want.

CHUCK
Somebody sure does.

Chuck points his rifle from one to the other -- Eeny meeny miny mo style -- stops at Sierra.

CHUCK
How 'bout you?

Sierra shakes her head "no", folds her arms around herself. Her gaze fixed on the ground. Dave points the rifle at Mitch's face. Mitch flinches, puts his hands up.

MITCH
No, no, I don't know, okay.

Dave hits Mitch in the face with the butt of the rifle. Mitch's nose breaks. He screams, covers his nose.

THOMAS
Leave him alone!

Everyone freezes, turns to Thomas.

THOMAS

We already told you we don't know what you're looking for, or even know if we have what you're looking for, so why don't you stop playing games and just fucking tell us?

Dave nods at Chuck as he moves close to Thomas. Chuck leans in and down. Pretends to squint at Thomas' crotch.

CHUCK

What do you know? This ball-less wonder has some guts after all.

Dave snorts, pokes Thomas in the chest with the rifle.

DAVE

Listen you little fudge packer, if you want to play games, try this one on for size.

Chuck shoots a loogie right between Thomas feet.

DAVE

If you don' tell me where my money is by the time I count to three, your little lady friend here is gon' have to use plastic on date nights from now on.

THOMAS

What money?

DAVE

One...

MAXINE

Stop! We'll give you everything we have. Please...

Mitch glances at Sierra who keeps her eyes to the ground.

DAVE

Two...

THOMAS

No, please...

Chuck raises the scope to his eye, tenses to fire.

CHUCK

It's kind of hard to see it right now, but I'm sure I'll be in the general area.

DAVE

Thr --

MITCH

Wait! I know where it is!

Everyone turns to Mitch -- Thomas and Maxine with question, Chuck and Dave with smiles. Sierra with hatred.

CHUCK

Of course you do.

DAVE

I told you i'd work.

THOMAS

Mitch? What's going on?

Chuck rams the rifle butt into Mitch's gut. Mitch grunts, bends over in pain.

CHUCK

You don't think we were that fucking stupid, did ya? Should've hauled ass out of here while ya could.

MAXINE

What are you talking about? We don't have any money.

CHUCK

Oh, really?

Chuck digs for something in his pocket, tosses it at Sierra's feet. It's her crumpled cigarette pack she tossed away.

CHUCK

Chesterfields. I heard you in the fucking store askin' for 'em.

Maxine glares at Sierra. Sierra glares back.

SIERRA

What?

MAXINE

You would have let them shoot him?

SIERRA

They didn't did they?

MAXINE

You bitch!

Maxine heaves herself at Sierra and tackles her. They both fall to the ground, roll around.

THOMAS

Max!

Thomas takes a step to help, but Chuck raises the rifle and stops him cold. Chuck looks at Mitch. Mitch raises his hands in surrender, steps back from the girls as they --

Punch and slap at each other -- pull hair -- scream. It's a real cat fight.

CHUCK

Woo, boy! Look at them go.

DAVE

Alright, that's enough.

Maxine and Sierra keep fighting. Dave shoves Maxine off of Sierra with his boot.

DAVE

I said cool it!

Sierra scuttles away from Maxine, rubs blood off her nose.

DAVE

Where is it?

MITCH

Not far.

DAVE

Let's go.

Thomas moves for his tent. Dave raises his rifle at him.

DAVE

Where do you think you're goin'?

THOMAS

I can't go like this.

SIERRA

I need my shoes.

MAXINE

Why don't they go and we stay here?

BLAM! -- Chuck fires off a round silencing everybody.

CHUCK

I said let's go!

Chuck gestures with his rifle for everybody to walk. Mitch goes first, then Sierra, then Thomas and then Maxine.

DAVE

We could use an extra light.

Sierra's eyes dart back and forth to her tent.

SIERRA

There's a flashlight in our tent.

DAVE

(to Chuck)

Go get it.

SIERRA

It's in my bag. It's locked.

Chuck jams the rifle barrel under Sierra's chin.

CHUCK

Do something stupid and yer dead.
Got that?

Dave steps back, lets Chuck and Sierra head back for her tent. He pushes Thomas with the rifle.

DAVE

Get marching, city boy. Stop at
the trees up there.

Mitch, Sierra and Thomas trudge on as Dave walks alongside, the rifle trained on them.

INT. SIERRA AND MITCH'S TENT - NIGHT

Sierra crawls into the tent on top of the sleeping-bag.

CHUCK

Uh, uh, uh... hold on.

Sierra stops, looks around the trashed tent as Chuck enters. He keeps the Winchester trained on her.

CHUCK

Easy. Nice and slow.

Sierra moves slow toward her duffel bag.

SIERRA

Since I'm here, do you mind if I
put some clothes on?

CHUCK

Hell yeah, I mind. I like women
with no clothes on.

He grins at her. Licks his lips.

Sierra reaches her bag, turns it over.

SIERRA

Come on, what's the harm? You
afraid I'm going to do something
you can't handle?

His eyes are glued to her chest.

SIERRA

...Please.

CHUCK

Alright, but hurry up.

Sierra unzips her bag -- it wasn't locked -- she reaches
inside. She pulls out a pair of jeans.

CHUCK

Where's the flashlight?

Sierra rummages around inside the bag, pulls a flashlight
out. She hands it to him with a scowl.

Chuck smiles at her.

CHUCK

No need to sulk princess. It wasn't
your money to begin with.

SIERRA

(sarcastic)
Was it yours?

He chuckles.

CHUCK

Finders keepers...

EXT. FOREST - EDGE OF THE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Thomas and Maxine sit close on the dirt, Mitch sits a few
feet away as Chuck stands over them with the rifle.

THOMAS

(to Mitch)
How can you live with yourself?

MITCH

Fuck you.

THOMAS

No, fuck you, asshole. I could have been killed.

MITCH

Grow up, Tom. He said he wasn't going to, right?

Dave stares at Mitch, then turns as he spots two flashlight beams bounce their way towards them.

Sierra and Dave arrive. Sierra has on jeans, a loose shirt and tennis shoes.

DAVE

Alright campers, let's move.

Thomas gets to his feet, helps Maxine to hers. Mitch stands, starts the head of the line again. Sierra gets behind Maxine. Her eyes shoot daggers in Maxine's back. After a few yards, she pushes her with the flashlight.

Maxine whips around, reels back her fist to punch --

Chuck grabs Maxine's arm and yanks her out of line, shoves her in front of Thomas.

MAXINE

Hey, she shoved "me".

