

The sun is setting over the horizon as Mason steps outside onto the sandy ground that makes up Arizona soil, even in the woods.

Mason begins to hear faint cries coming from inside his truck.

As he walks over to the driver's door Mason begins to make out a small car seat sitting inside his backseat.

MASON  
(muttering)  
Go away.

Mason opens the door and climbs inside.

A hail of bullets hit the driver's side door of Cooper's SUV.

Ducking under the tire, Cooper scrambles out of the shooter's view.

The back doors of the SUV fly open and the three agents come clambering out, guns blazing.

Jack ducks under the steering wheel and takes cover under the dash. The windshield shatters above him.

Cooper watches as two of the three agents work their way towards the assailant.

As soon as the first agent steps away from the cover of the car his knee cap flies from his left leg, blown away.

The second agent is hit in the chest with the spray of his partner.

Distracted by the gore that hits him, the second agent backs away and moves out from the cover of the car door.

The assailant boldly moves closer to the SUV, seemingly without fear.

With one shot the assailant sends the second agent to the ground with a bullet through the throat.

Realizing that he hadn't killed the first agent, the assailant puts a round through his head, silencing his cries.

The third agent, watching this, cowers back into the safety of the backseat.

Cooper listens from below as Jack yells out a distance plead for backup. His scream goes unanswered.

The assailant's feet come into Cooper's view from below the SUV.

The assailant yells out at Cooper, but his words fall on deaf ears. Cooper can't make out what he is saying over the hum of the running engine he lies beneath.

Cooper watches as the assailant's feet reach the front of the car.

Listening in horror, Cooper hears as Jack makes one last attempt to call for help. Jack is silenced.

CRACK! The back seat door is broken off at its plastic hinges and falls to the ground.

Cooper listens from below as he hears the third agent's voice turned muffled.

THUD! The third agent hits the ground on the opposite side of the SUV.

Cooper looks on at the torso of the agent as his muffled cries turn to a loud POP!

Fire billows onto the ground at the agents limp feet.

Cooper, horrified, brings his gun up and aims at the possible location of the assailant.

Whether the assailant forgot Cooper was there, or didn't care, he seemingly gives up and begins to walk to his truck.

Cooper waits for the assailant to clear a fair distance from the SUV and get to his knees.

Peering out over the broken glass of the driver's side window, Cooper sees a young man carrying a smoking AR-15 back to the truck.

Cooper puts the man's head in his sight and pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Cooper looks down to his Glock and slides the magazine out into his palm. No ammo.

Cooper shakes uncontrollably. His gun was empty the whole time.

He slides the empty magazine back into the butt of the pistol.

30

INT. MASON'S TRUCK - EVENING

30

Mason closes the door to his truck and has a seat.

Letting out a deep stress ridden breath, Mason relaxes in his chair.

Mason leans to the glove compartment and removes a packet of cigarettes.

As he leans, the handle of a car seat appears behind his head.

Mason lights up a cigarette and takes a long look out the window at his family enjoying dinner through the window of the barn.

He removes a cell phone from his pocket and dials an unmatched number.

The number goes to a voicemail. Mason puts the phone to his ear.

MASON  
(into phone)  
You've never dealt with a rabid dog  
before, have you?

Faint, somewhere in the back of his mind Mason begins to hear a rumble.

MASON (CONT'D)  
You will now.

Perking up his ears to get a better grasp of the sound, Mason realizes that the sound isn't in his head.

Mason hangs up the call.

The police are coming. He can't stand police.

Mason takes one look out of the rear view mirror and sees a cloud of dust headed his way.

Mason throws the carton of cigarettes and cell phone into the glove box.

With his hand still in the glove box, Mason removes a hand-full of 9mm rounds. He tosses them onto the dash and shuts the glove compartment.

31 EXT. BARN - EVENING

31

With a flash, Mason is standing outside of the truck. AR-15 drawn and pointed at the black SUV before him.

Mason watches as two agents, dressed all in black, step out of the backseat of the vehicle. They are armed.

One draws his gun up and aims at Mason.

