

WHAT LIES BETWEEN

Written by

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Based on the film short RUN - IT NEVER HAPPENED

INT. SOTO BASE - U.S. MARINE HQ - OFFICE - HONDURAS - DAY

Desk fans blow, hot, mid-day, middle of the jungle.

SERGEANT (SGT) MARTIN DIAZ, 24, menacing, camouflage attire, slams a walky-talky down and dives across his desk to grab a telephone.

MARTIN DIAZ
(yelling thru phone)
LAMBDA! Get out! Get out of there
now!

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE ROAD - HONDURAS - DAY

Private ANDY LAMBDA, 19, short, thin, in t-shirt and shorts, sprints up a steep embankment, nearing the final hill top.

Lambda struggles to finish, catch his breath, and look down to his wrist watch.

ANDY LAMBDA
What? Say again? What'd you say
SGT?

INT. SOTO BASE - U.S. MARINE HQ - OFFICE - HONDURAS - DAY

WHIP - all reports and maps are swept off Diaz desk, by hand

MARTIN DIAZ
LAMBDA! Your run is done! Get out of
that area and back to headquarters,
now!

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE ROAD - HONDURAS

Lambda stops abruptly and bends over while heavily breathing, putting his ear to his watch.

ANDY LAMBDA
(confused)
...what? What's the problem SGT? I
just have the other half a --

MANNY DIAZ (V.O.)
(screaming)
-- now Lambda!
Commander just received the intel
report and that same band of human
traffickers are now operating in
your quadrant!

Lambd freezes in place.

MANNY DIAZ

You need to get back to base now,
through that area and to the bridge
ASAP (as soon as possible)!

ANDY LAMBD

Oh shit...

CLICK - call disconnects, Lambd turns and starts sprinting

INT. SOTO BASE - U.S. MARINE HQ - OFFICE - HONDURAS - DAY

MARTIN DIAZ

Lambd? Lambd? Lambd!

SLAM - filing cabinet's flung shut

MARTIN DIAZ (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE ROAD - HONDURAS - DAY

Lambd looks like he's being chased by a herd of hungry,
Bengal Tigers that haven't eaten in week. He struggles to
keep his pace amongst uneven terrain and the hot sun.

ANDY LAMBD

Go, go, go Marine! Two more miles
back to base, hurry!

INT. SOTO CANO BASE - U.S. MARINE HQ - OFFICE HONDURAS - DAY

CRASH - through front doors, five Marines break in with
rifles in hand, face paint upon their faces, dog tags
JINGLING.

MANNY DIAZ

(points to screens)

Eyes on people! We're tracking
those signatures!

Everyone looks up to the overhead video screen.

To the far right, East, a green dot heat signature slowly
approaches, moving left, West, back towards base - which
glows bright white. In between them both - a mass of blinking
red dots descend, set to collide with the lone, green dot.

MARTIN DIAZ

...mobilize everyone; tell them to
suit up in tactical gear and meet
me out there - I'm out!

Base alarms sound - ARR, ARR, ARR, as Diaz darts out the back doors, stumbling, walky-talky in hand, as the back doors SLAM.

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE ROAD - BEND IN ROAD - HONDURAS - DAY

ANDY LAMBD

(panics)

Diaz? Diaz? SGT Diaz? Do you copy?
Are you there? Can you read me?

Lambd tries to dial and re-dial his watch while he runs, discombobulated, then finally looks back down to his screen.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)

(shock)

...oh no, ...no bars.

SCREECH from Lambd as he looks around in all directions while running, mouth starting to quiver. Dust fills the air, pebbles fly in all directions, monkeys screech back at Lambd.

MARTIN DIAZ (V.O.)

(walk-talky communication)
Commander, we have a problem.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - HONDURAS - DAY

Lambd speeds around a final bend in the road to approach a scenic area lying next to a deep river, surrounded by sand, and palm trees.

On the left - a tree line of dense foliage sits.

On the right - the large, deep river, overseen by a smaller, make shift parking lot, consisting of dirt, mud, and old, make shift wood planks and a handful of rusty vehicles.

The sun sets as Andy races towards the park's rear exit, where the parking lot now sits.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM - Rap music blares as Andy shifts his attention right. Out upon the river, at a vast distance, a silhouette of a man stands, in a small boat, rod and reel in hand.

ANDY LAMBD

Just a fisherman, don't panic! Keep going, only a mile and a half left!

Lambd sprints closer, just reaching the parking lot before entering the rear exit of the park.

HONK - a car horn sounds

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)

AH!

Lambd's attention shifts to the right to the parking lot, whereas five, old, rusty vehicles sit in a makeshift parking lot, including two trucks, two vans, and a Jeep; but, nothing moves. It all looks like an abandoned junk yard of sorts.

The darkness starts to cover and conceal, as Lambd squints while he passes by the lot, scanning left to right to try and detect or decipher what just happened.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)

...what, ...what ...car honked?
Which one ...was it?

Andy scans back once more, but still nothing, no sounds, no engine idles, nor internal drivers stir. Just shadows start to slowly creep in amongst a low, dense fog throughout.

Andy starts to cringe, start to try and run even faster.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - HONDURAS - NIGHT(CONT.)

ANDY LAMBD

Get out of here! It's getting dark and I still have one more mile to go! Have to get to that bridge!

COMMANDER HAGE (V.0)

(walky-talky, yell)

Diaz! Scramble everyone! Get to Lambd before they do! ETA (estimated time of arrival) - seven minutes - Colonel Hage - OUT!