DAVE

(to Chuck)

If they get into it again, shoot one of them.

Mitch, Maxine, Thomas, Sierra and Dave bring up the rear as they all move into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A flashlight beam startles a big owl. It flies off causing everyone to stop in their tracks.

CHUCK

Okay, Sacagawea, where to?

Mitch has Sierra's flashlight. He sweeps it all around.

MITCH

I'm... I'm not sure.

DAVE
The hell you mean, you're not sure?

MITCH
It looks different in the dark.

Chuck steps up to Mitch, puts the rifle barrel to his cheek.
Pokes him with it.

CHUCK
I'm gon' count to one.

MITCH
It's by a tree! A big old pine.
We buried it right next to it.

Mitch turns to Sierra.

MITCH
Help me out here. Do you recognize
this area?

Sierra shakes her head "no".

Dave shoves Sierra up to the front by Mitch.

DAVE
Why don't you give yer boyfriend a
hand metal face?

Chuck jabs Mitch in the gut to continue to walk.

Maxine and Thomas follow them with solemn looks on their
faces. Dave takes up the rear with a smile on his.

It's dark. Hard to see.

Sierra, nervous, scans the area. A glance at Mitch.

SIERRA
(whisper to Mitch)
Do you know where we are?

Mitch looks around.

MITCH
(whispers)
No. I have no clue.

SIERRA
(whispers)
I don't recognize this at all.

Dave shoves the barrel of the rifle into Mitch's back. Mitch stumbles forward, almost goes down.

DAVE
Quit yakkin'...We there yet?

Sierra glances nervously at Dave.

SIERRA
...I don't know.

Chuck aims the rifle at her chest. She raises her hands.

CHUCK
Does this help you know?

Sierra stops. Turns to Dave. Her hands above her head.

SIERRA
It looks so different in the dark.

Chuck raises his rifle, points it at her face.

CHUCK
You better take us there hardware-
face or I'll blow yer head off.

He sticks the barrel between her lips.

CHUCK
Got that?

Sierra trembles with fear. Mitch watches.

MITCH
Please...I know it's here
somewhere. Just look for a fallen
tree. That's where we buried it.
Right next to a fallen tree.

Chuck smiles a drunk evil smile then hits Mitch hard in the ribs with the stock of the rifle.

Mitch doubles over in pain. Chuck hits him a second time.

Mitch goes down.

Chuck cocks the rifle, points it at Mitch's temple.

DAVE
Take me there now city boy.

Maxine, Thomas and Sierra looks on in horror.

MAXINE

Please. I'm sure we can find it. We just have to look for a fallen tree, right?

Chuck pushes Mitch's head to the ground with the rifle.

DAVE

I'm gon' count to three. If you don't tell which way the money is, you're gator snack. Got that?

CLICK!

Chuck turns around. Comes face to face with the Pink Lady.

Sierra's hands shakes hard.

Everyone's eyes widen. They stare at Sierra.

SIERRA

Get up Mitch.

Mitch gets up.

Chuck keeps his rifle pointed down. Dave points his rifle back and forth between them. Not sure who to choose.

SIERRA

Take off!
(gestures to Maxine and Thomas)
You too!

MAXINE

Sierra...

SIERRA

Just go!

Chuck is uncertain. Don't know what to do.

Mitch and Maxine run off to their right. Thomas dart into the woods on his left.

Sierra points the shaky revolver at Dave's head.

SIERRA

Both of you, put your guns down.

They stare at her. Do nothing.

SIERRA

(yells)

I said, put your fucking guns
down!!

Dave and Chuck do so, very reluctantly.

Sierra's nervous. Not sure what to do next.

DAVE

You're in big trouble girl...

CHUCK

She sure is.

Chuck snorts, spits a thick loogie on the ground.

CHUCK

You better pray we never get our
hands on you, because when we do,
we're gon' go deliverance on your
ass.

Sierra sticks her gun even closer to Dave's face. Very shaky
hands. She breathes hard.

SIERRA

Get down on the ground! Face down!

Dave and Chuck glance at the revolver then get down.

A long beat then --

Sierra takes off into the woods as fast as she can.

Dave and Chuck scramble to their feet, pick up their rifles
in a hurry. They take off after Sierra.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Sierra runs for her life in the dark forest.

Maxine runs through the woods.

Mitch runs through the woods.

Thomas runs through the forest.

Dave and Chuck force their way through the thick woods.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

It's dark. Rapid foot steps. Labored breaths.

Maxine runs through the woods. She turns around a tree. Runs straight into Mitch. She yelps. Mitch covers her mouth with his hands.

MITCH
(whispers)
Shhh...it's just me.

He removes his hand from her mouth.

MAXINE
(whispers)
Where are the others?

Quiet. They listen. Nothing but wildlife sounds.

MITCH
I don't know.

MAXINE
We have to find them.

They glance around the area.

MITCH
Six hundred square miles...

MAXINE
They can't be far.

They continue on.

AT THOMAS

Thomas runs through the woods. Occasional glances behind him.

He slows down. Stops, catches his breath.

Quick footsteps crunch the underbrush in the distance.

Thomas hides behind some underbrush. Waits.

Sierra runs in to the area. Passes him. He stands up.

THOMAS
(hushed)
Sierra!

She stops. Turns around. Out of breath. The gun in her hand ready. He runs up to her.

THOMAS
What happened?

SIERRA
I ran away. They're after us. Not
that far behind.

They gaze back into the woods where she came from. Nothing
there. No sign of the two hunters.

SIERRA
Where's Mitch and Max?

THOMAS
Have no idea.

SIERRA
Where do we go now?

Thomas looks around...up at the sky.

THOMAS
I have no idea which way is which.

SIERRA
We're lost then.

There's a sound in the woods. They snap their heads to the
sound. Thomas grabs her arm.

THOMAS
This way.

They run off in the opposite direction of the sound.

AT CHUCK AND DAVE

Chuck and Dave move through the woods with surprising ease.
Two hunters in their element.

Dave stops. He looks ahead through the night scope on his
rifle. Chuck does the same.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE

Thick forest in green and grey. Searching back and forth.

Movement. The sight stops. More movement. It's a human.

DAVE (O.S.)
Got 'em.

AT THOMAS AND SIERRA

They run together through the woods.

BANG! A shot rings out.

Sierra yelps. Falls to the ground.

Thomas stops turns to her.

Sierra breathes hard. Covers the side of her torso with her hand. Blood seeps through her fingers.

Thomas bends down. Lifts her hand. Nasty sight. A big hole.

THOMAS

Jeez!

