

SUNDOWN

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FADE IN

ESTABLISHING SHOTS:

From a car driver's POV--

A searing sun quickly blocked by an enormous billboard that reads:

VOTE FOR ZAC TYLER: MAKE AMERICA WHITE AGAIN

The car slows down. Another billboard:

ANTI RACIST IS A CODE WORD FOR ANTI-WHITE

The car does a 180.

The car moves into a higher gear. It passes another billboard. The all American family. A mom, a dad, a little boy and girl on a picnic blanket with a goofy Golden Retriever. Beneath the image:

WELCOME TO BEAUMONT. NO WRONG EXITS. NO BAD NEIGHBORHOODS.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The sun sets. Through the thick trees lies--

A black 1970s CHEVY CHEVELLE SS on the side of a long dusty road.

MARTIN WALKER(25), black, lean, lanky and nervous by nature drops lug nuts into a hubcap next to JONAS MITCHELL (25), black, but light-skinned, he can pass.

WOOP. WOOP. A SIREN. RED LIGHTS Flash.

Martin looks over. He watches the POLICE CAR come closer and stop. His hand shakes. Beads of sweat form at his hairline. At the sound of the police car door closing, he hits the hubcap with his hand. Lug nuts fall in the dirt.

JONAS

Shit man. Pay attention.

Martin picks up lug nuts and drops them back in the hubcap.

Sheriff HAL HASTINGS (50), a hard nosed disciplinarian, adjusts his gun belt, straightens his mirrored sunglasses, and strides up to the men.

Jonas drops the last lug nut in the hubcap. He looks up at Hastings.

Hasting spits a wad of chew, inches from Jonas.

Jonas clinches the tire iron and stands up.

Hastings looks him up and down.

HASTINGS

It's a dangerous time to be out.
Y'all must not have seen the sign.

JONAS

Let me guess, this is one of those
no changing zones.

HASTINGS

You surely are right, this is the
wrong place for you to stop. Best
be on your way.

Jonas smiles. He gives Hastings a fake salute.

Hastings shakes his head. He walks back to his car.

Martin reaches up. He grabs Jonas by the arm.

MARTIN

What are you do'n? Give me that.

Martin grabs the tire iron. He screws the lug nuts on.
Martin stands up. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

MARTIN

Get in the damn car.

Martin shakes his head and speaks low.

MARTIN

Light, bright and damn near white.
Your privileged ass doesn't know
what it's like out here for a real
nigga.

Jonas looks at him with a smile. He gestures and raps.

JONAS

Light nigga, dark nigga, faux
nigga, real nigga, still a nigga.

MARTIN

Whatever Jay-Z. Let's go.

INT./EXT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Martin sees a speck in the rearview mirror, it approaches with speed. His hand trembles. The MAGIC EIGHT BALL key ring jingles against the steering column. He turns the key. The car sputters, chokes, and rumbles to life. He smiles, looks over his shoulder and pulls on the road.

Suddenly, the speck, a TRUCK with a grill box, lurches behind them. WOOOONNNNKKKKKK!!!! The truck horn blares.

Martin swerves. He tries to find the driver in the rearview mirror. He presses the accelerator to the floor.

JONAS

Pull over! Get out of his way!

Martin has a death grip on the wheel. He looks at Jonas, he shakes his head. His lip quivers, sweat runs down the side of his face. Jonas pulls his PHONE out.

The truck speeds up. It smashes into Martin's car.

Martin and Jonas jerk forward. The car tires catch the dirt shoulder. Martin struggles to maintain control.

Jonas hits his head on the windshield. Blood trickles down the side of his face. His phone falls on the floor. He picks his phone up. He punches in a number.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1 what's your emergency?

JONAS

We're being run off the road!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

What is your location?

Jonas whips his head around. He looks for signs.

JONAS

Last sign I saw, County Road 10.

A beat.

JONAS

HELLO!

Silence. Then--

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

We have an officer in the area.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A vibrant energy set against a dreary day. ACTIVISTS march through the park. ZU TAYLOR (22), petite, black, in a picked-out Afro, NYU BSU T-shirt, black jeans and combat boots stands on a table. She speaks through a bullhorn.

ZU

We stand in Washington Park. Named for a man uneasy about slavery.

Zu shakes her head.

ZU

This statue is a weapon of mass-subjugation. It celebrates the enslavement and terrorization of people deemed to be less than.

Zu drops her head. She looks up at the Activists.

ZU

Are you angry?

The Activists throw their fists in the air. They shout back at Zu.

ACTIVISTS

BLACK LIVES MATTER!

Zu steps down. She chants, her fist thrusts in the air.

ZU

TAKE IT DOWN!

Activists follow Zu. They chant.

ACTIVISTS

TAKE IT DOWN! TAKE IT DOWN! TAKE IT DOWN!

They swarm the marble statue of George Washington.

INT. KICK BOXING GYM - DAY

HARTLEY TAYLOR (40), bi-racial, strong, stunning even in workout clothes, dances around the boxing ring.

A large SPARING PARTNER advances. JAB, JAB, RIGHT HOOK.

Hartley hits the mat hard.

JIM (55), the instructor fit and chiseled, races in.

JIM
Watch your contact!

He extends a hand to Hartley and helps her up.

Jim looks at the Sparring Partner.

JIM
We can't hurt our celebrities.
It'd be bad for business.

Hartley drops her mouth guard. She catches her breath.

HARTLEY
I let my guard down.

She shakes it off and steps back into her corner.

HARTLEY
Won't happen again.

The bell rings.

Hartley charges forward with ferocity. JAB, JAB, UPPERCUT. She swings her leg around. The Sparring Partner hits the mat, stunned. She bounces over him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Hartley runs through the park. She notices the POLICE. From the corner of her eye she sees the Police move in on the Activists. She picks up the pace.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

An elegant home with an expensive fresh modern feel. Hartley weaves through moving boxes with a glass vase. She stops at a table and picks up a newspaper.

Superimpose: PAGE SIX: THE POPULAR RESTAURANT HART & CRAFT CLOSING AFTER MESSY DIVORCE -- SERGEY CRAFT VOWS TO REBUILD, HARTLEY TAYLOR HEADS WEST

Hartley stuffs the paper inside the vase. She wraps the rest of the paper around the vase and places it in a box.

Zu comes in. She drops her backpack on the floor.

Hartley looks at Zu with a smile.

HARTLEY

I'm glad you're home. I was worried you'd get caught up in that mess in the park.

ZU

You mean the peaceful protest?

HARTLEY

There's nothing peaceful about the destruction of property.

ZU

You'd rather we continue to walk by symbols of cruelty and barbarism?

Zu narrows her gaze and purses her lips. She's still charged from the rally and ready to fight.

ZU

Why do you care about statues that misrepresent history, and glorify slave traders?

HARTLEY

Destroying monuments does not erase history. It perpetuates the stereotype black people lack civility.

Hartley moves to another box.

HARTLEY

It's vandalism. It erodes the efforts of those working to get reforms the right way.

Zu starts to speak. Hartley raises her hands.

HARTLEY

Zu... Peace.

ZU

Fine, but this isn't over.

HARTLEY

Never is. Finish packing. We leave at ten a.m.

Zu walks to the entry table. She opens a gun case.

ZU

You leave'n this?

Zu picks up a Tiffany Blue Glock .45. She holds the trigger back against the frame and racks the slide. The sear catches the strike. She nods with satisfaction.

HARTLEY

Sergey got the Brownstone and the gun collection.

Hartley brushes past Zu and rounds the corner.

HARTLEY (O.S.)

Put it back, finish your room and make sure you're ready.

Zu takes a clip out of the case. She slips the gun and the clip in her backpack. She closes the case.

ZU

I'll be ready.

EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A squad car pulls up outside a stately white house trimmed in celebratory bunting.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Hastings peers through the windshield. He notices a crane. He sighs and looks back over at the house.

A placard on a pillar at the entry reads: MAYOR'S RESIDENCE ESTABLISHED IN 1883.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

The squad car door opens. Hastings steps out. He adjusts his hat and gun belt. He closes the door.

For a moment he stares at his reflection in the car window. Proud of what he sees, he adjusts his posture to stand a little taller and walks up to the entry of the Mayor's residence.

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - DAY

MAYOR JACKSON PHILLIPS (45), a dandy, tastefully dressed stands in a opulent office. He faces a pair of high winged back chairs, and points to a portrait.

JACKSON

General Forsyth Beaumont. He
founded this town in 1880.

Hastings enters the room.

HASTINGS

On our country's old-fashioned
ways and our belief in not self,
but others.

Hastings stands by the chair. He looks down at a LITTLE
GOLDEN HAIREd GIRL (6). She giggles and smiles.

HASTINGS

We've got to keep Beaumont
beautiful, peaceful and
prosperous. Will you help? I'll
make you a deputy.

The Little Girl nods.

Jackson steps forward.

JACKSON

Why don't you go in the kitchen.
See if y'er momma has lunch ready.

The Little Girl stands up. She skips out of the room.

Jackson walks behind the desk. A POLICE SCANNER CRACKLES
in the corner.

HASTINGS

You still keep'n tabs on me?

Jackson shuffles some papers around. He nods.

JACKSON

After that stunt you pulled.

Jackson picks up a piece of paper.

JACKSON

The Judge isn't happy. He's
concerned you're not taking him
seriously.

Hastings shifts on his feet. He pushes his gun belt down.

JACKSON

What you did to those boys--

HASTINGS

That was good, community policing.

Jackson shakes his head. He leans against the desk.

JACKSON

The Judge disagrees. You've lost sight of what's best for Beaumont. Now there's a witness--

HASTINGS

I'll find that boy.

JACKSON

That's not the point. Your actions, what you did, was wrong.

HASTINGS

Wrong? You know what they're capable of. The kind of risk they pose to the community.

Hastings glimpses out the WINDOW.

INT./EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A team of WORKERS disassemble a confederate statue.

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hastings walks to the window. He turns to the Mayor.

HASTINGS

That out there is wrong! It disrespects our heritage.

JACKSON

Whose heritage?

Jackson steps toward Hastings.

JACKSON

This office, this community, will no longer honor those who are on the wrong side of humanity.

Hastings shifts on his feet. He fidgets with his hat.

JACKSON

Your way of thinking, of policing is outdated. It no longer represents Beaumont.

Jackson reaches out. He puts his hand on Hastings shoulder.

JACKSON

You no longer represent Beaumont.
The Judge swore the new sheriff in
this morning.

HASTINGS

Nobody can protect this town like
me.

JACKSON

Hal, you're burdened with the
past. This is your chance to lay
that burden down.

Jackson walks to a bar cart. He pour a glass of bourbon.

JACKSON

We'll host a retirement ceremony--
have a peaceful transition.

Jackson extends the glass to Hastings.

Hastings shakes his head. He puts his hat on and walks
out of the room.

INT. HASTINGS SHOTGUN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Hastings walks through a small bedroom. The bed is neatly
made. He picks up a box with: Beaumont Sheriff's
Department written on the side.

He carries the box past a dresser.

On the dresser, framed photos: HAL (10) with his father
HAL senior (30), dressed in matching CONFEDERATE OFFICER
UNIFORMS. Hal looks up at his father and smiles.

Hastings sets the box on the bed. He picks up a photo.

HAL (20), and HAL senior (50), wearing Beaumont Police
uniforms. Both stare with a severe expressions.

He stares at the image.

He sets the photo, face down, on the dresser. Picks up
the box and walks out of the room.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Hartley stands on the stoop, dressed in simple travel chic, she adjusts her face mask, shift her designer bag and checks her watch: 10:45. Her phone rings.

HARTLEY

Yes.

MAISY (V.O.)

He's filed an injunction.
Production on the show is at a
standstill. Advertisers are
getting antsy. We need you here.

MOVING MEN lumber down the stairs. One of them brushes Hartley with a box.

MAISY (V.O.)

We've got a hearing with the judge
on Wednesday. You're booked on the
three thirty out of Laguardia.

HARTLEY

No. You know I can't leave Zu.
It's six days. I'll be in L.A. by
Tuesday. You're my agent. You can
handle things until I get there.

The Movers load furniture and boxes into a TRUCK. One Mover pulls the roll-up door shut and locks it.

HARTLEY

The new show is going to happen.
He can't stop me. I'll check in
from the road.

A Mover walks to the driver's door and waves at Hartley.

Hartley hangs up the phone. She looks at the screen: LOW BATTERY. She drops it in her bag and waves back at the Mover. The truck drive away.

A silver RANGE ROVER screeches to a halt in front of the Brownstone. The SUV reverberates with bass.

Hartley stomps down the stairs. She adjusts her bag.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

A black tinted window rolls down. Zu, sits in the passenger seat. She leans across the driver, KENNY (25), black, in a:STEVE'S AUTO BODY and DETAILING shirt.

Zu's head bops to the beat. She sings out.

ZU
You ready for this?

Zu throws her hands up. She sways to the music.

HARTLEY
What have you done?

ZU
I gave your whip some style.

Zu turns the radio up. Music blasts from the speakers.

Hartley shouts.

HARTLEY
Turn that down!

Zu turns the radio down.

She opens the passenger door and gets out of the car. She checks her look in the window, adjusts her hoodie, pats her afro and walks over to the driver's side.

Hartley walks over. She stands next to her.

Zu taps buttons on her phone.

Kenny shifts out of the car. He holds the keys out to Zu.

Hartley grabs them.

Zu shoots her a look.

ZU
Thanks. There's your Lyft.

Kenny walks to the waiting car.

ZU
We roll'n out this piece or what?

HARTLEY
You're forty-five minutes late.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley climbs in the driver's seat.

HARTLEY

Sometimes I think you do things to intentionally annoy me.

Zu settles in. She moves her backpack with her feet

ZU

Why would anyone want to disturb your perfect little bubble?

Hartley shakes her head. She starts the car. She puts her bag on the backseat and pulls out.

HONKKK!!!!

A car zips past.

Hartley hits the breaks.

HARTLEY

Maybe you should drive.

ZU

I'm not comfortable with that.

HARTLEY

I wouldn't want you to do anything outside your comfort zone.

Hartley looks and pulls out.

HARTLEY

What about the highway? It's a great way to practice.

ZU

I can drive. I choose not to.

HARTLEY

Everyone drives in L.A.

ZU

I can get a bus pass.

HARTLEY

We'd make better time if both us drive.

Zu picks up her phone, she scrolls.

ZU

I'm in no rush.

Hartley sighs. She turns her attention to the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

In a series of shots, the Range Rover makes its way down the I-80 W highway.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--

A SIGN reads: OHIO, MARBLEHEAD LIGHTHOUSE, 1/4 MILE

Static fills the car. Zu drops her phone. She reaches out and presses buttons on the display panel. A station comes in. A WOMAN's voice fills the car.

WOMAN (V.O.)

He's a human sacrifice. Our society offers up good white men, who are doing their jobs, to the PC gods. You will not replace us.

Hartley and Zu look at each other with confusion.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I just wonder how safe we're going to be without the sheriff? Good citizens live here.

ZU

I thought you got satellite radio.

DING. DING.

Hartley looks at the display.

HARTLEY

Didn't we just get gas?

ZU

That was like four hours ago.

Zu selects a feature on the display. Music from her phone fills the car.

Hartley looks at her.

HARTLEY

No profanity. I don't know how you call all that vulgarity music. In my day--

Zu smirks.

HARTLEY

Where's the gas station?

Zu pushes the display on the car's control panel. She moves the map around on the display.

ZU

Beaumont. It's right before Elyria. It looks like there's a convenience store.

Zu pushes the display out on the panel.

ZU

If you'd connect your phone all this information would be here for you and you could pick the music. Where is your phone?

HARTLEY

Somewhere in my bag.

Zu reaches behind the seat. She pulls Hartley's bag up.

ZU

Do you mind?

Hartley shakes her head.

Zu rifles through the bag.

ZU

What is this, a 7... 3G?

Zu pulls a charging cable out. She plugs the phone in. The screen lights up.

ZU

Why is Maisy blowing up your phone?

HARTLEY

It's nothing. A show issue.

Zu sets the phone down.

ZU

When we get to L.A., we're getting you an upgrade.

HARTLEY

As soon as you get a license.

Zu rolls her eyes.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Hartley steers the car to the gas pumps and stops.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley puts the car in park. She looks through her bag for her wallet. She hands Zu a twenty dollar bill.

HARTLEY

I'll pump. You want to run in and grab some snacks?

Zu takes the money.

ZU

Okay. Anything you want?

HARTLEY

Skittles?

Zu snatches her phone and a bottle of water.

ZU

You really think you can handle the sugar? You know how you get.

Zu pulls her hoodie up.

HARTLEY

Fine. An apple. Some almonds.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The convenience store is grimy. A florescent light flickers. A nasty fly strip dangles by the door.

The sound of the bell over the door gets JAN'S (17), attention. She looks up from a magazine at ZU.

Zu nods at Jan and walks to a display rack. The door closes.

Jan casually slides her hand beneath the counter. She presses a button. Without a second thought for what she's done, she pops gum, rubs her pregnant belly, and goes back to her magazine.

BOB (50), a portly man, with a receding hairline and pock-marked face, sticks a wad of chew in his cheek. He huffs behind Jan to the end of the counter. He pulls his pants up and shouts at Zu.

BOB

You can't wear that in here.

Zu takes her hoodie down slowly. She pats her Afro.

Zu shakes her head. She wanders down the aisle. She stops at a magazine rack and picks up a popular lifestyle magazine. She flips through the pages.

Bob comes from behind the counter. He stands at the end of aisle. He shouts at Zu.

BOB

You wanna read it, buy it. This ain't no li-berry. Go on, get.

Zu looks at Bob. She closes the magazine and stuffs it back in the rack. She wanders down another aisle.

Bob follows her. He pretends to organize inventory. He watches Zu pick up almonds and a bag of Skittles.

Zu walks down another aisle. She grabs two apples, some crackers, a bag of chips, and some gum. She bobbles the apples and catches one before it hits the ground. She walks to the counter and sets items down.

Jan pops a bubble. She reaches to touch Zu's hair.

JAN

I like your hair. How'd you get it so big?

Zu pulls back out of Jan's reach. She slips her hands in her hoodie pocket. Zu looks down at the counter. She notices Jan's chipped and broken nails, her lopsided name tag, the stains on her smock, the tattoo on her ring finger.

Bob walks behind Jan. He restocks cigarettes and talks over his shoulder.

BOB

You got cash? We don't take food stamps.

Zu holds her hands at the side of her face and works up a phony look of distress.

ZU

Oh no! How are the white trash, trailer park people who live around here going to pay for their Mountain Dew and white bread?

Jan looks at Bob and nods. He shakes his head at Jan and walks over to stand next to her. He leans on the counter.

Zu looks at his forearm. She notices his Aryan Brotherhood tattoo. She takes a step back.

The bell over the door rings. Hartley adjusts her purse on her shoulder and walks over to Zu.

HARTLEY

Zu, the strangest thing... Outside, this guy, went crazy, yelling and screaming. It was, unreal.

Hartley shakes her head. She is distressed.

HARTLEY

I'm just glad the cop pulled in. What's taking so long?

Zu turns away from the counter and walks to Hartley.

ZU

Let's just go.

HARTLEY

What about the snacks?

ZU

I think we've had enough crackers.

HARTLEY

Okay.

Hartley and Zu walk away.

JAN

Hey, you gotta pay for that water.

Zu stops. She rolls her eyes and turns around.

ZU

I brought this in with me.

JAN

You got a receipt?

Bob comes to the end of the counter.

BOB

What about the Skittles?

Zu puts her hands in the pocket of her hoodie. She feels the bag. Then she hears the slight sound of a plastic wrapper.

She freezes. She realizes what she's done. The bag of Skittles is in her pocket.

BOB
I saw you pick 'em up. I don't see
'em on the counter.

Zu drops her head.

Hartley steps toward Bob.

HARTLEY
I don't care for your tone. Did we
step into a void where customer
service doesn't exist?

Bob leans forward on the counter. He spits a wad of chew at Hartley's feet. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

BOB
I hate uppity porch monkeys who
forget their place.

Hartley gives Zu a look of disbelief. Outraged, but with class and control she clinches her fist and turns to Bob.

HARTLEY
I'm guessing, but I bet this area
isn't known for its education
system, you half-witted, son of a--

Hartley steps forward. She stops and regains her composure.

HARTLEY
My niece didn't steal anything.

She shakes her head, turns and walks away from the counter.

CHUNG! CHUNG! The sound of a double-action pump shotgun.

Hartley and Zu freeze. They turn and look at the counter.

BOB
Shoplifters will be prosecuted.

Hartley puts her hands up.

HARTLEY
Bob, we don't want any trouble.
We're just passing through.

Bob trains the shotgun on Hartley.

BOB

This is the wrong county for you to stop in.

HARTLEY

Then, we'll be on our way.

Bob shakes his head.

HARTLEY

Are you going to shoot us over a bag of candy?

Hartley reaches down to the display in front of the counter. She maintains eye contact. She picks up two bags of candy.

HARTLEY

These are two for a dollar.

BOB

The life of your kind is a very cheap thing in Beaumont County.

She drops the candy on the counter. She rifles through her bag. She takes out her wallet. She pulls out some bills and throws the money at Bob. The bills floats to the ground.

BOB

You go ahead and pick that up.

Bob gestures with the shotgun.

Jan, unmoved by the situation, plays with her gum. She looks down at the magazine and up at Hartley.

JAN

Oh my GOD! It's you. I watch your show. Or I used to before I started work'n doubles 'cause of need'n extra money for the baby.

Bob steps back. He lowers the shotgun.

BOB

What the hell you babble'n about?

JAN

That's Hartley Taylor. She's a celebrity chef. Look, she's got a new show in L.A.

Jan slides the magazine to Bob. She looks at Hartley.

JAN

When you made those short ribs. I told my boyfriend we have to get us one of them Dutch ovens.

Bob looks at the magazine, then to Hartley.

BOB

Well shit, I love cook'n shows. You know Ina Garten? She's my favorite.

JAN

Didn't her husband beat her up?

BOB

No! That was Nigella. Every now and then, y'all need a firm hand.

Hartley backs away. She grabs Zu and moves out the door.

The BELL over the door rings.

Bob and Jan don't look up.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Hartley and Zu bolt to the car.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - NIGHT

Hartley steers back on to the road. She hyperventilates. She sweats. Her hands tremble on the steering wheel.

Zu reaches over, touches her gently on the shoulder.

ZU

Pull over.

Hartley shakes her head.

ZU

It's okay.

Hartley steers the car to the side of the road. Hartley closes her eyes. She inhales. She drops her head.

HARTLEY

What was that? How are you not freaked out right now?

ZU

It's not the first time I've been
in that situation.

Rain hits the windshield. Hartley pulls back on the road.

HARTLEY

What are you talking about?

ZU

I was at the mall in Jersey. I
bought some hair ties. I put them
in my pocket. An off-duty cop
behind me pulled his gun, and
accused me of stealing.

HARTLEY

Why is this the first I'm hearing
of this?

ZU

It was over in like a minute.

Zu reaches into her pocket. She pulls out the Skittles.

ZU

Somehow I don't think Bob would
have been as understanding.

Hartley looks over.

HARTLEY

Zu! Shit, you stole those?

ZU

I didn't mean to. I was putting
them on the counter when the girl
reached out to touch my hair. When
I leaned back, I put my hands in
my pockets and, well.

Hartley looks at her. Then back at the road. The rain is
heavier. She fiddles with the controls.

ZU

It has rain sense technology. The
car will turn the wipers on.

Hartley, angry, hits her hand on the steering wheel.

HARTLEY

You invite unwanted attention.

Zu tears the bag of Skittles open.

ZU

You disappoint me.

Zu pops a piece of candy in her mouth.

HARTLEY

Says the person eating stolen candy.

