

BURNING THROUGH PURGATORY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TRUCK STOP DINER - NIGHT

A beat-up van parked.

SOUNDS OF: TIRES POPPING... SCREECHING... CAR CRASH

A faded poster advertises *THE NAKED KISS CLUB* - a kiss imprinted in the design. Its fluttering corner gives way along with flecks of paint.

The kiss even more prominent.

Someone inside the diner hunched against the counter.

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights give the plastic vinyl a heavenly glow. Tinny radio music crackles.

COLE (mid-40s) gruff, tattered clothing. Stuffing his face with a thin gray steak coated in grease and egg yolk.

Doesn't savor. It's just fuel.

Washes it down with coffee that could pass for motor oil.

BACKSEAT ROBBER (V.O.)

Don't... Don't leave us...

Cole downs his cup.

The OWNER (60s) steps out from the kitchen window. Grabs the coffee jug, offers a refill.

OWNER

It's fresh.

Cole drops \$20 on the counter. He wipes his mouth with a thin napkin. Up in a hurry.

OWNER (CONT'D)

You got somewhere to be at two in the morning?

COLE

Not here.

The Owner smirks.

OWNER

I get that a lot.

The Owner puts the cash in the register.

Door bursts open.

A MASKED COUPLE storm in. He (Eagle) has a duffel bag. She (Robin) has a gun.

EAGLE

Cash! Now!

Cole peers at the heavens... sighs with a smirk.

COLE

(aside)

Guess my time in Purgatory's
finally up.

The Woman approaches with intent. Sticks her gun in his face.

ROBIN

Wallet.

COLE

(re: Owner)

He just had my last twenty.

The Woman pulls Cole to the ground, keeps her gun on him.

The Man vaults the counter, grips the Owner's collar,
gestures to the register.

The Owner opens the register. The Man fills the bag.

The Woman presses the barrel against Cole's cheek.

ROBIN

What about him?

The Man eyes the van outside.

EAGLE

That's yours ain't it.

A beat, Cole nods.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Well then, I guess you can pay us
back another way.

COLE

My money in the register doesn't
count?

Eagle taps his noggin.

EAGLE

Smart... but soon as it's in there
it ain't yours no more.

(beat)

You gonna be our driver or--

Cole's about to respond...

COLE

That's not me anymore.

The Woman thumbs the hammer back on her pistol.

ROBIN

It is unless you want this old man
mopping you off the floor tonight.

Beat.

EAGLE

C'mon, we don't got all night.

Cole nods.

The Man leaps back over the counter. He reaches into the
duffel bag, pulling out the \$20 bill, offers it to the
terrified Owner.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

For your troubles.

As the Owner reaches for the bill, the Man knocks him out
with a single punch.

The Woman drags Cole to his feet as the Man joins them.

As they leave the Man whispers to the Woman.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Keep your gun on him.

She nods, grips Cole's jacket.

As the Woman marches Cole forward they trample that torn piece of poster.

PRELAP: PUMPING CLUB MUSIC

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Neon. The glint of light from the pole in the middle.

HEAVY PANTING

A SCHLUB (50s) on his stomach. A knee pushing his face against the carpet.

A WOMAN (Amber) in a bra and thong, pinning him.

His arm caught between her thighs. A scar on one is prominent. Hands squeezing his wrist, pulling his arm almost out the socket.

The Schlub is trapped. In agonizing discomfort.

The Woman grabs his thumb, nails painted.

Her body quivers with each break.

AMBER (O.C.)

This little piggy touched one of my girls.

SNAP!

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

This little piggy didn't stop.

SNAP!

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Even after she said no.

SNAP!

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
This little piggy then slapped her.

SNAP!

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
And this little piggy cried all the
way to the ER.

A final SNAP!

A guttural moan... lips curl into a cruel smile.

Lips to the Schlub's ear.

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
No one ever lays a hand on my
girls.

Moves away.

She dismounts him.

The Schlub cradles his broken fingers. Trembling. Crying.

Door opens.

He can only manage a whimper as he crawls on elbows and knees
through the door.

Door closes.

A cigarette between vibrant red lips. A lighter clicks.
Ignites it. A drag. The ember glows.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

A taillight.

CRUNCH!

A boot crashes through it. The Man brushes errant shards
away.

Cole's about to protest--

EAGLE

You tell a cop you'll get it fixed.

Cole opens the passenger door, the Woman pushes him inside.

INT. COLE'S VAN - NIGHT

Compact, convenience over comfort.

Cole's pushed into the driver's seat. The Woman's in next to him.

She removes her mask. ROBIN (late 20s/early 30s), fresh-faced.

Robin opens the glove box. A glimpse of a newspaper clipping - *'THREE DEAD IN-*

It's moved as she searches through it. Pulls out an emergency kit, opens it, filled with tools. She turns to Cole, confused.

COLE

There's other ways to start vehicles.

She puts it back.

The newspaper clipping gets crumpled up.

BANGING FROM THE BACK

ROBIN

Stay.

Robin climbs through, opens the back doors. The Man climbs inside, sits down.

She returns to her seat, pats Cole's cheek.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Good boy.

The Man removes his mask. EAGLE (pushing 40), burnt skin surrounds a kiss/hickey on his neck. He massages it, grimacing.

Cole starts the van.

COLE

Where to?

Eagle pokes his head through. Surveys the road ahead.

EAGLE

That way.

EXT. TRUCK STOP/DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The van pulls out, drives along the desert road. Into the night.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - NIGHT

Cole's focused on the road. Robin's attention bounces between him and the road.

Eagle counts the money from the diner.

ROBIN

How much?

EAGLE

Enough to keep us holed up for the night. Breakfast if there's time.

COLE

You got somewhere to be?

EAGLE

Just drive.

ROBIN

You got a plan, babe?

EAGLE

We'll hit Hamid's in the morning.

(beat)

Boss wants to send a message.

Cole stops the van. Robin jerks forward. Eagle hits the floor.

Both angry, ready to retaliate.

COLE

How about I drive you there right now. Pretty sure the guy'll get the message. Then I'll drive you wherever you wanna go and we all go our separate ways.

From Robin's expression she's a fan of Cole's idea.

EAGLE

(off Robin's look)

Smart thinking, but I don't trust drivers.

Eagle gets right in Cole's face. He snatches the gun from Robin, sticks it in Cole's face.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Heard'a one crashed the car when things went wrong.

Cole gulps.

FAINT GUNFIRE

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Shot the crew and made off with the money.

COLE

How much they make off with?

EAGLE

A few million.

COLE

Then what happened?

EAGLE

Someone got their throat slit.

Eagle digs the gun hard under Cole's chin.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

I won't hesitate.

Cole restarts the van. Grips the steering wheel.

Eagle backs away, gun trailing.

ROBIN

So, what's a guy like you doing at a truck stop at this hour?

COLE

Couldn't sleep, hungry.

ROBIN

And what did you mean when you said, driving ain't you anymore?

FAINT TIRES POP

FAINT CAR CRASH

COLE

Nothing, just wanted to sound cool.

Eagle laughs.

EAGLE

Guess we've got a Steve McQueen wannabe giving us a ride. You ever see Bullitt?

COLE

This thing don't do well on bends.

Eagle smirks.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - NIGHT

That single blinking taillight as the van continues into the distance.

EXT. DESERT TOWN - NIGHT

If there weren't cars parked up, it could be mistaken for the old west.

The van slows.

EAGLE (O.S.)

Keep going.

Goes at a snail's pace.

EAGLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Faster than that.

Speeds up slightly.

EAGLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Good. Now take a right.

He does.

EAGLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's just at the end of this block.

Stops outside *HAMID'S PAWNSHOP*.

EAGLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bingo.

INT. COLE'S VAN - NIGHT

The trio stare at the shop. Cole notices an alley on the corner.

COLE
How about I park over there. You
guys break in, do your thing. We
all get out of here.

EAGLE
Least we know where to be.

Eagle hands Robin the gun who promptly sticks the barrel in Cole's ribs.

He gives Robin a sideways glance. She smiles back.

Eagle steps out of the van.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

Eagle approaches, stops at the front door. Inspects the opening/closing times displayed. Returns to the van.

EXT/INT. COLE'S VAN/DESERT TOWN - NIGHT

The gun against Cole's ribs. He drives as Robin searches for a motel.

Eagle's back in his seat, deep in thought.

EAGLE

It opens at nine, but he's obviously gotta be here to open up the place. That's when we'll strike.

Robin nods.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

We find somewhere to crash and that'll give us a route.
(to Cole)
I'm smart too.

IN WING MIRROR: flashing red and blue lights. A siren sounds.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Pull over, just do whatever they say.

Cole pulls over. Wipes the steering wheel, gets his license and registration ready.

As Eagle backs away, he notices how precise Cole is.

FOOTSTEPS BUILD...

