

NOWHERE TO RUN

an original screenplay by

William Gilmore

William Gilmore  
12506 Emelita St.  
Valley Village, CA 91607  
718-702-6685  
william@williamgilmore.tv

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The hot Florida sun bakes a faded ribbon of asphalt cutting through a desolate section of saw palmetto and pine trees.

Along the edge of the scorched blacktop, an armadillo toddles oblivious to any danger.

In the distance, a car breaks through the shimmering waves of heat and hurtles down the two-lane highway.

INT. REYDEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

An open briefcase of crumpled, dirty cash rests on the lap of REYDEL, mid-30s, Cuban. Dressed more dapperly than his companions, Reydel is a man trying to make an impression, but on a budget.

He rides in the backseat with his brother ALMANDETO, late 20s. CARLOS and MATEO, the muscle, ride up front.

REYDEL

A lot of money, no?

ALMANDETO

Penny-ante bullshit, bro. We'll turn that into a million in no time.

REYDEL

Vicente had similar thoughts.

ALMANDETO

Vicente was a punk-ass bitch. Whatever he got, he deserved. Am I right, Carlos?

CARLOS

Fucking bitches get stitches.

Almandeto and Carlos high-five. Reydel glares.

ALMANDETO

Relax, brother. Hiram chose us. Remember? Almandeto y Reydel. Who else is there?

Carlos suddenly points through the windshield.

CARLOS

Mateo!

Mateo slams the brakes and yanks the wheel.

Almandeto and Reydel catapult violently forward.

Cash spills from the briefcase as FUMP! An object strikes the car and bounces along the undercarriage.

REYDEL

Mateo! What the hell?

MATEO

An armadillo, man. A fucking armadillo ran out in front of me.

Mateo and Carlos laugh. Almandeto joins them.

ALMANDETO

Not a good day to be the armadillo, eh?

Reydel collects the spilled cash from the floor boards.

REYDEL

Never a good day to be the armadillo.

EXT. BOAT RAMP - DAY

An SUV backs a boat trailer and jon boat down a makeshift boat ramp next to a bridge.

Two men, SHEP, late 30s with unshaven grizzle and the leathered skin of a construction worker, and his best friend GRADY, late 30s with the cropped hair of a former military man, help guide the boat into the water.

GRADY

Keep backin'. Keep backin'. Okay, woof. Woof! I said woof, goddamn it.

The SUV lurches to a halt. TYLER, 20s, Shep's stepbrother and equally unshaven, but in a hipper, trendier way, leans out of the driver's window.

TYLER

What?

GRADY

I said woof.

TYLER

What's woof?

GRADY

Stop.

TYLER

So say stop.

Grady gives a dismissive shake of his head. He unhooks the boat the boat and floats it off the trailer.

GRADY

You had to bring him?

SHEP

He's my brother.

GRADY

Stepbrother.

SHEP

He's goin' through a rough patch.

GRADY

Shit, when I was his age, I was goin' door to door in Fallujah.

SHEP

His ma ain't speakin' to him. And with Dad gone, I'm the only family he's got.

GRADY

He ain't family, Shep, he's a freeloader. Throw his ass out.

(to Tyler)

All right, pull it forward.

Tyler guns the SUV. The spinning tires kick up a spew of dirt, pelting Grady and Shep with gravel.

GRADY

Damn it, Tyler!

A grinning Tyler hops out of the cab.

TYLER

Here. Catch.

GRADY

Do not throw my--

Tyler tosses the SUV keys to Grady. He makes a diving catch and lands face first in the muddy water.

TYLER

(laughing)

Yo, he's out!

Shep rushes to Grady's side, partly to help him up, but mostly to prevent him from kicking Tyler's ass.

SHEP  
You all right?

GRADY  
(glaring)  
Forget it. Let's take your little brother fishing.

Grady wades out to the boat.

SHEP  
What the hell is wrong with you?

TYLER  
What? He caught 'em.

Shep shakes his head. Why does he even bother?

EXT. WOODED GLADE - DAY

Reydel's car pulls into a wooded glade off the highway where JUAN and ESTEBAN, more muscle, wait by a second car.

ESTEBAN  
Yo, Reydel, you late.

REYDEL  
You're early. For a change.

ESTEBAN  
Been here 45 minutes already. This asshole wouldn't even stop for coffee.

JUAN  
(in Spanish)  
We'd just have to stop again so you could take a shit.  
(eyes the briefcase)  
That the money?

REYDEL  
This is the future. For all of us.  
For our families. Our children.

JUAN  
(in Spanish)  
We're gonna be rich.

REYDEL  
In time. For now, you and Esteban will drive Almandeto to the house.

ALMANDETO

You're not coming?

REYDEL

After whatever happened with Vicente,  
we should be more cautious.

Reydel indicates the highway.

REYDEL

Hiram's crew will pass here. When  
they do, I'll call you. Once they're  
clear. Mateo, Carlos and myself  
will move in to block the road.

ALMANDETO

They'll be surrounded.

REYDEL

Leave your phone open so I can hear  
what is going on. Once the deal is  
done, we'll move back and no one  
will be the wiser. But if things go  
bad, we got your back.

ALMANDETO

My brother is smart, no? This is  
why I let him be the boss.

The men smile and nod. Reydel basks in the confidence of  
their adulation. It's good to be the king.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Grady's jon boat drifts idly on the brackish waters.