Sierra tries to look, but can't.

SIERRA

Is it bad?

THOMAS

It's not good.

AT MAXINE AND MITCH

They both stand dead still. Horror on their faces.

MAXINE

Oh god! You heard that?

MITCH

They're not far.

MAXINE

Think they hit anything?

MITCH

They better not...we can't stay to find out. We got to get out of here.

MAXINE

We can't leave Thomas and Sierra behind.

MITCH

We need to get the police out here.

AT THOMAS AND SIERRA

Sierra, bites her lip. Tries not to cry. She has her gun in her hand.

Thomas holds a piece of cloth on the bullet wound.

THOMAS

We have to get you to a doctor.
Fast.

SIERRA

Those fuckers come here...I'm
blowing their brains out.

There's a sound from the woods.

Thomas and Sierra hold their breaths, listen.

Muffled voices in the distant.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Gotta be here somewhere. I can
smell the blood.

DAVE (O.S.)

Shoulda brought the dogs.

CHUCK (O.S.)

We'll find them. I'm just as good a
tracker as them dogs.

Thomas turns to Sierra. Both have panic all over them.

THOMAS

(whispers)
We have to leave. Now.

SIERRA

I can't walk...I can't move.

Twigs snap. Footsteps are heard.

Thomas bends down. Picks her up in his arms.

THOMAS

(whispers)
Be quiet.

She nods. Thomas tip toes into the woods to the side.

Soon thereafter Chuck and Dave enter the area. They stop.
Listen. Chuck smells the air.

Something rustles in the bushes on the opposite side of where
Thomas and Sierra went.

The two hunters spin around in the direction of the sound.
Rifles aimed at the bushes.

They both look through their night scopes.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE

Green and grey. Forest. Bushes...Movement in the bushes.

BANG! BANG!

Both hunters fire their rifles.

There's a horrible squeal.

Chuck and Dave run towards the sound.

After a short run they stop...On the ground lies a big boar with two bullet holes in it.

CHUCK

Damn! That a nice one too.

They glance around into the woods.

AT THOMAS AND SIERRA

Thomas runs as fast as he can with Sierra in his arms.

AT MITCH AND MAXINE

They run in a panic through the woods.

AT CHUCK AND DAVE

The two hunters look around.

CHUCK

Which way?

DAVE

You tell me. You're the goddamn tracker.

Chuck smells the air.

CHUCK

Don't smell nothin' other than the water.

DAVE

Take us there then. We'll head back to their camp. Wait for'em.

AT THOMAS AND SIERRA

Thomas is tired. He strains to carry Sierra. He stumbles along. Sierra is limp in his arms.

Up ahead is the river. Thomas continues down to it.

At a grassy spot next to the water he lays her down.

Sierra is barely conscious. He sits down next to her. Takes a look at the bullet wound. Ugly...

He pushes a piece of cloth against the wound.

THOMAS

We have to get back to the car
somehow. Get you to the hospital.

SIERRA

I...I'm not...gonna make it.

She coughs. Some blood drips out of her mouth.

He feels her forehead. Deep concern on his face.

THOMAS

Yes, you will.

A weak smile on her lips.

SIERRA

I...should've taken the...bag back
to camp.

THOMAS

Shh...doesn't matter now.

SIERRA

I didn't want Maxine...to have any
of the money...She'd already taken
you...from me.

(crying)

Didn't want her to have the...
money too.

Thomas stares at her, confused.

THOMAS

What are you saying?

Sierra sobs.

THOMAS

You wouldn't talk to me after that night...I thought you meant...

SIERRA

Only reason...I went with Mitch... so I could be closer...to you.

Faint male voices are heard.

Thomas crunches down by Sierra. Whispers.

THOMAS

Be quiet. They're here.

SIERRA

The money...it's not far. Up the river...be...careful... a trap...

Thomas gently puts his hand on her mouth.

THOMAS

Shh...

Sierra reaches behind her back, pulls the pink revolver out. She hands it to Thomas.

He stares at it. Takes it. Puts it in the back of his pants.

SIERRA

You'll...need it.

The sound of the hunters comes closer.

DAVE (O.S.)

I'm gon' kill those fuckers when I find 'em.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Yeah! Kill 'em and then fuck 'em.

DAVE (O.S.)

Assholes takin' my money.

Dave and Chuck are near Sierra and Thomas.

Chuck smells the air. He puts his hand on Dave's arm.

CHUCK

Smell that?

Dave smells the air.

CHUCK
They're here.

Chuck smells the air like a blood hound. He turns toward Thomas and Sierra.

With his nose in the air he moves closer...closer.

Thomas covers her body with his. Holds his breath.

A rifle barrel pokes him in the back of his head.

CHUCK
Lookey here!

DAVE
Git up!

Thomas slowly turns around to look up at him.

DAVE
Hands in the air.

Thomas does as he's told. Sierra lies unconscious on the ground. A bloody mess.

DAVE
Now yer gon' take us to our money.

Thomas gestures to Sierra.

THOMAS
What about her? I don't know where it is. She does...

DAVE
I don't give a shit what you do with her. You can either carry her or leave her.

Thomas bends down to pick her up.

Thomas scans the area then heads into the woods. The two hunters behind.

AT MAXINE AND MITCH

Maxine and Mitch are tired. They walk at a brisk pace.

MITCH
Where are we heading?

MAXINE

I think the river is this way. We can find the way back to camp from there.

They move on. Swat at mosquitos.

Mitch eyes Maxine. Deep in thought.

MITCH

We were gonna tell you.

Maxine doesn't skip a beat. A determined look straight ahead.

MAXINE

Sure you were.

AT THOMAS, SIERRA, CHUCK AND DAVE

Thomas struggles as he carries Sierra through the woods.

Chuck and Dave close behind.

Thomas trips. Goes down on his knees. Chuck hits him with the rifle barrel in his back.

CHUCK

Git up city boy.

Thomas struggles to his feet. Continues on.

After a moment there's a sound of a branch braking. Chuck and Dave stop. Dave whispers.

DAVE

Hold up.

Thomas stops. The two hunters peer into the woods. Dave puts the night scope to his eye, scans the woods.

As he does, Thomas looks ahead...down.

Something odd with the ground. He reaches out with his foot. Feels it. It's soft. Some of the ground cover falls down into a hole.

Thomas tenses up. Glances over his shoulder at the hunters.

They are busy scanning the woods.

Thomas stealthily moves around and past the hole in the ground. He stops and waits on the other side.

CHUCK
I don't see nothin'.