ZU

You think what happened is my fault?

HARTLEY

I've never had a gun pulled on me while shopping. You walk in with the afro, the attitude, in all black, and suddenly--

Zu drops the bag of candy on the console. A few Skittles roll out of the bag.

ZU

You have got to be f-u-c-k-i-n-g kidding me.

HARTLEY

Zu!

ZU

Spare me your shock at my language. What should shock you is the blatant racial profiling that just took place.

HARTLEY

Brought on by you. Do you have any idea what I am risking, being here with you?

ZU

What!? No! Brought on by a system that sees me as less than.

Zu picks up a piece of candy. She uses it for emphasis.

ZU

When I enter a store, I shouldn't be followed or have it assumed I'm on welfare, or have someone think it's okay to pet me.

HARTLEY

That's not what I'm saying--

ZU

You need to hear this. You're a weak sellout who doesn't stand up for what's right.

HARTLEY

I am not a sellout.

ZU

Really? Look at you. You have a platform you could use to help raise our people up and you do nothing.

HARTLEY

You have no idea--

ZU

No, you don't speaking out. I'm talk'n about putting it all on the line because the system is broken.

HARTLEY

Putting it all on the line? What do you expect me to do?

ZU

Give a fuck.

Zu shakes her head.

ZU

You have a T.V. show. You're on the cover of magazines. Take a stand. Demand justice for those who don't have a voice.

Hartley adjusts her posture. She sits taller in the seat.

HARTLEY

Well, if I don't get to L.A. by Wednesday, I may lose the show, my ex-husband has filed an injunction to stop the show. So, real talk.

Zu slumps down. She looks out the window.

ZU

Oh, here we go.

Zu pops the candy in her mouth.

HARTLEY

You know who watches my show, eats
in my restaurants and buys my
merchandise?

Hartley looks at Zu.

HARTLEY

Let me give you a hint, it's not
black people. I am not alienating
my loyal fan base to satisfy some
delusion you have about my
responsibility to the black
community.

Rain batters the windshield. Hartley looks at the wiper
arm. She adjusts the speed. Angry and upset, she swerves.

HARTLEY

I'm running a business that
employs thousands of people. I'm
not jeopardizing their livelihoods
to prove I'm woke.

Then--

HARTLEY

Woke doesn't put food on the
table. It doesn't pay your
tuition, and it most certainly
does not endear people to you.

Bright lights bounce off the rearview mirror. The lights
blind Hartley. She swerves.

A truck races up behind them. It slows down. Then it
speeds up again.

ZU

Why don't they just pass?

The truck speeds up next to the Range Rover.

Hartley looks over.

HARTLEY

It's the same truck from the
convenience store.

Zu looks over.

ZU

What?

HARTLEY

While you were inside I was
dealing with this jerk.

The truck revs its engine. It cuts Hartley off.

Hartley swerves and taps the breaks.

The truck slows down. The break lights flash.

The truck speeds up.

Hartley watches the lights of the truck disappear.

HARTLEY

How far is the hotel?

Zu moves the image around. She centers the map.

ZU

About an hour from here.

The sound of thunder draws Hartley's attention back to
the road. A bolt of lightening streaks across the sky.

HARTLEY

Maybe we shouldn't stop.

Zu nods. Soft house beats play in the car. Hartley grips
the wheel. She focuses on the dark ribbon of road ahead.

WOOP. WOOP.

Red lights flash.

Hartley looks in the rearview mirror.

A patrol car approaches fast.

Hartley steers the car to the side of the road. She
sighs. She looks at Zu.

HARTLEY

Get rid of the candy.

Zu gathers the Skittles in her hand.

Hartley checks the rearview mirror. The police car door
opens.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Hastings walks to the window. He taps the glass with the butt of his flashlight. Hartley rolls down the window.

HARTLEY
Officer?

HASTINGS
Sheriff.

HARTLEY
What's the difference?

Hastings flashes the light in Hartley's face. He scans the vehicle.

HASTINGS
License and registration.

Hartley raises her hand to shield her eyes.

Hastings hand is on his gun. He unfastens the snap.

HASTINGS
STOP. Hands where I can see em.

Zu leans over.

ZU
Maybe if you weren't blinding her she wouldn't have to shield her eyes.

HASTINGS
I have the right to check the vehicle. The level of window tint on these windows is darker than state code permits.

ZU
We don't live here.

Hastings looks in the back of the car again. He flashes his light to the passenger seat. He looks at Zu.

HARTLEY
Yes. We're just passing through. What's the problem?

Hastings lowers the light. He directs his attention back to Hartley.

HASTINGS

A fugitive escaped custody. A car matching this description was seen speeding away from his last known location. You seen anybody out here?

Hastings leans in closer. He looks from Hartley to Zu.

HARTLEY

No, but there was a pick-up truck acting erratic. It almost ran us off the road. Maybe they know something.

HASTINGS

Maybe. License and registration.

Hartley reaches into her bag. She pulls out her license.

Zu opens the glove box. She hands Hartley the registration.

Hartley hands them to Hastings.

Hastings takes the license and registration and slowly walks back to his squad car.

Zu sits there. She simmers with rage.

ZU

Do you believe this shit?

Hartley is annoyed, but calm.

HARTLEY

Relax. The candy cop isn't taking you to jail.

ZU

Relax! I have a right to be angry and so do you. This is a bullshit stop. Window tinting--

HARTLEY

Zu, let's just get out of where ever this is and get to L.A.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Hastings talks to his DISPATCHER. The radio crackles.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Hey Hal, whatcha got?

On his dashboard we see a photo of him, younger, with his dad in matching police uniforms. He holds a plaque: Exemplary Service.

HASTINGS

Two women. One Black. One late thirties, early forties, one early twenties. In a Silver Range Rover, New York license plate TWO-SAM-OSCAR-VICTOR-INDIA-DAVID-ECHO.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Checking.

Radio static.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

I see a BOLO from New York, but it was pulled.

Hastings studies the license.

HASTINGS

What about that other matter? Any updates on the whereabouts of the fugitive?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Noth'n Hal. I'll keep you posted.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Hastings walks slowly back to the driver's side window. He shines his flash light on the window of the lift gate. The window tint is too dark. He can't see.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Hartley looks over at the window. She rolls it down.

Hastings hands her license and registration back.

HASTINGS

You sure you haven't anyone on the road?

HARTLEY

Just you and the pick-up truck.

HASTINGS

Open up the back.

Hartley looks over at Zu.

Zu pulls out her phone. She starts to record.

Hartley looks back at Hastings.

HARTLEY

Why?

HASTINGS

Because I asked to you.

HARTLEY

No.

Rain drips from Hasting's hat on the door frame. He leans forward. The water from his hat pours into Hartley's door.

HASTINGS

Step out of the car.

HARTLEY

No. Officer--

HASTINGS

Sheriff.

HARTLEY

It's late. I'm tired. You're getting water on my interior. I'd like to be on my way.

Hastings steps back. He nods his head. He adjusts his gun belt.

HASTINGS

I'd like you to shut your mouth, open the back, and get out of the car.

Hartley glances at Zu.

Zu holds up her phone steady.

Hartley turns back to Hastings.

HARTLEY

How dare you.

Zu leans over. She zooms in on Hasting's face.

HASTINGS

Turn that damn thing off. Before--

HARTLEY

That's enough. Step away from my car.

Zu pulls back. She holds the phone with one hand and reaches for her backpack. She pulls it on her lap. She unzips it slowly and sticks her hand inside.

Hastings leans forward, his hand on his gun.

Hartley with an air of superiority brushes her hair back. She puts her finger on the button. The window rises.

HASTINGS

Don't make me ask again.

Hartley takes her finger off the button.

HARTLEY

Or what?

Hastings pulls his gun. He points it at Hartley.

Hastings radio crackles.

DISPATCHER(V.O.)

Hastings you out there? OVER?

Hastings pushing the radio with his cheek.

HASTINGS

This is Hastings. OVER.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

We've got a location on that POI.
Sending location to your car.
OVER.

Hastings smirks. He adjusts his hat, sucks his teeth, and holsters his gun.

HASTINGS

Tsk. I guess it's your lucky day.

Hastings backs away. He walks to his patrol car.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Hartley looks at Zu confused and shocked.

Zu stops recording. She looks at her phone. No bars.

ZU

Guess I'm going to have to wait to upload this.

HARTLEY

What-- what was that?

Zu slides her backpack down on the floor.

ZU

Driving while black.

HARTLEY

Never in my life been treated with such disrespect.

ZU

Out here, you're not special. You're just another disposable black woman.

Hartley shakes her head. She looks in the rearview mirror. She watches the police car do a u-turn and drive off in the opposite direction.

Hartley pulls on to the road.

HARTLEY

I don't believe that.

ZU

You live in a bubble. Cops in poor neighborhoods and cops in rich neighborhoods.

Zu shakes her head.

ZU

Two different types. Police brutality is real for everyday niggas.

Hartley gives Zu a sharp disapproving look.

Zu raises her eyebrows and shrugs.

ZU

We've learned to survive.

HARTLEY

What's this 'everyday... We've learned to survive?'" You grew up in my house. You went to one of the top private schools in the country.

ZU

Yeah all that, Go Forth Unafraid shit is nice. Spend a few days in the "minority corner," and see how you feel.

HARTLEY

You never said anything.

ZU

What was I going to say? At times I felt estranged, the victim of a kind of racism that materializes not in insults, but in polite indifference, silence and segregation.

HARTLEY

I had no idea.

ZU

You wouldn't. You can pass.

Hartley looks over at Zu confused, skeptical.

ZU

Look at you and look at me.

Zu holds out her hand.

ZU

Anyone looking at you could think you're White, Italian or Spanish. You can pass for something other than black.

Zu caresses her skin. She looks at her hands.

ZU

With me, there's no question.

Zu sits back in her seat.

ZU

People who look like me, don't get the to mouth off. We get shot.

Hartley taps the steering wheel. She considers.

HARTLEY

Please don't take what I'm about
to say the wrong way.

Hartley glances over at Zu.

HARTLEY

I think you look for people to
treat you differently, to
disrespect you, so you can scream
racism and prove your point.

A beat.

HARTLEY

I don't.

A beat.

HARTLEY

I expect to be treated with
dignity and respect. I am SHOCKED
by what has happened. It is not
reflective of where we are as a
society.

Hartley looks back at the road.

ZU

Why did you feel like you needed
to preface that?

HARTLEY

Again, please don't take this the
wrong way--

ZU

Here we go.

HARTLEY

This is what I'm talking about.

Zu sighs. The hint of an attitude coming through.

HARTLEY

When people express opinions
different from yours you get
animated, shout them down. You
aren't open to other perspectives.

ZU

I'm passionate about my opinion--

HARTLEY

You didn't talk to me for a week because I suggested it is unreasonable to boycott Chick-fil-a because someone in the take out line had a "Make America Great Again" bumper sticker on their car.

ZU

It speaks to their clientele.

HARTLEY

Does it? The CEO is an active supporter of the black community. He's launched a redevelopment project in one of the hardest hit areas in Atlanta.

Zu looks away, out the window at the passing fields.

HARTLEY

You would know that if you were open to hearing different opinions.

A beat.

HARTLEY

Instead, you went on a rant.

A beat.

HARTLEY

What do you expect to get when you shout people down?

ZU

To be heard.

HARTLEY

The opposite is happening. People are tuning out.

Zu exhales. She takes a low, serious tone.

ZU

I want reforms. I want police officers to stop shooting and killing black people. I want those who do to be held accountable. I want predatory lending to stop.

I want reforms in a system that already takes advantage of poor people.

A beat.

ZU

I want to walk into a store and not be followed. I want people to stop looking at me and seeing thief, welfare recipient, drug dealer. I want the same standard of care when I enter a hospital.

HARTLEY

Then, maybe you should use your platform for something other than protests. We talked about law school, running for office.

Another THUNDER boom. The lightning silhouettes a MAN. He stumbles up to the side of the road. He's drenched. He collapses.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Hartley drives past him.