Robin hides the gun...

A flashlight hits Cole's face.

LYDIA (O.C.)

License and registration.

Cole complies. A hand takes them.

FOOTSTEPS DISSIPATE

Beat.

The flashlight returns as does LYDIA (30s) in her uniform. She flashes her light inside the vehicle, gets a good look at Robin and Eagle. Hands Cole his license and registration.

Cole wedges his registration back in the mirror. Puts his license in his wallet, pockets it.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Know why I pulled you over?

COLE

Can't say I do.

LYDIA

So you're unaware you're driving with a busted taillight?

Cole shakes his head. Eagle chimes in.

EAGLE

Evening officer, I was actually just passing through on my way to Tijuana when I broke down and Mr. Cole, and Ms. Robin here was kind enough to drive me to the border. Silly me didn't realize the time, so we're actually on the look out for somewhere to bunk for the night.

Lydia observes Eagle, her authoritative armor chipped by his plight.

LYDIA

Why certainly, there's a motel just up ahead.

(to Cole)

I'm new to this, so seeing as you didn't know, and you're doing a service for these two, I'm gonna let you off with a warning.

(beat)

There's a mechanic just on the outskirts who can sort you out.

COLE

Much appreciated officer...

LYDIA

Jenkins.

COLE

I'll make sure to visit him soon as
the sun's up.

LYDIA

See that you do.

As the flashlight drops, Lydia's footsteps fade away. Her door shuts. Her tires on the road.

ROBIN

You did good.

Robin pats his face again.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - NIGHT

As Cole drives off, that single taillight blinks.

INT/EXT. LYDIA'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Lydia sits, eating, waiting for a bit of action. Phone on the dashboard. As she takes a bite, chews... there's something on her mind.

Pulls out her radio speaker.

LYDIA

Dispatch, this is Lydia Jenkins,
badge seven-five-seven-three
requesting a read on a van, license
plate Delta-Romeo-one-Victor-three-
November. Driver is a Cole Whyman -
New Jersey native.

RADIO CRACKLES

DISPATCH (V.O.)

One moment please...

(beat)

All checks, what's the reason?

LYDIA

Taillight was busted, driver didn't
know, but the two he was with...
all just seemed off.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

(chuckle)

That's most of 'em round here. Give it a week, someone'll give you five hundred reasons to look the other way... the guilt disappears by the time you've bought a spouse a gift.

Lydia's uneasy.

PHONE BUZZES

LYDIA

Heard similar at the station, thought it was a joke... Jenkins out.

She checks it.

A picture of her HUSBAND, their NEWBORN being cradled in his arms.

The caption underneath reads: *'can't wait for you to get your well-earned break. Then you can do the two am feedings and five-thirty diaper changes. Luv Alex'*

Lydia can only smile.

She responds: *'Only a couple of nights until you're free'*

Sends another message *'luv u 2'*

Uncertainty still on her face. Lydia starts the ignition.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Cole's van parks up, the back door opens, someone steps out, shuts the door.

Smacks the back of the van. It drives off.

A single phone light.

PHONE RINGS

EAGLE (ON PHONE)

I think it's him.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Neon sign flashes 'VACANCY'.

Not exactly the Bates Motel, not inviting either.

Vacant lot. Cole's van parks.

Engine off.

The passenger door begins to open.

PRELAP: BELL RINGS

INT. MOTEL CHECK-IN - NIGHT

The door swinging open. Robin's followed by Cole. She holds his arm, gets overly-affectionate.

The MOTEL CLERK behind the desk peers up from his newspaper, room keys behind him aplenty. He checks the time, eyes the couple confused.

ROBIN

Room for two.

MOTEL CLERK

I don't charge by the hour.

ROBIN

You're funny. Just until morning.

(off his look)

A bit of rest before we're back on the road.

MOTEL CLERK

Alright. I'm gonna need to see some ID.

Cole reaches for his wallet, hands over a driver's license. The Motel Clerk scrutinizes it.

MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

Ain't been to Atlantic City in years.

COLE

Still doesn't hold a candle to Vegas.

Satisfied, he hands it back.

MOTEL CLERK

(chuckles)

Room'll be fifty bucks. Check out's at ten.

Robin hands over some money. The Motel Clerk spins a guest book round, drops a pen on it.

Cole signs it.

ROBIN

We'll be out of your hair long before that.

The Motel Clerk puts it in the register before turning to the wall of keys, grabbing one and handing it over.

Cole and Robin leave.

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cole's on the double bed. A hand trickles down his body.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Yeah, you like that...

A gun in Cole's mouth. Robin's straddling him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Don't even think about falling for me.

COLE

(mouthful of lead)

That ain't happening anytime soon.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

BELL RINGS

Door opens.

It's Eagle. Has the duffel bag over his shoulder.

The Motel Clerk spins the check-in book round.

Eagle drops some ID and cash on the book.

Beat... Clerk slides the ID back... beat.

Slides a room key... Eagle grabs it.

Some earplugs over...

Eagle eyes them confused.

MOTEL CLERK

The girl that just checked in
seemed up to it, looked like a
moaner.

Eagle smirks as he grabs them. Leaves.

INT. EAGLE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Door opens, light on, it's identical to Robin's. Eagle closes the curtains, drops the bag on the bed.

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A knock at the door, Robin clambers off Cole. As he tries to get up, Robin whacks his nuts.

Cole falls off the bed, in pain.

Robin checks the peephole.

THROUGH PEEPHOLE: Eagle with a massive grin.

Robin opens the door with glee. Pulls Eagle inside.

Door closes. Robin locks it.

EAGLE

She likes you.

Robin and Eagle share a kiss.

Eagle surveys the room.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
(to Robin)
How'd you wanna do this?

Robin eyes Cole, then the bathroom door.

Cole's handed the earplugs.

INT. BATHROOM, ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cole stumbles in, the door shuts behind him.

Something clunks against the door. Cole tries it. He's blocked in.

Sighs as he climbs into the tub.

A thudding comes from the other room.

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Eagle's on top of Robin, having a great time. His hand covering her mouth.

Robin holds back tears.

A bang on the bathroom door.

EAGLE
Put the earplugs in.
(to Robin)
Just like our first time.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Robin's pressed against cold wet brick. A hand over her mouth. Someone thrusting behind her.

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Robin traces Eagle's scar with her finger.

ROBIN
How'd you get this?

FLASHCUT: EAGLE SWEATING, SCARED, BALL GAG IN MOUTH

AMBER (V.O.)
You're certainly enjoying yourself.

FLASHCUT: PAINTED NAILS GRIP HIS FACE, EXPOSING HIS NECK

AMBER (V.O.)
Let's make sure Vance knows I
branded you.

FLASHCUT: PLANTS A KISS

AMBER (V.O.)
Now, hold still...

FLASHCUT: LIPSTICK PROMINENT

Robin's finger continues tracing...

FLASHCUT: A DRAG OF A CIGARETTE. THE EMBER BURNS BRIGHTLY...

AMBER (V.O.)
...or it'll hurt more.

FLASHCUT: COMES DOWN...

Eagle moves Robin's hand away.

FLASHCUT: SKIN SIZZLES

Muffled screams.

He massages the scar...

EAGLE
Birth mark.

Eagle gets out the bed.

Starts dressing.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Keep the driver close.

Heads towards the door.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
Get up... Now!

Robin wraps the bedsheet around her body.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Key?

Robin finds the room key, grabs it. Approaches Eagle.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Make sure you get his.

Robin nods.

Eagle opens the door, steps out. He pats Robin's cheek.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Good girl.

Kisses her cheek.

Robin locks the door, stumbles into bed, cries softly.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Bell rings as the door opens. The Motel Clerk peers up from his paper.

Lydia presents her badge and ID. The Motel Clerk eyes it.

MOTEL CLERK

They got to you quickly.

The Motel Clerk opens the register, pulls out cash.

Lydia eyes it.

Puts her hand over the cash... pushes it back.

INT. EAGLE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

KNOCKING

Eagle has a grin on his face.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Police, open up.

He answers the door.

EAGLE

Evening officer.

Lydia barges her way inside.

LYDIA
Something about you doesn't add up.

She wanders round, searching for something. Not thorough at all.

Eagle's getting impatient.

EAGLE
You know I could sue you for this.

LYDIA
Where are the two you were with?

Eagle's eyes gesture towards their room.

Lydia leaves in a hurry. Eagle slithers back into bed. His eyes start to drift.

PRELAP: KNOCKING

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Robin wakes. She eyes the chair propped against the bathroom door.

LYDIA (O.S.)
Police, open up.

Robin stumbles towards the bathroom door, removes the chair.

ROBIN
Just a second.

She opens the door.

INT. BATHROOM, ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cole's slumped in the bathtub, snoring.

Robin sighs, relieved.

ROBIN
(mouths)
Good boy.

She shuts the door.

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Robin unlocks the door, rubbing her eyes. Yawns as she opens it.

ROBIN
Hello?

LYDIA
Mind if I come in?

Robin blocks the doorway.

ROBIN
Got a warrant?

Lydia barges past Robin who just about keeps the bedsheet from dropping. A hint of bruise is covered.

Lydia searches the room.

LYDIA
Where's Cole?

TOILET FLUSHES

WATER RUNS for a moment.

Door opens.

Cole's surprised to see Lydia.

COLE
I'll get the taillight fixed in the morning.

LYDIA
How do you two know each other?

ROBIN
Blind date, some friends set it up.

LYDIA
Right...

ROBIN
Hit it off right then, didn't we babe...
(stammers)
Got--

Lydia eyes her with suspicion.

COLE

I remember you leading me round the back, don't remember what happened next.

Cole puts an arm around Robin, pulls her close. She grits her teeth.

COLE (CONT'D)

Next morning I wake up with this gorgeous girl and a parking ticket.

Robin laughs.

ROBIN

You never told me you got a ticket.

COLE

Meter ran out.

Lydia heads towards the door.

LYDIA

Okay, I get the picture.

(opens door)

Sorry to bother you. Remember to--

COLE

First thing.

Lydia leaves. Door shuts.

Robin slithers away from Cole and into the bed.

Cole heads to the bathroom. Something stops him. He turns, Robin's gripping his jacket.

ROBIN

Stay with me...

Cole moves her hand away.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Please.

He reaches in to his pocket, drops his keys on the bedside table. Sits on the bed.

Robin cuddles up to him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Thank you.

Cole lays down, shuts his eyes.

INT. EAGLE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Eagle lays in bed on the phone.

EAGLE

We've got our driver... But there's something about him...

The phone goes dead. Eagle starts texting.

INT. ROBIN'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

FAINT TIRES POP: Cole's body flinching.

FAINT CAR CRASH

GUNFIRE

Cole jolts awake. Instantly alert.

Confused to find Robin getting dressed in the middle of the room, her slightly body bruised. The duffel bag on a chair.

COLE

Do you like it rough or does he?

Robin turns away from Cole. Wipes away a tear, continues dressing.

Cole turns to grab his keys, they're gone.

COLE (CONT'D)

Where are--

ROBIN

Eagle's got'em.

Robin shows Cole her phone a message reads: *'Change of plan - you two go in. I drive!'*

Throws some clothes at him.

As Cole starts dressing, Robin tosses another item to him - Eagle's mask.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You'll know when to wear it.

Cole pockets the mask.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Bell rings. The Motel Clerk peers up from his paper.

It's Cole and Robin, she's back to her bubbly persona.

MOTEL CLERK

Fun night?

Robin has a cheeky smile.

ROBIN

Didn't realize we'd get a noise
complaint.

(off their confused looks)

The cop who showed up.

MOTEL CLERK

Yeah, probably just looking to stir
up trouble. It's what they're all
like round here.

The Motel Clerk spins the guest book round for them to sign out.

Robin watches Cole sign it. Writes in a time '08:30'.

Notices the name 'E. Johnson' written in the book with a check out time of '07:30'.

Robin opens the door. The bell above dings.

MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)

You have a good vacation now.

Robin nods a thanks as they leave.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

Cole and Robin wander back into town, Robin's agitated, phone to her ear. It rings.

ROBIN

C'mon Eagle, pick up.

Cole's unperturbed, he's used to this.

Tires on the road, a horn honks. Cole recognizes it. The van pulls up.

Robin rushes to it, Cole maintains his pace.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Robin's about to give Eagle an earful.

He holds up coffee and doughnuts.

EAGLE

How about some breakfast? You look like you need it.

Eagle opens the door for Robin to get in. Once she does, she opens the doors for Cole, before reclaiming the passenger seat.

Cole sits in the back, a paper bag lands in his lap.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Eat up, busy morning.

(beat)

I ain't gonna toss you the coffee.

EXT. COLE'S VAN/DESERT TOWN - MORNING

The van drives into the distance. That broken taillight is prominent.

Cole's van passes through the streets.

Few cars around. Little footfall.

The van repeats the route from the night before.

Even in the daytime there's an eeriness from the lack of life.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

Not a soul.

Cole's van appears, stopping right outside.

COLE (O.S.)
Go into the alley.

EAGLE (O.S.)
Looks a bit too tight for this
thing.

COLE (O.S.)
If you back into it, poke the front
out, we'll be able to leave
quicker.

INT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Robin and Eagle eye Cole confused. He gestures to tuck the van in.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

The van delicately backs into the alleyway.

INT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Cole's expression - *told you*.

COLE
What now?

Eagle checks the time.

EAGLE
You two get ready.

Robin joins Cole in the back of the van.

Robin opens the duffel bag, checks inside. She pulls out a gun, checks it's loaded. Cole observes.

Robin passes the bag to Cole. It's empty. He's puzzled.

ROBIN

Just follow my lead and you'll be fine.

Eagle watches the front of the pawnshop, anticipating movement. A bead of sweat runs down his neck. He wipes it away, massages the scar.

Robin's twitchy, could spring into action at any moment.

Cole's quietness is unnerving.

The breeze whistles.

A car door slams, Robin's alert.

Footsteps. Eagle shakes his head. A shadow passes.

A car turns into the street.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Eagle watches it pull up and park right outside the pawnshop.

Eagle signals to them to mask up. Robin pulls hers on instantly.

Cole fiddles with his, just about managing to slip it on, but has to keep readjusting to see through the eyeholes.

ROBIN (O.C.)

Hurry up.

Cole slings the duffel bag over his shoulder, crouched in the van.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

A cane taps. Labored footsteps. Shaky hands retrieve a set of keys, they jangle.

Pushes one in the lock. Starts to turn the key. Each click of the lock echos.

The shaky hand retracts the key. A hand pushes the door open.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Robin bursts out the back, sprinting towards HAMID (50s) tall, frail as he pushes the door open.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

Hamid is pushed inside the shop, stumbling forwards.

Cole clambers out the back of the van in the background.

Robin turns, sees Cole's on his way. She sighs, goes inside.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

Hamid's cane hits the floor. He lands with a thud.

The keys scatter along.

Robin's on Hamid. No chance to move. Pushing his face against the floor, muffling any attempted protests.

She presses her gun against the back of his head, thumbs back the hammer.

The click rings out.

Robin turns to the door, incensed.

Cole, masked, duffel bag over his shoulder, bursts in.

Antiques, jewelry and memorabilia encased behind glass.

Behind the counter, a door marked 'EMPLOYEES ONLY'

Robin gestures to the keys. Cole rushes over, grabs them. Robin then gestures to the door. Cole approaches it locks the door.

Robin turns Hamid over. A knee on his chest.

HAMID

How big must you feel right now?

A gun in his face.

ROBIN
I won't hesitate.
(beat)
The money?

HAMID
In the register, I'll open it for
you. Take everything.

Cole heads towards it.

ROBIN (O.C.)
Not that money.

He stops.

Hamid realizes.

HAMID
No. Please. You can't. I beg you...

ROBIN
(to Cole)
Gun?

Cole goes to the counter, climbs over it, hands under the
counter, retrieves a sawn-off shotgun.

Robin grins.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Shells?

Cole finds half a box.

Robin kicks his cane aside. Drags Hamid along to the back of
the store.

Cole unlocks the door behind the counter, then the counter
itself.

Robin pulls the divider up, drags Hamid through as Cole opens
the door.

INT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Cole's license and registration fall into Eagle's lap. He
checks them before putting them back.

Eagle observes the surroundings of the van, searches the space.

Returns to his seat.

Eagle opens the glove compartment. His eyes light up. He pulls something out, pockets it, closes the glove compartment.

Eagle makes a phone call.

EAGLE

It's him...

A muffled response.

The line goes dead. Eagle pockets the phone.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP, BACK ROOM - MORNING

Light on, it's small, empty. A wall safe at the end.

Cole enters, followed by Robin, dragging Hamid along.

She pulls him up, forces him against the wall by the safe.

ROBIN

Open it.

HAMID

You need the key.

Cole finds it.

Hamid's sweating, trembling hands start working the dial to unlock the safe, but his clammy fingers slip off.

Robin reaches back with her free hand.

Cole loads the shotgun, hands it over. Robin presses the barrel against Hamid's cheek.

ROBIN

We don't have all morning.

Hamid's even more panicked. Tears stream down his face.

Robin's trigger finger's getting itchy.

HAMID (O.C.)
Please, I have a family. A wife.
Kids--

Robin freezes...

ROBIN (O.C.)
I don't care.

Click!

Hamid turns the key, opens the safe to reveal bundles of cash.

Robin pulls him back.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
(to Cole)
You're up.

Cole approaches the safe, opens the duffel bag, drags bundles of cash inside in one fell swoop.

Robin drags Hamid out the room, Cole follows.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

Hamid's thrown inside by Robin.

ROBIN
This is what happens when you screw
Vance, he sends me.

The name 'Vance' brings an instant terror to Hamid's eyes. He trembles.

HAMID
You don't know who you're stealing
from...

Cole eyes him, confused.

HAMID (CONT'D)
She won't just come. She'll kil--

Robin cracks Hamid with the shotgun. He's out cold.

Cole and Robin rush to the front door, unlock it and leave.

EXT/INT. COLE'S VAN - MORNING

Eagle peers at the side mirror to see Cole and Robin rushing towards the van.

He drives forward, stops.

The back doors open.

Eagle returns to his seat.

Cole and Robin jump in the back, Robin closes the back doors.

Cole pulls his mask off, takes the passenger seat, checks the side mirror.

The van zips along...

COLE
Whoa, slow down.

Eagle eyes him confused.

EAGLE
Why, we need to get out of here.

COLE
We also don't need to be drawing attention.

Eagle slows at a line of traffic.

Beat.

ROBIN
You've done this before, ain't yah.

Cole can't speak.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
What happened?

Beat, even Eagle side-eyes him, intrigued.

COLE
The money or the crew...

GUNFIRE

Eagle keeps one hand on the steering wheel. Cole feels the barrel against his ribs.

EAGLE

You ain't gonna do that to us.

Cole stares at the road ahead.

COLE

I ain't the one driving.

The car ahead moves, the van's front wheel begins to spin.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - MORNING

A watery eye blinks open. Hamid's pained, he reaches for his cane, just about pulls himself to his feet.

Hamid's face creases with each step. Moving closer and closer to the counter at the back of the shop.

He pulls the bar up, goes behind it. Reaching under the counter, he pulls out a phone.

Rests against the counter as he makes a call.

Dial tone...

It connects.

HAMID

The money's gone.

Dial tone...

Hamid's shaky hands drop the phone.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin sits in the back with the duffel bag on her lap. She counts the money.

COLE

What's the plan with all this money?

EAGLE

It ain't for us.

COLE

So all the trouble you've put me through so far and I don't even get a cut.

Eagle chuckles.

COLE (CONT'D)

(to Robin)

It's for that guy you mentioned isn't it, Vince.

ROBIN

Vance, he runs... businesses...

COLE

And you're his leg-breakers. A real class act.

EAGLE

Hamid had it coming, owed big time.

COLE

Gambling debts?

EAGLE

More like skimming off the top.

(to Robin)

How much is there?

ROBIN

About five-hundred.

COLE

All of this was over five-hundred dollars!

ROBIN

Thousand.

Awkward beat.

COLE

So we take this money to Vance, where is he?

Robin bites her lip, reluctant to talk. Eagle opens his but no sound escapes.

Cole's getting impatient.

EAGLE

Chi--

COLE

We're driving all the way to
Chicago! From just outside fucking
Tucson!

POLICE SIREN

Eagle checks the wing-mirror.

REFLECTION: A police crown vic.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The van speeds up, so does the crown vic.

Dust and sand kick up as the two vehicles zip along the road.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole buckles his seatbelt, straps in tight.

SMASH!

Everyone's jerked forward.

Eagle grins as the van goes quicker.

Robin swaps the sawn-off for her pistol. She peeks out the back of the van. Safety off, she thumbs back the hammer, cocks the gun.

Each sound reverberates throughout the van, Cole's knuckles whiten from gripping his seat.

A BULLET PINGS

COLE

(aside)

Fuck...

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
(to Robin)
Those windows don't roll down.

Robin breaks one of the back windows.

BANG!

Robin returns fire.

EXT/INT. LYDIA'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Lydia's determined, unfazed by the gunfire.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Eagle retrieves his gun, hands it to Cole.

EAGLE
Get this ready.

COLE
I don't know anyth--

EAGLE
Bullshit!

Eagle reaches into his pocket, pulls out a newspaper clipping.

'THREE DEAD IN HAMMONTON SHOOTING!'

A glimpse of the small-print mentions a casino robbery where thirteen million dollars was stolen.

ROBIN (O.C.)
Vance'll like you.
(she grins)
Just found him a new driver.

FAINT FOOTSTEPS POUNDING

COLE
I didn't fucking kill them!

Cole scrunches up the newspaper clipping, pockets it.

INT/EXT. LYDIA'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Lydia keeps pace.

Her phone bings. Numerous missed calls. Lydia glances at the sender. A picture of her husband on the screen.

A message reads *'Where are you?'*

Lydia sighs.

She locks her phone. Eyes back on the van ahead as she speeds forward.

That broken taillight.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

WHACK!

Robin stumbles over.

Eagle glances in the rearview mirror, sees Robin struggling. He turns to Cole, snatches the gun from his lap, chambers a bullet.

EAGLE

Guess what driver, time to shine.

Eagle leaps from his seat, rushes to the back of the van.

Cole grasps the steering wheel, undoes his belt and jumps into the driver's seat.

Eagle smashes the second back window.

Cole's grip tightens.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole notices Lydia approaching. Rams her vehicle.

INT. LYDIA'S CROWN VIC - DAY

The whole car rattles, veers off the road. Lydia just about maintains control. Pulls it straight.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Eagle reaches for the shotgun.

Aims...

HUGE SMASH

Eagle and Robin lose their balance.

INT/EXT. LYDIA'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Her car swerving. Lydia struggles to regain control. Turning the wheel does nothing.

All she can see ahead of her is ditch.

Lydia grabs her phone, opens the photo of her husband and newborn. Holding it close.

LYDIA

I'm sorry. I love--

CRASH!

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Eagle and Robin are overjoyed.

Cole rests his head on the steering wheel, sighs.

Cole's instantly alert, trying to steer the van back on course...

A cactus.

THUD!

Everyone jolts back then forth.

Eagle and Robin crash to the floor.

BANG!

CLUNK!

Robin screams!

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole's cushioned against the airbag. He wakes, pained but the airbag took the brunt of it.

He pulls away from the steering wheel, undoes his seatbelt. Takes out the key, pockets it.

Cole slips onto the passenger seat. As he forces himself up, he sees--

Eagle and Robin in a heap.

The duffel bag next to them.

Cole crawls towards it. As he grabs the handle...

BACKSEAT ROBBER (V.O.)

(hushed)

Don't... Don't leave us...

Cole freezes...

He reaches into his pocket. Unravels the newspaper clipping...

Tears it up.

The pieces litter the floor.

He grabs the duffel bag.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

The door opens, Cole falls out, on his back, the duffel bag on his chest.

He forces himself to his feet. Slams the door shut. Locks the van. Slings the duffel bag over his shoulder.

Staggeres to the back of the van. Goes to lock it--

ROBIN

Don't you fucking leave me here!

Cole jumps back.

Robin reaches out at him.

COLE

I'm not having another Hammonton.
This money's going back where it
came from. A little late for
Heaven, but I'll take Purgatory
again.

Robin yells, cussing Cole out as he staggers down the dirt road.

INT. AMBER'S OFFICE, THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB - DAY

Neon and shadows. Business and pleasure. Faded posters. One a copy from the diner. All have that signature kiss imprinted.

Office chair and desk, drawers facing a divan sofa.

Door opens. GOONS drag a man: beaten, barely conscious, wears only briefs and a torn shirt. He's dumped on the sofa.

FOOTSTEPS

DOOR CLOSES

This is ARAM (40s) too weak to be tied up.

Beat.

Door opens. Closes. Locks.

Light on.

A bare foot, that red nail polish. Each step unveils her: a skirt, the hem high. That thigh scar. A thin blouse teases cleavage.

Thick makeup enhances wrinkles. That vibrant lipstick blows a puff of smoke.

The hair at medium length, losing its neatness.

AMBER (45 on a great day, pushing 60 on a bad one), reveals herself through the haze.

AMBER

Try not to bleed on that honey.

She takes a final drag, stubs her cigarette out.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I just had it steamed.

She lounges on the desk. Playfully pokes Aram with her toes. The divan is against the desk.

Amber slithers down, takes a seat next to Aram. She checks his injuries.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Look what those bad men did to you.

She wets her thumb, cleans his cheek.

AMBER (CONT'D)

A little birdie told me she saw you a few nights ago leaving my office. Said you were in a hurry. Said you had a bag.

(beat)

Then I learn I'm missing fifty-thousand dollars.

Aram mutters something.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't catch that.

Aram struggles to get the words out.

ARAM

Fuck... you...

AMBER

With pleasure.

Amber sticks her hand down Aram's briefs.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Let's see what we're working with here...

She fondles him...

AMBER (CONT'D)

Too small for me.

Pulls her hand out. Wipes it on his shirt.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, darling. I'll make it quick.

She straddles Aram, presses his hand against her scar.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Got into a fight with a guy who tried to have his way with me... and he almost did.

(beat)

I cut this on the broken glass I used to slash his throat.

Beat.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Trace it...

(squeezes his hand)

Or I break fingers.

As Aram runs his finger along the scar, a smile slides across Amber's lips.

She leans in, giving him a passionate kiss. Keeps his hand against her thigh... she starts gyrating... her hand drifts away. His stays.

Amber finds a hilt. Pulls it out... her hair drops down... The thin blade glistens.

SLICE...

The blade lands on the desk.

Aram clutches at his throat trying to stem the bleeding. As their mouths fill with blood Amber's kiss intensifies...

Aram fades. Amber pulls away, exhales. Her lips speckled with his blood.

Amber pulls Aram in to meet her gaze. His eyes lifeless.

AMBER (CONT'D)

If you try to fuck me, I'll fuck you harder.

She pushes him back, dismounts her prey.

Those feet. That red nail polish.

Footsteps.

Door unlocks.

INT. BACK OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin's banging at the doors, yelling insults... Cole's long gone.

Robin's throat dries, the anger in her eyes turns to tears. She sits on the floor, sobbing.

FLASHCUT: ROBIN AGAINST A BRICK WALL, CRYING

A red pool has formed next to her. She turns to see Eagle's corpse, blood trickles from a cut on his head.

ROBIN

Least you got what you deserved.

The hole behind gives a glimpse of the distant road ahead.

Robin tries the doors again, it's locked from the outside.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She makes her way to--

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin sits in the driver's seat, searches the dashboard, glovebox. Finds the emergency kit.

Opens it - pliers, screwdrivers (flathead and Phillips), gloves, wire cutters and strippers.

Finds the van's manual in the side door. Opens it.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

The van starts for a moment, turns off.

The driver's side door opens.

Robin steps out.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Robin staggers towards Lydia's car.

Climbs into the ditch.

EXT/INT. DITCH/LYDIA'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Lydia's face is mashed against the steering wheel, blood seeping down.

Robin pulls the door open, Lydia's body falls out.

She's still clutching the phone.

Robin pries it from her hands. The phone's password is a number combination. She notes Lydia's badge number: 7-5-7-3.

Tries it.

The phone unlocks instantly, opens onto a picture of Lydia holding her newborn.

Robin collapses, tears well up in her eyes as she stares at the image in front of her. That family, now broken, destroys her.

PHONE RINGING

Robin's startled, stares confused at the one in her hand before realizing it's coming from her own pocket.

She retrieves it.

'VANCE'

She answers, hesitant.

Beat.

ROBIN

Yes.

Call ends. Robin grabs Lydia's police badge.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You deserved better.

Pockets the badge.

Robin climbs out of the ditch. Stumbles towards Cole's van.
Opens the door.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin makes her way through. She grabs Eagle's body, dragging it through.

She pushes his body out the driver's side door. It hits the ground with a thud.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Cole's van, front battered, riddled with bullet holes. A chunk missing from the shotgun blast, returns to the road.

Eagle begins to stir awake.

EAGLE
Motherfucker...

He retrieves his phone from his pocket. Makes a call.

EAGLE (CONT'D)
He's one hell of a driver... a few
hundred miles out from Fontein...
I'll find a car.

Eagle staggers to his feet. Makes his way to the roadside.
Starts walking.

An SUV on the horizon.

Eagle turns off his phone. Doubles forward.

It approaches, stopping at the side of the road. An Ichthys stuck to the back window.

A SOCCER MOM rolls down her window.

SOCCER MOM
Oh my. Are you okay?

EAGLE

No ma'am. I was in a wreck a few miles back.

(takes out phone)

My phone died and I need to get to a hospital.

SOCCER MOM

Certainly, get in.

He coughs.

EAGLE

Think I've broken a rib or something. Would you mind giving me a hand?

SOCCER MOM

Of course.

The Soccer Mom gets out, rushes over to Eagle.

He hits her hard. Straddles her. Strangles her.

Eagle retrieves the car keys from her hand, gets in the SUV.

Starts up the car.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

Hamid's behind his counter. He watches an SUV pull up.

Some suited GOONS enter the shop.

Hamid steps out from the counter, approaches, one agonizing step at a time.

HEAD GOON

Mr Almadov?

Hamid nods.

The Head Goon grabs Hamid. His cane falls to the ground.

In the background, Hamid is forced against one of the glass cases.

HEAVY PUNCHES.

EXT. EDGE OF DESERT TOWN - DAY

A bead of sweat trickles down Cole's brow. He wipes it away. He drops the bag. Takes a breath. He picks up the bag. Marches into town.

Passes the mechanic Lydia mentioned earlier. Glances at it, smirks.

EXT. DESERT TOWN - DAY

Cole passes shops fronts and streets. Still as desolate as when they left.

The blaring sun makes Cole's every step seem as though he's carrying gallon jugs on his shoulders.

In the distance, he can just make out the pawnshop. The unbearable heat makes it appear as a blurred mirage.

Cole continues, pressing forward like his life depends on it.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

The SUV still parked outside. Cole spots it, he notices the suited Goons inside. Goes into--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

He creeps along the wall.

COLE

(aside)

If I go in, I'm fucked. If I run
I'm a coward... who's still fucked.

Cole stops, thinks.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - DAY

Darkness. The door opens, the glint of LAYLA (mid 20s) tied to the pole, mouth covered. The door closes.

AMBER (O.S.)

I know it was you.

Layla quivers with fear.

 AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 You were such a promising talent
 Layla.

A hand on Layla's shoulder. That red nail polish.

 AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Last time someone betrayed me...

The hand disappears.

 AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 It left me scarred.

Layla glimpses the scar on Amber's thigh.

A hand with painted nails moves Layla's face up, meets
Amber's gaze...

 AMBER (CONT'D)
 You need to share my pain.

One hand caresses Layla's body.

The glint of a blade.

SLICE!

Layla lets out a muffled squeal. She peers down.

Sees a cut on her thigh.

Amber reappears, tying her hair up.

 AMBER (CONT'D)
 Just tell me why.

She removes the tape covering Layla's mouth.

 LAYLA
 He threatened to hurt me if I
 didn't.

Amber grips Layla's cheeks.

 AMBER
 I'll always be part of you.

A lingering kiss.

Amber disappears into the darkness. The door opens.

As light shoots in, the cut on Layla's thigh is revealed, matching Amber's scar.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

The Goons wait around. Head Goon steps out from the room marked *PRIVATE* phone in hand, makes a call.

INT. AMBER'S OFFICE, THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB - DAY

Amber, feet on the desk, dabbing her lips with a tissue.

The phone rings, she answers.

INTERCUT

AMBER

Well?

HEAD GOON

It's gone.

Amber's feet move off the desk.

AMBER

Gone? It was in a locked safe. If Hamid's as useless as his brother he can go meet him.

The Goon whips out a gun, pulls it back to chamber a bullet.

HEAD GOON

You want me to do it right now?

Amber's too furious to speak.

AMBER

Find my fucking money!

HEAD GOON

What about Hamid?

AMBER

Kill him.

She hangs up.

INTERCUT ENDS

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

GUNSHOT!

Cole shudders.

A body thuds to the ground.

He turns to leave but the alley ends with a brick wall. His only way out is right past the pawnshop.

Cole creeps along.

INT/EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

Teeming with Goons.

ONE notices a shadow passing the shop. He rushes out.

It's a struggle. Cole gets a few hits in but he's no match for this guy.

Cole's thrown into the room, crashing to the ground.

He comes face to face with Hamid's bloodied, bruised face. Wisps of smoke still escaping from the bullet hole in his head.

Cole backs away...

The Goon enters, duffel bag in hand.

Cole's lifted with ease by another Goon. Slammed against a glass case.

The Head Goon opens the duffel bag. Turns to his subordinates.

HEAD GOON

It's all here.

(to Cole)

Where did you get this? 'Cause it sure as hell weren't hanging from a telephone wire.

COLE

That's because I found it in the
desert.

PUNCH!

Cole felt that one.

The Goon pinning Cole tightens his grip.

HEAD GOON

I wanna know how the fuck it got
there.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin drives with intent, panicked.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

The van comes to the edge of town.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Moves through the streets, light traffic.

Robin stares out at the emptiness. Hardly a soul about. It's
eerie. She brings the van to a snail's pace.

Her phone rings in her pocket. She answers it, her tone
shifting to a more serious one.

ROBIN

We did, but there was... a
complication.

FLASHCUT: LYDIA HOLDING HER NEWBORN

A tear rolls down Robin's cheek. She wipes it away.

Beat.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Eagle didn't make it.

The line goes quiet. Concern on her face.

The line goes dead.

Robin can see the pawnshop in the distance...

Getting closer, she can make out the SUV parked out front...