Dave gestures with the rifle at Thomas to move on. He does.

Chuck turns after Thomas takes a few steps ahead.

CRASH! Chuck falls down into the hole. An intense scream of pain follows.

DAVE
What the hell...

Dave rushes up to the edge of the hole. Stares down into it.

Chuck lies at the bottom. Wooden spikes through his chest. He screams like an injured animal.

Thomas glances back at Dave. Sees that he's occupied. He takes off into the woods.

Dave looks up. Sees Thomas is gone.

DAVE
Son of a bitch!

Dave aims the rifle in the direction of where Thomas went.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE:

Vegetation moves, but only vague glimpses of Thomas.

BANG! RELOAD! BANG!

AT THOMAS AND SIERRA

Thomas runs as fast as he can. Sierra unconscious in his arms. Branches and bushes grab at them.

DAVE (O.S.)
You ain't gettin' out alive! You
hear me?

AT MAXINE AND MITCH

Maxine and Mitch stop in their tracks.

DAVE (O.S.)
(faint)
I'm gonna gut you like a pig!

They look at each other.

MITCH
That's close.

MAXINE
They're still alive.

Maxine take off at a jog.

MITCH
Where you going?

MAXINE
Try to find them.

Mitch follows her.

AT CHUCK AND DAVE

Dave kneels by the edge of the hole.

Chuck sweats profusely. Breathes hard. Blood seeps out of the chest wounds and his mouth.

Dave reaches down. Grabs Chuck's hands, tries to pull him up. Doesn't work. Chuck screams!

Dave's stressed. Don't know what to do. He reaches down, grabs one of the stakes. It moves slightly.

Chuck screams again.

DAVE
Hold on buddy. I'm gon' try pull these out.

He wiggles the stake then pulls it out. Chuck screams. Blood sprays out of his mouth. Big hole in his chest.

Dave's eyes tear up. Chuck hyperventilates. In chock.

Dave grabs another stake. Yanks it out of Chuck.

Chuck trembles violently. Dave pulls out another stake.

Chuck is silent. Body's still. Eyes empty.

Dave stares at him in horror then lets out a loud roar.

AT THOMAS AND SIERRA

Thomas stops. Listens. He's out of breath. Exhausted. He puts Sierra gently down on the ground. A rag doll.

Thomas feels her neck for a pulse. Can't find one. Keeps trying. He bends down, puts his ear against her chest.

A desperate expression grows on his face. He pushes on her chest a few times. Listens again. Pushes on her chest. Listens. He tries to pound on her chest. Listens.

He sobs. Desperately glances around the woods.

THOMAS

You fucking assholes!

He gets up. Angry. Pulls the gun out from the back of his pants. His hand shakes. He fumbles with gun. Opens it. It's loaded. Five bullets. He slaps it shut.

THOMAS

I'm going to get you.

AT DAVE

Dave loads his rifle. He's mad! Yells.

DAVE

I'm coming to get you!

AT MAXINE AND MITCH

They slow down. Move with caution. They try to see ahead through the brush and trees.

There's some movement up ahead. Maxine turns to Mitch. Finger on her lips. "Quiet".

They inch closer. It's Dave. Dave has the night scope at his eye. He scans the area.

Maxine gestures for Mitch to get down. They both huddle on the ground without a sound.

DAVE

Think you gon' get away with this?
I'll fuckin kill you people.

AT THOMAS

Thomas is mad. He has the gun in his hand. He moves with caution in the direction of the sound of Dave.

DAVE (O.S.)
You hear that? I'll fuckin' kill
you!!

Thomas moves closer. He hides behind a tree. Watches Dave.

AT MAXINE AND MITCH

Maxine and Mitch crouch quiet on the ground. Careful not to make a sound. Nervous glances between them.

MITCH
(whispers)
Is he alone?

Maxine nods. Whispers back.

MAXINE
I think so.

MITCH
Where are the others?

MAXINE
Don't know. He's pissed. Something
must have gone wrong.

AT THOMAS

Thomas peeks out from behind the tree. He sees Dave. His back to Thomas.

DAVE
Come out you little city chicken
shit!

Thomas points the gun at Dave's back. He holds it with both hands. He trembles. The gun shakes. He takes aim. Pulls the hammer back.

CLICK!

Dave spins around at the sound. He aims his rifle.

Thomas fires the gun.

BANG!

The bullet grazes Dave's head. His hat flies off.

THOMAS
Shit!

He turns around. Takes off.

Dave shoots his rifle at Thomas.

Thomas runs in a zig zag pattern between trees.

Dave fires off another round.

Thomas stops behind a tree. Quiet. Still.

Dave comes closer. Closer. He looks through the night scope. Continues on. He passes Thomas who hides behind the tree.

After Dave disappears out of view, Thomas back tracks the way he came from. He walks backwards. Eyes steady in Dave's direction.

He walks into something. Startled, he spins around. Gun pointed forward. It's Mitch and Maxine.

They all breath a sigh of relief.

Maxine looks at the gun. Thomas lowers it.

MAXINE

What happened? Where's Sierra?

Thomas looks with sorrow at Mitch.

THOMAS

...I'm sorry.

MITCH

What happened?

THOMAS

She was shot by that big fucker.

MAXINE

Where's the skinny one?

THOMAS

He's dead too. Fell into some kind of trap.

Mitch turns around, stands with his back to them. Maxine and Thomas share a glance.

MAXINE

What do we do now?

THOMAS

Try to get back to the car. Call the police.

Mitch is stone faced. Solemn, but cold.

MITCH

What about the money?

Maxine and Thomas stare at him in disbelief.

MAXINE

The money? Is that all you can think about? Your girlfriend is dead and so is another human being even if he was a grit asshole.

Mitch turns around.

MITCH

That's why we need to find the money. So she didn't die for nothing.

Maxine and Thomas continues to stare at Mitch.

MITCH

Fine. You go on to the car. I'll take the money...since I'm the only one that knows where it is anyway.

Maxine and Thomas ponder this for a moment. Exchange eye contact. Small nod in agreement between them.

MAXINE

Okay...For Sierra...

MITCH

...yeah.

AT DAVE

Dave moves through the woods. Anger on his face. Rifle ready. Occasional scans through the night scope.

AT MAXINE, THOMAS AND MITCH

The three sneak through the woods as quiet as they can.

MAXINE

You sure you know where it is?

MITCH

Kind of.

LATER

Mitch stops. Glances around.

THOMAS
Is this it?

MITCH
Somewhere here. Look for the fallen
tree.

They spread out. Go on a search.

