

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

A soft breeze blows gentle ripples on the calm, bluish surface of a lake. To the right, a rocky cliff shoots up beyond our view.

The faint sound of an ENGINE fades in...

and a CAR comes into view from above, diving headfirst into the lake. Water explodes like a thousand broken mirrors.

The car bobs like a cork for a brief moment, then slowly sinks.

CARD: SECONDS BEFORE

INT. CAR - DAY

A MAN, sits in the driver's seat, eyes fixated. His breath, accelerated. His brow damp with heavy sweat.

His sight drops down to his two shaky hands resting on the steering wheel.

In the background, POLICE SIRENS fade in.

The driver looks up to the rear view mirror. Through the cracked back window he sees several police cars approach.

He turns around and looks over his shoulder. On the back seat, two bodies lie motionless. He eyes them one by one, and breaks into a sob.

He watches on as the black and blue cars slide into place a few yards behind and cops pour out, guns drawn. They take position behind cover and aim their weapons in his direction.

One of them pulls out a megaphone.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Come out of the car with your hands
on your head.

The driver scans the back seat and spots a gun in the hand of one of the dead bodies.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
There's nowhere for you to go.
Surrender now.

He turns back to face the wheel and in a fit of rage bangs his head on it repeatedly.

DRIVER
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck...

He glances ahead.

There is no road...

because the car is standing a few yards from the edge of a CLIFF overlooking a majestic lake.

The driver straightens up. He glances at his blood-splattered driver side mirror.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Comes out now, this is your final warning.

He takes a deep breath and shifts the car's gear. He grabs the wheel with both hands, and CRUSHES the gas pedal.

Wheels SCREECH as dust fills the air behind the car. Cops cover their eyes and mouths with their hands.

He releases the manual brake and the car just flies off the edge of the cliff.

CARD: MINUTES EARLIER

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A car rockets down a small road. Police car sirens BLARE in the background.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The driver yanks a yellow ski mask off his head. His attention shifts back and forth between the rear view mirror and the road ahead.

DRIVER
Is he alright?

On the back seat, another MAN, his head covered by a RED ski mask, lies slouched to the side, his clothes soaked with his own blood.

Next to him, a third MAN in a BLUE ski mask tends to his wound to the best of his abilities. He pulls off the red ski mask from the injured man's head and presses it on his wound.

MAN IN BLUE SKI MASK
Hold this, press hard on it.

The driver looks over his shoulder.

DRIVER
Is he gonna make it?

MAN IN BLUE SKI MASK
Eyes on the road.

The driver turns back around and jerks the wheel hard left to avoid collision with another vehicle.

The two men in the back are thrown to the side.

MAN IN BLUE SKI MASK (CONT'D)
Motherfucker.

He pulls out a gun and lowers the window.

DRIVER
What are you doing?

MAN IN BLUE SKI MASK
Just fuckin' drive.

The man in the blue ski mask sticks his torso out the window and fires a few rounds at the police cars chasing them.

The driver glances at the injured man on the back seat. His eyes are shut. Except for the motion from the car, he is not moving.

DRIVER
Fuck.

A BULLET hits the rear window and shatters it. Freaked out, the driver yanks the wheel hard right and steers the car towards an off road path.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hang on.