Shep casts a line from the bow. Grady baits a hook at the  
stern. Tyler occupies the center of the boat, restlessly  
snapping his line.

TYLER

How much longer we gotta sit here?

GRADY

Patience is a virtue, Tyler. One  
which should be practiced silently.

TYLER

Haven't even had so much as a nibble.

GRADY

Little brother doesn't know when to  
shut up, does he?

TYLER

Stepbrother. My family takes no credit for him.

GRADY

Guess that means you get all your dumb from your mama's side.

TYLER

If my mama's so dumb, how'd she end up with his daddy?

SHEP

Wasn't smart enough to run off like my mother did.

TYLER

Least he knew how to hook a lady. Guess you missed out on that gene.

GRADY

Tyler, why don't you take a swim? Cool off them ragin' hormones a bit.

TYLER

There's freakin' gators in that water.

GRADY

I know. I know.

INT. DARRYL'S CAR - DAY

Three men sporting black hunter's sunglasses bounce and sway with the movement of the car. DARRYL, the crew chief, pops the clip from his gun to check ammo.

DARRYL

Lock and load, gentlemen. Reydel plays ball, we are in and out. If not ...

Darryl slaps the clip back into his gun.

DARRYL

... Might have to be some clean up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Through binoculars, Reydel watches Darryl's car rumble down the road. He conceals himself behind a tree.

As the car passes, Reydel takes out his cell phone and dials.

EXT. HUNTER'S CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Almandeto climbs the steps of a ramshackle hunter's cabin at the edge of a swampy lake. His cell phone rings.

ALMANDETO

Yeah.

REYDEL (V.O.)

They're coming.

ALMANDETO

We'll greet them with smiles.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Tyler pulls at his limp, sagging fishing line.

TYLER

So, whose fabulous fishin' spot is this?

GRADY

If you quit yer yappin', the fish might start bitin'.

Shep's cell phone rings.

GRADY

Do not answer that.

SHEP

It's Reggie. We're supposed to have a date tonight.

GRADY

She workin' the bar today?

SHEP

Yeah.

GRADY

Then you can see her when her shift is done. Right now, the menfolk are fishin'.

Shep and Tyler exchange glances. Shep silences the phone and proceeds to tap out a text message.

Grady rolls his eyes.

Tyler eyes a tattoo on Grady's arm: Dulce et Decorum est.

TYLER

What's that?

GRADY  
What's what?

TYLER  
Your tat? What's it mean?

Grady tugs his shirt sleeve lower to cover the tattoo.

GRADY  
Just a reminder of something best  
not remembered.

TYLER  
From the war?

Grady ignores Tyler.

TYLER  
You ever kill a man?

GRADY  
Thinking on it right about now.

TYLER  
I'm serious. You ever kill someone?

SHEP  
Tyler.

TYLER  
What? They're shootin' jihadists  
over there all the time, right? Had  
to 'uv killed someone.

GRADY  
Maybe might 'uv, maybe might not.

TYLER  
Least you didn't get sick from the  
Agent Orange.

GRADY  
The what?

TYLER  
All them soldiers came back from  
Iraq got sick 'cause the government  
sprayed 'em with Agent Orange.

GRADY  
No, they didn't.

TYLER  
Read about it on the History Channel.

GRADY  
Agent Orange is a defoliant.

TYLER  
Yeah?

SHEP  
Iraq is a desert.

TYLER  
Like they don't have cactus and shit  
in Iraq?

SHEP  
You're a dumbass.

TYLER  
You're a dumbass.

GRADY  
Jesus Christ, already. We're supposed  
to be fishing. There are rules.

Shep quietly punches Tyler in the arm.

SHEP  
(under)  
See what you did? You pissed him  
off.

Tyler returns the punch.

TYLER  
You started it.

SHEP  
Did not.

TYLER  
Did too.

Grady angrily reels his line in.

GRADY  
Oh, for shit's sake. We're done.

INT. HUNTER'S CABIN - DAY

Almandeto watches through a window as Darryl's car pulls up  
in front of the cabin. He takes out his cell phone.

EXT. WOODED GLADE - DAY

Reydel stares at a photo of his wife and young son on his  
cell.

REYDEL

Soon we will have all we dreamed of.

He kisses his fingertips and presses them against the image. The screen changes to an incoming call. Reydel answers.

REYDEL

Sí?

ALMANDETO (V.O.)

They're here.

REYDEL

Stay cool. After Vicente, they need this deal as badly as we want it.

ALMANDETO (V.O.)

No worries, brother. I got this.

EXT. HUNTER'S CABIN - DAY

Darryl, MITCH and STAN exit their car. Mitch slings a canvas bag over his shoulder.

Almandeto and his crew exit the cabin.

DARRYL

Almandeto. Amigo.

ALMANDETO

Darryl.

DARRYL

Hell of a place you picked. Smells bad too. Where's Reydel?

ALMANDETO

Around. Somewhere.

DARRYL

Got you playing messenger boy, huh?

ALMANDETO

You Hiram's boy?

DARRYL

Hiram's puttin' in face time at Sunday services, so I'm minding the store.

(pause)

So, we just gonna stand here, or you gonna invite us in for tea?

ALMANDETO

Mi casa es us casa. Amigo.