Maxine passes some bushes, a couple of trees. Ahead she sees
a downed tree. She yells in a hushed voice.

MAXINE
Hey!...Over here!

A snake slithers over the dirt mound where the bag is buried.

Maxine rushes over to the tree. The others follow soon after.

Mitch kneels on the ground. Starts to dig. Maxine and Thomas
do the same. Dirt flies everywhere.

A frantic excited look grows on all of them. They dig faster.

A piece of blue fabric appears. Mitch grabs it. Tugs on it.
Maxine and Thomas help. They get the bag out of the hole.

They sit for a moment like kids looking at presents under the
Christmas tree. They stare at the bag. Smiles grow.

Mitch zips open the bag. Pulls the sides apart.

Money!

They all reach into the bag. Grab bundles of cash. Flip
through them. Unbelievable!

MAXINE
Oh my god!

THOMAS
How much is it?

Mitch smiles wide.

MITCH
Two fucking million!

The snake slithers away through the brush.

Maxine sits up straight. Scans the area. The others stop. Sit quiet, alert. Look around.

MAXINE
Thought I heard something.

MITCH
Put the money back. We better move.

THOMAS
What about Sierra?

A quiet moment.

MITCH
We'll let the police help find her.

THOMAS
The police?

MAXINE
We have to tell the police.

Mitch hesitates.

MITCH
Not about the money though...right?

The others nod in agreement. They get up. Look around.

MAXINE
Which way?

MITCH
I think camp is this way.

THOMAS
We have to find the car.

They think for a bit.

MITCH
Still going to be this way.

Mitch picks up the bag, starts to walk, but soon stops. He hands the bag to Thomas.

MITCH
Hold this. I gotta take a piss.

MAXINE
Me too.

Mitch turns towards a tree. Maxine heads back to the fallen tree. She goes behind it.

Maxine unbuttons her pants, squats down.

The snake is between her feet unseen to her.

Mitch buttons up his pants when a loud scream is heard.

Thomas and Mitch stare at each other then hurries off in the direction Maxine went.

AT DAVE

Dave stops. Listens.

Very faint sounds of the others talking are heard.

Dave turns his head to the sound. Then takes off at a jog in the direction of the sounds.

AT MAXINE, THOMAS AND MITCH

Maxine comes limping towards them. Her pants half way up.

THOMAS
What's wrong?

MAXINE
Something bit me!

THOMAS
Where?

She turns her ass to them. They both lean in. Yep, two bite marks on one cheek.

MAXINE
Do something! I can feel the poison spreading!

Thomas and Mitch look at each other. Mitch takes a step forward. Thomas shoves him aside. He sucks the poison out. Spits. Repeats.

There's sounds of someone coming in the distance.

MITCH
Shit. He's coming. Hurry up!

Thomas sucks and spits a couple of more times. Maxine pulls her pants up. They run off into the woods.

AT DAVE

Dave has stopped. He looks through his night scope.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE:

Trees. Bushes. Slight movement.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave jogs off in the direction of the movement. He's surprisingly quiet.

An angry determined look on his face.

AT MAXINE, THOMAS AND MITCH

The three lope through the woods. Mitch got the heavy bag. Maxine limps. Her expression, one of pain.

Thomas grabs her arm, helps her along.

MAXINE

I can't go any faster. My leg hurts.

Mitch turns to them. Speaks in a hushed voice.

MITCH

Be quiet. He's right around here.

Maxine is in pain. She limps more.

MAXINE

I can't feel my leg.

Thomas puts her arm over his shoulders.

THOMAS

Lean on me, honey. It can't be far.

Mitch stops. Gestures to the others to stop, be quiet.

Faint sounds of someone coming is heard.

They all are nervous. Maxine is pale. She sweats.

Mitch picks up a rock from the ground. He throws it as far as he can to the side.

The sound of twigs breaking as the rock hits the ground.

AT DAVE

Dave stops dead in his tracks. Night scope to his eye. He scans the woods.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE:

Slow scan of the forest. Trees, bushes. Then off to the side some small movement in the brush.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave turns, heads in the direction of where the rock landed. He whispers to himself.

DAVE
Dumbass city kids. Gon' be sorry
when I git you.

AT MAXINE, THOMAS AND MITCH

Mitch gazes in the direction he threw the rock. He sees some movement. It's Dave. He quickly hides behind a tree.

Thomas and Maxine drop down on the ground.

Maxine breathes hard. Sweats profusely.

MAXINE
I can't feel my leg.

Thomas feels her forehead. She's very pale. He pulls her pant leg up. Nasty sight. A purple-blue color. Thomas looks at her with concern.

THOMAS
Let me take a look at the bite.

Maxine lies down. Pulls her pants down over the bite. Very bad. Her whole backside is discolored.

Thomas is horrified.

THOMAS
Oh god...

MAXINE
What? What does it look like?

Mitch comes over. He kneels down, looks at the bite. He recoils at the sight.

MITCH
Holy shit...

Mitch and Thomas share a look.

THOMAS
(to Maxine)
We better get you out of here.

Maxine hyperventilates.

MAXINE
It hurts.

THOMAS
I know it does. We'll try to get
you to the hospital.

Thomas picks up Maxine by her shoulders. Mitch grab a hold of her ankles. Mitch got the duffelbag over his shoulder.

They both look in the direction Dave went then head back towards camp in the opposite direction.

AT DAVE

Dave moves through the woods. Quiet. Searching. Occasional scans through the night scope.

He sees something. Moves towards it. It's the fallen tree. He picks up his pace. A glimmer of hope in his eye.

At the tree he notices the hole in the ground. He rushes to it. Drops to his knees. Anger grows as he sees the money is gone. He slams his fist into the dirt.

He gets up. Red faced with anger. He scans the area through the night scope. He yells at the top of his lungs.

DAVE
You fuckers!

AT MAXINE, THOMAS AND MITCH

Thomas and Mitch stop. Look back.

Maxine is out. Limp as can be.

MITCH
He's far away.

THOMAS
But still out there.

MITCH
I need a rest.

They put Maxine down on the ground. Thomas feels her forehead. Alarm! He feels her face.

THOMAS
She's cold.

Mitch feels her forehead as well. They look at her with alarm. Thomas grabs her shoulders. Shakes them.

THOMAS
Max! Honey! Max!

Mitch feels for a pulse on her neck. He looks up at Thomas. Genuine sorrow on his face.

MITCH
She's...dead.

They sit back. Turn away from each other. Both try not to cry. They sit quiet in their own thoughts. After a while...

