

TOTALLED

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FADE IN:

EXT. MT. COOK, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND, ESTABLISHING SHOT  
Aerial shot of the glorious snow covered Southern Alps.

EXT. MT. COOK AIRPORT - JUST BEFORE DAY BREAK

An eerie quiet envelops this remote regional airfield set on a small plateau and framed by snow clad mountains. A PUKEKO family is crossing the single runway. The mother bird is in the lead and her three chicks diligently follow.

An ominous looking line of TEN HIGH PERFORMANCE LUXURY CARS approach the runway.

ANGLE on: The birds crossing the runway. Mother makes it to the other side of the tarmac.

ANGLE on: The gorgeous sculpted sheet metal of a MERCEDES SL550, BMW M5, JAGUAR XKR and PORSCHE 911 as they fly down the runway.

ANGLE on: The first and second chicks make it to the other side. We can HEAR the cars bearing down. CHICK #3 is taking her time, she likes to do that.

ANGLE on: An AUDI RS4's front grill as it bears down on the chick. The car runs over the chick.

ANGLE on: Chick #3, as she rolls from the force of the car going over the top of her. She tumbles several times, her downy feathers floating all around her.

IN UNISON THE CARS STOP, then do a well choreographed three point turn. The headlights turn off, the cars shut down.

Chick #3 gains her equilibrium and walks steadfastly toward her waiting brood.

Suddenly, the cars START UP again. With a chill in the air we can see exhaust fumes like smoke. In unison they rev, the lights turn on, and they speed toward camera.

ANGLE on: Drivers side windows - there are NO DRIVERS. The cars drive over the camera.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. OPEN-AIR 5-STORY PARKING STRUCTURE - LATE NIGHT - 6 MONTH'S EARLIER

It is desolate. Ominous lone headlights snake their way up to the middle level and stop beside a parked van. TWO MEN get out and approach the van.

EXT. ALLEY BESIDE THE PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME TIME

CLOSE UP: LINDSAY CLARK, 25, wearing an FBI windbreaker, leans on a wall, intently watching the cars in the structure.

FBI TEAM LEADER (V.O.)  
(in Lindsay's ear piece)  
Everyone hold steady. The drop is on. (beat) It's done. Target is moving out.

ANGLE on: Lindsay watches the men get back in their car. Both cars pull out and wind their way back down the structure.

FBI TEAM LEADER (V.O.)  
(in Lindsay's ear piece)  
Hold your positions... surveillance only. Team Two, follow when they exit the structure.

Lindsay rolls her eyes and starts to relax.

FBI TEAM LEADER (V.O.)  
(in Lindsay's ear piece)  
Not enough action, Clark? Heard you liked to kick ass at Quantico.

Lindsay looks around, then smiles.

FBI TEAM LEADER (V.O.)  
(in Lindsay's ear piece)  
First op buys the beers.

Lindsay nods, shuffles her feet. It's been a long night.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

The Van suddenly stops and two men jump out and jog down the structure on foot as the van pulls away.

FBI TEAM LEADER (V.O.)  
We've got runners! Two males!  
South exit!

EXT. ALLEY - ON LINDSAY

Lindsay immediately tenses.

FBI INSTRUCTOR (V.O.)  
(in Lindsay's ear piece)  
Dammit! They've got the package.  
Johnson, cover the exit! Now!

Lindsay hear's faint footsteps running in the structure. Are they headed her way? Adrenaline fills her system. Her face is intense, beads of sweat on her brow.

HOLD ON: The Parking Structure side door. Nothing. It feels like forever.

CLOSE UP: Lindsay's eyes dart back and forth as she moves forward, arms outstretched gun cocked. Still nothing. She lets down and takes a breath.

BAM! TWO MEN burst through the side door!

Lindsay freezes. Man #1 races down the alley.

Lindsay aims her weapon.

LINDSAY  
FBI!

Man #2 charges her. She pulls a quick shot - misses. He tackles her hard. She drops her gun, but quickly regains her footing. He charges her again. Lindsay sets up in a stance and throws a perfect Roundhouse kick aimed at his chin. It only grazes him! She re-sets, perfect technique, and lands a blow. Man #2 goes down, but is immediately up again.

She turns to place another kick, Man #1 punches her in the face! Lindsay, stunned, staggers and falls, dropping her gun.

As the men run off, Man #2 picks up her gun.

AGENT JOHNSON races into the other end of alley headlong towards the men.

JOHNSON  
(on the run)  
FBI!

Man #2 fires at Johnson. He's clipped and goes down.

Lindsay pulls herself together and staggers towards Johnson in the desolate alley.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIR NZ PLANE 777. EARLY MORNING (PRESENT TIME)

LINDSAY starts awake from the memory, her eyes wild, her hair disheveled. Even in her angst and disarray we see the Next to her is SAM, her sister, 16 years old, short cropped hair, skinny as a rail and playing intensely on her Nintendo DSi.

Lindsay looks over at Sam, sees her obsessed with the game.

LINDSAY

When we land you're handing that stupid game over.

Sam ignores her.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I suppose you haven't even slept?

SAM

Were you sleeping or wrestling?

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes by and offers some water.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Is this your first time to New Zealand?

Sam ignores her. Lindsay grabs the Nintendo from Sam.

LINDSAY

Yes. Heading to Queenstown.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

For a rest or for thrills?

Sam butts in...

SAM

I'm being kidnapped, taken into the wild and deprived of all signs of civilization...

She takes the Nintendo back.

LINDSAY

(quickly)

Tackling the Milford Track, the  
Routebourne then hope to make it to  
Franz Josef.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Intense...

SAM

(annoyed)

Stupid. Perfect for the Super  
Achiever.

(making her case to the  
Flight Attendant)

This is not a 'game', this is  
skill.

LINDSAY

Skill my ass...

(to Flight Attendant)

I was supposed to do it on my  
own... break a family record. But,  
I had to get her out of the house.

(grinning)

See if she can survive in fresh  
air.

SAM

(another eye roll - to  
Flight Attendant)

Yep. I'm the slacker, soon to be  
hacker, in the family...

LINDSAY

(teasing)

Right, you're hack-tastic! And  
everyone is completely thrilled at  
your new skills on GTA: San  
Andreas.

(takes the Nintendo)

Especially Dad...

Sam holds out her hand for the Nintendo.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

What's the magic word?

SAM

Bite me. bitc...

LINDSAY

Close enough.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 (uncomfortable, backing  
 down the aisle)  
 Uh... you're in for quite an  
 adventure. Queenstown's just one  
 more short flight away.

EXT. SMALL COMMUTER PLANE IN THE SKY. - NEW ZEALAND - DAY

It looks small against the majestic landscape.

INT. COMMUTER PLANE. SAME DAY.

Lindsay and Sam are seated on the small commuter plane,  
 packed with about 25 TOURISTS. Sam is leaning against the  
 plane's window still playing her Nintendo. Lindsay points  
 out the window, making Sam look out.

LINDSAY  
 This is amazing. Check this out.

Sam briefly looks out.

SAM  
 Yup, just like the website.

And she's back on her game.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT. LATE MORNING.

Stunning aerial view of the South Island of NZ - aqua colored  
 lakes and snow capped mountains.

INT. COMMUTER PLANE.

Lindsay is getting antsy. She stands up and walks to the  
 front, stretching her legs.

Lindsay waits to use the rest room. It is tight quarters.  
 The door opens and NATE, late 20s, lean, handsome and  
 disheveled comes out of the bathroom, shuts down his Droid  
 and slips it in his pocket.

He is startled to suddenly see Lindsay.

They have to press against each other to get by. They give  
 an embarrassed nod.

Lindsay checks him out as he walks away, Nate turns to look  
 back at her, another awkward moment.

Lindsay returns to her seat and sees that Nate is in the seat across the aisle from her. She notices that he has a similar intensity to Sam, as he is buried in his iPad typing away. Lindsay rolls her eyes - another gamer.

Lindsay sighs, leans back in her seat and pulls her Yankees baseball cap over her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE OF THE FBI ACADEMY. DAY.

Lindsay sits across from AGENT HALL. She puts her FBI badge on the desk.

AGENT HALL

Agent Clark, rethink your position.

LINDSAY

Drop the 'agent,' Johnson was shot with my gun.

AGENT HALL

He is back on duty. It goes with the job. And you should have had more back-up.

LINDSAY

Sir. I should have stopped them.

AGENT HALL

Team Two picked them up.

LINDSAY

I failed.

AGENT HALL

Clark, you're one of the best rookies the bureau's seen in years. National Merit Scholar, a fourth-degree black belt... the whole package.

LINDSAY

Right. A real paper tiger.

AGENT HALL

You were so gung ho at Quantico?

LINDSAY  
 (deep breath)  
 Gung ho originated from the Chinese  
 it means "Work Together-Work in  
 Harmony". First time in the  
 field... I lost my gun to a perp  
 who clipped my partner... sir.

AGENT HALL  
 Toughen up, Clark. Learn from your  
 mistakes.

LINDSAY  
 I don't make mistakes.

AGENT HALL  
 This isn't just about you...  
 (decides)  
 You have one month, probation. Take  
 a vacation, get some therapy. We  
 want you back, Agent Clark.

LINDSAY  
 Lindsay.

She slides her badge toward Agent Hall.

INT. COMMUTER PLANE.

Lindsay slowly opens her eyes, deep in thought. She finds  
 that she is holding her locket. She opens it.

ANGLE on locket photo of Lindsay's MOTHER.

SUDDENLY the lights FLICKER in the cabin and the FASTEN SEAT  
 BELT sign goes on.

PILOT (ON INTERCOM)  
 Good morning. We seem to be having  
 a technical problem with our  
 navigation system. Nothing to be  
 alarmed about. We will be landing  
 at the nearest airport which is Mt.  
 Cook. We are sorry for this  
 inconvenience.

ANGLE on Sam who looks at Lindsay.

LINDSAY  
 Super.

EXT. MT. COOK AIRPORT. HELICOPTER SHOT. DAY.

Mt. Cook Airport's backdrop is the rugged and desolate Southern Alps. The commuter plane lands in this beautiful, remote location surrounded by snow capped peaks.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR COUNTER. AFTERNOON.

The PASSENGERS, impatient and annoyed, line up at the rental counter. The only way for these folks to get to Queenstown is to drive. CAR AGENT #1 meticulously enters ID info into his system as he addresses the crowd.

CAR RENTAL AGENT #1  
(faint Russian accent)  
Good afternoon. And thank you for  
choosing Kiwi Rentals.

LINDSAY  
(to no one in particular)  
An obvious choice.

We clearly see that this is the only rental company. It looks makeshift but seems to have a rather sophisticated computer set up for check-in.

TOM, 50ish, too trendy, and looking a bit hung over, paces around trying to find better reception on his cell.

TOM  
(Australian accent,  
yelling into cell phone)  
You're the producer, do your job...  
Who's idea was it to shoot in this  
hell hole? ... Next time we stay  
home in Sydney - we'll make snow!

Tom cuts in front of ALAN and REBECCA and their toddler twins, IZZY and JOSH. Lindsay throws him a look and helps the mother, Rebecca, move the car seats and mondo luggage.

REBECCA  
(to Lindsay)  
Thank you.

ANGLE on: Nate watching everyone in line. His cel phone "tings."

CLOSE UP: Nate's cel phone - Lindsay's passport photo.

TOM  
 (into phone)  
 Bloody Kiwis, their planes don't  
 fly and who knows what kind of tin  
 can of a car I'm getting. Book me  
 a massage on arrival, I should be  
 there by...

Tom grabs CAR RENTAL AGENT #2 who is collecting IDs from the  
 passengers.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 How long is the drive to  
 Queenstown?

CAR RENTAL AGENT #2  
 Two and a half to three hours  
 depending on how fast...

TOM  
 (into his cel phone)  
 I'll be there in under two.  
 MOVE the meeting. I don't care if  
 they've flown all the way from LA,  
 pussies.

It's now his turn at check in. He moves up to CAR RENTAL  
 AGENT #1 behind the counter.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Give me the fastest car you have.  
 And I want GPS, for free!

The Agent slides a PORSCHE 911 CAR KEY to Tom. He picks it  
 up, obviously surprised that it's a Porsche.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Prefer Audi. About that GPS?

Car Rental Agent #2 comes up to Tom and in a slightly  
 exaggerated show of bravado speaks.

CAR RENTAL AGENT #2  
 Of course we will throw in the GPS  
 sir, our pleasure. In fact,  
 (addressing all the  
 passenger)  
 Everyone will be getting GPS, it's  
 on the house.

Tom turns to the group and raises his hand in a show of  
 importance.

TOM

You can thank me for that!

ANGLE on: Sam, so absorbed in her game that the line has moved up but she hasn't. Her *DSi* runs out of power. She bangs it on her knee and GROANS loudly.

NATE comes up and pulls his Nintendo out of his bag, and hands it to her. Sam quickly inserts her cartridge. Nate checks out the game she is playing and gives her a thumbs up.

ANGLE on: Car Rental Agent #1 talking to TWO MEN IN THEIR LATE 40s decked with Fly Fishing gear.

ANGLE on: HOLLY and JASON, mid 30s, totally making-out. The agent approaches, they untangle and hand over IDs.

ANGLE on: Lindsay who is next in line for Agent #1. She hands him her ID and waves for Sam to come over.

Sam comes up to Lindsay dragging Nate with her. Sam gives her sister a feeble attempt at a karate kick. Lindsay adeptly shifts and twists her sister into a hold that she cannot wiggle out of. Sam doesn't struggle, she knows better.

SAM

Lindsay, Nate... Nate, Lindsay.

Lindsay nods to Nate, lets go of Sam and retrieves her ID from the agent.

The agent turns to Sam, she proudly hands him a piece of paper. The agent begins to enter in the information.

LINDSAY

(to the agent)

She won't be driving.

(to Sam)

Don't even think about it, Sam.

Sam's wiry body tenses.

SAM

That was the deal, Lindsay - I go tribal, you let me drive.

LINDSAY

Off road only, on a quad or bike.  
You only have a learners.

SAM

I can drive on a learners, I drive all the time.

LINDSAY  
On a screen!

Nate quickly motions to Sam to check out his iPad.

SAM  
(to Nate)  
Can you believe her?! Cool - the  
APP for GTA!

Nate gives Lindsay an understanding look, as Sam get's  
absorbed in his iPad.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Nate, you are soooo riding with us.

LINDSAY  
Sam, no.

SAM  
Lindsay, yes.

Lindsay looks at Nate.

LINDSAY  
You're not getting a car?

NATE  
I don't drive.

Lindsay looks at him in disbelief.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I bike.

LINDSAY  
To Queenstown?

NATE  
I'm catching a friend who's been  
working the slopes. I didn't think  
I'd have to drive there.

LINDSAY  
Neither did I.

SAM  
Come on, Linds...Come on!

LINDSAY  
OK, OK. You two can distract each  
other.  
(to Nate)  
I'm a black belt.

NATE  
That won't be necessary.

SAM  
(grabbing Nate)  
I LOVE this APP...

Lindsay grabs her bag and starts to walk off, bumping Jason and Holly, tangled again in a passionate embrace.

LINDSAY  
Sorry.

They don't even look up.

ANGLE on: Agent #1 who approaches two slightly intoxicated teens, MAX and OSCAR who exude that kind of metro cool that only money can buy.

They low five when Car Rental Agent #2 hands them the keys and grab another drink from their hip flasks.