Mason panics and fires at his legs. He doesn't want to kill him.

The agent's kneecap flies out from under him and hits the partner. Mason can see the horror on their faces.

Quickly losing control of himself, and the situation, Mason opens fire on the second agent. He makes it quick.

With a single, deliberate shot Mason sends a round through the throat of the second agent.

Mason watches in horror as the first agent writhes on the ground in pain.

Without stopping to think, Mason approaches the man and ends his pain with a shot to the head.

Hoping there are no more, in vain, Mason lowers his rifle.

MASON  
(frustrated)  
I don't want this! Just turn  
around!

Mason walks toward the vehicle.

He sees, what he believes to be one last man, hiding in the front seat.

Mason lifts his gun to the ready, prepared to defend himself.

JACK  
Cooper!

Jack sits up, gun drawn and aimed at Mason.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Fuck you Rutger!

Jack pops off two rounds at Mason. He misses.

Mason sees red. He fires at Jack.

Bullets riddle Jack's chest as one last round from Jack's gun bites Mason in the earlobe.

Mason's ear bleeds profusely, causing him to take one hand off his gun.

The third, and last, agent in the back seat fires out the window at Mason.

Mason lifts his gun and returns the fire.

CLICK! Mason's assault rifle is empty.

Mason drops the AR-15 and ducks behind the front of the SUV.

Looking in, Mason sees a skinny, unopened bottle of gin in the cup holder beside Jack's body.

The agent in the backseat fires at Mason until his gun goes empty.

Mason, seeing the opportunity, reaches inside the car and snags the bottle of gin.

Like a seasoned pro, Mason spins the cap off the bottle, rips a lower piece of his shirt off, and stuffs it into the top of the bottle.

Mason lowers the shirt stuffed bottle to his side as he boldly approaches the backseat of the SUV.

Slipping one hand inside his back pocket, and placing the other on the door handle, the face of the third agent appears to Mason through the shattered glass of the backseat window.

Mason throws the door open and rips the bullet riddled frame off its hinges and to the ground.

The third agent clambers backward, trying to escape Mason's grasp.

Mason reaches in, snags the agent's foot, and drags him out of the SUV and onto the ground.

THUD! The agent's body hits the dust.

MASON

I told you to turn around. This  
wasn't about you.

THIRD AGENT

Let me go.

Mason looms over the agent.

With a twist and a shove, Mason grabs the agent by the throat and nose, forcing his jaw to open.

The moment the agent's mouth is wide enough under Mason's grasp, he shoves the bottom end of the gin bottle into his throat.

Mason reveals a pocket lighter he has in his left hand, and lights it up.

The flame from the lighter illuminates the tears that stream down the agent's face, pleading with Mason for mercy.

Mason flicks the lighter flame onto the rag protruding from the gin bottle. It bursts into flame.

Mason steps back.

With the rush of a spark, the alcohol inside the glass bottle explodes. The agent's face with it.

The fire engulfs the agent for a brief moment, spilling with the liquor to the ground.

Mason, tired and satisfied, turns around to lift his rifle from the ground.

The AR-15 is scooped up, and Mason makes his way back to the truck.

32 INT. MASON'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

32

Mason throws himself into the truck and examine his bloody ear in the rear view mirror.

As he looks at his ear, it is clear there is no longer a car seat in the back of the truck.

Mason throttles the engine and drives away.

33 EXT. BARN - EVENING

33

Cooper sits with his forehead up against the broken driver's side door of the SUV, too horrified to stand.

COOPER  
(calling out to nothing)  
Jack?

Finally mustering up the courage the see for himself, Cooper stands to his feet.

The horrific scene that stretches in front of him urges Cooper to vomit.

Wiping his mouth with the arm of his shirt, Cooper reaches around Jack's body and to the radio that sits connected to the dash.

Cooper lifts the radio to his mouth.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Unit 13. I've got a 1528. Officers down. I'm in pursuit of the assailant.

RADIO (V.O.)

Copy. Unit 9 dispatched. Medic en route.

Cooper drops the radio, letting it dangle by the cord against the seat cushion.