MITCH
What do we do now?

THOMAS
We're not leaving her.

Mitch turns to Thomas. Eyes on his back.

MITCH
I know. Better get going then.

Thomas turns to face Mitch. He nods. Swallows hard.

THOMAS
Let's do it.

They get up. Thomas picks her up by her shoulders.

Mitch grabs her ankles, picks her up, but she slides out of his grip. He looks at his palms. They're wet and gooey.

Mitch makes a face of disgust. He looks down at Maxine's legs, pulls the pant legs up.

THOMAS
What's wrong?

MITCH

Oh, jeezus fuck...

He shows his hands to Thomas who puts Maxine back on the ground. Thomas kneels down, looks at Maxine's legs.

Her legs are a gooey mess. Red, purple and black tissue.

Thomas spins to the side. Throws up.

Mitch wipes his hands on his pants in disgust.

MITCH

What are we gonna do now, man? I don't want to carry her like that.

Thomas spits.

THOMAS

We can't leave her here. The animals will get her.

MITCH

You carry her then!

Mitch jogs off into the forest.

MITCH

(hushed)

Hurry!

Thomas sits on the ground. Strokes her hair. Sobs.

MITCH

She's gone, man. Leave her.

Thomas chokes back tears.

THOMAS

I'm so sorry Maxine. I love you.

More sounds of someone coming.

Maxine's face has started to discolor. He hugs her.

THOMAS

Please forgive me.

He lets her head down then gets up, follows Mitch.

AT DAVE

Dave jogs through the woods like a hunter. All ears and eyes. All senses focused on the hunt.

After a while he sees something on the ground. He runs up to it. It's Maxine. He stops. Stares at her.

DAVE

Jeezus. What the hell happened to you?

He inspects her briefly. Feels her forehead.

He scans the area. Takes a close look at the ground. The sandy ground shows foot-prints. Dave follows the foot-prints with his gaze then takes off in the same direction.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

Out of breath and out of strength the two brothers make their way through the forest.

Up ahead in the distant is the camp. Mitch sees it first.

MITCH

There it is.

Thomas sees it too. They hurry to it. Occasional glances over their shoulders.

EXT. CAMP GROUND - NIGHT

Thomas and Mitch reach the tents. Mitch drops the bag, collapses on the ground.

MITCH

Hurry. Get the car keys.

Thomas rushes into his and Maxine's tent. Mitch keeps a nervous eye out for Dave.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Thomas goes through Maxine's bag. He can't find the key. He turns the bag upside down. Dumps everything on the ground.

It's dark. The flashlight almost dead. Where are those keys!

Maxine's cellphone drops out of the bag. It turns on. The picture of her and Thomas glows in the dark.

Thomas picks up the phone. He stares at the picture. His eyes well up. His fingers touches the screen.

Mitch sticks his head through the door.

He sees Thomas sit there looking at the picture.

MITCH

What are you doing?

Thomas doesn't move.

MITCH

C'mon. We got to go. That asshole might be here any minute.

Mitch snatches the phone from Thomas.

Thomas glares at his brother. Takes the phone right back.

THOMAS

I know you don't give a shit your girlfriend died tonight, but that doesn't mean I don't care about losing Maxine...I just lost the woman I was going to marry!

Mitch stares at him for a moment then backs out of the tent.

MITCH

Lets go Tom!

Thomas sits in the tent, stares at the picture.

MITCH (O.S.)

Get the keys and come the fuck on.

Thomas holds the phone tight in his hand. He searches the tent for the keys.

Maxine' jeans are on the ground. He picks them up to look underneath. The keys fall out of one of the pockets. He picks them up, puts them in his own pocket.

Thomas takes one more look at the picture on the phone then turns it off. He sits still for a beat. His eyes closed. He takes a deep breath.

EXT. CAMP GROUND - NIGHT

Thomas climbs out of the tent.

They both glance around the area. No Sign of Dave. They head back the way they came earlier in the day.

AT DAVE

Dave moves through the forest. Up ahead he sees the river. He picks up his pace. Soon he sees the camp site.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

Mitch leads the way. Thomas behind him deep in thought.

THOMAS
When were you going to tell us
about the money.

Mitch hesitates for a beat.

MITCH
...In the morning.

Thomas has his eyes pinned to his brother's back.

THOMAS
Why not tell us right away?

MITCH
It was Sierra who found it. Not me.

Silence. Thomas ponders this.

THOMAS
So she was going to keep it?

MITCH
Does it even matter now?

THOMAS
Yes, it does.

A bush rustles nearby. They stop. Crouch down. Listen.

It's nothing. They move on.

THOMAS
You were going to split it weren't
you?...Were You hoping I would
never find out?

Mitch hefts the bag over to his other shoulder. He picks up the pace.

THOMAS

It's because of that money that
they both are dead now.

Thomas hurries up after Mitch. He grabs a hold of the money
bag. Yanks it. Mitch spins around.

THOMAS

Answer me!

Mitch glares at his brother.

MITCH

Yes. We were gonna keep it...Happy
now?

Mitch pulls the bag back then continues forward.

Thomas stares after him in disbelief then follows.

EXT. CAMP GROUND - NIGHT

Dave makes his way to the camp. He's got the rifle ready for
anything that might happen.

He creeps toward Sierra's and Mitch's tent. With the rifle
barrel he moves the door flap aside. A peek inside. Empty.

Dave moves on over to the next tent. Opens the door flap. He
takes a peek inside.

He stands silent, listens. He scans the forest around the
camp through the night scope.

He searches the ground around the camp.

Footprints. He bends down, feels the print with his fingers
then gazes into the forest where the footprints lead.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

They move through the woods. Thomas still glares at Mitch.

THOMAS

We were going to tell mom and dad
at Christmas we were getting
married.

Mitch's jaw tightens.

THOMAS

Now she's gone...just like that.
All for some fucking money.

He glares at Mitch.

THOMAS

You don't care about that, do you?
You weren't even going to tell your
own brother you had found two
million out here.

Mitch turns around. Glares back.

MITCH

Stop talking. It's not my fault
what happened.

He continues on. Thomas laughs, astounded.

THOMAS

Not your fault? Of course it's not
your fault. It's never little
Mitch's fault. Little Mitch never
does anything wrong. Little Mitch
would never steal money out of
mom's purse. Little Mitch would
never burn the shed down.

Mitch spins around. Yells.

MITCH

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

The two brothers stare at each other for a tense moment until
Mitch turns around and continues on.

