

A knowing look.

DANIEL

Don't you have work to do?...I'm late.

ANA

(playful)

Yeah you are.

He hurries off.

29 INT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

29

Sc. 1 Start

The MOTEL MANAGER (60's), not a man who shies away from a plate of deep fried anything, is at the front desk.

ANA

Good morning!

He barely looks up as she passes.

MOTEL MANAGER

Hey. Wait. Back it up Chiquita.

The manager holds out a stack of cards.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

One on every bed.

Ana looks at the cards: weather safety instructions. He peers at her over his reading glasses.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

We're fresh out of Spanish ones...You'll have to translate for your guest yourself.

(half beat)

I see everything around here.

ANA

He's not my guest, he's my fiancé.

MOTEL MANAGER

He living with you?

ANA

For a short time. We're buying a house. I'm signing the papers today.

MOTEL MANAGER

You're working today.

Ana purses her lips. The manager picks up his calculator.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
So, from now 'til whenever that
is...

He punches numbers. Turns it to Ana.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
Your weekly.

ANA
I've been here over two years, the
rate's always been the same.

MOTEL MANAGER
One person, one rate. Two people,
different rate. Capiche?

Jess passes through with her tray of coffees in time to catch
the end of this exchange.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
Oh, and sweetheart? I don't wanna
see that trucka Spics out front
again. Your boyfriend wants to
catch a lift he can wait by the
road like the rest of 'em.

Ana walks away, angry.

JESS
(to manager)
You know "capiche" is Italian,
right?

MOTEL MANAGER
Don't you start.

Jess drops the van key on the counter.

Sc. 1 End

JESS
Rattle's fixed. She's parked by 8.

The manager hangs the keys on a hook. Jess struggles to keep
the towering tray of hot drinks balanced.

JESS (CONT'D)
(to manager, from exit)
Don't worry, I'll get the door
myself.

Jess backs out of the motel.

Eric sees Jess's sadness.

ERIC
Why don't I stay? You two go.

VICKY
You sure?

ERIC
Of course.

JESS
You're a good man.

Jess looks at him, she means it. Eric starts searching.

Jess and Vicky roll Maddy away down the debris filled road.

130 INT/EXT. BRAD'S TRUCK - OVERPASS (AFTERMATH) - CONTINUOUS 130

ON BRAD as he approaches the overpass, a little too fast.

As he gets closer, he realizes he can't get through - the road is fully blocked by the mess of cars and debris.

Brad kills the engine.

Notices the row of SURVIVORS (6) on the roadside including the motel manager, who has Carlos's head in his lap.

Brad gets out of his car.

131 EXT. INTERSTATE - OVERPASS (AFTERMATH) - CONTINUOUS 131

Brad walks past the manager and the others, as if not really seeing them. He is focused on the chaos beneath the overpass.

Sc. 2 Start

MOTEL MANAGER
'Scuse me?

The manager extricates himself. Hurries over to Brad.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Can we load your truck up? These people are hurt.

BRAD
You were all under the overpass?

MOTEL MANAGER
Did you hear me? It's Brad, right?

BRAD
 (to himself)
 Under the overpass.

MOTEL MANAGER
 We need your help.

MOMENTS LATER

The motel manager and Brad help Carlos into the front seat of the truck.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Easy. Watch his hand. His hand.

Two more injured people sit in the backseat.

Brad gets in the driver's seat. He starts the engine. The manager has a thought.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Hey, I don't know this guy's name,
 but his fiancée's Ana Gomez.

Brad nods as he puts the truck in gear.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
 You got that? Make sure to tell
 whoever you give him to. Ana Maria
 Gomez.

BRAD
 I got it.

Sc. 2 Start

The manager shuts Carlos's door.

Brad does a u-turn and drives back the way he came. Turns down a country backroad.

132 EXT/INT. BRAD'S TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER 132

Brad drives down the packed dirt road. Swerves to avoid potholes. Debris.

For the injured passengers, every bump is agony.

Carlos looks very pale. It's a race against time.

133 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD (AFTERMATH) - LATER 133

Jess and Vicky push Maddy on the ambulance stretcher. It's slow going with all the debris.