The agent ignores their obvious intoxication level.

EXT. MT. COOK AIRPORT, CAR RENTAL PARKING LOT. SAME TIME.

TEN HIGH PERFORMANCE LUXURY CARS are lined up - the same ones we saw in the opening scene.

EXT. MT. COOK AIRPORT, CAR RENTAL FACILITY

The passengers file out onto the tarmac. Expressions of wonder and amazement on their faces as they see their dream cars spread out before them.

EXT./INT. TOM'S CAR - PORSCHE 911

Tom throws his suitcase and briefcase in the backseat. He's got his phone to his ear, bangs it, but no reception.

TOM  
What a shit hole!

Tom throws his phone on the seat, admires the car for a moment and then screeches off out of the airport.

EXT. TARMAC.

The family packs up their car, a LEXUS ISF.

EXT./INT. LEXUS

Alan rummages through the glove compartment.

ALAN  
We need a map.

Rebecca is in the back strapping the toddlers in their car seats.

REBECCA  
Just use the GPS, Alan.

ALAN  
No. I'd like to think I can find my way without the help of a disembodied female voice.

REBECCA  
Program the GPS! We'll get a map in Queenstown.

Alan slams the glove compartment shut and punches Queenstown into the GPS.

EXT. LINDSAY'S CAR, AN AUDI RS4

Lindsay and Sam put their backpacks into the trunk of the car. Nate holds on to his stuff.

SAM  
(trying a new tactic)  
If you let me drive I'll carry all our gear, and never complain. Pleeeease...

LINDSAY  
No. What would I tell Dad if anything happened?

Lindsay opens the driver's door. Nate quietly gets in the passenger side.

SAM  
(getting frustrated)  
Nothing is going to happen!

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR

Nate gets himself situated in the front seat. He looks at the GPS, checks some of the wires running from it.

LINDSAY

It's called a GPS, Global  
Positioning System?  
(checking the car out)  
Wow, the Audi RS4.... Kiwi Rentals  
has so many fancy cars...

SAM

That's so people like me learn to  
drive in style...

Nate gives her a look. Sam reluctantly gets in the back.

SAM (CONT'D)

(slamming the door)  
Guess I get the backseat.

Nate offers Lindsay some gum, she shakes her head but he insists and she takes it. He offers it to Sam, she takes it.

Lindsay settles in the driver's seat, checks and adjusts everything carefully and programs the GPS.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll have you know that I have been  
driving since I was seven. Dirt  
Devils at the arcade, brilliant.  
Then Burn Out Revenge, Project  
Gotham, GTA...

LINDSAY

That's not driving.

SAM

How do you think astronauts learn?

LINDSAY

You're not driving. Deal with it!

Sam hunkers down, pissed off.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Glorious AERIAL VIEWS of Lake Pukaki and the snow laden Southern Alps. The cars look like little toys winding their way along side the lake.

INT. JASON AND HOLLY'S CAR, A BMW M5

CLOSE UP: Jason, his expression is difficult to read, intensely focussed on something - is it pain, or joy, or is the BMW M5 that good to drive?

Jason's head falls back and he GROANS.

SUDDENLY Holly rises into view from Jason's lap.

HOLLY  
Welcome to New Zealand.

GPS  
Continue straight on Highway 80 for  
two kilometers.

INT. MAX AND OSCAR'S CAR, A JAGUAR XKR

The boys are having a hell of a time. Max is driving and Oscar has plugged in the iPod to the sound system.

OSCAR  
Can you believe he fell for that  
fake ID?

MAX  
Yea, what a tool. And a Jag!

Suddenly the music cuts out and the GPS speaks.

GPS VOICE  
Right hand turn in one kilometer

INT. AUDI RS4

Lindsay is taken in by the beauty of the place, lost in thought.

Nate only seems interested in his electronic devices - his phone and various cords tangle as he puts something together.

Sam, filled with purpose, leans into the front seat.

SAM  
(fake sweet)  
Linds... I really, really think  
this is the perfect place for me to  
practice my driving.

LINDSAY  
No way. Drop it!

Sam leans forward, closer to Lindsay.

SAM

Okay then, a little heart to heart.  
Does Dad know that this "break"  
from cop-ville is permanent?

(to Nate)

The FBI's Most Likely to Succeed...  
didn't... and they probably won't  
take her back, even if she tried.

Nate looks up.

LINDSAY

How the hell do you know about  
that!?

SAM

Easy peasy sister, I hack...

Lindsay is stunned.

SAM (CONT'D)

So if you don't want to deal with  
me now, then maybe you'd like to  
tell Dad when the phone works. I  
can send him your files...

LINDSAY

Are you kidding me? You're my  
sister!

SAM

Yea, who'd know.

Lindsay abruptly pulls the car to the side of the road.

Nate looks at Lindsay and vehemently shakes his head "no."

LINDSAY

(to Nate)

What's your problem?

(to Sam)

Fine. Sam, DRIVE. It looks safe  
enough here. But when I say so, you  
pull over. Or I will kick your  
ass. Understand?

Sam is excited and starts to crawl into the front seat.  
Lindsay looks at Nate - like get in back!

NATE

(shakes his head)

Car sick. You should really drive.

SAM

No way!

LINDSAY

Stay out of it...

Sam, in her excitement, kicks Nate in the head.

Lindsay, disgusted, walks around to the back seat. Sam adjusts the seat and the mirrors and drives off carefully.

GPS

Recalculating route...

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HWY 80 NEAR LAKE PUKAKI

The cars drive past the camera.

EXT. HUGE CLEARING SURROUNDED BY TREES.

The ten cars drive into the center of the clearing. The cars stall and will not restart.

ANGLE on the meadow - beautiful long grass, butterflies and birdsong. It's all nature sounds except for the muffled voices within the cars.

Suddenly out of each car we hear a SHARP STATIC, then THE GPS VOICE (different to what was heard before).

GPS

Welcome!

"The GPS VOICE" speaks to all the drivers in an unctuous and soothing tone, laced with dark humor.

GPS (CONT'D)

And, congratulations -- we've chosen you to race with us today. Winning will depend upon speed, skill and, most importantly, your ability to follow MY directions. We can now hear everything you say, so please be quiet and listen.

INTERCUT with occupants of various cars trying the doors, cel phones, banging on the windows and other reactions.

GPS (CONT'D)

(yells)

I said, BE QUIET!

(calm)

(MORE)

GPS (CONT'D)

All I want is two hours of your time. And then we're all done - everyone goes home happy.

INT. PORSCHE 911, TOM.

GPS

Let's meet our players, special from Air New Zealand flight 275. In our Porshe, Tom Morris. Hi, Tom...

Tom reacts.

CLOSE UP: LARGE HI-TECH SCREEN. SAME TIME

We see THE FLIGHT MANIFEST, then SOCIAL MEDIA and E-MAIL information being displayed about Tom, FACEBOOK and LINKEDIN photos come up, several online dating sites, PICTURES with young women in Thailand, party photos, etc.

GPS (V.O.)

Uber Creative Director, or at least you were, but coke takes the edge off doesn't it Tom?

INT. PORSCHE 911

GPS

Oh, just a quick question, exactly how old is that little Thai "girlfriend"? Is that even legal?

Tom's purple with rage.

INT. AUDI RS4 - LINDSAY, NATE AND SAM

GPS

In the Audi RS4... Ms. Lindsay Clark, our Federale... Oh dear...

Nate looks up above his sun visor and finds the camera. He whips Lindsay's NY hat off her head and puts it on Sam, shushing her as she starts to talk.

CLOSE UP: LARGE HI-TECH SCREEN. SAME TIME.

On the screen we see Lindsay's information from Facebook, FBI and government data bases. Valedictorian, graduated from Berkeley in Political Science with honors.

Pictures of Martial Arts championships, winning basketball teams - hugging team mates and her father.

GPS (V.O.)  
 ... top of the class, now bottom of  
 the heap. I would have bet you'd  
 blow the doors off after Quantico,  
 yet here you are...

INT. AUDI RS4

GPS  
 And we can't find any pictures of  
 you with that sweet little sister,  
 Samantha...

Lindsay is about to lunge through the dashboard. Nate holds her back. Sam looks away.

GPS (CONT'D)  
 Sam, it must be hard to have no  
 mommy AND to live in the shadow of  
 a super star? Even when the apple  
 of daddy's eye has a massive  
 bruise.

Lindsay leans forward to Sam.

LINDSAY  
 (urgently)  
 Sam, get out of this car now!

Suddenly the seat belts and doors LOCK. Sam and Nate are slammed back in their seats.

GPS  
 Tchh tchh tchhh. Nobody gets out.

INT. BMW M5 - HOLLY AND JASON

Holly is clutching Jason's arm.

GPS  
 BMW M5, our lovebirds Holly Malone,  
 653 124th Street, North Seattle...  
 and Jason Peterson...

CLOSE UP: LARGE HI-TECH SCREEN. SAME TIME.

GOOGLE MAP ZOOM into London pulling up onto a modern three-story building.

GPS (V.O.)  
14 Thompson Place, the heart of  
London... Looks like a lovely flat.  
Quite modern..

INT. BMW M5 - HOLLY AND JASON

Jason reacts.

GPS  
An online dating success story!  
And, how romantic - fly all the way  
to New Zealand to meet each other  
in person for the first time?! But  
wait, what's this...

INT. JAGUAR XKR - THE TEENS

The boys think this is soooo amazing.

GPS  
Max "Smith" and Oscar "Jones" in  
the Jaguar XKR. Seriously, Oscar  
*Sinclair*, that fake ID was  
terrible. You would never get past  
the door at the casino's in  
Queenstown.

The boys look at each other, how'd they know?

GPS (CONT'D)  
I would think Daddy's money would  
have bought you better than that.  
Enjoy the Jag.

INT. LEXUS ISF - FAMILY

The family is quietly panicking.

GPS  
And now a Lexus ISF for our perfect  
little family...

CLOSE UP: LARGE HI-TECH SCREEN

On the screen we see Facebook and corporate information. E-mail to Rebecca's girlfriend "we can't afford another baby, I don't have time..."

GPS (V.O.)  
 Alan, Rebecca, Josh and Izzy. The  
 Yambors. Any good gossip? ... Here  
 we go ... Rebecca, is there a bun  
 in your oven? Something to talk  
 about on the drive...

INT. LEXUS

Alan looks at Rebecca, she looks straight ahead. The kids  
 cry.

EXT. CLEARING. ON THE PORSCHE 911.

Tom has had enough.

TOM  
 (yelling)  
 Fuck off! I'm outta here!

He opens the car door. The door viciously slams on him.

INT. PORSCHE

The doors lock. The seat belt pins him into the driver's  
 seat.

TOM  
 What the fuck...

The engine starts and revs.

EXT. CLEARING. SAME TIME.

Tom's car suddenly accelerates and decelerates, takes off  
 then suddenly brakes, whipping around the clearing.

GPS (V.O.)  
 Enough with the niceties. We  
 control your cars - stop, start,  
 fast and faster...

The Porsche jerks and whips back and forth with violent stops  
 and starts.

GPS (V.O.)  
 So ... Why do we need you? To  
 STEER.

LIVE CAMERA FEED - INT. TOM'S CAR. TIGHT ON TOM

TOM  
Listen to me, bitch! I'll fuckin'  
kill you.

He wrestles with the steering, trying to regain control.

INT. TOM'S CAR. - ON TOM

GPS  
Tom. That hurts. As I said, the  
key to 'winning'- also known as  
going home - is to listen to me.  
Even like me. You can do that,  
can't you...

EXT. CLEARING. SAME TIME.

The Porsche speeds towards a wall of trees.

GPS (V.O.)  
We're betting on each and every one  
of you.

Frantically Tom tries to steer the car away from a head on  
crash.

GPS (V.O.)  
I'm sure you'll all do much better  
than our...

Miraculously, the car skids just short of the trees. A beat.

The two side tires simultaneously BLOW and the car rolls  
three times before slamming upside down into a tree. Tom's  
bloody arm reaches out of the smashed window.

GPS (V.O.)  
...dearly departed, Tom.

The entire car is engulfed by flames and EXPLODES. Then there  
is SILENCE and nature sounds.

OMINOUS BLACK TOW TRUCKS appear and clear away the smoldering  
wreckage spewing pitch-black smoke into the pristine setting.

GPS (V.O.)  
Oh my, another highway fatality.

ANGLE on the cars as they suddenly start up and jerk forward.

GPS (V.O.)  
Wave to the camera drivers! You  
have one hour and forty two  
minutes...

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY NEAR WANAKA, NEW ZEALAND. SAME TIME.  
ESTABLISHING SHOT. THE MASTER CONTROL ROOM.

On the outskirts of Wanaka is the abandoned McKenzie Brewery, its well worn stone walls blend into the backdrop of the Cadrona mountains. A HELICOPTER takes off from the overgrown parking lot at the back of the building. There are 4 PRIVATE JETS on a makeshift landing field next to the brewery.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM. ABANDONED BREWERY. SAME TIME.

Make shift elegance, a temporary but first class set up. The room is high tech heaven - huge LCD screens and top of the line computer consoles. An impressive bar area sits adjacent to a ROW OF CONSOLES/PODS each with two small screens. One screen provides a digital map of the area, markers tracking the cars. The other is the LIVE CAMERA FEED of each car's driver.

ANGLE on CAR RENTAL AGENT #1, AKA RoID, oozing sleazy power now that he's out of his uniform. He sits at a lone console on a platform above the crowd. He talks into a headset, reading from a tablet. He seems to lead this operation and is the current voice of the GPS, heard throughout the venue.

ROID/GPS  
... Oh, and 'good luck'...

ANGLE on: GROUP OF 15 PEOPLE below. The clientele look like guests from the UN rich list. FOUR LARGE BODY GUARDS mind the doors and a few BEAUTIFUL COCKTAIL WAITRESSES keep the drinks flowing.

As RoID speaks the crowd also HEARS the DESPERATE VOICES of the people in the cars.

ROID  
Controllers, please mute the cars.

FIVE YOUNG MULTI-NATIONALS (the Controllers) sit in their pods on the platform with headsets on.

ROID (CONT'D)  
(to the crowd)  
Welcome. Initial odds on longevity  
have been handicapped...

ON A FEW SCREENS ODDS LINES appear by driver license/passport pictures from our drivers.

ROID (CONT'D)  
 ... against the types of drivers.  
 They are now locked.

Several GAMBLERS quickly type into their consoles.

ROID (CONT'D)  
 Real-time betting on individual  
 races and stunts will commence when  
 we go live online.  
 (PAUSE)  
 Ready, set, GO!

ALL OF THE GIANT LCD MONITORS SPRING TO LIFE - moving bar charts, graphs indicating futures contracts listed by car, showing constantly shifting live betting odds.

ROID (CONT'D)  
 Our signature "Death Race" will  
 begin with the final cars in about  
 an hour. Local side bets are  
 encouraged as long as they run  
 through the house.  
 (beat)  
 Enjoy, people!

ANGLE on: The intimate group settles in with their computers and drinks to enjoy the race.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.  
 HELICOPTER SHOT. SAME TIME.

The cars progress out of the meadow. A MERCEDES SL driven by the fishermen and JAGUAR (Teens) drive west; the AUDI (Lindsay), BMW (Jason/Holly) and the LEXUS (Family) drive east.

The remaining 4 CARS split off randomly. We see speed and unsteady driving as the drivers become acquainted with the task at hand - steer.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

NATE (V.O.)  
 Arkady Nemov, goes by "Roid,"  
 Russian super hacker - he launched  
 the first cyber attacks on Georgia.

Roid grabs a shot glass of vodka off a passing waitress tray. He looks over the shoulder of a Controller. On her screen we see a map and digitised images of the 9 cars as they move down the road.

NATE (V.O.)

He's a genius. But, Roid loves  
Vodka and women. He bragged about  
the set up to "Elise" in a chat  
room we monitor...

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Nate types on his phone. Sam has turned the car onto the road following the car in front.

LINDSAY

(sarcastic)

That's great detective work...

Lindsay goes back to work on Sam's seatbelt.

NATE

We knew where to find him! And we  
were able to get our guy inside,  
Paolo. He's our Controller.

Suddenly a SNEEZE comes out of the GPS. Sam jumps.

LINDSAY

What the hell?

Nate SNEEZES.

NATE

Shhhh.

Nate takes the gum off the mic.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

PAOLO, Nate's partner, late 20's, Brazilian, buzz cut, wireless glasses and liquid brown eyes sits at his control console wearing a headset with a mic.

ANGLE on: Under Paolo's console. He has disconnected a wire under the console.

Paolo slides his DROID onto his lap and clicks it awake. He SNEEZES again into his mic.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Nate pushes some controls on the DROID.

ANGLE on: Nate's DROID. Data downloads onto it - the IP, GPS location and wi-fi geo location.

Nate quickly unplugs the DROID and allows the GPS to function. Nate takes the gum off the mic's.

NATE

Paulo just rigged the sound so only he can hear us. When he stops the car, get out, take this information to a land line or satellite phone.

LINDSAY

I'm not getting out of this car!  
There's got to be a better plan.  
(beat)  
We'll contact the local police.

NATE

(shaking his head)  
We are in their 'black hole' - no outside communication.  
(points to the phone)  
The first set of numbers will connect with Shane, he leads our group.

LINDSAY

Dammit! Who are you?!

NATE

(frustrated)  
"White Hats" if you need a definition. In our world, we have to self-police the 'black hats'.

LINDSAY

Hats - now you have hats.

She starts to attack Sam's seat belt again.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM.

Roid sits smugly at his console which faces the consoles of the five controllers. He is monitoring all the cars that are in play. FREDERICK, a beefy German controller, is furious.

FREDERICK

(German accent)

What the hell! Why did you total the 911? I chose Tom. He was the perfect driver - angry, aggressive and Australian.

ROID

He was drunk! They always use one to make a point, Frederick. So, we gave you the other jock from the Commonwealth - the guy with the bimbo.

FREDERICK

What about the family? They always try hardest when kids are on board.

ANGLE on LILY, a young African American, she looks younger than her 24 years with dreadlocks and a pink 'Hello Kitty' t-shirt.

ROID

Lily should work best with a family. Keep them calm.

FREDERICK

(nods toward Paolo)

Then, why'd he get the FBI chick?

ROID

You are such a fuckin' wanker. New guy gets the best driver, keeps the odds even when we start.

FREDERICK

I don't like him.

ROID

He was highly recommended to me...  
It's not your business, you  
overpaid Rhine Monkey! Drive!

Frederick begrudgingly goes back to his remaining car - the BMW M5 - Jason and Holly. He's in an aggressive mood, determined to win.

A beautiful COCKTAIL WAITRESS, SIOUX, listens to the exchange. She wears a sexy apron, hair tucked under a cap.

Frederick focusing intensely on his console, snaps his fingers to get Sioux's attention.

FREDERICK

A Stella!

ROID

(to Sioux)

I'll have the same.

She throws him a hard look and Frederick swats her ass as she walks away to the bar. Roid smirks.

ANGLE on: The five controllers under pressure as they maneuver their cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Audi, BMW and Lexus pick up speed as they turn onto Highway 80.

A high speed game of cat and mouse plays out.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

ROID watches back and forth between his monitors and Paolo's. He gets up and walks behind Paolo.

ROID

Paolo, you seem to be playing it too safe. How about giving our Federale a drill for skill?

Paolo hesitates.

ROID (CONT'D)

Up to me then.

ROID looks around to see if anyone is looking then pushes Paolo aside and takes over the controls of the Audi.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Sam is totally focussed on the cat and mouse driving play.

GPS/ROID

Remember your FBI driver's training, Lindsay love?

NATE

(startled)

That's not Paolo.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. LOW ANGLE.

The Audi abruptly accelerates right as it approaches a sharp curve in the road.

Sam loses control and the CAR SAILS OFF the road. It looks like the car is sailing directly into the lake.

The car drops out of sight. We expect a huge impact splash or an explosion.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Sam, Lindsay and Nate do a violent bounce.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80: ON THE AUDI.

The car lands on a small dirt road that runs parallel to Hwy. 80. It's about an 8 foot drop to the road.

GPS/ROID (V.O.)

That was fun.

LIVE CAMERA FEED - AUDI - ON SAM

She BOUNCES as the car lands, her face covered by NY hat.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux returns with the drinks, RoID quickly gives the control back to Paolo, moving on to another controller.

ANGLE on: Paolo. He SNEEZES and then STALLS the car.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Nate HEARS the SNEEZE. He quickly puts the phone and a walkie talkie in a small bag and hands it to Lindsay. The car STALLS and Lindsay's window rolls down.

SAM

You need to go, Lindsay!

LINDSAY

I can get you out of here.

SAM

You can't. He can. These guys are legit.

SAM (CONT'D)

These are the server coordinates/IP  
address of the game. An online  
posse...

LINDSAY

A posse...

NATE

(ignoring her)  
... has assembled and is waiting  
for this data to launch a cyber  
strike. We have one shot before  
fire walls adjust.

LINDSAY

Your "cyberstrike" will stop all of  
this?

Nate holds the bag out to her.

NATE

Use the walkie talkie after you  
make the call. We lucked out  
someone like you was on that plane.

Lindsay quickly PULLS the locket over her head and puts it on  
Sam. Sam touches the locket.

LINDSAY

If anything happens to her.

NATE

I'll take care of Sam.

SAM

I can do this.

Lindsay takes the bag and CRAWLS out the window. Nate  
SNEEZES.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

ANGLE on: RoID who is checking his monitors.

ROID

What the fuck...

ANGLE on: Paolo deftly starts the car again.

ROID (CONT'D)  
Paolo, you're stalled?! Show me  
speed man!

Paolo slams on the acceleration.

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80. SAME TIME.

Lindsay barely gets out the window when the car takes off.  
She falls to the ground and watches as Sam drives away.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Sam speeds along the dirt road. She is a natural at this,  
intuitively managing the rough terrain.

She sees the opportunity to get back on to the main road and  
steers up the embankment.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HIGH ANGLE.

The Audi BOUNCES back on to the main road, immediately  
gaining control and accelerating forward.

The BMW and the Lexus are further ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. - SAME TIME

Lindsay pokes her head up and sees the car driving away. She  
runs in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80 - HIGH ANGLE.

The BMW is driving very unsteadily.

INT. BMW

Jason, in shock, tries to keep control. Holly is in shock  
about what she heard on the GPS.

HOLLY  
Wife? You're married! That wasn't  
in your profile!

She's mental over this news.

JASON

What does it matter! We could get killed! You saw what happened to that guy.

HOLLY

Oh come on - didn't you see Lord of the Rings, King Kong? This is New Zealand! They have the best effects, ever! That was all fake.

She takes her water bottle and squirts water on him.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you! I'm such an idiot! You are such an asshole. I thought you were The One!

Holly throws anything she can get her hands on. Jason has trouble managing the car.

GPS/FREDERICK

Holly! Calm down! I don't care if Carrie's e-mail said "He's the one." Rita warned you about him. You should listen to your cousin.

HOLLY

What!!! How do the you know that?

GPS/FREDERICK

Holly, your life is an open book online and we're all avid readers.  
(tries to soothe the situation)  
Now, please let Jason drive. You can kill him when we're through... I'll help you...

This does not calm Holly down. She stomps her feet and whacks Jason.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Lily controls the Mercedes and the Lexus. Each screen is divided in two, the top part shows the MAP/LAYOUT OF THE TERRAIN and the bottom part shows the CAR POV and the LIVE FEED ONBOARD CAMERA angle of the drivers. She presses the acceleration control on the Lexus.

EXT. SIDE ROAD HELICOPTER SHOT

A NISSAN 350Z is driving erratically, parallel to the Lexus.

INT. LEXUS. SAME TIME

Alan keeps checking out what he can and cannot do with the car, the proximity of the Nissan making him even more nervous.

REBECCA

That jerk could run us off the road. Let him pass, Alan!

Alan tries to push on the brakes but the gas pedal depresses so he just burns rubber.

GPS/LILY

Focus on steering YOUR car. You'll be fine.

He turns the wheel, giving the NISSAN a little bump.

ALAN

How's that feel, asshole.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HELICOPTER SHOT. SAME TIME.

The Nissan 350Z loses control, flips several times and rolls down the steep embankment.

INT. LEXUS. SAME TIME

Alan and Rebecca are shocked.

ALAN

Oh my, God! I didn't mean to...  
We should go back...

GPS/LILY

Absolutely not! Dammit! Move it!  
Don't you want to win? Well, I do.

ALAN

(desperate)  
But what if they need help?

REBECCA

(determined)  
Keep driving, Alan...

Even the children stop squirming.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW

Holly's head is in her hands, she is breathing heavily. As the Lexus passes them it almost pushes them off the road. Jason gains control.

HOLLY

So, were you going to even tell me?

JASON

I have to focus on driving, Holly!

Holly lets out a SCREAM and starts stomping her feet.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

Frederick can't get a handle on Holly. He looks to RoID.

FREDERICK

Roid! The bimbo is losing it and spooking my driver. Can I get rid of her? Say 'kill' please.

ROID

Not yet, give her some time. It's entertaining for the punters.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD

The Mercedes (Fishermen) accelerates and comes up very quickly on the Jaguar (Max and Oscar).

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Paolo gives the Jaguar more gas.

LIVE FEED CAMERA - JAGUAR. ON MAX

Max has his hands firmly on the wheel. He loves that feeling of acceleration, even if he's not controlling it.

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80 - ON MERCEDES AND JAG

The Mercedes and Jaguar are neck in neck, really racing.

INT. JAGUAR

Max and Oscar WHOOP and HOLLER as they pull way ahead.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. VIDEO BOARDS. SAME TIME.

The bars graphs are dancing based on the Jaguar's performance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80.

Lindsay slows her pace and shuffles through the bag to get the walkie talkie. A CHEVROLET CAMARO and a SUBARU WRX come screaming by. She jumps out of sight and watches the cars.

ANGLE on: Racing cars. They RICOCHET off each other!

The Camaro slams into the stone cliff and crumples accordion style.

The Subaru does a spectacular roll but lands upright and speeds off.

ANGLE on: Lindsay.

LINDSAY  
(into walkie talkie)  
Nate, Nate?! Are you guys OK?

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Sam focuses on driving. The car is in disarray from Nate dismantling the interior. He has a radio headset on.

NATE  
Seems like Dirt Devil has paid off.  
(into radio)  
Did you find a phone?

EXT. SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80.

LINDSAY  
There's nothing out here!

Suddenly Lindsay jumps to the side of the road, out of sight.

ANGLE on: A BLACK TOW TRUCK heading toward the wrecked car.

Lindsay starts running hell for leather in the opposite direction.

EXT. SIDE ROAD, HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Mercedes and the Jaguar are still racing, hugging tight turns, bumping each other.

The Mercedes spins out onto a gravel side road.

EXT. GRAVEL SIDE ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80. ON THE MERCEDES

The Mercedes tires' smoke and the car does several more 360s before finally coming to a stop.

INT. JAGUAR. SAME TIME.

Max and Oscar think they've won that race. They CHEER for themselves. Oscar fishes out a pack of cigarettes.

MAX  
(to GPS)  
Hey, Mam, can we smoke?

Oscar lights cig's for both of the them, smoke begins to fill the car and they cough.

GPS/PAOLO  
Those things will kill you.

The windows roll down. The boys LAUGH.

GPS/PAOLO (CONT'D)  
Turn left in point five kilometers.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The AUDI (Sam/Nate) catches up to the Lexus (Alan/Rebecca) and the BMW (Holly/Jason).

INT. LEXUS

The car is given a burst of acceleration by Lily. Alan clutches the wheel trying to keep the car in line, still reeling from previous crash. Rebecca tries to keep the kids calm.

ALAN  
(to the GPS)  
Asshole!

GPS/LILY  
Ouch! Don't get mad at me Alan, at least I communicate with you, unlike your wife.

Rebecca stops tending the kids and looks at Alan.

REBECCA  
I was going to tell you.

GPS/LILY  
Really?

The kids start to whimper.

REBECCA  
Al, it was such a surprise... this isn't such a good time financially for us...

ALAN  
Not now.

Another burst of ACCELERATION and he is forced to make a split second maneuver around the BMW. Quite a close call. The kids WAIL.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

RoID listening on his headset, winces.

ROID  
(to Lily)  
Get those kids to shut up!

Lily ignores him, rolling her eyes. RoID grabs another drink, observed by Sioux.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Audi, the BMW and the Lexus look beautifully choreographed as they weave in and out, speed up and slow down and pass each other.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. ANGLE ON TRAIL THAT CUTS INTO THE FOREST.

The three cars go speeding by the camera as TWO DEER HUNTERS - CLIFF, part Maori, and PETER, New Zealand/Scottish decent, both 30 something, walk out of the woods. They are carrying hunting rifles and very full backpacks.

A BUCK'S HEAD with massive antlers is tied to Cliff's backpack. Their canvas backpacks, filled with meat, drip with blood from the fresh kill.

POV: Hunters - the Audi, BMW and Lexus go racing by with a HELICOPTER hovering above them.

PETER  
Must be another movie.

CLIFF  
I hope it's not a trilogy.

The men walk on with that sure, steady gate that outdoors men and women use.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGUAR

Max is still enjoying the speed of the drive on the narrow paved road. Oscar is a bit squirmy in his seat.

OSCAR  
Man, I gotta pee.

Max tries to brake but the car almost goes into a spin.

MAX AND OSCAR  
(together)  
Holy shit!

GPS/PAOLO  
Piss in a bottle, Oscar. We need to make points not lose them.

OSCAR  
I'll be OK.

EXT. NARROW PAVED ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Jaguar races along. The CHOPPER flies from the Jaguar over trees to reveal a plume of dust from the Mercedes which is just managing to stay in control on the rough and uncertain gravel road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD THAT RUNS PARALLEL TO LAKE PUKAKI AND HWY 80.

Riding bareback on a beautiful chestnut HORSE is TANE, 17, part Maori, incredibly fit and handsome. He listens intently to his iPod as he canters along the dirt road

He SEES Lindsay running toward him on the edge of Hwy 80.

Lindsay frantically waves him down. Tane pulls his horse up and trots over to Lindsay.

LINDSAY  
(out of breath)  
I need a phone.

TANE  
Yea.

LINDSAY  
It's urgent!

Tane calmly listens, even his horse has remained calm. He looks around, doesn't see an emergency.

TANE  
(in a strong New Zealand  
accent)  
My uncle's got a Sat phone, he  
always takes it hunting with him.  
That's where I'm heading.