AT DAVE

Dave has stopped. He listens. Looks through the night scope.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE

Forest. Something moves in the distance. Far away. Just two
tiny green dots.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave's focused. All senses on high alert. He picks up his
pace, but is careful not to make any noise.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

Both are tired, out of breath, but also pissed off.

THOMAS

Did you know she was pregnant?

Mitch reacts to that comment in mid step then moves on.

MITCH

Can you please stop talking about her.

THOMAS

She meant everything to me.
Something you will never understand.

Mitch turns around. Looks Thomas in the eyes.

MITCH

Stop glorifying her.

THOMAS

Glorifying? I'm not glorifying anyone. She was an amazing woman. I loved her.

MITCH

She wasn't as good as you think.

Mitch continues on to the car. Thomas is dumbfounded.

THOMAS

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

Mitch marches on. Thomas hurries after him.

THOMAS

What did you mean by that?

He grabs Mitch's shoulder. Spins him around.

THOMAS

Answer me.

Mitch pulls free. A pained look on his face.

MITCH

That baby could just as well been mine.

Mitch marches on. Thomas stands thunderstruck for a long beat until reality sinks in.

Thomas runs after his brother. He throws himself at him. Tackles him to the ground.

THOMAS
You son of a bitch!

He pummels Mitch with his fists.

Mitch fights back. They roll around on the ground.

MITCH
It was a mistake, alright. It
happened at Lori's birthday party.

Thomas slams his fist into Mitch's gut. Mitch doubles over.

MITCH
I'm sorry!

Thomas pounds away at him.

AT DAVE

Commotion and raised voices from the fight are heard.

Dave stands with his night scope at his eye.

THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE

Thomas and mitch on the ground in a fight.

The scope moves to the side. Stops at something on the ground. It's the money bag.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave smiles then looks through the scope again.

AT THOMAS AND MITCH

Thomas is on top of Mitch. He strikes him in the face.

Mitch's face, a bloody mess.

MITCH
Stop!! I said I'm sorry.

Mitch grabs a hold of Thomas, rolls to the side. Now Mitch is on top.

THOMAS
I'm going to fucking kill you!

BANG!

A shot rings out.

Mitch slumps lifeless down on his brother.

Thomas eyes widen as he realizes what has happened.

Rapid footsteps are heard.

Thomas pushes Mitch off of him. He stares at Mitch.

He's been hit in the head. A hole right by his ear. Thomas stares at it in horror.

THOMAS
Mitch! Mitch! Wake up. I'm sorry. I
didn't mean it.

Footsteps come closer.

Thomas turn Mitch's head to the side. Huge exit wound. There's no doubt. He's definitely dead.

Thomas trembles in horror and sadness. He hugs Mitch.

THOMAS
I'm sorry...I'm so sorry.

The footsteps stop. Thomas peers up. Dave stands above him with the rifle trained on him.

THOMAS
You killed him...

DAVE
Wouldn't have happened if you given
us the money right away.

Thomas reaches out for the bag. He tosses it at Dave.

THOMAS
Here. Take it. Take your damn
money. I don't want it.

Dave picks up the bag. Puts it over his shoulder.

The two men gaze each other in the eye for a long moment.

Dave cocks his rifle, points it at Thomas.

Thomas eyes widen.

THOMAS

Hey...What are you doing? I said
you can have the money.

DAVE

Think I'm stupid? Think I'm gon'
let you live after all this?

Thomas realizes he's in trouble. His breath increases. Eyes
wide, fixed on Dave. Sweat beads on his forehead.

THOMAS

I'm not going to the police...I
promise.

Big smirk on Dave's face.

DAVE

Yeah, right. And you can't remember
at all what I look like.

THOMAS

No, I can't. I swear.

DAVE

How stupid do you think I am city
boy?

Thomas rolls off to the side. He whips out the Pink Lady from
the back of his pants. He aims it at Dave. His hand trembles.

Surprised, Dave looks at the revolver. Smiles wide.

DAVE

Now isn't that cute. What you gon'
do with it sweetheart?

Thomas thinks. Braces himself then pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

Nothing happened. Dave laughs out loud.

Thomas stares at the gun in disappointment. Then fires again.

BANG!

The bullet hits Dave in his hand. The money bag falls to the
ground. Dave screams.

DAVE

Son of a bitch.

Dave aims the rifle at Thomas. Fumbles with it to be able to shoot with one hand.

Thomas fires the revolver again.

BANG!

It hits Dave in his left shoulder. Dave screams. He drops the rifle then sags to his knees.

Thomas jumps to his feet. Runs a few feet into the forest before he stops. He looks back.

Dave is on the ground in great agony.

Thomas hesitates then rushes back.

He snatches the money bag away from Dave then takes off.

Dave gets to his feet. Rage on his face. He runs after Thomas at a surprising speed.

DAVE

Wait til I get a hold of you, you
fuckin' faggot.

Thomas runs for his life. The bag is heavy. He's tired.

Dave, a bull seeing red, bulldozes his way after Thomas.

The chase goes on until...

Up ahead, the FJ sits in the moonlight.

Thomas emerges from the forest. He runs at full speed.

Dave is hot on his heels.

Thomas pulls the keys out of his pocket. He fumbles with the keys. Pushes the buttons on the remote lock.

The car alarm goes off! Headlights blink.

Thomas pushes more buttons. The alarm stops. Replaced by beeps. He pushes another button. I single beep is heard.

Thomas runs up to the car. Pulls on the driver's side door. It's locked!

A glance over his shoulder.

Dave is closing in. Coming right at him.

Thomas looks at the remote lock. It's dark. Hard to see which button is which. He pushes the buttons.

BEEP! BEEP! CLICK!

Dave is close.

Thomas drops the keys in the sand. He feels around in the dirt with shaky hands. Finds them.

Thomas tries the door again. It opens. He throws the bag inside then jumps in.

He slams the door shut just as Dave reaches it.

Dave bangs his bloody hand on the window. Pulls the door open. Thomas pulls on it from the inside. A tug of war.

Dave reaches into the car with his injured hand. Grabs a hold of Thomas neck. He pulls him out.

Thomas lands on the ground.

Dave's right on top of him. Beats him with his hurt fist.

Thomas drives his knee into Dave's crotch. Dave curls up into a ball with a great groan.

Thomas pushes him off of him. Rolls out from underneath.

He gets to his feet in a hurry. Sprints back to the car.

Thomas jumps back inside. Shuts the door.

I/E. FJ - NIGHT

Thomas locks the door just as a bloody hand slams into the windshield.