THUD - Andy trips and falls, goes down hard on his right knee

ANDY LAMBD

OW! A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

Andy cringes on ground, wriggling in pain, grabbing his right, badly bruised knee, that starts to bleed.

Andy now lays near the park's front entrance.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
Shit-t-t-t-t-t-t! No! Ow-w-w-w-w!

Andy shakes his head, grimacing; he tries to stand up, but quickly falls back down and tries again, hurriedly.

This time successful - Lambd makes it back up to his feet, but limping, only upon his left leg, a look of sharp pain upon his face on each step he takes.

FLASH - lights from back and to the right, within the parking lot shine out, across the river, behind Lambd. Andy can see them out of the corner of his eye, but just keeps moving.

HONK, HONK - a horns sounds twice across the river, out of sight, startling Lambd.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
(surprise)
Oh no,...their signaling my position.

A look of shock, exhaustion and pain all rise instantly up upon Lambd's face, as he tries to keep limping and look back down at his watch once more.

ON ANDY'S CELL PHONE WATCH DISPLAY

No bars - no service, battery low

BACK TO ANDY

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
Shit, ...shit, shit, have to pick it up, have to get to that bridge, only about 3/4 of a mile left!

Andy hops even faster now, increasing his pace furiously.

Moving up and over the next hill successfully, Andy suddenly stops and looks up.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
(transfixed, deep breath)
...the bridge...

Lambd's discovery is quickly quelled as a late model, off colored, Jeep suddenly appears from behind.

VROOM - the Jeep speeds up and passes Lambd, overtaking his position and keeps going.

Lambd finally lets out a sign of relief.

SCREECH- breaks sounds ahead as the JEEP fishtails right and pulls over, engine still idling.

Andy's stops, mouth drops, no breaths taken, just a dead stare ahead suddenly.

Seconds pass - still nothing, a minute passes and still no movement between the showdown of Lambd, frozen, trying to stand as he leans on one leg, and the Jeep ahead of him, that sits idle, in park, which waits.

E-R-R-R-R - a rusty, Jeep door opens, as a large, black, foot and boot - emerge, standing outside the vehicle door, the inhabitant - still within, waits.

GULP from Andy's throat, his eyes bulge out of their sockets.

Suddenly, the Jeep inhabitant emerges; the horror of such can be seen upon Andy's face.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
 (covering mouth)
 ...fuck me

Enter TALL MAN, 55, a giant of a man, draped in all black attire, hat and sunglasses, plus one, large, object in his right hand, that slowly raises from behind - a long, shiny, raggedy edge, machete.

TALL MAN
 (deep, dark, belly laugh)
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha!

Lambd takes off - trying to escape immediately, turning completely around to race back towards the same front park entrance he has just passed. He looks like a rabbit on acid with a limp.

ANDY LAMBD
 Shit, shit, shit, shit-t-t-t-t!
 Find an exit. Find an exit. Find something quick!

As Lambd races back, a different vehicle now awakens ahead.

VROOM - an engine starts and can be heard from the upcoming parking lot. Lambd squints hard to make out where it comes from through the darkness.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
 (squinting, trembling)
 Shute! Other vehicle ahead!
 They're boxing me in, no way out!

Lambd starts to hyperventilate, hopping forward, almost in reach of the park's rear exit when another surprise sounds.

SCREECH - tires spin, rubber burns, as a dim white truck, pulls out of its spot, mid parking lot, ahead and towards its far exit. It slams into park, engine revving once again - VROOM, VROOM.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
 (horror)
 Oh no, ... it's a trap.

Lambd looks around in all directions and then back in front of him once more, a look of reality strikes as he slowly turns back around, head cocks to the side.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
 I'm in the kill zone..., right in
 the middle of it all.

SCREECH once more from the tires of the truck ahead as it takes off from the parking lot, does a U-turn, and speeds right at Lambd.

Unrecognizable screams and chants are heard overhead, appear to be coming from the truck cab that approaches, which the passenger side now reveals someone banging a large, wooden, baseball bat upon the car exterior - BANG, BANG, BANG

Lambd freezes in place - everything slows through his eyes and vantage point.

150 feet - the truck closes in on Andy, who's still in shock.

125 feet - Andy stares ahead, unmoving, finally looks down to his wrist watch, curiously, slowly, and back up

100 feet - closer, the truck nears Andy as the driver lowers a concealed crowbar out of the driver side window

75 feet - Something makes Andy stand in place but slowly turn his head behind. Tall Man approaches, machete still in hand, swinging from side to side as he grows ever nearer. Andy looks for a second, then back around once more, ahead.

50 feet - Andy struggles to keep standing, noticeably exhausted, his legs start to shake as he pivots in place.

The Truck prepares for contact - hands to the car column.

25 feet - Curiously, Andy turns around again; but, this time instead of looking directly at Tall Man, Andy instead looks up and to the distance overhead.

Suddenly, lights appear there - red and yellow twisting and streaming in all directions across the bridge.

SIRENS sound, shots fire - BANG, BANG, BANG, vehicles race across the bridge towards Lambd's position.

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
(surprise)
...Marines

20 feet - Andy turns back around just in time to see the truck prepare to make impact...

ANDY LAMBD (CONT'D)
(a devil dog scream)
Marines-s-s-s-s-s-s!

Andy tries to dive right...

CUT TO BLACK