LINDSAY  
What?

TANE  
(slowly)  
My Uncle has a satellite phone.

He points behind him on the horse.

TANE (CONT'D)  
Get on.

Lindsay cautiously slides on behind Tane. She doesn't look comfortable.

TANE (CONT'D)

You ride?

LINDSAY

Not since I was about six.

Tane gives her one of his earbuds. She shakes her head 'no'.

TANE

You'll ride better.

Tane won't go until she takes it. We HEAR My Morning Jacket's "Victory Dance," as they canter off with Lindsay hanging on tightly to Tane.

MY MORNING JACKET

Should I hit the water or stay on  
dry land  
Even though I've never swam  
Take machete into the brush  
Though at first there is no path

MONTAGE OF CARS - SPIN OUTS, NEAR CRASHES / BETTING BOARDS /  
GAMBLERS AROUND THE WORLD / BLACK TOW TRUCKS TOWING SMOKING  
WRECKS - JUXTAPOSED AGAINST THE GLORIOUS NEW ZEALAND  
COUNTRYSIDE.

MY MORNING JACKET

Taste the war paint on my tongue  
As it's dripping with my sweat  
Place my gaze in the future's path  
Seeing things that ain't come yet

Hope to watch the victory dance  
After whole day's work is done  
Hope to watch the victory dance  
In the evening's setting sun

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80.

A BLACK VAN with a huge portable antenna tower sits parked off the side of the road. Tane's horse pulls up and shy's at the site of it.

TANE

Whoa. That's new.

Lindsay radio's Nate.

LINDSAY  
(into walkie talkie)  
Nate! They control the cars  
through portable cel towers.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Sam has settled into her driving. Nate has dismantled the door panels.

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
I can take it out!

NATE  
One won't matter. Make the call  
first.

EXT. LOWER ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80. SAME TIME.

LINDSAY  
(into walkie talkie)  
We should take it out!

INT. AUDI

NATE  
We can't risk anything happening to  
you, you're our only shot.

EXT. LOWER ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80.

LINDSAY  
(into walkie talkie)  
Okay. I'll contact your guy, then  
find the local cops. We need them.

Tane looks back to Lindsay

TANE  
I can help.

LINDSAY  
Right, we'll just ride in on your  
trusty steed, guns blazing.

TANE  
OK.

Tane takes his horse into a gallop. Lindsay hangs on.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM.

ANGLE on: Frederick at his console. He rips his headset off - we can hear Holly screaming through the small mic.

FREDERICK  
I'm going to kill her. I can't calm  
her down.

ANGLE on Roid.

ROID  
(sighs)  
I'll take care of this.

Roid takes control of the BMW from Frederick.

INT. BMW.

The brakes slam on. Jason tries to keep the car in line. Holly is alternating between SOBBING and RAGE.

GPS/ROID  
Holly, get out. Right now.

JASON  
No, let me out! I want to get out!

Jason's belt tightens and he is pressed against his seat.

Holly tries her door and it OPENS. She grabs her purse and jumps out of the car.

Jason gives an anemic wave. She gives him the FINGER.

EXT. BMW.

Holly's barely out of the car when the door slams shut and the car takes off. And just like that Holly is alone in the middle of nowhere.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

FREDERICK  
You let her go!?

ROID

Don't worry, we've got it wired.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD. HIGHWAY 80

The SILENCE is a bit overwhelming as is the beautiful landscape.

Holly's face is streaked with tears. She throws her handbag over her shoulders and stomps away. She starts to talk, almost shout gesturing with her hands.

HOLLY

God, are you listening? God! I prayed, I meditated. I meditated sitting, standing and walking. Vipasana, the rosary, Yoga retreat. I listened, not to my head but to my heart. And my heart said 'go'. Go to New Zealand this is the one. I heard you, definitely, GO...

ANGLE on: The deer hunters, Cliff and Peter walking beside the road toward Holly. They SEE Holly but she does not see them.

POV: Deer Hunters: Holly is walking along gesturing as she looks up to the sky.

CLIFF

Think she's one of the actors?

PETER

Must be.

ANGLE on: Holly plops down beside the road and puts her head in her hands. She is crying so hard she doesn't hear the men approaching.

CLIFF

You OK?

Holly looks up toward the voice. Through her tears she SEES Cliff backlit by the sun. With the light behind him and the antlers on his back he looks like an angel. Holly tries to gain focus and then sees the dark red blood dripping from the back pack and the large rifle.

Holly SCREAMS and tries to get up to run but instead falls and rolls backward into the ditch.

Cliff holds out his hand to her. She reaches for it. Holly sees that her angel is an exceptionally good looking man.

HOLLY

Poor deer.

CLIFF

Yea, but it feeds us for a few months. You okay? What's the movie?

HOLLY

What?

CLIFF

The movie that they're filming with the cars or is it a commercial?

HOLLY

No, no, no... These cars, it's a race, they won't let us stop... and...

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW PAVED ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT

The camera swoops down on a peloton of serious BICYCLISTS and continues down the road to the Jaguar (Max and Oscar) driving toward the bikers.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

ROID

Your boys are in luck, Paolo - a peloton - bicyclists! That's an additional 120 points. Go get em, mate.

Paolo again hesitates. Roid looks around and sees that Sioux is not near by.

ROID (CONT'D)

Snooze, you lose Paolo.

He muscles in on Paolo and takes control.

ROID (CONT'D)

Max-a-billion. Now is your time to shine.

INT. JAGUAR.

Max is weary from the alcohol and craziness. Oscar is madly shaking his leg, he still has to pee, badly.

GPS/ROID  
See those bikers up ahead?

Max sees them but does not respond.

GPS/ROID (CONT'D)  
SEE them?!

MAX  
Yes!

GPS/ROID  
Well, get 'em, get them all.

MAX  
What? You mean, run into them?

GPS/ROID  
Yes, Max, or I'll flip you like a  
gymnast.

Max and Oscar look at each other wildly.

MAX  
I can't do that!

GPS/ROID  
You have to Max or you and your  
young lover are dead.

MAX  
No!

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

ROID activates a STEERING OVERRIDE, he steers the car.

LILY  
Hey! We don't touch the steering!

ROID  
Watch and learn you annoying little  
skirt.

INT. JAGUAR. SAME TIME.

Max tries to turn the wheel but can't.

MAX  
I can't steer.

Oscar, thin and agile slips out from the shoulder harness of the seat belt. His lap belt is still on.

He leans out his window and SCREAMS. Max HONKS the horn.

OSCAR  
(screaming)  
Get off the road! We are out of  
control. Get off the road!  
Aaaahhhhh.

EXT. NARROW PAVED ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The bikes ricochet into the ditch and the car narrowly misses them as it skids along the side of the road.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

RoID is livid.

ROID  
You little shit, Oscar!

Roid SLAMS the KILL button.

INT. JAGUAR. SAME TIME.

Oscar is still leaning out the window - TWO KNIFE BLADES EJECT out of the back of his seat.

Oscar FREEZES. Max and Oscar look at each other. This is not a game anymore.

Max thinks, then starts SCREAMING.

MAX  
Oh man, oh man, oh man. He's dead!  
There's blood all over the place.  
Aaaaghhhh. Aaaagh. Get him off  
me, I gotta get him off me. Stop  
the car, I gotta get him off me!

Oscar looks at him in bewilderment. Max motions him - quiet!

MAX (CONT'D)  
Oh, oh I'm gonna be sick!

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

ROID  
(screams into headset)  
QUIET! You little FUCK!

The room stops and everyone looks at RoID.

INT. JAGUAR.

The car abruptly STOPS.

MAX  
His SEATBELT! Unlock the seat  
belt.

Oscar's seat belt snaps open. Max points up to the helicopter.

Oscar rolls out of the car as if he were dead.

Max's seat belt slams him back against the seat. The door SLAMS shut. The car accelerates.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Paolo gets in Roid's face.

PAOLO  
This kid's fried now, completely  
useless to me.

RoID waves a waitress over and takes a shot from the tray. The girl starts to walk away, he grabs her thigh roughly and pulls her back for another shot. He leans toward the group of controllers.

ROID  
Shit, Paolo, you're a pussy!  
(to the controllers)  
You all prove to me what you can do  
and just maybe you'll be on my next  
project. This girl-gig is nothing  
compared to what I...

Sioux glides up to the controller's pods, she looks at Roid as she speaks.

SIOUX  
Everything OK here?

LILY  
No!

PAOLO  
No.

ROID  
Yes.

SIOUX  
NO. It's clearly not.

A large overhead MONITOR shows a helicopter shot of Oscar lying still on the side of the road.

ANGLE on: Sioux -- We get our first real good look at the true mastermind of this operation. Sioux is the quintessential all-American girl. Behind the mid-Western open face, blue eyes, blonde hair and wide smile is a powerhouse of brains, beauty and cruelty.

Sioux takes off the cocktail apron, revealing a very fit body immaculately clothed. She shakes out her hair and walks to the platform, looking down on the small crowd.

ANGLE on: THE GROUP sees Sioux, first a HUSH, then WHISPERS and then APPLAUSE.

LILY  
(in awe)  
Holy Shit! You're, you're here?

She rises to shake Sioux's hand.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, Sioux! You're my idol!  
I can't believe I get to meet  
you... You're, you're brilliant.

SIOUX  
Don't fawn.

Lily, chagrined, sits back down.

Paolo is shocked and slightly panicked. He starts to sneeze into his headset, but Sioux's too close to the controllers.

Sioux puts her hands on RoID's neck and shoulders and gives him a gentle massage.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
Time to take a break Roid, darling.

She steps out to address the room.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

You all know how important the purity of the game is to me? Tennis - Davydenko, Betfaire, then the Italians - who can trust it? Football - 2002, AFC PLAYOFFS "the tuck rule?" Ridiculous! Super Bowl XL - the Seahawks obviously had that touchdown! And please don't get me started on the NBA. May it rest in peace.

(smiles at RoID)

We are the only pure sport left.

LILY

(nodding vigorously)

No one knows the drivers until we begin.

She moves back to RoID. She leans in so only he can hear.

SIOUX

Management does not "steer" or interfere in any way to adjust the odds. Why do you think the buy-in is a ten million? Idiot! We make our money on the vig.

Sioux hits a pressure point and he collapses. She motions to two LARGE BOUNCERS/BODYGUARDS.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

(quietly to bodyguards)

Get rid of him. Put the body in the pile-up.

(to the room)

Set-ups will start soon. Everyone enjoy ... drinks on the house.

Sioux heads in the small crowd.

ANGLE ON: THE CROWD as it surrounds her. We hear various congratulations, awe and adulation. A PATRON pulls out a cel phone to take a picture.

Quick as lightening Sioux snatches the phone and tosses it to one of the BODYGUARDS.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

No pictures!

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW PAVED ROAD. MOMENTS LATER

Oscar waits until the chopper is far away and then he gets up and relieves himself. He zips and runs back in the direction of the fallen bikers.

The camera stays stationary on this frame. We see the beautiful, tranquil countryside. A rabbit hops into shot and hops out again.

Oscar rides a bike through frame, the same direction as Max's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 AS IT NEARS HIGHWAY 8. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Audi (Sam/Nate), BMW (Jason), and Lexus (Alan/Rebecca) are racing, their Controllers try different maneuvers to manipulate the odds.

The BMW takes the lead mainly because Frederick has only this one car to control.

The Audi is a close second and the Lexus falls behind.

INT. LEXUS

The twins' crying and fretting is turning into a HOWL. Little Josh throws up on Izzy.

ALAN

GPS! Can you roll the windows down please! Josh just threw up?! The smell is making us all sick. Can't you see what's going on?

LIVE CAMERA FEED - LEXUS - ON ALAN

Alan is sweating, maximum stress.

GPS/LILY (V.O.)

I can only see your pretty face, Alan.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

The kids are driving Lily nuts too.

LILY

You signed on to parenthood - deal  
with it.

She rolls down their windows and moves her focus to the Mercedes.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 AS IT NEARS CATTLE CROSSING. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The BMW and Audi pull much further ahead of the Lexus.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HIGH ANGLE.

It's milking time and the O'CONNELL'S are bringing the COWS in. The herd of about 150 approaches their crossing on Hwy 80. This is something they do at the same time, morning and night, 365 days a year.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux sees the helicopter shot of the cows approaching the road.

SIOUX

(to controllers)

It's milking time 'trollers. Can  
we avoid road kill this time,  
please?

LIVE FEED - BMW - ON JASON

Jason is completely stressed out trying to keep control of his car and his mind. He SEES the cows up ahead, they approach the road, it looks like they are not going to stop.

INT. BMW

Jason lays on the HORN.

POV: Jason. He passes the first COW that is about to step on to the road. The Cow looks at Jason and this split second feels like slow motion for both of them. If the cow could talk she would be saying 'Asshole'.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING

The BMW and Audi go flying past the cattle just before they start to cross.

The cows just don't notice -- they just want a bit of hay and some udder relief.

EXT. LOWER ROAD OFF HIGHWAY 80. SAME TIME.

Tane and Lindsay are galloping along on a lower road that parallel's Hwy 80.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING.

Tane and Lindsay slow down to a trot as they approach the cattle crossing. They have to stop. The cattle walk six to eight abreast across the road.

A car approaches behind them, at speed.

INT. LEXUS

Alan sees the cows, Lindsay and Tane up ahead.

ALAN

Stop! There are cows everywhere!!  
If we hit one at this speed...  
BRAKE!!

Rebecca thinks fast reaches over for his cell phone. She pushes the RECORD APP and begins to RECORD the twins crying.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Lily stressed, slams on the brakes.

LILY

Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING. SAME TIME

The Lexus screeches to a halt, the grill literally touches a cow's flank.

Rebecca furiously waves Lindsay and Tane them over. They jump off the horse and run to the car.

The car keeps moving, edging through the herd.

Rebecca points to the kids and mouths 'out.' Lindsay waves Tane to the other side. They fast walk alongside the car and put their upper bodies through the back windows.

It's a jumble of human rear ends and legs intermingling with cow's heads and hooves and bodies as they pull the kids out.

Suddenly Lindsay and Tane HEAR the helicopter approaching. They carrying the kids amongst the cattle, hidden with the herd.

Rebecca tosses the baby bag out her window, hitting a cow square in the face.

The car edges out of the herd and takes off at full throttle. The helicopter banks off.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

LILY

Pick up your game, Alan!

She closes the windows and tightens the seat belts.

INT. LEXUS

Rebecca grabs his iPhone and presses the play button. He places the phone by the GPS. We hear the twins CRYING.

REBECCA

The kids will be safer outside this car. We have to win, Alan... We have to get home.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING. SAME TIME

Lindsay and Tane move out from the herd as the last few cows cross. Lindsay slips on a fresh cow pie, almost dropping Izzy.

MICK, tending the cattle, comes up behind the last cow on his quad bike.

TANE

Hey, Mick.

MICK

Hey. What ya' got there Tan...

LINDSAY

(interrupting)

Do you have a landline, home phone, close?

MICK

Home phone.

LINDSAY

I need to use it, now! Please.

MICK

Not working, been down since 'bout midday. All 'round here.

LINDSAY

Satellite phone?

MICK

Naw. Just radios.

Mick lifts up his walkie talkie. Lindsay looks at Tane.

LINDSAY

(frustrated)

So, where IS this uncle with the Sat phone?!

Tane POINTS. Sure enough Cliff, Holly and Peter come driving up in Cliff's modern but well worn Ford pickup truck. Lindsay hands Izzy off to Tane and walks toward the truck.

Cliff jumps out followed by Holly and Peter.

ANGLE on Cliff and Peter who nod to Mick.

PETER

Hey Mick, pretty dry out there huh.

MICK

Yea, pretty dry. Milk's still comin' though.

CLIFF AND PETER

Good.

Mick finds it a bit odd to have all these people around. He looks at everyone.

MICK

Well, it's startin' to feel like the city out here. Best get to milking.

Mick starts to takes off. Tane stops him.

TANE

Any chance Jillian and the girls can baby sit for a few hours?

Lindsay hesitates.

TANE (CONT'D)  
We can't bring 'em. Jillie sits for  
the whole town.

MICK  
Sure.

Mick holds out his arms for the kids. With one kid on each knee and his arms supporting them, he takes off after the cattle, the kids giggling in delight.

Lindsay goes up to Cliff and puts out her hand. Cliff shakes.

LINDSAY  
Cliff?

Cliff nods.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Tane says you have a sat phone? I  
need it, please.

CLIFF  
Yep - you part of this crazy car  
story...  
(motions to Holly)  
... this beautiful lady is talking  
about?

Cliff goes to his truck. Lindsay takes Nate's Droid out of her bag. Cliff swings THE BLOODY BACKPACK out of the truck bed. It plops on the ground with a kind of wet sandbag thud, the BUCK'S HEAD rolls off.

Cliff pulls the phone out of the backpack. It's in a plastic bag covered with blood.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Got a bit covered...  
(hands it to Lindsay)  
Got a signal.

Lindsay pulls up the info on the Droid and calls the number Nate gave her.

LINDSAY  
(into phone)  
Hello, Hello! I have the  
information from Nate in New  
Zealand...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL ROOM, WHITE HAT'S CURRENT ABODE.

SHANE, a 30 something scruffy type, answers on a headset. He is surrounded by computers monitoring the net. A few "WHITE HAT" HACKERS are with him.

SHANE

IP and GPS coordinates? Wired or wireless?

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING.

Cliff and Tane stand near Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Wireless! IP 463778-143321 / GPS latitude minus 44.7, Longitude 169.15.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL ROOM. SAME TIME.

SHANE

That's the server location.

Shane rapidly disseminates the data coordinates across multiple computers to launch the cyber strike.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Listen, you need to tell Nate that we traced "Sioux" to the operation. This is extremely important.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING. SAME TIME.

Lindsay is talking to Shane. She has the others crowded around her, listening.

LINDSAY

Sue? Sure.

SHANE (V.O.)

That's critical! We'll do what we can now, but her firewalls are always a bitch.

Lindsay hangs up.

LINDSAY

(to Peter and Cliff)  
We need the local police, now!

PETER  
Here, I'll do it for you.

Peter takes the phone and dials out.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
...the cattle crossing at Highway  
80 - and...  
(looking at Lindsay)  
... It's an emergency!

LINDSAY  
Thanks!

Lindsay radio's Nate.

INT. AUDI

Nate is working on dismantling Sam's seat belt. His seat belt is undone. He answers the walkie talkie.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING. SAME TIME.

LINDSAY  
Sam OK?

NATE  
(from walkie talkie)  
Yes, did you get to Shane?

LINDSAY  
He has all the data. Wanted me to tell you something about a "Sue" running the operation?

INT. AUDI

Nate stops what he is doing. Sam looks stressed.

NATE  
Shit!

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
What?

NATE  
This complicates everything.

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
What do you mean?

NATE  
(deep breath)  
Sioux is ... a legend... A  
chimera... Shit! No one has seen  
her for years. She is quantum to  
our calculus.  
(realizing)  
Of course. She is the only one who  
could have designed this. (beat)  
This is bad.

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
Nate, just take care of Sam. I've  
got it covered with the local cops.

Sam motions for the radio. Nate holds it close to her.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SAM AND LINDSAY:

SAM  
Lindsay? I, I ...

LINDSAY  
What Sam, what is it?

SAM  
I just want to hear your voice.

LINDSAY  
Sam, stay strong...

SAM  
I know.

LINDSAY  
We've survived tough things before.

SAM  
I know.

LINDSAY  
You were stronger than me when she  
died.

SAM  
It was really hard.

LINDSAY  
I know, and I'm sorry... I'm sorry  
I didn't stick around for you Sam.

SAM

I had my games... When I play I'm smart, aggressive, a winner... Like you.

LINDSAY

You're perfect right now, Sam... you don't need the games. Look at you... driving for real. And doing great! I couldn't have done that at your age, no way.

Sam smiles.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I love you, Samster.

INT. AUDI (FULL SCREEN)

Nate talks into the walkie talkie.

NATE

We need to concentrate on driving now, Lindsay.  
(to Sam)  
Drive.

Sam collects herself, gives Nate a cheeky smile.

SAM

Dismantle.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING.

A POLICE CAR comes barrelling up to the group.

LINDSAY

Thank God!

The local constable, TRIGGER, gets out of the car. He has his hand on his gun noticed by Cliff, Peter and Tane.

CLIFF

Hey. Where's Freddy?

TRIGGER

Oh, ahhh... couldn't make it today.

LINDSAY

(runs up to Trigger)  
Officer, I was with the FBI!

TRIGGER

What?

CLIFF

Since when are you guys wearing guns?

PETER

I heard something at the bar about a trial period for firearms in Wanaka.

TRIGGER

(gets official)

There's been illegal car racing reported and I need to pick up a woman named Holly who was in one of the cars.

Holly clutches Cliff's arm. Lindsay steps forward before Holly gets a chance to respond.

LINDSAY

Look, I was in one of the cars too... this is a snuff race... I need to find my sister... now!

Suddenly the POLICE RADIO is heard.

POLICE RADIO

We need you immediately at the intersection at Gurler Road and Highway 80. Code 10-60!

Trigger jumps in the car and points for Lindsay to get in the back. She quickly tosses the Droid and Satellite phone to Cliff.

LINDSAY

If they find the location, call it in...

She runs around and gets into the front seat of the car. Trigger pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

CLOSE UP: The main computer screen flickers and freezes.

ANT, first seen as Car Rental Agent #2, punches sequences to right the issue.

The screen is restored to normal for a beat. Then breaks up again.

The Controllers struggle to manipulate their consoles.

Sioux moves over to Ant and takes over his keyboards.

SCREENS start to flicker, then restore again.

ANGLE on: Paolo SNEEZES into his mic.

PAOLO  
Strike one in progress.

LIVE FEED CAMERA - AUDI - ON SAM (IN BASEBALL HAT)

Sam grins. It's almost over.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 CATTLE CROSSING

Cliff, Pete, Holly and Tane watch the cop car take off. Cliff motions everyone to get into the truck.

Tane takes the bridle off his horse, turns him toward home with a slap on the rump. Enjoying his freedom the horse shakes his head, gives a buck and heads to the barn.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

The monitors continue to flicker.

ANGLE on: Ant who is typing furiously on the keyboard. Sioux stands over him, calm and focussed.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIGGER'S POLICE CAR

Lindsay checks out the inside as they drive away from the cattle crossing.

LINDSAY  
How much do you know? I can brief  
you...

RADIO/SIOUX  
(breaks in)  
Find the Jaguar, there's a problem.

LINDSAY

The Jaguar is involved! It's an  
XKR! Two young males are  
driving...

RADIO/SIOUX

At the T section... about 1.5  
miles. Move it!

Trigger floors the car, throwing Lindsay back in her seat.

EXT. NARROW PAVED SIDE ROAD LEADING TO HIGHWAY 8.

The Jaguar drives at high speed. Max is barely managing to  
keep it together.

Suddenly SIRENS, LIGHTS and there's A POLICE CAR on his tail.  
Max freaks.

GPS/PAOLO

Pull over, Max! Pull over and do  
as the cop says. Please!

Max does not pull over.

GPS/PAOLO (CONT'D)

Stop Max or I'm going to have to  
make you.

MAX

No, just leave me alone!

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux, annoyed as screens are still flickering, moves over to  
Paolo and talks into his mic.

SIOUX

(icy cold)  
Max, don't make me stop you, you  
know it won't be pretty.

EXT. PAVED ROAD LEADING TO HIGHWAY 8. ON JAGUAR.

Max reluctantly pulls over, the car stops.

ANGLE on: Max rests his head on the steering wheel, visibly  
shaken.

FREDDY, the hearty young female constable, walks up to the window.

CONSTABLE FREDDY

Young man! Do you have any idea how fast you were going? You'll get someone killed! Let me see your license. You look like you should barely be on your learners.

Fighting back tears, Max rummages around trying to find his backpack and wallet.

MAX

(feebly)  
But, we're in this game...

CONSTABLE FREDDY

(snaps)  
I don't want to hear any excuses!

INT. TRIGGER'S POLICE CAR. SAME TIME.

RADIO/SIOUX

Trigger, did you get Holly? Have you found the Jaguar?

TRIGGER picks up the police radio.

TRIGGER

Yes. The car is in sight.

RADIO/SIOUX

Remember to report in!

Lindsay looks at Trigger.

LINDSAY

Trigger!?

Trigger pats his gun.

EXT. PAVED SIDE ROAD LEADING TO HIGHWAY 8. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Jaguar is at the side of the road with the cop car parked behind it. In the distance the Trigger's car approaches.

EXT. PAVED SIDE ROAD LEADING TO HIGHWAY 8.

Freddy takes the fake license from Max and walks to her car.

She sees the other cop car pull up and yells out to Trigger.

FREDDY  
Hey, I didn't call for backup.

ANGLE on: Trigger gets out of the car and walks toward her.

Freddy sits in her car checking on Max's license and car.  
Trigger approaches Freddy on her side of the car.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
He's under age, speeding and has  
most likely been drinking...

Trigger pulls out his gun and SHOOTS her point blank!

ANGLE on: Lindsay - she's shocked! She frantically looks  
around the car for any kind of weapon.

ANGLE on: The Jaguar burns rubber and Max is gone.

Trigger looks back at Lindsay with a smile.

TRIGGER  
Trigger happy.

ANGLE on: A surprisingly vast number of RABBITS hopping in  
the field near the police car (NZ has a rabbit problem).

Trigger notices this and he happily shoots away at the  
rabbits, killing at least six as he trots back to the car.

Trigger opens the driver door.

SUDDENLY A LEG shoots out and KICKS him right in the chest,  
but, Trigger is able to grab it and pull Lindsay out of the  
car landing her hard on the road. Lindsay is stunned. A  
Taser falls off his belt. She tries to grab it.

TRIGGER (CONT'D)  
Bitch.

Trigger yanks her roughly over the asphalt and reaches for  
the Taser but Lindsay shakes him off and barely gets it  
first, getting a quick shot off! It hits his arm and he lets  
go of her leg. Trigger reaches for his gun but his arm is  
still shaking from the Taser. Lindsay jolts him again.  
Trigger fires. Lindsay jumps back and keeps tasing until  
he convulses.

She grabs his gun and dives in the cop car.

INT. TRIGGER'S POLICE CAR.

Lindsay slams the door but realizes there is no key.

EXT. TRIGGER'S POLICE CAR.

Lindsay tries to retrieve the keys from Trigger's pocket. Suddenly, he grabs her hand and they fight over the keys until Lindsay is able to give him one more jolt. She gets the keys and gets in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8: ON THE JAGUAR, THE MERCEDES. HELICOPTER SHOT

The Mercedes (Fishermen) turns onto Hwy 8 from the gravel road, leaving a huge plume of dust in its wake.

CLOSE UP on the back end of the Mercedes as it drives off. Fluid is leaking from the gas tank and leaving a trail of gasoline on the asphalt.

A quarter mile ahead is the Jaguar (Max), peeling onto Hwy 8 from the paved side road.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM.

Lily slams the acceleration on the Mercedes.

LILY  
Beat that kid.

EXT. MERCEDES

The car accelerates and bangs into the back of the Jaguar.

LIVE CAMERA FEED - JAGUAR - ON MAX

Max is jolted hard by the bump, he starts to freak.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAVED ROAD LEADING TO HIGHWAY 8. FREDDY'S POLICE CAR

Trigger regains consciousness, staggers over and drag's Freddy's lifeless body out of the car, leaving a trail of blood.

He gets some of Freddy's blood on his hands and sleeve. This really disgusts him. He whips off his shirt and wipes his hands somewhat compulsively.

Finally, he speeds off after Lindsay.

EXT. PAVED ROAD LEADING TO HIGHWAY 8. - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE on: Oscar approaching from a distance.

Freddy's body lies in an awkward clump on the road.

Oscar rides up closer on his bike. He gets off and just stares at Freddy's body.

ANGLE on: Freddy's body. A dead body is both fascinating and terrifying.

Oscar, mesmerized doesn't notice the approaching pickup.

ANGLE on: Cliff's truck comes to a quick halt by Oscar. Cliff and Peter jump out.

Cliff checks Freddy's vitals, nothing. He and Peter gently pick her up and put her on the side of the road.

Holly puts her arm around Oscar.

Sat phone RINGS: Cliff answers.

CLIFF  
(into phone)  
Slow down, mate ... That's bad...  
What's the actual address of the  
coordinates? Yea, I know the place.

Cliff hangs up.

PETER  
What was that about?

CLIFF  
They don't know if that "cyber"  
plan worked?

Cliff points to Tane to get in the back of the truck.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Their base is that old brewery  
outside Wanaka. We're going to  
check it out.

PETER

Come on mate, don't get involved with this. You'll put Tane, everyone in danger.

CLIFF

Tane can handle ten men!

PETER

Cliff, just leave it alone. It's not our business.

CLIFF

Yes it is, Peter.

PETER

Then lets get the authorities out here.

CLIFF

Okay.

Cliff hands him the sat phone.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Call them. We'll meet them there.

Peter takes the phone and steps away to make the call. Cliff helps Holly and Oscar into the back, followed by Tane.

He and Peter climb into the truck and pull out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 PAST T SECTION OF PAVED ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT.

We see the Jaguar and the Mercedes about a mile apart along the road in the beautiful Canterbury landscape. It is looking even more majestic in the early evening light.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux types in a few commands.

SIOUX

(addressing the in-house  
and online players)

The moment you've all been waiting for. Set-ups! First team - the Jaguar vs.

(MORE)

SIOUX (CONT'D)

the Mercedes - let's see how sweet  
teen Max handles this! Very low  
odds on the junior here. Probably  
right.

She watches Paolo closely. He's sweating but puts on the gas  
in the Jaguar.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 ON: THE MERCEDES & THE JAGUAR. HELICOPTER  
SHOT.

The Mercedes races ahead of the Jaguar. A steep cliff on one  
side and sheer rock on the other.

EXT. HWY 8: ON THE JAGUAR.

The Jaguar hits some loose gravel and skids sideways for a  
time, Max almost loses control but manages to straighten it  
out. This slows him down and he has fallen further behind the  
Mercedes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux is watching the action.

SIOUX  
Spice this up Lily!

Lily examines her screen.

LILY  
We're turning around gentlemen.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HIGH ANGLE/LOW ANGLE.

HIGH ANGLE on the Mercedes, it does an amazing 360 at speed  
and takes off in the opposite direction.

LOW ANGLE on the rear of the car, the gasoline leak is more  
pronounced.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Mercedes approaches a narrow portion of the road which  
has been cut out of the hillside, there is sheer rock face on  
both sides.

Suddenly the Mercedes loses power, rolls to a STOP, out of  
gas. A LINE OF GASOLINE trails the car.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

LILY

Shit!

Lily frantically works her controls. Sioux comes and stands behind her.

SIOUX

What is going on?

LILY

Out of gas!

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HELICOPTER SHOT

The Jaguar speeds around the bend approaching the stalled Mercedes. It sits at an angle making it impossible to drive past on either side.

INT. JAGUAR

MAX

Put on the brakes! Please!

INT. CONTROL ROOM. SAME TIME.

SIOUX

Don't you dare slow that boy down,  
Paolo.

Sioux is thrilled to see what happens.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HELICOPTER SHOT

The Jaguar is rushing right toward the Mercedes, impact is imminent! Max tries to steer around. His bumper scrapes the granite, sending sparks everywhere. The gasoline on the road ignites!

INT. JAGUAR

Max stares at his certain demise. ON his SCREAM:

The Mercedes EXPLODES!

EXT. HIGHWAY 8

The Jaguar speeds through the debris of shattered glass, sheet metal and fire.

Floating all around his car is fly fishing paraphernalia. The lovely feathered fly fishing lures float in slow motion onto Max's windshield.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

The graph for the Jaguar lights up. The Mercedes disappears from the board. There are six car's left.

SIOUX

Well, well, well - who ever bet the kid certainly cleaned up.

Paolo is visibly relieved.

Lily re-engages with the Lexus, her only car left.

ANGLE on: The main screens flickering again, the numbers are fluctuating and scrambling.

The crowd mutters and stares at the screens. There is a lot of money at stake.

ANGLE on: Sioux back at the terminal that Ant is working on. She focuses on the CODE. Realizing something, she smiles and moves Ant out of the way. Her fingers fly over the keys.

ANGLE on: The screens, the numbers start to make sense again, the helicopter image comes back up. All of the screens are restored to normal.

ANGLE on: Sioux who gives out a hearty LAUGH.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

Oh Nate... really?

Sioux addresses the crowd in the game room.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

Attention everyone, this... is what amateur looks like.

ANGLE on: The big screen -- GRAPHICS of the attempted hack code. The screen goes to black, the black morphs into an image of a a black fedora hat on a white background.

The crowd cheers.

ANGLE on Sioux: She hears Paolo SNEEZE twice, and adjusts her headset to hear clearer.

Paolo is not aware of Sioux watching him.

INT. TRIGGER'S COP CAR - LINDSAY DRIVING

Lindsay radio's Nate on the walkie talkie as she drives.

LINDSAY  
Nate, is Sam OK? Did it work?

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Nate continues working on Sam's seat belt. Sam tries the breaks. They burn rubber. Nate tries a door. Still locked in.

NATE  
Sam's fine but the strike wasn't successful, no.

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
Shit! And they've gotten to the local cops.

Nate releases Sam's seat belt.

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR. SAME TIME.

Lindsay grips Trigger's gun.

LINDSAY  
Nate, tell me the location.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Nate and Sam are about to switch places. Nate reaches over to the camera and does a slight adjustment. Then, at high speed Nate and Sam do a rather graceful switching of seats putting Nate in the drivers seat. He puts on the baseball hat.

LINDSAY (V.O.)  
Where is the location Nate?!

GPS/SIOUX  
(breaks in)  
Nate? Nate? Are you out there?

Nate is stunned.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux grins triumphantly.

SIOUX

(into headset)

Nate! Nathaniel?! I know its you!  
Its been forever! How have you  
been? That little "hack attack" or  
whatever you wanted to call it...  
had your fingerprints all over it.  
Didn't I teach you anything? I'm  
actually embarrassed.

(a beat)

Oh no, is Shane still talking about  
"White Hats" to you all?

She walks behind Paolo. He tenses.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

It just takes me back to those days  
in The Valley...

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR. SAME TIME.

Lindsay can hear everything Sioux is saying.

LINDSAY

(into walkie talkie)

What the hell? You know her?

LIVE CAMERA FEED - AUDI - ON NATE

We see only a partial image (mostly the NYU cap) on Nate, due  
to the camera repositioning.

INT. AUDI

NATE

(to GPS)

Hello, Annie. I wish I could say  
it was nice to hear your voice  
again.

SAM

You know her?

NATE

Annie Straus. Youngest woman to  
get a doctorate from the MIT Media  
Lab...

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux TAKES CONTROL of the Audi from Paolo and gives it gas.

SIOUX  
(snaps)  
Youngest PERSON...

ON MAP SCREEN We see the car race forward towards a map of incredibly curvy roads.

ANGLE on: The video betting boards. The bars start to jump on the Audi - the global gambling elite clearly favor Lindsay.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
(noticing the board)  
Well well, Nate - looks like you  
and your FBI friend are leading the  
odds...

Goes to her keyboard. The Audi and the BMW (Jason) dominate the screens.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
Finally, our signature Death  
Race... The bet is on who survives  
the longest.  
(into headset)  
I'm not betting on you, Lindsay  
Clark.

ANGLE on: Large screen showing the details of this competition. The LIVE FEED's of Jason and "Lindsay" (partial image of Nate in hat) in the Audi. Lights flicker with online bettors managing the odds.

GAMBLERS quickly line up to place bets and watch the action.

ANGLE on: Paolo trying to mask his concern as Sioux gives him back the control.

ANGLE on: Frederick who pumps his fist - psyched to be selected.

FREDERICK  
(to Paolo)  
You know the controller gets 15% of  
the take on this one.  
(yells to the room)  
I'll fuckin' bury you!!!

ANGLE on: The screen - odds dramatically favor the Audi.

ANGLE on: Frederick pounds his console in frustration. He starts to get out of the chair and come after Paolo.

SIOUX

Frederick, calm down, its scaring the patrons, you idiot. Even if you lose you still get paid. Odds may favor Clark but the final result is the quality of the fatality. Use the terrain - win!

Frederick brings his map to the front of his screen and begins to design his race against Paolo.

Paolo does the same.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

(smiling to Paolo)

I sure hope your girl lives up to everyone's expectations

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The BMW and Audi rocket through the scenery.

INT. BMW.

Jason is bleary eyed but keeping up with the racing.

GPS/FREDERICK

Jason, my friend. We're going to go on a little adventure.

LIVE FEED CAMERA - BMW - ON JASON

JASON

(pleads with the camera)

No, just let me out. I have money. I can pay you...

INT. BMW.

GPS/FREDERICK

There's not enough money, Jason, - there never is. Don't worry, it will be over soon.

JASON

I need to call my wife.

GPS/FREDERICK

I can get a message to her Jason.  
Something like, "Didn't work out  
with the girlfriend. Missing you.  
Be home soon."

JASON

Fuck you.

GPS/FREDERICK

Now now, off we go.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 AND OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT.

Suddenly the BMW veers off onto Old Iron Bridge Road near Oamarah. The road is poorly paved and makes for a bumpy ride. The BMW picks up speed.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

The GPS sneezes.

GPS/PAOLO

This is it, Nate.

Nate glances over at Sam who picks up on his fear.

NATE

Hang on.

Sam grasps the locket and the door.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Audi and BMW race at ridiculous speeds. The Audi starts out behind but pulls up next to the BMW. They share a very narrow road yet manage to stay parallel with each other, bumping sides.

GPS/SIOUX (V.O.)

Nate, are you and your new  
girlfriend having fun?

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD.

The OLD IRON BRIDGE at the end of Iron Bridge Road straddles an estuary. It is an old iron bridge (go figure) that has been around 50 years, but is still sturdy as a tank.

NATE (V.O.)  
Annie...

SIOUX (V.O.)  
Never say that name!

INT. BMW. SAME TIME.

Jason freaks.

JASON  
I can't control it!

GPS/FREDERICK  
Speed kills!

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD. HIGH ANGLE SHOT.

The bridge has been barricaded with wooden planks to keep cars from driving over it. We see why -- almost all the wood has rotted away on the bridge and all that is left is the metal beams that support the bridge.

INT. BMW. SAME TIME.

Jason's POV: of the Old Iron Bridge, it is a one lane bridge with a wooden barricade in front of it. Jason does not know what to do - through the barricade or off the side into the river?

JASON  
No!

The bridge is getting closer. The ominous metal truss looms large!

LIVE FEED CAMERA - BMW - ON JASON

Jason, at a complete loss, surrenders and CLOSES HIS EYES.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD. LOW ANGLE HELICOPTER SHOT.

Jason's car hits the corner of the bridge. The impact sends the car AIRBORNE and into an 360 degree spin. The weight of the engine puts the car into A PERFECT DIVE.

The car HITS the water. The tide is out. A sickening thud. The car gets slowly sucked into the mud. With only the rear of the car visible it looks like a duck searching for food under the water.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME.

Sam is terrified. Nate has no alternative but to go over the bridge. He smashes through the wooden barricade. He has to react very quickly to stay on the metal beams.

NATE'S POV: The wood splinters fly as Nate bursts through the barricade, we see two narrow beams and the mud/water below. Nate manages to balance the car on the beams.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD. HELICOPTER SHOT.

The Audi stays on the beams and burst through the barricade on the other side. With barely time to breath the car accelerates and heads into some rather treacherous curves.

Nate squeals around tight curves, tipping to two wheels along a steep cliff, then manages to right itself and stay on the road. It feels like a miracle after every turn.

NATE

Jesus, Annie! What the hell happened to you?

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

ANGLE on Sioux watching the action, talking in her headset.

SIOUX

Oh Nate, it just got so boring. Boring boring boring. A lot like you.

NATE (V.O.)

What?

SIOUX

Everything was virtual, anonymous. I hacked all of the online betting sites one month, they're supposed to be the toughest, and no one even knew.

ANGLE on: Paolo slips a hand under the console and disconnects a wire.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME

Nate focuses on his driving. Sam is in shock.

GPS/SIOUX  
I needed something visceral, real.

NATE  
Car crashes...

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

Sioux walks back and forth behind the controllers, proudly surveying her kingdom and the crowd.

SIOUX  
Everyone loves motor sports! The  
Google Driverless Car project  
inspired me.

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR. SAME TIME

Lindsay's been listening to the whole exchange.

LINDSAY  
(into walkie talkie)  
Google? What the fu...

EXT. GOOGLE CAMPUS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - TWO YEARS EARLIER

Sioux, aka, Annie Straus, dressed for success, is greeted warmly by several EXECUTIVES and other cohorts.

SIOUX (V.O.)  
Sergey had begged me to come work  
with them... for years. I paid a  
visit but they were even more  
boring than you and Shane.

INT. GOOGLE BUILDING - NIGHT

Several Driverless Car prototypes in various states of disarray. Annie and some PROGRAMMERS sit at computer consoles typing furiously. She focuses on pages of code, then smiles warmly at the programmer next to her. He is charmed.

SIOUX (V.O.)  
So I took the IP for their  
driverless cars... made it better,  
of course, and then put drivers  
back in.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

Sioux is watching Paolo very closely. He has to keep the pressure on the Audi.

SIOUX

This is all so tactile. And, I love the surprise of an unexpected winner! Or you, turning up out of nowhere!

INT. AUDI

Sam is being flung around the careening car.

SAM

Slow down, slow down... please!

GPS/SIOUX

Oh, toughen up Lindsay Clark, you're obviously not FBI material!

SAM

(snaps)  
I'm not Lindsay!

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR. SAME TIME.

Lindsay reacts sharply as Sam reveals herself.

NATE

(through the walkie  
talkie)  
Lindsay, buy us some time.

Lindsay picks up the internal police car's two-way radio.

LINDSAY

(into the radio)  
Annie? Annie do you copy?! You say like surprises...

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

On Sioux, picking up the police radio.

SIOUX

Lindsay Clark! There you are!

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR. SAME TIME.

LINDSAY

We're coming for you, Annie...  
Looks like you didn't have  
everything figured out. What is  
this? The revenge of a chubby geek  
girl that didn't get asked to prom?

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

SIOUX

(laughs)

Are you trying to "profile" me?  
Well, I was valedictorian and prom  
queen... when I was 15. And of  
course I was never held as a baby,  
and I don't think kittens are cute.  
Where's Trigger?

Sioux checks her monitors for helicopter footage.

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR. SAME TIME.

LINDSAY

Trigger has hit the road.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

SIOUX

I'm not surprised. No match for  
you...

Sioux glides over to Paolo, ruffles his hair.

ANGLE on: Under his console - he is finishing disconnecting  
the controlling mechanism... Done!

CLOSE UP: On Paolo's hand as he flips a switch giving Nate  
control.

Paolo SNEEZES.

INT. SAM & NATE'S CAR. SAME TIME

Nate hears the sneeze and takes control of the car. The car  
screeches to a halt. Nate leans over and open's Sam's door.

NATE

Out!

Sam has tears running down her face and Nate almost does too. She grabs his arm.

NATE (CONT'D)

Now!

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD. HIGH ANGLE. SAME TIME

The Audi takes off in a plume of dust. Sam stands on the side of the road, then takes off running after the car.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

Paolo looks Sioux directly in the eyes.

PAOLO

You could have changed the world with your talent.

SIOUX

Seriously? Well, I have... my world... and now yours...

Sioux's BODYGUARDS, quick as lightning, throw a cord around Paolo's throat and drag his twitching body away.

INT. AUDI. SAME TIME

GPS/SIOUX

Gesundheit, Paolo.

NATE

Paolo!

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

Sioux sits at Paolo's console.

SIOUX

Bye bye, Nate darling.

She hits her Kill switch for Car #3. Nothing happens. Livid, she pulls apart the console.

The controllers keep their eyes forward.

The crowd, drinking and betting don't notice.

EXT. PAVED ROAD AND HIGHWAY 8 T SECTION. SAME TIME

Lindsay is driving at high speed in the cop car when she comes to a T section. She stops.

The helicopter flies overhead.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

Sioux notices the helicopter shot of Lindsay's car. She sees something and smiles.

SIOUX  
(into the police radio)  
And, lovely chatting with you,  
Lindsay Clark.

INT. LINDSAY'S COP CAR

Lindsay is confused about which direction to go. She looks to her left and then right. A SHADOW falls over. She looks over and sees Trigger in Freddy's cop car, pointing a gun at her.

INT. FREDDY'S COP CAR

Trigger's POV: Lindsay looks at Trigger, he pulls the trigger, his passenger window SHATTERS.

EXT. PAVED ROAD AND HIGHWAY 8 T SECTION.

Lindsay's door opens and she rolls under her car.

Trigger jumps out.

Lindsay shoots, grazing Trigger's shin. She rolls between the wheels of her car.

Trigger grabs his shin in pain, shoots wildly under the car. The bullets hit the tires and they deflate.

Lindsay rolls out from under the car.

Trigger fires again at Lindsay, keeping her from taking aim. Lindsay shoots again, misses.

Trigger hops around to behind his car, keeping Lindsay at bay. Lindsay's gun CLICKS, she is out of bullets.

Trigger smiles.

Lindsay circles to the front of her car. Trigger fires and grazes Lindsay's arm. She clutches her arm and bolts across the road.

Trigger fires, misses. Lindsay dives into the ditch.

Trigger races after her. He looks down at Lindsay and smiles. He takes aim.