Startled, Thomas turns the key in the ignition.

CLICK! WHIR!

The car won't start.

Thomas tries again.

CLICK! WHIR!

Dave's face is right on the window. He growls like an animal. Rage written all over him.

DAVE
Open the fuckin' door!

Thomas stares down at the car. Why won't it start? It's a manual!

He pushes the clutch down, turns the key. The car starts right up.

Dave bangs on the windshield. Screams.

DAVE
It's my money!

Thomas grabs the gear shift. Puts the car in gear, lets the clutch out.

The car stalls.

THOMAS
Shit!

He starts the car up again. Puts it in gear. Steps on the gas. The car lurches backwards.

He pushes the clutch down again, shifts gear.

Dave stands in front of the car. His rifle pointed right at Thomas.

DAVE
Stop the car!

Thomas lets the clutch out. The car jumps forward.

Dave disappears under the car.

Silence!

Thomas sits still. Listens.

THOMAS
...Fuck.

His eyes dart back and forth. What to do, what to do.

He puts the car in reverse. Slowly lets the clutch out. The car creeps backwards.

Horrible sounds of something scraping against the floor of the car is heard.

The car rolls over a big "bump".

Thomas winces.

He continues to back up. More weird sounds from underneath.

Thomas leans forward, tries to see in front of the car.

He turns the lights on. There's nothing in front of the car. Thomas frowns. Confused. Worried.

He backs up some more. Still no sign of Dave.

Thomas changes gear. Slowly drives forward.

More awful sounds underneath the car.

The car rolls over the "bump" again.

Thomas makes a face. He looks in the side mirrors. No signs of Dave behind the car.

He puts the car in neutral, pulls the hand-break.

With caution he opens the door, gets out.

He looks underneath the car. No sign of Dave.

He slowly stands up. All senses on full alert.

WHAM!

The butt of Dave's rifle hits Thomas in the back of his head.

Thomas sinks to the ground like a marionette who just had the strings cut off.

LATER

Dave drags Thomas down the trail by his feet.

Thomas' eyes flutter. He slowly comes to. Disoriented eyes dart back and forth.

Dave is flustered. Face is red.

Thomas is desperate. Searches for ideas. He spots something in the grass. It's the airhorn. He reaches out, grabs it.

He sits up, reaches with his arm as close as he can to Dave's head then fires off the horn!

Dave jumps! He drops Thomas' legs.

Thomas jumps up, tackles Dave from behind. They both fall to ground. Fists fly.

DAVE

You son of a bitch!

They roll onto soft sand. The fight continues.

After a moment Thomas notices just how "soft" the sand is. He tries to get up. Dave grabs a hold of him. They sink deeper down into the sand.

Dave notices the sand too.

Suddenly it's every man for himself.

Thomas is down to his knees in sand as he struggles to get out. Dave is down to his hips.

Thomas manages to grab a hold of some grass at the edge of the sand pit. Slowly he pulls himself out of the sand.

Dave struggles. Sinks down deeper.

The two of them lock eyes for a moment.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Gimme a hand will ya?

Dave reaches out with his hand to Thomas. He's now waist high in the soft sand.

A small grin grows into a bigger one.

THOMAS

What was that? I couldn't hear you.

DAVE

Please, help a fellow man out.

He sinks down lower. The sand reaches his armpits.

Thomas holds his hand out. Dave goes for it. Thomas yanks his hand back.

THOMAS

I don't think so.

DAVE

Please! We can split the money.

Thomas stares long and hard at Dave as he sinks deeper down then he makes up his mind. He turns around, walks away.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Pleeeaaase!!

Dave slowly dissappeares under the sand.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dawn. The sun inches its way up over the horizon. The two lane highway sits empty and quiet until...

The FJ bursts out of the forest. It stops by the pavement. Lime-rock dust surrounds it.

INT. FJ - DAY

Thomas in the driver's seat. Eyes wide. He looks in the rearview mirror.

He slumps down with his head on the steering wheel. After a moment he looks up, takes a deep breath. He puts the car in gear, drives out onto the highway.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The FJ pulls into the same gas station as in the beginning. It stops by one of the pumps.

Thomas climbs out.

He's a mess. Wet. Dirty clothes. Bloody face.

He staggers into the station.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

A young scrawny male clerk is texting on his phone as Thomas steps in. He doesn't look up from his phone.

Thomas puts a twenty on the counter.

THOMAS
Twenty on number one.

The clerk takes the money. His eyes still on the phone. He rings up the sale.

YOUNG CLERK
Need a receipt?

THOMAS

No...

Thomas heads to the door.

YOUNG CLERK

Have a nice day.

Thomas glances back at the clerk. He's still busy with his phone. Thomas leaves.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Thomas finishes pumping gas. He puts the nozzle back in its place then screws the gas cap back on.

He gets back into the car.

INT. FJ - DAY

Thomas pulls out from the gas station. Heads on down the empty road.

After a while...

CLICK!

The Pink revolver pokes Thomas' neck.

Thomas freezes.

A CRAZY GUY (50) sits in the rear seat. He looks rough. Sly wild eyes. Several days old stubble. He wears a prison uniform.

CRAZY GUY

Don't turn around.

Thomas keeps his gaze straight ahead.

CRAZY GUY (CONT'D)

Pull in at the next road.

Thomas nods. Nervous.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The FJ pulls into a dirt road.

INT. FJ - DAY

Thomas glances in the rearview mirror.

CRAZY GUY

Park here.

Thomas does.

CRAZY GUY

Keep your hands on the steering
wheel.

Thomas clutches the steering wheel.

The crazy guy holds up the money bag. A crazy grin on his
face. A creepy giggle.

CRAZY GUY (CONT'D)

I was looking in your bag for some
clothes...but there were none in
there.

Thomas swallows.

CRAZY GUY (CONT'D)

So, you're gonna have to give me
yours.

He nudges Thomas in the neck with the gun.

CRAZY GUY (CONT'D)

Take 'em off.

Thomas hesitates then starts to unbutton his pants.

EXT. FJ - DAY

The FJ sits on the dirt road near the highway.

The door opens. Thomas is shoved out. He's buck naked.

The FJ turns around in a cloud of dust.

The driver's side window is down. The crazy guy holds the
money bag out the window. A giant grin on his face.

CRAZY GUY

Yeewhaw!!!!

The FJ drives off.

Thomas stands in a cloud of lime dust. He stares at the car leaving down the highway.

The lizard from the beginning watches him from a shady spot by the "Welcome To Ocala National Forest" sign.

FADE OUT: