

THICKER THAN BLOOD

written by

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EXT. HIGHWAY (WEST TEXAS) - SUNSET

The barren desert, where every creature must struggle to survive and even the plants arm themselves with prickly spines. An empty highway stretches towards the setting sun.

VINCE (V.O.)
I hate it in the movies when the
good guys just ride off into the
sunset.

WOOSH! A jet black '69 Mustang soars past, blaring a punk infused take on ROCKABILLY. Fast. Loud. The music of outlaws.

INT./EXT. HERO CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A four-fingered hand, wrapped in bloody bandage, holds a cigarette out the driver's window. VINCE SUTTER (30), exhausted, beat up and worn out, takes a drag. Tattoos peek out from under his retro tuxedo.

VINCE (V.O.)
No explanation of what happens to
them-- Where they go?-- What
they're gonna to do? *Nothin'*.

STATIC kills the music. Vince scans the radio but only finds CLASSIC COUNTRY. He sneers.

An uninjured, sharply dressed man, KIM (30), spoons a DUFFEL BAG in the back. Even asleep he wears his contagious grin.

VINCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess we're just supposed to
assume everyone lives happily ever
after.

Decidedly *not* happy, Vince grits his teeth and GUNS the gas, until-- BANGING comes from the trunk. Vince's eyes dart to the rear view mirror. Kim shifts awake.

KIM
Sleeping beauty must've finally
woke up.

VINCE
Shit.

INT./EXT. HERO CAR - TRUNK - SUNSET

THRASHING and MUFFLED SCREAMS in darkness. Light fills the trunk as Vince opens it. He and Kim look inside, scolding.

VINCE

Now, I know what you're gonna say.

NICK SUTTER (25), lays in the trunk, hands bound, mouth taped, and feet bare. He wears a stained T-shirt and pajamas. The sight of his captors turns him from fright to fury.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You're gonna say "What the fuck, Vince!" and rightly so, but hear me out--

Vince pulls the tape off of Nick' mouth.

NICK

WHAT THE FUCK, VINCE!

VINCE

I know-- just-- calm down.

NICK

I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS GONNA KILL ME! OR-- OR SELL MY ORGANS! I THOUGHT I WAS FUCKING DEAD!

VINCE

Sell your-- what?-- No. Nicky--

Vince covers Nick's mouth, silencing him.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Listen. I gotta tell you somethin' and you gotta promise not to freak the fuck out. Can you do that?

Nick nods. Vince takes away his hand. Hesitates. Then...

VINCE (CONT'D)

We stole 5 million dollars from Cheung and now we're headed--

NICK

WHAT?-- WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

Vince tries to continue but it's no use over Nick's CUSSING and FLAILING. He replaces the tape. SLAMS the trunk. Then leans against the car for a long moment.

VINCE

He's not ready to come out yet.

KIM
 (jokey, miming a pistol)
 And you didn't even tell him about
 the--

Vince glares-- *SHUT UP.* They walk towards the car doors.

VINCE
 I'll tell him after we cross.

KIM
 Right. And how're we gonna do that
 with him bangin' around the trunk?

VINCE
 Quickly.

KIM
 Uh-huh. What's plan B then?

VINCE
 No plan B.

KIM
 I *really* think there should be a
 plan B.

Another glare, then Vince ducks into the car and CRANKS the engine. Kim follows. COUNTRY bleeds through the radio static as they drive off, past a sign that reads, "JUAREZ 190 mi."

KIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What if we stop for a drink and
 come up with a plan B? Or-- just--
 stop for a drink anyway?

VINCE (O.S.)
 Can't. The girlfriend's gonna
 realize he's gone soon.

KIM (O.S.)
 Don't worry about the girlfriend. I
 took care of it.

VINCE (O.S.)
 What d'you mean you took care of
 it?

KIM (O.S.)
 I *took care* of it.

VINCE (O.S.)
 KIM! WHAT DID YOU DO?!?!