Closer still and she can see the Goons inside...

A glimpse of Cole pinned to the case...

The duffel bag. Robin sighs relieved.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN/ALLEYWAY - DAY

The van backs in.

Robin sits, loads the shotgun, stuffs some shells in her pocket.

ROBIN

This better work.

Robin goes to the front. Steps out.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

Robin psychs herself up... enters.

INT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

Goons surrounding Cole.

ROBIN

Hey!

Robin points the shotgun at them.

They all turn.

HEAD GOON

The fuck?

Robin spots the duffel bag, it's between her and the Goons.

ROBIN
(re: duffel bag)
I'm here to collect that.
(re: Cole)
And him.

Cole watches Robin confused.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
I don't wanna use this, but I ain't
scared to.

HEAD GOON
Is that even loaded?

Robin's hands tremble.

The Head Goon grins, starts raising his gun...

Robin pulls back the hammer.

ROBIN
It is now!

The Head Goon stops in his tracks.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Now. Do as I say and you won't
paint the walls.
(beat)
Let. Him. Go.

The Goons surrounding Cole part like the red sea. Cole
staggers towards Robin.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
(to Cole)
The money.

Cole slings the duffel bag over his shoulder, joins Robin by
the entrance.

HEAD GOON
You have no idea who you're
stealing from.

ROBIN
(re: Hamid)
Funny, you sound like that guy.
(re: SUV)
That car outside is yours?

The Head Goon eyes her, curious.

Robin and Cole back out the door, sawn-off still trailing.

INT/EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Robin sticks the barrel against the hood.

She cranes her head towards the alleyway. Cole rushes away.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Door opens. Cole jumps in, throws the duffel bag in the back.
Starts the van.

BANG!

He drives out, turns.

EXT. HAMID'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

Smoke fizzles from the front of the SUV.

Cole's van stops behind Robin.

She gets in.

The van speeds off.

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin exhales, relieved.

ROBIN
Gimme me one good reason why I
shouldn't kill you right now.

COLE
I'm driving.

ROBIN
You took the money.

COLE
You still wanna go to Chicago?

Beat.

ROBIN
I don't know anymore.

She stares at the duffel bag in the back.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Just drive!

Robin stares out at the road ahead.

AMBER (PRELAP)
What do you mean the money's still
missing?!

INT. AMBER'S OFFICE, THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB - DAY

Amber paces round.

AMBER
Well if you know who has it go
fucking get it!

Amber ends the call. She goes to a mirrored closet covered in lipstick marks. Admires her reflection, adds another kiss.

She slides the closet open: outfits, costumes, lingerie. Sex toys, torture devices. Some a mix of both.

Amber takes a box out of the closet. Slides it shut. Takes the box over to the divan.

She goes to the door, locks it.

Returns to the divan and rummages through the box. A glimpse of the same newspaper clipping Cole had...

Amber moves it aside, pulls out a photo and a ring box.

PHOTO: Amber's younger, bathed in neon. A sequined, low-cut tinsel dress. She's on the lap of JAVIER (40s) he's suave, a typical Latin Lover.

Amber opens the box, takes out a diamond ring. She puts it on. Admires it. Holding back tears. She's about to kiss the photo--

THE DOORKNOB TURNS

KNOCKING

Amber wipes away her tears, removes the ring. Back in the box, along with the photo.

Puts them back in the closet.

She unlocks the door. Opens it.

A wry smile on her lips.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole and Robin are back on an empty desert road.

Cole notices the fuel gauge is low.

COLE

If we're gonna make it to Chicago
we'll need to get out of Arizona
first. I don't know about you, but
I could do with some chow.

Robin nods.

They pass a sign: *REST STOP - 5 miles.*

COLE (CONT'D)

We'll stop there. Just don't rob
the place.

Robin smirks.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The van in the background at a gas pump.

Cole's at the counter. Robin joins him, food and drinks in her arms. She dumps them.

The Gas Station Clerk rings the items through.

COLE

Know anywhere we can grab a meal?

GAS STATION CLERK

There's a small town a few miles in the direction you're already headed. Hear it's got a fearsome reputation. You guys'll fit right in.

Cole nods as Robin pays. They take the items, leave.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Cole and Robin head to the van.

ROBIN

What do you suppose he meant by that?

Cole unlocks the van.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole steps in.

COLE

It's your eyes.

Robin's behind, already tucking into some beef jerky.

ROBIN

Guess you've forgotten what I said back at the motel.

COLE

Considering the state your last guy ended up in... don't count on it.

Cole gets into the driver's seat, Robin drops into the passenger seat.

ROBIN

He got what was coming.

COLE

We don't have to take the money to Vance. I can drive you down to Mexico. You can leave all this behind.

He starts the van. Shovels jerky into his mouth.

Drives onto the desert road.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A sign: *FONTEIN - 100 miles*

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole eyes the sign as they pass it.

COLE

Wonder if somewhere there serves a decent steak.

ROBIN

Boss don't like delays.

COLE

You're still hesitant.

Robin nods.

COLE (CONT'D)

Don't be. Last time I hesitated...

ROBIN

Hammonton?

GUNFIRE!

Cole shudders.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What happened?

Cole just focuses on the road ahead.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The van passes another sign: *'FONTEIN - 25 MILES'*

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin's asleep in her seat.

Cole's eyes are dead focused on that empty desert road ahead.

EXT. DESERT ROAD/COLE'S VAN - DAY

A sign reads: *'WELCOME TO FONTEIN - Est. 1670'*

INT/EXT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Ahead of Cole, flashing lights adorn small buildings. Despite the hour.

Robin wakes, groggy.

ROBIN

Where are we?

COLE

Wonderland.

That single blinking taillight disappears as Cole's van enters neon hell.

INT. AMBER'S OFFICE, THE NAKED KISS CLUB - DAY

A hand caresses the scar on Eagle's neck.

AMBER (O.C.)

I remember the night I gave you that.

Lifts his face up. He grins in anticipation.

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And you're reminded of me every time you see it.

Grips a mop of hair.

His face is slammed against Amber's chest.

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

He does, working his way down.

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Is he alone?

Eagle peers up at her. Nods.

AMBER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Bring him in alive. Can you handle that?

Another nod.

Amber sits on the desk, spreading her legs, Eagle mounts her. His kissing even more passionate.

Eagle's hand caresses the scar on Amber's thigh.

AMBER (CONT'D)

You're such a good boy.

Amber holds Eagle against her, wraps herself around him. He starts thrusting.

INT/EXT. COLE'S VAN/FONTEIN STRIP - DAY

It's the bastard kid of Las Vegas and a prospector's town. Decorated with tulips and windmills. Red, orange, white and blue.

Cole and Robin stare out at a small-time casino town with big dreams. It's vibrant. Tacky.

A well in the center, now symbolic rather than functional.

Old buildings have been converted into bars, restaurants and casinos...

As their drive continues, the place gets seedier. In the sunlight the PROSTITUTES on street corners are obvious.

Layla's among them. A thin bandage around her thigh. She makes a pass at a POLICE OFFICER who speed-walks past her.

Layla makes a lewd gesture... breaks down in tears.

No one comforts her.

At the end of the strip, there it is - THE NAKED KISS CLUB.
That lipstick mark is its signature logo.

ROBIN
I'd hate to be here at night.

COLE
C'mon, lets grab some grub and get
out of here.

The van pulls into an empty spot on the curb.

Cole and Robin alight the van. Cole scouts around. Spots a
diner.

COLE (CONT'D)
There.

They head towards it.

INT. THE NAKED KISS CLUB, MAIN FLOOR - DAY

A prominent neon glow permeates. Poles, a curtain, a stage, a
catwalk. A bar to one side where a BARMAN cleans his area.

Amber's giving instructions. Her authoritative presence is
felt around the room.

She goes into --

INT. THE NAKED KISS CLUB, CORRIDOR - DAY

Rows of doors, peering through each door as if giving an
inspection.

She peers into one where a JANITOR is in the middle of giving
a deep clean. Amber smiles, satisfied. He notices her, smiles
back.

Amber leaves.

INT. THE NAKED KISS CLUB, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Rows of vanity mirrors all with a kiss marked somewhere on
them.

STRIPPERS in various states of undress get ready for the night's work. Some doing stretches.

Amber enters.

All eyes on her.

AMBER

Don't mind me, girls. Just making sure everything's shipshape before we open.

She puts her arm around a YOUNG WOMAN (barely 20), pulls some lipstick from her pocket, hands it to her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Try this darling, it'll really bring out your eyes.

The Young Woman smiles, starts applying the lipstick. She kisses the mirror, leaving a mark.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Perfect.

The Young Woman goes to wipe it off.

AMBER (CONT'D)

No-no, that's your mark. This is your space now.

The Young Woman looks around at the other mirrors, a kiss is imprinted on them.