Lindsay, crouching down, looks up at Trigger. Her expression calms. Quick as a flash, she springs forward with an exquisite vertical kick, sending Trigger's gun flying. Lindsay does a 360 and with a reverse roundhouse kicks him in the side of the head sending him stumbling back into the middle of the road. She follows with a jumping spin hook. Trigger staggers.

CLIFF'S truck is coming down the road at full speed. Lindsay jumps back as the truck slams into Trigger.

Trigger's body flies through the air and lands in a heap in a lush green pasture.

ANGLE on: A family of PUKEKOS strutting away from Trigger's body, annoyed. Nature overwhelms us. Crickets CHIRP and SHEEP graze.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 SIDE OF THE ROAD.

Holly examines Lindsay bloodied arm, a surface graze, not too critical. Holly rummages through the her purse and finds some band aids.

Lindsay motions to Oscar.

LINDSAY  
Can you drive that car?

She points to Freddy's cop car.

OSCAR  
Yes, yes.

Oscar jumps into the car and starts adjusting the seat and the mirrors.

Lindsay thanks Holly and runs over to Cliff. Cliff gives Tane and Peter some instructions.

LINDSAY  
Cliff, you know where the base is?

Cliff nods.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
We've got to move!

CLIFF  
You drive, Tane, copilot. Holly and  
Pete in the back.

Peter nods. Cliff jumps in the back and cocks his rifle.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
I'm shotgun!

Lindsay climbs in the cab. Tane holds her back. Cliff takes  
the butt of his rifle and smashes the back window of the cab.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Open lines of communication.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HIGH ANGLE.

Lindsay pulls out hitting top speed, followed by Oscar in the  
cop car.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux has re-routed control of the Audi to her master  
control.

ANGLE on: The gaming boards, the Audi enjoys lots of action.

Sioux puts Nate through a wild ride, enjoying toying with  
him.

SIOUX  
Nate, love, you're at the top of  
the board!

Moves the controls.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
Brakes and gas together make for a  
lovely 360. Let's go for a 720!

EXT. ROAD OFF IRON BRIDGE - ON AUDI

The Audi wildly spins in two full circles before speeding off  
down the road.

CUT TO:

INT. LEXUS

Alan is driving as fast as he can. The two are being tossed around and they have been driving in silence since they left their children behind.

Rebecca is quietly flipping out. He looks at her, there are tears in his eyes.

REBECCA

(like a mantra)

We're almost through. We'll finish... we'll get out of this car... we'll get the kids and go back home... I'll have the baby...

GPS/LILY

That's the spirit!

LIVE FEED CAMERA - LEXUS - ON ALAN

Alan's face evolves into pure determination.

EXT. PADDOCK NEAR HWY 8. SAME TIME.

Cliff's truck flies through the paddock. She approaches a wooden gate. Cliff yells through the smashed window...

CLIFF

It's a short cut.

Wood splinters everywhere as Lindsay crashes through the gate. A domestic herd of DEER scatters in every direction.

ANGLE on: The Buck's head rolling around the back of the truck.

ANGLE on: The deer running through of the broken gate.

ANGLE on: Cliff's truck crashing through the next gate. Oscar follows at a safe distance behind making his way more cautiously through the deer.

EXT. TRACTOR PATH/FOREST. SAME TIME.

The truck and cop car barrel along the tractor path at high speed turning into the forest. The vehicles screech onto a dirt road that leads to the Highway.

Cliff yells through the back window. Lindsay edges the truck out of the forest so Cliff can see from his higher angle.

Cliff's POV: - a helicopter veers away from the road, following the Audi down the road.

A beat.

The Lexus and Subaru WXR barrel down the road.

CLIFF

Floor it!

Cliff bangs the top of the truck and Lindsay takes off after the Subaru and the Lexus.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8

The truck pulls up even with the Lexus. Lindsay maneuvers as close to the car as she can. Cliff motions to Alan to roll down the window. Alan waves them off.

INT. LEXUS

Rebecca and Alan panic.

ALAN

Who are they?

REBECCA

They'll get us killed!

GPS/LILY

What was that?

ALAN

Nothing!

EXT. HIGHWAY 8

The Lexus accelerates. Alan gains control and they are pulling away from the truck.

Lindsay guns it and pulls up next to them again.

INT. LEXUS

Alan's POV: Cliff motions for Rebecca to get in the back. She vehemently shakes her head.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8

Cliff, Peter and Holly brace themselves as they lean over the side of the truck trying to wave down Alan and Rebecca.

INT. LEXUS

ALAN  
I can't get rid of them...

REBECCA  
(chilling)  
We need to win, Alan. I want to go home.

Rebecca yanks the wheel and slams the Lexus into the truck.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. ON CLIFF'S TRUCK

Cliff's truck swerves from the impact. Cliff grabs Holly just in time as she is flung off the side of the truck. Lindsay has to slow down so he can pull her in. The Lexus skids then races ahead.

INT. LEXUS

Alan regains control of the car. The iPhone is still playing the children's crying.

GPS/LILY  
Now what happened?

ALAN  
Just lost control for a moment.

He looks over at his wife. Who is she?

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM.

Sioux is checking the boards.

SIOUX  
Lily, the family's ranking has dropped considerably. Time to liven thing up.

Lily is a bit taken aback.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
Who has the Subaru?!

A controller raises his hand.

MISC. CONTROLLER  
Right here.

SIOUX  
You're on, challenge the Lexus.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HIGH ANGLE ON SUBARU AND LEXUS

The Subaru picks up speed and heads directly toward the Lexus.

INT. LEXUS. SAME TIME.

Alan is like a deer in the headlights as he sees the Subaru coming right at him. There is a steep ditch on one side and sheer rock on the other.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8

The Subaru speeds towards the Lexus. Suddenly the Subaru's TWO FRONT TIRES BLOW and it FLIPS TRUNK OVER HOOD several times directly into the Lexus's path!

The Lexus goes into a 360 spin just missing being squashed by the Subaru.

The Lexus SPINS into a ditch, BOUNCES out and onto the road where it ROLLS and lands on it's roof. The windows have popped. Rebecca and Alan struggle with their seat belts.

Cliff and Tane race to the car. Cliff has his knife and cuts them free.

Rebecca is in complete shock. Cliff and Alan help her walk.

LINDSAY  
(to Alan and Rebecca)  
Your kids are safe... with the  
rancher's wife.

ALAN  
Oh my God, I'm so sorry... we  
thought...

LINDSAY  
It's OK, take care of her, ride  
with Oscar.

Lindsay gestures to Oscar in the cop car. (He has pulled to the side of the road).

Cliff, Tane, Holly, Lindsay and Peter take off in the truck. Oscar follows in the cop car.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGUAR

Max is hanging on to the steering wheel for dear life. Max touches the brakes, the car slows. He has control! Paolo had disconnected his car also.

Max quickly releases his seat belt, rolls down the window, then brakes hard, puts the car in park, opens the door and falls out.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - ON MAX

At the same time a DEER comes to the edge of the road, they both look at each other and the deer leaps away.

Max leaps up on the road and walks along tears running down his face, he can't help it.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

A RED LIGHT blinks on Paolo's console.

ANGLE on: Frederick, he notices it.

FREDERICK

The Jaguar is stationary, did you want it to destruct?

SIOUX

Damn, Paolo! Frederick, check the switch wiring at the console! Then give us another crash.

Frederick sits in Paolo's chair and takes control. He fixes the wires quickly.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

Total it.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. THE JAGUAR

The Jaguar takes off and screeches onto the road.

Max jumps back in surprise, it's coming right at him but he easily moves out of the way. He gives it the FINGER as it speeds past.

Max's POV:. The Jaguar speeds around a steep turn. He HEARS it scrape along the stone cliff side, burn some rubber, wrenching sheet metal CRUNCH... a beat... then BOOM!

Max runs to see the explosion. As he rounds the bend, he suddenly stops in his tracks.

MAX POV:. THE PILE UP

On the side of the Highway, in the early evening light, SMASHED CARS are piled in a perfectly constructed crash site. A black tow truck releases the crumpled and muddy BMW into the pile. Some burned out cars are still smoking and he sees the burned out remains of the Mercedes, a fishing rod sticking out the back window.

The sun is low on the horizon and the pile-up looks both spectacular and terrifying.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE ROAD INTERSECTION WITH HIGHWAY 8

Sam is jogging. She stops exhausted at the highway.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME

The Audi is still dominating the odds under Sioux's control.

SIOUX

The results are in for the BMW's  
spectacular crash ... 8.1.

The room TOASTS.

SIOUX (CONT'D)

And now I have something special  
planned for the Audi... live  
bets... now!

INT. AUDI

NATE'S POV:, he sees a Mazda MX5 in the distance.

SIOUX/GPS

Nate, love, lets give the punter's  
their money's worth. Then you can  
join your friend.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. SAME TIME

The Audi slams into reverse. Nate scrambles to keep the car  
on the road as it careens backward around the hairpin turns.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80. HIGH ANGLE.

Cliff's truck swerves out of the way as the Audi speeds past.  
Further back is the cop car. It's pulled over.

INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK

Lindsay looks in shock as Nate's car flies by in reverse.

She then sees the Mazda speeding head on toward Nate.

LINDSAY

Sam!

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. ON HELICOPTER

The chopper covers the action.

INT. THE MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux notices Cliff's truck in the helicopter footage. She  
picks up the chopper radio.

SIOUX

Locals - scare them off!

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HIGH ANGLE.

GUN SHOTS ring out, Holly and Peter hit the truck bed.

Cliff takes aim and fires at the chopper, he BLOWS OUT a  
window.

The chopper is unsteady for a moment and then shoots again,  
missing.

Cliff FIRES again and again. The chopper retreats.

INT. THE MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Sioux sees the helicopter pulling away from the action.

SIOUX  
(into headset)  
Follow the Audi, now!

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. DUSK. ON HELICOPTER

The chopper circles back around and follows the Audi.

INT. AUDI

Nate manages to keep control in high speed reverse but the Mazda is gaining on him -- head on at full speed. He manages one more hairpin turn in reverse, but scrapes the side of the car against the cliff face, sparks flying across the driver side window.

EXT. ON MAZDA.

The Mazda slides along the side of the Audi making a hideous sheet metal scraping sound.

The impact puts the Mazda into an 180 degree turn. It falls over the edge of the cliff BACKWARDS, almost in slow motion.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM.

Sioux watches intently.

ANGLE on: Live betting screen. The Audi wins. Gamblers exchange money. There are cheers and curses.

Sioux throws Nates's car into forward drive and accelerates.

SIOUX  
Nice driving Nate, and it's getting  
just dark enough for fireworks...  
You've made us all a bit of money.  
Thank you.

INT. AUDI

Nate is slammed around in his seat. No seatbelt.

GPS/SIOUX

I'm sorry you weren't smart enough,  
Nate. I expected better.

Nate's POV: for a split second he sees Cliff's truck on the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8

Cliff's truck races after the Audi.

INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK

Lindsay wills the truck forward to catch the Audi.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - HIGH ANGLE

The Audi heads directly into the smoking PILE UP.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - AT PILE UP

The Audi SPINS 360 degrees into the smoking pile of metal and EXPLODES sending flames into the sky. The helicopter lifts out of the heat, pauses, and then takes off.

ANGLE on: Lindsay running down the road.

Nate emerges from the dark and the smoke, scraped, dusty and bruised, but safe.

Lindsay runs right past him towards the burning wreck. She falls to her knees.

LINDSAY

Noooooo!

We hear a voice in the distance.

SAM

Liiindsaaaay!

Oscar DRIVES UP in Freddy' cop car, the passenger door wide open.

Lindsay turns to see Sam running toward her. Lindsay runs to her and they embrace.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 BY CLIFF'S TRUCK. MOMENTS LATER

NATE

I need to talk to my team!

PETER

(handing over the sat  
phone)

I think it broke bouncing around  
the cab.

Nate bangs the useless Sat phone. He's got terrible cut on his arm, there is quite a bit of blood.

Cliff takes off his hunting vest and whips off his t-shirt, handing it to Holly. Holly looks in awe at Cliff's rather amazing looking torso but snaps too and tends to Nate's arm.

Cliff takes the phone and throws it to Tane.

CLIFF

Fix this damn thing. Do a ring  
around and get them to head out to  
the old brewery.

NATE

Cliff, how far are we?

CLIFF

'Bout 5 minutes.

LINDSAY

Tane and Sam you take the cop car.

Sam does not want to leave Lindsay.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Sam, get in the car.

SAM

No way. I'm staying with you.

LINDSAY

No way... I almost lost you once.

TANE

Come on, Sam, I need you to drive  
so I can fix this.

Sam reluctantly gets behind the wheel.

Cliff, Lindsay and Nate jump in the truck with Cliff driving. Holly, Peter, and Oscar are in the back.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8. HIGH ANGLE

Cliff drives off. The cop car heads off to the right towards town.

INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK. SAME TIME.

Lindsay, Nate and Cliff look ahead into the dark night, determined.

LINDSAY  
(quietly)  
Gung ho.

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY NEAR WANAKA. EVENING.

It is not well lit, for secrecy purposes.

ANGLE on: TWO SECURITY GUARDS -- large Polynesian boys, carrying guns and certain to be rugby players. A VERY YOUNG VALET sits at a makeshift valet booth, all the keys neatly lined up on a board.

The parking lot has a few stretch limos, black vans.

ANGLE on: A large 18 wheeler truck surrounded by active propane generators that power the operation and servers.

ANGLE on: A helicopter landing.

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY. HIGH ANGLE SHOT.

Cliff's Truck approaches in the distance, lights switch off and it comes to a stop, unnoticed by the security guards.

INT. CLIFF'S TRUCK

Lindsay, Nate and Cliff observe the set up.

Holly gets her bag and pulls out some heels. She hands Lindsay some lipstick and a comb. Lindsay shakes her head - no way.

Holly's twists her hair in a quick updo - she looks great.

EXT. CLIFF'S TRUCK

Peter and Oscar jump out of the truck bed. Nate helps Holly out of the back, puts her in the cab, then climbs in the back.

Peter comes around to Cliff's window.

PETER

I'll circle around the back, look for another entrance.

CLIFF

Thanks, mate.

Cliff hands Peter the rifle.

Cliff drives towards the entrance, leaving Peter and Oscar at the bottom of the drive.

EXT. ROAD LEADING UP TO THE BREWERY.

PETER

(to Oscar)

Keep watch here. I'll find Cliff.

Oscar nods as Peter, rifle in hand, jogs up the hill to the Brewery.

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY - GUARD GATE.

Cliff drives up in the truck to the valet. The security guards come to attention.

Cliff hops out, gives a nod to the valet guy, tosses him the keys and walks around to let the women out.

Nate jumps out of the back, unseen.

Cliff reaches around and grabs the buck's head and the two backpacks of deer meat. He hands one backpack to Nate.

They walk up to the rather tough looking security guards.

CLIFF

Hey didn't I see you boys play for Canterbury a couple years ago.

GUARD #1

Yea, that'd be us.

CLIFF

Thought you guys woulda made the All Blacks.

GUARD #2

Yea, me too. We can't allow you in unless you are on the list.

GUARD #1

Yea, no one allowed to go in unless you're on the list.

HOLLY

Excuse me? Can I use the bathroom?

CLIFF

I don't know if we're on the list but I got a call to come over here as fast as I could because they wanted fresh venison for a cook up. Is it some kind of sporting event?

GUARD #1

Probably, they looked like a rich bunch. Not too many of them.

CLIFF

Well, I was told to come as quick as and to bring some mates to help.

Guard #2 pulls out the clip board with lots of names.

GUARD #2

Here's the list. Names?

Lindsay's getting a bit tired of this.

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)

Name?

HOLLY

Can we please go in?! I really have to go to the bathroom.

GUARD #1

What? You want to take a bath?

LINDSAY

Oh, Lord!

Guard #1 grabs his radio.

GUARD #1

I'll check inside.

Suddenly Lindsay gives a VICIOUS KICK and the radio and clipboard go flying. She grabs Guard #1's gun.

LINDSAY  
She needs to pee.

Nate grabs the gun off Guard #2. Cliff grabs the other radio.  
They walk the boys over to the young valet guy, JUNIOR.

CLIFF  
I know your mother, Junior, so just  
head back home, understand?

Junior nods and takes off down the road.

Cliff grabs some rope and duct tape from the truck.

EXT. WANAKA VILLAGE - LOCAL MARKET PARKING LOT. SAME TIME.

The cop car pulls into a supermarket parking lot. Tane heads the pay phone and makes some calls.

EXT. WANAKA VILLAGE MAIN STREET. SAME TIME.

ANGLE on: Max sits on a curb, exhausted.

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY. NEAR THE ENTRANCE.

Cliff finishes tying up the security boys and tapes their mouths.

Cliff, Lindsay, Nate and Holly take the guns, venison, and buck's head and move quickly towards the main building.

POV: NATE: The 18 Wheeler and the generators.

NATE  
That's got to be the servers. I can  
finish this forever.

LINDSAY  
Cliff, see if you can distract  
them.  
(looks at watch)  
Give us five.

Cliff nods and he and Holly head to the entrance. Lindsay and Nate sneak towards the 18 wheeler.

EXT. 18 WHEEL SEMI TRUCK - MOBILE SERVER

The truck is buzzing with generator activity. The back is open. TWO GUARDS patrol the perimeter.

Lindsay and Nate get close. They see a SERVER GUARD inside relaxing. Its almost the end of his work shift.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. HALLWAY.

Cliff and Holly move down the hall. A few buzzed gamblers stare but are disinterested as the game is breaking up. Maybe they are clean up crew?

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. MAIN FLOOR.

Cliff and Holly stand in awe of the proceedings.

POV: CLIFF, HOLLY: The big screens are calculating the results. One screen has the picture of the drivers and their car numbers covered by a slashed circle graphic, another screen is replaying the brutal crashes.

Sioux watches from her perch.

SIOUX

(to the crowd)

Gentlemen and ladies - cash payouts are almost complete. Online betting results are posted. Please approve and we will wire the funds. Enjoy the replays and please check your numbers.

EXT. 18 WHEEL SEMI TRUCK - MOBILE SERVER

Lindsay checks her watch and nods to Nate.

INT. THE MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

ANGLE on: Cliff and Holly walk towards the center of the room into a brightly lit area. She checks her watch, then nods to Cliff.

A hush falls over the crowd as Cliff tosses the buck's head and bloody backpacks. He has everyone's attention.

CLIFF

Who ordered the venison?

The group is mortified.

EXT. 18 WHEEL SEMI TRUCK

Lindsay approaches the FIRST GUARD from behind. Suddenly, a Butterfly kick to the head, he FALLS to the ground out cold.

The other guard turns on her and fires his gun, but misses Lindsay.

Lindsay FLIES through the air and HOOK KICKS HIS HAND. She lands then swings around on one foot and SMACKS HIM IN THE CHIN WITH A REVERSE ROUNDHOUSE. He goes down in a heap.

INT. 18 WHEEL SEMI TRUCK

Lindsay and Nate surprise the SERVER GUARD in the truck. Lindsay keeps him at gun point while Nate mans the servers.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

In the commotion around Cliff no one has heard the gun shots. Holly sneaks onto the platform unnoticed.

SIOUX  
(nods to the guards)  
Gentlemen!

Two of SIOUX'S GUARDS try to get a hold of Cliff. He fights them off.

ANGLE on: Frederick, absorbed in calculating his winnings. Holly approaches. He likes the look of her.

FREDERICK  
(puzzled but not putting  
it together)  
You look familiar to me.

HOLLY  
I imagine I do.

FREDERICK  
Did you like my work?

He points to the big screen.

HOLLY  
Can't say I did!

She pulls a gun out from behind her and gets the drop on him. Frederick, all bravado but no balls, puts his hands up.

FREDERICK  
(shouts)  
Sioux! Help!

INT. MOBILE SERVER. SAME TIME

Nate bangs on the keyboards - frustrated.

NATE  
This fire wall is too dense, and  
everything has started self-  
deleting.

SERVER GUARD  
(laughing)  
That bitch has got the whole thing  
wired, my friend. You're fucked.

Lindsay gives him an elbow and knocks him out. They move his body out of the truck.

LINDSAY'S POV: The large mobile propane trucks that fuel the generators and keep the server truck operating.

LINDSAY  
I've got another idea.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Cliff has defeated one guard and is on his way to beating the other.

Sioux watches everything play out - bemused.

Cliff gets the other guard under control and starts walking towards Sioux, a gun to the guards head.

CLIFF  
I need everyone to move to one side  
of the room.

Holly motions to Frederick he quickly moves away.

Sioux rolls her eyes.

The patrons quietly gather thumb drives, ID's etc. Sioux, motions them to follow Cliff's direction with a smile.

SIOUX

We love a little local color at the end of every game.

ANGLE on: A rifle aimed at Holly's head.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Peter at the other end of the rifle. Security guards #1 and #2 are with him.

PETER

Let him go, or she's gone.

Sioux smiles. Cliff drops his weapon. Guard #3 covers him.

Holly angrily gives Peter her gun. Frederick comes out from the back and slaps Holly.

Cliff has to be restrained, causing more commotion.

SIOUX

Frederick! You're an idiot!

Guard #3 punches Frederick.

Peter jams the gun hard into Cliff's back.

PETER

You just had to act the hero, didn't you? They just wanted to bring a little money into the area, run their race and leave.

SIOUX

I'm not impressed with your security, Peter... at all. You said you'd keep the locals out of our hair. But, on the bright side, this has given us even more excitement at the end of our day.

(to Cliff)

Where's my little Fed?

Suddenly an EXPLOSION rocks the building.

EXT. 18 WHEEL SEMI TRUCK. SAME TIME

One of the propane trucks is on fire. It rolling into the other trucks. They ignite in a series of EXPLOSIONS, compounding into a HUGE FIERY MASS heading straight towards the mobile server 18 wheeler.

It hits the 18 Wheeler and it explodes in a COLOSSAL FIREBALL.

Lindsay and Nate are knocked off their feet. Nate covers Lindsay from the heat. They have a MOMENT.

LINDSAY  
(looking at Nate)  
That's a firewall!

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. SAME TIME.

Chaos! The series of explosions have shaken the makeshift nature of the set up. Screens are askew. Glass breaking, tables tipping, smoke. Gamblers move to escape the chaos.

Frederick drags Holly away from the crowd. She angrily tries to struggle free but can't.

Cliff and Peter fight. Peter pulls a knife and cuts Cliff. Cliff finally gets the upper hand and the rifle. He knocks Peter out with the rifle butt and heads towards Frederick and Holly.

ANGLE on: Sioux. She sighs and quickly manipulates the remaining screens watching downloads on her lap top.

Lindsay and Nate enter the fray. Nate points and Lindsay heads towards Sioux.

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY. HIGH ANGLE SHOT. SAME TIME

A LARGE GROUP OF WANAKA LOCALS move en masse up the road that leads to the brewery. Tane has spread the word and it spread fast. A mix of New Zealanders -- European, Polynesian, Maori, Indian and Asian, your typical NZ township. They have various weapons from hunting rifles and machetes to ropes, chains and plenty of dogs. Max and Oscar walk with the crowd.

We see farmer MICK and his wife JILLIAN holding the twins. The crowd moves into the parking lot.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM. MAIN FLOOR. SAME TIME

Cliff and Frederick FIGHT. Frederick has the better of Cliff who is feeling the effects of the knife wound. Frederick has him against a wall, pounding away.

Holly screams. A GIANT LCD SCREEN is about to fall off it's hinges above Cliff and Frederick.

HOLLY  
Cliff, forward!

Cliff dives forward, Frederick misses a punch. The massive screen SMASHES DOWN flattening Frederick.

ANGLE on: Lindsay who has a gun on Sioux.

LINDSAY  
Turn around, Annie.

Sioux smiles and turns.

SIOUX  
You're much more attractive in person, but shorter than I expected.  
(thinking)  
You know, I could use a little muscle with brains in my operation... The pay is excellent.

LINDSAY  
I doubt it. It's over. And, we'll seize all your assets...

SIOUX  
(laughing)  
As if you could find them? (beat)  
Now I'm bored.

Sioux suddenly turns and Crescent kicks the gun out of Lindsay's hand.

Lindsay and Sioux fight in classic karate style. They both score blows but neither can get the better of the other.

Sioux executes an unusual multiple kick that knocks Lindsay down.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
Black belts are so predictable.

Lindsay gets to her feet, shaking her head. Sioux lines up, ready to deliver the final blow.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
And, unlike you, I never quit.

Lindsay lets her get close, crouches down, then boom! Lindsay comes up under Sioux's leg and punches her in the face! Sioux goes down hard. Lindsay gets the gun.

LINDSAY  
Neither do I.

Nate runs up. Sioux gets up slowly rubbing her jaw.

SIOUX  
 (to Lindsay)  
 Nice move.  
 (regains her composure)  
 Nate! You're alive and a mess!  
 (throws Lindsay a look)  
 Didn't you tell Lindsay Clark about  
 me?  
 (beat)  
 I always back up.

Sioux reaches to her console and hands Lindsay a head set to listen. Lindsay refuses.

Sioux holds the earpiece closer to her ear and hits BUTTONS on her console. We barely HEAR some VOICES over the remaining speakers in the room.

SAM (V.O.)  
 Are we almost there?

Lindsay who recognizes the voice, TENSES.

TANE (V.O.)  
 About 2 minutes.

ALAN (V.O.)  
 Are you sure your sister wants you  
 up there?

Sioux holds up a remote control.

LINDSAY  
 That's a real police car. You  
 can't have control.

SIOUX  
 You want to bet?

Lindsay lowers her gun.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, Agent Clark. You need  
 to be more careful with your gun.

Sioux takes it and empties the bullets out.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
 So pedestrian.

Sioux motions to Lindsay who hands her the computer case, Mandarin Duck backpack, filled with cash.

Sioux flings it over her shoulder and points to some keys.  
Lindsay hands her some keys.

SIOUX (CONT'D)  
Ciao, Lindsay Clark.

Sioux picks up the REMOTE CONTROL and leaves.

Nate rushes to the console and quickly tries to access the control.

LINDSAY  
Can she blow the car?

NATE  
It looks like it's hot-wired to the remote.

ANGLE on: Lily who is trying to blend in with the crowd. She stops and approaches Lindsay and Nate.

LILY  
She controls everything. Her console doesn't go through the main server.

She puts down her stuff to help Nate.

LILY (CONT'D)  
There's a wireless router somewhere.

LINDSAY  
Who are you?

LILY  
Ex-Controller. I don't kill kids.

Lily and Nate desperately try to dismantle Sioux's console.

Lindsay takes off after Sioux.

INT. COP CAR - SAM, TANE, ALAN AND REBECCA

Tane, Sam, Alan and Rebecca struggle with their seatbelts.

TANE  
What do we have control of?

Sam lifts her hands off the steering wheel.

SAM  
Nothing.

Rebecca starts to sob as Alan holds her tight.

INT. MASTER GAME ROOM.

ANGLE ON: Lily and Nate. Lily is at her console, she is desperately tapping away. She shakes her head.

LILY  
I can't override her control.  
Sorry.

NATE  
Where was Paolo sitting?

Lily nods towards Paolo's console.

Nate gets underneath into the wiring.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Lily, do you have a hard wire  
connection?!

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY PARKING LOT. HIGH ANGLE SHOT.

The towns people have made a human circle/fence that the PATRONS cannot penetrate. The sheep dogs help keep them in line.

Max and Oscar are at the valet board throwing keys into the darkness.

ANGLE on: Lindsay who races out towards the helicopter at the edge of the lot.

She catches up with Sioux and tackles her to the ground. Sioux is stunned.

ANGLE on: The Cop Car speeds into the compound heading straight towards the crowd!

Lindsay grabs the remote from her hand. She tries to control the car.

It doesn't slow down!

LINDSAY  
No!

SIOUX  
Always a surprise somewhere.

The cop car suddenly VEERS and heads straight towards the helicopter!

Lindsay dives out of the way. Sioux dives the other way.

The car EXPLODES, taking the helicopter with it!

ANGLE on: Lindsay shakes her head, she's in shock. Sam?

ANGLE on: Sam runs to Lindsay with Tane. Everyone is bruised and a little dazed.

SAM

Nate got control of the car and we  
jumped out!

Lindsay hugs her and smooths her hair.

LINDSAY

I love you, Sam!

Nate joins them with Lily, who stands back from the group.

NATE

Lily found a hard wire path to  
control the locks and steering.

Lindsay plants a big kiss on the Nate. He holds her close.

Cliff and Holly make their way to the burning wreck, their arms intertwined.

Lily backs up and blends into the crowd. Lindsay gives her a look, then nods, lets her go.

As Lily walks through the crowd she walks past Alan and Rebecca holding the twins.

ANGLE on: The smoking wreck of the helicopter. Sioux's bag of cash burns just outside in the wreckage, Sioux's jacket next to it.

LINDSAY

House doesn't always win.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BREWERY. HIGH ANGLE SHOT. LATER THAT NIGHT

We HEAR Radiohead's RECKONER. The song carries on over the closing scenes.

THREE QUEENSTOWN POLICE CARS pull up outside the brewery. Police gather up Sioux's backpack, jacket, a pair of boots, a blonde wig, all that's left of her.

FIRE TRUCKS closely follow and begin to extinguish the blaze in the black night.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT

A lone BLACK TOW TRUCK cuts through the darkness.

INT. TOW TRUCK

Sioux, smudged and scraped, now a brunette wearing horn-rimmed glasses, puts her hand on her computer case, smiles and turns up Radiohead on the radio.

CUT TO: ONE YEAR  
LATER

EXT. FBI ACADEMY - GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

Lindsay proudly takes a picture of Nate wearing a smart looking suit.

LINDSAY  
Congratulations, Agent Feuling.

NATE  
Why thank you, Agent Clark!

Lindsay and Nate hug, they are surrounded by LINDSAY'S DAD, Cliff, Holly, Tane and Shane. They are all congratulating Lindsay and Nate.

A fit looking Sam circles the group on her bike.

LINDSAY  
(to Sam)  
Do you ever get off that thing?

SAM  
I don't drive.

LINDSAY  
(hugs Nate)  
You going to be okay working legit?  
It won't be too 'boring'?

NATE

Oh you all need me. I've already  
hacked the server ... twice.

Lindsay kisses Nate.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL REGIONAL AIRPORT - CHINA - JUST BEFORE DAY BREAK

An eerie quiet.

A row of several small private jets is lined up in perfect  
order.

Suddenly WHOMP! The wing flaps open and shut in unison. A  
beat. WHACK! The tail flaps move perfectly.

FADE TO BLACK.