Zu looks back.

ZU

Aren't you going to stop?

Zu turns to Hartley.

ZU

He looks hurt. We should help him.

HARTLEY

Didn't your mother ever tell you not to pick up people on the side of the road?

ZU

My mother is dead, so--

HARTLEY

Zu, I'm sorry, I didn't mean--

ZU

It's fine. We should help him.

HARTLEY

Zu--

ZU

We were just talking about standing up for what's right. Helping the community. You think it's safe, after what we experienced, for a black man to be out here like that?

Hartley looks in the rearview mirror.

HARTLEY

It's not safe.

ZU

What are you worried about? You're like a lethal weapon, and I got this.

Zu unzips her backpack. She shows Hartley the gun.

HARTLEY

Why do you have that?

ZU

Because I don't live in a bubble.

Hartley sighs. She's tired and worn down.

HARTLEY

Fine... As far as the hotel. I still think we should drive on through.

Hartley checks the rearview mirror. She does a u-turn.

HARTLEY

You know, the only thing a black man ever did for me was rob me. Now you've got me pick'n one up-- off the street.

ZU

You're wrong for that.

HARTLEY

That's the fact of my experience. It's not right or wrong, it's what happened.

Hartley pulls up behind the man.

He makes his way to his knees. He looks up. He shields his eyes from the headlights.

Zu opens the door. She jumps out.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Zu puts her hood up. She walks toward the Man.

ZU
Hey, we can give you a ride.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley stalls for time. She reaches beneath her seat. She fumbles with the umbrella. She takes it out of the holder. She opens the car door.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Zu, closes in on the Man. She screams to Hartley.

ZU
Hurry, he's hurt.

Hartley races to them.

Hartley and Zu slip their arms under the Man's arms.

They drag him back to the car.

The headlights illuminate the Man -- It's Jonas.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley and Zu help Jonas into the backseat.

The arrogant, confident man is a shell of his former self. The interior light shines on his beaten, battered face. His shirt is ripped. His hands are bloody. He shakes and trembles.

HARTLEY
Get a blanket out of the back.

Zu opens the hatch and pulls a blanket out.

Hartley calls to her.

HARTLEY

There should be some bottles of water in the roadside emergency kit.

Hartley comforts Jonas. She runs her hand with gentle ease down his arm.

Zu comes around. She lies the blanket on Jonas and put the bottle of water in his hands. She helps him bring the water to his lips.

HARTLEY

What's your name?

Jonas looks at Hartley and then at Zu. He lowers the water bottle.

JONAS

Jonas. Jonas Mitchell.

Hartley smiles.

HARTLEY

I'm Hartley and this is my niece Zu. We're going to get you some help.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley and Zu buckle their seat belts. Hartley looks back at Jonas then to Zu.

HARTLEY

He needs a hospital.

Zu touches the display.

ZU

It's a little out of the way, but there's one near Beaumont.

Jonas reaches forward. He winces.

JONAS

No! Not Beaumont. Somewhere safe.

Hartley looks to Zu.

HARTLEY

Call the police. This man has been assaulted. They can meet us at the hotel.

Hartley reaches for her phone.

Jonas screams.

JONAS

NO!

Zu takes Hartley's phone. She looks at Jonas.

ZU

It's okay. We won't call the
police.

Hartley takes her phone back. She pulls back on the road.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Hartley checks the rearview mirror. Nothing but a wet rainy road. She glances at Jonas. She lowers her voice.

HARTLEY

The police can help.

ZU

Are you kidding?

HARTLEY

One bad cop doesn't mean they're
all bad. A crime has been
committed.

ZU

Didn't take long for you to go
back into your bubble.

HARTLEY

Zu, we need to report this.

Jonas, with all the energy he can muster, jolts forward.

JONAS

The police did this!

Jonas slumps back. He holds the blanket to his chest and rocks gently.

JONAS

Growing up, I heard stories. Emmet
Till--

Jonas's voice trails off. He mutters, inaudible, to himself.

Zu looks to Hartley.

ZU

Let's take him to the hotel. We
can get him a room. He can rest.

HARTLEY

I'm not taking some half-dead man
to a hotel.

Zu looks back at Jonas. All the fight drained from him.

ZU

Fine.

Zu punches the display.

ZU

There's another hospital.

HARTLEY

Thank you. I still think we need
to call the police. They can meet
us at the hospital.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A FLASHING SIGN: CAUTION: ROAD MAY FLOOD.

Hartley looks at Jonas. She looks at Zu.

HARTLEY

We don't know him. He could be
lying.

ZU

Why would he lie?

HARTLEY

All I'm saying is we don't know
what happened and we can't trust
the rantings of a delusional man
who clearly needs medical care.

Hartley reaches for her phone. She looks at the screen.

HARTLEY

No service.

Hartley looks at Zu.

HARTLEY

Use your phone.

Zu shies away. She leans on the window.

ZU

My phone don't call the po-po.

Frustrated, Hartley hits the control panel on the Range Rover. She accesses the calling screen. It's DEAD.

HARTLEY

What the hell?

ZU

Range Rovers, beautiful, but temperamental.

HARTLEY

This is serious.

Yellow flashing lights get her attention. She drives forward. A barricade blocks the road.

Flashing lights illuminate a SIGN: ROAD CLOSED

Hartley hits her turn signal.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A SIGN: BEAUMONT, COUNTY ROAD 10

Hartley turns down County Road 10.

Zu looks out the window at the rural country side. She sees a billboard: Beaumont Estates, Where Community Matters.

Zu looks at the imagery on the sign: A white family sitting on a picnic blanket with a Golden Retriever.

In the distance a billboard: VOTE FOR ZAC TYLER: MAKE AMERICA WHITE AGAIN

The Range Rover slows to a stop in front of the town sign: WELCOME TO BEAUMONT. NO WRONG EXITS. NO BAD NEIGHBORHOODS.

ZU

This is not the place stop.

Hartley steps on the gas. She looks at the display panel.

HARTLEY

I don't know what's happening. The car is stopping.

Hartley steers toward the side of the road. The engine shuts off.

ZU

Try it again.

Hartley pushes the start button. Nothing.

ZU

Did you take it in for the recall?

HARTLEY

What recall? What the hell were you and what's-his-name doing?

ZU

Uh, we turned yo whip out. Tinted windows, spinners. A card came in the mail.

Hartley sighs.

HARTLEY

Do you have service?

Zu looks at her phone: No Service. She shakes her head.

HARTLEY

The emergency calling features still work, don't they?

ZU

They do, but--

HARTLEY

We are stranded on the side of the road. We need help.

Hartley punches the screen.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

HARTLEY

Yes, hello, our car broke down.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

What's your location?

HARTLEY

I saw a sign, County Road 10.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Can you be more specific?

Hartley looks around.

HARTLEY

Oh, we're stopped right after the sign for Beaumont Estates.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

What are you driving?

HARTLEY

A silver Range Rover.

A beat. Hartley looks over at Zu.

HARTLEY

Hello, are you there?

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

An officer is in the area.

HARTLEY

Thank you.

Hartley hits end.

HARTLEY

See how easy that was?

Zu shakes her head. She disapproves.

HARTLEY

Look, the rain has stopped. Things are looking up already.

In the distance, red lights flash. Hartley looks in the rearview.

HARTLEY

And, help is almost here.

LATER

A patrol car pulls up behind the Range Rover. The driver's door opens. Black boots step onto the road.

Hastings stands. He adjusts his hat, closes the door and walks to the Range Rover. He taps on the driver's window.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley smiles. She rolls down the window.

HARTLEY

Thank you so much for coming. I
don't know--

She looks up. She makes eye contact with Hastings. Her
face drops.

Hastings sneers. He reaches for the door handle. He rips
the door open. He grabs Hartley.

Hartley struggles. She chokes against the restraint of
the seat belt. She hits the release button with her hand.

Hastings jerks Hartley out of the car. He throws her down
on the ground.

Hartley is on all fours. She struggles to catch her
breath, to get to her feet.

Hastings lifts his foot. He kicks her.

She rolls to the side.

Hastings slams the driver's door. He looks through the
window at Zu. He notices Jonas in the backseat.

HASTINGS

Well, I'll be. I was right.

Hastings hits the walkie on his shoulder.

HASTINGS

Hastings to base. OVER.

A MAN's voice responds on the walkie.

MAN (V.O.)

What you got, sheriff? OVER.

HASTINGS

Hey, Ray, I got that person of
interest out on County Road 10. In
that silver Range Rover. OVER.

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson sits behind his desk. He twirls a pen, while he
reviews a stack of papers.

In the corner, the POLICE SCANNER flashes and crackles. A
MAN's voice sings out.

MAN (V.O.)
Sheriff, you need backup? OVER.

Static.

Jackson at the scanner.

HASTINGS (V.O.)
Yeah, send a car. OVER and OUT.

Jackson drops the pen. He stands up. He takes his jacket from the back of the chair, puts it on and walks out of the room.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Hastings sneers at Zu and then back at Jonas.

Jonas cowers in the backseat.

HASTINGS
I'll be right back.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Zu looks through the windshield. She reaches down for her backpack.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Hartley gets to her feet. She holds her side.

Hastings walks over to Hartley.

HARTLEY
You're making a terrible mistake--

Hastings cocks his head to the side.

HASTINGS
Did I tell you to speak?

HARTLEY
Excuse me?

HASTINGS
Round here you need permission to speak. It's called respect.

HARTLEY
Are you out of your--

WHAM! Hartley's head whips to the side.

HASTINGS
Why are you heathens so
hardheaded?

Hartley reaches up. She massages her jaw.

HASTINGS
Damn dog is smarter.

HARTLEY
You're going to regret that.

WHAM! Hartley's head whips to the other side.

HASTINGS
You dumb and hard a hear'n?

Hartley cracks her neck.

HARTLEY
I heard you.

Hastings raises his hand again. He swings freely.

Hartley catches his hand. She pulls him forward. She kicks him between the legs.

Hastings doubles over.

Hartley raises her knee. She catches Hastings face.

Hartley pummels Hastings with her fists.

Hastings drops to the ground.

Hartley moves to get past him.

Hastings reaches his hand out. He grabs her ankle. He jerks her leg back. She falls.

Hartley rolls to the side. She pumps her leg and kicks Hastings. She scrambles to her knees.

Hastings gets to his feet. He rests his hands on his knees. He coughs and shakes his head.

Hartley rolls to her side. She gets to her feet.

Hastings cracks his knuckles and strides over to her.

Zu steps up. She's controlled, focused and commanding.

ZU

Stop!

Hastings and Hartley look at Zu. They stare down the barrel of the Glock.

Hartley, winded, holds her hand on her side, she catches her breath.

HARTLEY

I'm glad to see you invited Tiffany to the party.

ZU

Took me a minute to get her dressed, but she's ready now.

Hastings holds his hands up.

HASTINGS

Little girl, you don't want to do that.

Zu engages the gun.

Hastings takes two steps toward her. A sneer on his face.

ZU

Stop! Don't test me.

Hastings laughs.

HASTINGS

Test you? You ain't noth'n but a scared little--

Hastings charges Zu.

BLAM!

Hastings hits the ground.

ZU

I'm a woman with the title 'Tri-State Marksman Champion,' three years in a row.

Hartley walks over to Hastings.

Hastings grabs his shoulder.

Hartley reaches down. She snatches his keys. She calls over to Zu.

HARTLEY

Help me.

Hartley and Zu slip their arms beneath Hasting's arms.
They drag him.

He struggles.

They drop Hastings.

Hartley cuffs Hastings to the Range Rover.

LATER

Hastings, cuffed to the Range Rover, watches Zu and
Hartley help Jonas into his squad car.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Zu shifts around in the seat trying to get comfortable.

ZU

No wonder cops are assholes. If I
had to sit in these seats all day
I'd want to beat somebody's ass,
too.

Jonas sits up in the backseat.

JONAS

Who are you?

Hartley looks at Zu, then back at Jonas.

HARTLEY

New Yorkers.

Hartley put the car in gear and pulls out on the road.

Zu looks back at Jonas through the separation grate.

ZU

Why is he after you?

JONAS

I know what he did.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The truck charges up a side road and into the field. It
stops behind Martin's car. One of the THREE MEN gets out.

INT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas clutches the phone.

JONAS
Where's that officer?

The line goes dead.

JONAS
Hello! Hello! Are you there?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY(30), rough, with wild eyes, looks in the window. He stares at Martin. He drums on the hood of the car.

JOHNNY
Good eve'n.

Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY
Your supposed to stop when there's
an accident, wait for the police.
It's criminal to drive off like
you did. Didn't anybody every
teach you that?

INT./EXT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas looks at Johnny through the windshield. He shouts.

JONAS
It's your fault. You did this.
We're here because of you.

Jonas looks over at Martin.

Martin sits with his eyes closed in silent prayer.

Jonas hits him on the arm. He leans over and whispers.

JONAS
Start the car. Run these fuckers
over. Get us the hell outta here.

Martin reaches forward. His hand shakes. He puts his hand on the KEYS in the ignition. The MAGIC EIGHT BALL KEY RING bounces against the steering column.

Johnny wags his finger.

JOHNNY

Now, you don't wanna do that.

Jonas reaches over. He pushes Martin.

JONAS

Do it!

Martin turns the ignition.

The car comes to life.

He puts the car in gear. He hits the accelerator. The engine dies.

Martin shakes his head. He closes his eyes. He puts his hands on the steering wheel in plain sight.

Jonas looks over at Martin.

JONAS

What are you do'n? We take'n these fools. Get that tire iron.

A police siren can be heard in the distance.

Johnny turns toward the siren. He dances next to the car.

JOHNNY

Y'all in for it now. You can't bump a guy's car and then leave the scene of the accident.

The police car stops next to the truck.

Hastings strolls up the driver's side window of the Chevy. He adjusts his gun belt. He knocks on the glass.

HASTINGS

Roll down the window boy.

Martin looks at Hastings. Then over at Jonas.

Jonas mouths "GET THE TIRE IRON."

Martin hesitates.

HASTINGS

Now go on boy, roll it down.

Martin cranks the window down. Hastings leans on the car, putting his face inches from Martin's.

HASTINGS

I warned y'all--

Martin closes his eyes. He takes a deep breath. He nods.

HASTINGS

We got ourselves a real problem.

Jonas leans over.

JONAS

Yes 'WE' do! Those assholes ran us
off the road.

HASTINGS

You a mouthy sum bitch, ain't ya?

Hastings looks at Johnny.

HASTINGS

Maybe we just cut y'er tongue out.
Eliminate the chatter.

Hastings smiles real big. He rips the door open. He grabs
Martin by the collar. He throws him on the ground.

Martin reaches his hand up.

SLAM!

The door crushes Martin's hand. Martin cries out. He
drops to the ground.

Hastings grabs him. He throws him against the hood.

Jonas whips the passenger door open. He jumps to his
feet.

JONAS

Get off him.

Hastings looks to Johnny.

HASTINGS

You believe'n this shit?

The passenger side door of the truck opens. RAY (30), the
smallest of the three and SAM (30), tall and thin with a
dead look in his eyes get out. Sam slaps a baseball bat
in his hand.

Johnny, Ray and Sam circle Jonas. The three men charge
him.

Sam swings the bat.

Jonas reaches out. He grabs the bat with both hands pulls it forward and head butts Sam.

Sam drops the bat. He falls back. Blood streams from his nose.

Ray jumps on Jonas's back. He forces him off balance.

Jonas pops the bat back. He hits Ray in the stomach.

Ray falls back and doubles over.

Johnny winds up. He pummels Jonas.

Jonas steps back. He loses his footing in the field and drops the bat.

Sam snatches the bat up. He jabs Jonas in the stomach.

Jonas doubles over. He does his best to defend himself. The men beat him savagely.

Johnny drags Jonas over to the sheriff. His lip is busted. His eye swells up. He has Jonas in a choke hold.

Hastings looks at Martin and at Jonas. Then to his three henchmen.

HASTINGS

In situations like this, I
remember a story my daddy told me.

His adjusts his gun belt.

HASTINGS

There was once a black boy from a
neighboring county. He bet his
friend he could make it all the
way across Beaumont.

Johnny pushes Jonas down. He steps on his neck.

JOHNNY

What happened, sheriff?

Hastings stands over Jonas. He spits a wad of chew. He looks over and gestures, "come on" with his hand.

HASTINGS

He was never heard from again.

Hastings squats down.

HASTINGS

You see boy, we don't let the sun
go down on you here.

Ray walks with slow trepidation.

RAY

The Judge, ain't go'n like this.

JOHNNY

Shut the fuck up and come on.

Ray walks up to Hastings. A rope dangles from his hand.

Jonas turns his face to look up at the men.

Hastings stands up. He punches down on Jonas. He knocks
him out.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jonas shakes. He wipes away tears.

JONAS

When I came to, I was lying there
in the field. I was afraid to
move, but I had to get away. I got
to my knees.

Jonas rocks back and forth.

JONAS

I looked. They were standing
around, drinking beers, like it
was nothing. I took out my phone,
I recorded it.

Jonas takes the phone out of his pocket. He hands it to
Zu.

JONAS

Martin, he struggled, he jerked.
The big one, Johnny, he'd loosen
the rope. Martin would gasp.

Jonas drops his head. Loud sobs pour out of him.

JONAS

Martin was gone. They tortured
him. Killed him. They had him
swing'n from a tree.

Hartley is silent. Zu looks back at Jonas.

ZU

How did you get away?

JONAS

The little one, Ray, saw me. He ran toward me. I tackled his ass. In that moment I was that boy, running through the field, trying to get out of Beaumont.

Jonas looks at Zu.

JONAS

Then I hid. I knew from where we got the flat we weren't too far from the main highway. I just thought, if I could make it to the highway, I could get home.

Jonas drops his head.

JONAS

I left him there. I left Martin. I didn't know what else to do.

Hartley checks the rearview mirror. She turns left toward the main highway.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A SIGN: 1-10 W 15 Miles

Hartley floors it. She checks the rearview mirror.

HARTLEY

Zu, check your phone.

Zu takes her phone out. She shakes her head.

WOOP. WOOP.

They look back.

Hartley checks the rearview. She watches the police car follow them. The lights flash. The siren blares. Hartley looks back at the road. She slams on the brakes. The patrol car screeches to a halt.

Zu lurches forward. She is jerked back by the seat belt.

HARTLEY

You okay?

Zu nods.

Hartley looks back at the road. A pickup truck is blocking the exit.

Behind it a sign: Exiting Beaumont

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ray jumps out of the pickup truck with a shotgun.

The second patrol car stops behind them.

INT./EXT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hartley looks through the windshield. She sees Ray.

She looks in the rearview mirror. She sees Johnny get out of the driver's seat. His gun is drawn.

She sees Hastings get out of the passenger seat. His arm in a sling. He adjusts his gun belt. He pulls his gun. He points it at the patrol car.

Zu reaches for her backpack.

Hartley reaches over. She grabs her hand.

HARTLEY

Don't. We're outnumbered.

Zu hesitates. She slips Jonas's phone in her backpack and lets the bag fall to the floor.

HARTLEY

Put your hands up. Remain calm.

She looks at Zu.

HARTLEY

No sudden movements. We need to pick our battles.

Hastings walks to the Hartley's door. He looks inside.

Hartley, Zu and Jonas hold up their hands.

Hastings holsters his weapon. He whips the driver's side door open. He reaches in. He grabs Hartley and drags her from the car.

Johnny takes her and puts her in the squad car.

Ray grabs Zu and puts her in the squad car.

Hastings gets in the drivers seat. He looks at Jonas in the rearview mirror.

JONAS

What did we do?

Hastings closes the door. He looks straight ahead. Whistles.

HASTINGS

Y'all are an inferior, depraved and brutal race that doesn't follow the rules.

JONAS

What rule did we break? Is it illegal to change a tire?

Hastings looks in the rearview mirror. He makes eye contact with Jonas.

HASTINGS

You can't be here.

Jonas wiggles in the backseat. He's angry and confused.

JONAS

Then let us leave.

Hastings starts the car. He pulls out on the road.

HASTINGS

I wish I could. Beaumont has three thousand good citizens who rely on law enforcement to regulate-- keep your kind in check.

Hastings looks at Jonas in the rearview mirror.

HASTINGS

I let you go, I put those good people at risk. You'll come back. You'll bring more of your kind with you.

JONAS

What are you going to do to us?

Hastings adjusts the rearview mirror. He focuses on the road.

EXT. BEAUMONT TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The police cars make their way through the town square. Just a few stalls remain open at the Farmers Market.

SHOPKEEPERS close their doors.

CHILDREN play in the town square.

PICNIC TABLES are being set up.

INT./EXT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hartley and Zu look out the window. They see the simple joys of small town life.

WOMEN smooth checkered table cloths out on picnic tables.

MEN drag a podium to the center of a plywood stage.

WOMEN tack bunting along the front of the stage.

As the patrol car turns the corner and giant banner over MAIN STREET comes into focus:

CELEBRATING 150 YEARS of BEAUMONT PRIDE

Transforming Our Heritage Into Legacy

EXT. JAIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Three MEN look over at the patrol cars as they park in front of the police station.

Men's POV

They watch Hastings get out of his car and walk to the door of the jail house.

Hastings unlocks the door. He walks back to his patrol car. He opens the front door and takes Zu's backpack out. He opens the backdoor and pulls Jonas out.

Jonas looks over at the town square.

The three Men whisper.

Jonas recognizes Sam, his nose bandaged. His eyes black and blue. He nods his head.

Hastings jerks Jonas forward. He walks him in the station.

The three Men watch Johnny get out of his car.

Johnny looks over at them. He waves.

Sam, sniffs, he wipes his nose and shouts to Johnny.

SAM

Saw the sheriff. What you got?

Johnny looks over.

JOHNNY

Tresspass'n darkies.

Sam turns to the other men. He pulls a rag out of his pocket and wipes his nose. He leans in and whispers. Sam walks to the edge of the manicured square and shouts.

SAM

Word is the Mayor is come'n to
take the sheriff's badge.

The Men stand in the distance. They nod their heads.

Johnny opens the back of the patrol car.

JOHNNY

Now Sam, don't go spread'n rumors.
People could get hurt.

Johnny winks.

Sam nods his head. He wipes his nose, turns and walks back over to the other Men and whispers. They run off.

Johnny jerks Zu out of the back. She struggles. He slams her against the car.

Hastings comes out of the station. He walks to Johnny's patrol car. He opens the backdoor. He pulls Hartley out.

Johnny and Hastings march Hartley and Zu into the jailhouse.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Hastings leans against the door. He grabs his wounded arm and adjusts his sling. He looks at the jail cells.

Hartley, Zu, and Jonas look back at him.

Johnny stands by the desk with Ray. Johnny steps forward.

JOHNNY

You see Sam and them out there?

Hastings nods.

JOHNNY

Know'n Sam, news go'n spread fast.

Johnny gestures toward the cells.

JOHNNY

They may not make it through the night. Once he gets folks whipped up, no tell'n what they'll do.

Hastings walks to the desk.

HASTINGS

Johnny, go on, wake up the Judge. He ain't go'n be happy, but this'll show him he's make'n a mistake try'n to replace me.

Johnny starts for the main door. Hastings stops him.

HASTINGS

Go out the back way.

Johnny turns and walks out a door at the back of the jailhouse.

Ray walks over to Hastings.

RAY

Sheriff, the Judge isn't going to like this.

Hastings walks away from Ray.

RAY

Listen to me sheriff, I can put um in a van, drive to the state line.

Ray looks to the cells.

RAY

They won't come back.

Hastings looks at Ray.

HASTINGS

Son, this ain't Texas. We're not drop'n our problem on somebody else's door step.

Hastings shakes his head in disappointment.

HASTINGS
Violent animals need to be put
down not chauffeured out of town.
You understand?

RAY
Yes sheriff.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Hastings walks to the door. He slides the viewer open.
Looks out on Sam.

HASTINGS
You need someth'n?

INT./EXT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam steps back. He spreads his hands showing the sheriff
he's brought a MOB with him.

SAM
No sir. We're just concerned
citizens. Here to help.

HASTINGS
Noth'n to be concerned about.

SAM
Well now, with you retiring and
all, we want to do our part.

HASTINGS
Go on home. All y'all go on home.

Hastings steps back from the door. He closes the viewer.

INT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hastings walks over to a desk. He pulls it forward.

HASTINGS
Ray, get the other end of this
damn thing.

He and Hastings push the desk in front of the door.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

HASTINGS

Shit, that door ain't go'n hold.

Hastings walks to the cells.

HASTINGS

Look what you've done. Provoking
the community like this.

INT./EXT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Zu paces the cell.

ZU

Provoking the community? We're
here because of you.

Hartley stands up. She walks over to Zu. She grabs her
arm. She shakes her head.

Zu pulls away.

Hastings rubs his forehead, weary.

HASTINGS

You used to know your place.

ZU

Place? News flash, we as Black
Americans are no longer second-
class citizens. My place is
wherever the hell I want to be.

Hartley grabs Zu by the shoulders.

HARTLEY

Zu, stop. This isn't helping.

Hastings strides over to the cell.

He slips the key in. He turns the lock.

Hartley looks toward the cell door.

WHAM! Hastings punches her in the face.

She hits the ground.

Hastings grabs Zu by the throat.

Zu kicks and struggles.

Hastings drags Zu out of the cell. He throws her to the ground.

He slams the cell shut, locking it.

Zu scrambles back against the bars.

Hastings approaches her.

She kicks at him.

He grabs her leg. He drags her to the center of the jailhouse. He grabs her head and slams it on the concrete.

HASTINGS

What, no big talk now?

Ray sits on the desk. He watches like a spectator at a sporting event.

Hartley walks over to the bars. She wipes the blood from her nose. She is calm, controlled.

HARTLEY

You're a big man, hitting a little girl.

Hastings looks at her.

Jonas steps to the bars, looks over at Ray.

JONAS

You weren't so tough when I took your boy out.

Ray shifts on the desk.

JONAS

Why don't you come in here, Ray?
Take your shot.

Ray looks at the sheriff.

Hastings sneers, steps toward the cell.

Zu kicks her foot.

Hastings trips and stumbles.

He looks down at her.

Her lip bleeds.

ZU

Asshole.

Hastings kicks Zu.

HASTINGS

You gotta break wild thangs to
tame em.

HARTLEY

Stop! You've made your point.

HASTINGS

I don't think I have.

Hastings snatches Zu. He drags her back across the jail
and throws her against the cells.

Zu down, but not defeated, rolls to the side. She gets to
her feet.

Hastings comes up fast.

Zu lashes out. She SLAPS Hastings with all her strength.

Hastings sneers. He wipes a trickle of blood from his
mouth. He looks over at Hartley.

HASTINGS

See what I mean? No respect.

He backhands Zu. She hits the bars and falls to the
ground.

Hastings opens the cell door. He grabs Zu and throws her
inside.

Hastings walks over to Jonas' cell.

HASTINGS

What were you say'n, boy? You
should have heard your friend.

Ray walks over to stand next to Hastings.

RAY

I asked him if he'd like to pray.

Hastings looks at Ray.

HASTINGS

That was real decent of you.

Hastings looks at Jonas through the bars.

HASTINGS
You missed all that 'cause I
knocked your ass out.

Jonas charges the bars. He grabs for Hastings.

Hastings steps back. He looks at Ray.

HASTINGS
Time we finish this boy's lesson.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

SAM (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Eenie meenie miney mo, catch a
nigger by the toe... Come on
sheriff, let 'em go.

The Mob roars with laughter.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The door splinters.

Ray looks at Hastings, panic on his face.

RAY
Sheriff what are we go'n do?

HASTINGS
Get a'hold of yourself. Take'em to
the basement. When the judge gets
here, he'll see my way is the
right way.

Hastings looks back at the cells.

HASTINGS
We'll handle this the way we
should've in the first place and
Sam and them will calm down.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Mob pounds on the jailhouse door. They shout.

MOB
BRING THEM OUT! BRING THEM OUT!
BRING THEM OUT! BRING THEM OUT!

Johnny steps out of the patrol car. He walks around to
the passenger side and opens the door.

Mayor Jackson Philips steps out. The Mob, out of respect, let's him through to the door of the jail.

Jackson holds up his hands.

The Mob quiets.

JACKSON

Now, you know me.

The Mob groans.

JACKSON

Let me sort all this out. We have a big celebration tomorrow. You all go home.

INT. JAIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson enters the jail house with Johnny.

HASTINGS

What the hell are you doing here?

Hastings looks at Johnny.

JACKSON

Was I not clear?

Jackson looks at Jonas, Hartley and Zu in jail cells.

JACKSON

Helluva last day on the job Hal.

Jackson walks to the center of the room. He points at Hartley.

JACKSON

You know who that is?

Hastings shrugs.

JACKSON

Right now half the state of Ohio is looking for her. She's a GOD DAMN national treasure Hal. Her agent is on every news station. There's a banner scrolling across the bottom of CNN.

HASTINGS

Where's the Judge?

JACKSON

The judge? He wants nothing to do with you or this mess.

Jackson takes a moment.

JACKSON

Hal, place your weapon and badge on the desk.

Hastings laughs. He gestures with his head.

HASTINGS

Beaumont is different from the rest of the world. It's a safe haven for like minded people who want to live with their own kind.

Johnny and Ray slowly surround the Mayor. They grab him. They drag him to a cell.

Jackson struggles against Johnny and Ray.

JACKSON

I knew you'd try something like this. I've called the governor. The National Guard is on the way.

Johnny and Ray release Jackson.

HASTINGS

God save you.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

All eyes look to the door.

JOHNNY

I say we let um in, get the party started.

HASTINGS

No. This our chance to prove to the judge, we hear him. We do this by the book. They broke the law.

Jackson walks over to Hastings. He shouts.

JACKSON

You're delusional Hal. Look around you. By the book?

Hastings looks back at Jackson.

JACKSON

They saw me come in here. You've lost control of this town.

HASTINGS

They're going to see you leave. I'm going to walk you out. Johnny is going to take you home and see that you stay there. Let's go.

Hastings walks with Johnny and the Mayor to the door.

Ray follows behind them.

Hastings looks back at Ray.

HASTINGS

Stay here with them.

RAY

What about the National Guard?

HASTINGS

Nothing but a misunderstanding. I'll clear everything up.

Hastings stops. He looks at Jackson.

HASTINGS

When we get outside, you play along or I'll let them rip you limb from limb. You understand me?

Jackson nods.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Hastings stands outside with Mayor Jackson and Johnny. Hastings puts his hands in the air.

HASTINGS

All right, all right, settle down.

The Mob settles to a low murmur.

HASTINGS

There's a rumor spreading that I am retiring.

The Mob groans.

HASTINGS

Well, I'm here to tell you that's a lie. I stand here with Mayor Jackson to affirm my commitment to you the good people of Beaumont.

The Mob cheers.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Ray snatches a set of keys off the desk. He runs over to the cells. He slips the key into Hartley and Zu's cell.

RAY

Y'all got to get out of here.

Ray approaches Jonas's cell. He moves to stick the key in, but hesitates.

Hartley comes out of the cell she stands behind him.

HARTLEY

What are you waiting for?

Jonas approaches the bar.

Ray slips the key in the lock. He looks at Jonas through the bars.

Jonas stands tall. He's regained his swagger. He tries to intimidate Ray.

Ray slowly turns the lock. He opens the cell door.

Jonas walks out. He towers over Ray.

HARTLEY

How do we get out?

Ray steps away from Jonas.

RAY

This way, down the stairs and out the basement door. There are keys on a peg board and cars out back.

Ray walks to the side door. He inserts his key and unlocks the door. He holds it open.

RAY

Hurry. There's not much time.

Zu grabs her backpack off the desk. She runs to the door.

Hartley follows her.

Jonas lingers. He looks Ray up and down. He clinches his fist.

The door to the jail opens. Hastings steps inside.

HASTINGS

What the hell are you doing?

Hastings charges forward. He grabs Ray and slams him into the wall. The door closes.

Hastings grabs Jonas by the arm.

Jonas swings around and punches Hastings.

Hastings loses his grip and falls to the ground.

Jonas grabs the door handle. It's locked. He looks at Ray slumped on the ground. He reaches down for the key.

Hastings gets to his feet. He charges Jonas.

The door opens. Jonas scrambles through it. The door closes.

Hastings bends over Ray. He picks up the key.

HASTINGS

Get your ass up. Let's go.

INT. JAILHOUSE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

In the dimly lit stairwell. Hartley, Zu and Jonas make their way down the stairs. The door opens. Hastings steps inside with Ray. He draws his gun.

HASTINGS

Hold it right there.

Hartley, Zu and Jonas freeze.

Hastings gestures with his head to Ray.

HASTINGS

Cuff 'em.

Ray steps around Hastings. He takes his cuffs out.

Hartley looks at Zu. She whispers.

HARTLEY

Rise up. This is the battle.

Ray reaches for Zu.

Hartley shouts.

HARTLEY

Now!

Ray looks at Zu--

Zu head butts him. She smashes his nose.

Hartley charges up the stairs. She tackles Hastings at his knees. He drops the gun and falls back against the wall. Hartley jams the heel of her hand into Hastings nose.

Jonas comes up behind Hartley. He picks up the gun.

Zu attaches Ray to the railing with his cuffs.

Hartley grabs Hastings cuffs and attaches him to the railing.

She looks up at Jonas.

Jonas holds the gun on Hastings.

Ray sniffs. Blood drips from his face.

RAY

We don't have noth'n against
y'all. You just ain't welcome
here.

HARTLEY

Jonas--

Jonas engages the gun.

JONAS

He doesn't deserve to live.
Neither one of them do.

Jonas looks at Hartley.

JONAS

You didn't see what they did to
Martin.

HARTLEY

Taking someone's life changes you.
We aren't like them.

JONAS

That's the problem. Throughout
history we've taken it.

Jonas points the gun.

JONAS

They burn our houses, run our
families out of town, turn
lynching us into entertainment,
and we take it.

Jonas steadies his hand.

JONAS

We don't fight back. We don't
stand our ground.

HARTLEY

Once you pull the trigger you can
never go back.

Hartley reaches for the gun.

HARTLEY

This isn't who you are.

Jonas looks at Hartley.

JONAS

You're right.

He looks back at Hastings and Ray.

JONAS

But people like this don't care
who I am.

Hartley steps down. She puts her hand on the gun.

HARTLEY

Let's get out of here.

Hartley pushes the gun down.

HARTLEY

We'll report this. We have your
video. You heard the mayor,
they'll get what's coming to them.

Jonas jerks his hand away. He looks at Hartley

JONAS

Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown,
Sandra Bland, George Floyd,
Breonna Taylor, Ahmaud Arbery...
did that work for them?

Ray whimpers.

Hastings smiles. He laughs. He spits blood.

HASTINGS

You think anyone gives a good god
damn?

Hastings shakes his head.

HASTINGS

The life of a Negro is cheap and
meaningless. The sooner you get
that through y'er thick skull, the
better off you'll be. I don't--

BLAM!

Hastings head falls to the side.

Blood splatters Hartley.

She recoils. The sound of the shot echoes in her ears. In
shock, she reaches up slowly to wipe the blood from her
face.

Jonas turns the gun on Ray.

BLAM!

Ray's head drops.

JONAS

Now we can go.

Jonas lowers the gun. He marches down the stairs and
tucks the gun in his waistband.

Hartley looks at Ray and Hastings. She looks down the
stairs.

Zu walks in solidarity with Jonas to the backdoor.

Hartley stands up. She glides her hand along the wall.
She finds a light switch.

The lights come on.

Hartley, Zu and Jonas looks around the basement.

On the wall, a map of Beaumont. The borders are marked.

There are photos of Black people. The images show various scenes of torture. Black people with nooses around their necks. Burned bodies.

TOWNSPEOPLE holding up "souvenirs."

Jonas walks over to a peg board of keys. A set of keys with a MAGIC EIGHT BALL KEY RING gets his attention. He snatches the keys off the peg board and walks over to Hartley and Zu who study the wall.

JONAS

Can you believe this shit? There must be hundreds of pictures here.

Jonas steps back. He looks away from the pictures. He bends over. He wretches. He spits.

Zu unzips her backpack. She takes out her phone. The light comes on. Zu narrates what she sees.

ZU

I am in the basement of the Beaumont jail. This wall depicts the crimes this community has committed against Black people.

Zu slowly pans the camera across the face of each of the people pictured. Zu turns the camera off. She tucks the phone back in her backpack.

HARTLEY

Let's get out of here.

INT./EXT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jonas looks out the window of the basement door. The black Chevy Chevelle is parked outside. In the distance the silver RANGE ROVER is backed into place by a TOW TRUCK.

JONAS

That's Martin's car!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jonas looks over at Hartley. He holds up the keys. The Magic Eight Ball swings back and forth.

JONAS

Let's go.

Jonas flings open the basement door. He runs out.

Hartley and Zu follow him.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS can be heard overhead.

Dust falls from the ceiling.

Hartley pushes Zu toward the door.

HARTLEY

Go! Go!

Sam's voice shouts out.

SAM (O.S.)

IN HERE!

Footsteps pound overhead.

SAM (O.S.)

They murdered Ray and the sheriff.
Down here! Come on!

EXT. JAIL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Chevelle reverses to a screeching halt.

Hartley runs over to a dumpster. She pushes it. It barely moves.

Jonas and Zu run over. They lean on the dumpster and push it in front of the door.

They run over to the car.

ZU

That's not going to stop them.

HARTLEY

It'll slow them down.

The sound of BREAKING GLASS.

Jonas looks up. A jailhouse window is broken out.

Jonas jumps in the driver's seat.

Hartley and Zu run over to the passenger side.

Hartley pushes Zu in the car.

JONAS
Come on! Come on!

BLAM!

The tail light on the car shatters.

Jonas looks toward the window.

BLAM!

The driver's side mirror breaks.

JONAS
Good news. They can't shoot for
shit.

INT./EXT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Hartley slides in next to Zu.

BLAM!

Jonas slumps in the door.

Zu screams.

HARTLEY
Is he dead?

ZU
I think so.

HARTLEY
You've got to drive.

ZU
What?

Hartley looks out the back window.

The dumpster moves.

HARTLEY
Do it!

EXT. JAILHOUSE - BACKDOOR - CONTINUOUS

The dumpster slides over just enough for the Mob to squeeze out the backdoor.

BLAM! BLAM!

Shots rain down from the window.

INT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Hartley turns around. She looks at Zu.

HARTLEY
They're coming.

Hartley hits the lock on the passenger side door.

HARTLEY
NOW!

ZU
I don't--

HARTLEY
You DO!

BLAM!

The windshield cracks.

Zu slides over. She puts the car in gear.

HARTLEY
DRIVE!

Zu hits the accelerator.

The car fishtails. Jonas's body falls to the ground. The driver's side door slams shut. The car lurches forward with power.

Hartley looks back. She watches the Mob swarm out.

ZU
Shit, they're blocking the way.

Hartley looks forward. The tow truck pulls forward.

HARTLEY
Punch it! Don't stop.

Zu punches the accelerator. She squeezes the car between the tow truck and the building. Sparks fly off the car as metal sheers against the building.

The tow truck hits the building.

ZU

I don't know where I'm going.

HARTLEY

Remember when we came in? It's a square. We've just got to get back to the main highway.

The car screeches around the corner.

ZU

There's the square.

Zu points the car straight toward it.

HARTLEY

What are you doing?

ZU

Crashing the party.

PEOPLE dive out of the way. The car jumps over the sidewalk, back onto the street.

ZU

Good old County Road 10.

Zu speeds to the end of the road and takes a sharp right. She heads back out toward the highway.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A SIGN: BEAUMONT, DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOU HERE

Through the rearview mirror Zu sees the truck.

The truck lurches behind them. The horn BLARES.
WOOOONNNNKKKKKK!!!!!!

ZU

No fucking way.

HARTLEY

Just drive.

Zu looks over at Hartley.

ZU

My backpack.

Hartley grabs Zu's backpack. She unzips it and takes the Glock out. She flicks the safety off.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck speeds up. The driver, Johnny, reaches his hand out of the window. He slaps the side of the truck.

INT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Hartley engages the gun. She looks over at Zu.

HARTLEY

Slow down.

ZU

What?

HARTLEY

Let him get closer.

Zu gives her a look of confused doubt.

HARTLEY

Trust me.

Zu takes her foot off the accelerator.

Hartley rolls down the window.

The truck gets closer.

Hartley fires.

BLAM! BLAM!

The truck tires go flat.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Johnny loses control of the truck. He over-corrects.

INT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Hartley watches the truck catch the edge and flip into the ditch.

She rolls up the window.

HARTLEY

Let's go.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Zu stops the car outside the emergency room doors.

Hartley and Zu get out and help each other inside.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

ORANGE FLAMES explode from the jailhouse. The fire spreads to nearby TREES.

The BANNER: CELEBRATING 150 YEARS of BEAUMONT PRIDE

Transforming Our Heritage Into Legacy

Burns and floats down to the ground.

NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS move in on the Mob.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL - GIFT SHOP - DAY

Zu, her cuts bandaged, walks into the hospital gift shop.

CATHY (65), a punk rock grandma with a purple streak in her hair, stands behind the counter. She stacks mints in a display.

CATHY

Welcome in. Be sure to check our sales rack.

Zu walks down an aisle. She picks up two bottles of water, some almonds, an apple and a bag of Skittles. She walks to the counter.

CATHY

You didn't find anything on our sales rack?

Zu shakes her head.

ZU

I like your hair.

Cathy smiles. She rings things up and puts them in a bag.

CATHY

That'll be ten-fifteen.

Zu pulls out the twenty-dollar bill Hartley gave her at the convenience store. She slides it across the counter.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hartley sits in a chair, a blanket wrapped around her shoulders.

Zu walks up and sits down next to her. Zu reaches into the bag.

Hartley's eyes light up with anticipation.

Zu hands her a bag of almonds.

Hartley takes them. Her shoulders slump in disappointment.

Zu reaches in the bag again. She takes out a bag of Skittles and hands them to Hartley.

Hartley's eyes light up.

HARTLEY

Zu, I want you to know, you mean everything to me. We approach things in different ways, but I--

ZU

I love you too, auntie. I'm sorry this happened.

HARTLEY

It's not your fault.

ZU

No, but if it weren't for me, we'd never have been on that road. You'd be in L.A. You'd still have your show.

Zu reaches out. Hartley takes her hand.

HARTLEY

I wouldn't worry about any of that.

Hartley jokes.

HARTLEY

Things have a way of working out
for national treasures.

Zu smiles.

Hartley hugs her.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

FBI AGENT STEVE DUARTE (45), disheveled, a bit of an
absent-minded professor, walks around the Chevelle. He
makes notes and takes pictures of the car with his phone.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hartley sits at a conference table.

Agent Duarte presents his badge.

DUARTE

I'm agent Steve Duarte, from the
Cleveland field office.

Hartley looks up. She glances at the badge.

Duarte sits down. He flips a notebook open. He leans
forward. He studies Hartley.

DUARTE

I read your statement. Quite the
wild night.

Hartley gives him a look.

DUARTE

Is it normal for you to pick up
men on the side of the road?

HARTLEY

Is that really what you want to
ask me about?

Duarte leans back in his chair.

DUARTE

It just seems odd. Two women
traveling alone, pick up a
stranger. Weren't you concerned
for your safety, that of your
niece?

HARTLEY

I can take care of myself--

DUARTE

That's right.

Duarte flips pages in his notebook.

DUARTE

You're a celebrity chef who boxes,
and used to compete in mixed
martial arts.

Hartley nods.

HARTLEY

Jonas posed no threat to me or my
niece.

DUARTE

Your niece.

Duarte struggles to say her name

DUARTE

Ah-zu-ha, is that how you
pronounce it?

HARTLEY

Nobody calls her Azhua, except her
mother and she died--

DUARTE

Killed in a car accident when A-z-
h--

HARTLEY

Zu.

DUARTE

Was eight. It's no wonder she
doesn't drive.

HARTLEY

She can drive.

DUARTE

She's got quite the colorful
background.

HARTLEY

What does this have to do with--

Duarte leans forward.

DUARTE

I'm just trying to get a sense of who you are.

HARTLEY

As I said--

DUARTE

Why didn't you call the police?

HARTLEY

Are you sure you read my statement?

Duarte nods.

HARTLEY

Then why am I repeating myself?

DUARTE

Sometimes it's helpful to hear a story out loud.

HARTLEY

Fine. We had no cell service, and Jonas said, the police had beaten him, tortured and murdered his friend, they couldn't be trusted.

Duarte leans across the table. He shrinks the space between himself and Hartley.

DUARTE

Misses Craft--

Hartley leans back in her chair and crosses her arms.

DUARTE

Excuse me, that's right, I read about your divorce.

HARTLEY

Is there a point to this?

DUARTE

State of mind, you know, angry Black woman taking out her rage.

HARTLEY

If that's what you think, we're done here.

Hartley pushes back her chair.

DUARTE

No, it's not what I think, but it's how the story can get twisted. That's why I ask the questions I ask and push and probe on the statement.

Duarte flips through his notebook.

DUARTE

The FBI takes its role in investigating hate crimes seriously. These crimes are the number-one priority of our civil rights program.

Duarte sits back. He reaches into his coat pocket. He pulls out a set of pictures.

DUARTE

Beaumont has been on our radar.

Duarte lines the photos out on the table.

DUARTE

A lot of people have gone missing in that area over the years.

Duarte align's the pictures in a neat row.

DUARTE

The Cleveland office will lead the task force on Beaumont.

Hartley pushes Johnny and Hastings images toward Duarte.

HARTLEY

They're proud of themselves. They have an entire wall in the basement of the jail dedicated to the people they've murdered.

DUARTE

Beaumont's efforts to preserve white racial hegemony are well known in the region. We've found references to their practices, but never had any real evidence to back up the claims.

Hartley sits up. She reaches into her pocket. She takes Jonas's phone out. She slides it across the table.

HARTLEY

Now you do.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Hartley weaves her way through the cafeteria. She looks across the room at Zu.

Zu sits at a table.

Hartley reaches the table.

Zu smiles at her and looks up at the TELEVISION.

ZU

Can you believe this?

Hartley looks up at the television.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN

A REPORTER stands in the BEAUMONT TOWN SQUARE. The National Guard behind HIM.

Hartley walks over to the television. She turns the volume up.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Last night, National Guard troops moved into the town of Beaumont.

The reporter moves. The jailhouse comes into view.

REPORTER (V.O.)

After a Mob overran the jailhouse in protest of the removal of the town sheriff for hate crimes.

Hartley turns the television off.

HARTLEY

Let's get out of here.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Hartley and Zu walk out of the hospital.

A throng of REPORTERS charge Hartley.

CAMERA LIGHTS flash.

A REPORTER screams OUT.

REPORTER 1

THERE SHE IS!

Hartley looks over at Zu.

HARTLEY

Go back inside. I'll handle this.

Zu steps back into the hospital.

REPORTERS charge forward. Microphones are pushed in Hartley's face.

Hartley runs her hand through her hair. She smiles.

REPORTERS shout questions at her.

REPORTER 1

Hartley, were you the victim of a hate crime?

REPORTER 2

Is it true you assaulted and killed a police officer?

Hartley shakes her head.

REPORTER 3

Did you aid a fugitive?

Hartley holds up her hands.