AMBER (CONT'D)

You're new here, aren't you?

YOUNG DANCER

Yes, ma'am.

AMBER

Nervous?

YOUNG DANCER

A little.

AMBER

I was like you once, getting ready
for my first night here.

YOUNG DANCER

You worked here?

Amber nods.

The Young Woman smiles, resumes getting ready.

Amber leans over another STRIPPER'S shoulder.

AMBER

That man won't be laying a finger
on you anymore.

The Stripper smiles thanks as Amber moves on.

INT. DINER - DAY

Tchotchkes adorn the walls. That familiar acrylic furniture.
The place is sparsely populated, save for a few people
scattered around.

ONE'S hunched at the counter, mirrors Cole in the opening.

Cole and Robin are in a booth. A WAITRESS who's seen better
days, places their food on the table.

The WAITRESS departs.

Cole tucks into his steak and eggs: not good, not terrible.

ROBIN

So what happened in Hammonton?

COLE

We were ambushed. I survived, took
the money.

ROBIN

Okay, what about before that?

Cole peeks up, checks no one's listening. Back down, he
gestures for Robin to move close.

COLE

I was hired to drive some guys from Atlantic City to a safe house. Everything was set up so these guys were as local as possible... including me.

FAINT SOUNDS OF:

SLOT MACHINES

ROULETTE WHEELS

CARDS SHUFFLED

DEALT

POKER CHIPS

COLE (CONT'D)

Had an address, a set of keys and found the vehicle in the parking lot.

FOOTSTEPS

INT. CASINO PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It's quiet, empty.

ELEVATOR DOOR DINGS... OPENS

THREE ROBBERS dressed as janitors, one carrying a duffel bag, run out of the elevator.

POUNDING FOOTSTEPS

CAR STARTS

A small car inches forward.

They all jump in.

The car drives off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cole's driving. ONE'S in the front. TWO in the back. Speeding along a freeway.

Cole spots something, slows.

ROBBER
Why you slowing down?

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY EXPRESS WAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

They pass a Crown Vic.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Cole peeks in the rearview mirror.

COLE
Cops. Don't wanna draw attention.

When they've gone a good distance away, Cole speeds up again.

ROBBER
You are good.

COLE
Just making sure I earn my cut.

Their drive continues.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY EXPRESS WAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The car drives through. takes a turning.

Passes a sign: *WELCOME TO HAMMONTON - THE BLUEBERRY CAPITAL OF THE WORLD*

EXT/INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Spike strips are laid out in front of the car.

POP!

POP!

Cole struggles to maintain control of the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The car crashes in to a wall.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

They all jerk forward.

Cole glances out of his window. A light flashes.

He ducks for cover.

GUNFIRE

GLASS SMASHES

The THREE Robbers are riddled with bullets.

HURRYING FOOTSTEPS disappear into the night.

Bits of glass surround the car. The windscreen's smashed from bullets holes cutting through it.

Inside the three ROBBERS are a bloody mess riddled with bullets.

Cole comes up, slightly banged up from the crash.

BACKSEAT ROBBER (O.S.)
Don't... Don't leave us...

Cole jumps out of his seat.

He turns, watching the ROBBER.

BACKSEAT ROBBER (CONT'D)
Please...

His injuries catch up with him, his eyes close. He draws his final breath.

Cole spots the duffel bag, grabs it. Scrambles out the car, falling to the floor.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. DINER - DAY

Cole finishes the details.

COLE

Whoever did it wasn't after the money. They wanted to send a message - Don't fucking steal from me. Otherwise they'd have come to the car, blown my brains out and taken it back.

ROBIN

Did you know the guys who hired you?

Cole shakes his head.

COLE

They contacted me. Got my number from a guy they'd met in Iowa. Only met them for the first time when they got into the car.

ROBIN

So that license you showed at the motel is it...

(beat)

Is your name even Cole?

COLE

At this point, does it matter?

Cole mops up yolk and grease with his final bite of steak. He throws some money on the table and stands.

As he and Robin leave, the PERSON at the counter pulls out their phone.

INT. AMBER'S OFFICE, THE NAKED KISS CLUB - DAY

Amber's at her desk, feet resting on it. She's on the phone.

EAGLE (V.O.)

They just left Eve's Diner.

Amber grins. End the call. Her grin lingers.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole and Robin rush to the van. Get in.

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole starts the van.

Starts driving.

COLE

Where to from here?

ROBIN

Chicago.

COLE

Are you sure?

Robin nods with certainty.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, FONTEIN STRIP - DAY

The van drives past.

More cars pass...

An SUV pulls out.

Joins the row of cars.

INT/EXT. SUV - DAY

The driver's focused on one thing... The broken taillight of Cole's van.

The SUV weaves between cars.

Slowly approaching like a predator stalking its prey.

INT/EXT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

The van approaches a sign in the distance reads: *'THANK YOU FOR VISITING FONTEIN - COME BACK SOON'*

INT/EXT. SUV - DAY

THROUGH WINDSHIELD: The back of Cole's van.

PHONE RINGS

EAGLE (O.C.)

They're leaving the town.

AMBER (ON PHONE)

Make sure they don't get far.

EAGLE (O.C.)

Once they're out in the desert,
it'll be easy.

AMBER (ON PHONE)

Good.

The call ends.

The SUV continues following.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Cole's van continues along, despite the hour it's desolate,
empty.

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole's focused on the road ahead, Robin's anxious.

COLE

Reckon we can drive a few hours.
Once it gets dark we'll find
somewhere to sleep. Vance won't
miss a few bucks. Call it my
expenses.

He chuckles.

ROBIN

There was something about that
diner, didn't sit well with me.
(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

That waitress didn't look like no waitress I've ever seen, all bruised.

COLE

Just the diner? Whole place seemed off. My guess is local law enforcement don't exactly hold jurisdiction there.

(off her confused look)

Someone's controlling them, either through money or fear. I'm no gambler but my money's on fear.

ROBIN

Any ideas--

SMASH!

Cole and Robin are jerked forward. Cole checks the wing mirror.

IN WING MIRROR: The SUV.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

Cole grips the steering wheel.

COLE

Best buckle up, it's gonna get messy.

Robin secures her seatbelt.

Cole speeds up.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The two vehicles race along the road.

The SUV weaving for an opening to pull alongside the van.

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN

Robin spots the SUV in her wing mirror.

ROBIN
On your left.

Cole hits the break.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

The van screeches to a halt.

The SUV whips past. A glimpse of a gun in the Eagle's hand.

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole hits the accelerator, turns the van round.

COLE
Eagle!?

Robin's shocked.

ROBIN
But he--

EXT. SUV - DAY

As the vehicle screeches along the tarmac, Eagle turns the wheel.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The SUV spins. The chase continues.

It catches back up with Cole's van.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole's in his element.

COLE
The shotgun still there?

Robin turns in her seat. Spots the sawn-off rattling around in the back.

She nods at Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)

Is it loaded?

Robin shakes her head.

COLE (CONT'D)

Shells?

She clocks the box on the floor, nods.

Robin undoes her seatbelt, makes her way to the back of the van.

INT. BACK OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin staggers over.

She grabs the shotgun.

Opens the box of shells...

SMASH!

She hits the deck hard. The shells go everywhere.

Robin's on her hands and knees scrambling to grab some shells.

SMASH!

Robin falls forwards

The shells fly out of her hands.

Robin collects shells as she army-crawls along the back of the van to the blown out windows.

INT/EXT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole speeds up.

Swerves to turn.

INT. BACK OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin's sat against the back door, cradling the shotgun as she loads it when she's forced aside...

Slamming against the side.

Robin rights herself, pulls the barrel up.

She turns, aiming at the SUV. Her finger on the trigger, ready to pull.

INT/EXT. BACK OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Eagle smirks at Robin as he speeds up.

SMASH!

Robin wobbles again...

BANG!

Shoots the floor.

A gaping hole.

Her shot took out the rear axle.

INT. FRONT OF COLE'S VAN - DAY

Cole's struggling to maintain control.

COLE

The fuck was that?

He tries to steer but it's near-impossible.

EXT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

It swerves back and forth erratically as Cole tries to keep it on the road.

The front wheels kick up dust and sand on the edges of the road.

The back wheels aren't moving.

They screech along, bringing up tire tracks along the asphalt.

The van spins out.

CRUNCH!

Slams against a pole.

INT. COLE'S VAN - DAY

Robin's in a crumpled heap in the back.

Cole's out cold against the driver's side door.

EAGLE (O.S)

Got 'em.

AMBER (V.O.)

Good, bring them to me.

The door opens. Cole's body is dragged out.

A shadow looms over Robbin.

Her body is dragged away.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Cole wakes, head ringing. Blurred vision clearing. Neon lights.

Sees the duffel bag on the floor.

Someone steps in front of it.

Bare feet. That red nail polish. Those legs. That scar. The hem of a skirt drops. A blazer's removed, a tank top.

That hair's tied back. That makeup's been freshened up.

Amber's smiling at Cole.

AMBER

Welcome. Darling.

She grips his chin. Forcing him to stare directly into her eyes.

Her perfume fills the air.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Did my big bad man make you crash
your little truck?

(beat)

Poor baby.

She grips Cole's neck.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Because of your shenanigans I've
had to close up shop early. Send my
girls home.

Her grip softens. She starts caressing Cole's face, it's playful, flirty, teasing.

AMBER (CONT'D)

So, if you and your friend want to
make it out of here alive, you'd
better tell me what you're doing
with my fucking money!

Cole tries to speak but his mouth's been taped shut.

RIP!

COLE

You run this town, don't you.

Amber runs her fingers along Cole's body.

AMBER

Yes I do...

(BACKHAND)

But that's not what I wanna hear.

(beat)

Now, who are you?

COLE

I'm nobody.

AMBER

Everyone's got something about
them...

Amber moves closer, their bodies touching. She rubs up
against Cole. Slips her hand down the front of his pants.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Something to hide perhaps.

She fondles Cole's groin, slight smile.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Now this is something I can work
with.

(in Cole's face)

You and I could've made good
bedfellows back in the day.

Their lips almost touching.

AMBER (CONT'D)

There's still time.

She squeezes.

Cole's face creases.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'd be into it.

Slides her hand out.

AMBER (CONT'D)

In my younger days I always enjoyed
a good fight... Ours would've been
fun...

(beat)

If you live, you win.

She smiles with sickening glee as she goes behind him.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'm in the mood.

Beat...

Cole's freed.

He turns but Amber's disappeared into the neon and darkness...

A kick. Cole responds, swings at air.

Glimpses of Amber as she swings round the pole. Her attacks are teasing but vicious. She knows where to strike.

Cole's on a knee. Amber dangles upside down. She grips Cole's cheeks.

Cole slams his head into Amber's face.

CRACK!

Blood runs down her nose...

That sinister smile.

She licks the blood...

AMBER (CONT'D)

A man hasn't made wet in years.

She responds with one of her own. Cole falls.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Robin's out, slumped on the divan, bound and gagged.

Eagle's sat on the desk caressing her body.

Robin stirs.

EAGLE

Miss me?

She glimpses that burned skin. That scarred kiss.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Robin's pinned, her bruised face pressed against cold, wet brick.

Eagle's MACHO YELL.

Beat.

He stumbles away in the background.

Robin sinks to the floor.

Those same tears in her eyes.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Cole's back up.

Amber swings round the pole, her body disappearing and reappearing at will.

Cole's every punch meets air. A hard kick.

Cole's face is cut, bruised.

He lifts himself.

Those legs wrap around his torso...

That scar...

He's yanked back against the pole.

Her face emerges from the shadows.

AMBER

This is for Hammonton.

Cole's in pain.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Robin winces as the pain hits her. Tries to speak... but her mouth is taped over. Realizes she's tied up.

EAGLE

Remember the first time I met you.
In that dive in Detroit? You said
you'd run away from home.

Eagle grips her face.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Now how does a girl no older than
sixteen manage to score herself a
beer?

His hands continue, working their way up...

EAGLE (CONT'D)

A fake ID?

Along her body...

Comes to her breast...

EAGLE (CONT'D)

Maybe she flashed him.

He squeezes.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

There's something else about that
night that I know you've repressed.
But it's in that head of yours.

A tear in Robin's eye.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Robin's slumped against the cold wet brick, crying... blood
trickling from between her legs.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eagle grins at Robin.

EAGLE

No matter who else comes after me,
you'll always have the memory of
that night.

Eagle pulls out a knife, runs the tip along her thigh.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Cole's trying to separate Amber's legs.

He bends forward. Bites down on her thigh scar, drawing
blood.

Amber squeals.

Cole breaks her grip. Drops to a knee to regain his breath.

Amber falls down the pole, leaves a bloody trail that oozes
from her scar.

AMBER

So you want to play rough.

Coles spits up a chunk of blood.

Amber grins, staggers to her feet.

Rushes at Cole. He's barely up as Amber collides. The two wrestle on the ground, rolling around in a mess of flailing limbs.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Robin cracks Eagle with a head-butt.

She kicks out at him.

Eagle falls off the desk. Lands hard.

The knife clatters along the floor.

Robin wriggles off the divan. Thuds to the floor.

Starts rubbing the rope against the corner of the table.

It splits. Robin pulls the tape from her mouth.

She spots the knife. Goes towards it.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Cole has Amber pinned. His hands around her throat. She struggles... pushing at his face.

Her hands covers his eyes.

Cole feels her body going limp underneath him.

That guttural moan...

Cole's grip lessens as her hands slip away.

Amber's smiling at Cole. She pulls him into...

A head-butt.

Cole's dazed, drops on top of Amber. That smile remains as she rolls Cole over.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Robin grabs the knife.

Approaches Eagle with uneven footsteps. She picks up the knife. Kicks Eagle hard in the ribs.

He coughs as he turns over. Robin's on him, knife ready to strike.

Robin stabs Eagle so much it's beyond overkill. The tears in her eyes a mix of catharsis and rage.

She looks down at Eagle. Blood dripping from his mouth, his eyes lifeless.

Robin scrambles off him. The handle protruding from Eagle's chest.

FOOTSTEPS

DOOR CLOSES

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Amber clammers onto Cole...

She grips his hand...

Moves it up her knee... along her thigh... onto her scar. Forces his hand against it.

Enjoys the pain.

AMBER

Trace it...

She squeezes Cole's hand.

Guides it along the scar...

AMBER (CONT'D)

Caress it...

Amber moves hers away...

Cole's stays.

Amber wets her lips...

AMBER (CONT'D)

(Robin's fading)

Vance destroyed my world, so it's
only fair I blow down his.

ROBIN

I'm done being controlled.

A knee to Amber's gut stops her. She falls on top of Robin.

Cole crawls towards the blade...

A hand on the blade...

Footsteps...

SQUELCH!

Amber freezes...

Blood trickles from her lips...

Her grip loosens...

COLE

I stole your pup's money.

Amber's face turns to anger...

Cole twists the blade. He pulls Amber off Robin.

Another stab to make sure.

He grabs a tissue. Tosses it to Robin.

COLE (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up.

Robin wipes her face.

Cole grabs the duffel bag, slings it over his shoulder.

INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB, MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Cole and Robin stagger towards the entrance.

Robin massaging her neck.

PHONE RINGS

It's Robin's.

She retrieves it.

'VANCE'

She pockets her phone.

COLE

Not worried about what he'll do?

ROBIN

Let's just get out of here.

They head towards the entrance, try the door. It's locked.

Cole rams his shoulder into the door a few times...

EXT/INT. THE NAKED KISS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The door bursts open onto the Fontein Strip.

EXT. FONTEIN STRIP - NIGHT

Cole and Robin stagger along.

It's too quiet.

Cole approaches a car.

EXT/INT. CAR - NIGHT

GLASS SHATTERS!

Cole breaks in.

He turns to Robin.

COLE

Sit in the back.

(off her look)

You don't wanna be picking shards
out your ass later.

Cole puts his hand through the broken window, unlocks the car.

He walks over to the driver's side, opens the door.

Cole reaches under the steering wheel, removes the panel.

Hot-wires the car.

CAR STARTS

Robin opens the back door, throws the duffel bag in, gets in after it.

DOOR SLAMS

DRIVES OFF

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

Desert road. Middle of nowhere.

Car parked outside.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

A steak on a plate, soaked in egg yolks. Stabbed with a fork. Mops up yolk and grease.

COLE

Best one so far.

Cole and Robin at a table. They're banged up, the duffel bag at Robin's feet. They're surrounded by--

Fluorescent lights. Acrylic furniture. Booths. WAITRESSES hover.

Robin smirks, puts the duffel bag on the table, opens it, retrieves a wad of cash, offers it to Cole. He stops her.

COLE (CONT'D)

You earned it.

(off her confusion)

Start a new life.

ROBIN

But this is the only life I know.

COLE

Get out of it. Just don't keep
running...

(smiles to the heavens)

You just get driven back in. No
one's going to miss that money. Use
it wisely.

ROBIN

What's your plan then?

COLE

Purgatory.

Robin eyes him confused.

ROBIN

That New Jersey?

Cole shakes his head with a smirk as he stands.

Robin reaches into her pocket...

Drops Lydia's police badge into the bag with a smile and a
tear.

Cole drops some money on the table. Leaves the diner.

Robin sits there. Her phone RINGS

Incoming call: 'VANCE'

She puts the phone on the table...

Stares at it...

Reaches for it.

FADE OUT.