HARTLEY

One at a time, please.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Hartley sits next to Zu in the back of an FBI sedan.

HARTLEY

This trip has opened my eyes.

ZU

What are you going to do?

HARTLEY

Breonna Taylor, George Floyd... all the people murdered in Beaumont, they can't tell their story about police brutality or what it's like to be in a community where your life is seen as cheap and meaningless. I can.

Agent Duarte gets in the car.

DUARTE

I'll take you to Hopkins, get you
on a flight to L.A.

Zu looks down at her hands.

HARTLEY

That's okay. A rental car agency
will be just fine.

Duarte catches Hartley's eye in the rearview mirror.

DUARTE

We know about Miss Taylor's 'no
board list' status. We can take
care of that.

Duarte looks at Zu in the rearview mirror.

DUARTE

To be fair, you can't wear a
button on a camouflage jacket to
the airport that says 'Suspected
Terrorist' and not expect
repercussions.

Hartley looks at Zu. She shakes her head.

ZU

What? I was protesting the racist
travel ban. Also, 'no fly lists'
and 'no board lists' are
unconstitutional. They stigmatize
Americans as suspected terrorists
without due process--

HARTLEY

Okay, I think we've heard enough.

Hartley looks at Agent Duarte.

HARTLEY

Thank you.

She looks at Zu.

Zu leans forward.

ZU

You make a fair point Agent
Duarte. There are other ways to
bring attention to the issue.

Duarte nods and puts the car in gear.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Duarte drives out of the parking lot. The urban sprawl of the hospital complex gives way to a stretch of serpentine highway.

An amber glow of orange sets the sky on fire.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 10 - DAY

A parade of official law enforcement vehicles race down the road, sirens blare, lights flash.

INT. KITTY'S KOZY KAFE - DAY

Johnny sits on a stool. He moves eggs around on his plate.

The bell over the door jingles.

Johnny looks over at the door.

TWO FBI AGENTS walk over to Johnny.

Johnny stands up off the stool. He tries to push past an Agent.

The Agent puts his hand on Johnny's shoulder and pushes him back down on the stool.

The Agents march Johnny out of the restaurant.

INT. BEAUMONT JAILHOUSE BASEMENT - SAME TIME

FBI AGENTS take pictures and gather evidence. They collect and tag every picture on the wall.

EXT. BEAUMONT TOWN SQUARE - SAME TIME

A small group of FBI AGENTS, with hand-held digging tools, swarm the square and the acres surrounding the jailhouse.

A podium with the town seal stands in the middle of the square.

REPORTERS wait with anxious anticipation. They check their camera. A few walk up to the podium and attach microphones.

The Mayor walks up to the podium.

CAMERAS flash.

The Mayor adjusts the microphone.

JACKSON

Good morning. My name is Jackson Phillips, I am the Mayor of Beaumont and a proud son of this community. Our town is safe, family-centric and quaint.

The Mayor looks out over the square. TOWNSPEOPLE start filling in behind the NEWS CREWS.

JACKSON

It is time for all of us to come together and denounce the role we have played in the atrocities and forcible expulsion of Black people from our community.

The crowd of Townspeople begin to grumble and stir.

JACKSON

I apologize for our practice of racial exclusion. I have signed a proclamation to work toward racial equality. We've got issues, we are not shirking away from them, we recognize our problems and we are taking action.

A ROCK hits the podium. Then another, and another. Rocks fly at a rapid pace.

Jackson ducks behind the podium.

Townspeople begin to shout.

TOWNSPEOPLE

BEAUMONT STAYS WHITE! BEAUMONT STAYS WHITE! BEAUMONT STAYS WHITE!

The NEWS CREWS turn their cameras on the Townspeople.

With arms in the air the Townspeople chant and advance toward the podium.

TOWNSPEOPLE
BEAUMONT STAYS WHITE! BEAUMONT
STAYS WHITE! BEAUMONT STAYS WHITE!

One brave reporter, JASON BRENNAN (40), a grizzled news veteran in a multi-pocket vest approaches a Townsperson. He thrusts his microphone out.

JASON
Jason Brennan, KKET News.

The reporter walks backward to keep pace.

JASON
What's your name?

ARNOLD CLINTON (30), clean cut, in a crips button down shirt and pressed jeans doesn't look at Jason. He walks and focuses on the podium.

ARNOLD
Arnold Clinton.

JASON
Arnold, why don't you want Black people in Beaumont?

Arnold stops. He looks at Jason. He puts his hands on his hips and shakes his head.

ARNOLD
They have the right to live, go, do, whatever they want. Just like we have the right to choose if we want an all white community.

Arnold walks. Jason follows after him.

JASON
What are you afraid of?

Arnold stops. He turns around. He walks back to Jason, a stern, serious, look on his face.

ARNOLD
I lived in the city. I've seen how they live. The crime, the drugs, the filth. They don't care about the community.

JASON
You're saying Black people don't care about community?

Arnold shakes his head.

ARNOLD

Black people ain't the problem...
It's the niggers.

Jason steps back. The microphone quivers in his hand. He lowers his tone, almost afraid to ask the next question.

JASON

What's the difference?

Arnold pulls a handkerchief out of his back pocket. He wipes sweat off his neck.

ARNOLD

Simple, you have Blacks and you have niggers. Good blacks don't want to come to Beaumont. They don't wanna cause any trouble.

Arnold shakes the handkerchief. He puts it back in his pocket.

ARNOLD

A nigger, wants to cause trouble.

Arnold points to the podium.

ARNOLD

Mayor Jackson Phillips, he's a white nigger, cause'n all this trouble. He needs to understand, we'll do whatever it takes to preserve our way of life.

Arnold bends down. He picks up a rock.

ARNOLD

He should have never tried to run Sheriff Hastings out of office. He did a good job, kept us safe. Now look what's happened.

Jason and Arnold look at the scene. National Guard troops clash with Townspeople.

TEAR GAS is shot into the crowd. Townspeople choke and gasp as a cloud of pepper vapor spreads over the group.

CHAOS ensues.

Reporters cover their mouths and run for their vans.

Townspeople beat a hasty retreat.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1 Year Later

INT. STUDIO SET - DAY

PEOPLE take seats in front of a set designed as a contemporary open concept kitchen and family room.

A PRODUCER (27), stands on stage.

PRODUCER

Are we ready for a great show?

The AUDIENCE roars back.

AUDIENCE

YES!

Hartley stands behind a counter. She beams. She holds up a beautiful dish.

HARTLEY

...and that's how I make my
spectacular, sweet and zesty honey
lime salmon.

Hartley slides the dish on the counter toward the audience.

HARTLEY

Remember, the key is not to
overpower the flavor of the
salmon.

Hartley looks into the camera, she smiles.

HARTLEY

If you have extra time, I serve
this in my restaurant with grilled
asparagus and herb-roasted
potatoes.

Hartley walks around the counter.

HARTLEY

You can find this and other meals
you can make in under fifteen
minutes in my new cookbook.

Hartley walks over to the comfortable living room set up.

HARTLEY

Usually, during this part of the show, I talk with a guest about their favorite meals, but today I'm doing something different.

Hartley sits down on the couch.

The studio lights go down. An image of Jonas and Martin, in their graduation caps and gowns, flashes up on the screen.

HARTLEY

As many of you know this is Jonas Mitchell and his friend Martin Walker.

The image flips to another picture of Jonas and Martin, carefree and happy.

HARTLEY

Last year, while driving from New York to L.A. with my niece, we helped Jonas.

The noise of car wheels on a gravel road cut into the silence.

EXT. FAIRVIEW CEMETERY - DAY

A town car drives beneath an arch with the name FAIRVIEW CEMETERY cut into the metal.

The car follows the gravel path. It weaves past headstones. The car stops beneath a tree. JOSEPH JONAS MITCHELL "JJ" (60), caucasian, gets out of the car.

HARTLEY (V.O.)

Jonas was badly beaten. The victim of rampant, racialized violence in a sundown town, a place invisible to most of us as we go about our everyday lives, where disappearances and lynchings were common.

JJ walks around to the passenger side of the car. He opens the door. He extends his hand and helps his wife, HELEN (58), Black, out of the car.

JJ closes the door behind Helen. She adjusts her coat against the wind.

JJ opens the backdoor. He takes out a bouquet of flowers. He takes Helen's arm in his. They walk down the cemetery path. JJ helps Helen onto the grass. They walk over to a headstone.

INSERT: Inscription on headstone: Joseph Jonas Mitchell, Jr.

INT. STUDIO CITY SET - CONTINUOUS

The lights come up.

Hartley stands. She looks intently at the audience.

HARTLEY

Today, along with my new cookbook, you will receive tickets to the screening of 'Sundown,' a new movie I co-produced about racial cleansing in America.

Hartley shifts on her feet.

HARTLEY

We don't have to be ashamed. There is healing and reconciliation that happens when we discuss the unsettling realities of racism.

INT. STUDIO CITY, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Hartley walks into her dressing room. She picks up a remote control and turns on the television. She sets the remote down and walks to a rack of clothes. The television play behind her. She browses through the rack.

TELEVISION (V.O.)

Breaking news in the Johnny Duval case. Today, prosecutors played a recording of the brutal murder of Martin Mitchell for the jury.

Hartley stops sliding clothes along the rack. She turns around and walks over to the table. She picks up the remote and turns the television off.

EXT. MICRO-RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

Zu and Hartley sit on the patio of a micro-restaurant. Zu has softened her look. Her hair is in long braids.

She wears a USC LAW SCHOOL T-shirt, casual cutoffs and sandals. A shiny new phone rests on the table.

ZU

I can't believe this is in South Central.

HARTLEY

Excuse me, we are in 'historic' South Central. This little oasis is made possible by the building development I'm doing for the culinary school.

The phone vibrates on the table. Hartley reaches for it. She looks at the screen, swipes up and dismisses an alert.

ZU

What was that?

HARTLEY

Trial update.

Zu tenses.

HARTLEY

I know you doubt the process, but the prosecution is putting on a strong case.

ZU

I'll believe it when they read the verdict. Until then--

HARTLEY

Change is happening in Beaumont.

EXT. BEAUMONT TOWN SQUARE - DAY

CHILDREN play in the town square.

HARTLEY (V.O.)

They're rebuilding. The state adopted a resolution acknowledging and apologizing for past policies of exclusion.

Mayor Jackson Philips walks down the street. He greets SHOPKEEPERS and PEOPLE going about their normal routine.

EXT. MICRO-RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

Zu sets her fork down.

ZU

That's nice, but how many more Beaumonts are still out there? Generations of gun-toting, rock-throwing racists with nooses slung over their shoulders don't disappear overnight.

HARTLEY

No, they don't, but Hal Hastings sustained campaign of terror has come to an end. That's something.

Hartley moves food around on her plate.

HARTLEY

I also think about the families. What they must have gone through, losing loved ones like that and never knowing.

Hartley shakes her head.

HARTLEY

At least now, with the work the FBI is doing people who lost loved ones in Beaumont will have closure.

ZU

I'm glad we got to meet and talk with Jonas' and Martin's parents. To be so strong, after everything.

Zu shakes her head.

HARTLEY

That's why we've got to keep having the conversation--

ZU

And listening to other perspectives.

DING. DING.

Hartley looks down. She picks up her phone.

HARTLEY

You ready to go?

Zu nods.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hartley and Zu emerge from the micro-restaurant.

The VALET (23), brings the black Chevy Chevelle around.

VALET

Hot car.

Hartley smiles.

She gives him a ten dollar bill.

Zu sidles up next to her. She grabs the keys and slips into the driver's seat.

Hartley walks around to the passenger side.

INT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - CONTINUOUS

Zu turns the radio up.

Hartley clicks her seatbelt and looks over at her.

Zu hits the accelerator.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Chevelle speeds down the street.

WOOP. WOOP. The sound of a police siren.

Red flashing lights engulf the screen.

INT. CHEVY CHEVELLE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Zu looks over at Hartley. She shakes her head.

She slows the car down and pulls over.

CUT TO BLACK.